

Peace, Love & Angels: My Heavenly Encounters

Gina M. Klein





In PEACE, LOVE & ANGELS: My Heavenly Encounters, author Gina M. Klein shares her personal stories and encounters with God's messengers for the first time. The beautiful auras and soft whispers she's witnessed since childhood has brought about a special awareness as an adult. Having seen the Blessed Mother and heavenly angels appear to her, she's learned that if we don't pay attention, we may miss out on the answers to our prayers.

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Introduction

I had to write this book; my soul was telling me to. I even conversed with a good friend and fellow writer about my ideas for this book, and she agreed. It needed to be written. However, as I drove away from my meeting with her, I was still on the fence about the whole idea. So, I began to pray. I still felt that I needed something more; another boost of confidence to make this book happen. I said aloud to myself (and God) in the car, "If one more person tells me that I should write this book...without knowing my plans for it...then that will be my heavenly sign that I'm supposed to write it." Why I needed that extra proof, I don't know, but I did. It was probably because my writing friend and I always cheer each other on when we think of new projects. I guess I needed to hear the words from someone outside my writing circle in order to believe it was truly a worthwhile project that others would read. Little did I know just how soon those words would be spoken.

The moment I got home, I had a message on my phone from a long-distance friend. I called her back immediately, and we talked as we always did about our lives as moms, our children and many other things. Not once did I mention my ideas for writing this book, but she and I always talk about any spiritual events that have taken place in our lives. So, I shared a couple of recent, amazing things with her that had happened to

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me. When I finished, the words that came out of her mouth caught me by complete surprise.

"Gina, you should write a book about this stuff. I'm serious."

My jaw dropped. My stomach did a somersault. Did I hear her correctly? Did she just say what I thought she said? This was it! My sign that I was to write this book! The sign that I prayed for just minutes before.

I gasped. "I can't believe you just said that! Thank you!" I told her. My heart did a happy flip and thump-thumped an extra beat.

She was confused, so I explained. I told her about my ideas for this book, my meeting with my writing friend, and my prayer in the car afterwards. Her words were definitely my sign from above.

God works in amazing ways. We receive the messages and signs we ask for when we least expect them. There was a reason my soul was urging me to write this book; a reason my writing friend agreed with me; and a reason my long-distance friend spoke the words I needed to hear.

So, here it is: *Peace, Love, and Angels: My Heavenly Encounters*. I hope that my experiences in this book bring you peace in knowing that God and His angels are always nearby and listening; and it is my greatest hope that it will help you to listen and watch for their signs and answers to your own prayers. You might be surprised where and how they turn up.

Chapter 1

~ They were definitely around me. From a young age, I could see them. Though I was a tad frightened of the unknown back then, they piqued my curiosity...enough to keep me connected to prayer, love and knowing how to receive God's messages throughout my life. ~

Angels and Me

I first learned of angels as a small child. My mother used to tell me that I had a guardian angel who was always watching over me. This made me curious. Who was my guardian angel? Why couldn't I see her? Did she really have wings? I had so many questions, but no one could answer them for me because, like me, no one really knew. So, I became a bit obsessed with wanting to find out; not only about angels, but about spirits in general.

The supernatural was always interesting to me. I believe it was because of my experiences as a child growing up in our all-brick, raised-ranch home in Independence, Missouri. The home wasn't old at the time my family lived there, but I had spirit visitors on a fairly regular basis. Nighttime was their favorite time to visit, which was probably what gave me my fear of the dark.

From the time I was about five years old, I had to have lights on while I slept at night. I always had a nightlight in my bedroom, but that wasn't enough. I also had to have the bathroom light in the hallway shining into my room before falling asleep. My parents didn't like this much, but they allowed it. When I fell asleep, they would turn it off. I was okay once I entered dreamland, but if I woke in the middle of the night for any reason, I hid my face under my blankets as I tried hard to fall back asleep. I didn't want to see the darkness, and I didn't want to see the "ghosts."

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The ghosts I'm referring to are the glowing auras I always saw in my bedroom and other rooms in the house. Once the lights were out, I knew I'd see them. They reminded me of halos, only they always appeared in the shape of a person and they were always standing in the same spots. I never saw features of any kind. I was only able to see the glowing, golden or iridescent white auras. The thought never occurred to me that they might be angels. Instead, like most children, I believed they were ghosts. The auras never did anything to bother me. They didn't even move. Instead, they always stood (or levitated) in one spot, as if they were watching over me. They were obviously guardians of some sort, but because I couldn't see their faces or features, they made me uncomfortable.

One aura I was especially anxious about was the one that always stood in the same area of the hallway. Anytime I walked down the hallway to go to my bedroom or the bathroom, I saw it. Day or night, it was always right between my little brother's room, my parents' room and the bathroom. This particular aura was an iridescent white and, like the others, in the shape of a person's body. Because I couldn't see a face, I was terrified to walk down the hallway without turning on the lights. The bright lights seemed to make it go away, or at least made my eyes not see it anymore. When I told my family about this hallway spirit and my fear of walking down the hallway alone, they told me it was my imagination.

"Gina, there's nothing in the hallway. You're seeing things," my parents would say.

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No, I wasn't just seeing things and it wasn't my imagination. I knew that they probably thought I was crazy, but I knew what I saw. It was real. So, it became a habit that I turned on the lights in the hallway every time I walked down there. The hall light became my best friend until we moved from that house many, many years later.

The spirit world was a fascinating, yet creepy thing to me. While I wasn't sure I *liked* seeing the auras around the house, deep down I absolutely loved that I could. It was exciting, and it kept my curiosity alive.

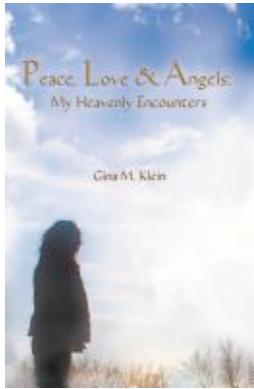
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As an adult, I enjoy recollecting all of the times God has sent me His angels to answer my prayers or to assist me in some way. There were numerous instances in my childhood, and even more now. While I often wrote them off as scary or freaky when I was a child, I have learned to pay attention and look deeper for the meaning when these angelic visits or coincidental happenings take place. Angels aren't around to frighten us. They're here to love us and bring us closer to God.

Have you ever had an encounter with an angel? If you think you haven't, chances are you probably have. Angels help us in ways that oftentimes go unnoticed. It's easy to just write something off as coincidence when it happens, but what we might actually be writing off is a blessing from above.

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Angels can come to us in so many ways. They may show up in our thoughts; they may appear in visions or in dreams. They may appear to us as animals or as people, and some may appear to us in the clouds, water or rainbows. Some of us may hear their whispers, while others may feel their soft touch. Angels sometimes get their messages across through the words of a loved one or a complete stranger. Their means of communication are endless, and it's all because they want us to know we're loved and protected. Angels are here to protect and guide us. They surround us with a loving calm and bring us messages of hope or of warning. They're here at the service of God, not themselves. And while some angels have names, such as the Archangels, many angels seem to come anonymously.



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