

Angel Love

Suddenly angels are fashionable. Everywhere I look there are books and articles on how to relate to angels. Suddenly mentioning angels no longer consigns me to the ranks of religious bigots. Yet I am not happy. It takes a lot to please some people and when I complained to a friend the other day he very tactfully said that my concerns were perhaps a little intolerant and gently pointed out that the encouraged reliance on hand-outs from angels is the natural way for people to be introduced to their presence. We are after all, human. To be human is to know suffering and our attention and love is most readily directed to those that offer us comfort and guidance in our suffering.

To be human is also to know inner warmth, enthusiasm and strength. This strength can be used to get ourselves a better position in the world but typically at a cost to our most valuable assets, love and compassion. In our journey we are not alone and the suffering of our fellow humans, if we allow it to touch our hearts can strengthen us in a different

way by uniting one fragile human being with another, strengthening the good within both.

Sometimes it seems to me that turning to the angels for help too often is a bit like running home to mum. It is true that the angels want to help us and will do whatever they can when we ask them, like a good parent will. A good parent also wants to see us grow and will delight to see us implementing the gifts they have striven to endow us with and develop our talents in life.

Parents benefit from receiving love and help from their grown children.

Angels also can be grateful for our help. At first the idea of helping angels can seem strange, like a toddler offering to help the kindergarten teacher but practice can prove the difference. Angels, Archangels and all the rising hosts of heaven have their part to play in humanity's development. Humanity is unique in these hierarchies of created beings: We have freedom. We have the chance to make up our own minds, hearts and actions. We are allowed to mess it up if we choose not to attend to



Archangel Michael

Painted by Alison Knox

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that fragile, tender warmth and quiet voice of truth within us.

The Angels do not intervene precisely because of this freedom. There are other beings who do intervene. Their role is to strengthen human freedom by creating attractive alternatives, they are not bound, like the angels to respect human freedom. So how does it feel to be an angel, to stand by and watch those you love and whose future is vitally important to you, choosing more "comfortable" routes and options? I doubt if I can answer that one better than you can, but what can we do?

When life is hard it usually means we are not listening. If we really listen to how things are instead of how we would like them to be we take the hard road to joy instead of the easy road to suffering. When life is hard it is not hard for us alone. Every human being suffers one way or another. Once we discover that an angel wants to help we tend to turn to them and say "take away my pain." There is an option, (an option easier to follow when life is not so hard). We can turn to the angel and say. "I know that you love the world, that you work to help humanity. Is there a way in which I can help you?"

Once an angel knows that we mean this the response can be surprising. In place of being offered the biscuit of comfort we may be offered the whole tin, with the suggestion that we hand them round. We may even be offered plans for a bakery and finance to build it so that we can offer tins of biscuits to other distributors. We may find that the sorrow we carried before, like a cold pain within, now flows through us like a fresh mountain stream, cold, even shockingly cold, but bearable, requiring consciousness of it's banks so that we are not flooded, yet invigorating. If we can bear that we may even be given a chunk of the Bread of Life, that of which even a few crumbs can feed thousands. Slowly our personal problems gain perspective. The Love that flows to us, through us, warms our sorrow through the love that we can give to others