

A person stands in a field, seen from behind, holding a white cloth that billows in the wind. The scene is set against a bright sunset sky with a lens flare. The text 'A message from your angels' is overlaid in a stylized, glowing font. The background features a horizon line with sparse vegetation and a tree on the right.

A message
from
your
angels



Created by

Goddess Leonie
with special editing help from her daughter
Goddess Ostara Faith Avalon
who made it gloriously messy
when she was being anal
& of course...
all the angels.

Photographs taken
all over this beautiful world
of women
who are goddesses.

**This is for you, my love.
May we always remember.**

A message
from
your
Angels

All the things
they want
you to
know.
xoxo

Dearest One,

I know you have been
waiting for word from
us. Some SIGN some piece
of evidence that we love
you, that we are here,
that we exist.



You can
consider
this proof.



And even if you don't,
that's
ok
too.



One day you will
know with every cell
in your body &
every song in your heart

that we are here.
And that day will
be SO filled with
light & joy &
knowingness.



That day might
be today - It might
be another:

{It's all good}



All you
need
to know



is we

are

right beside

you



right now



& always
will
be.



Everything is
going
to
be
okay



We came from God,
from Great Spirit.

We return there
& in between

we are just
remembering



you are part of us

&
we are part of you.

The only home there
is is love.



Please you ever

forget

YOU ARE loved

Feel
our
wings
around you



& our
love
pouring into you.



we believe

in you



You are ~~loved~~ loved
you are loved you
are loved you are
loved you are loved
you. . . Are. loved.

DO YOU REMEMBER YET?



we
are here



This message from the angels came to me one night,
dripping in fuscia paint, smeared by my sweet babe.

A gentle, loving reminder to me
that my angels were all around me
even when I couldn't see them
(especially when I couldn't see them).

And then the angels asked that I send the love letter to you, too.
So that you would remember
(especially when you don't remember).

Photographs of women-goddesses that I had taken over the years
and faithfully stored away in endless folders
raised their sweet, luminous head,
and asked to sing their song
with the angels too.

So I listened.
And I did.
That is all I can do.

May this be exactly what is needed,
right here,
right now.

May we always know just how loved we are.

Angel wings & feathered love,



For more goodness for your soul, come visit
www.CoddessGuidebook.com





we
are here