

# The 'Safe' Room

Late that night I was lying in bed, remembering the afternoon and all that I had seen. It seemed stranger than any story Papa had told me about the Resistance—the truth of Eternity's life. Now when I pictured her in my mind, all I could see was that filthy trailer and her obese, drunken mother. Then I thought about the secret room, heard her instructing Jake and Blithe to lock its door, thought how it kept all the awful things in her life away. I imagined then what my 'safe room' would be like. It would be in a little corner of the attic in Mamie's château. I'd have to climb up a ladder to get to it and duck down low not to bump my head on the ancient wooden scaffolding. I'd lie on my stomach on a worn, comfortable old mattress and I'd read my *Tintin* comic books with a little flashlight, and I would hear the rain pattering on the roof and I'd be cozy and warm underneath a blanket.

And there would be a wisp of smoke curling up in the corner and the hazy outline of the only other thing I wanted in the room. *My father.*

(from *Searching for Eternity*, p. 110)

## *What I Want in My 'Safe Room':*

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.

*"I will lie down and sleep in peace, for you alone, O Lord, make me dwell in safety."*

*Psalm 4:8*