

11th July 2020

Angels

**“Be not forgetful to entertain strangers:
for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.”**

Bible, Hebrews 13:2

*I know a little angel; her name is Sarah Jane.
She comes on Friday nights and stays for tea.
She knows I can't get out because I'm still in too much pain,
So she's promised now that she will come to me.*

*She's always bright and cheery; she gives me all the news;
She makes me feel I matter while she's there.
She listens to my stories; she never looks confused;
She doesn't rush; she takes the time to care.*

*We need our little angels, we need them every day,
Like Sarah Jane – or maybe you and me.
They're not in stained-glass windows, or lights that come our way.
They're the here and now, the current crop, you see;*

*The ones who're bright and cheery; the ones who lift us high,
Who help us reach from darkness to our sun.
We know them when we see them; we're pleased when they come by.
Yes, let's hear it for the angels, everyone!*

A hospice chaplain shared a story with me of a patient who'd told him he'd been visited by angels. "The room was filled with light," the man had said. "There were flashes of colour. The whole place was ablaze. It was amazing." There was a similar tale from the next patient, and the next, about the appearance of the "heavenly visitors". The chaplain discovered later that the "visitation" was a police helicopter searching for a criminal during the night, and the heavenly blaze was the glare of the police searchlight sweeping past the window again and again. "Did you tell the patients what it actually was?" I asked. "No," he said. "I let them ponder the interpretation of their vision. Leaving them with their angels was ministry enough."

A prayer for today

Lord, as I give thanks for angels, I pray that angels will also give thanks for me. Amen

An original reflection by © Tom Gordon

Also available at <https://swallowsnestnet.wordpress.com>