

ST. VINCENT'S ANGEL

by Lisa Wildman

From my lofty cloud I saw you first, cradled on the stony steps of St. Vincent's Hospital. At once, I knew that you were a special child, with a future filled with great promise, and a soul filled with a tremendous capacity for love. And yet, even as a babe cast out by a heartless world, I knew that you would grow to greatness, inspire honesty, and carry the torch of justice for many.

As you grew into a child, you learned of your differences. The trials and tribulations of your life began. I was granted the honor to guard your life, to make certain that your destiny was fulfilled.

Youth brought temptation; the pain of losing friends to the winds of fortune. I cried with you when, through no fault of your own, your brother ventured beyond your grey world and left behind shattered promises of adventures and never-ending togetherness. Next, my heart ached with you as your youthful soul felt the sadness that first love often brings. But, through it all, you remained strong and hopeful, and thus I remained with you.

As a man, you became a teacher. And as you taught, you realized that you were still a pupil with many lessons yet to learn.

I knew the time had come when you would find her. I was allowed to stay close enough to be certain that she was the one. Sensing the beauty and strength that lay beneath the bandages and scars, you fell in love with her at once. They called me away when she touched your face, saying that I must let you continue alone. Yet, I knew that you would not be alone, for eventually she would come to be at your side forever.

I asked if it were necessary that you both endure so much disappointment and heartache before.... I should know better than to question beings higher than myself. They knew how much I loved you, and so I was allowed to bestow a gift upon you before I took my leave; the gift of truly knowing each other, as I have known you, all these years.... The gift of each other's heart, a gift from my heart.

I have not seen you for some time. I have heard that your bond with her has grown very strong. I am glad. Be strong, Child of St. Vincent's. I know that one day you will have your heart's desire. Perhaps I will be granted to watch over the next child of St. Vincent's.

Be well, Vincent. I am watching. I know you will.... be.... well.

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