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Derek Acorah's Amazing Psychic Stories

Derek Acorah

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Extract

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So far in my lifetime I have experienced being in the company of a true angel twice. The first time was when I visited California in 1998.

On the day prior to my return to the United Kingdom I was sitting in a diner in Marina del Rey in the company of some members of the International Society for Paranormal Research, including Dr Larry Montz. Quite out of the blue I became aware of a presence with me. Feelings of absolute joy, divine delight and pure love flooded through my being. I had never felt anything like it before. I was moved to tears by the sheer force of emotion. I felt changed and enlightened. I knew that the experience had been brought to me to help me

understand my mission in life to tell the whole world the truth of eternal life.

The second occasion I experienced a meeting with a true angel was in the back garden of my home. My father Fred had passed on to the spirit world the previous November and I knew that the time was drawing near for my beloved dog Cara to pass on to the world of spirit as well. I was deeply saddened. Cara had been my trusted companion for almost 17 years and in all of those years she had never left my side. She had been with me during some very bad times and had shared the good times with me too. She was 'my girl' and I did not know how I was going to cope without her loving physical presence.

As I sat with my head in my hands contemplating what was shortly to take place, I heard a gentle rustling noise. A feeling of warmth, peace and all-encompassing love flooded through my whole body just like the feelings I had experienced that afternoon in Marina del Rey. I was enveloped in dazzling pure white light and once again I cried with the pure loving emotion of the experience. My deep sadness was replaced by a complete calmness and acceptance of what was to be. As the light evaporated and the celestial being withdrew from me, I knew that my Cara would be safe in her heavenly home and that my father would care for her until we were once more reunited.

It is interesting to note that the circumstances surrounding me at these times were entirely different. On the first occasion I was in the company of other people and the atmosphere was positive and upbeat. There had been animated conversation about a bright future. It seemed to be something within that conversation that caused the angelic visitation. It was as though the heavenly realms were setting their seal upon it. As Dr Larry Montz said, 'I think that today we have been visited by this spirit for a specific reason – to tell us we are walking on our predestined pathway.'

On the second occasion when I felt an angelic presence I could not have been feeling less positive. I knew that my beloved dog's health was failing fast and I was at the point where I had to make the ultimate decision regarding having her euthanased. I cannot describe how I felt. I loved Cara dearly and could not bear to let her go. But if I loved her, I asked myself, how could I let her continue to deteriorate to the point where life for her would be painful and difficult? It was the most awful decision I have ever had to make in my life and it was then that the angel visited me. On that occasion I feel it was to bring me peace and let me know that the correct thing for Cara had to be done. It was to remind me that she would pass over peacefully knowing that she was loved

and that I loved her enough to let her go on to the beautiful place waiting for her. It was to remind me that she would not be alone – that my father Fred would take care of her until it was time for us to be reunited in spirit. It was to give me solace at a time when I was very, very sad indeed.

Whatever the circumstances, when you are visited by a true celestial being the feelings of peace and love are so intense. Warmth radiates to both the inner and the outer self. I can only describe it as a 'living light'.

It is curious that it is only relatively recently that people have begun to speak of their experiences with true angels. This may be because in the past such stories have been dismissed as claptrap and silliness. But angels exist just as surely as you and I.

When a person is truly blessed by an angelic visitation, their descriptions are always the same – an awareness that the light around them has become dazzlingly bright and an atmosphere of intense peace, love and happiness. As the angelic presence recedes, it leaves behind positive feelings. Visitation from an angel is a truly life-changing experience.

People see true angels at different times and for different reasons. The most common reason for angelic visitation is to give strength to a person who is feeling sad or

lost, to give them hope for better in the future. Other people experience angelic visitation when they are ill. People also see angels at times of great happiness and report that seeing the angel is an affirmation of that happiness. In short, angels can be anywhere at any time and in any circumstances.

An angel visited Penny when she moved home as a six-year-old child. She was with her parents and her brother but was somewhat afraid of the house that the family was to move into.

As Penny nervously entered the bedroom that was to be hers, she noticed a very bright light in the corner of the room. As she stared at the light she began to see the outline of what she described as 'the sort of angel you see in picture books'.

From that point onwards Penny wasn't afraid of her room. She felt happy and peaceful there and spent many happy childhood years in the house.

And so an angel came to make a nervous little girl feel happy and at peace at a time when her life was changing.

Chapter 2

White Feathers

When people describe angelic visitation, it is not uncommon for them to report the mysterious appearance of a white feather. This is meant to let you know that an angel has been around in your time of need or that you are not forgotten and that life goes on.

There have been occasions when an inexplicable white feather has been discovered in my own home. We do not have any caged birds as pets and although there is a garden frequented by many birds, none have ever been inadvertently trapped in the house. The feathers have always been discovered lying on a kitchen worktop and never in the bedrooms or anywhere on the upper floors where it would be possible for a feather to escape from bedding. Our cats

have never brought a dead bird into the house, so that explanation is out of the question too. I have even seen a feather drifting down from the ceiling and gently landing on the kitchen work surface. There is no explanation whatsoever for the appearance of such feathers in our home. It can only be the work of an angel.

Angels are of course everywhere, and everybody, whether they recognize the fact or not, will at some time have their life touched by an angelic being. Not all angelic visitation is of the celestial nature – we can also be visited by our 'guardian angels', those people who have once taken human form and who care for us from the world beyond.

A white feather may be dismissed as insignificant or not even noticed. There are some people, though, who set great store by a white feather featuring in their life.

One such person is a young woman whose son passed to the world of spirit at a very young age due to a serious illness. On the anniversary of his passing and at other times during the year when she is feeling particularly low, she will always find a white feather. There is never an explanation as to why the feathers should be found where they are, but they give the young woman comfort and, she feels, the knowledge that her son is always around

her and draws even closer when he feels his mother needs uplifting.

Another woman who has found white feathers is Carole. Although I have not met her, she has kindly allowed me to tell you about her tragic experience.

Carole's husband passed to spirit very suddenly at the age of 47 as the result of a massive heart attack. Tragically, this awful event took place whilst Carole was out of the house and her husband was in the company of their two teenage children. As you can imagine, it was a terrible time for the small family, but gradually they began to get back some sort of normality and were coping well.

Carole firmly believes that her husband is her guardian angel and I have to agree. From what she tells me, he is guiding and guarding his family just as much as he ever did whilst he was here in his physical life. Carole tells me that whenever she has to take on a task that her husband would have performed in the past, such as checking the oil in the car or fixing something in the house, she sees a white feather somewhere in her path. She has grown to expect them now and is never disappointed!

In her quiet times Carole often reflects on days gone by. She tells me that on such occasions she feels her husband's presence strongly, even to the point of feeling

a slight pressure on her shoulder or her hand being gently held – proof indeed that her husband has not gone away but is there as much as he ever was and no doubt always will be.

So the symbolic white feather brings huge comfort to a bereaved wife, confirming to her that her husband is safe and well and still caring for her from the world beyond.

Rebecca is also been the recipient of white feathers.

Rebecca suffered serious depression after a horrendous and almost fatal attack by an ex-boyfriend of her mother's. Whilst still on medication for her depression she went out with her friends one night. She was unaware that taking an alcoholic drink would affect the medication she had been prescribed and returned home even more depressed and upset than ever. She attempted to commit suicide but fortunately was found in time and taken to hospital, where she stayed overnight.

When she arrived home, she went straight to bed. The windows and door to her bedroom were tightly shut. After a long sleep Rebecca awoke to find a large white feather on her bed. She is convinced that it was from her grandfather in spirit, who also suffered terribly with depression, and that he had come to give her comfort and tell her that everything would be alright.

Since that incident Rebecca tells me that she has been finding white feathers every now and again in some very strange places. I have to agree that it is very likely that her grandfather is in visitation. He is letting her know that he understands what she is going through and is watching over her.

Maureen inherited a small dog named Leckie after her cousin and his wife sadly passed on to the spirit world within 18 months of one another.

A year or so after taking Leckie into her home, Maureen began to suffer with arthritis that was sometimes so severe that she was unable to walk. Happily, the little dog was there to comfort and amuse her and keep her company. On really bad days he would cuddle up close to Maureen as if he was comforting her.

Sadly, in time Leckie too passed on to the spirit world. Maureen was very upset at losing him and felt an unreasonable anger at her cousin for leaving him with her in the first place. She felt so bitter and angry that she had lost her cousin, his wife and little Leckie that she went along to her cousin's grave and removed the dog's photograph that she had placed there three months earlier.

The following morning Maureen found the most beautiful soft white feather lying next to her sofa. It was in the

exact spot where Leckie used to lie and sleep. Maureen wondered whether it was a calling card from an angel to help her through her grieving period or whether it was from Leckie himself to reassure her that he was still close by when she was lying alone and suffering with her arthritis.

Since that day Maureen's anger and bitterness at losing her family members has left her. The love that she always had for them has been restored. That little doggie angel's work has been done!

Wanda was holidaying with her family in a sixteenth-century cottage in Cornwall. She felt very uneasy after the first day or so and was sure it was haunted. Because she knew that she had almost two weeks left of her holiday she decided that she would pray to the angels for protection for her family from whatever was in the cottage.

The next day her sister reported that she had seen a figure with huge wings walking past the front window. She was convinced it was an angel and added that it had left a large white feather.

Wanda's partner was not convinced and said that if angels existed, could they leave a sign, such as another feather. Moments later Wanda's son rushed to where his parents were sitting. 'Mum, a huge white feather has just

dropped down from the ceiling in the living room!' he shouted.

Wanda thought he had probably been listening to the conversation and told him, 'Yeah, sure it did!', but he was insistent.

Wanda's sister went to collect the feather that she had found earlier and Wanda's son produced his feather. They were both pure white! Was it a coincidence? We will never know. What is known, though, is that Wanda was not bothered for the rest of her holiday by the ghostly resident of the cottage.

Lois is also convinced that she has experienced angelic visitation.

Lois tells me that in the early spring of 2005 she was at her workplace. The radio was playing in the background and she got up to change the station. She tuned in to a programme that featured an interview with me. At the end I described my experience with the angel who brought me such peace and comfort just prior to the passing of my beloved dog Cara.

Afterwards Lois walked over to the window and as she stood there looking out and thinking about the story of the angel, what appeared to be a feather floated down from the sky and landed gracefully on the ground right

in front of her. Thinking it was her imagination, she rushed downstairs and ran outside to where the feather had landed. She was amazed to see that there on the ground lay a beautiful white feather. She picked it up and brought it inside.

Later that evening Lois showed her husband the feather and told him about the radio interview. She says that she did feel a little stupid and thought that she might be reading a little too much into the arrival of the feather, as it could well have been a coincidence that a bird's feather had fallen whilst she was thinking about angels. She says that her husband Craig may have felt that too.

The following week Lois and Craig travelled to America. On the day that they were leaving to travel back to the UK, as they were loading up the car with luggage, a large white feather blew into the hallway, stopping at their feet.

Two weeks after returning to the UK Lois' father passed on to the spirit world. She was devastated. There have also been a number of other events that have caused her concern, not least the danger of losing her sight due to her diabetic condition However, she writes that things are starting to get much better in all areas, including her eyesight. She says:

'Although I have never told my friends or family about the feathers, as they'd most probably think I was oversensitive and losing the plot a bit, I firmly believe that the significance of the feathers in my life was to let me know I wasn't alone and to give me strength for the tough times that were to come, to comfort me with the knowledge that my dad hasn't left me and is being looked after in spirit. The feathers did not protect me from or stop any of the pain and difficulties that were to enter my life, but I am sure my ability to cope would have been much less without them. I believe that my feeling that the angels had given me a sign made me think about things more spiritually and allowed me to put my difficulties much more in perspective in relation to the bigger picture of human existence. All of us have difficult times in our lives, some more so than others, but I feel it is how we choose to deal with the difficulties that teaches us the lessons we need to learn. For this I am eternally grateful to the angels for their interaction in my life.'

I could not have put it better myself!

Of course the arrival of a white feather is not necessarily a sign that there is an angel around. I recall sitting in the

passenger seat of my vehicle one day whilst Ray Rodaway, my tour manager, was driving me to a theatre venue in the south of England. We had been travelling for a couple of hours or more and had decided to stop at a motorway service station. It was a very cold day so we both put on our jackets prior to leaving the vehicle.

We returned to the car approximately half an hour later and took to the road once more. We had been travelling for no more than a few minutes when I heard Ray say, 'Aye, Ackers! You know what you were saying about angels – when there's one about you sometimes see a white feather?'

I nodded.

'Well,' Ray continued, 'I think there must be one about now because a white feather's just drifted down from the roof of the car. You don't think we're being warned that we're about to have an accident, do you?'

I looked at Ray sharply but could see from his expression that he was really very serious. In fact he looked rather nervous. And sure enough, when I looked at the dashboard of the car, there sat a small white feather.

As I looked in Ray's direction again I could see a small pinprick of white sticking through the outer material of his jacket. I pulled it and out popped a small white feather.

'No, Ray,' I said dryly, 'there aren't any angels around just now. The only feathers being shed at the moment are by you and your duvet jacket!'

An expression of relief spread across Ray's face, followed quickly by one of embarrassment. 'Don't tell anybody about it, will you, Ackers?' he said.

By this time I was convulsed with laughter. 'Oh, Rods! This one is too good *not* to share!'