



A STORY OF
SPARKLES
MY ANGEL FRIENDS

FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE NEW GOLDEN AGE

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SPARKLES
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Tim watched his reflection in the pond. His tussled curls sprang in every direction. He had been running through the tall meadow grass and could still feel it swish against his legs and smell the damp earth.

The meadow was one of Tim's favorite places.

"Just because," is what he had told Aunt Sarah.

"It smells good. It feels good. It's just a good place to be." And that was that.

Minnows darting just under the surface of the water in the pond glittered as the rays of the sun glinted off them. There were gold fish that looked like the shiny pennies in the bottom of the wishing well he had seen at the fair. Miss Muffin, his kitten, was considerably interested in the gold fish. "Don't do it, Miss Muffin," Tim warned. "You'll fall in there and you wouldn't like that one little bit." Miss Muffin continued eyeing an especially fat gold fish.

The fat fish studied her also.



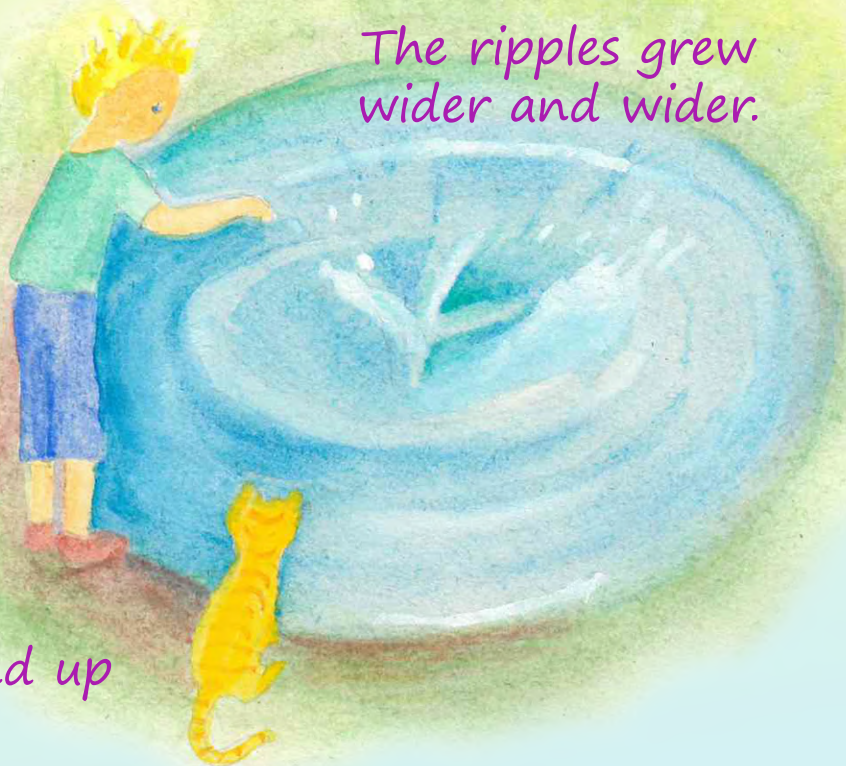
The frogs started singing. "Hear that, Miss Muffin," whispered Tim. "Those frogs knew we were coming by so they saved their special song for us."

Miss Muffin was still keeping track of the fat gold fish. She carefully flipped the water with her paw.

Tim was right. Miss Muffin didn't consider swimming one of her better skills. She was a fair butterfly chaser, a good mouse stalker, but her best talent was just being Miss Muffin, Tim's most favorite kitten in the whole world.

"C'mon, Miss Muffin," Tim called tossing a small, smooth pebble into the pond. He watched as the ripples grew wider and wider. "Look at that!" shrieked Tim. Miss Muffin jumped straight up into the air and landed on all four feet in the pond up to her chin.

The ripples grew wider and wider.



"Good grief!" sputtered Miss Muffin leaping onto the shore. "Will that boy ever stop startling me so?" The kitten composed herself and gracefully sat near Tim with her tail curled around her feet. "Now, what did he say?" she wondered looking up at the boy.



Miss Muffin landed in the pond

"Did you see that? Did you see that, Miss Muffin?" screamed Tim jumping up and down.

"Look. There it is again," he yelled excitedly as he pointed toward the pond. Miss Muffin could still see the bull frog sitting on the lily pad but the fat gold fish had vanished when the boy started screaming. She could also see Light Sparkles reflecting in the pond.



There, see the Light Sparkles reflecting in the pond.

Tim was jumping up and down again frantically shaking his arm toward the pond, "There, see the Light Sparkles. There they are again," he cried. The boy kept staring at the water as if expecting a surprise.

"Oh, that!" shrugged Miss Muffin slowly standing up and stretching.

She started ambling toward the path that led to the glen where Aunt Sarah lived in the little white house"

"Perhaps there are some butterflies in Aunt Sarah's garden that need chasing," she thought.



The path that leads to
Aunt Sarah's house.



Whirling away from the pond, Tim started running as fast as he could. He almost knocked Miss Muffin over as he thundered past. "There he goes again," she sighed shaking herself off. "C'mon, Miss Muffin," he shouted over his shoulder as he raced down the path. "Have to go tell Aunt Sarah about the Light Sparkles in the pond." The closer he got to Aunt Sarah's house, the louder he screamed, "Aunt Sarah! Aunt Sarah!"

"My goodness," exclaimed Aunt Sarah rushing through the screen door onto the front porch. "What could it be?" She heard Tim's shouts before she saw him flying down the path toward her. Before she could count to five, he sailed over the three porch steps in one giant leap and crashed into her. THUD! "OOF!" she puffed falling back into the cushioned rocking chair with the boy in a heap in her lap. Squeak, squeak.

"Whoops," he grinned sheepishly looking up.

8 "Scuse me, Aunt Sarah." His eyes were as big as saucers.

Aunt Sarah started to laugh. Tim started to laugh too.

Miss Muffin having seen Tim's clumsy entrance, sat at the bottom of the porch steps watching them both laughing in the rocking chair. Aunt Sarah had a soft lap but Tim jumped up.



"Aunt Sarah, guess what I saw in the pond?"

"Light Sparkles," he blurted out whirling around, arms flailing in the direction of the pond.

The rocking in the chair more comfortably now, Aunt Sarah caught her breath. "Sparkles, you say? HMMM. That's interesting," she said rubbing her chin. Tim stood there with his mouth open.

Sitting down in his chair in front of her, Tim rested his chin in his hands and rested his elbows on his knees and stared at her. Miss Muffin ran off chasing something or other. Tim couldn't see what, but that was just Miss Muffin.

Wriggling impatiently he pleaded, "What do you mean interesting?"

Aunt Sarah's eyes twinkled brightly while giving him that special 'I love you' smile. Rocking slowly she asked, "Did you see your reflection in the pond?"

Tim continued to stare at her. Thinking for a moment, he tilted his head to one side, squinted his eyes and answered, "Why sure I did. You can always see your reflection in the pond. It's like a mirror."



"Do you suppose the Light Sparkles you saw in the pond were also a reflection?" she asked.

The boy pulled his knees up to his chest and held them with his arms.

"Why does she always answer my questions with a question?" he wondered. He thought some more.

"What could the Light Sparkles be reflecting?"

he mumbled laying his chin on his knees.

"I didn't see anything except Miss Muffin and she doesn't sparkle."

Tim pulled his knees up





Aunt Sarah chuckled.

"You certainly are right about that, child."

Reaching into her apron pocket she pulled out a small, round, gold mirror with a flower design on the back. Handing the mirror to the boy, she asked, "What do you see in the mirror?"

Tim took the mirror and held it up in front of him.

"Oh, my gosh!" he exclaimed looking into the mirror. "The Light Sparkles are there. I can see my face but the Light Sparkles are there too." He jumped up from his chair and whirled around to look behind him. He didn't see anyone. Miss Muffin stopped short when she heard the commotion.

He turned around to face Aunt Sarah again.

"Did you see it? Did you see it?" he blurted looking into the mirror.



"Yes," she answered calmly. "What is it, Aunt Sarah? Do you know," he asked continuing to gaze into the mirror. "Gee, they're gone now," he gulped slumping own in his chair still holding the small mirror tightly. He watched Aunt Sarah eagerly.

"My child," she began. "The time has come for you to learn about your Angels."

The boy's mouth and eyes shot wide open at the same time. "My Angels," he whispered softly peaking up and down, to the right and left and over his shoulder.

Aunt Sarah smiled lovingly as she reached out and held Tim's hands in hers. "You are a very special boy. You're a Child of the New Age, the Aquarian Age. Every child throughout the world who hears this story is a Child of the New Age."



Tugging on the bottom of his shirt while studying the floor, Tim noticed that his sneaker had come untied. "Those Light Sparkles were Angels?" he asked looking up.

"Mom says I have a Guardian Angel," he continued. "Is that what you mean?"

The rocking chair moved peacefully as Aunt Sarah answered, "Yes. Your Guardian Angel protects you.

You have a Ministering Angel too."

"What's Ministering?" he asked. "Teaching," she replied. Tim thought for a moment.

"A teacher Angel?" he asked. "But I already have a teacher in school."

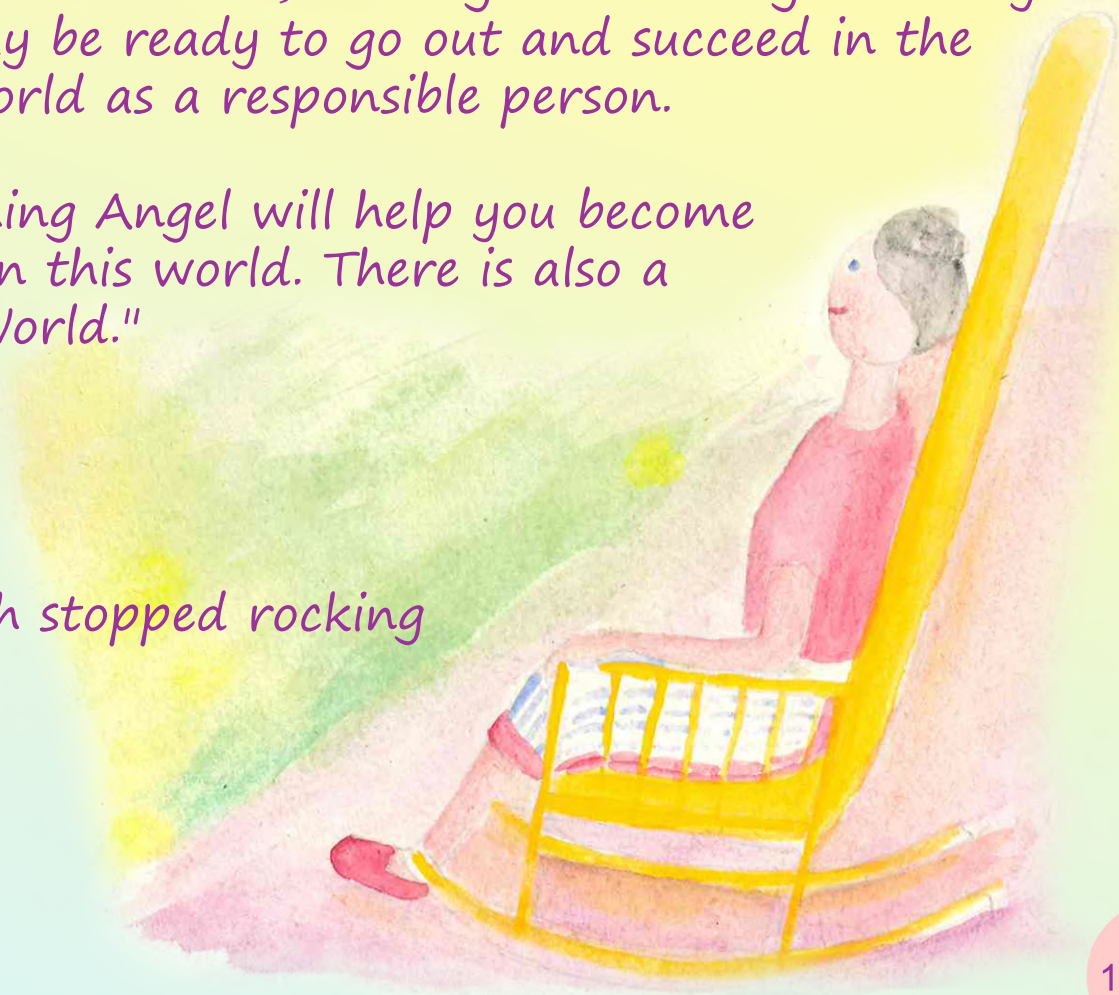
Aunt Sarah stopped rocking and looked directly at the boy sitting on the edge of his chair in front of her. He was a bright child and also one of the very special New Age Children.

Just the fact that Tim was asking such questions made her certain that it was time for him to understand and meet his Angels

"In school you learn of worldly things. You study geography, arithmetic, reading and writing so that you will one day be ready to go out and succeed in the physical world as a responsible person.

Your Teaching Angel will help you become successful in this world. There is also a Spiritual World."

Aunt Sarah stopped rocking





That was one Tim had to think about. "Where is the Spiritual World, Aunt Sarah?" He picked up Miss Muffin and scratched her head. She started to purr.

Aunt Sarah began, "The Spiritual world is within you and all also around you. It is a Feeling World. It's that part of you that smiles and is happy and knows when you are doing the right thing! It's that part of you that picked up Miss Muffin and scratched her because you knew she liked that. It's the love you have in your heart for all God's creatures—two legged, four legged or six legged.

It's that part of you that saw the Light Sparkles in the pond and the mirror. Your Teaching Angel will help you learn to control your feelings so that you can become master over them.

Angels bring God's FEELINGS to us – they are a great blessing in helping us to know the truth and to know if our feelings are from our "I AM" Presence or from our human-self, to feel forgiveness, to bring happiness and love wherever we go, and to stay constant in the good feelings and thoughts."

The boy just sat there staring into space and thinking. Then he started wriggling. When Tim had a question, he tightened his lips, squinted his eyes and wriggled.

He took a deep breath and then exhaled.

He took another deep breath.

"Aunt Sarah," he exhaled,

"My Angel will help me learn to control my feelings?"

"Yes," she answered.

He took another deep breath.

"What does that mean," he asked.



She rocked slowly, looking toward the meadow. Tim knew no one was there. She did that when she was thinking. "Let me see now," she continued. "How do you feel when you are asked to tidy your room or help with washing the dishes?" "Oh, Aunt Sarah! To be honest I much prefer to be playing outside or with Miss Muffin," he frowned wrinkling up his nose.

"Are you saying you don't like those chores very much?" She asked quietly. Her eyes twinkled. Tim put the palm of his hands down on his knees and looked her straight in the eyes.

"You bet I don't like really like washing the dishes or cleaning up my room!" he declared firmly.

"Oh, I see," she chuckled. "Did you know that those chores could be made bearable if you learn to control your feelings about them?"



"Huh!" he exclaimed in surprise. It was difficult for Tim to believe that washing the dishes could ever become bearable.

Aunt Sarah continued, "The next time you are asked to wash the dishes, stop before you say or do anything. Then think of how this chore you are doing will help someone else."

Tim perked up in his chair. "That would be different for sure. That's what I'm going to do next time." Tim started laughing. "You know what, Aunt Sarah? I can do that with everything, not just chores."

Tim jumped up and Miss Muffin bounced off his lap onto the floor. Moving toward Aunt Sarah, the boy gave her a big hug and kiss. "I love you, Aunt Sarah."



Aunt Sarah wiped a tear from the corner of her eye. She always cried when she was happy. "Tim, that's why your angels came to you today.

They want you to recognize them and ask for their help."

"Gee, you mean the Light Sparkles are my Angels?" he grinned. "And they can really help me? Honest?" he asked. "Honest," she answered.

Tim started dancing all over the porch, jumping and turning in circles and laughing. "Wow!" was all he could say. All of a sudden he stopped.

"How can I talk to them? What are their names. Are they always with me?" he rattled. Running back to Aunt Sarah, he stood right in front of her waiting for an answer. He knew she could answer his questions. She was the greatest.



"Slow down, slow down," she said. "Don't you remember? Your Angels came to you today because you were open and willing. You have to ask them to come."

"But, Aunt Sarah," the boy interrupted, "I don't remember asking for my Angels. Gee, I like them but I don't remember asking."

Smiling, she took his hands. "When you said your prayers before bed, did you ask your "I AM" Presence to help be a good boy?"



"Gee, how did you know?" he asked grinning shyly.
"It doesn't matter how I knew," she said quietly.
"What does matter is that your "I AM" Presence heard you and sent your Angels. They are here now to help you grow into the best example of your "I AM" Presence here on Earth that you can become."

"Aunt Sarah," he asked, "Will they always appear as Light Sparkles?" Picking Tim up into her lap and brushing his hair back she answered, "That will depend on you, child." "On me?" he whispered.

She continued, "As you grow and become wise with the help of your Angels, they may appear to you in different forms. They will often identify themselves to you though."



Tim suddenly sat up straight in Aunt Sarah's lap. "Did you see? They're here again. I can feel them too."

Smiling she hugged the boy closely.

"What do they feel like?"

"Oh, they feel warm and cozy like your lap. And they smell like the lovely blue and white wild flowers growing in the meadow."

He stopped and cocked his head to one side. "Oh!" he squealed,

"I can hear them too! They're talking to me!" "What did they say?" she asked.

"They said they were happy I accepted them today. They will be with me all my life and they love me very much," he whispered in awe. "They also said I MUST ASK for their help before they can do anything for me," he continued breathlessly. "Does everyone have Angels, Aunt Sarah?" Tim asked with concern in his voice.





"Everyone has a Guardian Angel," she replied, "but to have Teaching Angels people must be open and willing to accept them, and they must keep their feelings and thoughts peaceful, happy and harmonious for the Angels to come close to them and help them."

Tim climbed down from Aunt Sarah's lap and started pacing up and down the porch with his hands in his pockets. He studied the floor carefully. He noticed his sneaker lace was still untied.

"Do Angels wear sneakers?" he asked.

"No, I don't believe so," laughed Aunt Sarah loudly.

"You could ask them sometime. I'm sure they would tell you!"

"Well," said Tim, "these laces sure do come untied a lot. If I were an Angel, I'd never even wear shoes, especially with slippery laces."



He sat down to tie the sneaker lace. Looking up from the floor, he hesitated. "Do they have wings?" he asked.

"My goodness, I never thought about it before," she answered in a surprised tone. "What do you think," she asked.

Tim sat on the edge of his chair, "There would have to be a need for wings; like feet." He sat there for a moment, "they would have to take flying lessons too. If the weather were too bad, they might not even be able to fly, either. Seems to me wings would be more trouble than they're worth." Aunt Sarah started laughing. "You have some good points there." Tim continued, "Nope, my Angels are too smart to bother with wings. They can just think themselves wherever they want to be!" "That sounds reasonable," agreed Aunt Sarah.



Just then Miss Muffin jumped up and sat in Aunt Sarah's lap. Tim watched them. "Does Miss Muffin have an Angel, Aunt Sarah?" he asked walking toward them. Aunt Sarah rubbed Miss Muffin's back and felt the vibrations of her purr. Miss Muffin looked up at Tim.

"No. Animals don't have special Angels," Aunt Sarah answered. "But if you call to Archangel Zadkiel and Beloved Holy Amethyst, they will send Angels to help the animals."

"That's good," said Tim scratching Miss Muffin's head. "When you need Angel help, Miss Muffin, let me know and I'll ask for you."

The kitten purred in understanding.

Rubbing his nose the boy asked,

"Can Miss Muffin see my Angels?" Aunt Sarah smiled.



"What makes you ask such a question, child?" "Oh, just wondered," said Tim shrugging his shoulders. "It's a good question," she answered. "Yes, I believe Miss Muffin can see your Angels. In fact, all the animals can see Angels." Pausing for a moment to look at Miss Muffin she continued, "Have you ever watched Miss Muffin when she seemed to be playing with someone but you couldn't see anyone?" "Lots of times," he answered confidently.

"Chances are the Angels were playing with her," said Aunt Sarah, winking at the boy.

"Angels play?" Tim's eyes popped open wide. "Of course," she said. "Angels are pure love sent from our Father-Mother-God. They only know and express feelings of joy, love, peace and kindness. Angels are selfless." "Are what?" Tim asked screwing up his nose.



"Selfless," she answered. "That means their only reason for Being is to serve God and mankind. They give their whole Being to bringing God's gifts to mankind and ask for nothing in return."

"Gee!" whistled Tim

Aunt Sarah looked at the boy and tapped his stomach with her finger.

"Would you like to know something you could do for your Angels?" she asked with a twinkle in her eye.

"Sure would. What?" he exploded.

"It's very simple," she started.

"Practice listening and feeling so that you will know when your Angels are with you wherever you are - at home, in school, on the playground or sitting quietly."



She kissed his forehead.

Smiling she continued, "When you know that your Angels are near, it's easier for them to help you. When they can help you, it makes them very happy."

"Oh, I shall, Aunt Sarah. I promise I'll practice all the time," said the boy earnestly. "Come here, Tim," she beckoned softly. As he came toward her, she held his small hands in hers and kissed his forehead. "Child of the New Age, you are very fortunate to have such fine Angels.

Now that you know about them, love them, thank them and think of them often. Your angels love you very much and are happy that they were chosen to help you." "Now run along home," she lovingly swatted him on the bottom.

"We'll talk again another day."



Now run
along home

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