

# Visions of Rapture

## Chapter 1

### An Anticipated Visit

“Squeaky!” squeaked Posey, “You better get out of that chair!” Posey was so animated that her little black whiskers quivered with excitement and her black eyes sparkled. And for no small reason was Posey so moved with passion. Posey was a small mouse who was very tenderhearted and to see her older brother, Squeaky, desecrate the holy chair that Grandpa Sagacity King III sat in, was heart rending indeed.

This chair was held in great reverence, for Grandpa Sagacity was not just any mouse. He was the oldest and wisest mouse in all of the little town of Freetown, and the only mouse still alive who could boast of having lived his youth and young adulthood in a small hole-in-the-wall of the Macedonian Conglomerate Church of Freetown.

The Macedonian Conglomerate Church of Freetown was so named because of a group of people who felt a holy calling to transform the souls of the citizens of the little town of Freetown. Although the town was named Freetown, this group of church people felt that the citizens were in bondage and needed to be freed from the dark constraints of sin.

To the parishioners of the Macedonian Conglomerate Church the word “conglomerate” stood for the church being comprised of people “from every tongue and race being brought together under the saving power of God.” As Grandpa Sagacity observed, it more perfectly denoted a group of people striving to live for the Lord, and who yet were battling the outcroppings of every kind of fleshly feeling that they were born with, resulting in a conglomeration of views and opinions. There were times when, as Grandpa Sagacity looked out from his hole in the wall, he saw uplifted hands and faces shining with joy. At times like these, he beheld **Visions of Rapture**. It was just as often, however, that he viewed a congregation sitting quietly in their pews, feeling the emptiness of everyday living, and needing to be fed from the Holy Word.

Squeaky, greatly surprised at being seen, jumped from the chair hallowed by Grandpa Sagacity. If his mother knew of his irreverence, he would suffer the terrible fate of having to curl up in his bed of paper shreds for the night without his supper. It had been Squeaky's inquiring mind that had caused him to gingerly climb up into Grandpa's chair just to see what it felt like. But time took him further than he had intended when he began to pretend he was Grandpa as he sat in the chair, and with a look of great wisdom, interlaced his paws on his stomach, leaned back in the chair and stared off into space as if he was remembering something of great importance.

It was Monday night and Grandpa Sagacity was due for his regular weekly visit, in which he always had interesting tales of what had happened the day before at the Macedonian Conglomerate Church of Freetown.