

AIR FULL OF ANGELS

"There are voices in the air, you know." She looked at me through her hair hanging down in front of her face. Softly, she continued, "The voices come so near sometimes I fear to move lest I dislodge feathers from their wings and they won't be able to return to God."

While speaking to me in a voice filled with sweet awe and reverence, her body had swayed in the slightest motion but now she became absolutely still. Her appearance of relaxed concentration in silence made me sense that the very air was crackling with energy, and if one could attain the heightened perceptions of a visionary, then awareness of the sublime whisperings of those Holy Spirits would fill one's day.

Slowly she pulled herself in repose for a moment, and then assumed the attentive gesture of an honored hostess. She looked me sharply in the eye, a gaze as sharp as the twinkle of light radiating from the clear surface of her eyes before the penetrating blue color of her irises, as if the light were emitted from a source burning deep within her skull behind her eyes, rather than reflected light coming through the soiled window of her sparse flat adjoining a chemical factory. Her gaze burned with firm intent as if the next words spoken would be those of a convicted criminal standing before the firing squad, with whose last words some pardon might be given for a crime not committed.

"The damage done me by my awareness of the presence of non-physical energies is far less than the damage done unto me by those who argue that my lack of concern for things physical, of which I have no control over, as I am impoverished and at the mercy of those who claim ownership of all things physical, giving them the right to condemn me to the stigma of insanity and leave me no recourse but to sink deeper into the confines of visions. Do they not know that I have no control over the angels that would speak to me at any time, day or night? Can they not see that I do not seek out a world of thin air I might control to compensate for my lack of control of things physical such as my lack of money, family, or friends?"

Startled by these words, I reach up to touch my lips, as if the presence of my fingers across my mouth would excuse me from making any reply to these questions. Surely the answer to all questions lies within each question. How can I sneak like a thief into her questions and remove her answers. My silence consumed the very air between us, branding the moment of time with my mark of solidarity with her and thus I enter into her circle of confidence.

"I have been done damage enough by the separation of my awareness from the world of things physical into the visionary world, yet I have survived. Isn't this enough? Shouldn't this in some way bring honor to me rather than ridicule?"

"Within each vision there is new life, new ideas. Fresh

information to be interpreted and applied to our everyday life. Yet it is rejected by society because visions can be used to help all the people and not just the ones in power. To use this information would mean that those in power would have to change or be replaced to accommodate a transforming reality. So those in power brand me insane and thrust me aside in order to stagnate reality so they will not have to change or give up their power."

"This is my fate. Not to being incapable of awareness of the physical world around me, because being visionary involves a heightened awareness, not the lack of it. Yet visions go beyond the physical realm and make me a threat to those in power. They may be able to oppress me for a time with limitations imposed upon me, but that is temporal. In the long order, they can no more control the physical world than they can these voices I hear, singing celestial songs of life and beauty for all people. Music so pure it is beyond anything created by mere mortals."

With this she resigned her head forward, and her hair, which she had pulled back while speaking, fell forward again to partial conceal her face. She stared at some point in space a few feet in front of her as if her eyes could project lights of some sacred holographic image she could manifest within the confines of this very air. Silence permeated the room, broken only by the breathing of two mortal souls echoing off the bare walls of the sparse room. I sought not to impose any judgment upon her statements. I had no answers. No questions. Only acceptance that we are blessed from time to time by those chosen to carry special gifts for the good of all people. These gifts are burdens the common person never experiences, only the fruits thereof. She sought not sympathy but looked her dilemma directly in the eye.

And if there are angels in this very air, and if they are sensitive to the crude yearnings of mere mortals like myself and seek to offer them some solace in the peak of their struggle, then perhaps this explains what happened next. Perhaps my acceptance of this woman as a gifted person offered her a note of hope in this cruel and seemingly unjust world and as a reward the angels sought to offer me a small experience from beyond the confines of this physical world, for suddenly I also heard the soft whisperings of the cosmos. Like sounds no string, no wind pipe could possible create in such refinement. It was like the sound of the wind blowing softly across a single strand of spider web suspended across two mountain peaks. Sweet. Delicate. I heard.

Unable to contain myself I whispered, "It is beautiful!" For a brief second her eyes raised to meet mine and in that flash of visionary lightning I saw the faintest burst of ALL LIGHT, ALL POWER, ALL KNOWLEDGE. I was given the gift of the visionary and there was only one thing I could do. I offered her some of the soup I had brought, sharing all I owned in this world.

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