

Above the skies

In the quiet cocoon of the hospital room, Joseph lay nestled among his family. Distant footsteps and mumbles carried in through the hallway. His eyes, withered and kind, locked onto his daughter's unwavering gaze. He longed to see her strength and love that had carried him through his life, but all he saw was grief and loss. His wife clasped his hand, desperately holding on to the small life he had left. As his frail figure rested on the bed, the spectre of life's end loomed. With the uncertainty of life's final moments unfolding before him, a quiver of trepidation surged through his tired body.

Escaping the truth, Joseph searched for any memory of happiness. His mind raced straight to his youth. Long ago, he had been a pilot – a dreamer of the skies. Warmth kindled through his body, as a kaleidoscope of memories fluttered through his heart. Each take off was a surge of electric exhilaration. Among the chapters of his adventures in the skies, it was the sunsets that held the most enchanting allure. Amidst the beeping monitors and stringent sheets, he journeyed back to a flight over the ocean. As the sun bid the day farewell, a celestial masterpiece of golden and pink hues left Joseph breathless. From the cockpit, he was mesmerized and humbled by nature's artistry that felt otherworldly. Waves danced with the colours of the dying day, merging the sky and the sea into a breath-taking tapestry. The scene was etched in his mind – a glistening golden path illuminated on the water by the sinking sun. The heavens themselves felt ablaze, momentarily silencing the world's chaos and worries. Joseph always felt alive, as if God himself was flying beside him.

Yet, as he lay on the precipice of life's end, a realization washed over him. His days were illuminated with daring adventures, breath-taking stories and pursuit of passions. His smile radiated infectious warmth to anyone lucky enough to meet him. With each slow blink, he embraced the inevitable descent of his eyelids. As his lingering consciousness slowly drifted, a presence graced over him. An angel, adorned with a glowing light, stood watching over his waning moments. The angel's eyes held wisdom – a depth of understanding of beyond this world. Time seemed to stretch, as Joseph's shallow breaths became more and more fragile. Joseph's eyes met the angel's gaze. The room, once

filled with the heaviness of an impending loss, was now illuminated with a warm, otherworldly glow. As his heartbeat slowed, the angelic figure hummed a soft, gentle melody. With each fading pulse, the angel's touch cradled Joseph's soul. Encircled by his family, his earthly presence drifted from the room. Unfurling her wings with an iridescent light, the angel began guiding Joseph to beyond the skies. A place that held a promise of eternal horizons. Softly, she whispered in his ear. "Your spirit will never die. A pilot like you, will always fly high."