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**Angelic Abundance Treasure Maps: Discover the
Wealth Within You**

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January

While waiting anxiously and with a small amount of trepidation to begin our journey, we long, not only to get to know ourselves better, but to know our Angel as well. We reveal our wishes, our hopes and dreams to the Angel, opening our souls to the new possibilities the gift of this year presents in preparation for this journey of self-discovery. All shall be revealed while we rest and recuperate in the presence of love as we begin this sacred journey to our authentic selves.

Waiting

The Angel Reveals the Map

You look to see the Angel standing atop a mountain holding a hiking staff in her hand, ready to go. She wears a knapsack with extra pens and parchment poking out of the top flap and holds the treasure map you have drawn in her hand. “*Are you ready?*” she asks, turning her beautiful face towards you.

You gaze down the mountain, dizzied by the height. It is almost sundown and you wonder how you’ll know which path to take on the way down.

You and your Angel begin your journey at sundown in the season of the year with the least amount of light. You begin in the semi darkness to travel down the figurative mountain and into your own heart on your journey within. You trust in the light from the lantern the Angel holds and in her constant guidance. She is ready to go but waits for the signal from you that you are ready to begin your journey.

You take a deep breath and close your eyes for a minute. You summon all your knowledge and experience and allow them to come together. You summon your creativity and all your courage.

“I’m ready,” you tell her.

“*Then, let’s begin.*”

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Search for Treasure

As I write this, there are at least 4 feet of snow on the ground. The path from the sidewalk to the front door that has been carefully shoveled so that the mail carrier may pass looks almost like a tunnel. The drifts alongside the driveway and sidewalks are even larger. I noticed, the last time I shoveled that I was throwing the snow up to the level of my shoulders in order to clear the walkway.

The side streets have long been covered with snow. It has fallen so often this month that the city's crews are only attempting to keep the roads passable, not clear them to the pavement. When the trucks pass, the sound is muffled. Even the huge truck plows seem quiet.

On most days, the sky is white and filled with snow, the road is white, and the drifts are white. The familiar horizon line between earth and sky is difficult to find. The bare branches of the trees are the only interruption in the seemingly flat canvas of white. The only color is that of the siding of the houses, and even that is frosted over.

In this landscape, I find myself checking my orientation. The hill at the end of the block seems to be part of the sky. I am tempted to get the camera and attempt to capture this illusion of earth being one with sky. I am tempted to get my watercolors, but there is barely any color to find to replicate in paint.

I go back inside the house, glad to be within. It is color that I need. I pull the paints and brushes from the cabinet and immerse myself in creativity. What did I paint? It didn't matter. Creative expression mattered. In viewing seemingly endless days of gray and white, our creativity is stimulated. It is as though nature has presented us with an empty canvas to fill. We know that there are many weeks left to winter. We wait for

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spring, but we do not wait barrenly. We wait as though pregnant and stimulated to create. For eons, people have waited through the long winters for spring to arrive. They engaged in creative activity such as knitting, quilting, drawing, painting, and writing.

I can't help but think that the waiting gives us opportunity and time to be introspective. It allows hopes and dreams to incubate. Our knowledge and experiences gel into something different, which we are free to assimilate into our lives. As we wait, we create. In the stillness we are given the opportunity to hear the Angels whisper. In the lack of stimulation, we can hear ourselves think and more easily attune to our inner Angels.

Hold the message you receive as dear. Express it through your creative activity. Keep the results in a special place and remember that the Angel's hand helped to move your own during the making.

This Week Discover the Treasure of Waiting

1. Borrow or buy a child's watercolor paint box. Splash the colors onto a fresh white sheet of paper. Simple enjoyment of the colors is your goal. It doesn't matter what you paint or whether or not you think it is a "good" painting. Just enjoy the movement of the paint beneath your brush. Allow your Angel to move your hand.
2. Visit a craft store. Pay particular attention to the yarn department. Hold several skeins. Follow the shadows between strands with your gaze. Allow yourself the luxury of sinking into the color visually the way you sink into a warm bath. Do the same with the embroidery floss and

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crewel wool. Feeling the satisfaction of holding colors will help you access the quiet place within yourself even though there is activity in the store.

3. Go to an art supply store. Move up and down the aisles slowly. Look at everything. Did you notice that there are hundreds of products, each with hundreds of variations of color? Peruse the colored papers. Give yourself permission to buy a sheet or two. I always make sure to have colored papers in the house. Sometimes I use them, and sometimes I keep them just to look at. What colors do you resonate with? What is your favorite color? Why? What does it say to you?
4. Find a book of poetry to read. As poetry is like music and can be enjoyed over and over, you may choose either an old familiar book or a new one that just might become a favorite. Browse the shelves in the library. While reading, listen for the rhythms, for they are much like the rhythms of the Angel's voice. Learn to identify the Angel's voice and tell it from your own.
5. Get together with an adult friend or child and write limericks together. Have fun playing with the words. You'll probably end up laughing and becoming very silly. Ask the Angels to assist. They love to laugh and see you laugh also. Enjoy yourself.
6. Pay a visit to a hospital, nursing home or the home of an elderly person. Take along a cheery card that you made yourself when you played with your art supplies. Help fill their time of waiting by being present to them. Enjoy their wisdom by asking for their viewpoints about Angels.

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7. Be part of the stillness. Go outside and listen to the stillness. Allow yourself to feel as one with the landscape. Know that you are never alone because your Guardian Angel is always there with great love for you.

Wishing

The Angel Reveals the Map

Together, you and your Angel take the first steps down the mountainside. You walk in silence for quite some time. Soon, you realize you are lost in your own thoughts, entranced by the colors of the fading sunset and the first stars peeking out of the newly darkened sky.

“Talk to me,” the Angel says, simply.

“I wish...,” you begin. You stop and look imploringly at your Angel. Everything you ever hoped for or dreamed about that didn’t come true for you flits into your thoughts.

“Beloved, the now is all we have,” she replies. Suddenly, she produces a basket from beneath her cloak. Carefully, she draws the covering on it back to reveal a beautiful pink rock crystal heart that shimmers in the waning light. Entranced, you notice that it glows from within with its own multicolored light. It looks like a star there in the dark recess of the basket.

“Wishes are from the heart,” she continues. *“Let us focus on the lovely ones we wish to bring to pass.”* The Angel moves her hand over the basket and captures the emitted light. Suddenly, she flings the light into the sky so it becomes one with the sparkle of the stars.

“*Make your wish anew,*” she says. You close your eyes again and make a fervent wish for the now. You hear a scratching sound and look to see the Angel drawing your wish on the treasure map. “*Wishes create your life,*” she says, beginning to walk away. You follow in the wake of her glittering aura, thinking that this will be an amazing journey.

Search for Treasure

The night sky in January is deep and blue. It gets dark early. The air is cold and clear and the stars glitter. It must have been on a winter night that the song “Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star” was written, for only on a winter night do the stars appear to be as clear as good diamonds. The twinkling lights beguile us. Heaven seems close by. We close our eyes and the old rhyme pops into our minds and then to our lips in a whisper.

*“Star light, star bright, first star I see tonight,
I wish I may, I wish I might,
Have the wish I wish tonight.”*

We make our wish just as fervently and reverently as we do before blowing out our birthday candles.

Why do the stars remind us of wishes? The Angels remind us that the stars are like night-lights. They help us feel protected and guided as we make our way through lives that are sometimes dark and through pathways that seem to be more like mazes than clear avenues.

The Angels are made of light. Looking up at the thousands of stars in the sky comforts us. We are reminded that there are millions of Angels, at least one for each of us, who remain at our sides throughout our lifetimes.

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Go outside at night. Gaze up into the heavens. Consider your fondest wishes. Share them with the Angels. Allow the Angels to help you bring them into fruition. They love to do so. Listen to the Angels' response. Listen with your heart to what it is that they have to say to you. Go into the house and write down the message they give you.

We tell our Angels our fondest hopes and dreams, and they convey those wishes to God. We look up into the night sky and consider the heavens. On a brisk winter night, the stars seem close by and somehow, God does too. We send our wishes, hopes and dreams up to the stars. We know the Angels are there, that God is there and we can sleep-safe and protected by these heavenly night-lights.

This Week Discover the Treasure of Wishing

1. Drive to the countryside as far away from city lights as possible and spend time just looking at the stars. Pick out the prettiest one. Make a wish. Notice what the Angels have to say in answer.
2. Contact an astronomy club in your area. Attend a meeting. Ask if they have “open telescope” nights where a knowledgeable member takes you on a tour of the winter sky. Remember that the stars are light and that the Angels too are made of light. Think of all the similarities between Angels and stars that you can.
3. Visit a planetarium. Many times it is simply too cold to sit outside on a January night. Planetariums bring the wonders

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of the heavens indoors. The seats recline, so kick back and enjoy the show.

4. Go to www.skymaps.com and download a monthly star chart. It is printed in calendar form and gives interesting astronomical information. Take it outside with you. Ask the Angels to help you locate the stars on the chart.
5. Go to the library. Borrow books about astrology, astronomy, or anything else having to do with the heavens. Have a book discussion with your guardian Angel.
6. Take a starlight hike in a nearby park. It gets dark early in the evening so you might possibly fit it in before closing time, but call ahead. Take your flashlight and a friend. Invite the Angels to accompany you. Take a hand-held tape recorder along. Record any messages or insights you receive.
7. Go to your favorite jewelry store. Enjoy looking at the diamonds under the microscope as well as with the naked eye. Find the clearest one, the one that reminds you most of the way the stars look on a January night and try it on just for fun.
8. Wear any diamonds you own. Enjoy the way they sparkle. They remind us of the Angels.
9. Make a list of your fondest wishes. Read it every day. Figure out what action steps you would have to take to make them come true. Do those things. Ask the Angels to show you the windows of opportunity to walk through to make your wishes come true.

Dreaming

The Angel Reveals the Map

*Y*ou continue on, led by the light of the Angel's lantern, the light of the stars, and the light from the crystal heart. You walk for quite some time and are relieved when the Angel stops before a cave in the mountainside.

She gestures to you to enter. As you approach, you see that there are heavily carved wooden doors that stand ajar at the entrance.

In the entry hall there stands a table above which hangs the Magic Mirror. Atop the table and in front of the mirror, a candle burns. As you pass through the hall, you see a reflection of yourself in the mirror. The reflection waves and smiles although you did not. You are a little startled but notice that the reflection has a glittering, multicolored aura. There is no time to think about it now for your Angel keeps walking.

You follow and walk deeper into the cave and arrive at the main room. The Angel shows you to an alcove where there is a bed. She bids you sweet dreams. You lie down and fall into peaceful slumber. As you sleep, you dream of the treasure map and see yourself drawing pictures on it. You dream of where you will go and of what you will do with your life.

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Search for Treasure

Winter nights tempt us to sleep long hours. We are comfy in our favorite pajamas, layered in blankets, perhaps cozied up to our favorite person. Most nights, I roll over in bed to find that the cats have snuggled up with me too. Their gentle snoring sends me even deeper into slumber. I do not sleep lightly. I sleep deeply and well and probably snore too. I admit it. I am good at sleeping. The events of the day are easily left behind. I look forward to sleep as I have dreaming to do—stars to walk on, creations to bring forth, guides to get in touch with, and imaginings to follow up on.

Do I sleep my life away? No, not at all. It's just that I consider dreaming, whether done while awake or asleep, an integral part of connecting with the Angels and am certain to make time for it.

In my dreams I have visited realms of beauty in which the clearest, purest white light is present. It is a light similar to that described by the people who have experienced near death experiences. In these types of dreams, I am surrounded with and suffused by feelings of peace and love. I awaken filled with awe and wonder.

In dreams I have frequently met my Angel guides who take on comforting guises. My favorite and most familiar guide is a grandfatherly type of man who wears a brown robe similar to the garb of a monk. Together, we take long walks through verdant countryside filled with golden light. As we walk, he teaches me revealing truths that I have yet to learn.

The difficulties and troubles of the day sort themselves out during dreamtime. When I have the occasion to stare deeply into a fire or a candle flame, the dreamtime takes over,

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although I remain awake. Issues are resolved in the dancing flames and I am led to different ways of thinking.

This Week Discover the Treasure of Dreaming

1. Keep a dream journal. Before sleeping, put a notebook and a pen next to your bed. Whenever you awaken, either in the middle of the night or the morning, record your dreams and your thoughts about what they mean. Date them. Keep the journal and as time goes by, see which dreams have come true. Pay special attention to dreams that repeat. What lesson is your inner Angel presenting to you through them?
2. Stare into a fire, watch a waterfall, tabletop fountain or lava lamp. Stare out the window at the falling snow. Light a candle and look at it through a crystal that has lots of inclusions. Know that you are safe but say a prayer of protection first if you wish, and allow yourself to slip into dreamtime while you remain awake. Follow the flow of your thoughts, knowing that the Angels are with you. Ask them to show you an explanation of or solution to something that concerns you. Write down what you learn in your dream journal notebook.
3. Engage in repetitious activity. Volunteer to stuff envelopes at your church or for a charitable organization. Shovel snow for the neighbor. Scrub floors. Clean your house. Repetitious, mindless activity puts us right into awake dreamtime. Follow your thoughts as they present

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themselves to you. Ask to follow a thread of creativity. You may be surprised at what you come up with.

4. Say your prayers. Many religions and traditions have series of prayers that are meant to be repeated over and over. Their repetition has a rhythm and flow that takes us straight to our inner beings, straight to the God who dwells within us.
5. Meditate. Center yourself. Breathe slowly and evenly, follow your breath, and focus on you. Empty your mind of thoughts and words. Rest in the silence. There have been many books written on meditation. Read one and adopt it as a daily practice. Calmness and peace of mind will be your reward.
6. Walk in the woods. Listen to the wind in the trees. What does it say to you? What emotions well up inside of you? Allow yourself to follow them. Then emerge from your thoughts feeling cleansed and refreshed. Take the hand-held tape recorder or a notebook along. Take notes on the insights you gain.
7. Make soup from scratch. Watch the steam rise as it slowly cooks. Lose yourself in it. Cooking takes us out of our chattering mind and into our quiet mind. It gives inspiration a chance to be heard.

Revelation

The Angel Reveals the Map

*A*s you sleep, you dream. In your dream, you see you are in the great room of the cave. There is a fire that illuminates the smooth gray stone walls in the huge fireplace.

You look at the table in the center of the room. The treasure map is spread out atop it although it is obvious that something lies underneath it. You approach the table and cautiously touch the map for the first time. It is beautiful—heavily embellished with miniature oil paintings depicting all the scenes of your life. As you gaze at it, you remember. As you consider the map further, you see that the path is clearly marked out. It stops at the picture depicting you at this very moment in the cave. You gasp as you realize the extent to which you have designed your life. You wonder what will come next.

It is then that you notice the crystal ball that was sitting on the table beneath the map all the time. Intently, you gaze into it. With your eyes, you see the reflection of the fire. With your soul, you see your heart's desire for yourself. Image after image floods your mind as you create your life. You dream on, content, happily creating magic for your life.

Search for Treasure

The thick blanket of snow on the road and the fields revealed the glamorous curves of Mother Earth as I drove up

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hills and down into small valleys. The snow and frost hid the usual scenery and enabled me see the familiar in a totally new way.

In the night, heavy moisture had moved in and settled on all it could touch. The frigid temperature captured it. It was as though everything that grew had been dipped in a thick coating of crushed, frosted glass. Each tree appeared to be a white tree; each dormant bud so thickly coated that it looked like a small white leaf. It was as though white leaves had bloomed overnight. The trees stood, glorious in full winter regalia with the sun just rising behind them, the sky icy yellow and pale pink. It all made me think of ice cream, spun sugar and snow cones. The route with the familiar scenery had turned into something different, almost imaginary and very dreamlike.

I remembered childhood mornings when my sisters and I would jump out of bed and run to the windows to see if Jack Frost had visited in the night. We'd trace the fernlike lines of the delicate ice pictures with our fingers and wonder how he had gotten into the room yet again without our hearing him. We knew nothing about leaky windows, temperature changes or settling moisture and stood entirely in the magic we "knew" was there.

I think of the frosty times in life now. How can they be as beautiful as this morning or magical as standing by the frosted windows? It is the times we consider life "cool" or "cold" that reveal what we are made of within, just as the coating of snow and frost reveals the beauty and intricate structure of the trees. When we have been "coated" with frostiness and left out in the cold, not invited to a party or excluded from a conversation, when we love someone who does not love us in return, we feel the sting. The snub hurts and our emotions surface. Our hurts expose us to our own inner workings.

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If we are willing to see what the frostiness has shown us about ourselves, we will see more clearly what we look like on a level below the surface. It is our opportunity to see our inner selves as breathtakingly beautiful, to judge neither our reactions nor the circumstances we find ourselves in.

If we consider the measure of success as how far we have stepped into living life from the viewpoint of our authentic selves, we will be enabled to bend and bear the weight of the ice. We create our concept of self according to what our inner light, our own emotions and abundant love have to say. The ice melts as we face what it revealed to us and stand tall again.

The perceived snub melts too as our own warmth soothes us. We realize that if we talk with the offending party, the iciness from them often melts; we often find the snub was unintended and the relationship is mended. We have again had the opportunity to feel our emotions and learn from what it is they had to say. We are given the opportunity to take the action steps to provide for ourselves: throw our own party, talk with other friends we may have been neglecting, love our inner self so completely that the actions of the few no longer affect us.

When the Angels assist in revealing you to yourself, will you listen? Will you see what they show you, even though you might perceive it to be negative? Only our reactions are negative. The Angels simply hold the mirror so we see our reflection. Will you raise your own temperature and melt the frostiness by loving yourself?

The Angel's love fills us and melts the ice in our hearts. It leads us to fill the place that held the ice with love of self. As you illuminate that space with your love, you bring more light to the situation. Fill yourself with love and emit only love, then only love will return to you.

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This Week Discover the Treasure of Revelation

1. Fold a piece of paper into thirds so you have 3 columns. In the first, list 10 things you hate about someone, a situation, or a circumstance. In the second, next to each item on the list, write the reason why you hate that thing. Pretend that the 3rd column is a mirror and that all the hates you listed are shown to you clearly in it. Ask the mirror to tell you about each thing you hate and why you hate it. Ask your Angel to be with you and hold your hand as you do this. Ask the mirror to show you the hurts in your life that created each hate. View each moment as it is revealed to you from your adult viewpoint. Know that you are absolutely safe because your Angel is at your side. If the feelings become too intense, stop and allow yourself to rest. What is it you have learned about yourself? What will you do with this knowledge?
2. Play 20 questions. Pretend you are in the second grade and have just been introduced to a new classmate. What 10 questions will you ask him or her? Ask yourself those same questions. Think of 10 more questions that are follow-ups to the first questions. Continue the questioning and answering within yourself until you are in new territory and find yourself answering “I don’t know” to several of the questions. With your Angel’s guidance, listen to your own inner voice for the answers. What direction are you pointed in? What do the Angels suggest as a next step?
3. I love the book, *14,000 Things to be Happy About*, by Barbara Ann Kipfer. Using a spiral notebook or your journal, begin

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an ongoing list of all the things in your life that you are happy about. Add as many as you can to the list each day. Soon, you will realize just how happy you are and find yourself paying closer attention to the joyful times of your daily life

4. View the video of the Disney movie, *Pollyanna*. Think about your habitual outlook on life. Is it mostly positive, negative, or somewhere in between? Does Pollyanna's outlook irritate or encourage you? Did you ever try to find the "Happy texts" in the bible as she did? Try to find at least 5. Years ago, I took an old Bible and a highlighter and highlighted all the texts I could find that told of joy and comfort. Do the same with that book or any other religious text that has meaning for you. You will be amazed at how much love is hidden among the other texts. Focus only on the love. What does it tell you that you haven't heard all these years?
5. Pretend you are a magazine editor. The magazine is about you. As in other magazines you have read, this one has departments on food, fashion, arts and crafts, beauty tips, love stories, tragedies, psychic ability and sexy secrets for the bedroom. In your journal, write a short article or list of notes for each department. Write about your favorite foods and ways to entertain. Take a good long look at your wardrobe and write the fashion column. (Be brave!) Write about the things you have made in the arts and crafts section. Tell of a longtime hurt or lost love in the tragedy section. Relate your love for someone. Talk about what you love best about yourself in the bedroom. (Remember, this is your journal, you don't have to show it to anybody.) How do you feel?

6. Take your journal again and edit the articles you have written about yourself. Delete what you don't like and fill in the blanks with what you'd like to see, be, do, have or change about yourself. What are you happy with about the way you are right now? What would you like to change? Why?
7. See yourself through your Angel's eyes. Pretend you are your own Angel. Remember that Angels, filled with love for us, are wholly kind and compassionate. Tell about the person you are. Ask your Angel to assist you. Write down the lovely things they would say about you. Enjoy yourself and bask in the glow of love your Angel surrounds you with.

Rest and Recuperation

The Angel Reveals the Map

L *leave the rest of the world where it is,"* advises the Angel. You awaken and rub the sleep from your eyes. *"Follow me for it is time for you to regain your strength. It is time for you to come home to yourself."*

You arise from the bed, head still full of dreams. You assume that you will immediately continue your descent down the mountain, but you see the traveling gear neatly stacked in a corner of the great room.

You follow your Angel to a chapel-like place that has been prepared for you. It is very quiet. You hear your Angel's voice.

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“Enter into your most sacred place. Breathe gently, allowing the flow of the breath you take in to connect with the flow of breath out. Allow your mind to become still. All thoughts become quiet as you focus on the beautiful sound of your breath. Breathe in slowly and quietly.

Enter into a reverent mood. Enter into a time and place of your own making where nothing can disturb you. Here you are safe from all cares and worries. Here you are filled with comfort. Here you will find stillness and depth of vision. Here you will enter into a time of contemplation and meditation.”

You know you have been in this place many times before. You recognize it and feel safe and protected here. You feel your cares fall away. Your entire body relaxes and all tensions slip away from you.

You feel heaviness in your heart. It doesn't cause physical pain, but it allows you to realize you have come to resolve the sorrow you constantly carry. You kneel on the padded step in this warm chapel, which is made of stone of a soft gray color and has vaulted ceilings. In front of you in the wall is a mandala. Although small in diameter, it is an intricately pieced stained-glass rose window much like the one in the Notre Dame cathedral in Paris, which glows with an inner light. Instantly, the feeling of peace you have been experiencing increases tenfold. You feel even safer and more secure than you did before.

As you focus on it, the colors swirl out from this rose window shape and become a spiral design of light with many arms. This spiral design is beautiful, made up of light mostly pink and cream colored with small amounts of red, yellow, and blue. It is, overall, a beautiful rose pink, which glitters and sparkles with its own power. You realize that the mandala is not a window but is living light, another being that is in the room with you. It slowly begins to approach you, and you are filled with the anticipation of accepting it.

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You realize you are looking at the Rose of Sharon, the symbol of love. It is love itself coming to you. You know that when it touches you, you shall be filled with the almost indescribable ecstasy of love and yet, it stops. You are surprised that it doesn't touch you. Pausing for a moment, you realize it is up to you to walk the rest of the way towards love. You are only a foot away from this amazing light of love. You realize it is up to you to acknowledge the gift, to walk into love, to accept love into your being. It is up to you to accept that you are love, that you indeed are one with the beautiful rose. It is up to you to realize you are worthy of this gift.

You feel the sorrow in you heart melt as you stand up from your kneeler and walk ahead into this spiral of rose and cream colored light. You feel this love. You remain focused on it although at the same time, you can see it go through every cell of your being. You stand within it, as part of it. It goes around you and through you at the same time. It is similar to jumping into water. The water parts for you and comes up against you, but this actually goes through your body. It feels very good and you remain united with love for a long time.

You realize it is more than a "love wash." You have been accepted into love and suffused with love. You realize that love always accepted you, but that you had to allow the gift to reside within yourself. You are very grateful that this opportunity has presented itself to you once again. You are grateful that love waited for you to become part of it and didn't ever leave you.

You remain as part of the beautiful pink and cream colored light. As you stand there, you can see it through your seemingly transparent body. You notice it infuses all the parts of you. You watch it go to the areas of your body that have aches and pains. You watch, as those areas also become the light. Everything instantly relaxes and immediately comes into a state of perfection immediately upon the touch of this light.

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This is real. This light is alive. This light is the essence of peace and calm security. You are reminded of being wrapped in your security blanket when you were a very young child. Your heart is made new again. Your heart can feel again. Your heart has hope again. Your heart has drunk from the cup that originally created it and has been renewed in the source of its own life.

You know you may stay here in this beautiful light in the chapel with the warm gray walls in this place of perfect stillness and perfect love for a while longer. You realize now that you have allowed God, who is perfection and love itself, to have touched you. You have accepted this love from Father/Mother God. You have come to realize, once again, that God's love is all there is to know. You have come to realize that love is, love always is and that the Angels wish for you to experience this love at all times. It is your birthright. It is the way you were created to be—not ever at odds with, but totally at one in peace with God.

You decide to accept this gift and you know that you are indeed tremendously worthy of it simply because you exist.

Search for Treasure

I am in a semi daze as I write this. Yesterday, I finally finished a major project at work that had stretched out until its deadline. I'd worked on it for 6 months, a little at a time, the weight of it dropped on my shoulders in addition to all the daily activities I was responsible for. I had struggled with it, fought with it and resented its intrusion into my limited free time.

Now it is finished—the weight of it lifted from my shoulders. I no longer feel guilty when I do something for

myself instead of work on it. Free time is my own again and I choose now to write this book for myself so I can share it with you.

Perhaps the thing that annoyed me most about the project is the time it took from my sessions with the Angels. In the evening, instead of transcribing the tapes I'd made while driving to and from work, I'd work on the project. Instead of writing down the flashes of inspiration as they came to me through the day, I kept to the task at hand, leaving the inspiration from Spirit for "later." Of course, by the time I had time for my inspirations, they were gone.

I struggled with this, finally deciding to ask the Angels to assist with the project at hand. I asked them to wait for me and to get me through the business so I could once again have the time to really listen to everything they had to say.

Their reply came quickly: *"Know that we are here all the time, ready to help you and assist you in any thing, any way. We love you very much and want to help you with whatever it is you are doing. We are here with you."*

Confident that they were still with me, I progressed to the end of the project. Now that it is finished, what is their message? It is to rest, relax and recover. I think it is good advice.

I am tempted to immediately dive into all of the other things I'd put on "hold." The house is a mess, remnants of Christmas still litter the rooms, correspondence has backed up, a friend's divorce looms and my shoulder is needed. I am bored with the fast food and carry-out dinners I've been eating. It is time to create home-cooked entrées and huge salads. Legal information is rolling in, and it is time to begin my income taxes.

But I choose to wait for awhile before diving in and playing catch-up. I want to rest and relax. I ask myself what it is

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that I need for now. I ask myself what it is that is most important. What would fill my empty soul for me?

I begin with a trip to the library. I grab a pile of back issues of my favorite magazines. They are filled with artwork, craft projects and cheery articles about artists. They remind me that there are people out there who earn their living as artists, crafts people, and authors. They remind me that there is life to be found in living from my creative self. They remind me that I may get in touch with myself again.

I take a “field trip” and reconnect with my daughter. When she was very young, Saturday was “Mommy and Anna” day. We spent as much of each Saturday as we could simply being together, having fun, following our noses and reaching into the list called “Someday, I’d like to...” We take the day out for ourselves, laughing and exploring. Reconnecting with her helps me reconnect with the teenager I once was.

I pick my pen up again. I reconnect with my inner self by writing. All my frustrations poured out onto the pages of my journal. I clear the air, clear my mind and come round right again.

I get moving. Months of sitting and working had stiffened my attitudes and outlook. I strap on my cross-country skis, inexpert though I am, and enjoy the reconnection with nature.

I spend time with an old friend. It is a revisit, a long talk and a reminder of who I really am. Visiting her is like visiting me.

In my recuperative explorations, I browse an antique store. I am lucky enough to find a set of four watercolor paintings. Each depicts a scene of a small town situated on a bluff overlooking a lake. They remind me of summer days spent on the shore of Lake Michigan. I instantly relax as I view them. I hang them where I can see them as I write.

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Now, having done those things for myself, I am ready to hear the Angels clearly. Of course, they had never left my side. They remained with me through it all. It was I who had to remove the blocks and unclog my ability to hear. They come through, loud and clear. I am back on track and enjoying the reconnection with them. It is pleasing and fulfilling to again be open enough to hear them. I feel alive, inspired and whole. The relief and happiness are tremendous. It has all “come round right” once more.

This Week Discover the Treasures of Rest and Recuperation

1. Read your favorite magazines. Reconnect with the part of you that knows how to dream. Read a teen magazine. Recall what it was like to be in high school, playful and full of hopes and fantasies about the future.
2. Take your favorite child or teenager on an outing. Seeing the world from their eyes will put a new perspective on your own. You'll remember the hopes and dreams you had at their age and be more able to look at your life with new eyes.
3. Go to a day spa. Have one or all of the treatments they offer. Have a massage, facial or body wrap. Take the time to allow yourself to be pampered.

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4. Snuggle in. Have a pajama day. Don't make your bed. Don't even get dressed. Eat meals you prepared the night before or order in. Sleep late.
5. Have fun outside. Dig your ice skates out of the closet and find the rink. Take a loved one with you. Build a snowman or go sledding. Come home and drink hot chocolate or mulled cider.
6. Laugh a lot. Rent funny movies, find joke books and read them aloud to someone. Read a book that is a compilation of comic strips you love. Allow yourself to have a glorious time. Laugh until your sides ache and the tears roll out of your eyes. You'll feel wonderful.
7. Sit in the sun. Every house has its sunny spot where the sun shines in and it is warm and cozy. Hint: The cat or dog is probably sitting there right now! Cuddle up to your pet the way you would if you were a little child. Relax; enjoy the way the sun feels. Pretend you are lying on the beach in summer
8. Peruse the garden catalogues. Plan out your summer garden.

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Presence

The Angel Reveals the Map

You are overjoyed and filled with peace and beauty having experienced the loving light. You wish to hold onto the feeling as long as possible.

“Stay in the present,” your Angel says. She comes to sit with you. You are happy to simply be, to simply remain there in the cave, side by side with your closest spirit friend.

You notice that the traveling gear has been moved. It is stacked at the front door of the cave, ready to be gathered up at a moment’s notice, but for now, you are simply present in the beautiful cave that is filled with the lovely singing music of the light, present to yourself and to your Angel.

Search for Treasure

At an after Christmas sale, I purchased several large candles. I set them on the cedar chest in the living room on an oval silver tray that has a twisted edge. I lit them when I began writing hours ago today, and now their scent permeates the house.

I have stretched out on the couch and am propped up with pillows; covered with the afghan my sister made that I have loved for so many years it is almost my adult security blanket. Smokey, my cat who is so gray he is almost black, sits on the chair next to me. He is a comfortable presence in the quiet house. We sit, present to each other in the stillness. The

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flames flicker and I think of altar lamps that signal God's quiet presence in an empty church.

Angels are always near. We feel their presence whenever we change our focus from the rest of the world and turn inward, tuning into their beautiful messages of love.

“Bring yourself to this celebration of you. Bring yourself into the heart of God by bringing yourself into your own heart and unifying your body, mind and soul as one in love forever. We are simply here, at your side, forever your loves. We are the ones who are passionately in love with you. We are the ones who are breathless at your breath as you are breathless at ours.”

January provides us with the incentive to turn inward. If we have the luxury of extra time, we tend to remain inside, cuddled close to each other and to our pets. When we venture out, it is with jackets and gloves on. Those of us with greater sense grab our hats too. We are bundled inside layers of clothing.

Our presence to each other in the comfortable quiet of overcast days spent indoors is important. There is a knack to being together with someone and still allowing them their space in a house as small as mine. We are here for each other. Sometimes, we occupy the same room and sometimes we go to our private corners, not underfoot but always within the distance a voice can travel without hollering. I am reminded that, in a similar way, the Angels are always here, yet always give me the space I need to think and just be.

In the same way my family and my cats are present for me, so are the Angels. Even within the proximity, no one else lives quite the same life I do. By the same token, the Angels are fully here but do not live my life for me. They are constant companions, always ready to assist but not intrude. They have mastered the knack of living in a small house.

How can we be present to the Angels, as they are present to us? Simply by being our best, most authentic selves. When we are present to our own selves, immersed in doing the things we love, we are most open to what the Angels have to say. We present ourselves to heaven, not by showing up in bodily form in church on Sunday and leaving our hearts elsewhere, but by showing up wherever it is we know we are called to be, fully engaged in the present moment and living from our heart centers.

This Week Discover the Treasure of Presence

1. Visit someone. Stop by and say “hello.” Simply be there, present to them.
2. Put yourself in the presence of timelessness. Do whatever it is you love to do that makes time fly. When we are truly in touch with our authentic selves, we are unaware of the passage of time. It seems to disappear.
3. Notice the details. Keep a pen and pad of paper or notebook with you today. At least once every hour, write down what you are doing and whom you are with. Look around you. Write what you see. Forget about the past and future. Notice the now. Angels constantly live in the now. In doing this exercise, you will emulate the Angels.
4. Count your gifts today. Once every hour or more often if possible, focus on the present moment. Set the timer on your watch or carry a timer with you. Whenever it rings,

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write down what in the present moment is a gift for you. At the end of the day, read your list. You'll find you are richly blessed. Which of these gifts do you consider to be blessings from the Angelic realm?

5. Today, when you say your prayers, ask the Angels to give you signs throughout the day that signal their presence in your life. Look for these signs. Count everything that touches your heart. Notice the things that seem to be coincidental.
6. If you notice a present moment in your life which you don't like today, focus elsewhere. If you look the other direction, you can quickly change your present view and often the occurrences. At any given moment we may choose one seemingly small event over another. As those seemingly small events add up, we find that we have consciously chosen all the events that comprise life. We start out small and it becomes an avalanche. Consistent small choices add up to large choices. Focusing on what you want in your present adds up to a focused life.
7. Make something up. As a young child, you instinctively knew how to create what you wanted and instantly bring it into your life. You didn't just sit and read a book; you lived in the book you were reading. What book about yourself will you make up and live in just for today? Bring your dreams into the present by using this technique.
8. Be glamorous. My sisters and I kept boxes of fairy princess gowns in the basement when we were children. We'd don the gowns, the gaudy rings we'd won in the bubble gum machines, and old high heeled shoes our flamboyant aunts

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had given us and instantly transform into “rich ladies” swathed with jewels and furs. Today, remember that you attract whatever you give out. Who will you bring into your life by pretending to be (or actually being) glamorous? Ask your Angel to help you remember who it was you loved to pretend to be. How can you pretend to be that person now? When I want to revisit the “rich lady” scenario, I visit jewelry stores. I try every piece of jewelry on that the clerks allow me to. I have wonderful fun. Once I tried on a diamond ring that had a \$63,000 price tag. (No, they did not handcuff me to the case.) It was clear and huge, as big as my thumbnail and I enjoyed every second that I had it on my hand. I didn’t need to own it; I just needed to play the “rich lady” game. It was so much fun.

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