

The contents are descriptions of the latest angel encounters from Charles Pefinis, which he has experienced since the publication of volume one of MY ANGEL ENCOUNTERS.

MY ANGEL ENCOUNTERS

by Charles Pefinis

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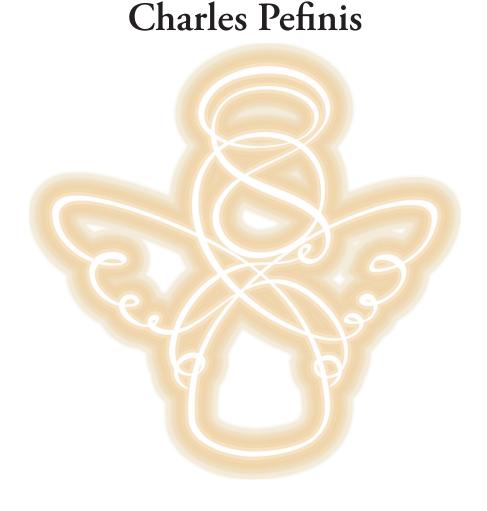
God not only sends special angels into our lives, but sometimes He even sends them back again if we forget to take notes the first time!

— Eileen Elias Freeman

MY ANGEL ENCOUNTERS

Volume Two





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ISBN 978-1-63492-395-8

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Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Bradenton, Florida.

Printed on acid-free paper.

Booklocker.com, Inc. 2017

First Edition

MY ANGEL ENCOUNTERS

VOLUME TWO

The date of the last angel occurrence in my book: *MY ANGEL ENCOUNTERS* was 02-22-16. Some of the most amazing events have happened since, for example, my angel sent me two white shirts, yep two new shirts, my size and a perfect fit.

Also, how about receiving a woman's jacket with throat lozenges and paper in the pockets. The brand is BURRYBERRY BRIT. Yes, strange and intriguing events. It arrived at my apartment on 1-17-17.

My vibes tell me that my angel thru the power of our Good Lord, will soon let the world know about this phenomenon which I have experienced.



God In Combat... A Grandmother's Love

"Whatcha got there, Piff?" Dutch asked as I tried to open a small cardboard box that had just arrived from my mother in Atlanta. "Damn, Piff, the way that thing is wrapped there must be gold in there or something," he continued. He was right; layer after layer of paper and scotch tape had to be unraveled to get to the inside.

"My darling son," the letter began, "We read in the paper about all the action that the Third Army has seen and we are very worried about you." I thought back for a moment how terrified my family was when I told them that I was transferred from a cushy job in the Air Corps to a front line infantryman in the 87th Infantry Division—one of General Patton's. My mother and two sisters cried. My father, though, was proud and with eyes that were moist, he hugged me tightly.

"We pray for you each day," the letter continued, "and have Father offer prayers for you at each church service. Take the cotton out very carefully, and you will see a small 'feelakto' (a Greek religious medal). Yiayia (Granny) sent it to you to protect you and to bring you back to us. It has been in the family for generations and it has saved many lives. Inside is a tiny splinter from Jesus' cross. You must tape it somewhere on your body. Wear it with God's love and ours, and wear it when you return. We love you and pray for you.

-Mother"

As I unwrapped the cellophane, Dutch read the letter and said, "Wow, let's see that thing!" It was thin, a little larger than a dime, gold, with a figure of Jesus on one side. On the other side are two figures. One is of St. Constantine and the other that of his mother, Elene (Helen). St. Elene, after much effort, located the cross in about year 326.

I grasped it tightly in my hand and walked over to Joe Kanowski, our medic, and got roll of adhesive tape from him. Dutch helped me carefully tape it over my heart.

"Man, Piff," Dutch said, "Buddy, I am sticking close with you, maybe some of that protection will rub off on me." From that moment on I felt different, a feeling of peace, yet one of strength too.

"Dutch," I said, "This thing really makes me feel different."

"Oh hell, Piff, you are just imagining things," he said. But I really felt quite different.

2-26-16

I have reported on several occasions about my vanishing metal money clip. The last time I believe was on 2-20-16. This is really a pain, because I must use a binder clip instead, which I do not like, slows down my purchase. I was somewhat surprised that my wonderful, funny angel would subject to this discomfort. Very rare.

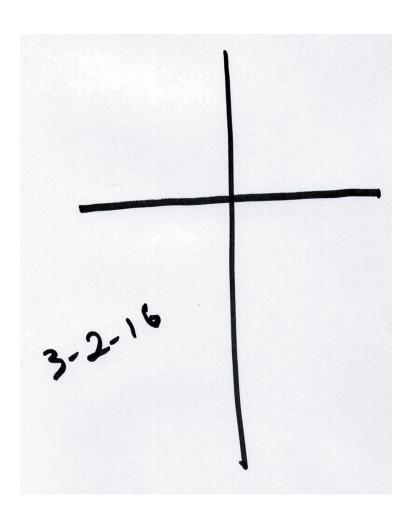
Well today at about five o'clock, I awoke from my nap and gathered up my hearing aid and its container to take to a church activity which I will attend. There on the floor at the edge of my recliner I saw something shinny. It was my money clip. When I picked it up, I noted how cold it was, very cold!

Several months ago, I reported the missing of my prime money clip which has written on it, NBSS in color and the name of Mike Fayman, one of my salesmen at NBSS. Since that time, I have been using my plain one, as shown.



3-2-16

I have a container which contains a salve for my allergies. It has a top about the size of a half of a dollar. That vanished toda joins the other 21^+ items of mine which reside in the ether world.

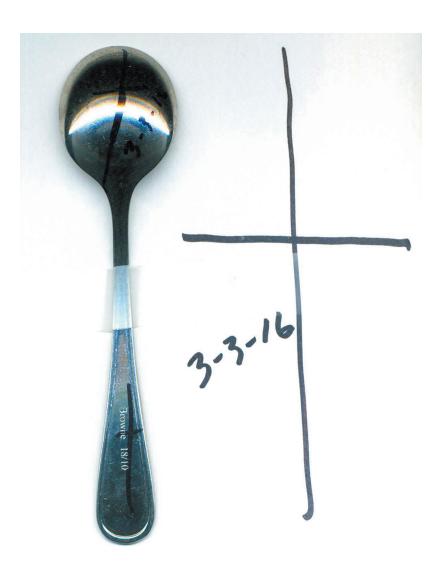


3-3-16

Well my wayward soup spoon has returned from the ether world.

I reported that on 1-15-16, that as I was eating grits for breakfast at the Banner Cafe here, it just vanished.

It returned all messy mixed up with some left-over food which I put in a plastic bag. I have drawn a cross on it—not too discernible—but it is there.

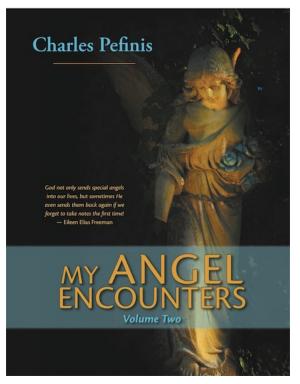


3-8-16

When I go to the restaurant Banner's Cafe here at Oak Crest Village, I take with me a magazine to read and some Greek cheese Manouri. As a carrier, I use a cloth bag, so this morning gathering my things, I looked into the fridge for the cheese; It was not there. Damn! I uttered. I looked very closely, no Marnouri.

When I turned to leave, the carton containing the cheese was sitting on the bag.





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