



■ A lack of patience and hope

**“Let Me Die, God!”\***

**The Love for Mankind of Our  
Guardian Angel and the *Theotokos***

**H**ow many people utter such words at difficult moments! **M**ost, however, are not aware that this is a sin which stems from a lack of patience and hope in God’s aid.

The following account, recounted with great humility and emotion by a certain venerable Priest, is sure proof of this.

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“**S**ince the time I became a Priest, I have been pursued by slander (the martyrdom of our days). In one way or another, there were many who hurt me and discredited me with false accusations. This happened repeatedly. I was so grieved and worn out by all of this that I cracked under the strain and would often say: ‘Let me die, God!’ And, in the end, He did!”

Everyone listening to the Priest gazed at him in astonishment, pondering how blameworthy those who make accusations against others, and particularly against clergymen, are. **H**ow much sin they place on their souls, especially when they drive those whom they accuse to despair! **A**s if God had given them the authority to judge the world...

The humble Priest continued his story, saying:

“**I** had a heart attack. It happened in Athens, when I was surrounded by my acquaintances and spiritual children. They immediately took me to the hospital, where the doctors made every effort to get my heart started again, but to no avail. In the end, they said: ‘There’s nothing more we can do for the Priest. Take him to the morgue.’



“**N**ow as for me, just what I went through during those six hours that I was dead! **F**irst of all, I

felt my Guardian Angel accompanying and protecting me on a path that was initially rather difficult, but which then ascended towards a heavenly, sweet light.

“During the journey, many evil spirits shouted out aggressively with accusations against me.

“One of the accusations was as follows:

“Where are you taking him? He was avaricious. He took vows of poverty but had money of his own!”

“The Holy Angel, however, refuted them, saying: ‘That is not true! The money he had belonged to the monastery and he simply managed it.’

“We finally arrived at a place that appeared to be the frontier between two separate regions. There, I heard the following **dialogue between my Angel and the Most Holy Theotokos**—I could hear her sweet, yet somewhat stern voice. My Angel was saying:

“Most Holy *Theotokos*, should I lead the Priest into the Kingdom of your Son?”

“She answered: ‘No! He has committed a serious sin.’

“What sin, my Lady? The Priest was a good person’—**he began to defend me, and I could feel his hot tears roll onto my neck**— ‘he built a monastery, helped many people to be saved...’

“That is true,’ replied the *Theotokos*. ‘But **he was not patient in his struggles and would say to my Son “let me die, let me die.”** So then, take him back so that he can complete his struggles with patience, and then he will enter into the Kingdom of my Son.’

“As the Holy Angel led me back, I saw Paradise and Hell. **What is written in the books of God is true!** I saw it all with my own eyes!

“When we reached the hospital, I reentered my cold, dead body with repulsion. **It took me eight hours to be able to move the first joints of my fingers!** From the fluttering of my eyelids, my sister was the first one to become aware that I had risen from the dead, and the entire hospital was set into a flurry of commotion.

“I gradually recovered, and **from then on I have been careful to be uncomplainingly patient no matter what God in His love sets before me. We have to attain Paradise, my brethren; in our patience we must possess our souls!**”

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**This** is what the Priest said, and at his last words, his voice broke with emotion....

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(\*) *Messages from Heaven* [in Greek] (Dorida: Hiera Mone Panagias Varnakova, 2005), p. 81-82.