

It was a bitterly cold and wet evening on Tuesday this week. I had been down in London for meetings and despite the weather decided to walk to Euston from Westminster. As I knew the Christmas lights would be up on Regent's Street, I varied my route to include them in.

In many respects I take window shopping to the next extreme. Glimpsing through the old club windows to see their grand chandeliers sparkling through the gloom reminded me of Hans Christian Anderson's Little Match Girl seeing the warmth and pleasure of another world whilst outside in the cold. In a similar way the grand West End shops with their Christmas displays all showed another world way beyond my imagining.

However, it was the Piccadilly areas' lights that caught my eye the most. There were huge angel figures made up of hundreds of lights which were on a phased system so as to give the impression of them soaring and swooping down the street in flight. Their wingspan must have been 15 metres and their robes billowing behind them perhaps more. They were mesmerising. I needed to take care crossing the side streets.

The cold wind seemed to no longer bite so deeply as my spirit was lifted by this vision of heavenly beings and then I noticed the miracle.

The streets themselves were soaking wet due to the near sleet like rain and the puddles numerous, also requiring care whilst gazing up and around at the dazzling lights. There in the puddles I saw the reflection of the angels. I realise not strictly speaking a miracle in itself, but something that still made me realise the otherness to life.

Ordinarily we view puddles in cold rain as being an inconvenience. In the early evening they are more difficult to spot and thus the risk of becoming wet by them increases. If one's mood is low, they can sum up how one is feeling. And yet because they were there the Christmas lights took on an extra glory. There were even Angels in the puddles, light in the darkest of situations, reflections of heaven even in their shallow depths.

I don't know how many of the tourists, commuters, workers and others around me saw these reflections of glory. It also made me realise that in the busyness of going from one place to another, maybe with dazzling and distracting things around us, we need to look out for the glimpses of heaven. I'm glad I saw angels in the puddles and am now looking for them wherever I go.

