On a bright blue day in the spring of 2010, I found myself on a stretcher, being transported into the Emergency Room. Lying on my back, I found myself staring up at the blue sky, such a lovely, calm, comforting color for a sky.

I remember the day distinctly. I had fainted while in a psychiatric ward after a night of no sleep and, fainting, had hit my head on the floor with nothing to protect me. When I “woke up” it was to a woman leaning over me and examining my skull, which I was convinced was fatally shattered. A neck brace was put around my neck, and I was lifted onto a stretcher, brought to an ambulance, and placed inside.

When I was wheeled out of the ambulance and was being pushed into the Emergency Department, the bright blue sky above gave me a feeling of calm, and I began to be okay with the thought of dying. I looked towards the sun, and saw there something I had not expected.

To the side of the sun was the figure of a man, purple in color, and seeming to be in robes. His right hand was upraised as if in a sign of peace.

For a long time I questioned what this might mean, and wavered between two thoughts. The first was that I had seen a vision of Jesus in the sky. The other was that it was entirely a matter of science, of the blow to my head.

This morning, Christmas Eve, I came to a realization about Faith and the story of Jesus. I now believe that strange, miraculous, beautiful things can happen in this world, things which in times past might have seemed lunacy or superstition. If this is the case, and if Faith really can make us feel at peace, who, therefore, am I to say that there was or was not a Resurrection, the very foundation of Christian faith?

The message of Faith is not delivered in only one variety: every religion in the world holds before its followers the opportunity to believe in something greater than themselves. If a world of science and not of Faith is the one you espouse, you, too, have probably felt that longing for beauty in nature which religion also inspires in us.

That day in the hospital was the strangest, and also the most calm day I have ever experienced. Seeing the figure in the sky gave me hope, for I thought that I was going to die that day, that I was going into the light. I broke the gaze, but, as I was wheeled into the Emergency Room, I felt that God was with me.

In this season, I wish you peace.