



*Dancing in  
Heaven  
(The Dance  
of the Blessed),  
Fra Angelico  
1395-1455*

### *The Visitors*


**A**t first they come to us in sleep,  
they visit us in dreams. Awake,  
we hear their whispering; they touch  
us gently as with brush of wings,  
or leave a scent that brings them close,  
and we are certain of their presence,  
separated from us by a curtain  
made of mist and shade, but still  
we know them by a seventh sense  
beyond what we call intuition.

Heaven is not distant like a star;  
reach out and touch it—there they are,  
and, yes, we miss them; yes, we mourn,  
and no less celebrate the miracle  
that they were born and by the grace  
of God they sojourned with us  
in this place.





*Archangel Michael,  
Andrei Rublev, 1408*

ur prayers unite  
with yours in grief  
and celebration