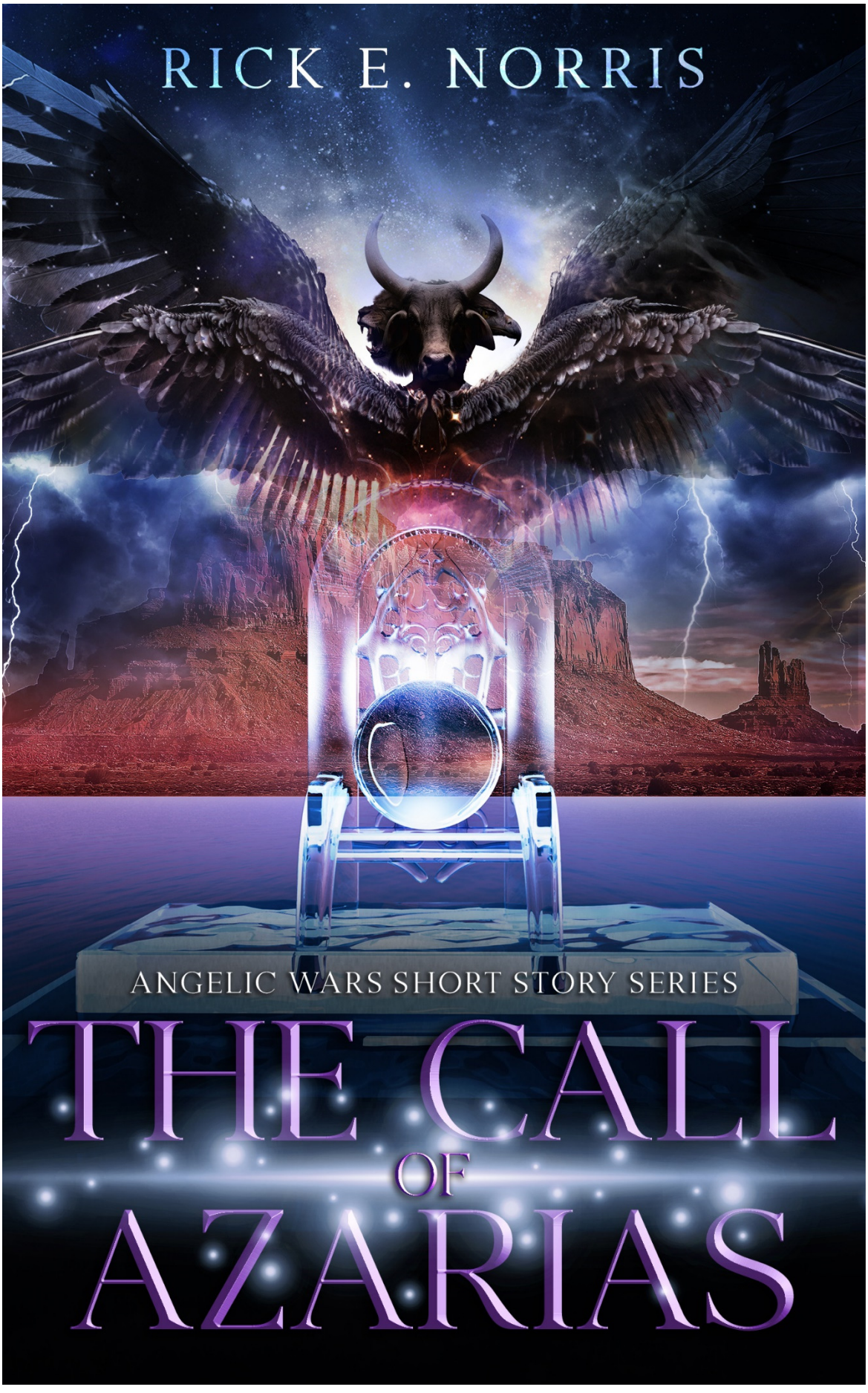
RICK E. NORRIS
ANGELIC WARS SHORT STORY SERIES
THE CALL OF AZARIAS

The Call of Azarias: Angelic Wars Short Story Series
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The Call of Azarias

(Angelic Wars Short Story Series)

By Rick E. Norris

The Guardian Cherub angel glided through the pearl gates and gazed down at the glassy sea, its luster reaching out from the Throne of God.[1] The angel shielded his eyes with two of his four wings, unworthy to gaze upon the magnificent King of Kings. He had never passed through these gates, his function of guarding the mysteries of God had not yet been revealed to the universe, or even to him.

Passing over the sea, he peeked to the right of the throne where movement caught his eyes. Four living creatures, cherubim, each projecting four faces like Guardian Cherub—an ox, eagle, lion, and the newest creature, a human, their faces reflecting the glorious light of the Creator.

Flashes of lightning and sounds of thunder exploded from the throne, smacking the angel with a force so great that his large spirit tumbled backward, plunging him into the heavenly water. Bubbles raced past him to the surface, their clear centers flickering as their tiny lights brushed against his four faces.

The angel's intersecting wheels, their hubs attached to his bronze legs, peered below with hundreds of eyes. Millions of thin strands reached from the

[1] Revelation 4:6

sea's bottom, their energized tips swooning and glowing from the light of the Holy Spirit. Their vigor melted into the angel, surging his heart with joy.

The Guardian Cherub found buoyancy and resurfaced, again covering the eyes of his faces with his wings.

A voice, that sounded like one of the four attending cherubim spoke to him. "Guardian Cherub, there's a brother cherub who has rejected the Almighty. He had been sent to Earth to guard Eden and serve the Lord's pinnacle of creation—humans. During his journey, the King of Kings had revealed to him the mysterious gift of free will. Up till now, he has been the only angel to realize this gift."

Free will? The Guardian Cherub couldn't recall that as one of the mysteries that he contemplated. Angels had always followed the will of God.

The voice continued.

"This angel has distorted this wonderful gift and infested it with his pride. He has perverted his spirit and believes that he is as great as the "I am," the Creator of all things. This cherub wants to convince other angels that they, too, could be as great as God."

The Guardian Cherub gasped. *An angel thinking he's as great as God?*

God's Holy Spirit continued speaking through the messenger. "This rebellious angel wants to recruit other angels, Seraphim angels, to aid him in conquering Heaven.

Recruit others? No angel would join this blasphemy.

"The Holy Spirit will guide you to find an angel, who will become the commander, to lead other Seraphim against the rebellious ones. These angels, members of the Holy Order, will first offer these misguided renegades mercy, but if rejected, the chosen angels will impose God's judgement, casting them out of the second level of Heaven forever and into the material world."

The Guardian Cherub couldn't understand this. No angel had ever been banished from Heaven.

He backed away from the Throne, a harmonious chorus of angels joining together to praise the Lord of Lords.

http://ow.ly/9dKM50yJx4O

(Click to hear the angels sing at the Throne of God)

Holy, Holy One
As Your will be Done
Who was, who is
Forever more will exist.[2]

Glory, Glory Light
Boundless love and might
Your tender eyes
Pierce through our wanting lives

[2] Revelation 4:8-11

And we bow down to our King[3]
He is worthy of our praise
Raising our arms, we sing
As we bask in your warm grace
You're our God, the El-Shaddi, Yahweh, the Most High,[4]

Hear your warm embrace
Gathered in your Grace
Our hearts rejoice
Together they sing in one voice

And we bow down to our King
He is worthy of our praise
Raising our arms, we sing
As we bask in your warm grace
You're our God, the El-Shaddi, Yahweh, the Most High,

Here's our song of praise
It's Your Name we raise
We bend our knee
To You who is one and also three
We bend our knee
To You who is one and also three

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[3] Revelation 4:10
[4] Exodus 6:2-3; Genesis 14:22; Psalm 57:2

The Spirit led the Guardian Cherub to the second level of Heaven, the district of Pergamum, where this great Bibliotheca Hall enabled angels to connect with God with their deepest, and most personal questions and issues.

The Holy Spirit urged the Guardian Cherub to pause outside the hall's massive structure, his large frame blending into its siding. The angel crept under one of the flying buttresses, its massive arch supporting the celebrated towers and spires.

He stopped.

Bodiless voices around the building corner drew his attention.

"I am Lucifer," said a deep, commanding voice, "but you may know of me by a former name, 'Morning Star.'"

"I am Zelbeje," said another angel, her voice gentle like one of Earth's doves.

The Guardian Cherub peeked around the corner towards Zelbeje, her emerald eyes accenting her gentle face. She stood just outside the building's doors, her posture bold in her smaller frame, her head titled up towards the commanding voice, long hair covering one eye. She pushed her hair to the side. "God's Spirit told us that you were sent to Earth through the Siq to serve as Guardian." She glanced to the side and whispered, "Why are you here?"

Lucifer's voice boomed from the Bibliotheca's roof. "Earth enlightened me in its darkness."

Why didn't Zelbeje object to this insolent statement? God is the source of all light, knowledge, love, and wisdom. An angel devoted to the Creator would have passionately confronted Lucifer. The Guardian Cherub had never seen an angel act like this before.

Lucifer continued. "The Creator sent me to Earth to fulfill a mission of servitude for the *pinnacle* of His creation. That pinnacle didn't appear. The Creator abandoned me."

"Why?" she asked.

"I can't tell you the answer to that question, but what I can tell you is that I found my destiny and the destiny of any angel who cares to join me."

Zelbeje said nothing, her eyes searching.

Lucifer's voice filled the void. "I have discovered a power, like the Creator's power, available to any angel, summoned through my free will. I nurtured my will through my judgment. I now—."

Zelbeje put up her hand and winced. "Wait." She rested her forehead on the fingertips of her left hand.

"Do you mean that you are replacing God's will with your will?" She lowered her eyes and shook her head. "Why would you do that?"

“Why shouldn’t I do it, is the right question. Why shouldn’t I exercise the free will that the Creator has blessed me with?”

“What power are you speaking of?” Her face turning hard, “You don’t have the power to create?”

He smiled. “I have power to distort, disfigure, and alter anything the Creator makes.”

Distort? The Guardian couldn’t believe what he had heard. Here was a cherub stating that he has the power and will to deform God’s creations.

He felt the Holy Spirit tub on his wings. He scooted back from the corner. He had to find the leader to cast this traitor out of Heaven, but he still waited for the Holy Spirit to guide him.

The Guardian thought of great angels he had encountered. Michael, who defined leadership, came to mind first. This angel stood taller than most and had a fiery personality. He would never be tempted to join the rebellious ones. His personality guided him to impulsively battle Lucifer and his followers by force.

Or maybe the Seraph, Gabriel. Now there was a born leader. Gabriel’s head didn’t top out as high as Michael’s, but his wings reached a height higher than any other angel. These receptors of the Holy Spirit’s power and communications allowed him to absorb more and fly faster than any other angel. Also, Gabriel had the personality that could charm any angel against Lucifer’s rebellion.

The Guardian Cherub didn't know all the billions of angels of course, but he thought that these two had to be on the top of God's list to lead other angels to protect Heaven from this menace.

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The Holy Spirit led the Guardian to the other side of Heaven to a district called Al Birka. Very few angels talked about Al Birka. It was a small district that didn't brag of anyone or anything exceptional. Most major districts had specific functions that angels used to conduct their missions for God, but not Al Birka. Can anything substantial come out of Al Birka?[5]

Al Birka did have one unique quality. The district had high mesas, flattened outcroppings that reached towards God's Throne. The Guardian had been told that if one were to stand on one of the mesas and listen carefully, that angel could hear the singing at God's Throne. It created a rare chance for an angel who had not seen God's Throne to hear the music glorifying Him. Since very few seraphs are privileged to be in the presence of God on Heaven's first level, this phenomenon allowed them to connect.

[5] John 1:46

The Holy Spirit halted the Guardian above the mesa and guided his eyes to a lone seraph. The solitary angel's body moved with enthusiasm as he flew below the violet flowers dripping in clusters off the high cliffs. This angel must have been one of those who heard about connecting with God on the flattop.

The Guardian traced the angel down to the valley where he walked among the heavenly liquid called profundo, snaking its beautiful liquid spirit among the small dunes and bluffs.

The Holy Spirit identified the angel to the Guardian as Azarias.

Azarias walked slowly toward Al Birka's main district, probably intending to fly at any moment, but wanting to enjoy God's Spirit just a little longer. If this was the one, the Guardian wondered why God hadn't connected them yet. It seems that there was no time to lose in combatting Lucifer.

Waiting on God's timing was always a challenge for angels. His time and the time preferred by angels differed, resulting in angels to develop patience.

Azarias fell to the surface and rolled on his back.

The Guardian looked on.

Angels don't just fall.

The Guardian Cherub moved closer, still a long distance away. He could hear Azarias yelling, his voice echoing among the bluffs, "Stop it Lord, please!"

The seraph stretched out, sinking his fingers into the tiny, grainy silicium that carpeted the plains.

Almost instantly, the Holy Spirit filled the Guardian's four wings, but this time with fire, not just flight. Dark smoke surrounded the messenger of God as billowing clouds rose high into the atmosphere, gyrating into a great storm like that on earth.

The Spirit pushed the Guardian, now completely engulfed in the tempest, towards Azarias.

Azarias sat up, his posture rigid. He jumped up and ran back towards the mesas, his wings apparently useless without God's Spirit. He ran up a dune and then staggered down the other side that sucked at his feet. Golden amborlite flowers reaching about head-level on stalks, parted in response to the Lord's Spirit that always accompanied Azarias.

"Oh!" He tripped, the dune refusing to release his feet.

Azarias threw his arms forward and tucked his chin, tumbling down the steep grade, splashing into the gurgling profundo that flowed between the mounds. Its energy infused into his arms and saturated his robe with a turquoise glow.

He emerged out of the brook, the turquoise bleeding out of the robe, its color returning it to white.

Azarias shot a glance over his shoulder towards the Guardian, the dark clouds now engulfing the Guardian, probably shielding him from Azarias's view.

He glided forward through the gray curtain and inched closer.

Azarias collapsed and screamed out. "Lord, please, have mercy." He dug his fingers into the silicium and wrapped his wings around his face.

The Guardian Cherub hovered over him and landed, the greyish atmosphere reaching all around.

He had to soften his voice, because speaking in his normal booming voice would petrify the little angel.

He waited, and then spoke, "Azarias, I am do not fear."[6]

The shaking seraph didn't budge, his wings wrapping him like one of the cocoons that the Guardian had seen in earth's visions.

The messenger tried to speak even softer, to bring the angel out of his little sanctuary. "The Lord's Spirit is upon you."[7]

Azarias hesitated.

He peaked from his wings and climbed slowly to his feet, inspecting the Guardian's torso, bronzed legs, and eye-covered wheels.

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[6] Luke 1:30
[7] Luke 1:28

The Guardian Cherub's face rotated from a bull to the face of an ox.[8] He heaved his hot breast like a raging bull, added to the stormy vortex.

Azarias collapsed to the surface.

"I—I am at your service, O Great Guardian Cherub."

The Guardian cocked his head. Azarias had heard of Guardian Cherubim. God's Spirit possessed an endless amount of information in the universe and angels are allowed a very limited information depending on their function. But knowledge is one thing, a seraph meeting a Guardian Cherub is quite another.

The cherub's head rotated again, sharp incisors protruding from his lion's mouth, its mane framing its face, extending outwards like the rays of Earth's Sun.[9] He shot beams of light into Azarias's soul infusing them with the peace of God.

The Guardian's spun its head again, this time exposing the face of a human, gentle hazel eyes set above high cheekbones that framed a smile.

"Azarias, the Lord has chosen you."

Azarias's gaze didn't shift, as if he were looking through the Guardian's eyes and into his soul.

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[8] Ezekial 1:10

[9] Ezekiel 1:10; 10:14

"He has chosen you because of your inquisitive nature. It is the foundation for your gift of discernment. Because you question, you can discern. This is the reason."

Azarias bowed his head. "The Lord's Will is my desire."

The Guardian raised two of his four wings, exposing his unique majesty to Azarias since he seemed to now earn the seraph's trust.

"Azarias, you have found favor with the Lord. There are angels conspiring to reject His Will and to dwell outside of the Spirit. They have been deceived by a leader who believes he is as great as God.[10] It is the Almighty's Will that you seek out these rebellious ones and cast them out of Heaven. You will lead God's warriors."

The cherub paused allowing Azarias to digest this announcement. He continued. "Their leader's pride has twisted their spirits and infected their souls. He has tricked them into believing they are as great as the Lord. This angel thinks of himself as a creator and not as the created.[11] His pride remained unchecked and untested and grew as a fatal, spiritual disease. The only remedy is to expel him from Heaven."

[10] Isaiah 14:12-13
[11] Isaiah 14:14

The cherub glided his wings back and forth. They re-directed the mist into swirls which circulated like Earth's clouds. "If this angel and his followers are left unchallenged, their poison will infect the entire Holy Order, perverting the holiness of Heaven. God's Will would no longer be relevant, and His love will no longer be desired by those who rebel."

This last statement seemed to unnerve Azarias, his body now trembling. God's Will would no longer be relevant? That can't be. Angels need God's Will to perform and God's love to exist. It seems impossible that any created being would reject God's love.

Azarias furrowed his brow. It was a lot for the seraph, or any kind of angel, to absorb in such a short time.

Azarias bowed. "O Great Cherub, who am I to challenge these angels? I am not of great stature or ability."[12] Azarias looked up and stepped forward, opening his hands. "There are other angels more capable and equipped than I.

My gifts are merely discernment and reflection, and I don't speak well in front of others. Why would the Lord entrust the ultimate mission to one so flawed?"[13]

The cherub smiled and then whispered, "Only the Lord knows the reason."

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[12] Exodus 3:11
[13] Exodus 4:13

Azarias closed his eyes.

The Guardian Cherub continued. “He has granted you the use of other angels to help you achieve your objective. The Spirit of the Lord will choose an alliance for you. The Lord also will expand your gift of discernment to approach omnipresence.”

The messenger parted the mist exposing a small rectangular object at Azarias’s feet. “As long as the angels in your command remain in the Lord’s Spirit, you will be able to observe them through this Tome as they perform their missions throughout Heaven—however, you will not be able to communicate with your angels when you are not in their presence. Moreover, you will not be able to use the Tome as you travel on your own missions.”

Azarias picked up the grayish film, turning it over in his hand, and then slipped it into his robe.

The messenger retracted his wings, expelling a mist with a clap of thunder. He flew back towards Heaven’s level one where God’s Throne resided.

He pressed his lip together and shook his head. Why would God pick an unknown, unproven, angel from and unrenowned district to defend Heaven? Azarias broadcasted insecurity. God must see something in Azarias that Azarias couldn’t see in himself.

THE END