

Conversation with an Angel

DJ Kane

It was an ordinary Sunday morning; I was walking my dog, and decided to walk down a different path, from which I had not previously done, on any given Sunday morning.

“Why today? Maybe I wanted to feel adventurous, or just wanted to bestow fertile ground to my dog, to do his business. The latter would be more likely.”

Sunday mornings do not often bring out the benchwarmers so early, somewhat a contradictory statement to use in sunny Florida most of the time. Which was surprising to me, when I became aware of a woman sitting on a bench facing the lake. She seemed to be writing, what seemed to be a letter, and seemed contemplated on every word, with each stroke of her pen.

Something was different about her. Her extremely long blond hair seemed to indulge the mooning sun, thus returning a glow of gratitude, as the running sounds of the cascade fountain, which stood, in the middle of the lake that we were facing, added to my interest, which could bring forth a beautiful painting to an artist, which had not been lost on me.

As I slowly approached the bench on my way to pass, she bent over greeting us, “Good morning, whets your dog’s name?”

And I responded, “Good Morning, his name is Gucci.”

As my dog began licking her hand, and they both seemed to be briefly engaged. It permitted me to try to observe a part of her letter, which my eyes remained transfixed upon, and yet, I could not fully read. I then became aware of the book she was using as a desk, as it peeked below the paper, and I surmised it was a Bible.

I then subconsciously reminded myself, there was an reason for this walk, I then excused myself, and continued on my way, moving on to grassier areas away from the bench. After my dog did his business, I started on my way back home. As I passed her bench once more, this time with purpose, still interested in knowing the book she was using as a desk. She again, greeted my dog and me as she had done before, which had again offered me another look at the book; and see if was a Bible, as I had thought. I was intrigued to say the least, but not completely surprise if it were a Bible, being Sunday, and the churches were closed, because of COVID 19.

She must have observed me being transfixed on her script, which she held securely on top of book. To my surprise she asked me, “Can I ask you what you are thinking?”

I replied, “I was just interested in the book you were using as your desk, and if it were a Bible, as I had thought.

She held the script in her hand, and handed it to me while she fumbled with her Bible. The script was written in Hebrew, and was addressed to no one, and I returned it to her.

“My Bible” she explained, “Is all of the above, Old and New Testaments. It’s a very special Bible,” and she held it up, with an extra feature, just for believers. Only if you have a true intent and beliefs, will the words you speak, become acceptable, and the Bible will open to you as the language you speak.”

This conversation was becoming too deep for me, and not that I fully believed her in any way, and to change the subject matter, and not to seem rude, I asked, “Do you live in this community, we have a Writers Club, that meets on Friday, and if you enjoy writing, you could join.”

She just smiled saying, “I know, I have been watching.”

“Now there’s a nut”, I thought.

Just then my dog started to tug on his leash, which caused me to turn around for a brief second, and as I turned back, she was gone. I looked all around, but there was no sign of her. I would have made it a day, to keep to myself, but her Bible and her letter were on the bench. I picked up the Bible and letter hoping there was a return address. Opening the letter, and more amazing and confusing to me, the letter read, this time in English, and addressed to me,

“Thank you, Doug for the special time you spent talking with me. I’ll be watching over you and your wife. The Bible is a gift to her, since she is a true believer.”

I arrived home and handed my wife the Bible, and proceeded telling her what had happened. She looked at me strangely and disbelieving, until the moment she first opened the Bible and said, “Doug, our names are written in gold as the owner’s and both Testaments are in Spanish, how did she know our names or that I speak Spanish?”

I immediately answered, and now I believed, as I looked above, “Dear, she must have been an Angel.”