

Letter 90
Angels - Part II
“Gabe, Gabe, Gabe, Gabriella”
 2012-03-26

Dear Dan,

It was on one of the vacations that (M) and I took to visit her sister and family in (L3) that I witnessed a unique event. I mentioned earlier that (M)’s sister (P9) and her family are Mormons. That has not really been an issue to me personally, yet. But, in light of what I just wrote in Letter 82, what I am about to recount just may be one of the “clues” I have that the Lord is fixin’ to make a move against Moroni. (P9) and her husband have four boys and two younger girls. The husband is a full professor at (G15), and has been an elder in the Mormon Church. Both (M) and (P9) were raised in a Methodist home. Some of their earlier relatives were Methodist ministers and missionaries.

So I have been over the years a little flummoxed over what would “possess” someone to turn from Christianity to a really phony religion. I guess I could just say “deception” and be right, although I’m sure there were other mitigating factors. Anyway, one day (M) and I were at (P9)’s house, ((M) and I had our own motel room). I was in the kitchen sitting at the table reading or something. Everyone else was either out shopping or in another part of the house, leaving me alone in the dining room with the youngest daughter playing close by. At that time she would have been maybe six or seven years old.

I really wasn’t paying much attention, but I started hearing words spoken together, repeated in such a way as to get my attention. I looked over at my young niece, and saw her swinging around the banister that led from the raised dining area down to the lower family room. As she swayed back and forth on the banister support, I could tell by the “dreamy” look in her eyes that she was “lost in another world”. And as she swung back and forth, she repeated this phrase, more than once:

“GABE, GABE, GABE, GABRIELLA”

Just hearing the word “Gabe” really didn’t mean much by itself, as that was her brother’s name. But it was the addition of the name “Gabriella” and the repetition of the phrase that really got my attention. For me it was one of those “Whiskey Tango Foxtrot?” moments.

And still is. I’m still not sure what to make of it. I have speculated a lot now and then, but not having solid evidence of what it means, I have kept it to myself. Until now. Yet, as I write this both Gabe and Gabriella are poking their collective noses into my keyboard hinting that they might be willing to tell me what it was all about.

When I find out I’ll let you know.

Blessings...

Romanus Theophilus