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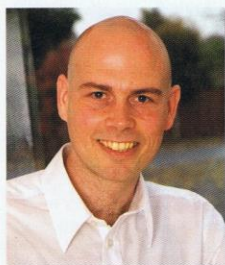
Your Stars for February
Full Page for every Sign **LUCK, CAREER, ROMANCE**
This Month's Amazing In-depth Guide

* MIRACLE OILS * DREAM ANALYSIS * LOVE SPELLS

THERE MUST BE AN

Angel

LEARNING COMES FROM MANY DIFFERENT SOURCES



By Adam Shaw

Last year my brother-in-law bought a trampoline for my two nephews. This proved to be a fantastic way for them to have fun, keep fit and keep their boredom at bay. I also found that it was a great way for me to play with them.

Being typical 3 and 4 year-olds, at the time, they have a very curious nature and like to know everything. They have provided me with hours of entertainment and been a real gift in my life. Experiencing the world through their eyes is a wonderful thing.

At a mind, body and spirit festival just a few weeks before my trampoline incident I had purchased a pack of Angel cards. Following a trip to Findhorn, in Scotland, several years before, I had always been open to the fact that they may be present but never really asked for their help or given them much consideration.

The deck of cards had sat on my bedside cupboard, unopened, for a few

weeks before my nephews got their hands on them.

"What are these, Uncle Ads?" My eldest nephew, Connor, asked me.

"They are Angel cards," I replied.

"What are they for?" Connor added.

"The Angels are there for us when we need help in our lives," I told them.

"Can we play with the Angels?" My younger nephew, Kian, asked.

"Of course. But you need to tell them what you want help with."

"I want more sweets. Can the Angels help me with that?" Kian asked.

"I think that you should ask your Mum for help with that. The Angels are for helping you with more important things," I said, foolishly forgetting how important sweets are to them.

The two boys looked at me blankly for a few seconds before Connor added, "Uncle Ads, I don't know what else to ask them."

Our conversation continued until I guided them to more spiritual goals. In this instance they both asked the Angels for help with their school/nursery projects.

Each time they came around to the house after that they would rush up the stairs and ask the Angels for help with something. It became a central focus of their visits.

Shortly after their third consultation with the Angels I was at my sister's house,



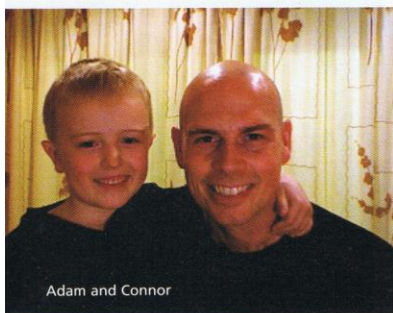
Connor

playing with them on the trampoline. We played for well over half an hour and were all having a ball.

As excitement levels rose we had an incident where I bounced on the trampoline causing Connor to fly up, with his feet directly above his head. Time froze at that second as I helplessly watched him fall upon his head, causing his neck to jolt and him to scream out in pain as he lay motionless.

This prompted my mum to leap up and shout an array of hysterical observations, none of which were too complimentary to me, or helpful to the receptive mind of Connor. Indeed her suggestion that he may have broken his neck and would need to go to hospital for an x-ray scared him into a screaming frenzy.

I would be a liar if I said anything but the fact that I was, momentarily, filled with terror - but I knew that I had to at least look as if I was calm and in control. My first task



Adam and Connor



TRUE LIFE

"Why do I have to go to hospital Uncle Ads?"

"Because they don't know about the Angels and want to see how quickly your neck has got better," was my improvised reply.

"Can't we just tell them about the Angels?" Connor asked, as if it was the most obvious thing in the World.

My heart melted as I saw the look of genuine bewilderment on his face.

"They don't know about the Angels and want to take you for a ride in the ambulance. Not many boys get to go in the ambulance."

Connor smiled, his mum took a photo of him strapped to the ambulance trolley. He went to hospital, had his x-ray and was discharged a few hours later – with no residual effects. He was delighted to tell his class at school about his trip to hospital.

Needless to say, I was most relieved that Connor got off unscathed from the incident, and even more pleased that he was delighted with his little adventure.

Young children are a sponge for suggestions as they are a sponge for information. It is vital that the information that they get is useful to them. Never was this point illustrated so clearly to me.

I hadn't used my pack of Angel cards before that day but I have certainly used them a few times since – and they have always given me good guidance. It's funny how help comes into my life, from all different ages – and planes of existence.

Adam Shaw is a Health Consultant. He provides a one-to-one service and runs wellbeing events where he teaches the art of intuitive walking – a coaching process that he has developed involving walking, talking, connecting with nature and tuning into intuition. His aim is to promote easily sustainable and positive health changes through making the process simple and fun. To find out more visit www.wellbeinginnovation.com

was to have my sister escort my dear, well-meaning, mother off the scene as I began to place a few, more constructive, suggestions to the screaming, young lad.

I repeated that everything was going to be ok and that he had amazing healing powers. I told him that he was feeling more relaxed and that he could ask for help from the Angels.

"Really Uncle Ads? Will the Angels help me?"

"If you ask them to."

"Please help me Angels," Connor asked, now visibly less distressed.

"Now that you have asked them – they are already helping you. Can you feel them help you?"

"Yes," He smiled.

"Where are they helping you?"

"On my neck."

"What colour is it?"

"Red."

"What shape is it?"

"A triangle."

"Do you know what that means?"

"That the Angels are helping me?"

"Yes."

At that point I knew that things were looking rosier and he was now smiling and relaxed. With the ambulance on the way I stayed with Connor and asked him again, a few minutes later where, what colour and what shape the Angels were. The place and colour was the same but the shape had now become a hexagon.

"Do you know what that means?"

I asked him.

"That the Angels are fixing my neck?"

"Yes. Can you ask them when it will be fixed?"

"Tomorrow," Connor said smiling.

A few minutes later the ambulance came and my Sister announced their arrival to us as they pulled up outside the house.

Tell us your story

High Spirit is looking for stories from people that have been through any type of life changing experience and have come out the other side with a positive outlook and sense of clarity. Have you beaten the odds for success, overcome a severe phobia that ruled your life, had a spiritual encounter that changed your whole belief system or overcome an illness with the help of conventional medicine or by opting for an alternative therapy. We are interested in featuring any true life story that can offer hope and inspiration to others.

Write to us at:

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