

Newsletter from Lorna Byrne

Newsletter Three - September 2008

Hello to everyone.

For some of you this is your first newsletter from me – Welcome.

At this very moment I am surrounded by the Angels and believe it or not, I am a little nervous about writing this newsletter and am asking them what I should write about. The Angels are telling me that you will want to know about some of the things that have happened to me recently since the launch of *Angels in my hair*.

The Angel Hosus has joined me. He is sitting on my desk; I'm afraid he will knock over my cup of tea, and have just told him to be careful. He laughs at me saying "Don't you know, I won't, Lorna", as he swings his cloak over his knees almost knocking over the cup of tea. All the Angels in the room are laughing – and so am I. Hosus says, "Let's start work".

My editor Mark came over to visit from London. We talked about lots of things. One of the things I found so intriguing was watching the Angels all around us listening and commenting among themselves on what was being said. Sometimes I found it distracting listening to the Angels comments, at the same times as listening to Mark.

The Angels told me that while Mark was over here it was important to bring him to some of the places that I have mentioned in *Angels in my hair*. One of the first places I brought him to was the cottage, where I use to live with Joe and the children. I explained to Mark that the area was now built up and most of the fields are gone, replaced with new houses full of families. To my delight part of the old lane leading up to the cottage still remains as it was long ago with the tall hedging.

I felt excited as we walked in the gate of the cottage. I smiled, seeing the Angels standing at the front door. They looked like they were preparing the way in for us. I smiled at them. I turned the key in the door and in we went. The Angels followed. I showed Mark around the house, particularly the old part.

Sometime later we drove down into the village of Maynooth, parked the car and walked to the College. I showed Mark one of my secret places, a place I visit when I need time for myself. We also visited the beautiful church of St Patrick's College and after that we walked down the avenue of trees, the same path I walked that day when the Angels gave me the Angel feather shortly after Joe's death.

I want to share with you something else special that happened recently this time at a book signing in a big shopping centre in Dublin - Eason's in the Dundrum Town Centre. People were queuing long before I arrived and I was shocked to see such a big crowd. If I was shocked by the crowd of people, I was even more astonished by all the Angels that were there. For every person that was there, there were about twenty Angels. There was a magnificent light around everybody– It's very hard to describe – all I can say is that it was the light of love and care the Angels had for each person man, woman and child.

As I sat down at the table to sign books I silently asked the Angels to please allow miracles to happen for all the people who were there that day – and for their families and friends.

One of the people there was a boy in a wheelchair. He was about twelve but looked younger. Seeing all the Angels around him and his mother I knew he was being well looked after. The Angels kept changing the colour of his wheelchair. The boy was passing the time, while he waited to talk to me, playing a Nintendo – what he didn't know was that there was an Angel beside him playing it with him too, I could see the Angels hands intertwine with the boy's hands. Another Angel was touching his leg.

The Angel, with his hands on the boy's legs turned and spoke to me, telling me that when his mother wheeled him up beside me, I must put my hands on his legs.

When it was their turn, he and his mother came up to me. I spoke to them and I touched the young boy's legs. As I did the beam of light behind him opened up and his Guardian Angel appeared. Standing with his Guardian Angel I could see several Teacher Angels. The Guardian Angel handed something to one of the Teacher Angels and he placed the object into the boy's chest. I silently asked the Angels, what was going on, what they were doing? I got no answer. I was only told to put my hands on the boy's legs and to bless him. That I did, and I asked for blessings for him and for his whole family. He was a happy young man.

That day, I got a gift of flowers and cards and other little things, which I cherish very much. A young boy called Michael gave me a notebook with pictures that he said he had drawn especially for me. As he said this his Guardian Angel showed himself to me, glowing so brightly that for a moment that I had to look away.

For me it was a day to remember. So many spiritual things happened. So many people shared with me their worries and concerns and I implore God and the Angels on their behalf to answer their prayers. I know in my heart and soul, that that is what will happen, as time goes forward. That day I saw so many Angels working with people, becoming employed to help them alongside their Guardian Angels

I was exhausted, at the end of that signing, but I felt good. I knew that things were happening, even if in some cases they were miracles in disguise.

I must thank all of you for your support in spreading the word about *Angels in my hair*. God and the Angels could not have made this such a success without your help as well. So on behalf of God and the Angels, I say thanks for listening and playing your part.

I was so thrilled when it got to number one in the Irish book charts (paperback non fiction), even though the Angels had told me this would happen, I always found it hard to believe – and I still do after eight weeks at number one in Ireland!

The book has already been published in the UK, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand, and slowly but surely its getting known in these countries. And the Angels

are telling me to ask for your help - spreading the word to friends or family you might have in other countries.

I've been doing lots of interviews – some of them live radio interviews by phone and at the beginning I was a little nervous about not being able to understand the interviewer clearly or having a crackly line, particularly when I was doing interviews with places like South Africa. I had a long conversation with God and the Angels about this and they sorted out everything so I have had no problems.

One radio interview was only meant to be for fifteen minutes but it went on for almost an hour and I never felt the time pass. As I write this the Angels are tapping me on the shoulder saying, “What about us?” Yes, my Angels were all around the table while I was on the phone doing that interview and I have no doubt that at the other end of the telephone line, with the interviewer had Angels inspiring her.

I remember on one particular radio interview with South Africa, – a woman called in and spoke about her two sons who went out one morning and never came home.

“Where was God then for my children?”

Her two young adult sons were killed in violence in South Africa.

It brought back memories to me to my own country, Ireland, and the problems we had in Northern Ireland. There were many times here a father, son, mother or daughter would not come home - a bomb went off, or maybe they got caught in crossfire and were killed.

My heart went out to that lady. I know God and the Angels were there and I know they took the souls of her sons straight to heaven. I know the Angel of Death is there, trying to get people in South Africa – and elsewhere- to listen, to realise that there is no need for violence. We really need to listen more!

We have to try and not look for revenge when someone hurts us or our families. We need instead to find a peaceful solution. Otherwise we will all go around in circles.

Everyone in the world has to play their part. We all have to listen; we all need each other regardless of the colour of our skin, nationality, religion or other beliefs. We all have a soul we all need each other. We are precious. This is one thing God and the Angels keep telling me.

“Pray for us” the mother in that radio interview asked and the interviewer asked me to pray for South Africa too. “It is really needed.” She said, “Things are really, really bad here.”

I promised that I would and I will do everything God and the Angels allow me to do for peace in South Africa.

We must always remember is that there is more good in the world than there is bad and we can all help with prayer. Prayer is very powerful, regardless of your religion. Pray for each other, even those you don't know.

In the prayer scroll (on my website) I have received many thanks for prayers that have been answered. On your behalf, I thank God and the Angels and I ask that God will fill your homes with Angels to help you and your families and that miracles will happen for you.

God bless

Lorna

P's If you think this newsletter would be of interest to your friends or family members please pass it on.

If you would like to see what the press have been saying about Lorna and *Angels in my hair* click here. <http://www.lornabyrne.com/pressarticles.html>