

Reba and Sadriell

By Sarah Newman

The dark caves in New Zealand were lit only by the thin, beautifully-colored blue and green lights dancing overhead. The delicate lines hanging from the roof of the cavern looked as if they were covered in neon jewels. Other than the light emanating from the glowworms, it was pitch black. It almost looked like stars in the universe, shining brightly in the complete darkness. The millions of glowworms clinging to the cave's roof were living organisms—actual, living creatures. If you asked a scientist, they would talk about the maggot-like larvae creating light to burn up their prey, but it was sterile scientific data.

Sadriell found it hard to imagine their view on it. Why did they choose to look for such an answer and not just enjoy the delicate beauty the Lord created? Sadriell leaned closer towards Reba, the fifteen-year-old girl in his care who gazed in awe around the caves. One could describe her eyes as “a polygenic phenotypic character determined by two distinct factors: the pigmentation of the eye's iris in *Ursus arctos* and the frequency-dependence of the scattering of light by the turbid medium in the stroma of the iris,” or just say she had warm brown eyes. Reba’s hair was wavy and light-brown, and she wore a plain blue T-shirt, jeans, and tennis shoes.

The tour boat shifted on the calm waters and everyone gazed about the interior of the cave. Some people showed more interest in their mobile devices, whereas others were engrossed in the beauty and happenings around them. Sadriell listened to one young man rambling about how the glowworm evolved, and he felt pity and sorrow for him. Sadriell heard even the glowworm creatures singing in harmony to the song of creation.

Reba was too fascinated with the sights around her to notice what the others on the boat were saying. *How do you all fit on this small vessel, sized for an infant?* Sadriell thought as he shifted, unintentionally rocking the boat. Everyone wondered at the movement because there were no waves or any other obvious reason for the boat to rock. *A single seraphim would barely be able squeeze into the space—of the whole cavern,* he thought to himself.

The angel lifted his wings, accidently brushing them against the cave wall and causing it to tremble. Despite common belief, angels are not the fluffy, winged, smiling, feminine creatures they are made out to be. Angels are

warriors—huge, powerful, intimidating, spiritual ministers. He smiled at the image of Michael pushing against a seraphim angel to help it fit through the opening into the cave.

Everyone broke out with ooh's and ah's as the glowworms swayed because they had been touched by Sadriell's wings. Sadriell looked back at Reba, who had just stood up and backed right into him. She had stepped right through him as if he were an invisible vapor. He moved out of her way, watching her as she continued backwards. Aware she would back right off of the boat if she continued, he swiped her feet gently from underneath her. She landed on her nether parts and let out a grunt. Her light-brown, shoulder-length hair flopped as she landed, and her brown eyes darted around, hoping no one had seen. She rose to her feet before anyone on the boat noticed she had fallen. Reba looked down with curiosity and turned in a complete circle, looking for what had tripped her. Sadriell huffed out a small sigh and glanced around the cave, marveling at its beauty.

As he stared at the cavern, he thought it wonderful, but nowhere near as unique and amazing as mankind—the people made in God's own image. Almighty God had sent his own Son to die a horrid death on a cross to save His people. Each living soul was different, special, and had its unique purpose and path to travel. He silently praised the all-sufficient, all-bountiful, all-mighty Lord—El Shaddai.

The guardian angel blew softly against the water, rippling it and moving the boat slightly faster than it had been going beforehand. As the boat slowly inched along, it passed a tunnel spilling into the main route. The water rushed from the pitch black channel, and something else did as well. He saw a long, thin creature moving underneath the water's surface. The people on the boat remained oblivious and continued to view the caves.

"Creature, harm not anyone on this raft," Sadriell said in a resounding voice none on the boat heard. The Moray eel continued on, sliding under the boat to the other side, where it became visible to everyone. Several people on the boat noticed it and looked down into the water with worry. The admiration of the cave's beauty was interrupted by terror-filled cries from one woman. The men looked cautiously into the water and then backed away from the edge of the boat. Sadriell peered down at the olive-green creature stretching seven feet long and just over a foot wide.

The angel instantly prayed for the safety of the one he looked after—Reba—then for the others. As the Almighty granted, Sadriell focused and struck the creature blind. It tried to leave, and a low groaning noise echoed around the chamber. A collective sigh of relief came from the group. The agitated eel shrieked and splashed water. Its small eyes darted back and forth. It rammed up

against the boat, causing several people to lose their balance and tip over, or nearly so. In its sightless thrashing, it swam straight into a protruding rock formation, only to complain once more and flail its slimy body.

Sadriell once again moved, rocking the boat. He knew Reba was safe for the time being, and he did not need to intervene further. One day she would need him again, and he would be there, but for now he could leave.

In a flash, he was gone.