

Did I Do As I Should Have, Angel?

Did I do as I should have, Angel,  
When we two parted ways  
On mortality's Eve, and pray in depth,  
as a dying lone man prays?

Did I do as I said I would Angel,  
When the moment drew so near  
In the middle of my tempests?  
Did I hold to faith, not fear?

Did I do like I promised to, Angel  
And hold fast to the iron rod,  
Whether jog or stumble brought me  
To higher, holier sod?

Did I do what I covenanted Angel,  
With God, and with you, I'd do?  
In every decision that I made,  
Did I choose right? Was I true?

And when I made mistakes, Angel,  
Whether blindly or willful made,  
Did I make amends, the best I could?  
When I couldn't, did I pray?

Did I bear testimony, Angel  
When those sacred moments came?  
Did I share God's Light with kings  
And with beggars just the same?

Did I persevere, sweet Angel,  
Despite doing so much wrong  
And when the going got rough,  
Did I yet raise my battle song?

Did I try to heal you, Angel,  
When by me your wounds were dealt?  
Did I feel true Godly sorrow  
For all the pain you felt?

Did you know I'd fall hard, Angel  
Once in mortality?

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Did you hope to see me recover,  
That joined, through the veil, we'd be?

Did you know how I'd need you, Angel,  
Through the trials faced on earth?  
Did you understand how much I  
Would doubt my own eternal worth?

Did you know I'd choose to rise, Angel  
After each time I fell?  
Did you know I'd ache to tell it,  
When I had the tale to tell?

Did you rejoice, Angel, when my vision  
At last was single to God's glory?  
And when I fell again, did you preserve  
Your writer's shattered story?

Did you ever doubt, Angel, in  
My full recovery?  
Or rather did you grow deeper  
In your faith in God... in me?

Did you know what I would do, Angel,  
when my soul was torn to shreds?  
Did you know that I would keep on,  
Regardless? Is that what Father said?

Angel, did you know I'd be guided  
Your glory to behold,  
In the same moment wherein  
My will, my strength, would fold?

Angel, did you full agree that,  
When the moment came,  
You would reach out and save me?  
Did you always have this aim?

Did we understand, my Angel,  
Where our road would lead?  
Did we grasp our path's importance  
As our eternity's growing seed?

Did we know what good, what evil,

Would be done, Angel, 'fore our eyes?  
Did we choose to cling to Light  
And all the dark despise?

Did we hope, Angel, in the wondrous  
Glory Father's planned?  
Did we know He's prepared it for us,  
Midst eternities in His hands?

Do we hold on, knowing holding  
Will enable victory?  
Do faith and hope let us hold on  
To craft Eternities?

Do you know I'm doubting us, Angel,  
Here in 2021?  
Do you know this doubt is crushing me,  
And my will to carry on?

Know you, Angel, what might save  
Your writer's flagging Hope?  
Do you know what might regrow it  
And so enable me to cope?

Eleven years it's been, Angel.  
I've fought to preserve the Light  
Within my heart and spirit.  
I've kept struggling in this fight.

I know I'm needing, Angel, to grow  
That Light inside my soul.  
I must feed God's Light, and so believe  
In our eternal goal...

...Now I'm feeding it, Angel,  
Seeing at last my worth.  
I know each soul, like mine, is  
Weighted more than the whole earth.

You know all this, glorious Angel,  
You know this path I've led.  
You know I choose to keep on  
Keeping on. You know it's what we said.

You know my struggle, Angel, for my  
Struggle is your own.  
Our path winds through the oceans, storms,  
And fires. Through them we've grown.

You know this, beautiful Angel. Thank  
You for holding us to Life. Thank you  
For your faith in us, for your willingness  
To draw us through most bitter strife.

We have surely suffered, choicest Angel.  
I'm grateful for God's hand most.  
For our Savior, His Atonement.  
For the Holy Ghost.

God be praised, sweet Angel,  
For His Plan for you and I.  
Our path is proving fruitful.  
It started with a try.

When My Angel Soothes My Heartache

When my Angel soothes my heartache  
Wherein I find that I can cope,  
Her ministering enables me  
To hold tight to faithful Hope.

And Hope, encouraged by my Angel  
Is a Hope that has no end-  
An eternal Hope, 'gainst which  
No dark enemy can contend.

When my Angel reaches inward to  
That soul which is my own,  
I wonder why I once wished  
My soul were made of stone.

No stone could feel the wonder  
Of a soul full Angel- graced.  
Such only can be had by  
Courage, outward-faced.

When my Angel soothes my longing  
For closeness with God's daughter pure,  
I learn no greater blessing than  
What comes when we endure.

For enduring means enjoying.  
Enjoying means full living life.  
And life is lived most fully  
When pushing together through all strife.

When my Angel's eternal, engulfing love  
Brimming in her eyes I see,  
There is a drive to get up and engage  
In the war round I and she-

This war that we've been fighting  
Since before mortal life began.  
With all light for, and all dark against...  
We battle on for God's holy Plan.

When I see my Angel cradling  
My enervated, once-warring soul,  
I witness, as though from without,  
An Angel's warrior becoming whole.

Such a strange thought that  
Wholeness can be made  
In a soul that was broken, thrashed,  
Beaten bloody, flayed...

Yet my Heavenly Father lets  
My Angel visit close.  
And every instance thereof  
Is what, and when, I need it most.

When my Angel holds tight, and  
Though so oft I do not feel,  
Just seeing her beside me...  
It helps my Angel's warrior heal.

I know not how they happened,  
Such blessings we two enjoy.  
But perhaps this mortal barrier  
Is one which grace employs.

I know so little of our story  
While the veil enshrouds my mind.  
But surely, that God employs it  
Is certain proof that He is kind

When my Angel soothes my soul  
By her presence and boundless love,  
I know no greater miracle  
God could grant from heav'n above.

And heaven, where with my Angel  
I want to forever dwell,  
I hope with all I am  
Is where I'm bound, healed full, and well.

Such I must believe in  
If there is a chance so slight.  
The mere thought of us has preserved  
My hope mid darkest night.

When my Angel soothes the tempests  
Brimming dark with ire inside,  
I know it's not enough  
That through it all, I tried.

For God, my Angel, and other angels

Have also lifeblood given.  
They've multiplied exponentially  
The strength by which I've striven.

While my Angel soothes the fires  
Which have filled me all my life,  
I start to understand- I need no  
Longer languish beneath strife

When her glory full engulfs me  
And our bond at last's complete,  
I envision us kneeling together  
Before our Savior's pierced feet.

When our Savior beams upon us,  
And pronounces us fully bound,  
I wonder can glory get brighter  
Whilst we kneel 'pon holy ground?

Do I delve too deep on sacred things?  
Should holiness be shared?  
Would I let such light and glory be spoken  
If I thought God didn't care?

But care He does. So do we.  
Ever and always we will.  
So we will hearken when He says,  
To the waves... to us... "Be still."

## When Your Angel Whispers To You

When your Angel whispers to you  
And you want so bad to hear.  
Yet her gentle voice, not audible...  
You worry, doubt, and fear.

You worry you have stumbled, that  
Something is dreadfully wrong.  
You doubt your own motives.  
You fear if in heav'n you'll belong.

When your Angel whispers to you  
Whilst you ponder by yourself,  
Locked away in would-be exile,  
You cannot put her on a shelf.

Tis a thing you will not do-  
To seek some other of God's daughters.  
You have your sacred pool together,  
Filled with purest, glowing water.

When your Angel whispers sweetly  
Words your spirit, alone, can feel  
You sense eternal wounds, impossibly,  
At long last begin to heal.

To heal deep, to heal fully  
Whilst all anguish drains away.  
You know not how it's done,  
Yet you know it was, today.

When your Angel murmurs gentle  
That you've yet more in life to do,  
When you feel no strength within,  
You understand that she, and God, know you

They know your talents and capabilities.  
God knows you won't quit- you'll rise above.  
He placed your strengths inside you, and blessed you  
With the purest Angel's love.

When your pure Angel's arms wrap round

And you see her in Spirit's view,  
And her love for you blazes bright  
You know she's the one for you.

You are learning also, that  
You're the one for her.  
The thought adds joy to the elixir  
That enables you to endure.

When your Angel holds a Candle high  
To shed light on the way,  
Your joint light seems to shift  
A dark night into new day.

And the joy you feel from knowing  
That you twain do rise above,  
It helps you better comprehend  
The fruits of eternal love.

When your Angel pours her love into  
Her mortal warrior's soul,  
You, your Angel's warrior,  
Grasp the weight of being whole.

Through the veil, your bond  
Endures. When you write to her each day,  
When you pray both morn and eve,  
That bond you share will stay.

The closer you, Warrior, come to God,  
The more you become the man  
Doing what's required for she and you  
To fulfill your roles in God's Plan.

When your Angel implores your Father,  
You both kneeling side by side,  
By a simple, twin-sized bed,  
A deep connection is espied.

Such an unmeasured blessing  
Has been granted to you two  
By God's own hand. You know  
By His power, He'll draw you through.

When you and your loving Angel  
Are battling for the right,  
The light growing inside you  
Makes bright day from darkest night.

Bright day grows ever brighter.  
Glory grows within.  
Such radiance sustains you  
As you depart from sin.

When your Angel whispers to you,  
And your tension ebbs away,  
It's no wonder you desire  
That she'll forever stay.

This desire will be had  
As you simply remain true.  
God, and angels, and your Angel  
Are here to assist you.

When your Angel whispers to you,  
Whether audible or no,  
She's full of love and meant for you-  
Both these things you know.

You know you are meant for her,  
That God has linked your souls.  
Both of you are living for it  
As you fulfill your roles.

When your Angel whispers to you  
And you pray God to grant success,  
You know that it will happen.  
God will you twain for always bless.

Does It Hurt To Love Me, Angel

Does it hurt to love me, Angel  
When a Veil is placed between?  
Does it pain you that your communing  
I oft won't feel but only see?

Do you ache with longing for your  
Mortal Warrior Unprepared?  
Do you know that, despite his weakness,  
He ever still has cared?

When you've seen him in mortal life  
Stumbling thither and yon,  
Has it hurt to see his strength recede...  
Does it hurt you, it oft seems gone?

As the warrior whose heart belongs  
To and is kept solely by you,  
Think you, that I shall complete all  
That I am here to do?

And when this path we walk, divided  
By that same veil between,  
Winds to its full conclusion,  
Will we be one? Complete? Serene?

Angel, are your hopeful eternal companion's  
Mortal strivings enough, or  
Do you think his efforts  
Just a little bit too rough?

Does it hurt to hold me, Angel-  
Your mortal warrior in the flesh-  
When I so rarely get to feel them,  
Your loving arms, that me enmesh?

And when I'm aching for you,  
And you know these things I feel  
Can you feel my ache as I do?  
That I want life done, not healed?

Do you ever tire, Angel, of this  
Urge I feel to leave? And,  
Does that same urge sadden you?  
Does it make your pure heart grieve?

Do the things I do bring joy, Angel?  
Do they help you smile?  
Do my doings do you good, and  
Bring good comfort in our trials?

Does it hurt, desiring oneness  
With me, while I ache for the same?  
Do you feel what I feel not feeling you,  
Like pangs of loneliness? Of shame?

Surely tis not your doing that results  
In striving to close the gap.  
The space between means naught  
If we both know it's not a trap.

Our Father has a Plan for us.  
Already it rolls to  
A destiny of glory.  
He crafts it for me and you.

Angel, does that space between  
Give us added clarity for  
Our Together-Always Struggle?  
For glories waiting in store?

I sense it's a requirement. I don't  
know fully why. But  
I think the ache brings intent to  
The acts of you and I.

If all were thornless roses and  
Cheeriness and spice,  
We'd less likely fight the darkness.  
We'd not brave this soul-war twice.

We would forget our purpose  
To engage in Father's Plan.  
We'd once helped to get the word out.  
To teach others to take a stand.

If we forgot our purpose, and  
Didn't fill our eternal role,  
It would result in an eternity-wide,  
Gaping, soul-wrenching hole.

But we shan't forget. For, Angel,  
With God we shall retain

All that has transpired.  
We know why we embrace the pain.

When it hurts you to love me, Angel,  
Yet you still love me fully free,  
I am eager to share this journey  
With you. We walk it eternally.

My weaknesses, especially that of  
Loneliness unsoothed,  
Are catalysts in embryo.  
By them is greatness proved.

I ought to be more aware of  
The pains you've surely felt,  
With me for your warrior.  
What weight have you been dealt?

You knew what I knew going in-  
The dreadful peril, you grasped.  
The risk we both accepted.  
What a purpose we were tasked.

Hence the question, Does it hurt  
To love me, battling onward now?  
Think you that God our Father shall  
Full communing allow?

I surely hope He will.  
I know such He can do.  
So I will keep on hoping  
He makes us one, me and you.