

# Angels Among Us

by Rebecca Moatz



**I**rrefutable is a word I rarely use, probably because it is my nature to see both sides of the proverbial coin.

However, there are times when my eyes see the same thing as my brain does; a sudden, perfect reconciliation. When others are skeptical, it doesn't change what I already know in my heart.

We were sitting at our seven-year-old son's bedside in the recovery room of a university hospital fifty miles from home. It was his second tumor resection in a year.

Our only child was named for a great warrior, and he certainly lived up to his name from the moment he battled his way into the world.

After two days of labor and nearly sustaining a broken neck, we had the good fortune of having an alert OB/GYN notice that our baby's head was twisted and gently rotated it with forceps just as he was bursting onto the scene.

He was healthy and strong, save for a slightly elevated bilirubin count. Despite a difficult labor, we were on our way home two days after the birth. For the first six weeks, he didn't develop as much as a snuffle.

Then I found it: a bluish-purple lesion at the base of his neck. Upon closer inspection, it was clear to me that this was some sort of vascular lesion. The mystery was how it got there.

Seven years later, we were sitting in the recovery room, watching him sleep off a long surgery and an even longer day.

He had been diagnosed with something called arterial-vascular malformation, or AVM. His father and I were told that an AVM diagnosis was relatively rare, which explains, in part, why no doctor back home had a clue as to what was really going on.

The other part was both good fortune and the lesser of two evils; our son had a relatively unknown manifestation of AVM.

In the good fortune department, his brain and spinal cord were completely unaffected by it. In the less fortunate realm, a proper diagnosis when he was a mere six

weeks old could have spared my boy years of tests and unnecessary procedures.

Instead, he had two surgeries under his belt before he was a year old. By the time he was six, he had undergone five more surgeries and had seen four different pediatricians, one general practitioner, two ENT's, one vascular surgeon, an allergist and underwent a comprehensive genetic evaluation.

His nurse explained that they were doing a "blow by," because he had been pulling off the oxygen mask. I carefully watched the monitors as she was moving on to another patient.

It wasn't long before his oxygen level began dropping. I alerted the nurse who said she would be right with us. Seconds ticked by, then minutes, while the numbers continued to drop. Again, I summoned the nurse, and again she blew me off.

Just when I was about to start ripping open cabinets and drawers and get the oxygen mask myself, something happened—and I wasn't the only one who noticed.

An orange-colored sphere of light about the size of a softball appeared over our son's body and hovered about twelve inches above his torso.

His father and I looked at each other at precisely the same time and asked one another in unison, "Did you see that?" Then we both found ourselves returning our gaze to the flame-colored ball that continued to hover over our son until the nurse finally decided to take my calls for help seriously.

As she paged his surgeon and several staff members began making their way to him, the ball of light was in motion, moving towards the bottom of the bed and then dropping to the floor, flattening and exiting underneath the recovery room doors.

Within seconds, his surgeon came bursting through those same doors.

Our son stabilized.

Later on, I was told that what his father and I saw was known as an angel orb.

Many people believe that each and every one of us really does have a guardian angel and that we can even communicate with them.

One thing I feel is irrefutable, though. A higher power was watching out for our boy that day, and I believe that power has remained a force in his life, and by extension, in ours.