

Lorna Byrne newsletter – 23rd December 2008

Wishing you all a very happy Christmas.

I am learning more and more about the angels and the way they work in the world all the time. At Christmas in years gone by I've often seen angels flying over houses and dropping balls of light onto them. I used to wonder what it meant. What were they doing?

Then I had a vision which made it all completely clear.

Let me explain about visions. I see angels all the time I'm awake. I see people's guardian angels – we each have one – and other types of angels too, including archangels and cherubim. Different types and orders of angels have different work to do.

Angels talk to me every day, help me to understand what's going on in the world around me and help me to help them do their work among the people I meet.

Then very rarely I have visions. These are not at all like dreams. They take place when I'm fully awake. When I experience them it's like a jolt to my whole being, as if my soul is being separated from my body, and in truth I know I'm very close to death at those times. Even if the vision is beautiful – and some are not, some visions of the future I am holding back for now because they would frighten people – the transition into the visionary state is always a painful and frightening one. It's uncertain too. The process is not always the same.

I know that in these visions I'm being shown something very important, something about the whole world, not just my immediate surroundings – a message for the world, if you like.

The vision which helped me to understand what the angels were doing at Christmas happened to me in the run up to Christmas. It was about half past three when I went into the front room of my cottage to pray for my husband, who was in hospital. I wanted him home for Christmas.

The whole room was not decked but strewn with paper streamers and branches with holly berries. There was a log we'd found to stand a candle on. The children had been so excited the past few evenings, and I'd been trying to persuade them to wait a little longer, until nearer Christmas to put up all the decorations.

I went to the window to look out for the children, a little anxious because it would be getting dark soon. They would've left school at three and should be back any minute.

As I started to pray I could feel the angels gathering around me, wrapping themselves around me like a cloth, first softly then tighter and tighter. This is one of the signs of a vision. I know that if the angels didn't support me like this, my body would drop to the floor as soon as the spirit left it.

My eyes are wide open but I'm drifting away from this world. It's fading.

Then just for a split but very frightening second it's as if my breath has been taken away.

I'm somewhere else, in a different dimension. It's dark. I become aware of two shadowy beings, one on either side of me. They're leading me towards a vast stone wall, so high that it seems to reach up to the

sky, and in the middle of this great wall there is a gateway. The grey stone like granite is sparkling with tiny dots of light, many different colours. There are carvings on the gate, but I don't focus on them long enough to make them out because my gaze is drawn, inevitably, to the two gigantic, golden angels, bigger than trees in the garden of St Stephen's College near where I live, almost as tall as the wall even. They are standing guard on either side of the gate.

As I approach these two angels turn and begin to push open the gate, which is like one gigantic block of stone cut down the middle but with the two halves pressed together. This gate doesn't swing backwards or forwards but must be pushed to the sides like a sliding door. I can see that it is immensely thick and heavy, but it begins to yield to these giant angels because they are immensely strong. I realize that what I'm seeing is an event on a cosmic scale, a turning as great as turning of the year. But it's not just an astronomical event - the turning of stars and planets. It's a turning point on a human level too, a turning point in my life and in yours.

As the two parts of the gate begin to slide back, I see that the crafted stone blocks that make up the gate are about three feet thick. Then I see a flicker of light in the opening crack.

What's in there? I ask myself. I'm trying to peer in.

Then as I continue to approach, the crack widens, the light becomes brighter, until suddenly, once the gap is about a yard wide, there is an explosion of light and countless angels begin streaming out. They're everywhere, dazzling me at first. As I walk through the gap it seems as if there are millions of them and now I see that each one is carefully and lovingly holding, as if very precious, a ball of light like the ones I've seen angels dropping down into houses at Christmas. Some of them glance and smile at me but most just rush past as if they don't know I'm there, a great wind gentle yet strong and getting stronger as they pour out.

Then suddenly it is all over, and I find myself in the dark again, above me only the starry night sky. I can feel that ground beneath my feet is soft.

Then somewhere ahead of me, a small distance away, as if at the bottom of the garden I see a small flicker in the dark.

Two angels appear by my side and as I begin to move forward again I begin to make out a small, rounded hill side and set into it a cave. I'm getting closer and closer. I wonder to myself. Am I getting moving towards it or is it moving towards me? Then I stop - or it stops - and suddenly I can see the cave more clearly. It's as if the angels have turned up the light to make this possible. There is a crowd of angels flying over and around the hillside and it is they who are creating the gentle, flickering light by which I am making my way.

These angels aren't carrying the balls of light like the angels who rushed passed me earlier. I have seen many different types of angels with different work to do, and these angels were here to light this cave, and to protect it from icy winds.

There is a small, higgledy piggledy man-made construction in front of the cave, about three feet deep, made up of large, smooth, rounded grey rocks, each about a foot cubed, with a roof or awning made with bits of dried wood, straw, moss, such as you might find on a compost heap. As I get nearer I can see that

the cave is bigger than it first looked, perhaps about twenty feet wide and thirty feet deep. I sense life there, in the darkness at the back, a number of small animals I can smell the animal life - , some of them about the size of a goat, but it's not them that I focus on.

I see the young woman first. She's standing in the middle of the cave, her head bent slightly, her long dark hair tied with a white scarf that folds underneath it. She's attending to her baby – and the first thing that really strikes me is how young she is! She's a young teenager with a round, pretty, girlish face and right now she's concerned to make her baby more comfortable.

The baby, I now see, is lying on something that looks like a stone feeding trough that has some loose clothes draped over it to make it softer for the baby and now the mother is sorting this out. She's folding some more cloth, some linen and then she kneels down to put it under the baby. There is so much love and care in this.

And now I see the father, taller and much older, maybe late twenties, even early thirties. He's coming over to her, so affectionate to her and the child has a worn face and a dark beard, not black but dark brown, cut short and a little untidily. But it's a lovely face and you can see straight away that he is a good man.

They're talking to each other, but I cannot understand what they are saying, and they are not aware of my presence either. I feel as if they might suddenly look up and see me, but for some reason God does not allow that.

The baby reached up to catch her finger with a little turn of the head and a smile. He is, I realize, about three months old. Not a baby with a huge head of hair, but what he has is a soft, light brown, and one of the first things I notice – it's the sort of thing a woman will always notice – something is his lovely long eyelashes. His eyes are startling, the whites very white, the pupils dark, and twice he turns his head in my direction, and I'm sure he's seen me. A mother will know how I know!

I want to go over and pick him up and hold him but something stops me. Everything about him is like any baby you might see any day of the week, except that he seemed to me to emit a gentle golden glow.

I become aware that his attention has been caught by other things and then I begin to see the angel that he can see.

There are about twenty of them in a circle all around Jesus, Mary and Joseph. They're facing inwards, of course. These angels are different both to the ones I've passed at the gate and the ones protecting and lighting the cave overhead and keeping it safe and warm. They are tall and beautiful with wings that move gently and change colours and tone all the time, translucent yellowy gold. Their gowns seem to flow down them all the time like waterfalls.

Some sing for a while, maybe four or five together. Then they stop and another four or five take over singing for a while, as if the song is being passed on between them.

They are holding long white feathers, delicate and streaked with yellow and gold on the tips, and hanging on either side are lengths of string, about thirty of them on each feather. Most of these lengths of string are red, but about four are gold and silver and attached to the bottom of each is a golden bell, which the angels are ringing to entertain the infant. It is these bells and feathers that are catching his attention.

At one point, the baby closes his eyes and falls asleep. Mary and Joseph are watching him closely, talking about him being asleep _ I know this although I could not make out the words. It was obvious.

Then he opens his eyes as if to say 'I fooled you, I wasn't sleeping really!' and all the angels laugh. I feel such love and happiness there.

Then the angels who have been standing by me, slightly in front, turn to face the other way and move back in the direction we have come from. I protest a bit, but, really, know it is time to go...

And with a jolt I find myself back in the cottage, looking out of the window.

I felt as if I'd been watching Jesus, Mary and Joseph and the angels for maybe twenty minutes, but when I returned to the cottage I could tell from the quality of the light that I'd only been away for a very short time – maybe just a couple of minutes. It gets dark very quickly at that time of year and now it was no darker than it had been when I'd first begun to slip away.

Time is just for us, really.

When I began to think about the things I'd seen, some strands of meaning began to emerge. When we think about the Nativity, we generally think of people – the wise men and shepherds – bringing gifts to the child. What I had been shown, in the shape of the angles carrying away the balls of light, was the child giving gifts to the world – countless gifts.

In a sense all children give countless gifts. Because young children have recently come from Heaven, they are full of love and true spiritual feeling, and in this way influence their parents and other adults around them.

In the presence of children we may sense their sense of wonder.

The sad thing is that as we grow up, we tend to forget what heaven is like, we may perhaps remember later in life if we work at our prayers, but for the most part most of us spend most of the year squarely in the material world.

Then at Christmas we may be afforded a glimpse of something else. Something happens. Somewhere in the spirit worlds that gate which I saw in my vision opens. It opens at the turning of every year. We call it Christmas because we remember also that particular turning point in history some two thousand years ago, but people all over the world, in other religions, even people who lived before the events of two thousand years ago have known about this yearly opening of the gate. They have also known that in the depths of winter this great gate opens up and a special kind of spiritual being, a special kind of angel as we call them streams into the world, millions of them streaming into our world to help lighten the darkness, and to fill every heart with hope.

And that I think is the explanation for what I'd been seeing, the angels flying over the house and dropping the balls of light down onto them. There would be an explosion of light that would fill every nook and cranny, lighting up the brickwork and the cement in between. What the angles are doing is helping adults to connect with their memories of Heaven, the spiritual feelings of love and hope that the children of the house carry inside them – or if there are no children, that all adults carry inside, though it may be hidden for most of the year.

If we feel prompted to invite someone round we know is on his or her own or prompted to give a gift – it really doesn't matter what it is in material terms – then that may well be the influence of the very special angels who carry gifts away from the baby Jesus at Christmas time.

Blessings for you your friends and family at this time, and for the year to come.

I wish you health, joy and happiness.

May miracles unfold for you all.

God bless

Lorna

P's If you think this newsletter would be of interest to your friends or family members please pass it on.