

15-NOV-2020_ Delightelation

(Angel speaking:)

“Darling.” I take your hand and invite you, with every bit of charm that I am graced with, to come with me.

You are dressed in Heavenly attire, and we together walk through a Heavenly portal. There is so much splendour outside this door. You see a part of Heaven you haven’t seen before. It’s nothing like on Earth. It’s so vast and spectacular. There are people flying, and colours of all sorts are seen in the designs and structures. We, of course are going to fly.

I pick you up and hold you up in the air by the waist and we spin the air a bit, smiling as we look at each other.

“Welcome to a bit of my world,” I say.

Then we spin our way all the way down, down, to the scene below. We have been seeing it all from an aerial view. Our feet then touch the Heavenly grass, and we see we are just in time, and spot on for a picnic in Heaven. It’s all been set up, and friends of all sorts are coming over now to greet you.

You don’t have to try to figure out what to say, or how to be. You can just communicate with a thought, and find out who they are, and they transmit a thought to you of loving friendship. Then they carry on with their happy heaven life, and we with our time on the grass of Heaven.

When you look up you see all types of pastel colouring in the sky above, as well as flying figures of fellow angels and people going here and going there. It’s an active place, a place people come when they want to meet others, and go for a fly. It’s a paradise.

We lie side by side. There is so much we can talk about, and there was so much that we went through together, each of us from a different side of the veil. Though we haven’t spent that much time face to face, however because of the very intimate details of your life that I was privy to, we find it easy to talk on a personal level.

I know the right questions to ask that get a good conversation going. And I can read what you are thinking, so you never feel alone in your little zone, your little world. We are engaging in deep and flowing communication.

There are flowers woven on the picnic basket that was set up here, and we look into it every now and then and pull out something else to nibble on. –Though being close to each other and talking heart to heart, as well as meeting new and old friends, is the main course we are enjoying.

“Wanna fly to the top of that special building?” I say after some time, and take your hand. Up we go as we fly to the top of some sort of unusual structure. Things look so unusual to you, but actually much of nature on Earth, in the small-to-miniature view, contains much of these structures and patterns. If you had seen a real zoomed in, close-up view of many things in Earth’s nature, you would recognise the resemblance in some of Heaven’s large structures.

We arrive and land on a porch at the top of this type of building, that is more like the loop of the ribbons on a bow that is tied on a gift. We get a pretty good view of things there.

You are literally on a “high” now, for you feel your emotions have just shot up to even the skies of Heaven—besides being so very high up, overlooking what’s going on very low down. In a way we are alone, but in a way we feel so much a part of everyone else. We are a needed and loved part, and would be sorely missed if we weren’t part of it all, each in our humble, but valued way.

I embrace you and twirl down with you through the air, to a lower part of this building of sorts. There’s a garden on a lower level, and we land in it. We partake of the special fruit. Some is filled with something like honey, and it drips out as we bite into it. Then we drink from the fresh fountain and run around the various natural passage ways formed of flower beds and tree archways, hedges, and bushes.

It’s such a lovely place to explore. I then settle on a bench we have discovered, and you on the ground, looking up at me; looking up like you are posed and ready to look at me in appreciation, as well as hear whatever stories I’d like to say.

A birdbath fountain nearby has some lovely birds flitting in and out of it, splashing playfully. All of a sudden you get an idea. I read your mind, and before too long that idea is what is taking place.

Now the two of us are as small as the birds, and are playing in the fountain, splashing and getting soaked in the crystal golden water. We are laughing and running through it, or grabbing on to each other as we sit and roll and romp around. You even take a ride on one of the birds and get taken up to a tree nearby. I come and fly up to you, and catch you in my arms and we flutter down again right into the top of this fountain birdbath.

“That was fun,” we say with our eyes, before resuming our regular size—at least regular to what it has been so far on our adventure of a loving day together.

Again we walk through the garden’s pathways until it wends and opens up to be the entrance to the path that leads to a castle of sorts.

“Oh! Can we go in?” you say with hope and delight.

“Only if one has the key,” I say, and then pull out just that from my pocket.

A funny thought comes to you, that you are glad we resumed our regular size, so the key would fit.

I smile and say, “Shall we go?” And arm in arm we walk down the path, lined with roses and large beautiful stones, and lovely things, too beautiful for a human to understand.