

Hang On
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Hang on there are just too many of you talking all at once.
I can't hear anybody when you're all yelling at me.
I'm trying to deliver your message and I'll get to everyone.
But you've got to stop and wait your turn.

I was sitting in the crowd that was watching the woman
Who was standing there talking to the air.
None of us could find any kind of hard evidence that anything was hovering there.
Yet personal information was actually being delivered.
The only sound we could hear was her voice and the recipient's knowing shiver.

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She looked at me and pointed and said, "You can heal in a more loving way.
All the lessons that you need to learn, just ask to learn with ease and grace."
Then she turned to talk to another but she just got flustered instead.
So she closed her eyes, clenched her fists, stomped her feet and to our guides she
said.

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(In the background)
Hey, you can't talk to our angels like that!
They'll leave and they'll never come back!
You've got to be nice to them!
What do you think you're doing?
You're going upset them and they'll never return!
Do you have any idea how long I have been trying to talk to my guides?
You can't.
You know if you keep doing this we're not going to ask YOU back!
What do you think you're doing.