

Angels and Inspiration

by Sheila Luecht

Climbing the stairs to the meeting house, a trail of her essence behind, she had just landed and casually knew her way. It was always like this, the calling sound of a chime in her ear, a place revealed in her mind, and she flew on small wings to her assignment. Here she would not be seen as others there might be seen, but seen as a mist or light as she entered the room. Her presence could not be any more defined than that at first.

It was easy to come to the right place, but more difficult to clearly understand her role at times. This time was like many others, as she glanced at the door for humans opening, she wondered if she might just sneak in with them, or should she operate inside? She chose to slide in with the humans and learn as soon as possible what she would be needed for in a place like this. Her assignment was to help.

* * *

"Organize those chairs in rows over there. We will set up the speaker panel here. You, with the radio mikes, put that here." There was no missing the authority in this woman's voice. She was from the church and had brought all this to the Youth Bureau. They did not know what wind she had blown in on, but felt the power of her ideas and her ability to move and shape things. Where had she come from?

"Julie, will you see to it that all our programs are passed out to our audience, the instructions for the question and answer portion is in there. We want to make sure that the questions are asked in a way that no one is talking over each other, and we get the clearest audio as possible. Live broadcasts can be difficult." Mrs. Clark had said. Who was this woman, no one knew her. She had come to the area recently, joined a church, and when some of the ladies were trying to organize a local mission club, she had joined in. She had a commanding presence, like someone who could do just about anything, and literally she had.

Available online at «<http://fictionaut.com/stories/sheila-luecht/angels-and-inspiration>»

Copyright © 2015 Sheila Luecht. All rights reserved.

No one had known her secret. She was a successful woman, and a mother, her husband had a business, but not in town. That much they knew. What they did not know was that she had got down on her knees in her office one day. The office, whose French doors looked out onto a beautiful wood, a cozy place of deep greens and dark oak. Bookcases lined the wall and while some might feel it was a tiny dark place, it was her cocoon, her refuge, the place where she could think and be.

After reading the works of Corrie Ten Boom and remembering a film about her called the Hiding Place at university years earlier, she had refreshed herself with this woman's story. It was a story about faith and about miracles, but most of all it was the story of a middle aged woman, an unlikely candidate for secret resistance work in World War II. She herself had felt powerless to the task, but had risen to do what was needed through her faith, not unlike Dietrich Bonhoeffer.

Confronted with the women at church and their desire to become active and have meaning in their lives, she too sought some direction. She knew she was a leader and sooner or later no matter how she might avoid it, leadership would in some way default to her. She could not prevent this, so many times in the past she had tried and this time it seemed was no different.

So on her knees she was. She had never done this before, but she knew that at this place, on this land, she needed to at least ask.

"What do You want me to do God? Where is the need, and what is my role? What do you want me to do? I am your servant."

Then the fun began. Using that term loosely, fun, it was like a flood of need presented itself and this woman using her gifts, could actually do some good.

It was then an angel was sent to provide assistance and guidance. After the first time, with the radio show, the woman could almost feel her presence. When she did not know what to do, or needed help or to encourage others, when her own will and words were lacking, she would sense through prayer her guidance come.

The first time was at the radio broadcast. Mrs. Clark had invited the state senator to come and see what they were doing. She was trying to build recognition of the work of this agency that had been off most peoples radar screens for over 20 years, quietly doing their work with young offenders, also programs with pregnant and parenting teens, bullying prevention, alternative high school and counseling. She had some corporate media experience, and was creative.

The group had invited the director of the Youth Bureau and when Ms. Krane had come to her church; she spoke to the ladies who wanted to do mission work. Ms. Krane had somewhat oddly burst into tears when she was talking to the little group of mostly elderly women, about six of them. Mrs. Clark was in her early 40's, she was the youngest in the group. Mrs. Clark soothed Ms. Krane and told her that they would help her, she did not know how, but surely they might be able to do something for her organization. Mrs. Clark believed that, she was responding to the sincere need and unspoken request, the tearful encounter had broken the ice.

* * *

The senator came. He stood on the side lines. She asked him if he wanted to speak. He declined, he said he was really not prepared. She realized, like he did, that he might be asked some questions about prevention that he had no answers to on the air so he had declined. She was not surprised. She had a sense he would decline, but he stayed to see what she was doing and how she was doing it. His presence there improved the chances for a reporter to pick up the story and indeed it was well documented in the papers. She had done press releases and carefully worked that angle.

It had gone well, for what it was. How can you raise money for an organization that no one knows about except those served by it? Her plan revealed itself with many more steps, and many thought it all came from her. The reality was it came from a voice that would not be silent inside of herself. She knew it was the angel, sent by God to keep her going in the right direction. She could see the path, the plans the methods, the ideas. It was as if every thing she had ever

done was coming together for something much larger than herself.

In this case Ms. Krane and her organization benefited greatly. In other cases, other organizations benefited. It all went on a kind of a path.

Mrs. Clark, just kept going.

Well, to be honest, Mrs. Clark and her angel kept going. They made quite a team. Do not doubt the power of faith, faith in the question, faith in the answer. While some of us are busy at our lives, there are angels here and we are unaware, yet some like Mrs. Clark, asked for direction and they were sent this servant of God to make a difference. Believe or not, it does not matter, for all benefit from the work the same.

* * *

