

Angels amongst us!

A short story written by Peter Bercik. From memories of a talk with the unknown girl of the past. Written and intended for Marika Mitrike. The lovely Latvian's sharp moonlady enlightened a few moments of my path.

One day, between my age of 18 - 23, in time, when I was a very energetic, positive and proactive, peaceful, kinda naive person believing in the good of mankind, full of masculine energy, fearless, and deeply connected to spiritual world (I know hard to believe I was that kind of person considering I became a jealous mummy one), I met the gurl. She was my kind-like. In her feminine opposite. Spiritually, gentle, energetic free like-minded person I've never met before. Her generosity, compassion but audacious self was at a similar level to mine - or probably higher - what I felt.

We had deep conversations about many topics. Human relationships, interactions and our illogical reactions based on our fears, faults, mistakes, misunderstandings, prejudices, etc... u know what I mean. As we talked for hours, she told me a story about the angels that are actually living in the human body.

The universe/God/whoever else is out there (does not matter how we call this entity) sends us different people to our lives.

Some of them are boring - simply not interested for our spirit. Others are usual. We call them friends, and families. We have such a regular relationship with them. Some of them accompany us for a short period on our path. We can't define them. They're like nameless, speechless actors in the movies. The backdrops of life. Not so important for our storyline. They just passed through and crossed our life path. And then there are those, who are extraordinary to us! They are so interested, attractive for our souls by gently tickling the tentacles of the hormones of happiness, they become our formal or informal partners, sexual partners, mentors, professional and spiritual guides on our path. With all worst and best of their characters. / It is a more comprehensive topic, which is not my effort to describe exhaustively now. /

And... Here we are! The last group of people, I want to mention, are very unique, rarely meetable during my journey. People whose conversation reminded me of.

They're the angels! Living angels amongst us. In the human body. They're so beautiful, so **pure** in their personality and spirituality that we admire them and in the same way, we are too feared of them. Their light of individuality is shining, giving the energy, like the light of a thousand of thousand suns. Their living energy overcomes everything you ever know. Wars, bad things, inner demons. Every prime evil you can imagine is not comparable to their inner power and ability to bring a peace.

They're amazing mediators, teachers, and leaders (usually not successful and rich, not in the form of we always imagine), but true lovers of mankind. They spend their positive energy, love and vibes so intensively and rapidly. But the energy of their own is not possible to recharge as it happens for common mortals. They are too pure to live in torment, to live in poverty of human existence. Some of them can extend their stay on Earth, but not for so long. Once, their energy is already expended, they are leaving our world. And there is nothing that stays after them. Only deep memory of their purity and love in the human heart. And great deeds or thoughts they have passed to people. Sokrates told it once in different circumstances at a different epoch: **"All men's souls are immortal. But souls of the righteous are immortal and divine."**

These angels mostly die around the age of 30. Many in the silent affliction. Many unloved, as unknown, usually in a painful agony and tyranny of time they walked amongst us. They are completely different in their thoughts and physical forms. The thing that always connects them is the vision of a beautiful society that mortals can't understand, through their littleness and attachment to the material things. They rarely meet one another as angels on Earth. And their track stays like a fragment of broken glass or like a dust in the wind in our souls forever and ever. Their deeds are simply eternal. As long as the memory of mankind is alive.

It seems to me like: **Once they have done their job on this Earth, they have to leave it. Sadly, too soon.** Or perhaps, the force majeure gives them an eternal rest for the great work they must have done on Earth, not become same creature as those who in their weakness admire themselves only.

Article was originally intended only for that pleasant lady. However, I decided to share it with the world. WHO knows... One day, when evil will be finally defeated, and the daughter called hope arise from a morning dew again, alongside with the goddess of muse as a new dawn, perhaps mankind in search for its highness, will find this article helpful and will flourish again. Searching for such unique kind of people. Since, people from both side of the river need to feel love. Even if they say otherwise. They need to know they're not here, in it alone!

In Čierny Balog, Slovakia. In present, October 11, 2023 – October 17, 2025 A.D.