

The Voice of an Angel

A while ago, being among the trees, and in a secret way,
I humbled myself; Kneeled upon my knees, and began to pray.
Feeling refreshed and forgiven, from admitting my sins;
And, after I'd left, from where I'd just been;
I'd heard the voices of Angels. Oh, what a Heavenly sound!
Astonished, with faith and hope; I knelt back to the ground.

It has been written, and I'd been told, of Heavenly beings;
Garments of white and adorned with gold.
Messengers, guardians, ministering to guide;
Souls exalted, that inherited the Light;
These are Angels and Spirits of Heavenly glory;
Not to be worshipped, but to believe their story.

Inhabitants of the Earth, Prepare as not to fall;
They're the sounders of the trumpets to warn us all.
Michael, Gabriel; There are others too!
Their nature and relation to man; known, only to a few.

These voices of sound, from a vision or dream? I know not.
As a simple man, I've given it a lot of thought.

What a gift from God, I received that day.
To hear the voice of an Angel; and what they had to say!

A time later, when you recall, what's been written this day;
And, being alone, in the wilderness, questioning what I say;
Be sincere and humble; Yes, in a secret way; Begin to pray!
If it happens to you and you're chosen; Is it not true?
Please let me know, what an Angel would have to say, to you!
