



INSPIRATIONAL STORIES OF  
ANGELIC VISITATIONS



ANGEL

SALES

FROM NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

CATHERINE  
LANIGAN

ANGEL  
TALES

A decorative flourish consisting of a horizontal line with a central floral motif and two curved lines extending downwards and outwards.

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# INTRODUCTION



**T**HIS BOOK HAS BEEN INSPIRED BY YOU, MY READERS. I have conducted dozens of radio interviews regarding angels and their intervention into human life, and the result has been a plethora of emails and letters from those of you who listened with both your ears and your hearts. I've been happily stunned at the extent of your amazing experiences. Once again, I was profoundly affected in both my heart and my soul at how wondrous God truly is. He never abandons us and is continually sending his angels and messengers to protect us, guide us, talk to us, and show themselves to us.

There are some who believe that this planet is on a collision course to disaster and that is the reason the angels are showing up more now than ever before.

I'm not so sure about this.

Because we live in a high-tech world, with the Internet and reality television programs, many of us are speaking out now about events we have never dared to share with even the closest of friends. Many of us are afraid of being labeled as “crazy” or “insane.” This is a justifiable concern. The Internet phenomenon of bloggers who can and do say anything they want and can condemn anyone who doesn't think just like they do makes us all potential targets of ridicule and even of being ostracized. What is worse, the press, political poll takers, and marketing experts are listening to bloggers and not taking the time to investigate allegations and statements. Our era of “instant journalism” reminds me of the scandal of “yellow journalism” that

plagued our nation in the 1880s. Back then, once we'd had enough false reporting, the media endeavored to regulate itself.

Translate that past and the current threat to be labeled a “kook” or a “nut case” by anyone who doesn't believe exactly the same way as the critic, and it is even more admirable that so many of you have stepped forward in this manner.

In the section in this book concerning near-death experiences, there are several stories that both validate the existence of heaven and illuminate facets of the next life that you might not have heard anywhere else.

It is vital to the mission of this book to tell the stories of our “experiencers” in as close to their own words as possible. I endeavored to simply be the journalist in this book. During my father's last days on earth, when he was quite coherent and speaking to me about the life he was living “between the worlds,” he told me that the “beings of light” were telling him that my new divine mission was to “chronicle stories about angels and life on the other side.” In this book, *Angel Tales*, my endeavor is to keep my promise not only to my father but also to the angels who gave me this directive.

This collection of stories, then, bears a great responsibility to those who have participated in its creation. These people have reached into their memories and their pasts to help light the way for others who are seeking help, courage, and strength in their time of need.

To be human is to have failings. To be frail. Few of us can make it all the way from the cradle to the grave without, at some time, dropping to our knees and asking the great Unknown Void, “What is the meaning of my life?” Even those with no spiritual beliefs believe in something, whether it is “science” or the “theory of chaos.” We all have to have something, some place to go, to hang our hats on hope.

It is my purpose to present to you these real stories for you to analyze, connect with, accept, or reject. In no way do I make a judgment about what others have seen or heard. To the best of my ability, I have not embellished or distorted the facts of what took place. These incidents are too vital to our lives. I feel it is important to write the words just as each angel spoke them in order for us to piece together this spiritual puzzle that baffles most of us even though, frankly, it shouldn't.

To have faith is to believe what we can't see.

There are many, sometimes too many, times in our lives when, though we have been filled with faith and are faithful, we falter. We become deeply troubled and incredibly afraid, and our faith comes up wanting.

This book is for those times.

These stories are meant to give hope and a sense of peace when you need it most. These stories are from people who are just like you. They were in trouble, and they were helped by a divine intercession.

What is most important for you, our new readers, to know is that these people were in trouble, but they listened for the angels. They were open to the angels. When an angel showed up, they didn't just rationalize the experience. They accepted that God was working in their lives like he always does.

Therefore, it is important for you to keep your ears open to hear and your eyes open to see. Your miracle is right in front of you. Accept it. Accept God's abundance in your life, every day of your life.



SECTION ONE

*Angelic Visitations*



# ANGELIC VISITATIONS



**T**HE STORIES IN THIS SECTION PERTAIN TO THOSE VISITATIONS that occur while a person is awake. These occurrences involve the angel appearing in human form only. If an onlooker were to witness a true “visitation,” there would be nothing out of the human realm of experience to report. These angels do not have wings. They are dressed in whatever the current fashion or mode of dress is for the country and culture in which they manifest themselves. They speak in the known dialect and language of that country or tribe. Their very existence at the moment of their visitation is purposely fashioned so as not to bring attention to themselves. They are about the work.

These stories are not “apparitions” in which the angel appears to a person and, other than speaking to the person or giving a message, the angel does not actually interact with the person or perform any kind of physical work or perform physical healing.

I would like to take a moment to explain “apparitions.”

Most of us have heard of these kinds of stories in which the angel, resplendent in white gowns and with enormous wings, appears to a holy person, saint, or prophet. There are many of this kind of angel story in the Bible. For the most part, we feel disconnected with those ancient times when people seemed to have a better shot at being visited by an angel than we do in contemporary times. Or did they?

About fifteen years ago, I met a woman, Kathy Gillian (not her real name), in Houston, Texas. At the time, she was a fairly prominent psychic in Houston. She worked at a day spa not far from where I worked in the pool industry. Kathy had been interviewed by the leading local newspapers and had been on several television shows. Today, that doesn't seem all that odd, especially considering the popularity of the programs "Medium" and "The Pet Psychic" that have inundated our cable and networks.

I had gone to Kathy's apartment to consult about a charity event we were both hosting. I asked her if she had ever seen an angel. She told me that when she was only four or five years old, she had been playing in her bedroom. She saw a bright light, and when she looked up from her dolls, the walls and ceiling of her room had simply disappeared. It was as if dense matter had transformed to ethereal light and energy. And there with her was an angel. The angel was very tall, blond, and blue eyed, and it wore white robes and a white gown. It had a gold rope belt around its waist. Kathy said she couldn't tell if the angel was male or female, because it felt like both. (This kind of report is why I always refer to this kind of angel as androgynous.)

She was not ill at the time. She was not in any danger at all. The angel had come to tell her that she was not alone and would never be alone. She was to understand that God loved her and that her life would be a very special one. She would always "see" things that other people did not. She was to have patience with other humans who could not "see" nor understand what Kathy would see.

Once Kathy was an adult, she was revisited by her angel only a handful of times, but she did feel that the angel spoke to her and through her each time she was giving guidance to one of her clients. She never felt disconnected from her angel, and it was a constant source of comfort, hope, and love.

As simple as this apparition story is, it has stayed with me all these years.

Kathy had never been in danger of her life when she saw her angel.

In this "angelic visitations" section, the stories are true interactions with angels. Most times when this type of interaction takes place, the humans are

either in danger of their lives or are in such great despair and hopelessness that angelic intervention is necessary.

From the stories submitted to me, I have established criteria for this kind of angelic visitation.

- The angel, in human form, appears seemingly out of nowhere.
- The angel is a total stranger.
- The angel vanishes into thin air moments after the “lifesaving” moment or the danger has passed or, at the very least, is never heard from or seen again, as if that person didn't exist.

As fantastic and strange as some of these stories may sound, I believe that in addition to the obvious need for the angel's appearance and interaction with the human in question during times of danger or need, these wonderful situations also make us aware that angels truly do live.



## LIGHTNING BOLT ANGEL



AUTHOR'S NOTE: This story was submitted to me by Reverend Dr. Richard Stewart, who is the author of “Angel on the Land Rover,” which also appears in this collection. My very deep thanks to Dr. Stewart for sharing his story, but after reading the following story, I certainly hope there are no more such dramatic experiences from him again!



July 13, 2006

**I** JUST HAD A LIFESAVING EVENT WITH AN ANGEL ONCE again. This time I was the recipient of an angel's touch.

A week ago, Tuesday, July 4, 2006, I was at a friend's house for a late supper snack. I was preparing to leave around ten thirty at night.

A fast-moving and vicious thunderstorm blew in. The lightning was frequent and very dangerous. The thunder was very loud. Loud enough to shake and rattle homes.

The storm took thirty minutes to pass. When I thought the storm was passed enough to go out to my car about one hundred yards down the street, I said good night to my friend.

I shook my buddy's hand, and he disappeared down the cellar steps.

I opened the front door and began to step out.

Suddenly, I felt a strong tug on the collar of my T-shirt. It pulled me back inside the house. I almost fell over backwards, the tug was so strong.

I regained my composure once inside the door. I turned around to see who was there and found no one.

“Okay. That was weird,” I said to myself.

I looked out the front door. Suddenly, a last blast of lightning struck the power and phone lines directly across the street, setting off every fire alarm and smoke alarm in every condominium in the community my friend lives in.

Immediately following the lightning was a blast of thunder so loud that it shattered numerous closed windows in a number of condos.

The thunder was so loud and the percussion so strong that it knocked me over backward, sending me to my rear end and then over my head!

My buddy, James, looked back up the cellar stairs and asked, “Are you okay?”

“Yes.”

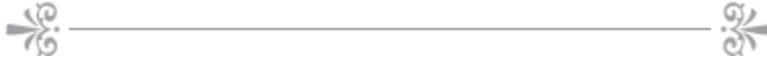
“Thank God.”

“Precisely,” I said. “I have never experienced a blast of lightning and thunder that would send me over backward.”

I knew then and I know now that if it had not been for that “invisible hand” grabbing me by the shirt collar, I would have been struck by lightning.



## TAILSPIN ANGEL



AUTHOR'S NOTE: This is a wonderful story from Patricia Moore-Donley. So many of us are involved in potentially deadly car accidents and incidents. Too many times everything happens so fast that it is difficult for us to remember precisely what happened. Certainly sometimes, it's even impossible to explain these lost details to the highway patrolman or policeman who keeps asking us how it is that we were able to live through such bizarre circumstances.

In our modern existence on this earth at the current time, mankind is no longer battling dinosaurs and saber-toothed tigers. Thus, our daily lives are not particularly riddled with life-threatening situations. However, for each and every one of us who gets behind the wheel of a car and must battle the daily commute on our nation's freeways and highways, there is almost always a conscious or subconscious sigh of relief once we get to our final destination and we realize that, once again, we made it alive.

Each time I read one of these stories about the near misses that my friends, family, and new email and Facebook acquaintances have experienced, I am filled with wonder and awe at just how busy the angels must be during rush hour. As I've always said, "For most of us, it takes several angelic interventions on a daily basis to keep us safe."



**I**T WAS IN THE 1970S WHEN PATRICIA BOUGHT HER FIRST car. It was a purple AMC Gremlin, and she was very proud of it. For anyone who knows anything about cars, this was a small car with a small engine. Even at the time, it was not considered the safest car on the road.

It was a frigid winter evening when Patricia drove her boyfriend to his home and then started on her way back to Cincinnati. Once she got to the

freeway, the snow was coming down very hard. She had the windshield wipers going, and she was hunched over the steering wheel trying to see the cars ahead of her. Fortunately, the traffic was light, but she had to make her way slowly.

She got to the section of I-75 South that was surrounded by a twenty-five-foot tall concrete wall that was near the city called Lockland. She was in the fast lane, going about thirty-five miles per hour, when her car suddenly started to skid. It started spinning in circles, going around and around. She ended up facing the wrong way in the slow lane with an oncoming semitruck barreling down on her.

Patricia screamed and didn't know what to do. The truck was only about one hundred feet from her. From her vantage point, she could see the shocked and frightened look on the truck driver's face as he braced for the inevitable impact.

At that moment, she believed that they were both about to die.

Patricia braced for the impact. She shut her eyes and screamed out loud, "Oh, God! Get me out of this!"

At this instant, Patricia felt her leg being lifted off the brake pedal. Then her foot smashed down on the accelerator pedal. Suddenly the car was spinning again. Only one spin.

Patricia found herself in the emergency lane facing southbound again. At that precise moment, the semi went careening past her. Miraculously, the impact had been avoided without a second to spare.

Patricia shouted, "Thank you!"

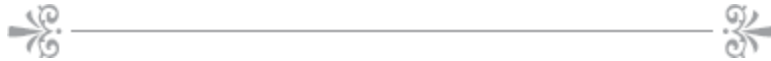
Patricia was well aware that another force was responsible for lifting her leg off the brake and putting her foot on the accelerator. At the time, she had been too frozen with fear to react to the situation. There had been no thought in her head about what to do. All she thought about was the fact that she was going to die.

Afterward, she was shaking as she took hold of the steering wheel once again and made her way home. However, Patricia was incredibly thankful because she knew that her life had just been saved by some divine intervention. All the way home that night she continued to thank God and her angels for saving her life once again.





## PILOT ANGEL TO THE RESCUE



AUTHOR'S NOTE: What follows here are two stories of angelic intervention in one man's life.



**I**N THE LATE 1950S, LEO MOSELEY AND HIS FRIEND WERE challenged to a race in his friend's new Oldsmobile 88. Because his friend had recently consumed several beers and Leo had not been drinking, they decided that Leo should drive.

They met their challenger on an uncompleted interstate highway not far from their city. It was dark, and there were no street lamps to light the area. They had to rely on headlights from their cars and those of a few friends who were their cheering section.

They revved their engines, each trying to outdo the other with a display of noisy, intended intimidation. A friend dropped a bandanna, and the race was on.

The cars had raced only about a half a mile when Leo's challenger began blowing his horn. Suddenly, the challenger dropped back. Leo was going over one hundred miles per hour as he glanced in the rearview mirror to see his challenger frantically waving at him and now dropping very far behind.

Leo looked straight ahead, and in his headlights he could see a large wooden barrier with huge red stripes painted across it. Behind the barrier were two very large oak trees. Leo knew he was going to crash into the barrier and that the car would continue careening into the two oak trees.

“I'm going to die!”

Leo started to cover his face with his hands so as not to see the collision.

At that very second, there was a flash of blinding light, and everything came to a standstill.

Miraculously, the impact never came. There was no thunderous, crashing sound. No twisted metal. No pain to Leo and no agonizing screams from his friend in the passenger seat.

Leo sat there completely amazed that they had not crashed.

He got out of the car, wobbly but alive. As he looked around, he realized that the car was sitting facing in the opposite direction with the motor still idling. To his astonishment, the back bumper was only several inches from the barrier.

His friend got out of the car and stared at Leo, neither of them saying a word.

Within moments, the challenger drove up to Leo and his friend. He got out of the car and said, "I can't believe you guys are alive."

"Neither can we," Leo said.

"There is no way you could stop that car in time to avoid a crash. That's some of the best driving I've ever seen. How did you do it?"

"I don't know," Leo said.

The next day Leo and his friend got together. They discussed everything that they remembered and both their stories were exactly the same.

"We shouldn't be alive, Leo," his friend said to him.

"It had to be divine intervention," Leo said. "I will never forget that flash of light."

"It was an angel, if you ask me," his friend said.

"I think you're right. I hope he sticks around just in case I need him again," Leo said.

Several years later, Leo was to encounter an angel in another life-threatening situation.



In the early 1960s, Leo was a twenty-two-year-old military fighter pilot. He was involved in a training flight in which he was practicing dissimilar combat maneuvering. In this flight, two different types of aircraft practiced

their tactics against one another. This practice had taken place over an hour or so.

Leo was returning back to the air base when he experienced an engine flameout. The engines had completely stopped running. Leo tried an in-flight air restart. But the restart failed. Suddenly, Leo lost control of the aircraft. He was going down.

He tried to eject out of the cockpit, but the ejection seat would not fire because the safety pin had not been removed. Thinking fast, Leo blew the canopy off the aircraft and continued going through the emergency procedures. He tried manually to bail out, but due to the forces involved, he was pinned to the seat and could not move.

He looked out through the top of the aircraft and saw the ground rushing up toward him. His mind raced with a thousand thoughts as he went speeding toward the earth. He continued struggling with the aircraft, trying to recover his altitude.

For the second time, he looked up, and now he saw a large tree looming in front of him. At this moment, Leo was convinced he was going to die.

“My God!” he screamed.

At that very instant, and for the second time in his young life, he saw a blinding flash of light. Everything in his world seemed to come to a standstill.

By this time, the aircraft should have impacted with the earth. Instead, Leo went flying about fifty feet above the trees, at wing's level, and the engines were running smoothly.

There was no other damage than the loss of the canopy. All the military personnel and crew on the ground commented how they could not believe what had happened. They knew, just as did Leo, that he should've crashed.

They also knew that something or someone had saved Leo.

Today, Leo states that his philosophy of life has changed drastically and that now he is much more spiritual. He states, “I also know that we are much more than our bodies. Over the years, when in physical danger and during periods of emotional stress, I can feel the presence of a loving force surrounding me, and on several occasions have heard a very loving, kind voice tell me, ‘All is well. Do not be concerned.’”

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