



The Gift of Sight and Sound

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GNB - [Mar 8:18](#) *You have eyes---can't you see? You have ears---can't you hear?*

Well there I was just standing at the back of the church, where I can usually be found, listening to the sermon. At first I thought my eyes were playing tricks on me, and that a visit to the optometrist would be a good idea. I started to see what seemed to be shadows, yet more like a series of lights without a source, moving in and around the congregation. As my eyes became more accustomed to the light. I could see, what I can only describe as, angelic beings were the actual source of the light.

As my eyes became even more focused on what was happening I could see a large number of these “angels” roaming in and around the congregation. Some of the Angels were sitting quietly, others were praying, some appeared to be singing.

One was kneeling down next to a baby. He was speaking to the child but I could not hear what he was saying. It appeared that the child was fully aware of the presence of the angel as the child’s eyes were fixed on it.

I could see another angel standing next to an older lady who recently lost her husband to Cancer. Though I could not hear what he was saying, I could see a look of peace washing over her face.

There was a man sitting in the back row who looked to be asleep, but upon a closer look I could see his lips moving in silent prayer. Sitting beside him, was yet another of these angels, it appears as though the angel was helping the man by telling him the correct words to pray.

It was then that I noticed that all the angels seemed to be connected to a different looking being and this one looked more like a man than the others. He also seemed to be in control as the others were going to Him and He would point out whom to go to next. Then I knew this was Jesus, even from the back I could see the holes in his hands, the ones where the nails once were, and the scars on his brow from the crown of thorns.

I could see that Jesus was looking at me. It must have been His will to show me this sight. I just then noticed that I could not speak, or move. I was awe struck.

It was at this moment that Jesus pointed, and that is when I saw the “other angels.” But there was something different about them. They did not light up from the inside like the first group - it was as if their light had gone out. I had not seen them before, as they were not as easy to see as the angels of light. They were going up to some of the people, slowly as if not to be detected, and they also appeared as if they were quietly whispering in their ears.

Jesus looked at me and said “*I give you ears to hear!*” I was now able to hear some of the conversations that were taking place between the dark angels and the people.

One was saying to a smart looking gentleman, “*What are you doing here? If people knew the real you they would throw you out of here!*”

Another was saying to a teenager. “*They can tell, they know, you are pregnant and unwed. They are talking about you behind your back, you should not come back.*”

There was one of these dark beings next to a good friend of mine, someone whom I love dearly. It said to him, “*You know no one loves you at all, they just pretend to love you. You should end it; no one would miss you anyways!*”

After a while the minister stepped down from the pulpit and the band took their place on the stage. Then the band started to play and the congregation started to sing. As more and more people started singing, the light of the angels started to get brighter. Now that the congregation was standing I could see that some of the people actually had light coming from them as well. Some people were emitting a lot of light, others not so much light and sadly some were just like the second set of angels I saw, dark.

I then noticed that the sounds within the room had changed as well. As the light got brighter the dark angels started to groan and they moved away and eventually could only be seen standing off in the distance. They appeared to be waiting for something. Once they moved off all I could hear was the glorious voices of the angels of light, but then I noticed that what I was hearing was a mixture of the human voices being amplified and enhanced by the angels!

As the last song was being sung I heard a voice next to me, I was now able to turn and there stood Jesus with his arms outstretched to me and his nail-scarred hands clearly visible.

Jesus said to me “*I have given you this gift of sight and sound for a short time, to see and hear the battle that rages between the Almighty God and the dominion of evil. Now go write the story so that all can see and hear it*”