

presence surrounding me. *I could feel their warmth, their brilliance and unconditional love.* I could hear their faint voices whisper in my mind, trying to console me, comfort me. *Whispers from heaven.* They swirled and flew around me, upward, downward, across the room and back, like angels would. They had this divine beauty and although I couldn't see their bright light, I felt their brightness from within my heart. *"It's going to be alright, Karen. You are loved."* I felt their magic streaming through my soul, and their beautiful, unearthly presence. Our hearts and spirits met, danced, cavorted, carried on like it was absolutely normal, *like we had known each other forever.* Like we were old friends, having a fascinating, long awaited reunion. I could hear their thoughts with my heart and I could sense their *almighty love for me.* And through this moment with them, I felt connected to God too. *I was with God at this moment in time, because when they touched my soul, it was actually God touching my soul. It was God I was experiencing, sensing, feeling with my heart. It was God who was consoling me, helping me and loving me. And I loved God right back. And I loved My Guardian Angels right back. The little protectors, the divine messengers. So during this heavenly dance, I picked up my cellphone and photographed where I thought they were. I photographed where the overwhelming love was coming from.* I don't know what prompted me. I am a photographer. I have been since a