

## **The Holy Angels**

### **Epilogue**

It was early morning, when I was seven years old, that I saw the angels. I am as sure of it now as I was then. I was not dreaming nor "seeing things"- I just know they were there, plainly, clearly, distinctly. I was neither astonished nor afraid. I was not even awed - I was only terribly pleased. I wanted to talk to them and touch them.

Our night nursery was lit by the dawn and I saw a group of angels standing, as if chatting, around my young brother's bed. I was aware of this, although I could not hear their voices. They wore long flowing gowns of various soft-shaded colors. Their hair came to their shoulders, and different in color from fair and reddish to dark brown. They had no wings. At the foot of my brother Mircea's bed stood one heavenly being, a little aside from the others - taller he was, and extraordinarily beautiful, with great white wings. In his right hand he carried a lighted taper; he did not seem to belong to the group of angels gathered around the bed. He clearly stood apart and on watch. I knew him to be the guardian angel. I then became aware that at the foot of my own bed stood a similar celestial creature. He was tall, his robe was dark blue with wide, loose sleeves. His hair was auburn, his face oval, and his beauty such as I cannot describe because it was comparable to nothing human. His wings swept high and out behind him. One hand was lifted to his breast, while in the other he carried a lighted taper. His smile can only be described as angelic; love, kindness, understanding, and assurance flowed from him. Delighted, I crawled from under the bedcovers and, kneeling up against the end of the bed, I stretched out my hand with the ardent wish to touch my smiling guardian, but he took a step back, put out a warning hand, and gently shook his head. I was so close to him I could have reached him easily. "Oh, please don't go," I cried; at which words all the other angels looked toward me, and it seemed I heard a silvery laugh, but of this sound I am not so certain, though I know they laughed. Then they vanished.

I was but a child when I saw my guardian angel. As time passed I still sporadically remembered and acknowledged his presence, but mostly, I

ignored him. Paradoxically, it was evil and distress that brought me up short and cleared my vision

Perhaps due to all I had witnessed and undergone in the War and under Communist occupation, I was, in the following years, plagued by demonic nightmares. My only salvation while in these dreams was to make the Sign of the Cross. I have always known that I was asleep; it was a conscious dreaming-but to drag myself out of sleep into wakefulness was torture.

One day, in looking through a collection of old icons, I came across one done in three panels representing the guardian angel; in the middle panel, he is defending his sleeping charge from bad dreams. Later, when plagued once more by one of my most fearsome of nightmares, upon wakening I suddenly remembered the icon, and with overpowering clarity I recollected that as a child I had seen my guardian angel.

With utmost certainty, at that instant, I turned to my guardian angel as I had not done since my childhood; and I knew positively as I did when I saw him, that he was standing by me to protect me. Reassured and at peace, I fell back into deep, restful sleep.

This, my own experience, stands both at the beginning and at the end of this book, for without it I would probably never have started upon my study. Also, without all I have studied this experience would have remained simply a remarkable experience (at least to myself), but unexplained and meaningless. Today, for me, it has a very real and uplifting significance and the angels have taken on a stupendous reality. Their activity among us has become to me a vital, positive reality. I no longer seek to see them, the knowledge of their presence is enough. To try to have a vision of angels or to hope or ask for such a thing is wrong. To seek intimacy with them by any other means than the grace of God is useless; Christ is our only way of union with the Father and with all his creatures.