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Menopause, Andropause And Other Hormone Imbalances
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Marty, the Angel Repairman

By Suzanne Solle

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I was in a somewhat confused place in my life a couple of years ago. I had been unceremoniously ousted from my high paying marketing position two years before and was still struggling with a lot of "who am I and why am I here?" type questions. I didn't realize it at the time, but I was in the process of evolving from a person that lived almost entirely through my mind to the person I'm becoming who lives from her heart and soul.

Of course, life marches on even when you're in the throgs of a personal identity crisis. At this point, fate had thrown me a broken dishwasher.

Our family's finances at the time of the appliance meltdown were abysmal. Finally, after several months of dealing with mountains of dirty dishes strewn around the kitchen, I cried "Uncle". I bought a dishwasher with the remaining credit available on our credit card.

I was so happy when the two young men showed up to install my shiny new best friend. It was stainless steel on the front, absolutely beautiful, and amazingly quiet.

Too quiet, as it turned out.

I used my sleek new companion several days in a row. Each time I finished running the dishwasher and took out the dishes, they were still dirty. I called the store to ask for help and they promised to send someone out the next

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morning to check into the problem.

Marty, the repairman, showed up right on time. He was around fifty, slender and had a cowboy sort of air about him. I was immediately comfortable with him. He seemed open and friendly, competent and wise. We went into the kitchen and within five minutes, Marty had determined that the installers hadn't opened a water valve completely, so there wasn't adequate water reaching the dishwasher.

I was relieved the problem was so simple and easily fixed. I thanked him and offered him some coffee. He accepted a

mug, leaned back against the kitchen counter and after taking a sip, asked me if I believed in angels. His question caught me off guard, it didn't fit with our conversation up to that point. I asked what prompted him to ask me that question. He said he'd noticed I had several angel and cherub paintings and figurines around my house and garden. I felt slightly disconcerted and avoiding his original question, I said yes, I did indeed collect them.

He then handed me a postcard from his tool box with information about a store in Independence, Missouri, about 45 minutes from my home. He said I should go there some time because the owner had many angel objects for sale. I asked Marty how he found out about the store. He proceeded to tell me an amazing story.

About six months before I met Marty, his only daughter had been killed in a car accident on I-435, a nearby highway. She was a passenger in the front seat riding with a couple of friends. The driver's cellular phone rang and he dropped it while trying to answer it. When he bent over to pick it up, he lost control of the car and slammed into a concrete barrier. Marty's daughter was the only person that was killed.

She was in her early twenties at the time of her death. She and Marty were very close and always had been. He loved to grow roses in his backyard. He called them his babies. After he got home from work during the warmer months, he would go out to tend his roses. His daughter would often join him in the garden. Marty would always cut one perfect rose and wordlessly hand it to her. It was his way of telling her how

much he valued her and how beautiful she was to him.

Just a few days after her death, Marty had a dream or vision of his daughter telling him that she was at peace and he should move forward with his life. This dream gave him a sense of calm and peace he said. Unfortunately, his wife felt no such peace. She was despondent and could see no point to anything in life. Marty tried to help his wife by telling her about his dream, but she seemed to be out of his reach.

A few months later, Marty and his wife were driving around in downtown Independence. He was trying to get her to decide where to go for lunch, but she was unresponsive. Marty's anger from all the pressure building over the last few months of his wife shutting everyone and everything out threatened to explode. He took a deep breath and said he

was going to drive around the square until she made a decision about where they were going.

He drove around and around, receiving no response from his wife. When he had tired of driving, he stopped the car, and turned to her to try to reason with her one more time. When he turned to look at her, he saw they were in front of a store called the Angel Lady. He previously didn't even know this store existed. He told his wife they needed to go into the store. He couldn't explain why, he just knew they needed to go inside.

As they entered the store, Marty said he immediately felt a sense of peace wash over him. The store is in an old house and consists of several small rooms filled with angel paintings, figurines, books, music -- anything you can imagine with an angel theme. As they entered the second room, Marty looked up and saw a painting of an angel holding a rose. The angel's face looked just like his daughter's. He showed it to his wife and said he must buy it. For the first time since their daughter's death, Marty's wife seemed to be alive. She agreed that they must have the painting for their home.

This experience was the turning point for Marty's wife accepting and moving beyond their daughter's death. He said that was the reason he carried cards from the Angel Lady

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with him wherever he went. He felt there were always people that needed to experience the healing that he and his wife had and he wanted to help them find it.

It was time for Marty to go to his next service call. He had more appliances to repair, more souls to heal.

Suzanne is a recovering intellectual/technical person who rediscovered her love of truth and writing at the age of 39. She now shares her quirky views of life with anyone that cares to read them. Her main project of the moment can be explored at

Today, I remembered...

Do Angels Have Names?

By Judi Singleton

Do Angels Have Names? by Judi Singleton

Angels may use different names from time to time. They will tell you their name if the time comes this is important for you when contacting them.

Each of us have our own angel. They have been with us always since the conception of all souls and all angels. This angel is assigned to help you connect with your Higher Power and to grow spiritually. This angel loves you with an unconditional love. Your angel knows every thought, action and subconscious thought you have. Your angel is here to love, honor and understand you. Your angel will help you with your souls development. However, you must invite your angel in as they never interfere with your free will.

When one first tries to contact their personal angel you may wonder if the contact has been made or it is just your imagination. This is perfectly normal everyone trying to contact their angel experiences it.

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Just keep contacting your angel and the quality of the information you receive will become more reliable. You will begin to experience being protected, comforted, and never again will you feel alone.

Contacting your angel will not interfere with any religion that you practice it will only enhance the experience. For most people being in contact with their personal angel speeds up the process of letting go of anything that is keeping you back from experiencing your full spiritual potential. This can be a very upsetting time as things

change fast but your angel will be there to help you through this time and you will come out the other side a happier, and more spiritual person.

Your companion angel will guide you on special paths you might not of ever thought of without them. Remember they are here to communicate

Higher Powers plan for you to evolve spiritually directly from the

Higher Power to you. So trust your angel and follow their guidance. Feel the love and understanding of your own angel who has known you always and loves you unconditionally. This angel can teach you to love yourself unconditionally.

Don't worry to much about the name of the angel they will give you a name as close to their vibration as you can understand. They do not call each other by names because they know they are all one with Higher Power. Something that a lot of mankind is still learning.

About the Author: Judi Singleton is the publisher of eight lists you can subscribe to her lists at <http://www.motherearthpublishing.com> Her list cover the subjects of business, spiritual journies, angels, her.bs, creating your life, Wellness, and Goddess religion. Subscribe today



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