

An Angel's Request

by Jerry Mobley



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A Christmas Story
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**Be joyful in hope,
patient in affliction,
faithful in prayer.**

Romans 12:12

An Angel's Request

Visit Ninety-two

It is midnight and Marti is very, very tired. She has been sitting next to her young son's bed for a week except for brief breaks when her husband, Blake, has relieved her. They have prayed most of the time, cried the rest, while hoping that the fever and illness would leave Tory's little body.

The doctors were unable to determine the source of the illness, but they were suspicious that it could be polio. They advised to wait for the fever to break. That advice was two days ago and Marti and Blake have continued to wait and pray.

Marti holds Tory's small hand and prays, "Lord God, please help Tory to get well. Please take the fever from his body. Please, Father, please. You are the only one that can help."

Blake comes to her side. He says, "Marti, you have to get some rest. Come to bed. It isn't good for Tory if you make yourself sick. Remember that tomorrow is Christmas. Shari will be excited and up early."

"I know... I'll be there in a little while, sweetheart."

Marti went to bed at one o'clock and to sleep still praying for Tory. She had faith that her prayers would be answered.

In the corner of Tory's room, Marsila is quietly watching the sick little boy. Marsila has been Tory's Guardian and invisible

friend since his birth. She loves this little human and is very sad Tory is so sick. She approaches the bed and touches Tory's arm. Then she steps across the narrow corridor into eternity.

Marsila hurries past God's children who are busy with the celebration of God's precious gift to the world. The fragrance of millions of flowers is overwhelming and the sky is filled with all colors, varieties and shapes of butterflies. Heaven's light is bright, but gentle to the eyes.

She stops to listen to the beautiful sounds of the heavenly choir as they sing praises to the King and Prince of heaven. She has always enjoyed this special celebration when God's children express so much love to their creator, father and savior, for the sacrificial gift of salvation.

Marsila continues her journey and reaches a large building in the center of the golden city. She enters through the tall double doors and approaches a large desk. Behind the desk is Cilian, a Warrior Angel.

Cilian asks, "Marsila, what are you doing here?"

She replies, "I wish to talk to the Lord about my charge named Tory. I would like to make a request of the Lord related to his child."

Cilian says, "You know that is almost impossible. Angels do not question the Lord about such things. You are to protect God's chosen and only that."

“I know, but during this celebration time, I hope this request could be granted. It would mean a lot to me.”

Cilian thinks a moment and then says, “This is unusual, but I’ll ask the Prince if he will give you an audience. Wait until I return.”

Marsila watches Cilian as he goes down the long hall and disappears behind a huge door. She waits for what seems like a long period, but finally, Cilian reappears from the room and returns to the desk.

He says, “The Lord is granting you a conference. Go to the first door and enter.”

She walks down the hall and timidly opens the door. She enters the room and sees her Jesus sitting on a gold throne, flanked by two Warrior angels. She falls to her knees in humility and respect for her creator. She crawls to the feet of the Prince of Peace and kisses the nailed-scared feet of her Creator.

“Arise and speak to me, Marsila”, Jesus says. “Tell me what is so important to you?”

She keeps her eyes to the ground as she arises and stands in front of Jesus. “I’m sorry, Lord. Forgive me for bothering you, but...”

“You are not bothering me, My Little Angel. I know your heart and I know why you are here. Tell me your concerns.”

Marsila says, “The little human, Tory, is very special, Lord. He is so sick and the mother and father humans are afraid. I see many tears and I think I know what they mean. I’m feeling funny too. I don’t know what sadness means... Is this sadness, Lord? I

don't know about crying, but my heart hurts, Lord. What does it mean?"

Jesus looks at His angel and replies, "Marsila, you love the little boy human and that is why your heart hurts. It's natural for you. This is your first guardian charge, but it will happen with each human you protect. Love is special for you, Marsila."

"Is love like when you left heaven to go to the dimension ruled by time where the humans reside? I listen to the older angels talk about it. They said you became a little baby and you lived as a human and when you got big the humans killed you and you came back to heaven. Was that because of love, Lord?"

"It was because of a special kind of love, but not the same love as you have."

"What kind do I have, Lord?"

"Let me ask you something. Do you want Tory to get well so you can play with him at night when he is supposed to be asleep? Yes... I know about those times and how loud you and Tory were that you woke up his parents. He was so excited that it took two hours to get him back to sleep. Is that why you love him?"

"Yes... I enjoy playing with him, but I want his mother and father people to be happy again... and the girl human, Shari, to be happy again also. They are celebrating your birth down in the world like we are here. I just want them to be happy like they were before. They have been praying to you constantly. They are asking for your help. They want Tory to get well. I would like for him to get well. Only you can help them. Will he get well, Lord?"

"Yes, Little Angel. He will get well. I heard the prayers of my children."

“When will it happen, Lord?”

“It will happen today on the day of celebration of Christmas.”

“Oh, Lord, that is good news... Lord, my heart doesn't hurt anymore! Have I lost the love? What is this wetness on my face? Are these tears, Lord? I'm not sad, but happy. What does it mean, Lord?”

“Those are tears of joy, my little angel. You haven't lost love, but gained joy.”

“Lord, I have another request.”

“What is your request, Marsila?”

“I am asking for permission to tell the mother and father humans that Tory will get well. It would mean much to me... Please, Lord.”

“It is an unusual request, little angel. Messengers normally are given this privilege not Guardians; however...”

Marti is checking the gifts under the Christmas tree to make certain everything is ready for Shari and Tory. Blake is in the kitchen preparing breakfast and Shari is still asleep.

There is a knock at the front door. Marti opens the door as she says “Yes”. There on the front porch is a little girl wearing a red coat. A large white dog stands at her side.

“Merry Christmas, Mrs. Scott,” the stranger says. “I’ve come to see how Tory is doing.”

“Who are you, little girl? I don’t believe I know you. How do you know our names?”

“That’s not important, Mrs. Scott. I am interested in how Tory is doing.”

“He’s only a little boy,” Marti replies. “He was very healthy until about a week ago when he came down with a fever. The doctors think it may be polio.” Marti starts to cry.

“I know,” the little girl says, reaching out to Marti and squeezing her hand. “But he will recover shortly.”

Tears begin streaming down Marti’s face and she quickly wipes them away. “Please, little girl, come inside and tell me your name and where you live.”

The little girl says, “I have to go home now. Please close the door so Tory doesn’t get a chill from the cold.”

Marti insists, “But wait...”

The little girl smiles and turns around and walks with the white dog down the porch steps. Instead of closing the door as suggested, Marti watches to see where they go; perhaps to one of the neighbor’s houses close by. Just as they reach the bottom step, Blake calls from the kitchen and Marti turns away. Marti turns back toward the porch, but the little girl and white dog have

disappeared. She quickly runs down the steps and looks up and down the street, but the girl and dog are gone.

Marti goes in the house and shares the story with Blake. She asks, “Who could she be? I don’t know any neighbors that have a little girl that age. What did she mean about Tory getting well?”

“I don’t know,” Blake replies and then he smiles. He continues, “Maybe God sent her. Maybe it is a Christmas present to let us know that Tory will be all right.”

Marti says, “I’m going to check on Tory. Get Shari up and bring her down to breakfast.”

A few moments later, Blake is wishing Shari a Merry Christmas. He hears Marti call, “Blake, come quick!”

He grabs Shari’s hand and they rush to Tory’s room. Blake is afraid Tory’s condition has worsened overnight.

As they enter Tory’s room, Blake asks, “What is it, Marti?”

Marti is sitting on the bed, her eyes glistening with tears as Tory sits grinning in her arms. She reaches for her husband’s hand. She says, “Blake, the fever’s gone. He seems completely better.”

“Dear God,” Blake whispers, and slowly, he kneels beside Tory’s bed. The family holds hands and thanks God for this special Christmas gift.

“And thank you, God, for the little stranger this morning. Thank you for giving us hope.”

*“See that you do not look down on one of these little
ones.*

*For I tell you that their angels in heaven always see the
face
of My Father in heaven.”
Matthew 18:10*



Footnote:

A fictional account based in part on a Christmas experience of Jack and Martha Scott when an angel brought a message of hope concerning their sick son.

Encounter #12 in the book, “There’s An Angel on Your Shoulder”, by Kelsey Tyler.

**A sacrificial and redemptive gift,
a gift of hope.**



Jesus, the Gift of God

Merry Christmas