

On the Angels

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James H. Kurt

I begin this writing, here before the Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, with the sole desire of drawing closer to the angels, to the heavenly gates wherein they dwell, that I might draw closer to Heaven itself.

I do not know what I shall write or what I have to say about the angels – very little, I'm sure – yet I employ myself in hopes of blessing from the Lord.

Lord, do indeed remain close by, even within my soul at all times, that by your grace my wish to gaze more fully upon thy heavenly face may be fulfilled. As it is, I see little of you; as it is, these glimpses soon pass. And in the world I sadly remain. If by thinking on your heavenly creatures, the spiritual beings you call your friends, I may indeed come nearer thy presence, someday to remain, let it be so in every word I say.

If by prayer or if by explication, or by admittance of my ignorance... whatever means seems best to you inspire within this poor frame, this fragile man. For love of you, let me fly to them, that I might fly closer to your reign.

So little indeed I know of the angels; worse yet, so little do I think of them. Though they be present all around at all times, I am quite blind to the invisible. Perhaps at Mass I may occasionally remember that they fly about in great numbers and in great joy, particularly at the consecration of the Lord's Body and Blood, but these instances are rare; forgetfulness is common.

And what of my guardian angel, whom I am told is with me at all times? Though I may believe he does protect me – and I know I have been protected from genuine harm countless times – yet I am almost completely unaware of his presence. I virtually never speak to him or call upon him directly for aid; it really is as if he is not there, I am so ignorant of him.

I do often call on Jesus and Mary, and, much less frequently, the saints – whom I am also trying to draw closer to at this time by composing a prayer to each on his or her feast day – but the angels I address only generally, in passing, perhaps in a prescribed prayer.

It is true I did compose a work titled “St. Michael's Notebook”, wherein the Archangel and his army took center stage... but just as true is that I remember this writing little, if at all, and since then the sentiment cannot be said to have continued.

May the Lord and His Mother acquaint me well with these spiritual beings who watch over our welfare.

1.

Guardian Angel

Let me begin by addressing my guardian angel, him closest to me of the spirits.

Is not this angel at our side at all times? Has not each one of us an angel to watch over us, appointed by God for this special task? Are we not thus protected by the Lord, if we but turn to our guardian spirit?

That each has an angel is indicated in Jesus' words that the angels of the children constantly behold the face of God. The children indeed each have their angels, as does every human being, and should we remain innocent as they, our angels will remain as near to us as these little ones... and ever behold the face of the Lord for us as well.

Perhaps it is only an innocent heart that can know the angel at his side. Perhaps those who grow jaded grow blind to such blessing. But never does the Lord abandon us by taking His angel from us; ever we might turn and become as children again, and so know the Spirit's protection upon us.

It is for each of us to find this guardian, to know this protector, to discover the blessing that is ours in him and found firmly our relationship with this special spirit. But who of us shall do so? Can I myself accomplish this work?

O Guardian Angel, are you near me now, even at my side as the Lord's representative to care for me and guide my way? Have you always been there to help me, though I have not been aware of your presence? Have you led and protected me all the same, though clearly I do not deserve your assistance for my ignorance?

How shall I come to know you? How shall eyes blind as mine to the invisible light of God's love be able to see what is most real and standing before them at all times? I need you, I know, and I believe you have been with me, yes, and are with me now. Only make me more aware of your presence beside me and above me.

Is it in holy light, the light that shines in pure eyes, I shall see you? With vision cleansed will I then behold your face? And so, will the face of the Lord thus become better known to this poor soul toiling in a mortal frame?

Then purify my sight, open my mind to the light of God, the light of His glory you reflect so well to eyes that are open to see... There have been times – and as I pause in silence even now it is so – when I have caught a glimpse of heavenly being. The kingdom is in our midst, the Lord has said. Make the kingdom known to me, you who have been entrusted by His grace to lead me to the light of God's holy face.

I do believe you can help me. I do believe you are near. Let be fulfilled the will of the Lord both for you and your call, and for me and my own.

Guardian spirit, it is true that as I write these words I do, at least in measure if not in fullness, draw closer to you. Though I seem ever distracted, when here the Spirit is upon me, inspiring me to speak with you, my mind gains greater focus on your presence. But even this is limited, as I say, and how quickly I forget you when I turn away.

How shall I get you to stay; or rather, how shall I stay near to you who are always near to me, even as our Lord? How shall it be that my mind and heart, the prayer of my soul, continually remain upon your blessed guidance? I fear I will be forever blinded by this world and my weakness.

Perhaps if first here I know you more deeply, if what I approach in this writing were more than a passing thought, then there would be a foundation on which to build, a moment to remember and grow upon. Breathe on me, dear spirit, now. Truly inspire my thoughts of you – let me not turn in vain to find you.

Could you touch me, spirit? If not my skin, my flesh, my body... then my soul? Could I hear your voice, again, if not in the drums of my ears then at least in my heart? The Lord's silent tongue I too forget, I also struggle with difficulty, with weakness, to maintain in my spirit, to remember at all. Perhaps if your breath, but a reflection of His own, was with me, then Him I would better remember... and then your word would be fulfilled in the NAME in which all is known. Let it be so.

My Guardian Angel, how shall I combat the spirits that would wish me ill? How can I, a mere human, fight the devil? I cannot. And so I need you to do battle for me, to protect me from the harm the surrounding demons would inflict.

I know my limitations, dear angel of God. What is in my strength I pray to accomplish by God's grace and secure protection. But I know I am no match for Satan and his minions, and so, indeed, I call upon you to save me from their interference in my duty for the Lord.

Do they not fly about the world seeking the ruin of souls? And is my soul any less vulnerable to their penetration, to the destruction they would wreak upon it? Certainly I am weak as any other. Though baptized with God's water and fire and strengthened by all His sacraments, including the Bread I receive each day, yet no man is impervious to the deceptions of the evil one, and so in continual need of your and all the angels' protection.

Safeguard me, I pray, as I draw closer to you and to the Lord who has made us all. As I set my heart to think of you, to remember you, and to call upon you constantly, let not the wiles of the evil one draw me away.

I acknowledge my need of your assistance. Please remain close by.

O angel, it is a few days now since I have last written to you, and in that time, again, I have barely thought of you. It will take time, I suppose, time and the grace of the Lord, before I find a steady relationship with you. (And when shall we be wed?)

Let me, as I have said before, here focus my attention on you – let me not also write thoughtlessly. Are you near? (I ask only that I might somehow realize your presence through this prayer, for I do know that you are always near.) Are you near, my protector? Are you watching over me? Will you not inspire me now with the love of God and with His light?

I do feel your breath upon my soul, relieving the burden that is there, freeing my lungs to breathe with you, O angel dear. And my eyes begin to open, and I begin to see... and to be. And I could sing. Yes, though my throat be sore, my mouth be closed by pride and the affliction upon me, yet I could sing to you. If only silently, I would praise the Lord and His gift, His gift of your presence with me. I could raise my voice to the heavens and thus find my soul at peace.

Here I am in the temple of the Lord, where I write all these lines to you. And here I wish to make my home. Fly to me now and remain with me ever, that even my body will be a temple of God... and I shall join you where you are, at my Savior's side.

Angel at my side, let me not speak long but let me rather remember well, even in silence, your presence near me. Why should I write on in verses of my need for your help and my failure to think of you? Should I not rather close my lips and pray, and believe that you are here?

I will pass on now, I think, to address other angels, yet in all these prayers let me remember you; be in these petitions guiding them in truth. Let me not forget your assistance.

Truly you are here now. Truly it is but for me to believe. Certainly if I calm my soul and so call upon you, you will draw close – you are at my side.

And so with faith let me go forth; with confidence of union with you let me continue my work, let me progress with my life. A light to my mind do ever bring, and let my eyes be open – as even now they begin to shine – that I will see well the path upon which the Lord leads me by your hand.

Do you not have many brothers of whom I should be aware? Should not all your company become known to me? And is it not by you that I shall find them, too, near; is it not you, my guardian, who will carry me to acquaintance with Heaven?

Then let it be so. Let us proceed. And let me progress in building relationship, in finding union, with all God's heavenly beings.

2.

The Archangels

O Archangels Michael, Gabriel, and Raphael, you who stand so close to the light of God and bring that light to us when it is time for us poor humans to know of the will of the Lord and His working among us: you who are so like unto God, whose likeness no one can know, who is only known in Jesus His Son; you who deliver indeed the sacred message of salvation to our fallen race, and who bring Jesus' healing and grace... hear my prayer now to you, dear angels, that to you as well I may somehow draw near, that through you and your presence in my life the Lord God Himself I may approach.

Let all souls listen to the Word you bear to us. Let us have faith that the devil and his rebellious company are defeated by you and the power upon you in the Name of God; let us not forget that the Son has been born into our midst; lead us kindly and let us find healing by the word that comes through you.

How can we forget what you have done for us? How can we neglect the powerful message you bring? You are the Lord's special servants, spirits at His side prepared ever to do His will and bring His presence into our lives – O blessed spirits, be known to our souls!

Michael

O mighty warrior Michael, who fights for God's people by slaying the dragon that would overcome them in his demonic rage, you indeed are our protector, the safeguard of all those of faith.

Who is like God? Indeed! Not Satan or any other spirit, and certainly no man. All imposters, all rebels, are defeated by the power of the one true God and by His Angel, who wields the mighty sword of the Lord to destroy all demons who prowl about the world seeking the ruin of souls.

None of these shall succeed, for your power, O Michael, the strength invested in you by the Most High God, is greater than any of these paltry devils who can only wish ill upon all souls.

Destroy our adversaries, O Angel of God. Let there be none left to tempt our souls, to condemn us for our sins, our shortcomings – the weaknesses to which this mortal flesh is prone – that the blood of Christ might indeed bear fruit, that its cleansing grace might be fulfilled, and we be returned to the image of God our Father.

Let us be like God in humility and love by your mighty work in our midst. Fight for us, dear Michael. Fight that we might assume the flesh of Christ and indeed become as children of the one Father, reflecting His glory in all we think, say, and do. Defend us this day in battle.

Gabriel

O Gabriel, O Man of God, angel who brings the Good News of our salvation, of our redemption from all abomination by the only Son and by His blood – announce to us even this day and eternally the goodness of the Lord and His kingdom come to us. Into our midst bring the light of His glory.

How blessed you are, O God's favored one, and how we should bless you for your favor toward us. It is in the Word you declare to us we take our hope that soon the dark night upon the land shall pass and we stand in the splendor of the Lord's Day. May your message penetrate our hearts and permeate our lives; pray Jesus our King reign amongst us now and always.

May we receive the word from your lips as graciously as Mary, as fully as the Mother of God, to whom you utter the inexpressible wonder of the blessing upon us by her holy acceptance of the Father's will. May we not doubt as Zechariah but open our mouths as he to declare the dawning of the light of the Lord in our midst, the forgiveness of sins at hand – O make straight our way to Jesus!

Though Daniel, the wisest of prophets, was puzzled by your word, let us not be in such darkness now; but as the light of the only Son has come amongst us, let us have wisdom greater than Solomon, and so see the rising of the kingdom of God. May the Lord be praised as all darkness vanishes away.

Raphael

O Raphael, who brings the healing of God to man, who walks with him, keeping him from harm and leading him on the right path to his promised inheritance – let the eyes of all men be opened by the salve of the Lord you give to us. May the scales fall from our eyes as they are anointed by the hand of the Son whom you watch over and bless till He return to our side... O let us be blind no more!

The healing of Jesus is with us this day; His blood is poured out in our presence. And though it is our sins that have caused Him to bleed, yet He would have that same blood be a cause for our rejoicing as by it we are healed: anoint us with that selfsame blood, O Messenger of God and steady companion to man!

We shall not find our way to the land we seek, the home Christ prepares for us, if you do not serve as our guide; and the Lord's healing touch will ever be kept from us, and so we remain in darkness, if by the grace that is delivered through you we are not washed.

Let us not despair. The Son shall come to us again at the end of time, we know. As we look down the road, as we long for His return... as we pray for the fulfillment of salvation He brought to birth on this earth, be, O Raphael, ever by our side, that our Savior's healing blood will remain always in our hearts, until we see the face of God.

3.

Angel of the Nation

O angel of this large nation in which I dwell, into which I was born and where I yet remain, will you not watch over and guide the leaders of this nation of power and influence, that it shall serve the good of all nations and stand in accord with the will of the Lord?

Do you not watch over this land and all its inhabitants? Do you not see the movement of the people and that to which they tend? Let us not tend toward evil and unrighteousness. Let us not tend toward the breaking of the Lord's commands. Let us not kill and steal and lie but show honor and respect even to the least among us, especially to those whose lives are weakest and most in need of care.

Should the poor not be cared for? Should not their needs be met? And should the innocent children, even those in the womb, and the frail elderly and those disabled in mind or body, not be given special attention by a nation whose power is said to come from God? Let it be so. Let us be true. Let hearts turn by your guidance to love of their fellow man and service of neighbor as they keep in mind the Lord Most High who has blessed them with every blessing under Heaven. Let all that has been given us be put to use for the good of every man.

Is there not great iniquity upon this land? Do the sins of the people not mount up before the eyes of God? And do not men greatly excuse their sin, even twisting it into a presumed good? Do we not greatly need your aid, O angel of this falling nation?

Can more than a million babies be aborted each year and yet a country survive? Is this a place upon which the Lord will shine His light? Can half of all marriages end in divorce – and a multitude more not even bother to wed – and yet the health and happiness of God reign in such a place with utter disdain for His law? Can pornography fill the airwaves, permeating all media, and yet the Lord's purity remain? He cannot dwell in a house such as this.

And so, how this remnant calls out to you to bring the Father's blessing, to open the eyes and the hearts of the children of this land that they might see and know their sin and so turn to Him, repenting of all the evil they have done and seeking His eternal home.

Otherwise, this nation shall surely drown in its greed and in its lust; otherwise, the fire of the Lord will come upon it not for good but for destruction. Otherwise, what hope will we have of being saved from our iniquity by the blood of the Lamb? As it is, we do not know Him nor care to know Him. O angel, see that our eyes are opened!

Has not our wisdom turned to foolishness; and the blessing God has given, have we not made it into a curse? Have we not acted even as Solomon, who turned so from the glory of the Lord to the idols of foreign nations, who led the people even to sacrifice of their sons and daughters in the flames, as an offering to demons? Do we not offer our sons and daughters in abundance, even up to a third of all conceived, on the altar of abominations? Have we any more hope than these – is not our only hope the Savior's mercy?

But do we call out to God? Do we repent of our sin? Do we recognize our iniquity and seek to change, to return to the Lord? Some do. Some cry out. O angel of this nation, may their voices be heard by the Most High God! O angel of this nation, may they hold sway with Him. Carry our petitions and our works to the Lord above, that in His grace He might surround us with His love, and the demons all about be scattered, fleeing from the light to come.

Bring the light of God into our midst this day. Inspire our leaders with a holy contrition and a thirst for true justice and charity, that somehow we might be saved from the devil's net and be set free to walk at large even upon the face of this earth, bringing the name of Jesus to every soul, wishing blessings only to all men. O let His name be known throughout this land in truth!

O angel of this nation, let us not be forsaken, let not go to waste all the blessings the Lord has showered upon this land. For the sake of His greater glory, inspire and guide us on right paths that in His name and under His Heaven we may live on the face of this earth.

Why should it be that the vine He has planted go to seed – why should it wither and die? If it should benefit the kingdom, let it be so; or if by such afflictions souls shall be brought to the Lord, let it be so. But if it is but waste, if indeed souls shall be lost to Him by the fall of this nation and its people, then stretch out your hand to still our own, which seems set on killing the Son He has given us.

We pray for hope this day. All holy souls look to you to serve the redemption of this country so wayward and without hope. If there be a way, if it be in the will of the Lord God, then we beg you, dear angel, to work in our midst this miracle by the power of the Holy Spirit.

If but a breath we might be given, if but a prayer to utter, to raise on high, let us offer it with all our heart – with all our lives let us turn to the Lord.

May the Lord forgive us all our sins, we who have strayed in such selfish pride from His fold. May our repentance now be sincere before Him, that by His grace a new day might dawn upon our homes.

4.

Angels of the Sacraments

O angels of the holy sacraments ordained by God to serve man as grace and blessing on his journey from this earth to the heavenly kingdom, see, I pray, that the will of the Lord be fulfilled and that by these holy means of blessing we poor souls toiling vainly upon this earth may indeed find the grace and mercy of Heaven to sustain us on our way to Him who is our Creator and Redeemer, who is the very life of our souls.

Let us not be without nourishing, let us not be without light, but travel quickly to our side and confirm the invocation of the priests who stand in place of the living Christ and call down the power of God for our benefit, that our spirits may be united with that of the only Son and we might become as He is, so blessed by the Father as to be called His children in love.

Without these, O spirits, how shall we survive? Without this nourishment, how shall we grow? Would we not soon die without these signs that come from the Hand of God? Would not we poor humans return to the dust from which we were made, if you, dear angels, did not bring the food, the grace, we need so desperately to lift our heads to the light that comes from above, from the Most High? O let us rather live than die!

of Baptism

O angels, initiate us into the kingdom of the living and true God. Though plunged into the waters, the deep waters of sin and death, let us be raised again unto life, cleansed of all sin, purged of all darkness, set free from all despair. New life indeed secure for us by the grace of God that we fallen humans may rise once more with our Savior, flying unto Heaven where He reigns.

We must be washed of our sin. We need desperately to be cleansed. O you who fly about the waters of Baptism, purifying them and infusing them with the light of the Holy One, fail not in your duty or we shall remain blind and end in eternal darkness.

And see, I pray, that this sacrament of new life be fulfilled in each of our lives, that the blessing offered here we shall always remember and cause to increase by our continual profession of faith. Why should we who have been plunged into the waters to receive eternal life then lose what we have gained by the grace of God? Should we then fall again into sin and finish in worse condition? By no means let this be, but rather preserve us in the grace that comes from the font that holds the blood of Christ. The Spirit of the Lord rush upon us this day, this hour, this moment.

of Confirmation

Angels of the Lord, we must indeed be confirmed in the faith we professed at Baptism. We must indeed give our undying consent to soldier forth in the name of Christ all the days of our lives, doing the will of God alone, loving Him and all with heart, mind, and soul. And so this holy sacrament is most necessary for our benefit, to strengthen us in our resolve by the power of the Holy Spirit.

Spirits who do but the will of the living God, let us be fortified in our resolve to go as He leads and serve Him even as faithfully as you. O spirits who have our welfare at heart and desire only to go according to the beckoning of the Lord, fly to us in this sacrament and see that we are made men and women in the name of the Lord, Christians who fearlessly defend the way and the truth, the life of Him who loves us.

Touch us in the hand of the priest, the bishop, the apostle whom the Lord sends forth. Anoint us in this holy oil. Confirm indeed the words spoken for our benefit; let them not be, and let us not take them, as the words of men but as they truly are, the Word of God spoken over our souls that our spirits might be united with His own.

of Communion

O angels, is this not the Bread come from Heaven, the Bread you consume eternally in the presence of the Most High? Has it not been granted as our food here on our journey to that same presence of God? And how shall we partake of it well if it does not come by your hands?

Carry to us the sacred Body of our Lord, that which He has promised to leave with us as our food. If He is with us, none can be against us; and if you are faithful in bringing Him, we shall indeed conquer in His strength. Shall we not grow unto eternity by this nourishment provided our souls? Then let it be so; let there be no disturbance or delay in His coming to us in this Blessed Sacrament.

And let us, too, be one with one another, one in His Body, the Church, that in great numbers we shall storm the gates of hell, finding no obstruction to our coming into Heaven. See that every soul respect and love the gift we receive here in this Sacrament. Let there be only reverence for the King in our midst.

And so, let all be in communion with the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, even as you who stand in God's presence and serve Him with our Mother and all the saints.

of Penance

And when we fall, as inevitably we do, still plagued by concupiscence as we are, do we not, O angels, need this holy sacrament to cleanse our hearts so stained by sin? Let not thy wings be slow to carry the grace of the Lord to our souls, so parched with waiting, for time is of the essence as we stand apart from Him.

Who for a moment would be separated from the grace of God and from His loving presence? Only a fool would risk such a state, for anyone with any measure of sense knows the horror that is separation from our Creator and from His Son's redeeming blood – and those who are blind to this truth shall but have a terribly rude awakening.

O angels, let us not fall short of the glory of God; let us not wallow in our sin even for a second. Come with haste to help us and to deliver us into the arms of our Savior. Open our mouths that we might speak the truth of our iniquity; see that our repentance is indeed full and sincere... with a whole heart let us come before our Lord in the confessional and pray the priest wash us in the blood of the Lamb by the power given him from on high. Do not delay, I pray; do not delay.

of the Anointing of the Sick

If we fall into sickness and death may be near, yet even if death not be on the doorstep but we are not well and need the hand of God to remedy our state, should we not then call on Him and on the elders, His priests, to anoint us with holy oil that we might recover our health and serve Him? And should you, holy angels, not serve in bringing the Lord's remedy to our bodies and souls that we may indeed join you in toil for our King?

Jesus is a font of healing and that healing He would share with all; and you, O angels of God, He has deigned to transmit that healing grace to us through this sacrament of well-being. And if our bodies not be healed, either by lack of faith or in accordance with the plan of God, let at least our souls be set at peace, our anxiety quelled, and we accept our suffering, or even death, as participation in Christ's Cross. O let not the failing of our mortal frame be wasted, but let it bear fruit in the offering of Christ!

Fly about our sickbed, O angels; never leave our side. Though many be there with us or none, please remain, imparting the blessing of the Lord. Comfort at your hands we seek in this sacrament provided for the good of all bound for His kingdom.

of Holy Matrimony

Is this not a sacrament, too, O holy angels, so deigned by the Lord to mirror His own marriage to His people the Church, the Body of Christ, and should you therefore not bring His blessings unto it and unto its vows that it may be lived according to the will of the Most High? Are we not to be one, man and woman, even as He is one and you are one with Him and the saints in the kingdom of Heaven?

Then fly unto us, O angels of God, and touch us with your wings, with the hand of the Lord, that we might be purified of all lust and live as one only in His holy name and in His sacred presence. Let man and woman join as one in perpetual fidelity to each other and to their saving God, that all may be blessed thereby for all generations to come, all living under the reign of the King who watches over all His children.

Let the fruit of this sacrament by your service spread out to embrace the whole earth, that even earth itself shall become as Heaven, infused with the surpassing light and beauty of the City that descends from above. Let all souls find themselves in an embrace of love with their spouses and with all mankind, that love of neighbor might be all that is known and we shall thus reflect the love of God.

of Holy Orders

Has it not been ordained by God, by the Lord Jesus Christ, to send forth men in His name and in His stead who shall be respected even as He Himself and shall have the power that only He gives, to forgive sins and to break bread in remembrance of Him? Then, holy angels, should you not be most dutiful in flying unto those prostrated before the presence of the Lord that the Spirit of God might rush upon them and remain with them all the days of their lives, that even unto the end of time these apostles of Christ shall indeed go forth in His name spreading His Word and healing the nations?

Be with them always, I pray, dear angels of God, that we shall not be left without priests to serve us in Christ's stead and offer His forgiveness, His grace, as well as His holy Body and Blood. Let those upon whom hands rest indeed have the hand of God upon them for good, that they shall be preserved in their ministry to the people, serving the needs of all the Church.

And may they remember that their call from the Lord is to live in humble obedience as even our Savior did when His feet trod this earth, never lording it over others but laying down their lives in His blessed sacrifice. See that they remain united always with Jesus.

5.

Angel of this Writing

Is there not an angel given for every work upon earth, to bless and guide it and keep it in God's care? The earth itself is watched over by the angels of God – the land, the sea, the sky, the sun – and all that grows or walks thereon, swims therein, or flies thereabout... and so too are the hands of men given angels to guide the course of their labor. And so upon the angel of this writing I call.

Take my hand, O angel of the Lord, with whom I am blessed to have company through the length of this labor and in all the work I accomplish on this passing earth. While in this mortal frame, I pray you see that all I do be guided by the Hand of God, inspired by His Spirit and one with the flesh and blood of our Savior. This work now take unto the throne of God and let all that is not of Him and in His holy will be dashed against a rock and turned to dust, and let the dust fly into nothingness, never to be seen.

But all that He would have bear fruit, all which He may in His mercy pronounce good, let this, let all of this, rise unto Him as holy incense; let none of it fall to the ground and die but every word shine with the light that comes from His face, that it might illuminate His presence among men. And you, O angel, and all your league, shower all His blessings upon us. Amen.

Epilogue

Let me return and speak a word to you, O Guardian Spirit, here at the end of this work. I had sought primarily by your intercession to draw closer to the angels of God, hoping to find a way to keep them in mind, that I might not be as blind as I am to their presence but that Heaven itself might draw near to me by my awareness of you and your company.

This work has been short, however, already at an end, and I cannot say I am any more conscious of the Lord's heavenly army. Why is it so difficult to remember your presence and the grace that comes to us through you? Why am I so distracted by earthly matters that Heaven does not rise to my eyes? Will I ever have vision of your wings flying about me and this country, this Church and its sacraments... and this writing itself? Why does your presence remain so elusive?

I suppose I can only pray that perhaps in the typing and proofreading and editing of this writing a word, a message, might come to my soul and stay, one that will cause your light and the light of the others, which is the light of the Spirit of Christ, to come to me and serve to illumine my days.

One final time I call upon you, dear guardian: remain close by till the end of time, and to your hand at work please open my eyes.