



A TRIBUTE TO ALICE

I met an angel. No not one of those biblical ones. You know the ones that have wings, wear translucent gowns, and hover over you in defiance of gravity. No this one was more down to earth and appeared as a mere mortal. Nor was she in *possession* of one of those angelic names like Gabrielle, Regina, or Isadora. She had a simple name, her name was Alice.

I only knew Alice in a small time of her wonderful life but it was sufficient time for me to call her my Friend, my Angel.

Now there are “Nay Sayers” within this conversation that will question Alice’s angel credentials, and say: “Although a nice person, she was a mere mortal in possession of all the fragilities that comes with being one”. But I say to them “all angels are or have been mere mortals otherwise they would not be able to credibly converse with anyone”. I follow with “have you not sat down with Alice and seriously conversed”? I have, and understand that Alice did have, as mere mortals have, pain, suffering, and loss of love ones, but that was not her focus when she talked to you. Her absorption was not about her but about you. And as all angels do, she talked to you, soul to soul resulting in allowing you to walk away feeling good about yourself. Now I ask, “Isn’t that the true credentials for being an angel”?

I guess like anyone whose work is complete, they are allowed to relax and spend time with family and friends. It is probably no different with angels. God has called Alice home and she has left us. Memories of Alice will fade, but a soul, touched by an angel, will last forever.

Love you Alice,

Bob Borelli
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