

The Revelation of Vincent

Penned by Bobbi Suny

Dedicated to Pat & Amira

Catherine has come to the tunnels to spend her vacation with Vincent, they are planning to journey to the “unnamed river” that place Vincent visits so often. They are in his chamber preparing, Vincent has his childhood trunk open searching for his journals from boyhood, he has promised Catherine he would share his writings while on their trip. Catherine is exploring the contents of his trunk and finding much amusement from his keepsakes, she comes across a letter it has Vincent’s name on the back, yet it was written to someone name Ari-el.

“Vincent, who’s Ari-el?”

Vincent was puzzled for a second until he saw the letter in Catherine’s hand, he recalled the letter with fondness, “I had almost forgotten about this letter” Vincent, reads it aloud.

Dear Ari-el,

Grandfather and I are well, we’ve settled down and soon I will continue my studies. I hope to see you again someday, don’t forget what I told you, find your wheel and you will discover who you are. Your friend Patricia

“This letter was written to me Catherine, I’m Ari-el, at least that is what Patricia called me.”

Catherine is puzzled, “who’s Patricia is she a childhood friend?”

“Yes, though I didn’t know her for long, she only stayed with us for a few weeks.”

“But she was special to you, wasn’t she?”

“Yes, I guess you can say she was, she was an extraordinary girl, a little older than myself and highly gifted, intellectually, she opened my mind to unimaginable things.”

“Why did she call you Ari-el, does it mean something?”

“According to Patricia it did.”

Catherine gives Vincent a go on look

Vincent did not answer at first, his mind seemed to wander, and Catherine could tell by his expression that he was remembering something, and she was correct, Vincent went back into his memories recalling a conversation between him and Patricia. When he was done recollecting this memory he shared it with Catherine, at least part of it.

“Patricia told me that Ari-el means.... “Lion of God” so... she decided that she would call me Ari-el” replied Vincent, with a hint of embarrassment.

“Lion of God” replied Catherine as she smiled in an amusing way.

“I know it’s silly I think it was just her way of explaining my appearance.”

“I don’t think it’s silly at all, you’re certainly a gift from God, I think it’s very fitting”.

“Would you rather call me Ari-el” Vincent amusingly responded.

Catherine began to laugh, no, Vincent is very fitting too, besides I love your name, but I agree, Patricia was on to something.”

“Perhaps replied Vincent sheepishly.”

So, what did she mean by the...”

Just then Father entered the chamber and the former conversation came to an end. Father was looking for Mouse, Vincent informed him that mouse had gone off exploring. Father in frustration asks Vincent if he sees Mouse during his journey to send him back to the inner tunnels, he needs his assistance. Vincent

complies; and Father wished them an enjoyable time as he heads back to his chamber. Vincent and Catherine finished their packing and off they went to start their adventure.

During their journey they find Mouse who has been excavating an unknown object that is embedded in the tunnel wall.

“Mouse?” called Vincent.

“Oh Vincent, Catherine! “Look, found!”

“What is it asked Catherine?”

“Don’t know, not done digging it out?”

Vincent takes special notice to the stones along the sides

“Look at the stones they are precious stones, perhaps it’s another treasure, long forgotten” he commented.

“more treasure! Oh no!... maybe not such a good thing, remember last time Mouse found treasure, all kinds of trouble” replied Mouse.

“I don’t think you have to worry this time Mouse, I believe we all learned our lesson, besides this appears to be something very different.” remarked Vincent.

“It’s certainly a unique looking object, I wonder what the rest of it looks like” commented Catherine.

Mouse will get it out, eventually” assured Mouse.

“Well not right now Mouse, Father needs your help, so you need to return to the inner tunnels as soon as you can” said Vincent.

“Okay fine.”

As Mouse was packing up his things, Vincent walked over to the object and he touched it. The object began to pulsate, and reverberated, Vincent became like stone, just staring, not saying anything. Catherine quickly went to his side

“Vincent! Are you alright!?”

Vincent did not answer, Catherine called his name again, nothing. Mouse tried and called his name.

“Vincent, can you hear Mouse?”

Still no response, suddenly Catherine realizes that Vincent was still touching the object, so she reached over, and she pulled his hand away.

She called out again, “Vincent?”

“Catherine” he replied.

“Are you okay!” she asked.

“Yes of course, why?”

Vincent looked at Catherine, then at Mouse, he noticed the fear on their faces.

“Something happened, something strange” said Mouse.

“We were calling out to you, but you didn’t hear us” added Catherine.

“hmm, well I’m fine replied Vincent.

“Are you sure asked Catherine.

“Yes, I promise, I am fine.”

The three just stood there for a moment, looking at each other.

“Well, Catherine, I think it’s time we continue on our journey and Mouse you really should get back and help Father”

“Okay good, okay fine”

Mouse runs off.

Vincent and Catherine reached the river, they set up a camp with pillows and blankets that Vincent had stored close by. Vincent then built a fire while Catherine prepared dinner.

So, what's for dinner asked Vincent?

Catherine pulls out a container

"William's stew and some cheddar biscuit's I got from a bakery near my apartment" she answered.

"I love William's stew" replied Vincent.

"I know she said, and you're going to love these biscuit's, they're the best around...well in my opinion" she added.

"Well if you love them, I'm sure I will too" he replied with a smile.

"So, do you have any cooking supplies stored nearby asked Catherine?"

"I do, we have everything we need", as promised said Vincent.

Vincent got up walked across the bay of the river bank and ducked into an alcove, disappearing for a moment, then he reappeared holding a wooden crate. Inside the crate was a pot, utensils, bowls and glasses.

"Will these suffice" he asked?

"Perfect" she replied.

As they ate their supper Catherine was surveying the surroundings

“I see why you liked to come here, there’s something so serene about this place, I’m surprise you would want to share this as opposed to keeping it for yourself... you know for the times you need to get away” commented Catherine.

“I wanted to share this with you, I don’t have a lot so what I have I want you to have” replied Vincent.

“Vincent, whatever you have, is all I need, I lived a life of wealth and believe me when I tell you, it would never measure up to what I have with you” she commented with the broadest smile he had ever seen.

“So, Catherine what would you like to do now?”

Catherine looked around, she focused her gaze on the river, smiling again she asked, “Is there any chance I can get you to go for a swim?”

Vincent appeared a little hesitate and Catherine decided maybe she should disregard her request, so she quickly replied, “We don’t have to it was only a suggestion, I don’t mind if you don’t want to.”

Vincent took in a deep breath then exhaled, paused a moment then replied, “Yes, a swim sounds delightful, these waters are very invigorating”.

“Really! You’re okay with this?”

“Yes, did you bring something to swim in he asked?”

“Of course!”

Vincent looked at her with wide eyes

Catherine let out a giggle, “Well, I was kind of hoping we would, so I thought it best to be prepared, what about you did you come prepared” she asked?

“I did” he retorted

Catherine smiled broadly and Vincent softly chuckled

So, Vincent and Catherine frolic in the river like children, laughing, dunking each other and just being carefree. Vincent showed no behavior of modesty which thrilled Catherine, yet Catherine was careful not to draw too much attention to the fact that this was the first time he allowed himself to be half dressed in front of her. After their swim, they sat by the fire reading from Vincent's boyhood journal. Catherine was elated to hear his stories, every story he read brought her closer to him, to be able to experience his past even as a retelling meant everything to her. Finally, the hour was late, and both were feeling the long arduous day catching up to them, so they settled down in each other's arms until sleep enfolded them. While they slept Vincent started to dream, "Holy, holy holy" Vincent kept repeating in his sleep, which woke Catherine up. Vincent appeared at rest however Catherine whispered his name, he did not wake, he started to toss and turn, Catherine noticed that what ever he was dreaming was no longer soothing so she decided to wake him.

"Vincent, she shook him, Vincent wake up".

Vincent abruptly sat up, Catherine!

"I'm here, you were talking in your sleep then all of the sudden it seemed like you were struggling are you okay?"

"Yes, I think so" he replied.

"What were you dreaming" she asked?

"I'm not sure, I couldn't really see anything, it was more feelings and sounds."

"Can you tell me she asked?"

Vincent tries to explain the best that he could.

"I had a sense of euphoria, it was so inviting, everything was so peaceful, then I began to hear the beating of wings, many wings and still it was peaceful and safe...until it wasn't."

"What changed?"

I did, I was no longer feeling peaceful, I was filled with rage and anger and I...I reacted to that rage, gave into it, then I had the feeling of falling, Vincent took in a deep breath and exhaled. Well...whatever it was it's over and I'm fine" he assured her.

Vincent took Catherine in her arms, assured her again that he was fine and suggested that they go back to sleep Catherine hesitantly agreed and snuggled as close to him as she could. The next couple of days was filled with joy as they continued to learn new things about each other, neither was ready to see their trip end but they knew they had obligations to get back to, so they packed up and headed back to the inner tunnels.

Several days later, Catherine has settled back into her routine, everything seemed so mundane, all she could think about was her time with Vincent; the opportunity to be alone with him, not to have to share his company with others was something she desired more and more, she knew it was a bit selfish but she couldn't help it; she would justify these thoughts and feelings by telling herself, "well they had a lifetime with him" so, from time to time she allowed herself to feel these feelings knowing as long as she kept them to her self and not push the issue, she figured there was no harm in it.

Meanwhile.... Vincent was starting to behave strangely; getting lost in thought and disappearing all the time, Father couldn't figure out why and when he asked Vincent where he's been going, Vincent just vaguely answered nowhere particular. Father was concerned that Vincent wouldn't share what he's been feeling, he knew Vincent was having nightmares, but he knew he couldn't push it and he hoped that Vincent would come to him when he was ready.

The following day Vincent disappeared again, and Father asked Mouse if he would go look for him. Mouse agreed and went off to find him. Mouse did find him, he was back at the chamber where the strange object was, and like before Vincent had his hand on the object, it was pulsating and reverberating again and sure enough Vincent was like stone and totally unaware that Mouse came into the

chamber. Mouse called his name, but he did not respond. Mouse was unsure what to do then he remembered how Catherine broke his grip, so he too went up and pulled Vincent's hand away from the object. Vincent was jolted back to reality and was startled by Mouse's presence.

"Mouse!"

"Vincent, you were lost again, shouldn't touch, it's not good."

"I'm fine Mouse he replied.

"But... Vincent."

"I'm fine Mouse, please leave me retorted Vincent!

Mouse didn't want to leave him, but he knew he had no choice, he ran off ranting to himself, "this is bad, worse than bad, must tell someone!"

It was late at night, Mouse had told Father about the object he found and how Vincent was reacting to the object, Father decided it was time to confront Vincent, so he went to his chamber to talk to him, but Vincent was not there. Father decided that if Vincent didn't return by morning he would go there and see for himself.

The morning came, and Father went to check Vincent's chamber and sure enough he was not there, he called for Mouse and asked Mouse to take him to this object. As Mouse and Father were getting ready to leave Catherine showed up.

"Good morning Father, Mouse."

"Catherine" Father responded surprisingly.

"What brings you here so early" he asked?

"I was looking for Vincent, I hadn't heard from him all week, it's not like him, do you know where he is, I checked his chamber and he's not there?"

Father and Mouse looked at each other with concern and Catherine noticed right away.

“What’s wrong with Vincent!”

“Catherine were not sure” replied Father.

“You’re not sure, but there is something wrong?”

“Yes, we believe so, Mouse and I are going to look for him now.”

“I’m coming with you!”

“Of course,” replied Father.

They headed off to the chamber with the mysterious object, Father explained to Catherine Vincent’s strange behavior and Mouse told Catherine about finding Vincent with the object and how the same thing happened as before. Catherine collaborated the strange behavior with what she witnessed.

When they reached the chamber, they found Vincent pacing back and forth, and clearly agitated.

“Vincent” Father called out.

Vincent stopped pacing and looked over at the three of them

“What are you doing here!”

“Were concerned” replied Catherine.

“I’m fine! said Vincent.

“You say that but it’s clear that you’re not” she retorted.

Vincent’s first reaction was to challenge her response, but he managed to control himself and he said nothing. Father walked over to look at the object, then he looked over at Vincent.

“What does this object mean to you he asked?”

“I don’t know” he replied.

“Is it, dangerous asked Catherine?”

“I don’t think so” he replied.

“But it has an effect on you, correct” said Father?

“Yes” he answered.

“Vincent, you must share with us what you’re experiencing, if we’re to help said Father so, please let’s go back to your chamber and talk” he suggested.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea” replied Vincent!

“Why asked Catherine?”

“This object may not be dangerous, but I think, that I am!”

Vincent is starting to believe that the dreams he’s been having is really an analogy of his life, revealing how his presence in their lives have the appearance of safety but in-actuality he is or will be a danger to them and this was weighing on him heavily.

“Why would you think that, are you losing yourself again” she asked?

“No, not like that.”

“Then how” asked Father?

Vincent began to pace again, his agitation rising

“I...I can’t explain it” stammered Vincent.

“All the more reason to sit with us and tell us best that you can, so we can try and help you figure out what’s happening” recommended Father

Vincent was breathing heavenly and pacing

“Vincent, please” begged Catherine.

Vincent stopped his pacing, he walked up to Catherine

“Please don’t worry yourself” he implored.

“I’m already worried” she replied.

“Please come back to your chamber” she added.

Vincent agreed so, the four of them headed back to the inner tunnels.

Vincent, Catherine and Father were now sitting in Vincent’s chamber, Father and Catherine reveal what they know so far, they asked him about his reactions to the object and to elaborate on the dreams and waking images.

Everything I’m experiencing is a contradiction.

What do you mean?

Everything starts with light, warmth, goodness, love then quickly turns to darkness, coldness, evil, hate, even the colors change, evoking despair.

Vincent, why don’t you start from the beginning, when everything felt right suggested Father.

Vincent starts to explain his dreams, his waking images and the sounds

The atmosphere is peaceful, I hear sonorous music that is more classical and melodious than anything I’ve ever heard. There’s a light that surrounds everything, but I had never seen light looked like that light! It reminded me of diffused gold. It was bright but not blinding, beautiful but not of its own self, it was captivating, I wanted to go into it, until I realized I was already surrounded by it. Then the sounds and colors changed.

“How...how did they change asked Catherine?”

“The soothing melody of the music stopped, I could hear a multitude of sounds like the sound of beating wings, it was so loud I couldn’t hear anything else, until a different kind of sound, so somber in its delivery it was like the unique sounds of the Gregorian chant, ascending and descending so strongly I could feel it going through me it was painful; then the voices, I couldn’t tell whose they were, where they were coming from or how many, they were all around me, voices I knew and

voices I didn't, some voices were so unnaturally high with a high-pitched cackling my blood ran cold.

"Then what" asked Father?

The voices were all speaking in tandem, just *slightly* out of sync, almost mathematically calculated to just be able to distinguish one from another."

"Vincent, where are you in all this, what are you doing" asked Catherine?

Vincent stopped speaking, he looked at Catherine but only for a second before his eyes glazed over and he began to chant over and over; "Et ecce meum verum est forma desperandum".

Catherine turned to Father "what is he saying, is that Latin?"

"Yes, but I'm not sure what he's saying, my Latin is a bit rusty" answered Father.

Then all the sudden Vincent stood up, frantically pacing and chanting, "quia pactum meum rota ego procidens! quia pactum meum rota ego procidens!"

He lets out a roar so loud Catherine and Father instinctively covered their ears, then he ran from his chamber.

"Vincent! Vincent where are you going" Catherine hollered!

"Catherine come quickly, we need to figure out what he was saying" exclaimed Father!

The two of them went to Father's library, Father took down a book of Latin translations

"Okay, the first thing he said was Et ecce meum verum est forma desperandum"

"Yes, that sounds right" replied Catherine.

"Catherine, grab that pen and paper and write these words" commanded Father.

“Ecce means behold, verum is true, forma is form, desperandum is despair
recounted Father

“So, what is it saying” asked Catherine”

Father looked up at Catherine, very much concerned he answered “Behold my
true form and despair”

Catherine panics, “what about the rest, the quia pactum meum something?”

“rota ego procidens” finished Father. “Let’s see”, he looks to his book again,
searching the phrase, this is strange he replied.

“What...what does it mean?”

“Wheel broken, I am falling? What on earth can that mean” replied Father!

“His wheel exclaimed Catherine!

Father not understanding “Catherine what do you mean, what wheel” he asked?

Catherine told Father about the letter Patricia wrote Vincent, “I don’t know the
whole story, I only know that Patricia gave Vincent the nickname Ari-el”.

“Yes, I remember that commented Father

Catherine went on; “In the letter, Patricia told him if he found his wheel he would
know who he was.”

Catherine please, that was childhood nonsense!

“Perhaps not Father, maybe that object in the wall, is the wheel Patricia was
referring to” commented Catherine.

“That object hardly looks like a wheel” retorted Father.

“But it could be, Vincent said his wheel broke, that object can very well be part of
that wheel!”

“I have to go!”

“Where asked Father?”

“To find Patricia, if anyone can make sense of this she can”.

Catherine she was just a child when she said all that, do you really think?

“I don’t know what to think Father, I only know I can’t lose Vincent to, whatever this is!”

She walks overs to Father, “please take care of him and if he asks, tell him I will return as soon as I can.”

“All right, go and see what you can find, I will look after him I promise.”

Catherine hugs Father and off she went to find Patricia.

Vincent finds himself back in that chamber, facing the object that seems to have turned his life upside down. He is distraught, frustrated and angry; he tries desperately to make sense of everything he is experiencing.

Words come from his lips as if they had a life of their own, “a nightmare which is hunting me, even while I am conscious, light like the sun, but is it? I am held by the shadows, what do the shadows want from me. The shadows have teeth, their bulging eyes piercing through me, evil voices sing, phantom fingers grip me, I am trying to look upon them, I see scorched amber veins and flames dancing wildly, many searching eyes all around me, I am consumed to my very soul, I rot and I begin to understand my destiny, my body is burning up, I am falling, my mind is going to break, all that is left is destruction, the emotions born from the abyss of an empty chest, such is my fate, my lost ability to see, to love, I am now destined to be....evil”

As Vincent succumbs to this inner madness, a bright light shone through the cavern and amid the light a vision appears, Vincent felt a panic rise in him.

“Vincent do not be afraid, I am here to help you.”

As the vision becomes clearer he sees the image of a young woman, a calmness comes over him.

“Who are you?”

“My name is Amira I am an Angel, sent by God. I’ve been watching over you since you were created?”

“Created.... not born?”

“All living creatures are created before they are born whether physically or spiritually.”

“Do you know who I am...what I am?”

“Yes, I know who you are, what you are... and what you were.”

“What I was, what do you mean, am I not who I’ve been since my birth?”

“No Vincent, you had another life before this.”

“Reincarnation?”

“No, not reincarnation, more like a transformation to birth.”

“You had a life in Heaven and in your heavenly life you were 1 of 4 creatures, a special, exalted order of angelic being, positioned at the throne of the almighty.”

“Heavenly life? Are you saying I was once an angel?”

“Yes, an archangel with many abilities and many responsibilities.

Vincent hesitating before asking, “what was my name?”

“Your name was Ari-el, which means....”

“Lion of God” he interjected.

“Correct.”

“Then Patricia was right?”

“Yes, she was.” You were an angel of protection.”

“No, I don’t believe it!”

“I speak the truth, you were of a special group of angels one who guards the holiness of God from the sinfulness of man. You existed to praise God and to protect and inspire God’s people.”

“How did I do that, I don’t understand?”

“You held the "golden bowls.”

“Golden bowls, what are they?”

“The Golden bowls are full of incense which are the prayers of the believers; you and the other 3 creatures held the prayers of all believers throughout time, both the prayers of the past and those that will be prayed, and you protected those prayers and presented them to God at the throne.”

Vincent paused for a long moment, pondering what the angel revealed, then he spoke.

“You said I had abilities and responsibilities, was guarding the prayers all of it?”

“No, you had many other responsibilities.”

“Like what?”

“Well, among those responsibilities you were the caretaker and protector of the Earth, the one who watches over all beings, human, animal, and spirit, ensuring their survival and protection.”

“Really?”

Amira smiles. “Yes, and you helped them to understand the relationship between all forms of life. You showed them that their actions influence all life from the largest trees to the smallest of bacteria; and you showed mankind that to have peace in the world it must start within their own hearts.”

“Forgive me, but this is too much to grasp, to believe.”

“It’s all true, you were created to be humane, kind, and tender in your behavior towards mankind.

Amira could sense Vincent’s trepidation.

Vincent you’re not a monster, there’s no evil darkness in you and you’re certainly not less than.... human. In this life you are human Vincent, but you’re so much more.”

The angel knew what Vincent was feeling.

“Vincent, you don’t stand out because you look different, only those that don’t know you see your outer appearance, those that know you and love you, it’s what’s inside you that makes you stand out in their lives. Do you understand?”

Vincent nodded yes, but Amira knew that he struggled with her words.

“Vincent as Ari-el you were very important to mankind.

“How?”

“You had the power to strengthen weak believers, those whose consciences were wounded and those with joyless souls. You were a being with understanding, having knowledge of many things, many truths of Jesus Christ and to feed men with this knowledge and understanding.”

“But I’m not that Angel anymore, I don’t know what I am, but I know that and what you are saying doesn’t describe me now!”

“Are you so sure Vincent?”

“Yes.”

Amira looks with disappointment, as Vincent continues.

“Look at me, I’m no angel!”

“Vincent don’t look at yourself as man does, see yourself the way God sees you, you are his creation, in this life and in your heavenly life, do you really believe that God would dislike or despise his own creation?”

“Yes!”

“No Vincent! Sin and rejection is the only thing that disappoints him, and through his Son we have redemption of our sins so long as we don’t reject him.” He loves you, as the man he created and the Angel.

“I don’t believe it, there are darkness’ in me that he couldn’t possibly love!”

“Listen to me and I will tell you how God sees you, how he sees all his children.

“We are all God’s special possession, he called us out of darkness and in to his light. You need to understand, no you need to believe, you have the right to a life in Christ’ light. God is beckoning you to step into His light and radiate. You are his light and you shine among men like the stars in the sky.”

“But you can’t have that life if you don’t break away from the wrong belief systems you hold to so tightly. Even the smallest step from darkness will bring you into the light. Let light shine out of darkness,” his words Vincent!

“Darkness is the absence of light, if I somehow turned away from his light, then there would be darkness in me” replied Vincent.

“He made his light shine in our hearts to give us the light of his knowledge, and that light and joy will always shine in those whose hearts are right.” So... you feel as though you turned away from His light?

“I must have.”

“Then your heart is not right, your heart does not love, your heart has no compassion, it does not know how to forgive” replied Amira.

“Of course, it does!” said Vincent.

“Then, you haven’t turned away from the light, have you?”

“I guess not.”

“Vincent when you come to *realize your self-worth, your beauty and joy in Him who created you, you’ll find the fearlessness to step into your destiny and continue to do what you were meant to do.* We didn’t choose God, he chose us and appointed us so that we might go and bear everlasting fruit.”

“You must find the courage to speak the bold declarations out loud to yourself, the power of life and death is in the tongue, so it’s vital that you only allow the truth to come out of your mouth. It could be the difference between an amazing life and a disappointing one.”

“I’m not sure what the truth is, what feels like truth to one may not to another, how can I be sure I possess the truth?”

“Have faith that you have the truth. Do you know what faith is, Vincent?”

Vincent wanted to answer that question however his feelings of trepidation at that moment would not allow him. Amira continued.

“It’s the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Faith is the connecting power which links us with God and makes Him become a tangible reality to our sense of perception. Look at the life you’ve lived, then tell me there’s no truth living there!”

The Angel reveals images like a hologram of Vincent’s life... as Vincent looks upon the images and memories, Amira explains....

“As a baby, your survival gave many the hope to continue, as a child your ability to see God and his beauty in the world despite your differences taught folks to appreciate what God has given them. Your honesty, speaking truth to others to help them through difficulties and your willingness to be the kind of leader who is willing to serve others demonstrates the Lords love for mankind. Your sacrifice...”

Vincent interrupts.

“I made no sacrifice on the contrary others have sacrificed a great deal for me, for my survival.”

“You’ve sacrificed more than you realize.”

“What have I sacrificed?”

You’ve sacrificed your life in Heaven, you’ve sacrificed sunlight and the warmness it brings, the cool breeze in Autumn, the invigorating sensation of a cold winter’s day, all the fragrances and colors the world above has to offer, as well as the physical love of....”

“Amira! No... please don’t!”

Amira does not complete her sentence.

“I didn’t sacrifice those things by choice, why would you give me such credence?”

“Your sacrifice was made through the way you accepted your life with love and appreciation for what God has given you, most people are not capable of enduring a life such as yours, but you did Vincent, you have given more love, compassion and understanding to those you’ve met than most people give in a lifetime. Don’t you know what a blessing you are to those that love you?”

Vincent does not respond, but his visage conveys his thoughts.

So, again the angel reveals images of Vincent’s life and his interaction with those he loves.

“Amira these things you show me, it’s just my love for my family, my friends, it’s no more a blessing than the love they give me.”

“Vincent, do you remember not too long ago when an angel visited you and gave you a unique opportunity to see the lives of those you love had you not touched their lives?”

“Yes, I remember.”

“It’s because of who you are, you were able to be that important in their lives. It wasn’t only because you loved them, or were their friend that made the difference, it’s because the gifts God gave you were meant to inspire the lives of mankind and unconsciously they were drawn to you to receive those gifts.”

“But what about the many hideous things I’ve done... you conveniently left them out admonished Vincent!”

“God called many of his people to war, lives were lost in those wars, but that didn’t make them evil men Vincent! There is no evil in you, you were created to protect and that is what you have done.”

With that Amira reveals those images, the killings Vincent was hinting to. Vincent was unable to look, he covered his ears, so he could not hear.

“Stop please!”

The angel stopped then she walked over to Vincent, put her hand on his shoulder to comfort him.

“Those men, they chose evil over good, lies over truth, darkness over light, it was righteous Vincent, you must believe that!”

“Then what happened to me, if I was an angel in heaven then how did I end up here?”

Amira begins to explain.

“There was a war amid the throne, a group of rebellious angels led by an arrogant, prideful yet powerful archangel, attempted to attack the throne determined to take God’s place. During the struggle your wheel had broken, and it affected your abilities and when the Almighty cast out of Heaven the rebellious angels the prideful one had such a grip on you that you and your wheel fell with him.”

“I fell! This explains my dreams and my visions”

“I had a sense of falling, at first I could not see clearly, I only know my descent started with a bright light, it was...my home, then I passed through the stars, I saw the sun and the moon, then I saw the clouds and the birds and after that I don’t remember”.

Amira gently smiled, “they are, what is called the 3 heavens.”

“The 3 heavens repeated Vincent?”

“Yes, the earth’s sky, outer space and finally Heaven itself, only you saw it in reverse because you were falling...to earth explained Amira.”

Vincent understood, then he asked, “about my wheel, Patricia tried to tell me about a wheel! I didn’t think much of it. What is my wheel?”

“The Spirit of each of the living creatures, your spirit Vincent was in your wheel. The Spirit of God gives direction to the wheels through direct knowledge of and access to his will. Without your wheel you became vulnerable and could not protect yourself.”

“What...what did my wheel look like and what happen to it?”

The angel describes the wheel

“It’s appearance and construction were like a wheel within a wheel at a 90-degree angle and as a result, each creature can move in any direction the wheel moves without turning. These wheels have the appearance of chrysolite, made from a topaz and other semiprecious stones, their rims are tall and awesome, and they are full of eyes.”

Vincent spun around and looked at the object in the wall, “that describes this!

“Correct, that was your wheel and your wheel was very important, very significant.”

“How?”

“The mobility of the wheels illustrates the omnipresence of God; the eyes, His omniscience; and the elevated position, His omnipotence.

“So, I and my wheel fell from heaven, and my wheel rested here of all places, that’s a bit coincidental?”

“No not coincidental, planned by God. You were meant to end up here in the tunnels, to find your wheel and to begin to remember and reconnect with your angelic spirit.”

“Then why was I not found here in the tunnels, why above and why was I born... this way?”

“God knew that if you were found above and someone showed mercy on you then he was sure you would survive, but God always intended for you to end up here in this place of safety.”

“You were born this way because you were uniquely created, a representative of various parts of God's creation (humanity, domesticated animals, the wild beasts, and birds).”

“I don't understand, how is that possible?”

“In your heavenly state you were given 4 wings, eyes in front and back making you alert and knowledgeable, letting nothing escape your notice. You had four distinct heads, as well as faces, and each had their position; the face of a man in front; the face of a lion on the right; the face of an ox on the left; and the face of an eagle behind”.

“Why?”

“Because these four are the most excellent of creatures, they excel in the world; the lion being the strongest among beasts to endure hardness as good soldiers of Christ; to wrestle with principalities and powers, and to bear the infirmities of the weak; never fearing the faces of men, nor their reviling's.”

“The face of an ox on the left side; expressive of the patience bearing the yoke that is upon them, for the weaknesses of saints, and the reproaches and indignities of the wicked”

“The face of an eagle; showing their strong and clear sight and the mysteries seen; the eagle having so strong an eye, that it can look full and steadfastly upon the sun; and their diligence in searching to find out where the carcass is to feed upon and to direct others to it likewise.”

“And lastly the face like a man symbolizing all humanity and wisdom.”

“God knew that if you had kept all 4 faces, you would’ve never survived a life here on earth, so he gave you just one of your faces.”

“Why couldn’t I have the face of a man here in this life?”

“Because man would’ve only seen a man, you needed to be more, to maintain your existence and sustain against opposition and danger so you could continue your work even here.”

“But I didn’t continue my work, I don’t even know what my work is, how could I, I didn’t know who I was?”

“You have continued your work, even though you didn’t know that you were. Your existence and the attributes you possess is the binding force that links you to mankind, just as a man’s soul connects him to God.”

“You see Vincent, God used the four attributes you and the other 3 angels possess interchangeably to guide and protect mankind all during their history.”

“How, in what way?”

“Well... look at the prophets, they possessed piercing eagle-like insight they kept appearing on the scene and speaking to the Israelites to tell them God's Word and show them the way.”

“The Ox, always keeps close to the herd, following the same trail and never straying; some men like the ox never strayed from the Word that the prophets revealed, and they accomplished great things.

“Now look at the wisdom from David’s psalms and Solomon’s proverbs even the wisdom of man just during your earthly life, it’s immense what man has accomplished.”

Vincent, began to ponder deeply what the angel was telling him, Amira continues.

“Then there’s the majestic lion-like power of God that opened the Red Sea, cooled the fiery furnace, slaughtered 185 000 Assyrians in one night to save Jerusalem and that power, got Cyrus the Persian to release the Jews from their

Babylonian captivity. The history of all mankind is founded on these attributes, attributes that come from you and the other creatures” explained Amira.

“And the me now, how do I fit in to all this?”

“The Almighty continues to use you as an influence even now in this life, in as much the same way.”

How?

“Your insight for one, where do you think your connection with Catherine comes from; your physical strength that allows you to protect those you love and the patience and wisdom that you display every day, it’s all part of your existence, gifts that God has given you.”

“But what does all this mean now, if I’ve done these works already in this life just by living then why reveal these things to me.”

“You reconnected to your wheel, your spirit and without the knowledge and understanding of who you were and what you were created for, you would have been consumed by madness, I had to come.”

Meanwhile.... Catherine has located Patricia at the Chicago University and arranged to meet with her. Catherine arrives at her office and knocks on the door, a voice behind the door calls out

“Come on in”

Catherine enters; “Hello, Ms. Lurvey, my name is Catherine Chandler, I called you about...Vincent.”

“Hello.”

Patricia walks around her desk and shakes Catherine's hand

"So, you're a friend of Vincent's, a helper?"

"I'm... more than a friend" replied Catherine.

"Really?"

"Yes" smiled Catherine. Patricia smiled back"

"How is he, your phone message was a little vague?"

"I'm sorry about that I didn't want to disclose too much, you understand."

"Of course, I understand."

"So, tell me, what is happening with him?"

"Father and I are not sure, we believe he's in distress and we don't know how to help him; I was hoping you could offer some insight."

"I haven't seen Vincent since we were children; how could I possibly help him?"

"Do you remember this?" Catherine hands her the letter she wrote to Vincent all those years ago.

"Oh, my goodness, yes I remember this, Ari-el, that is what I called him."

"Do you remember telling him about "his wheel"?"

Patricia was a little apprehensive in her response. "Maybe, what has he told you?"

"Not much I'm afraid, but we uncovered something embedded in the tunnel walls far below the catacombs and ever since he touched it, he's been having nightmares and acting strangely, I told Father about your mention of "this wheel" he doesn't seem to give it much credence but..."

"But you do, don't you?"

“I don’t pretend to know what this object is, and I certainly don’t pretend to understand what this wheel is, all I know is Vincent was fine until he touched that object” explained Catherine.

“Did this object, do anything when Vincent touched it” she asked?

Catherine was a bit surprised when she asked that. “Yes! Yes, it did!”

“What happened?”

“Well, it pulsated, and reverberated and Vincent became frozen and unaware of his surroundings, he couldn’t even hear us shout his name, I had to pull his hand away from it before he snapped out of it!”

“How has he been acting since?”

“He’s been drawn to this object, he keeps going back and touching it and the more he does, the more his dreams haunt him. Patricia, Vincent’s humanity is a very fragile thing, it takes all his strength to stay balanced and this is putting him over the edge, he is now convinced that he is a danger to those he loves...I mean he has struggled with those thoughts before and we managed to convince him otherwise, but I’m not so sure we can this time, I really believe that he believes he is evil!

“But he’s not evil, he’s just the opposite” exclaimed Patricia!

“So, what does that mean, I don’t understand!”

“He’s confusing the images, the memories his wheel is trying to restore. Come with me Catherine!”

“Where!”

“Back to New York”

Catherine looked at Patricia questionably, Patricia read her so well.

“I’ll explain on the plane, I just hope you have an open mind, otherwise...”

“Where Vincent is concerned, I keep all possibilities open, let’s go!”

A couple of hours have past and Amira continues to reveal to Vincent who he was, and Vincent continues to ask questions and ascertain the knowledge the angel was bestowing on him. However, his feelings of trepidation were overwhelming him.

“Amira, knowing all this doesn’t help or change anything for me.”

“What do you want to change?”

Vincent pauses.

“If I answer truthfully, you will see that I’m not so righteous after all.”

Amira gives Vincent a reassuring nod, Vincent continues.

“I want to walk beside Catherine in the daylight, I want the world above to know how much I love her, how blessed I am that she loves me. I want to love her completely, I want to be her family and to have a family with her.”

“You want a human face?”

“Yes!”

“Let me ask you this, do you think Catherine lies awake at night and prays to God to give you a human face?”

Vincent lowers his head as if in shame.

“I don’t know.”

“I do.”

Vincent looks into the angel's face, saying nothing but his eyes reveal his desire to know as well as his fear of what the answer may be.

Amira moves closer to Vincent, she looks straight into his eyes, and she smiles and gently whispers "never once did she pray for God to change your face, only to someday make it possible for you to walk in the daylight in safety."

Vincent begins to cry softly.

"So, what happens now?"

"Well you have a choice to make?"

"What choice?"

"You need to decide whether to return to heaven and take your place at the throne or stay here in this life."

"How can I return to heaven?"

"I can take you."

"Why then have you waited all this time to come to me."

"You needed to find your wheel and to remember who you were before you could return."

"How can I make such a decision, I may know who I was, but I don't really remember my life as an angel?"

"I can help you with that, if you're sure that is what you want."

Meanwhile... Patricia and Catherine are on a flight back to New York. Catherine begins questioning Pat.

“Patricia, please tell me everything to know!”

“You may find what I tell you hard to believe she answered.”

“I don’t care, I want to hear it she insisted, who is Vincent, and what is this wheel?”

Patricia took in a deep breath and exhaled very slowly, she thought for a moment how she would begin to explain.

“Catherine, there’s no easy way to explain so I’m just going to be blunt, Vincent was an angel in heaven, his name was Ari-el.”

Patricia paused for a moment, studying Catherine’s response, Catherine just looked at her almost impatiently.

“And...she responded?”

“Wow, you really do have an open mind where Vincent is concerned!”

Catherine gives Pat a sheepish looked, Patricia continues.

“Vincent was one of four angels who guarded the throne of God, he was a protector of mankind and so much more than that, she continues, his wheel was where his spirit lived.”

Catherine was obviously confused however she insisted that Patricia go on, so Patricia explained everything she knew about the angels at the throne and how Vincent came to be here on earth.

Back in the tunnels, Vincent is quietly thinking.

“Vincent?”

“Yes.”

“Do you understand, “I can help you remember your life in heaven, if you’re sure that is what you want?”

Vincent pauses for a long moment, “What does God want me to do?”

“God has given us all free will, whatever you decide God will use you in that life for his glory just as he’s been doing.”

“Amira, if you show me my heavenly life and I decide that I want to stay here, wouldn’t God be disappointed that I did not choose a life in His presence?”

“Vincent no matter where you are, you will always be his creation, he will always love you. The only expectation that God puts on all of us is to do the best we can to live by his will, to love him and to share his love with those we touch, if you keep him in your heart, you are in His presence.”

“So, you can restore my memories?”

“Yes, but I must warn you, the love you feel when you are in the presence of God is like nothing you have ever experienced, to walk with him, talk with him it’s the most innate desire we have whether we realize it or not, it’s immeasurable, and nothing here on earth can compare, not even your love for Catherine.”

“If I return with you or if I stay and live out my earthly life then return when it has passed, what happens to mine and Catherine’s love?”

“You take the love with you to your eternal life; you and Catherine will always be connected for all eternity.”

“Would I return to my life at the throne, or would I become like all human souls entering heaven after they’ve passed? I’m concerned, that if my heavenly spirit is in this wheel, then I must have an earthly spirit in this body, which spirit remains, one cannot have 2 spirits, can they?”

“If your wheel is restored, you will return to the throne and continue to do God’s will. If your wheel remains broken, you will enter the kingdom with your earthly spirit once your time here has passed.”

“But if I return to my angel status, where does that leave Catherine and our love for each other, there must be a hierarchy even in heaven? I’ve read the bible I know that the bible says that God prepares a place for us and we will live with him and worship him for all eternity, so how then will Catherine and I be together in his kingdom if I were to return as an angel?”

“Vincent, I’m sorry I cannot define how it will be, for I don’t know myself, I can only assure you that yours and Catherine’s souls will remain connected but only God knows how.”

Vincent, paces back and forth in silence, pondering everything he has learned, he walks over to the wheel his back is towards the angel, he delicately caresses the wheel then he turns back to face the angel.

“Amira, I’m ready.”

“Ready she repeats?”

“Ready to remember replied Vincent.”

Amira, smiled very softly, Vincent felt such a warmth of encouragement. Amira came as close to Vincent as humanly possible, she held his face in her hands, the chamber lit up with the most beautiful glow he had ever witnessed. Suddenly Vincent fell to his knees, his hand clutching at his chest above his heart, he began to cry. For a long moment Vincent just knelt there, his face in his hands.

Looking up at Amira, with tear filled eyes, he smiled, “this is real he asked?”

“Yes, Vincent, this was your life she replied.”

“I never felt such...”, Vincent did not finish his sentence, but Amira knew, she understood.

“Now that you know Vincent, you need to decide what you want” explained the angel.

Amira backed away slowly as if to give him the space required to make such a difficult decision.

Vincent knelt there quietly reflecting on his entire heavenly life, while still in the throes of this experience another astonishing revelation came to him.

“Amira!”

“I’m here.”

Vincent jumped to his feet, “Catherine’s prayers! I held Catherine’s prayers in my bowl, I brought them to the throne... just before... just before the war broke out! They were the last prayers I ever held!”

Vincent looked away as the memory was filling his senses. He turned back towards Amira.

“Catherine prayed for me...before I was even me?!”

The memories continued to engulf him.

“I was attacked from behind, I dropped the bowl, my only thought was to recover the bowl as if somehow, she would be lost to me if I didn’t. I...I was overtaken, that’s when my wheel broke, and I started to plummet, but he caught me... oh!”

Vincent looked at Amira with such surprise and awe.

“God held me, I looked into his face then...I thought of her and when I looked back into his glorious face, he smiled, and I knew, he knew... and he... let go of my hand!”

Vincent took Amira’s hand.

“Thank You” he replied.

There was a long silent pause between them both, then Vincent spoke once again.

“Amira I’m not ready, I’m not ready to leave Catherine”.

“I know that God will understand this, after all he gave me this love for her and his blessing. I understand your warnings about revealing my heavenly life, as I do feel the pull of my heavenly spirit and I understand now the images and sounds that first confused and frightened me, but I’m no longer frightened by them, I am grateful for them because for the first time I truly believe that there is no evil darkness in me, only the echo of the dark experiences I’ve encounter. I believe now that I am capable of loving Catherine without hurting her because God has created me to love and protect, even in this life... and Catherine... Amira...”

“Yes Vincent.”

“I want to stay... I may never be able to walk in the day light with Catherine, but I can love her completely, fulfil the desires of her heart; after everything she has sacrifice to live a life of generosity and love she deserves everything I have, everything I am and I want to spend the rest of my life giving myself to her and that’s a life worth staying for.”

Amira walks up to Vincent, she puts her hand on the side of his face and immediately Vincent feels God’s Love emanating through the angel he also feels God’s acceptance, joy fills his heart and his soul it was so palpable it brought Vincent to his knees.

Amira steps back, a soft warm light slowly *rose* to prominence and engulfs the entire chamber then slowly returns to its source and was gone along with the angel. When Vincent turned towards the tunnel wall that encapsulated the wheel, the wheel was gone, but in its place was a symbol, the likeness of a dove.

Vincent let out a big sigh and when he turned around to leave the chamber he found Catherine, Father and Patricia standing there.

“Hello Ari-el”

“Patricia?”

“Yes.”

“You knew, all along”.

“I suspected”

“Vincent are you, all right? implored Catherine

Vincent looked longingly at Catherine, he did not answer, he walked over to her hugged her and held her without letting go. Catherine held him tightly, not moving, not saying anything just holding him letting him know without words that she is there and always will be. After a few moments, Catherine broke their embrace, she looked proudly into Vincent’s eyes.

“You gave up Heaven for me.”

“No, I gained a life with you with no limits and someday you and I will take our place together in Heaven for all eternity as it was meant to be.”

Vincent lowered his head, slowly moving his lips towards Catherine. Catherine in kind moves towards him.

Heaven and Earth embrace to kiss

A seal that promises eternal bliss

never needing or wanting more than this

les, God in Heaven be amiss.

The End

Inspired by the book of Ezekiel and Revelations