

I Saw an Angel

A Mind Wandering by Lisa Hering
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I saw myself swirling around and around in a green garden in a white dress, smiling, laughing, with rays of sun coming through the clouds. It was misty. I was hanging on to my dancing partner, hands holding hands, around and around. Talking. Sharing. Living. Being. Enjoying. Releasing pent up energy. Twirling, twirling, again and again. I saw from a perspective far away, and then from up close. I see my hair, curls of soft brown, gleaming in the sunlight. Then, tired, we fall to the ground. Laughing. Hugging. Resting. Laying down. Relaxing.



I'm loving life. I'm living life. I'm feeling life. Crying is a good release. Music is emotional. Brings out deep feelings. Maybe, just maybe, there are a few good things about me after all. Cry. Cry for life. Cry for love. Cry for ... cry for me. Let the world hear me. Let the world know I am here. Let the world know I am a being. I live. I feel. I love. I hurt. I share. I see. I am. I am here. And I won't go unnoticed. I will not die. I will make my presence known. I will love, love all, even myself. Even those who can't love me.

I won't stop feeling. I won't stuff it inside, not anymore. I will let my spirit out of the cold and dark cave it's been in. It will see the light, the golden light of day, the shimmering rays of life, the piercing warmth, the everlasting kiss of the universe. All the gold in the world is being given straight to me. Me, little old me, so insignificant in the sea of infinity, me, just me. A nothing. A nothing that is alive, and has meaning, and has so much to give.

And can grow. And be seen and heard. I am someone who can sing to those who can hear. There is a faint sound in the wind. Then, it gets louder. And it rises above the rustle of the fallen leaves, above the whispers of the birds. And eventually it resonates across the land. A beautiful sound coming from the distance. A sound that fills the air. A sound that people stop for, and look behind them, a song whose source is hidden, a song that draws them, a song that causes them to look inside and lift out a dove, and let the dove rise above, and fly free to distant lands, unburdened, sailing, soaring, banking in the openness, with only the sun and the clouds as partners, compatriots, companions, like kind.

Exhausted, weak from the release, I rise onto my knees from a sprawling position on the ground. It's difficult. Gravity. So heavy. So slowly. But with peace. Reaching for guidance and support, pulling myself up onto a resting spot, where I can see the beauty around me. The intense wonder of life. The beauty I can only see for the first time which was always there. Which has been pounding at my thoughts. It is there. It is inviting. It is just down a narrow path from me. With tall grass on both sides of it, and trodden earth providing a clear opening to travel down, the grains waving in the air, motioning me to come, to join, to be part of, to see, to experience the newness of the old.

Nothing will hurt you. It is kind. It is safe. It is there. And waiting. The village is alive with energy. The sun touches them all. But I am afraid, wailing at the anticipation of pain and rejection. Yet at the same time, I'm longing, wanting. It's so close. It's so alive. It is filled with the hearts of many souls. Laughing. Trading. Giving. Moving. Seeing. Having. Living. Being. Naturally. In rhythm. In sync. Working together. Spreading vibrations. Casting goodness. Harmonizing. Growing. Harvesting. Working. All the good things in life have a place to conjoin, to rest, to stay. To be.

It is now dark behind me where I once was dancing. I cannot remain. A brooding, prevailing, fermenting storm is stirring. I can't see, but I feel the cold, prickly wind pushing me. Pushing me from my safe perch under the tree, on the hill above the small town. A dark cloud arises, an icy drop tossed from the torrent touches me, bites me, warning me gently of the doom to come if I stay.

Move!

Go!

A tree is a fine place to rest, unless you can't leave. A cold gust envelops me. Move, it says.

Go now. Get up. Rise. Walk.

The path is so close. A stronger gust. Tiny rain drops all over my arms. Falling. Awakening all my pores. Remembering the mist outside my childhood window. Staying inside my cove. Safe. Not being a part of all that passed. Seeing my tears as raindrops on the window, rolling slowing down the glass. Following the microcosm of life inside the sinking drop of water, a world far away, someone else's world.

Me alone in my room. Watching. Hurting. Not moving. Not doing. Not being. Stopping myself. Past pain. Dreaming only of doing. Seeing the possibilities. In my head. Planning. Envisioning. Virtual reality. Someone else's world. Not mine. I turn away. I keep it in my head. The life I could have. Keep it safe in my head. Draw, paint, write. Deny. Live in my head. Live on my paper. Live in my words, in my thoughts, in my design. Don't venture out. Danger, sadness, aloneness, blackness. Stop.

Floating. Slowly. My hair blowing, slowing. Being lifted. Passing through the tall grass by the grace of someone or something else. Not on my own. Someone else. Some magic power. Taking me. Through the field. I can see the tree in the distance. There are a few yellow leaves swirling. Swirling in a dance. Staying in their world. Being part of their nature. Living their natural life.

A wall of bright clear wind in front of me. Between me and the village. I can feel it. I can touch it. Like water it doesn't hurt, but it is a force. I don't want to go. I have comfort in my longing, secure in my place. But my place is gone. The leaves have it, their home, and there is no longer room for me there. It is as if I was never there. No trace. I am moving. I am stuck between nowhere and somewhere. Afraid to go, afraid to stay.

I'm sitting in the tall grass at the edge of the city, almost hiding. The wind is gone. No one can see me. New sights, new sounds. I go closer. I am laying down, rolling in the field. Surrounded by bits of life, bees, butterflies, wildflowers. Turn away from the villagers. Don't see them. Pretend they are not there. Enter a safe bubble. I am Pain, Pain is with me. I will bring pain to the city. It's with me. They are fine without me. I will bring bad things. I will make it bad. Stay away. Forget. Don't touch. Not yours. Not for you. Leave them alone. Dream. Hide. Stop. Go far away.

A ball. Rolling softly to my spot. Touching me. Coming to rest by my side. Someone looking. Someone coming. It's a boy. Small. Dark hair. Fair skin. Brown eyes. Sun glinting in his eyes, making them sparkle. Standing in the tall grass. Looks at me. Says nothing. Makes no motion. Only watches. With no expression. Wondering. Waiting. The moment lasts forever. Penetrating. His eyes look into my soul. I see into his. Goodness. I see goodness. He waits. I pick up the ball. Heavy. Real. Leathery. Stitching by someone's hand. Worn. Dirty. Full of smells of use. He watches. I hold out my hand with the ball towards him.

Fear is with me. This is a Test. I am Vulnerable. Will he think I am Pain? I see a beautiful child. I want to give him love. What I see is not what he sees. He sees a woman in a white dress in a grassy field, with a ball in her hand, and leaves in her hair. Holding it out. He's waiting for a smile. He's waiting for a sign, a welcome, a reason to go forward and retrieve his ball. I see his red cheeks. I see his innocence. I see his life still before him. I see a new start. A chance to win. A chance to march forward. With a wanting of

discovery. With some fear, with some determination. With something pulling him. The journey. The road before him.

But he's just a little boy. A man not yet made. A being not yet fully lived, fully formed. Still open. Open to what lies ahead. Open to me if I give him the go. If I remove the tension between the gap. I can't. I am not able. I am not the doer. I am only here, for a while, for the ride. The tension will either stay, or it will go of its own accord. The boy takes a step forward. He is coming. He reaches unafraid for the ball. In my hand. He touches the ball. He holds the ball. He takes the ball. Still watching. He runs home. I fear I have frightened him. They will not accept me. I will remain hidden from them.

Then, a faint breeze carries a tiny voice. Mom, I saw an angel. A real one. She's over there. The little boy points in my direction.

An angel? She inquires. We must see. A woman looks towards me. She comes. With the boy. They see me, the boy guiding his mother. They approach with inquisitive eyes. They say nothing, only watch. They stop in front of me. I am afraid. I begin to cry. The woman takes my hand.

“Yes, you have found an angel. Come with us.” And I stand effortlessly, rising to the occasion. A man joins us. All are curious. An angel they have heard. I look back at the tree high above. Far away. Only the leaves live there now.

I am hungry. I have an emptiness in my stomach. I can fill it. I know how. I can fill me. I can fill me with that which I need. Because it is all around me. Giving itself to me. Pulling me in. Dragging me away from the isolation. Bringing me towards cool waters. Making me a part. They are not afraid. They see good, not bad. I carry good. I bring goodness. I am in the midst of all of them. I walk in a mist. Seeing only faces and hearing

only calmness. Seeing a smile. Seeing curiosity. Being led by the boy. Following him. In the moment. Everything slow. Unreal, but real. Seeing each detail for the first time.

Eyes follow me. I just walk through a crowd. There is no sound except the rushing of water. There are no full figures except the boy leading me. Nothing that I am experiencing makes me afraid. He is kind. He is a leader. He brought me into this world. I don't know who he is. But he embodies all the goodness of the world.