

Angel
Whispers

Angel Whispers

How to Get Closer to your Angels

Jenny Smedley



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*I'd like to dedicate this book to all the people
in the world, both living and passed to spirit,
who have ever shown me love.*

*You don't need wings to be able to fly – you just
need the help of someone who can fly.*

JENNY SMEDLEY

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INTRODUCTION

Why have I written this book? Quite simply, I was featured in an article in the *Daily Mail* about angels recently and I received a staggering number of e-mails in response to it, all asking the same thing: ‘How can I get closer to my angels?’ There’s no quick answer to this. It can’t be written in an e-mail. So this book has been written in answer to all those people who e-mailed me and all the others in the world who’d like to know the answer to the same question.

There are many reasons why you might have been drawn to pick up this book in particular. You might have liked the cover, the colours and the design. You might have read the back cover and been impressed with what was said there, or an endorsement from someone you admire might have made you pick it up. You might be fed up with the shallow behaviour of some of the people you meet and want to find a way to change the world. You might be facing difficult times – redundancies, ill health, relationship issues – and be asking, ‘Is this all there is or can I tap into more?’ You might be one of those who realize that the world’s consciousness is changing, *has* to change, and want to become a drop of water in the glass of goodness that we need to dose the planet and its people with. It really doesn’t matter what drew you to this book,

because whatever it was, it will have been created by your angels' energy, pulling you towards them.

You might have opened this book looking for help but be wondering, 'Why should I trust what's written here?' My answer to this question is: 'Because I'm a living example of how angels *can* take action to change your life, even when it seems there is no hope, and I want to help you see how to achieve the same thing.'

It *can* be done. Your life *can* be changed. I'm showing you a way to get closer to angels that's possible for every single person. It will take perseverance and commitment, but it's not a quick-fix pill like a bad diet that fails a few weeks later, it's a change for *life*. It will lead you to a new way of *being*.

When I was a child, I was able to connect with my Guardian Angel quite easily, as most young children can, although of course I had no idea at the time that that's what I was doing. At that age, everything was light and bright and the feelings I had when angels were around were natural and just accepted as normal.

I remember once when I was about three years old, my mum took me to catch a train to my auntie's hotel in Southsea. I didn't really like the panting steam engines as they were huge and noisy, like dragons that might eat a little girl right up. We had to change trains in London and after finding the right platform we got into an empty compartment on our connecting train and sat down. But as the train started to slowly grind its way out of the sta-

tion, the announcer's voice informed Mum she'd got on the wrong train and we were headed in completely the wrong direction, towards Brighton!

Naturally a bit panic-stricken, Mum opened the train door (they didn't lock in those days) and got ready to jump back down onto the platform. She told me in a firm voice, 'Wait right there, I'll catch you,' and she jumped off, intending to turn around immediately and whisk me from the doorway. But in my little three-year-old mind all I knew was that my mum had jumped off, the train was moving faster and we were being separated. Mum had stumbled slightly as she had landed on what was, to her, moving ground, but she would have been able to grab me I'm sure, even if she'd had to run down the platform alongside the train to do so. But I wasn't waiting, no way was I going to get carried away from my mum by the monster, and so I launched myself off the train with no idea of what would happen next, just that I'd be with my mum.

In hindsight, it was very dangerous. I could have fallen on landing and slipped under the train, as the gap in those days between platform and train was quite wide. The train was also going fast enough by then for me to have been hurt in the fall.

As I jumped, I could see no one on the platform except my mum. I remember her petrified eyes looking back at me as she ran towards me, but she would never have reached me before I hit the platform. However, I

was completely unafraid of falling. A part of me just knew that I was protected and that I wouldn't be hurt. All I was afraid of was losing my mum.

Suddenly I could feel the warmth of what I now know were my Guardian's wings holding me gently. I seemed to float and time stood still, but I wasn't surprised. Then, with a rush, I was grabbed out of midair and swung around in a porter's strong arms. I have no idea where he came from. He handed me back to my relieved mum with a stern admonishment never to do anything so silly again.

Everyone seemed stunned that I wasn't hurt. But I'd known I was safe. I also knew that someone besides the porter had saved me, but back then I didn't know who.

Of course, as with most children, the pressure of peers and of growing up soon divorced me from that happy natural union with my Guardian Angel, and it took me many years to be aware of his presence again, although I know he never left. It was I who left – in my mind, anyway.

Demonstrating how our lives are mapped out to an extent, when I was 12 years old angels also saved my future husband, Tony, from accidental death, in order that we would one day be together, as we were destined to be. Without his love and support I would never have found my life path. I met him when I was 17 and he was 19, five years after his accident. This year, 2009, we'll have been married for 40 years, as we married when I was 19 and he was 21.

The accident Tony had, which really should have been fatal, happened when he was 14. He was cycling to school with a couple of friends down the road that led to the nearby Shell Refinery, a journey he'd done countless times before. On that day the road was a little icy and, perhaps distracted by that and by the wind of a passing oil tanker, Tony thinks he clipped the back wheel of his friend's cycle with his own front wheel. The next thing he knew he was sliding towards the tanker's back wheels, and then there was only blackness until he woke up in a hospital bed, miraculously suffering from nothing more than severe concussion. No one could explain how he could have been struck on the head by the wheel of a hugely heavy vehicle doing a fairly fast speed, and survived. Literally a few inches' difference and he would have been killed, especially when you consider that those tankers had double sets of wheels at the back.

What made it even more of a miracle was that the driver of the tanker had glanced in his side mirror and seen Tony falling under his wheels. He'd instinctively pulled the steering wheel away from him, but of course, as he was towing a long trailer, this would actually have taken the back wheels even closer to Tony. So there is no doubt that something or someone placed him exactly where he needed to be in order to just get lightly clipped and survive falling under the tanker's wheels.

As I said, I grew up and gained a marvellous husband, but along the way I lost the connection to my Guardian

Angel, lost the knowledge and lost the faith, and started to drift, to the point where, some 15 years ago, I was in a very bad place. Despite my happy marriage, I could see no future for myself, because I felt there was something missing, something I should have been doing, but I had no clue what it was. I felt useless and rudderless, and I was almost at the point of suicide. I can honestly say that if it hadn't been for Tony and our son, I might well have taken that route. I was only 45, yet I could see nothing ahead but a downhill slope. But what the angels actually had in store for me was beyond my imagination!

I'd been brought up a Catholic but defected from that religion many years previously through becoming disillusioned. Like most people I really wished for things, prayed for things, searched for a purpose and became desperate when none of my wishes came true and it seemed that none of my prayers was ever answered.

As a family we were also in some financial difficulties, which didn't help. I hadn't worked for years and had lost the confidence to even try to get a job. I had no talent and no skills that I was aware of. I was a hypochondriac, with mysterious and scary pains, and I had a lifelong phobia of flying. I didn't like the way things were, but I was scared of change – scared of everything really, even life itself. I'd been eating and eating to comfort myself and become very overweight, which only added to my woes and lack of self-esteem, and that was when the worst thing ever happened – my mum died. She'd been the centre of eve-

rything in my wider family and without her, that support structure fell apart.

I thought I'd hit bottom at that point, but I carried on sinking for another four years, until I found myself one day sitting alone, feeling fat and unnecessary and wondering if I should bother carrying on, and that's when everything suddenly changed. I'd heard of people who'd said their whole lives had changed in an instant and doubted it was possible, but I was about to find out that it was.

If, at that moment, an angel had chosen to appear and had told me that over the course of the next 15 years I would write an award-winning song, lose three stone and become healthy, present my own TV show for two years, have 11 books published and fly to America not once but three times, I would have laughed hysterically in its face. All these things did indeed come to pass, but not until I learned to how to listen to angels, and even then not in any way I could have imagined. As time went by, I learned to communicate with angels and, most important of all, I was shown my purpose in this life by an angel.

In order to hear and be heard by an angel that can really change things for you, you have to raise your vibrations, and in the following chapters I'll be discussing what this means and how to do it in a balanced way. I sometimes feel that severe depression is actually quite close to meditation, which does raise your vibrations, and that's why it's often when we're at our lowest that at last we hear the voice of an angel. When we are depressed we stop caring

about the material world, or life in general, which is often our greatest block, and this sometimes opens us up in a way that we haven't known how to achieve before. That's what happened to me, the depression opened me up, but you won't have to travel that path. This book is designed to help you in a much more comfortable way.

In my case, at that lowest moment of my life I heard a voice clearly in my head. No flourish of angelic trumpets or great message for the world, just a voice saying, 'Turn the TV on.' Angels work in mysterious ways!

I obeyed this odd directive, because by that time I had no mind of my own. And at that moment, when I looked at the screen, I was suddenly awakened to my past lives, because I recognized a stranger on the television. And something about him removed my deep depression in an instant.

At the time I didn't know why this miracle had occurred, I was just joyous that it had. It was another six months before I understood what was going on. During those six months I just rested, bathing in unaccustomed happiness and buoyed up by the encouraging presence that seemed to accompany me everywhere. Of course now I know that I had been made aware of the presence of my Guardian Angel. It was a gentle time, and I was still fairly rudderless, but it was also a time to awaken my creativity, and that's when I started writing songs. They poured out of me, but no one was more surprised than I was when they started to be recorded and one even won a silver disc

for the artist. I wondered whether songwriting was the future and purpose I'd been searching for, but that wasn't the case, the songs were just one step on my journey.

Six months later I realized that it was connecting to a past life that had woken me up and so I went for hypnotic regression to find out the full story. The realization that there was so much more to me than I'd previously thought changed my perspective on life in general and my life in particular. On my insistence Tony gave up his stressful job, we sold our small farm and upped sticks, virtually overnight, following some direction or call to move to the hills of Somerset. In hindsight it all seemed very reckless, but by then I'd started to dream of angels and to meditate, and I was obeying every message I got, whether it came in a dream or as a waking vision during meditation.

A few months later, as I was journeying across country on a train, I decided to 'switch off' with a deep meditation. I slipped away from the world around me, the noise and bustle of the train receding along with it. Then suddenly I found myself in the presence of a wondrous being. It stretched to the stars and beyond and yet it was all right there in front of me and I could see it easily. It glowed with a light that was golden and yet richer than molten gold. This light was more dazzling than the sun, much too bright to gaze at without becoming blind, and yet I could look right at it. It had no real recognizable form, and yet it was instantly familiar and welcome.

I've searched many times for the words to describe how it actually *feels* to be in the presence of an angel and I've failed utterly. 'Rapture' is the only word that comes close. There is a love both given and received that transcends anything I've ever experienced as a human, and as I love my husband more than life, that is really saying something. When this angel showed me my path, which was to be a spiritual seed-planter, and offered it to me if I was willing to take it on (it did not command me), I accepted the role gratefully, knowing nothing would make me happier than to cooperate with this 'Master Path Angel'.

In the following months the angel started to give me the abilities that I'd need to carry out my 'job' successfully. A lot of talents were downloaded at night, and Tony got used to me suddenly sitting bolt upright in bed and scribbling things down on a notepad that I soon learned to keep right by the bed. These talents included the ability to do digital angel artwork readings, remote aura photos and readings (where I change ordinary photos into aura photos) and also spirit guide portraits, none of which I'd been able to do before. Soon, out of the blue, I was offered a job at our local TV station and before long I was producing and presenting a daily chat show on spiritual matters that ran for two years. Later I was led to various magazines and asked to write columns and articles for them, and I now do magazine columns worldwide. In 2004 I was approached by a small publisher and asked to start writing books seriously. Finally I got to where I am today, satisfying the Master Path

Angel by seed-planting and satisfying my lifelong ambition to earn a living with my writing.

Over the years I've learned of many paths to angels. On my TV show I've interviewed countless experts on the subject and many people who have had their own angelically influenced journey. I've talked to those who have been saved from drug-induced suicide or accident by an angel and, like me, have heard a short few words that have changed their life. I've tried many angel therapies and many of the tools that are out there for connecting to angels, and found out which ones work and which don't. I've learned how to get in touch with angels and what to ask for when I do, and I'd like to share these experiences with you.

You might well ask why it's so hard to connect to angels. Why isn't it as easy as picking up the phone? That would make life easier, but it wouldn't be right. We come here in human form to face a challenge. If we succeed, then our souls are free to move on; and if we don't, then it's back to the drawing board and back in another life. The challenge we face is this: we come to this life fragmented, our mind, body and soul disunited. We have to find a way to reunite these facets of ourselves into a spiritual unity, while enduring all that is human, which naturally pulls us away from such things.

When we're very young we don't have this problem, but as we get older our parents' attempts to mould us into socially acceptable people, our teachers' attempts to

fit us into boxes and our partners' attempts to change us to suit them better all drive a wedge between our mind, body and soul and drive us away from spirituality. These people all mean well, but their influence doesn't make it easy to reconnect to what's really important, which is not the accumulation of money or material property, or success, celebrity or power.

If we wake up to our spirituality and become perfectly blended, then life does indeed become easier, though. For instance dis-ease becomes a thing of the past as our minds have total control over our bodies and our innate ability to heal ourselves means no illness is allowed to take over. By reuniting soul with mind and body in perfect balance we are able to raise our energy vibrations enough to connect with other dimensions and this is where we can talk to higher angels, who have the power to alter our life path. Once on our rightful path we become happy and successful, though not necessarily in the material way measured by our world's yardstick.

It sounds wonderful, doesn't it, but I have to give you one word of warning. I am truly blessed, and my life is amazing, but it isn't perfect. Life isn't *meant* to be perfect – we're all here to learn, and some lessons come through adversity. So I can't promise you the perfect life with no problems whatsoever. What I can and do promise is to show you a way to better your life and gain fulfilment, which is what creates true happiness and the strength to cope with the trials of the human condition. It isn't easy,

but with faith, perseverance and determination, you too can get closer to your angels. What follows is a route-map based on my own experiences. It offers a path to happiness that anyone can aspire to.