

ANGELS WILL TREAD ANYWHERE (I am living proof) ...
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In the past few weeks, we have spent more time in hospitals than anywhere else. We have logged hours at Crouse Irving Memorial in Syracuse, at Millard Fillmore Suburban in Amherst, at Erie County Medical Center in Buffalo and at Strong Memorial in Rochester. We have learned of so many of our friends from church who are battling, sometimes against the odds, myriad ailments that we begin to see our own human frailty more than is comfortable. However, we have also witnessed true miracles of medicine and will. And, we have scattered our own angels all over Central and Western New York in the hope they will be of service to our loved ones ... willing, if necessary, to leave ourselves more vulnerable to whatever life has in store.

A lot of clergy have been in attendance at these visitations. These opportunities always allow me to illustrate both my ignorance and my desire to get it right in terms of being a nouveau Anglican. With some trepidation, I asked "do we believe in angels" knowing full well that I most certainly do. Well, blessedly, and for the sake of my budding albeit slightly warped Episcopalian persona, we most certainly do. At the least, we are allowed to have faith in them. I am rather delighted as they have been speaking to me for quite some time now. Without a diagnosis of schizophrenia, I am relatively confident that this is true. In fact, they tell me quite clearly that they speak to all of us ... all of the time!!!

Those of you who know me, and most of you do, also know that my halo is never too tight. In fact, it is virtually non-existent. I am not the Christian anyone should aspire to emulate. I seldom ever turn the other cheek. I believe whole-heartedly in making certain others pay for their sins against mankind. I probably, in another life, would have been a successful assassin. I truly loathe bad guys. I rage against the machine. I have screamed "that isn't fair" many more times than "thank you, God"... and will, without a doubt, continue to do so in perpetuity. I am just not a particular great practitioner of the holy arts. And, I am sorry for that.

So, you see, while I am far from the cloistered nun and the faithful ascetic, that the angels still speak to *me*. *How much easier it will be for most of you to hear them if you will listen than it is for me*. The one thing I do know is how to do that. Please try this. When you hear that voice telling you to do something noble or something out of character that is not criminal, malevolent nor lascivious, do it. Just simply do it. Don't be embarrassed by reaching out to someone, by smiling at a stranger, by touching a hand ... don't be frightened of your own words when you speak thoughts that are given to you to help heal a sorrowful heart, a saddened spirit or a frightened soul. The only way the angels can speak aloud is through us. Let their joyful voices shout. Don't waste any more time.