2.

He hastened to the throne. He hastily bowed and hardly noticed that he himself was being watched almost reverently by a select few of the elect angels.

He rose to his feet again.

"I report to duty!" he exclaimed. Again, hesitating in light of the seeming significance of that very same duty.

"History is reaching its climax. His story. This is the moment he has awaited. Even so, as he clothed himself in human flesh, he reclined for the time being his divine powers. And flesh, even sinless flesh, cannot in itself…" the Father paused.

The select angels stood in silence. Motionless. No one dared inquire about the consequences of failure on behalf of their Lord.

"But…", the Father continued, "being in essence also human, he is entitled to call upon angelic help in this very hour. Just as Eve could have called out but chose not to. Just as…"

This was apparently not the time for bearing in mind the countless times humankind had failed.

"This is your task, Visitor. Your eternal purpose. Go. Visit him. Strengthen him."

"In his decisive hour, you will be alone with him. That is, alone with him and with Lucifer."

Some angels snarled. Some clinched their fists and others gnashed their teeth. Eons had past, but the memory of that utter Fall, far more serious than the fall of humankind, was far from forgotten.

"His fate is about to be sealed. Fear him not. But for now, your aim is not the abominable one, but the Lord."

"Go now. Haste to sinful earth. Sin is about to be swallowed up in victory. And death in life."

"Now. As always, I send you out two by two. Even when only one of you is commissioned to speak. To accompany you, I am sending the angel that accompanied Gabriel on the very day, the birth of the Lord was announced. The very angel, who since that day has been his personal guardian angel, even Michael."

The foremost of the archangels stepped forward.

"At your service, Visitor," he said with a smile, at the same time reflecting joy and severity. "It will be a pleasure to assist you in this assignment."

"But…" Visitor protested. Then he realised that protesting might seem inappropriate. Nevertheless, he could not help himself. "But I am just an ordinary angel. I am not an archangel. I am neither a seraph nor a cherub. How can this be?"

"None of us know," replied Michael, "but millions of angels would have given their wings to take your place

this very night. And you are not ordinary. He himself chose you to do this before you were created here in the heavenlies."