

“Assignment: Comfort And Joy” sample pages section #4
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Narrator Afriel: Splitting my time between Steven and Diane, my two assignments for the night, was no problem, as angels are not bound by the laws of Earthly physics. We can be anywhere with the speed of thought. So leaving the radio station, moving between micro-seconds, I made my way back to the motel where Diane was staying. She was as I left her, morosely staring at the TV, but obviously deep in thought. The noise from the TV, however, was proving a distraction as I tried to drop a suggestion in her mind that she should tune into the radio. You see, the Lord's plan, which he shared with me and charged me to implement, was to help Diane tune in to hear Steven that night, who had been given the particular words she needed to hear. While we angels, in the line of duty, usually stay on the sidelines and influence people with subtle suggestions, there are some times when direct action on the physical plane is called for... and this was one. Moving to the TV, I jugged the cable input and disrupted the signal. She didn't need this kind of noise. Trying to change the channel and finding it the same on all, Diane did what I was hoping for; she switched it off, then reached over to the radio and turned it on. As she scanned the local stations, she finally came to the one that the Lord wanted her to hear... and she left it there. So far, so good! But... I gradually became aware in my spirit that something significant was happening outside the hotel. Moving to the wall next to the door, I peered beyond it into the parking lot, which was shrouded in partial darkness. That didn't keep me from seeing the looming trouble, however. It came in the form of a man, standing in the shadows watching the hotel room door where Diane was checked in.

(Actions during the next paragraph.) Afriel reaches toward the back of his robe, and brings out a small scroll that had been tucked into his belt sash, which he unrolls and reads. Meanwhile, as the angel is occupied with the strange man, Diane, in the background, moving as if in a trance to her pocketbook, brings out a bottle of pills. She goes back to the table and sits down, looking at the pills almost blankly. She opens the bottle, pouring out a handful and putting them on the table, and begins writing on a notepad. It is obvious that this is a suicide note. The angel reads the information on the scroll, then finished with it, he puts it back inside his belt again. Crossing his arms with a determined look, and with a stance that suggests a soldier on guard, he watches for any move by the man. Unaware that, in the background, Diane has finished writing the note, and has folded it, propping it up against the lamp where it can be seen. Standing, she retrieves a bottle of water, and comes back to the table. Opening it, and picking up the handful of pills, she is on the verge of taking them. As the angel slowly internally becomes aware of the danger behind him, his expression becomes worried.

Narrator Afriel: Taking out my mission scroll, I watched as the man's file appeared on its supernatural surface. Apparently, the lurker in question was a contact of Diane's ex-husband, whom he had employed to intimidate her, to keep her from testifying against him. I was informed that he was given leeway to make use of violence, if that's what it took. Looking back up at him, I had no doubt but that he would prefer it that way and was anxious to make his move. I, however, was on the job, and would not miss any signs that my assignment was in trouble. I was determined that nothing would distract her from the message that the Lord wanted her to hear. Distractions were a trick of the enemy, and I would not allow it. Suddenly, a prompt in my spirit made that word seem very important. Distraction... who was the distraction right now, and from what? I began to sense that Diane was in danger, not only from without... but from... within?

(Actions during the next paragraph.) Afriel spins around and sees that Diane is holding the pills and water in her hands, and he is alarmed. He rushes back to beside her, and leaning in close to her face, begins to speak to her. As if she can almost hear him, she cocks her head, obviously wondering about the thoughts coming into her head. The angel almost appears desperate as he pleads with her. Indecision plays across her face as she struggles with her choices.

Narrator Afriel: Oh, no! I had been so intent on the threat outside, that I almost missed the threat that Diane posed to herself in this frame of mind. I begged her to reconsider this rash action, which could not be undone once it was committed. Although she couldn't hear my words with her natural ears, it seemed to be getting through somewhat. I urged her to think about eternity, and to have hope in the Lord. At that moment, as though ordained by the Lord, which I knew it was, the voice of Steven Carter came over the radio. Hearing the familiar voice of her old flame, she put down the handful of harm she had been considering, and sat back in the seat. She was relaxing some, and so was I, as it seemed that, for now at least, the crisis was averted. The main reason I was here was beginning to happen, and I couldn't wait to see how it all unfolded.

(Actions during the next paragraph.) Upon hearing the voice that she knows come across the radio, Diane puts down the bottle and pills and listens with interest, smiling a little. The angel, looking relieved, wipes his brow with the arm of his robe, and sighs loudly as he looks upward. He moves to the side of the room and observes as Diane listens to the radio announcer, relaxing some and leaning back in the chair.

Steven's voice over the radio: I hope you've been enjoying the last 20 minutes of uninterrupted Christmas music here on WGKW. I'm Steven Carter, your host for this evening. It's currently 32 degrees at 6:30 PM, with a light wind from the west. We have more sounds of the season coming your way, but first, we'll also be hearing an original Christmas story that I wrote a while back, and with some encouragement from the station Program Director, I recorded and produced earlier this afternoon. Whether you are driving, or listening beside the tree as you wrap presents, I hope it helps makes your holiday a bit brighter.