

It's time.

I've been wondering for a while about telling a story and how I might do that. In fact, a good long while, and now it's ready. I'm putting my side of it for my own peace, but mainly, for the benefit of the others involved, because I think that the situation around the tale as it stands, doesn't reflect what really happened.

There are things that should be highlighted and put straighter.

One, is that you fellas don't know much about Angels, and what you do know is rubbish.

For a start, I'm a big unit. Big in appearance and big in things. I'm one who gives orders, not takes them. In fact, there is only one I take orders from, and that's just the way it is.

I'm also a warrior. Not that you lot would know much about that. But I can handle myself. In fact, I can handle myself pretty good. In my line of work, you need that. I go places others can't or are not allowed. You see, I get the important messages to carry. The ones the boss will entrust to no one else, no one gets the messages to carry I get.

Important messages are my job, and sometimes getting them to where they are going is not as easy as it might be.

The night in question was like that, in fact it was the toughest job I had ever had, up until that time. If the legion of troops hadn't of come with me, I might not have got through.

I have only ever known one night worse since, but that's a tale for another time.

This was bad enough.

I got the call to head off and it took us nearly 24 of your hours to fight our way through. The opposition was horrendously strong. I had never seen such desperation from them before. They normally cut and run, not this time.

Just shows, I suppose, how important the message was.

Anyway, finally I arrived.

I have to say it wasn't much chop. Pretty out of the way. Pretty small. Pretty dusty. Pretty Hicksville. Not where I would have chosen to live that's for sure. Not a shop or café for miles.

The little shed I went to was even worse. Tiny place. Clean, but small. I felt claustrophobic and certainly couldn't stand up straight without taking the roof off and the walls out.

And there she was.

I have dealt with humans before, but men mostly. And some self-important men. Not always likeable, and I have, I have to say, taken some grim pleasure at seeing them quake a little when I appear, rise to my full size and turn the shining on full bore. There has even been the odd accident or two, they have been that frightened.

But there was something about this little girl. And she was little, and young. There was a calmness, a strength and a hint of real courage that I was quite taken by. In fact, I thought to myself that the boss must have met her before today, because when I showed myself, (and I was careful; I didn't want to overwhelm her. So not too much light or shimmering, and I had the brightness turned way down. I crouched up as tiny as a monster like me can, in such a small space, ... but still archangels are big, and I'm the biggest of them all. And our wattage, even turned down low is powerful, especially in such a confined area.)

She was startled, but didn't quake. And while I got the formal introductions out of the way; the normal stuff about favour and fearing not, she looked a bit puzzled, but I didn't have to chase her up the road, dig her out of a cellar or coax her from of a tree, like I have with some. She just sat, looked at me shyly, and listened.

Then came the time for the actual message. The boss doesn't always let us in on the plans, but I knew that this was big, the biggest, and so did the others, hence the opposition. But what you lot don't know, and this is one of the reasons for me telling this tale, is that this little girl had no real idea of what she was being asked to do, what she would have to endure, or what the outcome of any of this would be.

Here I was delivering the message as I was told, me; Archangel Gabriel; messenger of Yahweh Almighty, God and Lord of all. Gabriel; survivor of more battles, scrapes, scraps, fights and campaigns than any of you can imagine. Gabriel; biggest, hardest and roughest of all the host, and I say to this tiny little girl, that the future of all things was in her hands ...

And do you know what she did?

Well, she didn't hide up a tree. She didn't run for the hills or shut herself in a cupboard. She didn't even ask a question.

You know what she did?

She looked up from the floor, and right at me. And I tell you, not many do that. And then she said,

You come from Yahweh. I believe your message. I will wait for what is to come.

There was something in her that made my throat clamp and my eyes water. Tiny, fearless, brave little thing.

From that day on, my life was hers, (as well as the bosses of course), and while none of us knew what was going to happen,

I knew the future of the world couldn't have been in better hands.

AMEN.