



This book is about the love of Jesus and how one individual found that love in unexpected places, a testament for Christianity given by short stories and poems.

**GOD'S LOVING TOUCH:
SHORT STORIES AND POEMS**

By Peggy Jo Skelton

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Short Stories And Poems



*God's
Loving Touch*

Peggy Jo Skelton

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When Angels Come Down

“PLEASE RISE,” THE preacher said to the choir and congregation. “Turn to page 457.” There were pages shuffled coupled with the muffled noise of the people standing to their feet. Someone in the back pew coughed to clear his throat as the joyous sounds of the familiar hymn filled the air. “Hark the herald angels sing, glory to the new born king...”

My mind began to wander as the beauty of the song put angels in my heart. I wanted to be an angel. I wanted to fly on glorious white wings, enormous wings of beauty and power. I wanted to fly through the heavens like a bird. As the notes soared, I would soar. The notes falling made me

skim the earth. Rising again, borne on the song, I would finally be above all the sorrow of humans. When the last notes died, I would rest in the heavens, either as a dove, or as an angel, but I was neither. I was only human. I could not fly.

In school one day, my teacher said, “There is no such thing as angels.” I was so confused and angry that a teacher would tell her students this, especially when I knew she was a member of our church. I saw her singing in the choir and wondered why she sang of angels if she did not believe. I believed in angels. God spoke so highly of them. Through an open window, I caught the sound of a lone dove singing.

I almost died when I was born. I believe if it were not for my guardian angel I would not have made it. The hospital called my dad and said, “If you want to see your baby girl alive again, get here quick.” He came as quickly as he could. The story goes that I had a woman doctor who watched over me at night. I was in an incubator due to lung problems. From the time of my recovery to this day, I was deemed a miracle baby. I think this was due to my guardian angel.

My angel came again to me at the age of seventeen. My mother lost a baby boy. That tiny soul was here on earth for only a few short hours. This event rocked my world, and my parents were devastated. The sorrow of losing a baby puts a tremendous hole in one’s heart. I know because years later, I lost a baby myself. The grief of what might have been takes

over your brain and heart. One cries and cries, tries to stop but cannot escape the loss. "What would he have looked like?" "What color eyes would he have had?" "Would he have my smile?" "His daddy's hair!" "What would he have become when he grew up?" "Would his life have been a good one?" You question his life even though there is no life; that is the agony of the situation. The finality hurts. I could not live without knowing, "Why did I live yet he died?" I looked everywhere for the answer. I went to my Bible, I went to my preacher, I asked friends, but still I found no answer. Until the funeral.

I lived in Virginia, one of the most beautiful states in the United States. I lived in the Shenandoah Valley, which is encompassed by the mesmerizing Blue Ridge Mountains. The hazy blueness of the mountains changes with the seasons. It was fall. The leaves had turned into a flame of color; greens, browns, reds, yellows, and gold's, were all shimmering in the rays of the sun. The tiny white casket lay to one side of the open grave. My pain was as stark as the chill in the autumn air. The answer still had not come. Suddenly a sight came to my eyes, and then I saw it. An angel was descending from haven above. He was magnificent in all his glory; and it came as no surprise to me when he opened his enormous white wings. He looked straight at me with the most gentle look of love on his face, as if to say, "Peace, be still. God loves you and he understands." With that one look, I had a sense of peace that surpassed the pain. He

extended his arms and took my baby brother into his loving care. From that moment, I was calm.

I have tried to describe my guardian angel. I have found this to be a hard thing. How do you describe pure love and pure beauty? He had a kind, loving face, and the message he brought was peace.

God's angels are God's messengers. He sends them to those of us who need His help. They have an innate understanding of the plight of mankind. They come as God dictates the need of them. I have heard many wondrous stories of angels intervening in human events. When I think of these things, I think of God's love for His children. I have a vision of the angels in heaven as they lift up their magnificent voices just as they did on that night so long ago when they heralded in the child Christ and inspired the writer to pen: "Hark, the herald angels sing glory to the newborn King!"





Sorrowful

Blessed are they that mourn:
for they shall be comforted.

—Matthew 5:4

Dedicated to David's mom

I LOVE TO tell the stories of the people of the South; we have such colorful character's here. I feel that we have a voice, that there is someone far off longing to hear and learn from another soul's experiences, whispering into someone else's soul. There are stories down here, floating on gentle summer breezes, just waiting to be told. I have a friend who told me one such story the other day, and with his permission, I will be the one soul who enlightens you.

The South has long been known for being the Bible belt, and there is a good reason for that. If you were raised here, you would know that every time the church doors were opened, every good Southerner was waiting there to be taught about our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. In the 1950s when this story took place, that was just how it was down here. As my mom would say, “Education, religion, and fried chicken for Sunday dinner were institutions here—that’s just plain fact.”

Well, David my friend told me that his brother was about four years old, and sure enough they we’re fixing to go down the road to Sunday Services that morning. His mom had gotten his brother cleaned up, bath and all—the child looked like a new penny. Mom, being a mom, had to go tend to the rest of her brood and get them into the same fine condition as David’s brother. You see, at this time period we are talking about, large families and many siblings were the rule, not the exception, so poor old mom had her hand’s full. She made the time to see how her little one was fairing, and to find his whereabouts. To her dismay, she found him outside. Well, no *siree*, this did not set well with mom in the least, for she wanted her brood to be spick and span when they entered the doors at church.

In those days, there were hardly any drive ways that were paved or had concrete on them, nothing but just plain old red dirt; and to make matters worse, there had been a rainstorm the night before. So poor old mom went hurry-

ing out the door, grabbing herself a switch off the nearest tree. David's brother was in for it. She went to switching that child for all that he was worth, and out of the mouth of babies sprang forth a loud thunderous voice of "I'll fly away, Old Glory, I'll fly away, in the morning. When I die Hallelujah by and by, I'll fly away." I love it! There is nothing like the South.



On His Wings

I have a young friend, 21 years old.
Who has trouble with a subject
that is centuries old.
Death has come a-knocking,
more than once I'm told.

This subject is as old as man himself.
Many won't accept it,
they just can't help themselves.
I have one thing to tell them,
one thing comes to mind.
If you go to Him, he'll help
you climb, on His wings.

His wings are magnificent, large and white.
They turn your cares and darkness
into the glimmering light.

The darkness that engulfs you gently floats away.
Tears, pain, and anger are never more to stay.
I told my friend this lesson is
the hardest one I know.

But it will be taken care of,
if only to Him you'll go.
Take a step up to His kingdom,
take a ride upon His wings.
Let His wisdom and His power
engulf your every dream.

Let His large white wings befriend you.
Let them surround you, with His love and care.
Let your heartache fly away,
His wings will take you there.

Let your daily cares surrender
to His tender loving grace.
Let your heart be filled with wonder
at His loving pace.
Let Him take you to heights of freedom,

God's Loving Touch

He's the only one who can.
Let those wondrous wings surround you.
Take you to His promised land.



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