



The Fourth Sunday of Advent | *What do you fear?*  
WHEN YOU'RE AFRAID, GIVE ME YOUR HAND

## Tethered

When we were children, we fell asleep  
with walkie talkies tucked under our pillows.  
All that separated us was a bathroom,  
a hallway, a few feet of empty space,  
but as children, even small distances can feel like miles.

So after the parents whispered prayers over our skinned knees  
and spelling tests, after they kissed our sweaty foreheads  
and tucked us into bed,  
we'd pull the walkie talkies out from under our pillows.  
We'd roll the dial on the top of the transceiver.  
We'd sputter that invisible tether to life.

And with a few crackles in the quiet of the night,  
you'd whisper my name.  
I'd press down the button.  
I'd promise I was close.

As an adult, I don't know what ever happened  
to those blue-grey walkie talkies.  
But I know,  
that even today,  
if the monsters in the closet feel too real,  
and you whisper my name,  
I promise I'll be close.