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Angels

"It is not known precisely where angels dwell - whether in the air, the void, or the planets. It has not been God's pleasure that we should be informed of their abode."

- Voltaire -

How many angels can dance on the head of a pin? Perhaps we will never know, but what or who are angels?

Angels (Greek, angelos) are messengers sent by God, man, or even Satan. However, we mostly concern ourselves with those we think of as being sent by God. Also, sometimes it seems that there are people who could truly be considered angels that are quite human.

A Las Vegas policeman is probably not the kind of person you would suspect of being an angel, but it appears that this may have indeed been the case. Vern Faulstich was a policeman by profession but he also received messages about those who were in need of help and he responded.

Late one night he woke his wife, Kathy, and told her of a friend who he said was thinking of killing himself. He also said that he would not be able to call the friend but would have to wait for his friend to come to him. Just days later the friend called to tell Vern of the problems he was having that had lead him to contemplating suicide. Vern met several times with his friend and helped the friend through this trying time in his life. Vern's wife, Kathy, said it was as if someone was guiding Vern to know what to say and what to ask while he was helping. Yet, not all of Vern's cases of helping people were straight forward.

Late one night in the 70's, Vern awoke and told his wife that he was supposed to "look for the boy with the rose." He didn't know what this meant, but he set about to do what he was asked. After several fruitless days Vern related to Kathy that he was quite frustrated. Kathy said that Vern was expecting to somehow run across a boy standing on a street corner holding a rose, and this just wasn't happening.

The next day Vern stopped at a coffee shop for lunch and

sat at the counter next to a surly young man. As the young man reached across the counter Vern caught a glimpse of a rose tattoo on his arm and he knew. He had found "the boy with the rose." Vern struck up a conversation which seemed to further irritate the young man leading him to ask, "What's your problem, mister? You crazy or something?"

Vern responded, "I've been called crazy from time to time alright, but right now I'm just here to help you."

Their conversation continued and finally the young man acknowledged that he had been contemplating killing himself. Vern talked to the young man at great length telling him of his belief regarding reincarnation. He told the young man that he believed that you pick the life you come into to learn something and to work some things out. Vern later related as they talked the young man's eyes got bigger and bigger. Eventually, the young man told Vern that he could see that Vern really cared and that made a big difference to him. As their conversation drew to a close the two parted company at the coffee shop and Vern never saw the young man again but hoped that he had done what he had been asked to do.

Fifteen years later Vern was diagnosed with terminal cancer and died at the age of 63. At his funeral a stranger came up to Kathy to express his condolences and told her that if it hadn't been for Vern he wouldn't be here with his wife and children.

As he reached out his hand to her, Kathy saw the rose tattoo on his arm. Vern had been the young man's angel.

Still other angels are not likely to be human. In January, 1981 young Chris Deal had just undergone a series of chemotherapy for lymphatic leukemia, and the battle was not going well. His wife, Melissa, related how his system was completely devastated and he didn't have the energy to get out of the hospital bed, or even move. Yet, the night of January 4th a nurse woke Melissa as she dozed beside Chris' bed. Chris was missing.

He was not in his bed or anywhere else in the room. As they began looking for Chris, Melissa noticed a glow coming from a room at the end of the hall. She opened the door to find Chris sitting in a small utility room, but he was not alone. With him was a young man with very white skin and ice blue eyes. The man was dressed in a flannel shirt, Levi's and lace-up work boots. And while he was young he seemed to have a look of wisdom about him. Melissa could see that Chris wanted to be alone with the young man so she closed the door and went back to Chris' room where Chris returned shortly thereafter.

Chris was more vibrant and healthy than he had been in months. When asked by Melissa who the young man was he responded with a look like, "You're not going to believe this." Then he said the young man was his guardian angel.

It was as if Chris had been energized and he would visit other people in the hospital and talk to them and encourage them and help lift their spirits. Then three days later Chris quietly passed away. His wife related that the angel didn't heal Chris' body but that she felt he had healed Chris' soul.

So, are angels or guardian angels real? I suppose it might have something to do with perspective.

By way of background, my father, Ted, was 86 years old the fall of 2005 and suffered from Parkinson's disease and Neuropathy affecting his legs. As a result his ability to walk was rather limited even when using a cane or walker. This was a direct factor in three of the encounters which he related to me in Nov. 2005. These all happened during the prior 12 months.

The first occurrence took place while my father was at the cemetery visiting the grave of my mother, Theola, who passed away Nov. 1, 2004. One afternoon dad drove out to the cemetery to place flowers on mom's grave. Walking out to the grave site was always a bit of a challenge for him, but dad succeeded in getting there, placed the flowers and managed to get back to the car. Unfortunately, as he tried to sit down on the car seat he misjudged the distance and slid down the side of the car seat and found himself sitting on the ground beside the car with his legs out in front of him and under the open car door.

Now, under most circumstances, dad could get himself turned

over, get to his hands and knees and manage to get back up. However, with his legs under the opened car door, there was not enough room to turn over and he didn't have the strength in his legs to manage to wiggle them out to a better position. Dad took medication for Parkinson's, but his last pill was wearing off, and he had not yet taken his next pill. He was stuck. In addition, he noted it was almost 5 pm which is when the cemetery closes. So, he sat there hoping that someone would notice before they locked him in the cemetery for the night.

After sitting there a few minutes a rather large husky man with two children walked up from behind the car and asked, "Can I help you?"

Dad quickly explained his predicament and the man picked him up and set him on the seat of the car. The man then asked if he would be OK to drive and dad explained that he would be OK now and could definitely get home fine. As dad buckled his seat belt the man and the two kids walked toward the back of the car. Once dad had his seat belt fastened he looked back to see where the man had gone but he was simply nowhere to be seen. It is several hundred feet from where the car was parked to any exit or anything that could obstruct someone from view. The man and the two kids were simply gone.

A few months later dad drove down to the post office to mail a letter. Tulare is a small town where there is no parking

lot for the post office. You just parallel park on the street in front of the building. This time, however, dad parked a little farther from the curb than he would have liked. After scooting to the passenger side of the car and opening the door he saw he was too far from the curb to step directly onto the sidewalk. There was a sign post on the sidewalk that dad was thinking of using to help him make the large step, but the post was just out of reach. Compounding the problem, the gutter was full of water.

Dad was contemplating what to do when a large bearded man walked up and asked, "Can I help you?"

Dad explained his predicament and the large bearded man told him that was no problem whereupon he picked dad up and set him on the sidewalk. Dad thanked him and turned to shut the car door before going into the post office. When he turned back the large bearded man was nowhere to be seen, but dad figured he had probably just gone into the post office so he went on inside to mail his letter and buy some stamps. While inside he looked around and noted that the large bearded man was nowhere to be seen. He thought this was odd, but went about his business.

When he left the building, dad decided to walk a little way down the sidewalk where there was a wheelchair ramp. He figured that, by using the ramp, he would be able to walk up to the car on the driver side without having to deal with the curb.

However, when he got to the ramp he found it was also full of

the water that was running down the gutter.

He was standing there looking at the water and trying to decide if he should wade through it or try something else when the same large bearded man walked up and again asked, "Can I help you?"

Dad was surprised to see the large bearded man again, but explained his problem. The large bearded man said that would be no problem and said, "Let me give you a hand." About that time another smaller man walked up on the other side and said, "I'll give you a hand too." The two men each grabbed dad by an arm, carried him over the water and walked him up to the car and helped him get in. Dad thanked them, closed the door and buckled his seat belt. Then he looked around to see where the two men had gone and they were nowhere to be seen.

Later dad asked the minister of his church whether the minister believed there were Guardian Angels. The minister's response was, "Absolutely!" He continued, "Guardian Angels are here to help when we can't help ourselves."

So were those men Guardian Angels? Regardless of how they might have gotten there, they sure fit the minister's definition.