

Have you ever wondered what Angels really do? Follow two Angels, a seasoned veteran and a new recruit, as they work with their currently assigned human (a young woman) to assist her on her journey to enlightenment.

Angels In Action

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Angels In Action

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The Angels and events in this book are almost fictitious. Any similarity to real Angels, here or there, is not coincidental and is intended by the author.

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Table of Contents

Prologue	ix
Chapter 1: Angels in Argument.....	1
Chapter 2: Angels Checking Progress	13
Chapter 3: Angels Initiate a Plan.....	19
Chapter 4: Angels Try another Plan.....	31
Chapter 5: Angels Regroup	43
Chapter 6: Angels Add Some Spice.....	53
Chapter 7: Angels do a Systems Check	65
Chapter 8: Angels Assisting.....	75
Chapter 9: Angels Have another Challenge.....	91
Chapter 10: Angels do an Update in Fast Foreword	103
Chapter 11: Angels Work out Some New Strategies	111
Chapter 12: Angels are Excited	119
Chapter 13: Angels Forge Ahead	127
Chapter 14: Angels Hope for the best.....	137
Chapter 15: Angels Reminisce	143
Epilogue.....	149
About the Author	155

Prologue

In the main entrance corridor of Angelic Academy, a rather short and round Angelic Clerk was busy hanging a special notice on the huge bulletin board. He had already posted several other notices this morning for the Chief Clerk before he had to leave to attend his next class. This notice appeared to be quite different from the usual job postings. This one had come down from the Corporate Offices of the Archangels and had a gold frame around it. The notice was executed on a lovely parchment paper. You could tell from the elegant script that it had been penned in a perfect calligraphy and could only have been drawn by one of the artistic Angels at the corporate offices.

He had to muster all of his strength, take a very deep breath and flutter his wings strongly so that he could reach the middle of the bulletin board. That placement in the center of the board was certain to catch the attention of the larger and taller senior Angel students.

Just as he reached the center of the board, he accidentally dropped the pin that was to secure the paper to the board. He swooped down to grab the pin before it hit the marble floor and caught it just in time. For the second time, he drew in his breath, fluttered his wings and just barely managed to reach the bottom of the board. Deciding that this placement on the bottom of the board would have to do, he hastily pinned the gold edged notice to the bottom of the board right over several other notices. He turned and swooped right down the corridor almost crashing head first into the student coming around the corner. Both the clerk and the student simultaneously backed away

SHARON D. ANDERSON, PH.D.

from each other, apologized and continued on their separate ways.

Nigel Ignatius Pennyworth, a senior at the Academy, having just completed his very last exam before graduation was heading towards the main office in search of any job openings that might be posted. He was becoming extremely anxious about his future. He slowed down his pace slightly as he rounded the corner almost colliding with another small student angel, backed up, made his apologies for the inconvenience, and screeched to a halt under the bulletin board. Although he was smaller than most of the senior students, he made up for his stature by doing Remarkable Feats of Daring and by being Inquisitive, Innovative and Very Creative in all of his classes. This only endeared him to his classmates and sometimes alienated his professors. Everyone, students and professors alike affectionately nicknamed him Nip, and that was how even the Angelic Dean addressed him.

Nip craned his neck to look up at the board, his eye drawn to the newly posted job notice just recently hung up by the little clerk. Nip flew up carefully to read the notice:

HELP NEEDED

To assist a young woman
On her Spiritual Journey

Long-term Employment Necessary

Abundantly Compensated

Nights, Weekends and
Holidays a Must!

ANGELS IN ACTION

Innovative and Creative Experience a Plus

All interested candidates will apply to the board at the
Corporate Offices of the Archangels

Nip grabbed the notice from the board dislodging the pin. He swooped down and caught it just in time before it completed its trajectory to the marble floor. He replaced the pin quickly in its spot on the board. Ever so carefully, he rolled the parchment into a tube and tucked it up into his sleeve. He proceeded right over to the Corporate Offices as fast as his wings could carry him to be first in line to register his intent to apply for the position.

Meanwhile, in the Corporate Offices, Theodore Edwin Anslem Chadwick Harrington, a tall, rather distinguished Angel with silver hair, twinkling blue eyes and a heavenly smile, was standing before the Archangel Michael discussing the very same young woman described in the job posting. Known to his friends and associates as TEACH, he was listening intently to his superior officer.

"Sir, am I to guess that you wish me to take on this mission?"

"Well, I would not call it a mission, Teach, more of an assignment. Our records show that you are currently free to undertake another post and this is the type of work that is close to your heart as I remember."

"Yes, I do love working with humans in this capacity. May I have her folder, Sir?"

"Certainly, here you are."

He slides a thick, manila file folder across the desk.

SHARON D. ANDERSON, PH.D.

"Oh, my goodness! She certainly has a great deal going on judging from the size of this folder. What exactly do you wish me to do?"

"The usual, as you do so well. One thing you should know most importantly is that she is rather behind on her schedule. All of her contracts are enclosed. I am afraid that she has not done too much work with them to this point. She has been much occupied raising a family and obtaining employment. The New Millennium is coming and we have so many that we need to bring into alignment. I have been incredibly busy setting up Agent Angels and getting them assigned quickly. The Heavenly Hosts are attempting things that they have never attempted before. There has been talk of many new portals opening, more etheric cities and countless vortexes being created."

"Oh, really, Sir? That is certainly news and good news at that! Will I be getting any help with this miss... ah, assignment?"

"A notice has just been posted at the Academy and we are hopeful that a few senior candidates will apply."

"But, Sir, most of the students there have had no experience in the human realm. They have only studied theory as taught in their classes and even that is limited, as you well know."

"Yes, yes, I hear you Teach and I fully understand. Unfortunately, there are no other sources from which to choose. All the other available Agents are already on assignment. This is a BIG operation. The code name for this venture, by the way, is: WAKEUP and we trust that you will observe strict 11:11 clearance."

"Certainly Sir, ahhhh... what does WAKEUP stand for?"

"It is an acronym for:

ANGELS IN ACTION

"WISE AND KIND EVEN UNDER PRESSURE."

"Thank you, Sir. I shall try to remember that, I mean to be wise and kind even under pressure. Very good thought, if I do say so. Thank you, Sir. Will that be all, Sir?"

"Yes, Teach, at least for now. As soon as we get an assistant for you, we will let you know. Carry on and remember WAKEUP!"

"Yes, Sir!"

He nods his head in respect, snaps a smart salute, an ingrained discipline from his younger days, spins on his heel, his robes flowing softly around him, and walks sedately out of the room.

Adjusting his enormous wings, The Archangel Michael leans back in his chair and laces his fingers behind his head. A miniscule smile begins to play at the corners of his mouth. He audibly muses to himself,

"That was pretty good if I do say so myself. I had better tell the Higher Council and the Galactic Command of the new name I have just given this operation so that they at least will be in the loop. Impromptu has its merits and its drawbacks. Hummmmmm... WAKEUP Hummmmmm..."

**WORLD ASCENSION KEEPING EVERYONE UP TO
PERFECTION.**

That is the real meaning."

Mentally he contacts all of his staff to make a note of the new code name:

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WAKEUP

Moreover, to send out the clarions call....

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