

Fog whisked through the high, stone tower's open door, and flowed into the vast, dim hall.

Mia stepped through the door and strained her eyes in the mist. She gazed at a gold-edged Bible on a stand next to her.

Fog surged from a domed nook, where a cloaked guard stood near a stone table flanked by two posts. He gripped a gold sword with the blade held to his chest.

Mia stared at him. "Who are you?"

The guard tapped the flat side of the sword's blade to his hood, thrust it in an arch, and laid it on the table. He stepped back. With his palm up, the guard's hand passed over the sword. "I guard the sword of truth."

"May I look at it?" Mia edged into the nook until her thighs pushed into the cold stone. She bent close to the sword.

Gems flashed and pulsed—set deep in the carved hilt.

Mia stroked one of the gems. "What is the name of this green one?"

"Grace."

"I sure need that. What about the blue?"

"Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ."

Mia poked a ruby and red stained her flesh, "Blood! Is it Jesus' blood?"

"His blood that was shed for you on the cross."

Mia mused, "I believe that Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life..."

The guard bowed. "He grants me the power to give the sword of truth to all those who want Him and will live by it."

Mia gasped, “I do believe in Him, but no one knows that.”

The guard held out the sword. “Then take it. Wield the sword of truth with skill and fight lies with it.”

Mia clutched the sword and left the nook. Fog whirled over her path, but the sword lit her way.