Guardian Angels





I visited the Holocaust Museum At the same time my close friends Were in Washington, D.C. I had not known of their plans; If I had, I would have warned them... The exhibits would be too difficult For their young children.

As I passed through the narrow aisles People bumped into me with every step. The architect had intended it. My friends were unaware Of that intent.

As I passed through the narrow aisles I was shaken. Pictures of unspeakable horror Shoes that had once belonged to the living Suitcases carried by unsuspecting people A cattle car that had carried families to their deaths Surrounded me Surrounded my friends.

> The experience was difficult for me; It was overwhelming my friends.

Family members had perished in the Holocaust Exhibits brought the horror home... The children were crying It was hard for them to breathe.

The children had to leave quickly But how? A stranger tapped my friend's shoulder. "You are thinking of leaving But do not know the way?" She had not said a word to anyone; She had only thought about leaving.

Stunned, she accepted the stranger's help.

He guided the family out so they did not pass by Pictures of skeletons Photographs of dead villagers Rail tracks from Treblinka Artifacts from daily life Stolen, then discarded Elements of close family life Destroyed by intruders. The stranger led them out of the museum Using a way they would not have found On their own.

Arriving on the street My friends turned to thank the stranger, But he was gone. They never saw him again.

My friends are convinced the stranger Was an angel Sent to protect them.

I think they are right.

We talked about it. Do guardian angels really exist? Where do they come from? How do they get here? How do they know Who needs help?

The literal answers didn't seem to matter At the time; A guardian angel had led that family from The darkness of emotional turmoil to The light of day.

> I began to wonder... Why had angels not helped When many had cried Before? Where were guardian angels Over there Back then?

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Credits:

From Life Is a Non-Stop Event, a book of poetry by Carole Bos.

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