



We try to hold love in our hearts and laugh as much as we can, but most of all, to have faith in what we have found, and be conscious of a greater consciousness. I do hope that my sharing can reach out and touch you in some small way, and if your pathway appears darkened right now, that you find the strength to lift your head from the darkness of the ground and call out to heaven. I did, and my life has changed since all those years ago. I awoke to the knowing that an incredible life awaits us all, if we have the courage to follow our truth, and accept nothing less than the love we give to another. For life is precious, it truly is a gift, and it is to be lived as a wondrous adventure in the acknowledgement of the gift that it is.

With Love

Lorrie



Gifts for the Soul

Gifts for the Soul



*Lorrie's
Story*

Each time we receive visitors to our angel sanctuary, they ask me to tell my story, how and where it all began, how do I work, did I always paint Angels, write and make sculpture, where did I train and so on, and it is from these questions that I write this short resume of my journey.





I am a very ordinary young woman whose life's journey until now is not much different from anyone else, yet time and time again, simply sharing the story can inspire, uplift, and sometimes bring comfort to others and give them hope, as each of us can for each other.

I was born in Ireland on 6th January 1970 and lived for many years in a village just south of the city of Dublin, called Shankhill.

I was not academic and struggled greatly in school, yet from a very young age my interests lay in the love I had for athletics. I discovered that I could multi-event; I was a good hurdler and longjumper, but I excelled as a javelin thrower and I had a passion for it, so much so that I became national champion and achieved Gold at European schools level. I also had the honour of captaining the Irish schools team in Vienna, Austria. I naturally dreamt of one day representing Ireland at the Barcelona Olympics. I was privileged to be taken under the wing of the British Olympic coach and he believed that, under his direction, I could achieve my dream.

Sadly, at age 18, this dream was cut short when an unfortunate incident occurred while training back in Ireland, leaving me with a serious back injury, cutting short a very promising career. I did eventually recover from my injury, but was told by the doctors that I could never throw my javelin again.

Without my dream to focus on, the years to follow were to prove extremely challenging. The personal choices I made left me feeling trapped during my early twenties. These choices went a long way to breaking my spirit. The only light in a great darkness were my two beautiful children. I had lost all passion and love for life, a life I had loved so much. I felt so lost, lonely, and afraid inside, and when I looked at my life I thought, "Is this what I have become? Is this what my life is to be about?" And at such a young age, I felt saddened. Then one day when at my lowest, a desperate figure crouched in the corner of a room with nowhere to turn, it was as though a video began to play in my mind. I was taken back to a time in my childhood when I had contact with a very beautiful world, a world that for many seems distant or purely fantasy, and yet, when I was aged just 11, this other world brought me a message that was to save my mother's life. It was this memory that was to remind me that I was not alone. And so,

whilst crouched in my corner, I made a desperate cry to this beautiful world for help. I think no matter who we are, when life's experiences have brought us to the point where we are on our hands and knees, whether we believe in a God or not, with nowhere to turn, we call upon God and heaven for help. I did, and my call was answered, and this is where my journey begins.

It was soon after this experience, three days to be exact, that I went to bed as normal. This night, however, was a night that was to change my world forever.

Within my bedroom was a small portable TV which switched off automatically each night at 11pm. I awoke at 2.05am to the sound of the TV still being on. I sat up in my sleepy state to search for the controls to turn the TV off and wondered why it was still on. There, standing at the foot of my bed, was the most beautiful man I had ever seen. The first question people ask is, were you not afraid? My answer is simply - no. It was one of the most beautiful and uplifting experiences I have ever had, if I were to put words upon the feeling, which is difficult, I would say the experience was humbling and Holy. He seemed ancient yet he had a beautiful youth about him - timeless is maybe a better word. His skin was like porcelain, his eyes were warm and brown, and his hair was dark brown and brushed back to fall to the top of his shoulders. He wore the most magnificent robes, like that of a monk. They were alive, brown in colour, with gold thread woven throughout; the piece around his shoulders had what looked like beautiful diamonds hanging from it. He stood with his arms held outstretched, not to speak and yet I understood everything he wanted to communicate to me. His presence was enough to fill me with absolute wonder. He put me back to rest, as if to tell me he would always be with me, and for the first night in almost four years I slept peacefully.

I awoke the following morning with an inner strength and a renewed excitement about my life and life itself. This feeling I will never forget. My heart was singing. I was back! My life did have meaning and I was going to do the best with the life I had been gifted. And it was true, heaven did exist. I felt so alive that I could hear, feel and see heaven all around me and its great beauty. It was not that a magic wand had been waved and my problems disappeared, but this



new-found inner strength was to carry me through my difficulties, which were to continue for some years after. From that moment on, all I wanted was to be of service. I wanted to continue feeling the beautiful experience I had; I wanted to share this with people, to help people as I had been helped. Then one day I found myself in this little health store near to where I lived, a store that I had passed many times before during my years living in this area. The owner was a man sporting a suit but wearing a funny Snoopy tie. I shyly entered and after a time felt I could tell him my story and he listened with interest. He said, out of the blue, "Maybe you would like to work in my shop, as very many unwell people pass daily through its doors". This was a new beginning for me and I was to spend the next 4 years working there.

Over the years of working there, and often thinking of the beautiful life-changing experience that I had, I developed a hunger and a passion to uncover the truth about our existence, which was to take me back to the private inner thoughts I often had as a small child about God and heaven. Being brought up Catholic was to believe in something that we were told you could not see but for the pure innocence of a child's mind and heart, so often dismissed I wanted to see God; I wanted to speak with God; and most of all, I wanted to feel God in my heart. And why would heaven not want to speak with me, if it really existed? As a child I often longed for this to happen and something was always calling me to search for it. I began to rekindle the questioning heart and mind of a child, to search and uncover the Divine within my life, this deeper search which was to become my passion and love in life. It was this search which was to bring the next change within my life.

After the years working daily in the little shop, things again began to change for me.

On the 14th February 2001, heaven once again was to open its doors to me. I was to paint the world that heaven was to bring to me. I had not painted before, but the inspiration and excitement was so great, I immediately went and bought painting materials and paper. I tried paint brushes, pencils - it was terrible. I so much wanted to express what I was feeling inside. Then, one day, I found I could paint with my fingers and pastels. I never had any intention of painting

Angels, I didn't know what I was going to paint, but sure enough, these beautiful messengers started to appear as I painted. In time, I would find out where the purpose of my new passion would bring me and the adventure that I, and those others I love so much, were to embark upon.

It was with time that myself and the owner of the little shop, Eugene, the man sporting the suit and wearing the funny Snoopy tie, fell in love...and he surely is the love of my life and my Angel. We set off together and bought a house in Co. Wicklow, the garden of Ireland. The house had a beautiful room with wooden floors to the side which was once a dance hall. We had no idea what the purpose of buying such a house was at the time, but we loved it. One night I had a dream that I was to hang the paintings and the writings in this large room and simply open the doors. Which we did.

People started coming to see this new and interesting place, sometimes asking us not to tell anyone they had been. We later discovered that they, too, were having their own experiences. Souls searching for meaning to their lives; souls grieving, in need of comfort and searching for an understanding as to why their loved ones had been taken from this world; souls needing to be uplifted, just as I. And, somehow, this little room and these beautiful Holy Messengers were helping them to find the comfort, the support, or the inspiration they were seeking. It was not that Eugene or I were there to speak to the people visiting and help them with their problems, for many a time there were no words. Their grief and pain so obviously etched upon their faces, it was heaven that was going to help them just as it had helped me. We were simply there to serve tea and coffee, and maybe sometimes they would share their stories. These stories have helped us see the purpose in our work. and have given us the courage and strength to help create this place, so heaven may be just a little more present within this world to reach the aching hearts and souls of so many.

How we came to live in southern France on top of a beautiful mountain at the foothills of the Pyrenees with the Angels is yet another adventure within our life, but maybe one day you will come visit the Angels, and we can tell you ourselves.