

REG GRANT

A
WINDOW
BETWEEN

A YEAR IN THE LIFE OF
OPAL WHITELEY, AGE 6



STONE TOWER PRESS

*A Window Between:
A Year in the Life of Opal Whiteley, Age 6*

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DEDICATION

To Rosalyn

Your lovingkindness in serving as illustrator for *A Window Between* reminds me of the selfless service of Mary of Bethany when she poured her expensive ointment on Jesus as an act of devotion. She gave out of love. She gave joyfully. She gave extravagantly.

“And the house was filled with the fragrance of the perfume.” John 12:3

Rosalyn, you are my beautiful rose. The fragrance of your life honors the Lord. I love you! And I thank you.

PoP!



I took a photo of a wild rose just before Rosalyn was born. She drew this picture of that rose for me when she was about 15.

Her name means “Pretty Rose.”



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*Napsbury Mental Hospital (St. Albans),
Hertfordshire County, England*



I gaze out my third-floor window at the scattering of distant trees. They rise like saw teeth way far beyond the dead gardens. I wonder who there, among the many great firs I loved so long ago, has relatives living among them. Perhaps I would know a few by name, for I know their distant cousins, certainly. The forest calls me to return to the house where I lived, to the singing creek where the willows grow—to the first of my days, when the trees talked and listened, and sang with me—and where I made prints of our talks in my book. It has been so long. So many years since I heard star songs in the fields at night.

The square glass—middle pane, one down, two over—rattles a bit in the frame, shivering in the late autumn chill. A thin crevice of icy air seeps in under the sill. The radiator whispers at my feet, gurgling and clonking in its rumble way, pushing back against the late-trespassing winter.

I press near the rattling pane and breathe out frost onto the glass. It fades and there, just there—I see her on the other side. The little one with the shining eyes from days long past. So small. And smiling still. She twists her brown curls around her finger. I reach out to touch, but

*she turns away to the trees, for they call to her. To me.
I tug the shawl about my shoulders. I close my eyes.
And I follow.*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

REG GRANT

*Professor Emeritus of Media Arts and Worship,
Dallas Theological Seminary BA, Texas Tech University, 1976; ThM,
Dallas Theological Seminary, 1981; ThD,
Dallas Theological Seminary, 1988*

Reg Grant wrote the program for the Master of Arts in Media Arts and Worship (2005), and established the Department of Media Arts and Worship at Dallas Theological Seminary. He served as Chair and Senior Professor from 2011–2024. He has been teaching courses in preaching, drama, oral interpretation, and creative writing at DTS since 1977. He also serves on the Insight for Living Ministries Board of Directors. Over the years, Reg has written novels, textbooks, and articles. He has authored, produced, and acted for radio, television, theater, and film. His films have garnered several Emmy award nominations and two Emmys, as well as numerous film festival awards, including *Booklist Starred Reviews*, multiple *Telly Awards*, and the prestigious *Golden Apple Award* for best educational film in America. Reg and his wife, Lauren, have three grown children and are the proud “Lolly” & “PoP!” to their four grandchildren. He lives in Garland, Texas, but travels to his ranch in deep South Texas as often as possible. There he enjoys a warm gulf breeze as he drives his tractor, or takes long walks by the Nueces River with Lauren on one side and his Nikon on the other.