

Angel of Forgiveness Story by Kathi Nordone 1992 (Miracle on 26th & 6th)

So I'm not supposed to visit my dad, 'm not supposed to call collect like he asks me too. And what if... my father has something precious to give, ha, God is my Father too, you know. And he is a good God, they say.

I was living in Austin, I hadn't seen my dad for years, and I wasn't planning on seeing him. I had to bring him something besides my words and dreams. I was moving to back east, hoping to sell a song, or my greeting cards, mostly derived from found Angel prints he agreed to send in 1986 -*that's all I asked for, and all he finally offered, the price of a stamp.*

In 1992, 6 years after drawing my first Angel card in 1986 (see below) I wasn't making ends meet in Austin as a singer and Greeting Card Entrepreneur, so I decided to move to a bigger city to sell my Art & Songs.

This one night before leaving Austin on the check out line at the grocery store,

I saw a post card of an angel playing a Lute,

it moved me deeply, I heard music, I bought it, went back to a friends home who I met at the YMCA, where I was staying for my last night in Texas, and there to my surprise was an easel, blank canvas and paints! I made a new brighter, bluer painting of it.

The next day, I left my painting

yet carried the Angel with the lute postcard with me in a dollar glass frame,

in my red Samsonite. When I got to my destination, I hung the post card near the bed, on the stairway wall, and held it often, it was a reminder of beauty and peace. Things didn't go as I planned and I ended up without a place to live. I got very sick with a fever. The person where I was staying, who did not have parents said, You can not stay here,

"You have a Father, you have a Father!"

My father lived in NY but I hadn't seen him for many years and I was afraid to call him, I did not want to put any more burdens on him or be a reflection of his losses; his whole family and home which he built. *I never asked for anything, except this one time,* when my sister was being hurt and I could not reach her, it was then in 1986 I found an

old angel print in a dark closet, a gift from my father to my older sister, who graciously gave it to me. Before heading back east I spoke to my father and reminded him of this innocent image and his innocent heart. He fought in the Korean war and killed people, he was put into a foster home, he did not feel worthy. I found his number and called and asked if he could be in my life and send me some angels like the one in the closet. I would sketch them, he said "No, I have nothing" repeatedly.

in 1986 He finally agreed to send angels.

So6 years later, on this one horrible, rainy night, I ended up having to call him because I had no where else to turn. He was surprised to hear from me, and asked me to visit him tomorrow, in the city, and 6th Ave. he said, "I'll buy you a cup of coffee, I have something for you I've been saving in case I ever saw you again, You're gonna love it !"

What could it be to carry with me to nowhere, on my back. Tears rolled slowly down my face as I sat on a cold kitchen floor. The following day, Sunday, I made it to him, through the busy, bustling city, to my fathers corner of the flea market, I made it to my D.O.D, Dear old dad. He handed me this huge green hefty garbage bag,

Opening it, standing there, tired and forlorn, I took out this large rectangular object, balancing it within both arms, wrapped in layers of newspaper, cushioned in paper towels, I unraveled, and unraveled *and there within my arms was my angel, the angel with the Lute, but it was antique gold and bigger too* ~ my Angel of Forgiveness, my Angel of truth.

It was the same angel, the same angel I had in my suitcase, the one I painted only weeks before, so far away in Austin. I hadn't seen or talked to my father for 6 years, how would he know that I had been moved by that very same angel. And the same angel that was giving me comfort was giving my father comfort. He had saved it for some reason. He didn't sell it like he sold seat #1 and 2 of the Yankee stadium seats but saved it hoping he would see me someday, and gave it to me. Since that time I have gotten to know my father. So there I am at 26th and 6th, with my red samsonite suitcase with this angel picture inside that I had been carrying around with me in a glass frame, all over this strange, big city, for the past week, and taking it out on subways and putting it on the empty walls, saying ok this brings me peace and hope, I am ok, and there in this school parking lot, my dad handed me this huge bag. I was so tired. I didn't want anything, I didn't have the strength to say Dad I don't want anything, I just really (laugh) wanted a miracle...or to sell a song or find a way to sing for people, and o.k. I

wanted a place to call home, and when he handed me the bag and I unraveled it, it was unexpected, it was better than anything. It wasn't my plan or idea. It was heavens. If I had sold a song, I could have made some money to buy a house, but then I wouldn't be able to share this story.

I learned from books and friends, it was about Forgiveness and the Intercession of grace for those who don't realize they are loved despite what life brings them. Even if they've killed people in wars, or screamed at someone, even if....they are loved. " When something true happens one can not go back to not believing".