

An Angel Came

By Glenn Currier

I was at the bottom of a dark pit
when outside a red bird lit
on a branch of an elm
as if to say: "lets fly to another realm."
He was an angel I needed this day
arrived just at the right moment to say
a message I needed to receive
a note of joy that was a reprieve
from a darkness that seemed all around,
but from its throat a glorious sound,
a song of hope, a hymn whose every chord
brought me back to our precious Lord.
That bird was an angel arrived
to herald some news I needed inside
that Jesus has come in the dead of night
to bring us hope to bring us light and life.

Author's Note: As expressed in the poem, "No Joy," I woke up Christmas morning feeling joyless, unenthusiastic, barren of inspiration, and empty. I sat there on the edge of the bed trying to figure out what I was feeling and this image of an empty vase with holes in the bottom came into my mind. Immediately I decided I needed to go in and journal about how I was feeling on this Christmas morning and the poem "No Joy" came to me. As soon as I finished writing the poem, I got a wonderful text message from my nephew who told me how he wept at the priest's sermon on Christmas morning about joy and later he felt moved to text me about his feelings of Jesus' presence in his heart. This text seemed miraculous to me because it immediately gave me a feeling of peace and joy, picturing him weeping in public and being slightly embarrassed and perhaps unworthy to have Jesus come into his heart, but he also felt full of joy. The red bird/angel in the above poem is the metaphor that came to me to represent my nephew as I began writing.

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