

Touched



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Angels, Saints, Apostles, and Prophecies:

Index:

1. Archangel Ariel
2. Archangel Azrael
3. Archangel Chamuel
4. Archangel Gabriel
5. Archangel Haniel
6. Archangel Jeremiel
7. Archangel Jophiel
8. Archangel Metatron
9. Archangel Michael
10. Archangel Raguel
11. Archangel Raziel
12. Archangel Sandalphon
13. Archangel Uriel
14. Archangel Zadkiel
15. Archangel Raphael
16. Archangel Barachiel
17. Saint Andreas Wouters
18. Blessed Miguel Pro, SJ
19. Saint Marianne Cope
20. Venerable Matt Talbot
21. Saint Kateri Tekakwitha
22. Saint Thomas Becket
23. Saint Joan of Arc
24. Saint Athanasius

25. Saint Thomas Aquinas
26. Saint Francis
27. Saint Patrick
28. The Blessed Virgin Mary
29. St. Peter
30. St. Luke
31. St. John
32. St. Mathew
33. St. Mark
34. St. Paul
35. Mary Magdalene
36. Christ
37. Holy Spirit
38. Prophecies (2017)
39. Prophecies (2018)
40. Prophecies (2019)
41. Prophecies (2020)
42. The Preacher and the Devil (The Conclusion)

Introduction:

The goal of this manuscript is simple, to be a clear vessel of communication from the heavenly realm to the earthly realm. It is my intention to listen with the only desire to bring clarity of the messages through to you the reader. If you are reading this now, you are already interested in mediumship already, and know of how thin of a veil that separates the tapestry of our true existence from the Spiritual World.

God in heaven, Open my medium psychic talents that you have given to me since my birth to help others, take always sinful pride, ignorance and all blockages that would separate me from the true communications that are given to me from the angelic realm. In Jesus Name, Let it be so, Amen.

Dedication:

This manuscript as a mediumship of Spirit is dedicated to the eternal Spirit that is found in each of our existence within humanity upon Planet Earth.

ANGELS:



ARIEL:

Candlelight reflections upon the mighty wings of an Angel, while kneeling on bended knees before the mighty throne of the heavenly cathedral of God's everlasting Love.

Since the beginning of time, a glorious keeper and protector of the eternal holy sacred realm.

Forever helping and guiding the seeker, the needy, and the lost towards God's love, understanding, and kindness.

Always quick to give shelter and strength to those in desperate need.

Ask and it will be given to you, and if much is given, then much will be expected from you in return. Be bold, Seek Justice, and do not turn a blind eye to the inequities that surround you.

Arise and rejoice in the Lord, for he truly sits on the right hand side of the Father.

There are many paths to the kingdom, and many go astray, but keep your path true to who you are and you will find the heavenly gates open for you.

Call upon my sacred name if you have found your faith has faded and you shiver by the light of the crescent moon, for I shall come and rescue you and lift you up by Angel's wings.

Don't let your tears turn into a deep river of despair or sorrow, but look towards the light that is surrounded by love, and I shall always be there waiting for you.

Hold your sacred heart with the upmost of compassion, honor, and truth, for surely you will have nothing to fear from the holy angels and messengers of god's Grace, Love and Truth.

For we, the Angels, are not here to harm or punish you, but rather to lift soul vibrations and energy into the glorious transformation of eternal peace.

Azrael:

An Angel stands in holy prayer
while holding a purple amethyst crystal
underneath the Tree of Life
as white sacred blossoms opens
towards God's Glory and Might.

The beauty of creation is within the blissfulness
nature of our true soul's consciousness
within its original beginnings.

The purity of hope and endless joy is not obtained
within the baptismal of fire,
but only from the true love and grace
that come from forgiveness of our pride.

Born with the knowledge within, we are pulled not only by gravity of space,
and of time, but also by the Holy Spirit, back towards our true center within
our creator, our God, Our Bliss.

For the beauty of the spirit, shines brightly from within, all questions will be
answered, and all hidden pains will be removed.

Do not give into temptation without understanding all the consequences of
all your actions in this world or in the next.

Treat each other with dignity, as you would like to be treated by the Angels
for they are the guardians of truth itself, and of protector of all justice upon
the given lands.

So forever be the tender gardener that carefully tends to each seed that is
planted, for each plant will eventually grow accordingly to its care and
love.

Chamuel:

A glorious Angel that helps the hospice in transforming
from the earthly to the heavenly plane
while drying the tears of past sorrows away
and lifting the weary to a new consciousness of reality
and inner strength.

For time escapes for no one
for the chimes of your life will ring loud, clear, and true
on the day of your given enlightenment.

Cosmic snowflakes of celestial souls gentle falls
and melts into the endless river of love, forgiveness, and peace.

The endless winds through the changing colors of leaves of trees
as they sway back and forth dancing
in the depths of the hidden shadows of the unknown voices,
as you fall gentle into the embrace of the Angels.

Angels are waiting for you patiently by the altar of God,
to guide you, to help you,
and protect you on your final journey
through the inner dimensions of the darkness of the night.

Home at last,
Home at last,
as all the angels rejoices
upon your given arrival.
and inner peace.

No one left behind, No one forgotten.

A true celebration of God's truth and love.

Gabriel:

A golden trumpet sounds above the canyon walls.

An American Indian stands on a Mesa playing a wooden flute.

A Medicine wheel etched in the painted sands below an Arizona Sky.

An Angel wearing a robe of green and gold trim,

While holding a sacred silver goblet chalice of rose petals and wine,

Images of the beautiful vibration of the holy angelic healer

Blessing the forehead of the fallen soldiers of God.

Landscapes of total abundance of peace revealed,

Opening up of one's consciousness of spirit and mind

A table of milk and honey of endless spiritual food and nourishment

Of total strength, compassion, and eternal love.

A broken winged dove

Lays on a grass covered meadow

Of white daisies, daffodils, and purple violets.

Surrounded by tall aspen trees.

Beautiful majestic music of a Celtic harp

As beloved wings started to mend

Into the blessed flight below the rays of a radiant sun.

Haniel:

Awaken your spirit, Awaken your soul
Do not drift through life with unknowingness
Of your true nature of love and joy.

Defensive barriers built by year of burden and scars
Find your true grounded center of your blessed destiny,
And be brave in who you truly are.

Release your inner demons that are chaining you down,
And be free once more,
Remember the innocence of your childhood
And the butterfly's magic of discovery,
And touch the strength of the wolf as Jupiter rises above Mar.

The serenity of the Angels are always watching over you,
To guide you, to comfort you, as you step into the fray
Of the harsh realities of the world.

Jeremiel:

The lion protects its pride

The Shepard protects its flock.

Lighting etches across the galaxy.

Of a radiant distant sun,

As a single bell chimes in a holy temple

A child's laughter holding a red balloon.

The paternal instincts within primitive survival.

Broken chalk of inner decay of earthly dust.

A clock hanging on a chain swings back and forth.

The flower petals of a rose,

Gently fall from an old crystal vase

Upon an antique delicate piece of lace.

An Angel stands silently in watch,

as a gentle sentry between our life and the next.

Jophiel:

A sheltering Angel stretches its wings

Against the dark storm clouds

That were building and gathering

On the distant reddened horizons.

A world of beings of waking consciousness spinning out of control

Within the total disregards of the natural truths of spiritual

Understandings.

Endless pursuits of greed, power, control,

Within the total madness against humanity.

As pack of rabid dogs defends a dead carcass of decay.

The blood soaked sands of barren lands

As skeleton bones are bleached

Under the extreme heat of the blazing hot sun.

A Sheltering Angel stares in self-disbelief of a world turned mad.

Metatron:

Shield of Amour, Fortress of strength, and Defender of the eternal realm.

Glory, Glory, Glory, to God in the highest

Above all the nations upon the Earth.

Be of able mind and spirit

And always reach out to your God given potential.

Find not your answers in the material nature of the world,

But within the true nature within the beautiful spirit of your soul.

Do not harden your hearts from the toils of this world

But simply open gracefully to the dance of life itself.

Faith, Hope and Love are only found through the challenges of our lives.

Miracles are waiting to be discovered as you walk your given path.

Fear not the demons of the darkness or the shadows of the night

For I am always waiting to be called to be standing by your side.

So as the days grow short and the wind begins to grow cold,

And new frost has fallen upon the leaves of the old oak tree

In the middle of the village square,

Be of good cheer,

For the seasons will always come and go,

But your existence will always be.

Michael:

Mighty Warrior of God,
The Majestic Thunder of the Clouds.
The Valiant and the Honor.
The Glory of the most high.

Merciful Peacekeeper
Within the quiet gathering
Of the precious souls.

Solid as granite stone,
Unbending to temptation.

Sold as a mountain of pure gold,
Forever unyielding and totally incorruptible
Towards the tangled web
Of Evil and Selfless Pride.

Alleluia, Alleluia, Amen.

Raguel:

Wings of sapphire blue.

Hair as white as snow.

A staff of righteousness.

A healer of sorrows

Of the curse and of the fore longings.

A Leopard warming itself

By the burning bush of life

As the beauty of the red tail hawk

Circles above the ancient ruins.

A small snail carry's its shell as its home,

The tiny sparrow has their nests in the trees.

The angels have their thrones in heaven.

The toils of the earth soften

By the whispers from above.

Raziel:

Beings of light of nature's glow
Upon a summer field of sunflowers.

Starlight reflections upon an endless river
Through mountain's gates
As a white crane skims the water's edge.

A beacon of light
From a distant watch tower
Breaks the depths of the darkness
And waits for the morning dawn.

A Circle of Angel's prayers unbroken
Within the deliverance of grace and pardon
Per the cost of crucifixion and resurrection
Of rebirth of the Spirit for all mankind.

Sandalphon:

A Solitude Angel walking

On an Ocean of Blue

Above a Coral Reef.

A Distant Comet

Stretches its tail

Across the Twilight sky.

The silence is broken

By the blowing

Of a Pink and White Conch Shell.

The telling of the Ancient Stories

From the Tribal Elders

Around the mortal fires

Of the sacred circle of the dance.

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