

THE ROPE

The night fell heavy in the heights of the mountains and the man could not see anything. All was black. Zero visibility, and the moon and the stars were covered by the clouds. As he was climbing only a few feet away from the top of the mountain, he slipped and fell into the air, falling at great speed. He could only see black spots as he went down, and the terrible sensation of being sucked away by gravity.

He kept falling and in the moments of great fear it came to his mind all the good and bad episodes of his life. He was thinking now about how close death was getting, when all of a sudden he felt the rope tied to his waist pull him very hard. His body was hanging in the air.

Only the rope was holding him and in that moment of stillness he had no other choice but to scream: "Help me, God."

All of a sudden a deep voice coming from the sky answered, "What do you want me to do?"

"Save me, God."

"Do you really think I can save you?"

"Of course I believe you can."

"Then cut the rope tied to your waist."

There was a moment of silence and the man decided to hold the rope with all his strength. The rescue team tells them that the next day a climber was found dead and frozen, his body hanging from a rope. His hands were holding tight to it, only 1 foot from the ground.

How attached are we to our ropes?

