



Angels Abound

True Stories of Angelic Encounters

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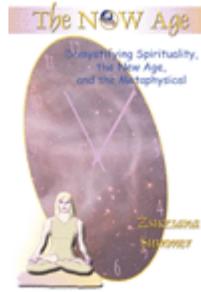
I thank each and every contributor to this book, and all those who have shared their personal stories, and I am honored to know these individuals, as they have already earned their own wings. Special thanks and warm gratitude to Carmen A. Nichols and Greg Falasz for editorial assistance and for their kind support.

- When we speak kindness, from the heart, we speak the language of angels -

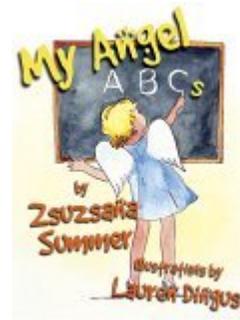
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And Angels' Voices Say...

The pure, the bright, the beautiful
That stirred our hearts in youth;
The impulses to wordless prayer,
The streams of love and truth;
The longing after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry;
The striving after better hopes...
These things can never die.
The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need;
A kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves a friend indeed;
The plea for mercy softly breathed
When justice threatens high;
The sorrow of a contrite heart...
These things shall never die.
Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love;
Be firm and just and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee...
"These things shall never die."

~ Charles Dickens

What is an Angel?

Angels are almost universally acknowledged and loved, in spite of the fact that there's no scientific proof of their existence – and they have been part of mankind's consciousness as far back as we can trace records of our spiritual beliefs.

Whatever our concepts are of God, of Heaven, of the great cosmic mysteries, angels seem to consistently maintain their highly revered status as our helpers and guardians, and stand as our closest links to God, or to All That Is. They are our unseen helpers and guides, shining beings of light, truth and all that is good, and whether they appear wearing feathered wings and golden halos, or whether they are our unseen but ever vigilant and helpful guides on our life's path, angels are our confirmation that we are not alone in this vast universe.

In recent decades, in spite of the increasingly practical and rational nature of modern society, the belief in angels and the acknowledgement of angelic encounters and guidance is growing in full counter-measure. What began in the latter decades of the 20th century as an angel 'fad' has showed no signs of slowing, and people's awareness of angelic presences and guidance in their lives has made angels as widely-accepted now as in the ancient eras before the dawn of modern technology and science.

Angels hold an important place in many major religions (Christianity, Islam, Judaism) and of course, amongst followers of New Age thought. But even more than that, atheists, agnostics and people not the slightest bit interested in religion or spirituality have been blessed by encounters with angels – and as more and more people share stories of their wondrous encounters, more and more people admit that they too believe.

Technically speaking, there are major differences between angels, spirit guides and the spirits of deceased loved ones. Angels are beings of light, created by God to be His emissaries between Heaven and Earth. In fact, the word 'angel' comes from the Greek 'aggelos' (pronounced 'angelos') meaning 'messenger' – and thereby an angel is a link between humans and God. The traditional Archangels and all our named angels and guardian angels belong to this realm.

Angels of the biblical hierarchies have never experienced life on the earth plane and they live in and experience only pure and unconditional love. They do, however, understand human emotions and difficulties, and exist to protect, guide and uplift us by illuminating our existence and showing us divine grace and presence.

Spirit Guides have lived at least one but usually many incarnations in earthly form and as such, are well qualified to understand the human condition. In between their earthly lifetimes, and after they have completed their cycles of reincarnation, they have worked on developing their spiritual vibrations and have chosen to re-visit us in our human existence to guide and assist us. Spirit Guides usually appear to us in human form, and whether they appear as a contemporary figure, such as a tweed jacketed, pipe-smoking Brit, as an ancient, eccentric personage such as a Hopi Shaman, or an Egyptian

god or goddess, or any personage from a distant but spiritual culture, the messages a true spirit guide imparts are consistently compassionate and wise.

Angelic encounters, full of spiritual guidance, comfort and protection can also come from the spirits of our deceased loved ones and relatives. While we cannot accurately gauge the level of spiritual wisdom these souls have gained, we at least know that they have experienced both the human and the spiritual realms, and these spirits, while their spiritual evolution may or may not have reached that of a spiritual master or highest vibration spirit, do appear to us to show their love and to reassure us of their continued existence and their caring connection with us.

But for those who have had visits from deceased loved ones, for those who have seen winged beings of light and for those who have met their spirit guides in vision quests, dictionary definitions are of little importance. The feelings of love, of protection and of transcendent compassion are gifts for a lifetime and proof positive of life beyond the physical plane.

Angels and Me

I have been aware of the presence and the assistance of angels for many years now, especially since bringing my new age and spiritual business online in the late '90s.

When I originally envisioned my New Age business and website, my focus was on Tarot, which was my main field of expertise. As I developed the site and spiritual services, though, I noticed that angelic influences were creeping in - gently stealing the spotlight - and somehow being a magnetic force calling for attention.

I developed my own style of receiving angel guidance for my clients that evolved into my [AngelVoice column](#), and I knew without a doubt that the angels were and are guiding me in sharing their messages. I've always considered it the highest honor to be able to help others receive angel guidance, and since I've been doing so, the presence of angels in my own life has become increasingly clear.

The only thing that was missing though, in spite of the wondrous flow of the guidance I was receiving was that, try and try, I couldn't seem to get an angel to speak to me, or to pop into my bedroom while I was saying my prayers. This lack of physical interaction seemed to be even more pronounced as I was receiving wonderful emails and letters every day from people describing their own angelic encounters. Fortunately, the signs and synchronicities that were guiding me were proof enough until the day of my first real life encounter.

Angel encounters can happen in many different ways and each individual experiences their angel's visits in a way that is best suited for the circumstances. Also, we all have different and unique gifts - where one individual can 'see' psychically (clairvoyance), another one can 'hear' things (clairaudience) and still another can just 'feel' (clairsentience). Some people meet angels in their dreams, others are simply aware of the angels deep in their souls, and still others know their angels are nearby from the signs and symbols that show up in their lives.

From thousands of letters I've received, I've learned that each individual has his or her own way of 'knowing' their angels. No one way is better than the other, and each way brings equal amounts of comfort and peace. The most important thing the Angels want us to do is to spread their love - and, that 's the really fun part.

So while I knew I should be content with what I was receiving, and I couldn't help but ask sometimes if I wasn't doing something right psychically and that is why I wasn't having direct angelic contact. I had in my spiritual treasure chest of experiences, many years of energy work, meditation practice, Meet Your Angels and Guides workshops, past life regressions, and so on, but my angels just weren't about to drop by for a cup of tea. Little did I know then that my angels were just around the corner.

The day came, when through a series of synchronicities and repeated signs from Spirit, I came to know that I have three angels who were with me for a time - lovely white beings who formed a triangle as they hovered above me. But a true highlight of my angel quest so far was when I finally got to see angels in living color. I had been having a fitful sleep one night and when I opened my eyes during the darkest of the night - there they were - two gorgeous angels floating near the ceiling of the room. They wore richly colored robes, reminiscent of a Victorian painting, and appeared to be kneeling in prayer. Yes, I blinked a few times to make sure I was seeing what I thought I was seeing, and then promptly rolled over and fell back asleep. I hope they come back soon so I can speak to them next time, instead of just accepting them so nonchalantly. I'll have plenty to say on their next visit.

I still have yet to entertain an angel over a cup of tea, but I know that angels are nearby, and maybe one day we'll have a real nice face to face chat. Angels have pretty amazing ways of showing up when they are really needed, as you will read in the accounts that follow, and angels are truly everywhere.



I have been blessed to find a way to incorporate spirituality into every aspect of my daily work - and to be consistently inspired by the love, light and laughter that angels bring. The letters I receive from people about angels touch me deeply, as they touch all who read them.

It is my heartfelt pleasure to share some of these stories with you, with the kind permission of the wonderful people who have taken the time to write them and share them with the world. Some of these stories are awe-inspiring, others are bitter-sweet, many are joyful, and some are simply small, but very precious reminders that we are not alone:>)

These are true stories sent in by readers and they prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that angels come in all forms, shapes, and sizes, and exist on all dimensions - the earth plane included. I thank all these readers from the bottom of my heart for sharing these inspiring experiences! Enjoy!

Please note: I have edited these stories with the lightest possible touch, and only for ease of reading. For the most part, the stories are left as they were written, straight from the heart.



Somewhere Out There...

I just wanted to share my story. Even though I am only 14, I enjoy reading about angel experiences. Mine happened just last night. We (my family) were driving in the car, returning from our first family vacation without my dad.(he died of cancer a month ago.) It was late at night (3:00 am) and my mom was completely freaking out because she was afraid that she was going to fall asleep at the wheel and she was wishing that my dad

were there with us. I prayed that God or my dad would send her a sign just to let her know that she was being watched over. All of a sudden, a man called into the radio station that we were listening to, wanting to request a song. He said that his name was Ron(my dad's name) and he wanted to request that they play the song "Somewhere out There" (my mom's favorite song) for his wife Chris (my mom's name). All of my younger brothers and sisters and I knew that my dad was watching over my mom, and she knew it too.

Best Wishes,
Katie :)



Spirits In My Kitchen

Hello Everyone,

I would like to share with you an experience I had this Sunday. I have a lot of these types of experiences, but I feel this one was very special. I hope you enjoy.

Sunday morning, I was working on the computer. I drank all of my tea, so I went to the kitchen and got another cup brewing in the microwave. (Shantell, my 10 year old daughter was still in bed sleeping and Roy, my husband, was taking a shower) Waiting for the tea to cook, I put some things away, did this and did that and then needed to use the restroom. When I got out of the bathroom, I went into the kitchen to get my tea.

Now the way my kitchen is set up, you walk in on the right side. Directly in front on me, on the opposite wall is my microwave cart. To the left of the entrance is a long counter with sink and such.

Okay. I walk into the kitchen and out of the corner of my eye, I notice that my tea cup is sitting on the counter. I thought to myself *"I can't be losing my mind that quickly! I just put the tea cup into the microwave!"* I touched the cup and it was hot. I stood there for a minute caught up in a time warp. I didn't know how the tea got out of the microwave.

I went to see if Shantell was up and she played a trick on me - no, she was still sleeping. I went to our bathroom and asked Roy if he took my tea out. He was still in the shower. When I saw him all wet and shampoo-ey, I knew then that someone or something else had taken my tea out, and set it on the counter - that Roy wasn't playing a joke on me either. I instantly got chills running up and down my spine! LOL. But, I went back in to the kitchen and told the spirit - or whomever, thanks for getting my tea out for me!

Actually I feel the spirit might have been my father. He and I have always had a nice relationship. When he continued his journey on the other side two years ago, he and I became even closer. I have seen him many times, and have had visions of him while sleeping. He has given me many different signs of his being 'here.'

How lucky I am.

~Sandra Davis



Warned Just in Time

When I was about 11-12 years old, I was riding an excitable "green broke" (young horse with not a lot of experience or training) filly. I really should not have been riding her and bareback no less, but being young myself and a very good rider, I jumped up on her to bring her into the pasture from the outside fields.

It was dusk, the time of day when my vision which has never been good was especially blurry. The filly of course was running at top speed for the open pasture gate. I let her have her head and was just enjoying the ride. As we approached the gate, a very distinct male voice, though not one I recognized, yelled "duck"! I immediately with the reflex of youth, put my head and upper body down close to the horse's neck. We ran through the gate and when I slowed the horse down and returned to the gate to see who may have been there telling me to duck, I saw a thin wire stretched very taut across the gate opening.

My Dad had strung wire for an army surplus field communication system from my Grandparents house to the house of their oldest son so they would be able to talk to each other. In those days, there were only party lines in the phone system, and they wanted to have some private conversations.

If I had not heeded that voice telling me to duck I would have been decapitated. When I told my Dad what had happened he turned very pale and immediately took the wire down and placed it where it wouldn't hurt anyone.

I am convinced it was the voice of my guardian angel I heard that summer evening in Northern New Mexico. It would not be the last time I heard an angelic voice that would save my life.

Sincerely,
Barbara Lux



Angels All Around Me

Recently I made a wonderful friend through no effort of my own--at a Halloween party, and she was dressed as an angel! As it so happens, she is skilled in Healing Touch, and she has offered me many wonderful sessions I find incredibly healing. During the first session, I saw intense colors and visions, and I communicated clearly with my Higher Self. The truly amazing thing though, was that I saw the angels.

Thanks to Zsuzsana, I know my archangel is Gabriel, and pray to Him/Her all of the time. During the healing session, I saw Him/Her for the first time. He/She is beautiful, tall, and glittering, dressed in sea green, with long hair and wings that shifted through different patterns of light. That was what struck me--that Gabriel seemed to be made up mostly of light. Gabriel stood at my left shoulder, where I most often feel His/Her presence...then I "looked" at my friend as she continued to heal me, and amazingly, saw HER archangel standing directly behind her. It was Raphael, all dressed in glittering gold, and I received the message that He wanted me to tell Lisa about His presence. Then, as I watched, He and Gabriel got into an angelic spitting contest--jokingly competing to see who was taller. It's good to know they are something like us--it proves to me they know how we feel. I told my friend about her new friend when we were done--and since then she has had many miracles that come directly from her new "life partner". Wow!

~ Elena



Angels Answer

I'm not sure if you'd call this an Angelic encounter but it is definitely a first for me to receive answers this way. As some of you may or may not know, I'm no longer in a

steady day-to-day job and I'm going to try and stay home for my kids and give my real estate career a go. Well, I'm obviously not making any steady money either right now and I'm always worried about the future. So, last night I asked my angels to give me a clear dream as to if I'm doing the best for my family or if not, what direction should I take. Well, I had this short, wonderful dream that had me going Christmas shopping but I didn't know if I could afford to do this and the 'bank' lady said sure, I could have as much 'money' as I needed that I had enough to do this shopping and not feel over-drawn. Basically, I was ok to continue the direction I wanted to take...that's the feeling I got from the dream anyway.

Love to all,
Opal



Angelic Wall

My angel story is not very dramatic but it is true. I have told it many times, on the web and elsewhere.

I have 3 children, 2 boys and a girl. The girl is in the middle and was always fearless and spirited. Right after she turned 16, she ran away from home in Houston, Texas to Northern California. She led 4 other kids with her. They narrowly escaped death or injury several times and I had a hard time getting her home. God was definitely watching over her and her friends. But that is not the angel part of my story.

Nine days after she came home, she ran away again only this time she stayed in town. I was exhausted and disconsolate from everything that had already happened and was basically just surviving day to day, not knowing if I would ever see her again or not. One day, a classmate of my daughter's called me, in tears. She told me that friends had seen my daughter down in the hippie part of town, living on the street. I didn't know this girl but I have always been grateful to her (along with others). She told me, "You have to do something."

It galvanized me into action. I called a co-worker and friend of mine, a street smart African-American woman, much younger than I, and asked her if she would go with me down to that part of town and look for my daughter. She said of course she would and we went downtown first where there was a free concert. I showed my daughter's picture to several mounted policemen down there and they all said they didn't know her. A couple told me I should go home, that it was a lost cause.

Then we went west and over to the main intersection in the really bad part of town. Lots of strip joints, X-rated video stores, bars, tattoo parlors, etc. As we turned at the main intersection, I saw a girl with hair like my daughter's sitting with her back to me on a fast food patio. My friend parked the car in the back and I walked up to the front of the building. It was my daughter. When she saw me, I told her come on let's go. She said to her friend, "Run, _____, Run" and jumped up. I put my left arm around her shoulders with her back to me. I reached over the top of her friend's head (they were both petite, looked about 12) and grabbed the end of her long hair and wrapped it around my fist and started backing up into the parking lot, yelling for my friend. As I backed up, the street people just watched and some of them left. All but one.

An older heavysset man that I found out later was Italian started toward us. He looked mean. All of a sudden, he came to a halt. He got a puzzled expression on his face. He started forward again but it was like an invisible wall. He even went to one side and then another but he could not approach me. About this time, my friend got there and started helping me. I watched the man. He never moved any closer. He couldn't. The police came and took my daughter and her friend to a station. We followed and I put her in a hospital that night. I told her during her stay there about the angel. She didn't say much, just looked at me. After 2 weeks, I took her straight from the hospital and sent her to live with her father in another state. On the way, she told me about that man. She said he was Italian and no one knew his name and that everyone thought he was crazy because all he did was follow the street kids around like a bodyguard. She said, "Mom, I think your story is true about an angel stopping him because if he could have gotten to you, he would have hurt you."

My daughter is fine now. She didn't live with her father long, basically she has been on her own since she was barely 17. But that is how she wanted it. She just made a cross-country trip to escort her friend that is pregnant home to New England and then she flew to Seattle where she had a job waiting. We never speak without her telling me how much she loves and respects me and I love and respect her very much. She is sorry for all she put me through but of course I forgive her. I always tell people she is just like me, only worse.



Angel at the Mall

One day when I was 15, I was at the mall with my mom and 2 brothers. I sat on a bench while they were in a store. This woman appeared out of nowhere and sat down next to me. She knew my name even though I had never seen her before. She told me that

God had spoken to her and told her to tell me that even though my mom and I had been having a lot of problems lately that everything was going to be okay and that He had big plans for my life. She then said that she was going to pray for me and everything would be fine. Then, she got up and started walking. I turned to look for my mom and turned right back around and the woman had disappeared.

~ Casey



Someone Looking Out For Me

I have actually many angel stories. But two of my favorites have just happened this last year and a half. The first is when a pharmacist gave me the wrong prescription; I was suppose to be taking an antidepressant to help quit smoking and he mixed it up with an oral form of insulin and I'm already border diabetic that only needs to watch my diet. Well after taking the medication for a week my sugar was at the bottom and I was getting sicker and sicker. After the two weeks of taking the meds and I started passing out thinking I wasn't taking it right (two tablets daily) I started taking two in the morning or one at a time but within a couple of hours or so; I was literally signing my own death warrant. On one fateful morning, feeling exceptionally bad, I heard a voice (no one was there) saying 'look at what you're taking' ...It got louder and louder until I knew someone was standing right behind me. I took a look and there was no one. However I did look at the pill and right away knew it wasn't what I was supposed to be taking. Later my doctor said you have someone looking out for you because if you would have kept taking the meds within another day you would have been dead. That's how low my sugar was. I've heard this voice before...very calming and reassuring but I can't tell you it was male or female, it was just there and wonderful.

The second time was when my nephew (who has a black belt in Tai Kwon Do at the age of thirteen) was really upset and he was all the way up the hill at a local beach. He was a good 1000 yards from me and his mom and I told him it (the incident) was no big deal didn't help he was very upset. He picked up a three and a half inch dead branch and hit the tree at the top to take out his aggression; and when he hit the tree it snapped in half and was aimed right for my head. My sister watched in horror and I was told not to move but not by my sister who was sitting directly across from me, but by the same voice I've heard for years and know to listen to. I sat perfectly still, scared almost senseless. My sister said she's always believed in angels but has never seen one in action...My guardian angel literally deflected this large stick from hitting me in the back of the head. It took a complete 90 degree turn from where it was headed and mind you there was no breeze whatsoever It was the dog days of summer. My sister, after she recovered from the shock, said she could almost see the angelic arm and hand...It frightened and yet calmed her like nothing ever has before. And me? After I recovered just said THANK YOU AGAIN!!!

~ Wendy



Meeting in Meditation

A few months back, I was going through some wonderful clearing/healing. The only theme of my meditation for that morning was just to be soothed. To be specific, I went into it, stating that I just wanted a hug.. I didn't want advice, learning, teaching, nothing more than to be held. I had a horrible head cold that had kept me awake most of the night, and felt pretty miserable. In my personal life, I've been pretty isolated for the past 3 years, so there's not many I can turn to for that kind of request... anyway, I went into meditation with that sole purpose.

As I did my little relaxing, focusing, breathing techniques, I prepared to head for the meeting spot I go to when I connect with my guides, (it's a pretty little stream, surrounded by lush vegetation, trees, mountains in the distance, etc.)

When I arrived, I spent a few moments allowing the energy to permeate. I kind of glanced to my left, and saw a male figure. He was squatting down, with his arms clasped around his knees, and he was looking at me very intensely.. I noticed at that point that I hadn't ever met with this figure. His energy was very different and 'new'. I thought, cool, a new guide, and continued breathing and stabilizing my visualization.

I let him know once I felt pretty comfortable and connected and he approached me, and enveloped me in his arms - the hug I had needed so badly. Now came the surprise. His arms encircled me, but, so did a set of magnificent feathered wings. I was quite taken aback, (not in a bad way), and remember mentally exclaiming.. 'You're an *Angel*!' I felt a positive response (it was all energy communication, hard to explain, but all based off 'feeling' the responses and communication).

At that point, he tilted my head back,, and from somewhere within him, he sent a stream of very bright light straight into my mouth.(remember the head cold thing) I got a vision of what my head looked like and it was like one of those pumpkin flashlights that when you turn it on, has light pouring from all the openings.. He kept this up for about 20-30 seconds maybe, then he melted off into the background.

The rest of my meditation was pretty uneventful after that, and, by the end of the day, my head cold was 90% gone.

Now, keep in mind that my belief in angels had been strong at one point. However, it was when I was still involved in the Catholic religion, and we only knew

Guardian Angels, not Spirit Guides (at least in my house). Once I started to connect and learn, I found that Spirit Guides often appear as whatever we are comfortable with (i.e. Angels vs. People). I had decided that I was going to call them Spirit Guides, and was unsure if the Angels (the feathered variety) even actually existed. Well, this blew open a belief in them once more.

Later, when doing tarot readings for myself on this incident,, I asked if I could call upon this Angel, if I needed guidance/insight/support. (I still am in awe of 'his' energy... it was powerful beyond what I feel worthy of). This reading was a 3 card yes/no spread.... 3 aces means a yes, zero aces means a no, and any other variation has to be interpreted. Anyway, when I asked him that question, I got an ace, a fool, an ace. Both aces were positive answers.. I couldn't for the life of me figure out the fool interpretation in that spot until I focused on the image of the card. On my deck, it is the image of the Fool, kneeling, facing a light of sorts, and behind him, and Angel stands with his/her hand resting on his shoulder. I think that one set me off in tears (the good kind).

Anyway, that has been my most recent experience with Angels. Let's hope it's not the last. That kind of warmth can get addictive ;)

Love,
COL



Divine Timing

Only a year ago my husband had a serious bicycle accident. I had been on my way into town to get groceries and shop for a birthday present for my sister-in-law. Just before I got into town I had to stop at a stoplight. It was there my car stalled and I wasn't able to get it to stay running. Two men who had been behind me in the lane pulled over to the side of the road and hopped out to help me. I'd not had this trouble before and didn't know what was wrong. They pushed my car to the side of the road where I tried once more to start the car and it stayed running then. One of the men asked me if I was far from home. I said that I was headed into town to do shopping but that home was back the other direction. He looked at me closely and said "I really think you should just go ahead and go home if you really don't have to do any shopping. I know your car is running fine now but I just feel that you should go ahead and go on home." I thought it was strange that he would say that so earnestly. The car was running fine but it made me feel uneasy

and I did go ahead and turn around and head home. Just shortly before I got there an ambulance passed me and far ahead I saw it turn onto my road. I thought "Oh I hope it's not someone I know."

Just a few moment later the ambulance pulled out of the road and headed up to town again. When I got there my neighbors were waiting for me and told me what had happened with my husband. He'd just been taken to the hospital with a serious head injury. He ended up being in a coma for several days. Because I'd gone home earlier than I planned though I was able to get to the emergency room soon enough to talk to my husband before he became unconscious. It helped me through the whole ordeal to remember those men and their earnest words to send me home to my husband. They were my angels on earth. To this day there has been nothing wrong with that car to explain the trouble I had that day. God was sending me home to my husband when he needed me most.



Protection from Beyond

It was the early morning hours of 27 August back in 1989. Suddenly, I was awoken by someone lying on top of me. Somehow, a young man that I had been out with the previous evening had gotten back into my apartment. I was tormented for hours and eventually gave up hope and decided that it was time to let go. It was then that I heard my grandmother's voice saying to me, "You need to get up now. Come on!" With these words, I found the strength to break free from my attacker and was able to get away.

It was only later that I learned that my grandmother, whom I hadn't been able to see lately, had passed away on the very same day! I truly believe with all of my heart that she saved me as she left this world to be in Heaven.



My Dad is my Angel

My mom and dad divorced when I was only 5. For many years I didn't see my dad

because of the bitterness between him and mom and because he was paralyzed and in a wheelchair. He couldn't drive to visit me. After I was an adult and married, we made contact and started trying to get to know each other. He tried very hard to make up to me for the years that were lost. He loved my daughter dearly. Six years ago on Nov. 28 my dad passed away. I had a hard time dealing with his death. I practically gave up. I didn't even consider celebrating Christmas. My daughter was only 9.

Early one morning, (two weeks before Christmas) I had a vision or dream that changed everything. Dad came to see me. He was walking again. No more wheelchair! He told me he was fine, he loved me and my daughter, and to get up off my butt and do some Christmas shopping, because Brittany wouldn't understand why Santa had forgotten her, especially since she was such a good girl. He told me he was watching over me and her and he would always be near. It was so real. I could even smell his cologne. Needless to say I got up, dragged out my Christmas decorations and then went shopping. I knew my daddy was smiling.

That spring I planted his favorite tree in my yard for him. I would visit it often and chat with dad. His body was buried in another state so visiting his grave often is hard for me. As time went on my husband and I started having marital problems. He started getting very abusive both mentally and physically. I went to 'dad's tree' and asked him for help. Show me a sign I pleaded. I couldn't stand the thoughts of leaving my home and his tree. Within months the tree died. I felt like he was telling me that he was with me whether or not the tree was there or not. My husband put a knife to my throat and I left him. We are divorced now and I am happy again. My daughter is doing great. I know my dad is with me and still watching over me. I love you, Daddy.

Tammy



Was It God or an Angel?

I was on my way to downtown Chicago for job search related purposes, and the first stop that I needed to make was at the bank down the street from my younger brother's six-flat where I had been doing rehab work. My stop at the bank was to obtain change for a \$20 bill to add some money to my transit card.

After waiting a few minutes in line, I finally was able to meet with a lovely young female teller. I handed her the \$20, and indicated that I needed change made in the form of a ten, a five, and five singles. I didn't watch as she made the change, but before leaving the bank I stopped at a customer counter to put the bills in order for my money clip. It was at this time that I discovered that the teller not only changed my \$20, but inadvertently gave me my twenty back in lieu of a ten, resulting in a ten dollar profit.

Well, I was perplexed for a moment, but then realized that she somehow erred. Given that I wouldn't want to be taken advantage of by short-changing myself, I thereupon went back to the young lady, explained that she gave me a twenty dollar bill by mistake, handed her back the twenty and received the proper \$10 bill. She looked totally befuddled, but thanked me and wished me well. I then made my way to the train station.

I proceeded to an automated fare machine in order to add money to my transit card. Just after I had entered my card, added some money and retrieved my card, a woman's voice called out behind me. "Wait a minute, sir!" I was momentarily shocked, for I wasn't aware of having done anything wrong, and turned to see what the issue was about. She was a transit employee, asked me for my card, and I handed it to her. With no further explanation, she took the card, put it back into the fare machine, and added \$15 to it! I was flabbergasted, to say the least, and thanked her profusely. As I made my way up the stairs to the platform, I thought about my honesty at the bank and then wondered: Was this feedback from God, or was I just visited by an angel? Either way, the response was incredibly warming, and I also gave good thanks to Mother/Father God.

Greg Falasz



A Special Call

A very close gentleman friend of mine whom I had known for many years and had shared many dinners together and many fabulous times laughing and sharing our lives together passed away nine months ago. One of his well-loved habits was to call me at 7:30 each morning to start our weekday off to a good start. Weekends were at a different time since I usually slept later and called him when I got up. He passed away on a Friday morning and on the following Monday morning at 7:30am, my phone rang one time and when I answered it there was no one there. Deep down inside I know it was him calling to say he was all right and that he was thinking about me.

Carolyn



A Mother's Protection

I have encountered angels in my life so many times. The most recent time was yesterday morning on my way to a clinic appointment, I found my self running a red light in one of our busiest and most dangerous intersections. I had cars coming at me from every direction and they all just missed me or I them. It seemed almost like a dream as I swear one of the cars passed right through me. I honestly thought I was going to be dead within minutes. But through it all I was totally relaxed and calm, as if I knew I wasn't in danger. I next found myself on the other side of the intersection, shaken but unhurt with no damage to my car. It was like I "floated" through the intersection to the safety of the other side of the street.

My mother died 5-1/2 years ago and I have seen her "spirit" many times and I know that she is now one of my guardian angels. I just know in my heart that mom was riding with me yesterday morning. Everyday before I leave my house I surround myself and my car with angels for protection and serenity. The angels were on the job and did their job wonderfully yesterday morning.

Peace and God's Blessings,
Gene Strattmann, QUIETimes E-Mail Ministry



An Angel's Promise

We had one child and we lost our second baby. When I got pregnant the third time I was so happy!! Well, anyway, to make a long story short, I prayed to God that I could keep this baby as we had hoped for more children I had been in the hospital for 3 days in bed to keep the baby. Sadly, it wasn't to be.

It was August 13th and God or an Angel came to my room which was at the same time flooded with light, and said, "You aren't going to have this baby but, I promise you will have a baby. This baby though won't be your own birth child. I had such peace! When my priest came to visit me, I wasn't devastated as I knew that what I had been told was true. We never put in for adoption but 10 months later a doctor called me and asked if we would like a baby and I said yes, of course. And so we were given another son and he is 40 this year. So I really believe in God and the Angels. I just wanted to share this as

it is an experience I will never forget. I told our son this story so he'd know he was definitely meant to be with us as he has been since he was 3 days old. This has been the most beautiful experience I have ever had in my life and it will be with me forever.

~J.



Christmas Driving

Several years ago for my parents' Christmas present, I decided to decorate their house. I bought so many decorations, I ended up needing to borrow a truck! A friend had just purchased a new open cab Toyota truck he said I could drive from Atlanta to my parents in Anderson, SC. On the way, I passed an elderly couple pulled off on the opposite side of the road. I turned around, but by the time I got to them, a State Trooper had arrived, and was helping them. They, God love them, had run out of gas! I got turned around, headed back my way, when going up an incline, the truck started choking and sputtering! I had run out of gas!

I pulled over, locked it up, and walked to the back, and prayed! I prayed Heavenly Father, Holy Angels, please watch over my Christmas, and I took off walking! I walked to the patrol station where the trooper I had just met earlier was. He took me to get fuel, and on our way back, as we're getting closer to the truck, I saw an 18 wheeler truck pulled in behind it! I thought "Oh, no! He's stealing my Christmas!" But, as we got closer, I began to tell the officer, "I know I pulled off of the interstate". It turned out that the clutch in the Toyota had popped on the incline, and rolled onto I-85!! The truck driver saw my truck coming backwards, wondered what the driver was doing, began to slow down, and then realized there was nobody in it, literally! Praise be to Jesus, and my incredible angels He has sent me, the 18 wheeler caught my truck on his bumper! The only damage done was to the 18 wheeler's bumper, and it was so small of a crack, the driver said to not worry about it!! I just can't thank Jesus and my Angels enough for all of the love and protection they give!!

Kim in Atlanta



Road Angels to the Rescue

I was 65 at the time and I worked for a health department who often sent employees to seminars. I was sent to a seminar in Tampa, Fl. about two and a half hours from my home town. I like to travel the old highways and not superhighways, so I was peaceful and happy and felt good driving down route 301 on my way to Tampa. All of a sudden a tractor trailer lost control of his rig, went off the road and he evidently tried to straighten it out which is impossible, and the trailer part was heading straight into my car. It was so close and there was no way to get away, but for some reason I was calm and not afraid and not afraid to die. But a force like I've never seen came and pushed that trailer straight on the highway and it missed me by inches. I saw it being pushed straight but I could not see anyone. I know it had to be angels. Well, the driver never stopped and continued on, but the two cars that were behind me were stopped and of course shaking, and one driver made a remark 'I saw angels pushing the trailer back away from you.' God spared me that day.

****May God Bless You****

Charlotte L. Myers



Angelic Messenger

Last Sunday I was sitting on the balcony relaxing with my son and his family after a good lunch. Our conversation finally turned to my mother who had died about fifteen years ago. I was about to tell the story of the time when my eight year old granddaughter, as a baby, was seated on my lap playing when she suddenly called out 'Nana' and pointed to the door. The baby laughed and giggled, nodded and shook her head as if in conversation..

Now I know babies often talk to themselves, but this time there was something different about it. Her expression was such that I was convinced that she was talking to my mother. Of course I had doubts that I would be believed so had never told a living soul. However, before I could tell my story, a beautiful golden butterfly landed within a few feet of us. The gold glistened as if caught in the sun's rays, but the day was cloudy. We sat in total silence until the butterfly finally flew away. In my fifty eight years of life I have never seen anything like it. I truly feel that this precious insect was an angelic messenger. I proceeded to tell my story....I was believed.

Diana
Wales... U.K



Daisy

Like many other people, I have had many angel experiences in my 36 years but I think one of the nicest experiences for me came when I was 19.

Growing up in my family, I was always surrounded by animals of various sorts, but the one pet that stood out above all others was the family dog, Daisy. We got her as a 6 week old pup and we named her Daisy because she looked just like the dog from the Dagwood and Blondie comic strip. She pretty much went everywhere with us - on all the family vacations, trips to the grocery store, and even moved from coast-to-coast and back again on our many military postings. She used to patrol the halls at nighttime going from room to room making sure everyone was tucked safe in bed before she would curl up and go to sleep. She even adopted a stray kitten once. We brought the kitten into the house, and Daisy took over from there. That cat followed her everywhere. She even used to nurse him at night.

As you can see, Daisy was quite an unusual dog, so you can understand that we were devastated when at the age of 15 years she was diagnosed with cancer. She managed to survive three surgeries to remove tumors in her abdomen over a span of 4 years and she always managed to rebound. Anyone seeing her for the first time thought she was a dog of half her years because she had so much spunk. Unfortunately, the cancer finally won and the final trip to the vet, at the ripe old age of 19, confirmed that her cancer had spread to her mouth and was growing in to her lungs. My father called my mother at home to give us the news that he wouldn't be bringing her home. We were, of course, devastated, and couldn't imagine not having her around, but we knew we couldn't watch her suffer. We had openly discussed in the past that the minute we thought she was suffering in any way, we would euthanize her. So we decided that it was best to let her go. Unfortunately, we didn't get the chance to say goodbye since my father could not face having to take her home and then back again the next day. He was afraid he would be unable to make the trip again if he brought her home and we knew it was the best thing for her.

Daisy was put to sleep on November 18th, and it was an extremely hard loss for all of us, but she had her way of letting us know she was okay where she was. The very same moment she was at the vet's being put to sleep, my sister, who was living in Germany at the time, called us to ask what was wrong with Daisy. We were planning on calling her later to tell her, but she told us that she was sitting watching the news and she

just knew something was wrong. The other unusual thing about this day was the fact that outside the house, on the front lawn, there was a single white daisy in bloom. We could see it from the kitchen window. Now, this may not seem all that unusual, but what I didn't mention was that I live in Canada, and by mid-November, the frost and snow have pretty much killed any and all plants. But that one daisy was determined to show itself that day.

I still have that Daisy pressed in the pages of a bible, as my reminder that angels come in all shapes and sizes.



God Said....

When my husband came home from Viet Nam in April 1970 we had a little boy 18 months old and I wanted to have another child. Because my husband was in a ground troop and was sprayed with Agent Orange it caused us to have problems having another child. I had three miscarriages within two years. I then got pregnant again and at ten weeks I almost lost that baby. I was closely monitored and spent the next 18 weeks mostly in bed but I went into labor at 28 weeks. My daughter was born weighing 2 lbs and 8 oz. They did not expect her to live but at the moment she was born I prayed so hard. I truly believed she would live. I could not believe that God would take her from me after almost losing her and after I had carried her long enough for her to be able to survive. The doctors came in my room and told me my baby was holding her own but they were not hopeful at all. I laid in that bed and prayed for my daughter to live and I saw God sitting in the chair next to me smiling saying "Your daughter will be fine". I felt a peace come over me and I refused to listen to the doctor saying anything negative to me.

She has had a lot of medical problems through the years but I knew my little one was meant to be and I had the Lord come to me and tell me. I have my daughter because I believed with all my heart that she was meant to be. She will be celebrating her 29th birthday very soon.

~ Wendy



Whispers

When my daughters were not yet in grade school, I decided to take them to see Santa Claus at the Mall. When I placed the girls in the car a voice whispering in my head, told me to make sure they were strapped in with the seat belts. I never put the girls in the front seat. I also decided it would be a good idea that I did. Not more than 3/4 of a mile from home, when I stopped at a stop sign a car broad-sided us on the driver's side. Thank God no one was hurt! But I do believe there was an Angel looking out for us! The car was totaled!

~ Marie



Amber's Acknowledgement

I am 25 years old and have lived with my grandparents since I was 17. My grandfather was and is my best friend. He passed away May 10th. This May is two years. Anyway, my grandfather and myself are avid animal lovers. Anytime we have found something such as a hurt pigeon, dog, squirrel, whatever, we have taken it in. I had a dog named Scottie that would only relate to me. He suddenly disappeared from our home about 3 months after my grandfather passed. I was extremely upset emotionally about this.

A few weeks later, I had a dream that I was standing in our garage. We have an attic door that pulls down. Well, in my dream my grandfather came out of the attic door, reached down and grabbed my dog, took him up in the attic with him and closed the door. I knew right then that not only was my dog with my grandfather, but that my grandfather was in heaven due to the fact he had to come down to get the dog and then went back up. I have been touched ever since and talk to my grandfather every day because I somehow know he is listening.

"Do not forget to entertain strangers, for by doing so some people have entertained angels without even knowing it." -Hebrews 13:2

Amber Ball



The Rose

In 1999, on March 31st, my son passed away. He was only thirty -eight, but before he passed he told me "Ma! When I go home, there are two things I want you to do. One, turn me loose so that I can go "home" and two, look for a bud on that dead rose bush." I said alright, but as you can imagine, I was torn up on the inside, and while he said this, my heart was beating so fast I thought I was going to have a heart attack.

Well on March 31st at 2:45 pm he quietly slipped away (at the same time and the same day he was born). Two months later, there was a big huge beautiful crimson red rose on a bush that had been dead for some time, just one, and I heard his voice say "I'm happy, Mommie, so happy - please don't cry". Don't tell me we can't converse with our loved ones that have gone home to JESUS!!!

"LadyMary"



Go Back!

G'day!

I have been reading your subscription for some time now and after reading one particular story I decided to share mine with you.

Firstly, I am going back 12 1/2 years to the birth of my first child (I have four now). After a wonderful pregnancy with no complications I gave birth after a 14 hour labour, I held my new son and cried with joy, he was so beautiful and perfect, and then there was a complication. I kept bleeding. I found myself looking down at me on the table from the ceiling of the labour ward. I could see my husband with our newborn son James in his arms, a worried look on his face, sitting beside me watching the doctor work on me... trying to stop the bleeding. I could see the beads of sweat on the doctor's forehead and heard him say " I don't know where it's coming from!"

The nurse covered me with one of those silver thermal blankets and got a plasma

drip going into my arm. My blood pressure had dropped to nothing, and in the next instant I was in a tunnel full of bright white light, floating along towards it. I felt so peaceful and calm. A figure materialized as if by magic from the wall of the tunnel and said to me "GO BACK! Your son needs you" and then he disappeared again. Then I felt someone softly slapping my face and I heard the midwife say "Are you with us?" I replied "Just."

I believe my angel was my grandfather, my mother's father, to whom as a child I was very close and whose funeral was the first I ever went to when I was a young girl in my teens. At first I was afraid to tell anyone what I had seen but since then I have other things happen or have heard other stories to help me accept what happened to me as something very special.

Peace, Love and Jellybeans

Sandy



Heavenly Coffee

In 1996 I was living in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia when the Angels gave me reason to giggle and laugh, all because of a cup of coffee.

Doug had been away in Chile for 4 months, my friend Christine was in Lebanon visiting family and I was recovering from a chest infection. The infection was quite severe and was treated with a high dose of antibiotics which then caused female problems. You may know this, but in Saudi Arabia women are not allowed to drive, have to be covered in black from head to toe (and it is really hot there) and it is a completely different way of life. To see a gynecologist, you can't just pick up the phone and make an appointment. You take a taxi to the hospital, pay in advance for the examination and they then allocate the next available doctor to you. From there you go to a waiting room, for women only of course, and you wait. At this point I was miserable, very depressed and feeling so sorry for myself. All the women in the waiting room were wearing veils over their faces and there was no chance of a chat.

After the examination, as I was leaving the hospital, I looked up and said I would love a cup of coffee. As they say, be careful what you wish for! Logically I knew that if I turned right and walked to the end of the road, I would find a place to have a drink. I forgot to mention that women are not allowed to sit in the main restaurant/café. There is a

separate room/area allocated to women, normally bare of decorations, windows and other facilities. The one down the road was particularly depressing. I felt "nudged" to go left and as I was walking down the road, I saw a sign on a building to the left that said "acupuncture". Well, this piqued my interest as, yes you guessed it, alternative healing is not allowed in Saudi Arabia. I went up to the 2nd floor and asked the receptionist if I could have more information on their treatments. She disappeared through a door and when she returned she said that the Doctor was waiting to see me. I protested, but she insisted I accompany her. When I entered his office he said he had been waiting for me and would I like a cup of coffee.

The doctor was an Egyptian Oncologist who had studied in the States and was now helping the overweight Arabic ladies. We spent an hour chatting about all kinds of interesting things and I went on my way with a very light heart. I giggled all the way back to the compound and it was a long time before I was that gloomy again. All I had to do was think about my request for a cup of coffee.

~Henjoca Bourhill



Carnation Instant Breakfast

I have a true story that happened to me. I awoke one morning to tell my husband about a dream I had the night before. I dreamed about a man I had known twenty years before and I could not imagine why. He was standing in the dusty window of a vacant store and holding a box of Carnation Instant Breakfast. I went into the store and remarked that I had not seen him in ages, but that he looked wonderful. He stated that he had recently seen my mother. I told him that was quite impossible because my mother had died four years before that time. He insisted that he had talked to her and she was wonderful and happy. Then, he simply vanished. In telling the story to my husband we surmised that it was a sign that my mother was happy in her heavenly home and this was her way of telling me.

That evening I opened the paper that had come that day to read that the man in my dream had been buried the day before. I was amazed to say the least. I immediately called his daughter to express my sympathies. I could not believe he was gone. Heavens, he was only about 58 years old.

She told me he had died of AIDS just a few days before but had been sick for a long time. I felt I had to tell her about my dream. In going through the steps of the dream I came to the part about him holding a box of Carnation Instant Breakfast and there was

an audible gasp on the other end of the phone. I asked what was wrong and she told me that for the last six months of his life, Carnation Instant Breakfast was the only food her father could keep down.

We both feel we were blessed with a message. If I had not discussed my dream with my husband the morning after it came in my sleep, I would not believe it myself. God sends messages in the strangest ways.

~Barbara Blodgett



The Ghostly Sea Captain

It had been a long day. It was late. I was tired and very anxious to get home so that I could crawl into bed. I had driven this route home for more than 11 years and needed only to put my subconscious into autopilot to find my way home.

The lights of the city soon began fading in the distance behind me. As I turned off of the main highway leaving behind a steady stream of lights, I found myself enveloped in darkness.

“Halfway home now” I told myself as luring visions of my bed came over me again. As I turned around a corner my eyes were drawn to my rear view mirror and I caught a glimpse of an old sea captain sitting in the back seat of my car. My first thought was - I don’t recall seeing anyone there when I got into the car, and if there was, how could I miss that.

To assure myself my mind was playing tricks on me, I quickly turned the interior light in the car on and off and of course, no-one there. I then realized that I had seen the captain before in our house and therefore he must have come to tell me something.

Just as this thought appeared in my mind, I noticed two deer off to the side of the road. I immediately slammed on my brakes for fear that they might jump in front of my car. To my relief, they turned and ran back through the field and into the darkness from which they had come. I was thankful for the warning and a peace came over me as I realized that the captain was with me and watching out for me.

~Tricia McGreevy

A Grandmother Angel

My husband's Grandmother once told him she would always watch over his first-born son. Our son had not even been a gleam in our eyes yet. However, she was a woman of her word.

Something happened when my son was 2 years old that reminded us of her promise. We had a storage space above a closet in our house, which had 12-foot ceilings. My husband was up on the ladder and reaching for a bag of shelf brackets that look like the letter "L" that were exceedingly heavy. The "L" brackets must have weighed at least 1½ - 2 pounds each, and they were the largest you can purchase. My husband did not realize that the bag was torn and the metal "L's" tore through the bag, clattering to the floor.

I had been in the kitchen when I heard the shout from him to "Come quick!" I ran into the room and what I saw indeed made me believe in a Grandmother's promise kept from the great beyond.

My husband, up on the tall ladder, was looking down at our son, who had not any idea of what danger he had been in, standing perfectly still in a perfect circle of the shelf "L's" as if he had been holding an umbrella. To this day I still have strong emotions when I think of that day.

A promise is a promise. Thank you, Grandma Minnie.

Lissa B.



A Birthday Balloon

The recent story of the feathers reminded me of the way my mother let us know that she was all right. In January of 1985 my mother was diagnosed with lung cancer that had spread into her bones. It had taken hold in places that were inoperable, and was so extensive that no treatment of any kind would help. She was only given six weeks to live.

She stayed on with us for nearly four more months, getting everything in order in spite of the tremendous pain she was in. During her last months her 68th birthday came

along, and we had gotten her a heart-shaped Mylar balloon that had "Love" written on it. That balloon stayed in her room until the day she passed, April 16th.

Mylar balloons were a fairly new thing in 1985. We had no idea how long they could last, but last this one did. Every time it would start to drop lower from the ceiling, we would cut just a little of the ribbon off that was tied to it and it would float right back up to the ceiling.

Two months after her passing, a friend of my brother's and mine, Kathy, was over, and we were telling her about the life my mother had led and that she did not believe in death. Kathy was skeptical, as she had been raised in a pretty mainstream Christian church. That is when the balloon started walking on the tips of its heart across the ceiling, down the hall and to the door of the bedroom in which my mother had passed away. It then lowered down nearly two feet, went through the door and came to rest right above the bed where she had lain. There were no ceiling fans running nor was the house's air-conditioning on. Our friend Kathy was really spooked and left.

That Mylar balloon lasted and stayed in that bedroom all the way to Christmas. It was great knowing that there is more to life than what we can see.

Ted A. Shields



Blue Eyes

The air was dense, and I felt the stench of the inner city invade my nostrils. It was almost seven o'clock in the evening as I pulled into the hospital parking lot. I sighed as I tried to prepare my psyche for another twelve hours in the emergency room in the center of the red light district of Toronto. I had been feeling discouraged with the bitterness and hopelessness that I encountered everywhere I turned.

I had always tried to make a difference in people's lives as I touched their spirits momentarily during the time they were seeking treatment for their ailments. I quickly took the patient reports from the nurse that was just finishing her shift. As usual every stretcher was full, and I could hear swearing in the distance. Quickly I checked my side of the corridor. Noticing an empty IV bag, I slipped into the patient's room to change it, barely glancing at the still form in the bed.

"You have a lot of pain in your eyes." Startled, my eyes focused on a man so gaunt that he was barely more than a skeleton. But his ugliness in the face of death faded into the background as I looked into the bluest eyes I had ever seen. His perceptive

remark brought tears to my eyes. I found myself talking to him about my innermost heartaches.

We shared something beautiful and as I left to continue racing around to meet everyone's dilemmas, I realized that he had made a difference in my life. I felt a humbleness that I had not felt for a long time. A weak, dying man in the face of AIDS had placed his soul around me as he saw my pain. About an hour later as I was walking down the hall, I noticed the porter taking him up to his room. Our eyes met once again and I felt that connection that one only feels a few times in their lifetime.

As the stretcher stopped momentarily, he stretched out his hand and clasped mine. No words were spoken. Unexpected peace filled that huge space in my heart. I blinked away the tears as I realized that I would never see this man again. What an unexpected blessing in the midst of drugs, sociopathic personalities, transvestites, child prostitutes, and every other unimaginable scenario. The total emptiness that filled the eyes of many of the patients had filled my heart with cynicism, but this beautiful spirit in the midst of all this ugliness had filled me with a hope for mankind that I thought I had lost forever. I smiled and whispered "Thank you" to the angels.

Rose Hutson



My Baby Angel

It was in early November 1974, and I was 9 months pregnant with my first child. This day it was raining very hard and I had to go to town, which was 30 miles each way. The road I had to take was not the best; it had narrow bridges passable for one vehicle at a time, and no shoulder in many areas.

It was early afternoon and I was on my way back home. One of the narrow bridges I had to cross was on a curve that was right before a hill. As I got close to this bridge I slowed down, but I could not see anything for the heavy rain. As I started to cross the bridge, I heard a baby cry. I knew it was my unborn baby because she was kicking a lot.

As I traveled a bit further on the bridge, a large cement truck was coming down the hill and crossing the bridge also. I couldn't stop, so I closed my eyes and prayed, and my angel let the truck and I cross the bridge that was only wide enough for one vehicle at the same time.

I thank God and my angel for taking us safely to the other side. I just knew the truck was going to crash into me.

Patricia Camacho



Angel at the Intersection

It was the summer of 1960, and I had just purchased a new Oldsmobile Cutlass. This was the first new car I had ever owned, and I was so proud of it that I couldn't wait to show it off to my brother-in-law who was a master mechanic. He drove it and said it ran perfect.

On my way home, I had to cross a major six-lane intersection. The traffic light was red for me, so I stopped. However, when the light turned green and I stepped on the gas to proceed, the car stalled.

I couldn't believe it! As I sat there trying to start the car again, a car came barreling thru the intersection and ran what was a red light for him. Had I been able to go when my light changed I would have been hit right at the drivers' door with a tremendous impact — an impact that I'm sure could have killed me. As soon as that car passed, my car started right up and never stalled again. *Now* ask me if I believe in Guardian Angels.

J.R. Zito

P.S. I do!



Angels on the Wing

Back in the early 70's my (now ex-) wife and I were blessed with the birth of our firstborn child, a daughter. Right from the start there were medical problems for our daughter, culminating with – at the tender age of two years old - a diagnosis of medullablastoma, which is a fatal brain tumor. Needless to say, we were totally devastated.

After a few more hospitalizations following the removal of her tumor (and subsequent radiation therapy), the decision was made by both the medical staff and us to just keep her home, as there did not seem to be much more that anyone could do for her. She did manage to have some up periods, and some not-so-up periods, spanning 4 or 5 years. Her overall living capabilities declined; she lost her sight and most of her hearing, and spent the better portion of the final year of her life bedridden and in diapers.

She spent a majority of that time in her room, which was located in a corner of our house at the time. What was fascinating about her room was a tree, right outside of her window that rose up quite a few feet above the roof of the house. There were various times where our daughter might be having a tough go of things, and we would notice that - as if by magic - a gathering of birds would be there, almost as if only for her, and within seconds all seemed right for her in her world.

We really started to take notice when these birds seemed to arrive at various times of the day or night; it truly did not matter. There were some days where our daughter was doing quite well, and the birds would show up. She would lay there, listen intently and then start to giggle, and with the giggling the birds would start to chirp and peep louder and louder, as if there was some sort of conversation or even party atmosphere. It did seem odd to us at the time; to have birds visit one tree, so very often — and at so many varied times during the day, rain, snow, or shine.

In January of 1982 she was taken from us on a cold winter morning, with me (her daddy) holding her hand tightly as she left. While that is a memory that will never leave, there is another fascinating part to all of this.

The night before she passed, it had snowed a little. We had noticed that the birds had not been around for quite awhile, which for our section of the country would not be considered that odd. Later that morning, as the funeral home was taking her body back to the home for preparation for her wake, my father-in-law and I were outside, doing busy work, sweeping and shoveling walks. We just had to remain busy.

Suddenly he nudged me, pointing to the tree: There were more bird's right then than anyone had ever seen! As he and I stared at them, they became totally silent. One little bird chirped from way in the back; it sounded like "Bye-bye, Daddy." Then the entire flock started to take off - in a very slow, amazingly beautiful spiral, upwards - in perfect order, not any of them making a sound... and disappeared behind the clouds. They were taking her home.

There was never a bird seen in that tree again for the remaining years we were in that house.

Alan Kasper



Our Special Angel

I read your letters all the time, and I wanted to tell you a story about what happened at my father-in-law's funeral.

My sister-in-law was having such a hard time at the funeral; she just didn't want to let her dad go. We all tried talking to her and consoling her, explaining that he was in a better place now and not in pain anymore. (He had cancer and was in a lot of pain the last few days of his life.)

Well, at the gravesite her little granddaughter came, and she wasn't anymore than 4 or 5. She'd seen my sister-in-law crying and so unhappy. She walked up to her, looked at her, and told her not to be unhappy anymore, that her dad was very happy now and was doing fine because she'd just seen him and he had wings and was flying up to heaven!

God Bless,

Lee



Answer From God

When my son was 3 years old, a family friend sexually abused him. One night, at about ten o'clock, it hit me hard what had happened. With my son in bed asleep and myself being the only other person in the apartment, I started crying uncontrollably and praying.

After three hours of crying and praying non-stop, I *felt* a hand stroke my hair and I *heard* a man's voice say, "It's going to be okay, little girl." It could have been an angel, but I felt then and still today feel very strongly that it was God, Himself, answering my prayer right then.

I felt a sudden inner peace, and could not only sleep that night but was able to carry on with my life, and, with God's continuous help, raise my son to the wonderful young adult he is today.

When people ask me if I believe in miracles, my only answer can be "Yes!" because I know first hand. I also know that God does indeed hear and answer prayers.

C.H.



My Mom's Comfort

My mom died on April 21, 2001. It was sudden and traumatic, but also brought my sister and me even closer (if such a thing could be possible). We brought away as much stuff of hers as we could, but she was in Florida and we are in Massachusetts.

Mom and I started a tradition 25 years or more ago of exchanging a special Christmas ornament each year. It made Christmas decorating so much fun. She also had a beautiful manger scene that I kind of took before she moved to Florida; she said she planned on giving it to me anyway!

A year ago last August I moved to hopefully my last home. As I was putting stuff away, I discovered that all of my ornaments had been stolen from my storage bin at the other apartment. I was devastated! They had so much meaning, but I let it go. I thought, "Well, at least I have the manger scene left." However, as I looked through my things further, all that remained was the actual manger, but all of the statues were gone!

I was heartbroken! My last item of Mom and Christmas, and I started to cry. I still had not unpacked everything, so there were taped-up boxes piled everywhere. I walked into the kitchen and there, on top of a taped box, was a manila envelope. Inside were old report cards of my sister and me from elementary school and also (I don't remember saving these) a half dozen different cards Mom had sent to me. The most cherished of these was a card she had written to me when my life was in total chaos, and she wrote about how proud she was of me and how far I had taken and changed my life.

I have no idea where this envelope could have come from, and as I was the only one doing the unpacking I knew it was Mom letting me know that everything was alright, and not to be upset over the material things because I still had her love and support. I sometimes awake in the morning and feel as though someone is in my apartment, but it is a very comfortable feeling.

Marjorie Allard
Lowell, MA



Lilacs

My mom passed away 24 years ago. We had lilac bushes in our yard when I was a kid that Mom loved, so whenever we smell lilacs, we know she is near.

My younger sister has been having some trouble with depression. Her fiancé moved out to give her time to get better, which didn't help! My 12-year-old niece is kind of being swept aside. She is also experiencing trouble with her Mom sick and father figure leaving, as her Dad isn't a big part of her life.

On one particular evening, we were returning to my house after long day with having my sister out and busy. My daughter, niece and I just walked into my house, and it was like walking into a huge lilac bush. The smell was *very* strong. Mom's spirit was dark and by my table in the dining area, and as soon as my niece walked in, Mom's spirit whooshed right up to her and "hugged" her. She was scared at first, and the lilac smell stayed with us for about half an hour. After awhile my niece was "thrilled" to know that her Grandma was around, and looks forward to smelling lilacs again!

Ruthann



My Aunt — My Angel

I'm writing about an experience I had from a near fatal car accident in June of 1995. I was unconscious for about ten days, and at one point it seemed like the light was the brightest I've ever seen only it didn't hurt my eyes at all. It seemed as if I were standing on clouds, and there in front of me were the "Golden Gates."

Standing there in front of the gates, dressed in a long white gown and wearing angel wings, was a favorite aunt of mine who had died a few years earlier. I remember being more afraid than I have ever been in my entire life. She came over to me and touched me on my shoulder and said, "Fear not child, you're going to be fine," and just like that, I wasn't afraid anymore!

I believe in what I experienced, but my husband said that the only reason I think I saw what I saw was because the doctors in the hospital had me heavily medicated on morphine! I *do* know better!

Linda Lingle



My Grandmother's Goodbye

I never believed in angels until the angel of my Grandmother visited me. I was 14 years old at the time, and very close to my Grandmother.

Our church was having a week long Revival, and after the Sunday evening service I had seen my Grandmother holding her chest as if she was in pain. I begged my Mother to let me spend the night with my grandparents — I wanted to make sure I was there if she needed me. My Mother said no since I had school the next day.

After being asleep that night for several hours, I woke up hearing my Mother's voice saying "Look who's here to see you." I looked up and saw my Grandmother, but she seemed only spirit-like. She said, "Nancy, I've come to say goodbye." I asked her, "Grandma, could I go home with you?" and she replied "Not right now, but someday." Then she was gone.

I had gone back to sleep and didn't think anymore about it until the next morning, when my uncle came over to our house before school; he said that he needed my Mother's work phone number so he could call her about my Grandmother's passing.

At the age of 14 I didn't understand why this had happened, but I know now that it was my Grandmother's way of telling me that "Everything would be okay." She and I were very close, and I know that she didn't want to "leave" without saying goodbye.

Nancy Smith
Owenton, KY



Signs from Bonnie

I am a private sitter with the elderly and also hospice patients. I have had many wonderful experiences with my patients, but there is one that was exceptional.

I had sat with this lady for several months. When it became evident that her time was near, she was turned over to hospice. We worked with her to make sure she was saved. She finally asked for forgiveness and salvation a few days before she passed. On the night that she passed, before she went unresponsive, I asked her - that if it was at all possible - to let me know everything was okay after she was gone.

As the funeral home was taking her out, they passed under a light on the wall, and it blew out. We all just looked at each other with our mouths agape and said, "That's Bonnie."

Well, on the day of the funeral I was waiting at the end of my road waiting for another sitter. All of a sudden, thousands of yellow butterflies surrounded my car. When the other lady got there she was truly amazed. I said that it was just Bonnie again letting me know she was okay. I felt such peace and love. I knew she was in Heaven and that everything was all right.

Thanks, Bonnie.

Marsha W. Mathieu



The Hot Air Balloon

My son died 10 years ago this month from a terminal illness, and we received the dreaded phone call in the early morning.

After the initial shock and sobbing, I took my coffee outside and sat on our deck. Five minutes later, a very colorful hot air balloon flew up and over our house. I knew it was my son, saying goodbye on his way to God. We never saw another hot air balloon in this neighborhood.

Karol Latta



Vacation Angel

I have a story that I honestly believe is a true angel story.

When my son was 6 years old (he's 15 now), my best friend took him to Mexico on vacation with her and her friends. Later my friend told me that they were traveling on a very narrow road that was a wall of stone on one side and a big drop-off on the other side. They could see, in the distance, a truck coming towards them. This road, according to my friend, wasn't wide enough for both vehicles to pass, and there was nowhere to pull to the side. This was a large truck that wasn't supposed to be on that road.

The only two people awake in the car were my friend and the driver, and they instantly started praying because there was nothing else to do. They just *knew* that they would be hit. She told me that as that truck passed them, it was just like a part of the truck passed inside her car.

After this occurred, they stopped the car and the two of them had a huge cry of relief and thanks. My son was lying in the backseat in a position where he probably would have lost his head. I truly believe that God sent His angels to watch over my son and his traveling companions. We serve an *awesome* God. I truly enjoy reading all the angel stories and felt like sharing my own.

In His Love,

Tammy Sweeney (SC)



Watching Over Me

A few years back, my long-term boyfriend, his Mom and me took a trip to Florida to see my sister. We were also making this trip to do something nice for his Mom, as she never has been out of the state: We were taking her to meet her cousin who lived about one and a half hours from my sister's house.

On the way back (her cousin never met up with us) we were driving, and as is normal in Florida it suddenly started to pour. It was very hard to see even two feet in front of our car. I was saying to myself, "I'm having a hard time seeing," and just then I heard something in my head say "*Pull over!*" With that I said, "I'm pulling over," and did.

We waited a few minutes and the rain let up some, but not very much. I began driving, when all of a sudden this big "Yield" or "Detour" sign flew across the road right in front of our rental car! I couldn't believe my eyes. I thought, "Oh my God! If we hadn't have pulled over, that sign would have come through just as we were passing this

spot and it would have ripped through the passenger side and more than likely had a fatal effect for my boyfriend and possibly me."

Right then I just knew that we were being watched over, and that I was told to pull over to save us from an accident. I can still see the sign blowing fast across the front end of the car. I thank God for our warning and blessing. This was just more proof for me that angels are indeed real and that we are watched over. Thank you for letting me share.

Annette
New Bedford, MA



A Personal Visit to Save My Cousin

Several years ago, I woke up to see my Aunt standing at the foot of my bed. I recognized her because she was wearing the same style of dress she always wore when she was here on earth, and the color was her favorite. My Aunt said just two words to me about one of my cousins: "Warn Matthew." She then left, but returned the following night with more urgency in her voice: "*Warn Matthew!*"

The following day, I spoke to my friend Tatia and explained what had been happening, and she said that I had to get the message to my cousin as quickly as possible. However, I didn't know how to get in touch with him, so I contacted his sister and asked her to have him to call me ASAP.

When Matthew rang me I said to him, "Matthew, I don't know what is happening, but your Mother has appeared to me with a message of some urgency, telling me to warn you." I passed on my Aunt's message and left it at that.

A few days later I found out that Matthew had delayed a trip to Dunedin (600 km) away, and more importantly, while he was on PD and was topping trees prior to them being felled, he suddenly looked down to where 100 feet below him someone was about to put the chainsaw to the foot of the tree. Luckily Matthew was given sufficient time to call out and let the worker know he was atop and managed to get down in safety before the worker who was unaware that he was even up the tree continued with his job.

You never know when angels are about, and if you "think" you are being given a message for yourself or someone then you should act upon it at the earliest opportunity, because like me, you may be given the opportunity to save someone's life.

With love and hugs from me and all the angels,

Heather



A Visit from a Godfather Angel

I have been saying that I was going to send this ever since I read my first mailing of your newsletter, and finally I have sat down to write it!

I am the mother of three children: Joshua, Jayma, and Julianna. It was July of 1991, and I was pregnant and expecting my second daughter. We knew it was a girl because of my difficult pregnancies and the need for ultrasound monitoring, and we were happy to know which it would be so as to prepare for her. Also, due to the difficulties in delivery and my physical structure, we knew this child would be born Cesarean section, so it was scheduled for July 19th at eight o'clock in the morning.

Because we knew that I would need some recuperation, Jayma's Godfather (and Uncle) planned to come and stay with us for a few weeks and help me with the children while I got the baby settled in. This was great news, since he was known in the whole family for being a wonderful chef and we all loved him very much! He had planned to come down to our home 100 miles away early in the morning, in time for the birth, and meet us at the hospital.

Everything was packed and ready as we went to bed the night before. Our 7 year old son, Joshua, was asleep in his room as was our 26 month old daughter, Jayma, asleep in hers.

At 3:35 that morning, my young daughter came in from her little bed and woke me up to say that Uncle Mike was here. "Well now," we thought, "this is earlier than we expected!" So my husband and I got up and looked through the house for him — to no avail. So we took Jayma back up to her bed and explained that it must have been a dream. She said, "No Mommy! Uncle Mike was sitting on my bed and he told me, 'Don't worry, no matter what Little One, I will be here for you.'"

Just at that moment (about 4:00 AM) the telephone rang, and it was my husband's sister on the phone (Mike's wife). She said "I have terrible news! Mike just had heart failure and he's gone! Of course we cannot come now." She continued: "Can I ask you to go get the priest and go out to Mom and Dad's house to tell them the news?"

When we got finished with our sad conversation, we then called the doctor and the hospital and rescheduled the birth for sometime the next week for a second date the doctor planned (Julianna was born on Tuesday the 23rd). It was a terrible week, and all of

the details of that terrible night were forgotten until later — when I remembered what our little Jayma had said that night! She was visited by her Godfather Uncle Mike's Angel! I am sure of it. We know that he is in Heaven now.

Paula Rase



Mom's Guidance

I am a Palmist and have produced a TV show titled "Soul Mate Connections." I have tried for three years in vain to get it on national TV. I have talked to five agents who were all for it, but being psychic, I knew none of them would work out for me.

In February, I heard my Mother's voice while I was sleeping telling me to write a letter to 53 talent agencies in the L.A.-Hollywood area. My Mom died on Mother's Day last year, so I thought it was funny to hear her voice.

The next day I realized that "53" in numerology added together equals 8 (which represents prosperity and money), so I used the computer and found 53 agencies. I wrote them individual letters and made up 53 packets. In the first week, I heard back from seven with rejections, and the 8th one was a very well known, reputable agency on Wilshire Boulevard. They called me and asked for a demo tape of the TV show. I have high expectations that this is "the one" for me. I know that my "Angel" Mom pointed me in the right direction.

In Love and Light,

Myrna Lou Goldbaum
Palmist/Psychic/Author



Earth Angels Brought Me Back

In 1997, my niece Missy passed away at the age of 28 from liver cancer. She never drank, so this was a little strange to say the least.

In December 1999, I got very sick and I quit breathing. I was so scared when I first started having the breathing problem. By the time the rescue squad had left my house and was taking me to the emergency room, I was in a coma. Everything was tried to get me out of the coma. Missy was there, and I also saw the face of Jesus. They told me that I had to go back, that it was not my time.

I was in this coma for eight days. On the eighth day, my oldest daughter, Mashanda, came in and told me that she was pregnant. After that I came right out of the coma with no side effects. So I honestly had two guardian angels: Missy comforted me when I was in a coma, and God sent me my granddaughter to be with me to help me heal from my ordeal and my near brush with death.

I honestly believe that Missy knew that my little granddaughter would bring me back and make me very happy. I also have a nine-year-old grandson, and we are expecting again. God has let me see the loves of my life and spend time with them regularly, but to this day they have no idea what caused me to go into that coma.

Bobbie Blaylock



A Special Reassurance

I am blessed to have a dear Aunt who I've grown up with in a farming community in Iowa. She has mental retardation and lived with her parents (my grandparents) until they passed in the 80's. She now lives in a group home near me. We spend weekends together, and she enjoys playing with my little dog and my cat. She is very special to me.

My Aunt recently has had some health problems and possibly some small strokes, but she is maintaining. The episodes cause her to black out and have what appear to be seizures. We're all careful to watch so she doesn't fall as she doesn't know how to tell when she is having these episodes come on.

The group home called my Father (her brother and guardian) recently to report about another blackout. My dad took the information to heart, but knows that this will happen more and more and thanked them for helping her. The group home staff then told him that when my Aunt came to, the first thing she said was, "I saw my Mama and Dad." What a reassurance in God! He is watching over her, and my Grandparents are waiting for their special daughter.

Beth



Help When Needed

Nearly thirty years ago I was very sick. It was certain that smoking cigarettes was having a negative affect on my health, but I just didn't have the willpower to quit.

One night I was contemplating all of this and thinking of how my life would likely end soon if I didn't quit. I even thought to myself that this would be fine, since my life hadn't been so great up to then anyway. I had recently escaped from an abusive marriage, and although I felt good about having safely escaped, I was very tired from the illness and weary from the sad marriage.

My thoughts then seemed to evolve into a bit of a conversation with a higher being, and I remember thinking, "Well, if I am meant to live, please show me a sign." This was the only time I had ever asked for something like this. Well, it wasn't more than thirty seconds later when the most brilliant and largest shooting star gleamed slowly across the night sky. This sign was both timely and effective, and I just could not deny it.

As a result, I did quit smoking. Even with my sign, it was one of the most difficult things I've ever done in my life, but my sign kept me going. Here I am now thirty years later — a very high energy and happy person!

I very much admire everyone who has quit smoking without having a sign from God, but I am so very thankful to have received my sign when I asked for it. I thank my guardian angel for hearing me and helping me out!

Diane Louise Jung
Bloomington, Indiana



How Angels Helped My Mom Cross Over

I know there are many unbelievers out there, but so help me, this is true.

My mother was lying in the hospital in a coma. The doctor had told us it was a matter of days or maybe hours. Mom had been a strong Christian woman all her life. My Dad died of heart disease when he was 47 years old and Mom was five months pregnant

with their seventh child. I never had the chance to know my Dad, as I was only two-and-a-half years old when he died.

While Mom lay in a coma for four days, I wouldn't leave her side. I sat by her bed, trying to talk to her and hoping she could hear me. I only left her to go to the cafeteria and have one meal with my oldest son Joe, who was insistent and very worried about me. I kept telling my whole family that I was fine, that I wasn't staying there on my own power, that I was being carried and cared for by God and His Angels. Nonetheless, they were still concerned about my health, which is quite poor, but I could feel myself being carried. I could not have walked that long hallway to go to the bathroom by myself.

I went home two or three times to grab a quick shower and always went right back to the hospital. I had no need or desire to eat for that four day period, but my family couldn't understand this. I had told Mom that I wouldn't leave her as long as she stayed with me.

When it came to be her time to go, I had asked God to send my Dad and my many loved ones who had gone on before to come and take her home. Mom had not made a move on her own in four days. The nurses had moved the other lady who was sharing the room bed and all out after her doctor made his last visit to her room, and with tears in his eyes told us to call the rest of the family in as she was down to her final minutes.

My son Joe and his wife were there, and they went to call everybody else. My oldest sister and her husband were there also. After my son and his wife came back in the room, there were only the five of us there with Mom.

All of a sudden, the room felt extremely crowded, but I couldn't take my eyes off Mom. The wrinkles were falling off of her face. I felt arms urging me closer to her bed, and as I moved in closer, I was almost smothered by so many people in the room. Still, I couldn't take my eyes away from her.

Suddenly, she licked her lips two or three times, then opened her eyes and tried to raise up in bed twice, as though trying to reach up to someone I was unable to see. Oh, how I envied her!!! I think she was seeing Dad, Jesus and a host of angels who had come to take her home. Did I mention that Mom had been blind for many years from glaucoma? And her mouth was so dry from not taking in anything for over four days, there was no chance of earthly moisture left. I know the angels ministered to her as I watched, but I could only feel them. I wasn't permitted to see them.

Then she closed her eyes and it was over. Later on, I asked my son who had been in the room what he experienced. He simply said, "Did you feel them too?" Then he told me that while it had only been the five of us, he had felt the host of Angels also.

By the way, there was no one standing behind me to urge me closer to Mom. No one that could be seen, anyway, but I know what I felt! I felt so strongly that I was on

Holy Ground that I had to kneel and give thanks to God for giving me this experience. I will take it to my grave, and I can only pray that God will give me many more.

Mrs. Emily Hopkins



Mary Lou

My friend Mary Lou had many years of ill health, and the last year was the worst. I would go and hold her hand or sometimes sing to her, hoping that she would know I was there, as she was not responsive most of the time. On those rare occasions when she did open her eyes, it would only be a blank stare.

As fate would have it, I was out of town recently when her family decided to let her go by taking her off of the machines that were keeping her alive. Her body was shutting down, and the doctors said that there was nothing more that they could do for her.

My son had called me on Wednesday to tell me that her funeral services would be that Friday. Later that Friday after the services, we walked into an antique store which was many miles from home. As we entered, we heard the song, "Hello, Mary Lou" start to play. This was one of her favorite songs, and I right then knew that she was telling me that she was okay and happy.

I'll always miss you, Mary Lou.

Maxine Bracken



My Angel Sister

I am the youngest of five children. One of my sisters died when I was a young mother. Alice and I were the closest of sisters, and I cherished her more than I can explain. She died at only 35 years of age and left three children behind. I grieved for her so deeply that I was literally ill from it. The years passed by and the grief never left. It was affecting my life in a very hurtful way.

One night when I had her on my mind and was crying myself to sleep, I awoke to a bright light in our bedroom in the middle of the night. The light was brilliant but soothing, and as I gazed at the light my sister appeared right before my eyes! She was standing in the middle of the light with a breeze blowing her long red hair. She wore a gown type dress of white and was so beautiful it took my breath away. She spoke to me: "Little sister, don't grieve for me, I am so happy in paradise." I tried to wake my husband who is a very light sleeper, but he wouldn't budge no matter how much I shook him.

Just then, the light started to dim and my beloved sister faded backwards into the light and disappeared. Suddenly my husband woke up and said, "Where is that light coming from?" I calmly said, "Sweet Alice came to see us." He saw the light in the room before it completely faded away, and he felt the glow of warmth.

We sat up the rest of the night in awe, so peaceful and thankful that God graced us with her visit. I never grieved for her again, because I know she is truly in Heaven.

Sally King
Deltona, FL



An Angel's Promptings

I have an angel story I've been wanting to tell for years. I'm glad I finally have someone to listen.

In 1990 my husband and I lost our jobs and were asked to move out of our rented house. The only place we had to go was to the next town where we moved in with my sister and her family. Soon after this my husband left me and moved to another state.

Some friends of mine, that we used to live next door to, asked me to come spend the weekend with them and attend church. I decided that was a good idea. It would give me some new surroundings for a couple of days and give my sister and her family some time alone, so I went. On Sunday morning we got up and went off to church just as planned.

After church we came home and had dinner and took a nap before time to go back to evening services. While I was in my room reading I had this overwhelming feeling I was supposed to go home to my sister's house. I tried to shake it off but it just wasn't going to leave me. I went into the kitchen where my friend was fixing the evening meal

and talked to her and the feeling just persisted. Finally I told my friend not to fix me anything to eat because I had to go home. She threw a fit because I had told her I had nothing to do and I could stay until Monday. I told her about this overwhelming feeling I was having and she got all concerned and told me maybe I should listen to it, that the Lord often tells us things this way. So I got my overnight bag and off I went on home.

When I pulled up in front of my sister's house my nephew came running out of the house saying, "Am I ever glad to see you! Mom really needs you. I don't know what is wrong with her. I am afraid she has overdosed on her anti-depressants." I ran into the house to find my sister sitting on the couch just staring off into space. She could not hear nor see anyone or anything. I asked my nephew where his dad was at and he said they had gotten into an argument and he had gone storming out of the house. I decided to give him 10 minutes and if he wasn't home I would take my sister on to the hospital.

Luckily my brother-in-law walked in about that time. Together we took my sister to the hospital. They started to work on her immediately. After what seemed like forever the doctor came out saying physically she would be okay but she would have to stay in the mental ward for a few days. He said she was suffering from severe depression. He also said if we would have been 15 minutes later bringing her in she probably would have died.

I thank God everyday for sending an angel with the message for me to go on home. So does my sister. She is fine now. She is still suffering from depression but has it under control now. My sister often tries to give me credit for saving her life but I have often told her I was only a tool in the work of God. His angel told me to go home to her.

Bernice Morrow
Terre Haute, Indiana



My Angel, Dustin

I had the most extraordinary thing happen to me. I have Multiple Sclerosis and I have good days and bad days. This day was not a great one for me, walking wise. But, as usual, I trudged on and did the best that I can.

Well, I did my usual thing of feeding the stray cats around 6:00pm. After I fed them, I realized that I still had to bring in the garbage pail, which was down by the street.

My driveway is downhill towards the street, and the house is about 50 feet from the street. Although I wasn't feeling great, I figured I might as well bring it back to the garage. Getting to the street was an effort, but I got to the street and stopped to rest a minute.

Just then, a small pickup truck came around the curve and swerved to my side of the street and stopped. There was a young guy and he asked if I needed help bringing the pail back to the house. At first I declined, but then figured I could use the help and accepted. He brought it back to my garage, and I said I'd put it back in place. He said his parents lived in my subdivision and that he grew up there. He asked when the garbage pickup was (I told him once a week on Thursday mornings), and offered to bring the pail back on Thursday afternoons. I declined his generous offer, but was still awestruck at his offer. He told me his name was Dustin.

I went inside, still overcome with Dustin's generosity and helpfulness. I thanked God. Afterwards, I thought it odd that he was dressed in clean white pants and a white shirt. I don't offhand remember the logo on the truck, but I think it was Terminix or something like that. How many guys do you know of in their mid to late 20's who can, after a full day of work, manage to keep their white clothes white and free of stains? (heck, I know I couldn't). What was even stranger was that he ended up turning around and drove out of my subdivision, away from where he said his parents lived. All I know in my heart is that I was touched by an angel. I just had to pass this story on.

A follow-up:

The Saturday following the incident, I was overcome with curiosity in finding where Dustin's parents lived. I drove around my subdivision, but could not find any street of the name he told me. So, I drove back home. In my living room, I have a blessed bible that I laid my hand on and, half jokingly, I said "okay God, I guess you don't want me to find him". It was at that moment, I got the distinct smell of flowers, even though I had none present and the windows were closed. That told me enough and I got the message loud and clear. (and it brought a smile to my face).

Rosemaria



My Grandpa Angel

On Jan. 23, 1986 my Grandpa left us to be with our Heavenly Father. Never before or after has there been a better man. He was my hero! We buried him on Jan. 27, 1986. He and his brother both died the same day and we waited to bury my Grandfather until after his older brother.

In my younger days I was not a good person, and while we were at the graveside services I looked up and noticed that there was a Sheriff's officer standing in the entrance of the cemetery. Something inside me told me that he was there because of me, so I told my sisters that I wanted to leave ahead of the rest of the family. We did and as soon as we was out of sight of the cemetery the officer pulled us over, my sisters were complaining that this was a really bad time and that couldn't the officer just leave us alone. I told my sisters that this was something that I needed to do and that I wanted to get it over with before my Grandmother and my Mother came by and seen me being arrested. So I told my sisters goodbye and went with the officer.

Two days later I was in court on a violation of probation charge. I had the worst lawyer on earth! Even the DA would turn around and look at him when he should have said something, but needless to say he did nothing. I was sentenced for 2 years in prison! I thought that my life was over! I went back to my cell that night and hit the floor on my knees, crying. All at once I felt this calming force come over me and I knew in just a second that is was my Grandpa, I could hear his voice telling me that everything was going to be alright in the end. Not only could I hear him but I felt his arms around me and I could smell his scent all around me in that cell. I don't know how long I sat there like that with him comforting me but God knew that I needed some strong support at that point in my life and he sent the one person that I needed the most!

I only spent 3 months and 3 days in prison until I made my parole. Everyone that was there said that most girls that only stay that short of time end up coming back, but I have been out for nearly 19 years and I haven't ever gone back to that part of my life. I am the proud mother of four great children and proud Nana to all of my Grandchildren! I have never gone back to prison and I do not ever expect to again. God willing!

I believe in Guardian Angels and I thank God for sending mine in my darkest hour!

Pam – a reader from Texas



My Angel Kaleigh

Hi, my name is Suzanne and I am the Mom of three girls. My oldest is 16, my middle daughter is 7 and my baby is named Kaleigh. Kaleigh was sadly stillborn at 38 weeks in October of 2002. As a Mother I have to tell you, this was the hardest thing that I have ever lived through! For the first few months after Kaleigh's birth/death I thought I was going to loose my mind. I couldn't eat couldn't sleep it was awful! I cried all the time. During this time I started sleeping with my middle child for comfort and to make sure that nothing bad happened to her too. I had fallen into a fitful sleep and suddenly I woke up and directly over my head was the most beautiful sight I have ever seen! Floating there was this shape shining in all the colors of the rainbow, the colors were very bright but, it was not hard to look at them. I knew it was Kaleigh and that she had come to show me how beautiful she was and that she was Ok and would always be near us. I woke up the next morning and finally felt at peace with my beautiful daughter's death. I will miss her every day but, knowing that she is Ok and that I will be with her again one day gives me the strength to go on.

I'd also like to tell you about the necklace that I received the Christmas after she died. My two girls and I were at the hospital on December 31 of 2002 as I was having blood work done to determine if I had any medical conditions that may have caused Kaleigh's stillbirth. My Girls had given me a charm necklace for Christmas and it had all of their birthstone charms on it. The charms looked like stick figures of children and the body of each was the birthstone the represented each child. My oldest is a diamond, my middle child is emerald and Kaleigh's stone is pink. They were in that order when I put the neck less on. Well, when we were at the hospital my daughter said "Mom, why are the charms out of order?" I looked down at the necklace and sure enough they were not in order. Kaleigh's was now in the middle and the little stick arms were in front of each of my living children's charms. OK, this was really messing with my Spence of logic so I took the necklace off and there was no way they could have moved by themselves, it was physically impossible for them to cross over each other and I had not removed the necklace since I put it on Christmas morning. I like to think that Kaleigh was responsible for it and the she was showing me that she would always be protecting her sisters. Thank you again for using Kaleigh's story and I hope you will include this one as well, she is a very special little angel.

Thank you,

Suzanne Webster - Bedford, Virginia



The Flutter of Wings

The day ahead was a exciting one. We were going to the Christmas Bazaar, and oh so looking forward to it!

At the time I was babysitting two small girls for a friend. Each had their allowance and great plans about what to spend it on. At the bazaar, they had a child's table filled with gifts for Mom and Dad and kids at a quarter apiece. They also had a table where one could pick out whatever there was and to give whatever price they wanted. The girls were headed that way, and I just smiled as they made their choice. The little one fell in love with an Easter basket, and getting my nod walked away proud as can be.

After events were done, we left for the trip home. It was a beautiful day and only takes ten minutes to get home. Both girls sat in the back while I drove at a slow speed so we could enjoy the sun. The little one was so happy about her gift that she wanted to share it with me. She stood up to show me as I turned to tell her to sit because "We'll look at home." Unfortunately the basket hit me in the eye before I could say a word.

At that very second, I heard the wheel of the driver's side hitting a rough patch and knew right away I was headed for the deep canal ditches. At that very same moment, I heard a flutter of wings. Such a sound like no other, and immediately I was taken out of my body and watched as the car traveled so slowly down the ditch. The second the car stopped, I entered my body once more. My first thought was getting the children out of the car because we were on such an angle that I could see us sliding further down.

Now how this neighbor ever saw us no one knows, but there he was. Slowly the girls climbed up to him, with my turn next, and safely we crawled to the top of the road. We sat their for only a minutes, but that minute was used for a prayer of thank you.

My husband went to pickup the car with a tractor to get it out of the ditch. In my town they wonder how we ever survived because one small tree had stopped us from going upside down in the ditch of water. I told anyone who asked how we were that the flutter of wings from my guardian angel was with us that day, and how he so gently protected us with his strength. The sound of those wings will forever be a part of my life.

Donna



Call from Heaven

Dear Zsuzsana:

When my mother-in-law, Loretta, died of cancer last October 12, 2003, we were devastated by not only how fast she went, but by the way she'd given up. She was in fine spirits when she didn't know about the cancer, but as soon as she found out that she had cancer, she just gave up and relented to die. My sister-in-law did most of the care-taking (I have 5 herniated discs in my back), and I cannot thank her enough. We were not friends at all until this point where we were forced to be involved with each other. That is when she finally realized that I was a good person.

Just this past October 12, 2004, my phone made a "ding" sound as if it had been struck by lightning, but there was no storm outside. In fact, it was a beautiful day. I wondered if maybe there might be someone on the other end of that strange noise, so I picked up the phone and heard nothing but static, loud static. I thought maybe it was storming somewhere else and traveled through to my line, so I said "Hello."

A few seconds later, there was the distinct sound of my mother-in-law's shrill voice saying "Well, hello there!" I froze, then thought it was a joke of some sort. I said "Hello" again, but this time the static got so loud that I just hung the phone up. I then picked the phone up again to see if the dial tone was there or if the line was bad, but the dial tone was there loud and clear.

That's when I realized what day it was and that she was letting me know that she was fine. I called my sister-in-law right away and told her about it. She thought maybe Loretta was trying to contact us the only way she could while she was alive. She was pretty much disabled due to arthritis, and could only call us on the phone.

That was one of the weirdest days of my life.

Eve Marie Dennies
Chaffee, NY



Amarillo Angels

I took some friends (or so I thought) to Amarillo, Texas. My alternator went out on me as we got there. I stayed with them for about a week until they kicked me out and the only place for me to stay was in my car. I worked a few days hanging low ceilings and insulation in a school (and still slept in my car). The other workers were distant and not very friendly!

During this time, I met an old couple that would invite me into their home and eat a very big lunch with them everyday. My car (which I was still living in) was parked down the street from their house. How they knew that I needed help, I don't know! They had me over for lunch for a few days and I finally opened up to them and said that I would sell my car for a \$100 just to get out of Texas and get a bus ticket back home to Oklahoma.

The next day, a not very nice man, came to see my car and bought it. I had told him that all it needed was an alternator and wanted \$100. He kept saying \$75, so I sold a great car to get out of my predicament for \$75, enough to help get me back home! The old couple that fed me had taken me to the bus stop and paid the extra that I didn't have to get home. I hugged both the man and woman that had saved me! I had written them, but never heard anything from them.

I made it back through Amarillo one time and stopped by the same house where the couple lived who had helped me. The people who lived there said that the people I was talking about were their great, great, great grandparents from the 1800's and there was no way that I would have known of them. I described the couple, and they pulled out a book that showed their picture. I told them, "These were the people that fed me and befriended me." They replied, "That is impossible!" This is when I had decided that there is nothing IMPOSSIBLE!!!!

Brant



Always With Me

On August 21, 1987 my father was killed in an automobile accident. I was 11 years old and the oldest of 3 children (Girl, Boy, Boy). Even though my father had struggled with addictions to drugs and alcohol for the first 9 years of my life, I was always closest to him. After a six month stay in rehab, he was sober for the last 1-1/2 years of his life, my favorite time with him, simply because he was always with me.

The night he died, I was supposed to be in the car with him. At the last minute before he left, he sternly told me I was not going with him. This was unusual because he was never anything but kind and loving with me especially, even when I was bad. The last words I said to my father were "I don't love you anymore!". That haunted me for 2 years after he died. I could not let myself grieve, because I felt that I did not deserve to after being so terrible to him. Then the night before my mother remarried 2-1/2 years later, (something I was devastated about), I had the first of what have been several very influential dreams.

In that first dream, I was walking with him. He was wearing the suit he was buried in, and he had such an aura of peace and love around him that I physically felt it even as I was asleep. I remember in my dream telling him "Daddy I don't want to wake up, I wish that I could stay right here with you!". I'll never forget the look of pure empathy in his eyes as I dreamed those words. He tenderly held me for what seemed like hours. Finally, as he let go of me and pulled back, I could see the tears streaming down his face. He said, "Kristy, my sweet pumpkin, I am always with you, even when I was alive, I was always with you in spirit. You are a part of me that came from the love Mom and I had and always will have. The night that I said you could not go with me, I knew you did not mean it when you said you didn't love me. Even though I did not know what was going to happen to me, I knew that for some reason you could not come. God helped me to keep you where you belong for now with Mom and the boys. I will always be here sweetheart."

I woke up and to this day 15 years later, I still remember that the dream was so real to me because I physically felt his touch, even in my dream. There have been more dreams with Dad and in every one I awaken feeling that hug, so real, like he's still alive.

They always come when I need him the most, his way of letting me know that he's *always with me*.

Kristy Lynn Schmellick
Doylestown, PA



His Three Angels

My mother's brother recently passed away after spending over 40 years as a quadriplegic. My mother, a very devout Catholic, was at his side when he passed. He had been hospitalized in another province so I was unable to attend his final days. Upon returning home, my mother told me that my uncle had been hallucinating about having 3 angels in his room during his final hours. He kept asking her if she could see his angels and she kept replying that he was hallucinating from his medication. I was stunned when I heard what she had said to him. After all, my mother had been a very devout Catholic our whole lives - we didn't just go to church on Sunday, we went every day before school, we prayed the rosary most evenings, and we certainly believed that angels appeared at your final hour to take you home.

For several days after my mother had returned home I would find myself shaking my head and contemplating how she could have had such a lapse of faith that would make her tell my uncle he had been hallucinating. Day after day I found myself having conversations with myself, totally dumbfounded by her response. A few weeks later I

was awakened to find my uncle hovering over my bed with his 3 angels. They were in human form, but more perfect, and they were the most brilliant fluorescent white colour - you could never even imagine a white so brilliant. I knew my uncle and his angels had paid me a visit to confirm my belief.

Peggy Powers



The Blessing of an Angel's Grace

I was just a child and very afraid of thunderstorms at that time. During a particularly violent storm, I remember praying to Jesus to keep me safe. At that moment, I felt a figure sit down beside me on the bed and saw a man dressed in a white robe smiling at me. Immediately I was comforted, as though I were safely wrapped in a warm blanket. From a child's view I believed he was Jesus, but as I grew older I realized that this was my Guardian Angel. I have felt his presence many times in my life since, through pain and joy, and I know I am never alone.

I have never shared this story before now; the memory was just too precious to allow anyone to discount it. Those of us who have had the blessing of an angel's grace visited upon us have no doubt as to the validity of the experience, or the serenity of knowing miracles.

Deb Umstead
Watson town, PA



Get a Cap!

It was Christmas Eve in the mid 1980s. It was really cold, about 20 below zero and had been for several days. My husband and I were on our way to his sister's annual Christmas Eve party, but we had to stop first to get his mom some towels as at the last minute; she told us she wanted some for her gift. We had already gotten her gift, but decided to get the towels too. While I was waiting in line to pay for them, I noticed a table with stocking caps for 99 cents. I heard a voice say "Get a cap" so I turned around and saw no one in line behind me, so I ignored it. Then the voice came again only a little stronger! Still seeing no one else behind me I ignored it again. The voice came again, only really strong

this time. " Get A Cap!" So I said "Okay, I'll get a cap!" I'm sure that if the people in line ahead of me heard me say that, they must have thought I was nuts!

So we went to the party, had a good time, and started home. We got about 4 miles from home and our car went dead at the last stop light before home. We couldn't start it at all. It was 25 below zero now, with strong winds that seemed to cut right through, and the car just froze up. Luckily there was a phone just across the street, so my husband was going to go and try to call a friend. He had his coat and gloves, but he never wore a cap. Right before he got out of the car, I remembered the cap I had bought earlier that evening. He was very grateful for it!

It started to get extremely cold in the car now and I had left my gloves at my sister in law's house. I suddenly remembered that she had bought my husband some socks along with the other gifts. I grabbed 2 pair of them and used them as mittens. Then I started praying for help. I did not want to freeze to death that night! There was no one out that night, I guess they all were smart to not get out on a night like that.

All of a sudden a man in a red and white Ford truck pulled up beside me. My husband was still trying to phone a friend for help and I was a little hesitant to talk to him, but did anyway. He asked what the problem was, and as I was telling him, my husband came back and said he couldn't find anyone home to help. The man in the truck asked where we lived and I told him the subdivision name. That's all I told him. He said " I know right where that is, so I'll tow you there. I live right across the highway." This man hooked up the tow chain and took us right to our house! I had not told him which house or the address!

He pulled right into our driveway, and since he was in front of us, he had to drive into the yard to get out after he took off the tow chain. He would not take anything for helping us, he just wished us a merry Christmas and drove off through our yard.

We were so cold and went directly into the house where the phone was ringing. My sister in law was worried about us because it was so cold and she wondered if we had gotten home OK. So while I was telling her what had happened, my husband was looking out the front door with a very strange look on his face. He turned around and asked me to come look too. There were very deep ruts in the yard where the man had driven! It had been so very cold for so long that nothing should have even made a dent in the yard much less big ruts!

I truly believe that this man was an angel. He knew we would be in trouble that night so he told me to buy the cap, he took us right to our house even though neither of us had told him our address, and he left those ruts in the yard as proof for us to believe!

Brenda Thayer



Angel in the Clouds

My work schedule had changed from day shift to an evening shift for training purposes for one week. Instead of going in at 9:30 AM, I now was leaving my house at 4 PM.

On Monday, I stopped at the stop light by our stadium and noticed the cloud formations reflected in its windows. I thought at the time I would really like to stand across the street and take pictures of the reflections. The next day, Tuesday, no clouds.

On Wednesday, I had a particularly strange day as my computer monitor burst into flames in my home at 1:15 PM. If not for my training class, our home would have suffered serious damage. Luckily I was nearby, and the fire extinguisher was handy.

Driving into work that afternoon, I was thanking God for not letting our house burn. As I stopped at the light by the stadium, I saw the reflection of a perfect cloud angel in the stadium window. I called my husband on my cell to share this wondrous experience, still focusing on the window. He said, "Honey, I hate to burst your bubble, but look to your right. There are no clouds."

I did look to the right, and there were no clouds. Looking back to my left, the angel faded away. I looked at my clock and it was 4:15 PM. Just the experiences I had so far were enough to make me wonder. It all made sense when I called home to check my messages while on my first break. I had received a call at 4:15 PM from a very dear friend calling to tell me of a horrible fiery accident that claimed the life of one of our friends at 1:15 PM.

When we attended the funeral of our friend, I overheard her daughter saying, "Mama was really trying to reach out to us. My electrical power surged and went out at 1:15. So did Grandma's, and the same at her house."

I know that she reached out to me as well.

Kat Rich



Our Lady Angel

I lived in an old stone house with a big beautiful winding stairway. On this particular night, all my family was in the living room watching TV with me. It was a pretty special night, because earlier that week we had celebrated my 6th birthday and due to Dad's work schedule it was a very rare occasion for us all to be together at one time. The fireplace had a real nice fire, and we had all the lights turned out.

We were very intent on the TV when suddenly we all heard a strange sound coming from the stairs. It wasn't really a moan, or even a groan, I really don't know how to describe it, except that it was long and loud enough for all of us to hear and immediately get our attention.

As unbelievable as it still seems, there on the stairway landing was a woman, dressed in an old fashioned, white nightgown. She was very pretty and had long dark hair. She seemed to be speaking, but it was in a language we didn't understand. At least we thought no one understood it.

The lady stayed on the landing for at least a minute and even though it was quite dark, except for the fireplace, we could see her very clearly. Yes, I guess you could say she glowed. We watched in amazement and gradually the lady and her "message" disappeared.

Of course, we were stunned and as soon as we retrieved our wits, everyone began talking at once. My Dad, however, didn't say a word. He just looked at us all and was shaking his head. I remember his eyes seemed sad.

My Mother asked him what was wrong, what was he thinking? He answered very slowly. "I knew that woman, Honey. When I was in France during the war, I stopped into a little inn with a buddy of mine. We had just seen one of the bloodiest battles that we'd ever been in and were exhausted. This woman was the owner of the inn, and we struck up quite a conversation with her. It seems that our platoon had been responsible for saving her sons life and her little town and she wanted us to know how much she appreciated it. She gave us all we could eat and drink and a nice, warm comfortable place to sleep. I will never forget her kindness to two war-weary soldiers. I was told later that she was killed in an air raid and the little inn was destroyed."

I then asked, "Daddy, could you understand her? What was she saying??" Dad looked a long time at me and replied, " Yes, Diane, she was warning me and my family. She said there was going to be a terrible fire in this house and that we must be very, very careful."

As you probably can understand, we were all shocked, amazed and scared to pieces by his translation. The shock of it all lasted quite awhile, but as time went by, I put the "lady

visitor" pretty much out of my mind: that is until the following summer. My family and I had packed up and gone to Washington DC for our yearly vacation. After deciding to stay an extra day, we headed home. About 2:30 in the afternoon, we got to our town and turned down our street and we just sat there - in shock in front of our house, or at least the place our home used to be. It was a horrible site I'll never forget. There was almost nothing there and everything was charred and black.

It seems that about 12 hours earlier, a fire had started in our home, and there was nothing left but some of the old stones!! And here's a believe it or not. The landing where our "visitor" had stood was perfectly preserved!!

We all then realized, that had we been just one day earlier getting home, as we had planned, that we all would've been in that fire.

Could it have been our "lady" that had convinced us to stay *just one more day??* just as she had warned us about the fire? I certainly believe it was her.

I will always remember that night our "lady angel" came to us and the disaster that could've been.

And I will always thank God for *all* of His wonderful angels.

D.Yarbrough



Through My Children

My mother passed away when I was 15 and pregnant with my daughter, who is now a senior in high school. This was in 1986. When my mom passed away I was barely 10 weeks pregnant. When we went through her things in her closet after her passing, we found a baby scale, little girl baby booties and a very frilly dress, all brand new. (My mother always dressed me in frills as a little girl).

My mother's birthday was April 20, my daughter was born April 22. But this is only the first part of my story and how my mother lives through my children.

In 1997 I had a son, and from the time he was able to sit and watch TV and talk a bit he would take the picture of Grandma that I had on my entertainment center and sit it next to him during whatever he was doing. Some days Grandma would be watching TV. Other times she was at the dinner table with us and he would say Grandma is having dinner with me. Then one time he took the picture down the hall to his sister's room and said Grandma told me to put her picture in your room so she can make sure you are being good. He is 7 now and he tells me all the time how he misses her. He tells me that she's in his dreams and he talks to her at night.

I believe my angel came in the form of my children and although it is painful still to this day to not have her physically here with me, I feel her in my house daily through the presence of my children.

Jennifer- Newberg, Oregon



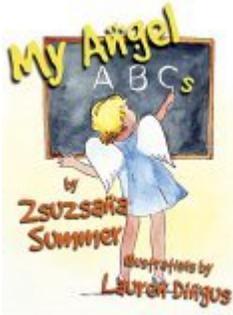
If you seek an angel with an open heart...
You shall always find one.
-Anonymous

[Angels Abound](http://www.arcanamatrix.com) is available in paperback at
www.arcanamatrix.com. 140 pages.

Zsuzsana Summer has worked professionally in the metaphysical field since the early 1990s, and she took her new age business on-line in 1999. She has several columns in world-wide syndication, including [AngelVoice](#) and [Tarotscope](#). Her book, **The Now Age: Demystifying Spirituality, the New Age and the Metaphysical** was released in early 2004, and her illustrated children's book, **My Angel ABCs** was released in Dec. 2004.

Zsuzsana lives in Whitby, Ontario, along with her life partner, 2 cats and a big, shaggy dog. She offers personal psychic and spirit readings as well as coaching for personal empowerment and spiritual growth in the New Age. Her books, readings and contact information are available at www.arcanamatrix.com

Please don't forget to check out



Immerse yourself in a delightful dance through the alphabet in the company of Angels, while sharing spiritual values, gentle life lessons and the wonder of angelic love. From the Angel of Art to the Angel of Zzzz's, with Goodness and Patience and Understanding in between, this host of angels from many cultures brings messages of love and goodness with each turn of the page. Preview [My Angel ABCs](#) and you will see why it is sure to be a treasured keepsake on every family's bookshelf. A wonderful tool for spiritual parenting and for everyday inspiration...*because children truly ARE our future...*

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