

SHADES OF ANGELS

ANGELS OF LIGHT & DARK, WITH US IN BETWEEN



TEAL L. GRAY

Hello, readers!

As you can see from the Table of Contents, this book covers a lot of ground. For this 55 page sample, however, we chose to share Chapter 9, “Tools or Traps” because we get so many questions about Ouija boards.

If you enjoy this sample chapter, we invite you to purchase the rest of the book, which is available on [Amazon](#) in paperback and ebook!

~ Teal L. Gray

Shades of Angels

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Angels of Light and Dark, with Us in between

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Teal L. Gray

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Shades of Angels



Just as angels pray for us, they also come to our defense. I'd like to have this athletic fellow (the Archangel Michael) by my side, wouldn't you? (Photo location: Santa María Magdalena de Pazzis Cemetery in San Juan, Puerto Rico. (c) Tui Snider)

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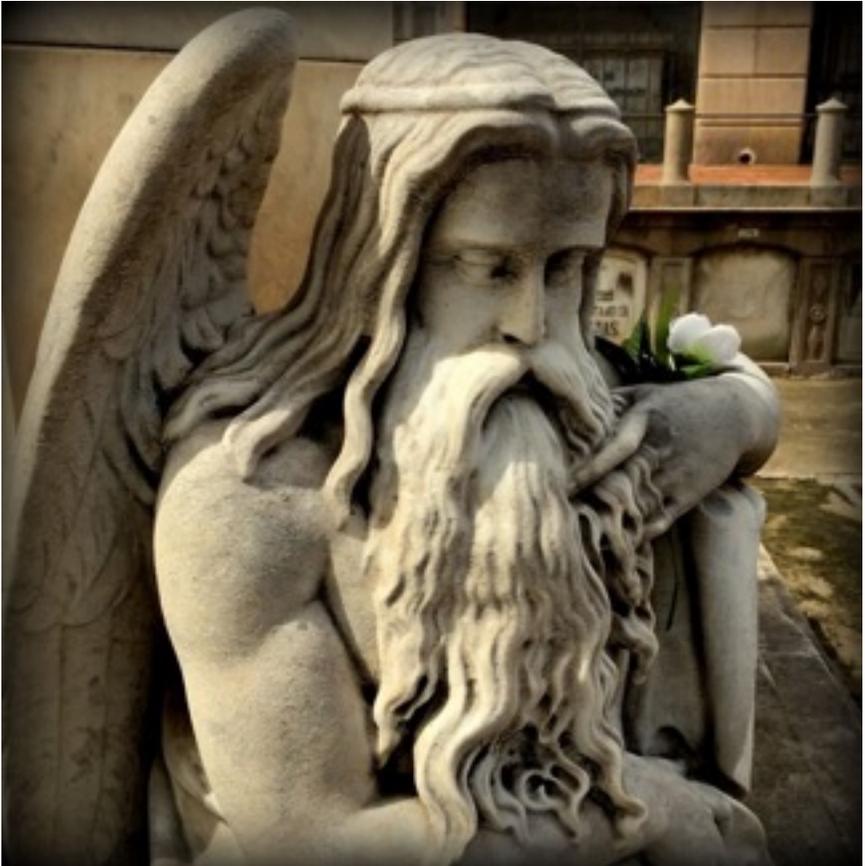
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Shades of Angels



When you think of angels, a brawny bearded man is probably not the first image to come to mind, yet here one sits, twirling his beard in contemplation. (Photo location: Poblenou Cemetery, Barcelona, Spain. (c) Tui Snider)

Preface

I believe writing is like taking a deep breath of life, and everything you've experienced, then letting the pen carry your inner world to papers edge. Creating a space for the reader to take the journey with you. Why undertake such a thing?

My hope in offering you my beliefs in the shades of life, seen and unseen, is to bring understanding to an area where many only want to see the lighter side. When in fact, there are two sides to everything, two points of view, on any given situation, and two sides to every story. We will look at life from both sides. Delving into the darker energies, which are around us every bit as much as the light. In understanding this balance, we are less likely to fall for a trap, or overlook a helpful intervention.

My life is filled with entities, and spirits most cannot see. I do not see them all the time, but often feel them near. I spent years trying to keep them away, but they were there whether I decide to acknowledge them or not. Realizing this, I put my fears aside and turned my battle into a dance with this unseen, but very real world. It can be a scary experience. Anyone telling you they have never been afraid, or doesn't have at least a healthy respect of the unseen world, hasn't fully experienced it. You will read stories in each chapter from trusted people in my life, that have experienced the light and dark energies of this world, and respect them.

Know that this life we see, is only a small part of what we are

connected to in the universal whole, or unseen realm. When you look up at the night sky, realize you are part of that, your body contains over ninety percent stardust. The very stars in the sky are part of us. Our lives are intertwined with the heavens, the earth, oceans, and every living thing, from the largest mammal to the smallest cell. We are all connected. I do not believe we lose this connection even after death.

In this book we focus on Angels from a Christian, and world view. We look at how these mostly unseen entities, interact and intervene, on our behalf when we need help. Many people are taught as children that they have guardian angels watching over them, protecting them from evil. But exactly what evil? What makes up this unseen dark force trying to trap, and ambush us when we least expect it? We will look at both sides in this book. The benevolent, and the malevolent, and why I believe we are caught in-between their longstanding battle.

The loss of a loved one, human or creature, in a sense, is a form of dying in itself. When someone dies, they merely change form to adapt to their new spirit world, or vibration. You enter a grieving period, consisting of working through guilt, anger and pent up emotions associated with that relationship. A piece of you now lost from this world, and yet not lost to you in the connected whole.

Even the happiest memories can bring tears, as we reflect and remember, we will never hear their voice again, smell of their hair, or touch their skin. You realize all their hopes and dreams have no more chances of a tomorrow. The sum total of their life, packed away in a small suitcase or box.

Let's this realization wake you up, to living life to the fullest. Dare to live your dreams, take chances, make mistakes. That's the

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only way to really live without regrets. Don't get to your last breath saying, "I wish I had...?"

Be bold, you are about to discover you are never alone. Even in your darkest moments, you are not alone.

Let's begin,
Teal L. Gray



Foreword

This book was created by a talented and fine Christian, psychic, and friend of mine, Teal Gray. I'm a psychic, Wiccan, and spiritualist who has been in the field for decades. We met at a metaphysical gathering a short time ago but soon realized higher forces put us in each other's path, so that we can create spiritually imagined projects. This book is one of those, and I am grateful to be part of it.

I've seen many unusual energies and beings, and consider angels to be the most unusual of all. The beautiful angel on the cover reclining in a field under a painted sky, clutching blue poppies is one example of angel imagery, but the personal experiences I've had with the very ancient energies I've seen have made me believe angels are some sort of balancing force. In my opinion, angels observe, but do not interfere. There are spirits closer to our composition who do the assisting.

The angels are like generals in charge of lesser beings such as us. They also seem to be some sort of energy that is radioactive compared to ours. I believe they exist due to ancient actions. Not all of them would be attractive to our sensibilities. They usually have a dark intensity to their beauty, perhaps due to their elderly status.

My interpretation of angelic energies is not a typical of representations of angels. I believe there are many spirits that assist us that qualify as angelic but don't have wings. Mostly, I believe the wings were how ancients explained how these powerful beings moved with lightning speed. The angels exist at frequencies that travel by thought. I believe ancient people thought they must 'fly'

in order to move so quickly.

I also believe in the existence of death spirits. We wouldn't visually consider them angels, but they function as such, anyway. And I also illustrate beings of lower energy composition. I give to you a balance of light and darkness. The two can't exist without the other. We acknowledge darkness, but try not to embrace it. You have to confront both because that is life. There is no sweetness without the sour, no light without the dark.

In my illustrations, I channeled the best imagery I could. I'm not disrespecting others ideas of angels, just explaining visually how I interpret spirits of a higher vibration. I respect everyone's stories here and hope you understand and enjoy the visuals that I feel humbled to share with you.

Angels exist in so many beliefs besides Christian. Even witches believe in, and call to angels in ritual. They appear in so many places, we have to look at them, maybe with modern eyes. Not so much a relic from our foggy past, but as a force intertwined with every living being in this, and possibly other galaxies of unknown origin. We know so little and yet there's so much to explore. I personally believe in a much higher force, and embrace the belief of angels in my own way.

If only we could see ourselves as earthbound angels here to try to help, bring comfort and love, and protect as many defenseless people as we can. In doing so, we would raise our consciousness and our moral compass to behave like angels on earth. Think how we'd change. Angels exist. I believe it.

Mark Elliott Fults

Psychic, Trance Artist, Author

Shades of Angels



This angel flying towards the heavens with a mortal in tow is quite a moving sight! Location: Poblenou Cemetery, Barcelona, Spain.
(c) Tui Snider

9. Tools or Traps

by Teal L. Gray

*A*s with anything dealing with the paranormal, unseen realm, I urge caution. You have to use the same care and protection whether you are using Tarot Cards, Tea leaves, Spirit Boxes or Ouija Boards. These things and many others are tools for connecting with unseen spirits. You can never truly be certain with whom you are speaking. You can only be as careful as possible.

Throughout history we curious humans have sought to find out what lies ahead in our future, or in the great beyond after we die.

Many times it starts out as harmless fun, something you don't really believe is real. Then things can quickly get out of hand if you don't know how to properly use the tools at your disposal.

It would be my advice to stay away from all of it if possible. But since I know you won't, here are some cautionary tales to help guide you in your decisions.

Shades of Angels



Archangel Gabriel is easy to spot in historic cemeteries; just look for his horn! (Photo location: Santa María Magdalena de Pazzis Cemetery in San Juan, Puerto Rico. (c) Tui Snider)

Heart of the House

by Teal L. Gray

Can the actions of disturbing the dead, and calling them forth, last for decades? I've asked that question for many years, with one particular night in mind when the wind was raging like it was coming from all directions at once. I still remember the sounds the house made that night. It was more than a howling wind. It was much, much more. The events of that night still affect the house to this day.

The pretty red brick home sat proudly on a one-acre corner lot in Dallas, Texas. I was just three years old in 1964, when we moved in. Long before there were shopping centers surrounding it, there was a picture book farm across the street. I spent lots of time on the front porch looking across what was at the time only two lanes of very little traffic, onto beautiful pastures with horses plowing fields and cows grazing. Every corner of our property was filled with fruit trees, and flowering bushes, and the largest sweet smelling wisteria bush covering the carport that I have ever seen, even to this day.

My tenth birthday had just passed in mid-October 1971. Finally, having made it into the double digit years, I thought that made me old enough to hang out with my older brothers and their friends. They always said no when I asked before, except that night, they looked at each other when I asked to be at the party, laughed and said, "Sure, tonight it just might be fun."

My parents had left earlier in the day for a Halloween party at my Aunt's house, and would not be back until the following afternoon. They had no concerns about leaving me with three adult brothers, but the darker the night grew, and the stranger the people arriving at our house got, I did.

It was the first Halloween I didn't have a costume. I suppose I thought it would make me seem childish. All the other girls arriving were in sleek long black dresses, and carrying bundles of candles and sticks, some with gypsy looking bandannas and ribbons tied in their hair. I remember thinking how odd it was that most of the girls were barefooted, it was October. Granted, Texas was warmer than most states this time of year, but it was still cold.

All the guys were wearing black, except for this one friend of my middle brother that was appropriately, in my mind, nicknamed "Loser." He was all in white, I mean even his shoes and jacket, everything. Wait, did I say jacket? I would later realize what was thrown over his arm was a full length white cape.

The party started. The music was blaring, and you could hardly understand what people were saying. They were all laughing and drinking, excitedly talking about whatever was happening later. The girls were going room to room, drawing all the curtains and replacing the comforting lamplight, with the spookier flicker of candlelight, from what must have been a hundred black candles throughout the house. I had never seen black candles before. My mom only used white ones on the dining room table, maybe red at Christmas, but never black.

The party had been going on for hours, and I stayed out of the way most of the time, just in case my brothers changed their minds, and sent me to stay with our elderly neighbors, the Gibson's.

While dodging flailing arms, and spinning bodies dancing through our house, I ended up in a little side room we had that was like a small study or den. There were only a handful of people talking quietly, and there sitting on my favorite couch was my brother Jessie's best friend David! He was playing some sort of card game intently on the coffee table, and a girl was writing down what he told her. I never saw this game before, and I was curious.

“Sit down here by me.” David said patting the couch. “I’m going to teach you how to blow someone’s mind.” I sat down nervously. Partly because I was, but mostly because I had a secret crush on David. He was always so cool, drove a big blue motorcycle, and had the brightest blue eyes to match.

These cards looked funny to me. “These look weird.” I said.

He quickly spun to face me and very seriously said, “Never ever say anything bad about them. They don’t like it, and you don’t want to piss them off understand?”

“Sure, sorry, I”, but before I could finish stumbling the words from my mouth, he put the deck of cards in my hands and covered them with his. I’m not going to lie and tell you I remember what he said at that point, but I still remember the loud pounding of my heart in my ears at a moment we were having, whatever it was.

He told me the story of each card as he laid them out, and they were so colorful and beautifully drawn. I was fascinated. He said I was about to do my first reading. I didn’t know what that meant and really didn’t care. I was knee to knee with my crush, and he was actually talking to me. So I followed his instructions as the girl with the note pad sat herself down cross legged on the floor in front of us. I shuffled and dropped cards and apologized to everyone and the cards repeatedly, because I wasn’t sure what would happen if they got pissed off, and I didn’t want to find out. I

remember getting drawn into the cards.

My focus left David completely and shifted to the cards that seemed to “tell” me where to place them. Only in the background and beyond my caring, would I occasionally hear a, “That’s right, good, you’re a natural.” from David.

The girl took notes, and I noticed her at times, look into David’s eyes and smile at something the cards said by their position on the table. This went on for a long time, until a call went out through the house, “It’s time!”

Faster than you can imagine possible, everyone from throughout the house, front and back yards went running to the big room my brothers shared when they were younger. No one used it anymore, and it was completely empty. My parents couldn’t decide what to do with it. Tonight, I guess it was decided for them.

It had been transformed, into a sort of candlelit forest, with a big circle drawn on the old wooden floor, in the center of the room, with a star inside. There was a table at one end with a black tablecloth on it and stuff I had never seen before. Knives and big goblet looking things and more sticks, colorful rocks, plants and a Ouija board. They had all been playing with the board and I missed it learning about cards from David.

Maybe I will find out what it’s all about later. The music was turned off, but my ears were still ringing as several girls carried incense around the room, making it smoky and hard to breathe in. Bodies were packed in side by side, all in black.

Then, in walks Loser, all in white. His bright blonde hair and cold grey eyes barely seen beneath the hood of the full cascading white cape. I never liked him, but he looked strangely gorgeous in that moment. I had never seen anything like it, this, gathering.

There were two other guys with Loser that I had never seen at

our house before. I didn't like the look of them, and could see how they would be friends. One of them handed him a big book wrapped in a black towel or something. It looked old but I didn't dare go closer to see because, he never liked me either.

Loser held up the book and everyone went silent. He started talking about this gathering, and the importance of the ceremony being done at what was now 3:00 a.m., and in the heart of the house. He starting saying things from the book I could not understand and as the crowd got more intense I slipped out of the room and watched from the other end of the hallway, alone in the dark.

Loser was yelling now, switching between English and something I couldn't understand. He said, "Focus on this space, this heart of the house. Tonight it brings lives through it, as we give life to it!"

I couldn't see what was happening, everyone in the room was surrounding him, but I did not like being there, and was just about to slip outside when a voice from behind me said, "Don't be scared, it's Halloween fun, it's not real." I thought I might have to borrow the heart of the house, because mine just stopped. I was so scared in that moment, I felt like my blood drained from me. I jolted around to see my brother Bruce. I jumped into his arms as if I was half my age. Told him this felt bad, and we should get away from it.

He explained that as you get older, you have to make Halloween parties pretty scary to be any fun. It was just a show, none of it was real, and everyone knew that. He offered to take me next door, but I wanted to see what would happen next. I was relieved that it was just pretend, and some of the people were in on it, and just acting, it was all a joke.

Suddenly, the wind began raging outside, like it was coming from all directions at the same time. Branches were striking the windows in the room where they were all chanting now. The house really did seem to breathe, although I'm sure it was just because of the wind, and it was an older home. People were yelling out, and the two bad friends of Loser, start throwing some sort of liquid onto people and they were rubbing on themselves. What was it? As people moved around, the candlelight illuminated the wet liquid on their arms, legs and faces. It shimmered in the flashes of light as a dark red color. Was that blood? There was talk about cemetery dirt, and go get the tombstone, when a fight broke out. My brothers were fighting with Loser and his friends! They threw them out of the house. I ran out the back door and hid just outside watching as the fight grew.

With the bad people finally gone, my brothers and their dozen or so friends that were still there, cleaned everything up like it never happened. My brothers were edgy, and shaken. When everyone was gone, they kept checking the window locks, and door locks. They decided to take turns sleeping and keeping watch. We were all to stay together in the living room on couches. Apparently there might be retaliation for ending the ceremony and fighting with Loser.

I had so many questions, but I heard and saw enough to know to just be quiet and lay low.

I settled into the love seat, and as I was drifting off to sleep, I heard music, but very faint. I thought maybe it was a car radio outside, and Loser was back to cause more trouble. I whispered to my brother who had already heard it. He woke the other two, and we followed the sound. It was coming from what I now call the ceremony room. But that room was empty again? Once inside, all

we heard was the creaking floorboards under our feet. No music. All of the sudden, the radio on top of the refrigerator in the kitchen on the other side of the house came on full blast! We all screamed, and ran to the kitchen. Somebody must have broken in!

My brother Scott quickly switched it off. The others checked the house again. Nobody was inside but us. We went back to the living room and sat in silence. Each trying to make sense out of what just happened. Again, kitchen radio turns itself on full blast. We all run in, Scott jerks the plug out of the wall. Another search of the house, closets, under beds, everywhere, but nobody is in there but us! My brother Scott tells me not to worry about it, daylight is coming, and the radio was probably on a timer that kicked on and got stuck. Yeah, I like that idea, I can live with that.

The fatigue that comes from fear must have won out, because we all woke up at the same time with a knocking at the door. It was morning, and David was back bearing donuts to talk about the crazy stuff that went down the night before. Apparently Loser was really into Black Magic, David explained. He himself, was only into the good stuff, the light stuff.

My brothers said they went along with Loser's party idea because they thought it was just a joke to ramp up the vibe of Halloween night. When they realized he was not kidding, and it was real, they threw him out. They told David they felt silly now, but the heat of the moment kept them on edge all night, jumping out of their skin when the radio turned on, twice. David laughed with them and they turned the conversation to girls, and that was my queue to leave.

Several weeks passed, and unfortunately in the remodeling of the house, I was assigned to sleep permanently in, you guessed it, the ceremony room. My parents never knew what went on that

Halloween night, so in their mind they were giving me the biggest bedroom in the house.

Even after I had been in there and cleaned it repeatedly, I would still find a splatter of blood along a crack between a floorboard and the wall, or a speck of it on the dark wooden sliding closet doors.

I never knew everything what went on in that room the night it became the ceremony room. There were many hours I was occupied learning to read Tarot cards and just plain staying out of the way.

The house felt different, we explained away, hearing voices calling our name, or unexplained noises, we all knew something was different, darker.

The house, no matter what you changed about it, no longer felt safe or happy. It moved from a feeling, to more outrageous happenings. Heavy wooden closet doors in my room would slide open on their own if front of even a group of people in broad daylight. Then my brothers started seeing a shadowy tall man walking from my room only to disappear midway down the hall.

Was this connected to what I suspect was a stolen headstone by Loser? Shadows would appear at night on the drapes as if someone walking behind you, yet no one was there. We would all be perfectly happy on a family outing, only to start bickering and fighting over nothing as soon as we were home.

The years passed, and the heavy presence never left. I wondered, even though the ceremony was cut short, had it gone on long enough to open a portal of some kind? Had the Ouija board brought spirits in? How else could the instant change and weird experiences that none of us ever had before be explained away?

I was asleep in my room one afternoon; my brother was visiting with our mother in the living room. I was starting to wake to the feeling of someone softly brushing my long hair back from my face. Stroking my face with the back of their hand ever so gently. I smiled, opening my eyes expecting it to be my mother, only to see a very pale and very dead woman sitting beside me, reaching for me once again.

I screamed and ran from my room without thinking where I was going. In a blind panic I ran and probably would have died or been seriously injured, if my brother had not grabbed me just at the last moment before I went through the two story plate glass windows. One of my biggest fears to this day, is the thought of waking up to see someone opposite me in bed that should not be there!

We finally moved out in 1980, after living there almost sixteen years. It was almost unrecognizable, by the time we left, from its once beautiful, peaceful original self. Driving by it sometimes I would see another for sale sign in the yard. Nobody stayed there very long.

I wondered what ultimately became of the house? Were the spirits still there?

Just this year 2016, I was searching for someone to read my cards. Although I was well able to read them myself, I wanted a second opinion on a couple of things. I searched for psychics in Dallas and to my disbelief, my old address popped up on the computer screen before me! I called the number, got no answer, left a message telling them I was so surprised to see my old house was now a psychic reader's business. I also asked, "Are they all still there? The spirits I mean?"

I waited two weeks, still no reply. I called again and left a new

message with my number but this time, I gave no name, and did not ask about the spirits. I got a call back right away! I tried to set an appointment, but was told stopping by was best. People are no shows for appointments usually, and she preferred to have walk in clients. I agreed to come in soon, but right before I hung up, I couldn't help myself, I had to ask again.

“Are they all still there, the spirits?”

After a long silence she said, “Oh, it's you. Yes, there are many of them, they mostly stay in one room, nobody goes in there. I keep the door bolted shut.”

I said, “Is it the big corner room with all the windows and big wooden closet doors with deep claw marks on the inside of the doors, and blood stains you can't get rid of?” I rattled off, trying to get all my burning questions answered before she hung up.

“Yes,” she curtly. Before I could reply, the woman abruptly hung up, leaving me with only the dead line dial tone to answer the rest of my questions.



Illustration (c) Mark Elliott Fults

We Need You to Unlock this Board

by Teal L. Gray

Other than a Ouija board that had been brought into our house for a Halloween party when I was 10, I never even saw a board before, or had any experience or teaching about them. I had been instructed by my German grandmother from the time I was five in reading tea leaves, and started reading Tarot cards when I was ten, but boards, never, until I was sixteen.

My mother had become close with my eldest brother Scott's girlfriend Terri. Terri had interesting friends I would come to realize, but not before I unknowingly opened a portal that I had no idea how to close.

I have always been a collector of antiques and loved the history and stories each piece holds. So, it was not difficult to get me to join my mother and Terri for a ladies get together in a big historic Dallas mansion promised to be filled to the rafters with beautiful antiques.

I was so excited pulling up the long driveway to a mansion like those you see in the movies. I was greeted quickly and with lots of excitement by the group of ladies pouring out of the house to scoop me from the car to what was waiting for me.

They took turns grabbing my hand and touching my hair as if I was a new doll they had just collected. I was not used to so much fanfare and I liked it even though I couldn't imagine why I was so prized at this gathering. Everyone was much older than me. The

owner of the home was in her nineties, joined by her daughter in her seventies and my mother, Terri and four others, a mix of thirties to fifties.

I commented on the beauty of the home and the antiques, and expressed my thanks for being invited to their gathering. The owner moved forward quickly I felt for her age, and took my hands into hers and staring into my eyes said, “My dear, you speak of these antiques as a rare find. To me you are a rare find. I want to introduce you to an old friend a little later.”

I replied with a thank you, but all that came to mind was where was this old friend. She was in her nineties, so maybe they were resting. We were ushered past the grand dining room I had hoped we would dine in, into a farther back room of the house off of the kitchen and den area.

They seated me at a very old table that I estimated was from the late 1700's. It was beautiful and had carvings I had never seen before along the underside, and on several spots before the ornate claw feet resting solidly on the floor. For a small table it was heavy. The others were seated on couches, chairs and several other tables all facing me. There was an empty chair opposite me and I asked if anyone would like to join my table. No one answered. I was brought a lovely Sunday roast plate of food on antique china. I was given a beautiful cut glass and gold goblet of a rich odd tasting red liquid, that to this day I hope was punch. The old silver knife and fork were heavy in my nervous hands, but I loved the experience of being there up to this point.

The glances from woman to woman became more frequent, and I could feel the anxiety level in the room grow, as they waited for me to finish the plate of food they had given me. I was still hungry, but was so uncomfortable being watched by all of them, I

politely put my napkin over my plate to their relief, and it was quickly taken away.

I started to feel a little like the Thanksgiving turkey that loves all the food and attention, but can't shake the feeling something bad is about to happen. And it was.

The once statue like group of ladies came quickly to life. Closing curtains, lighting candles and getting themselves situated in front of me as if a show was about to begin. It was the seventies, and after growing up in the sixties I never knew what weirdness the grownups were into.

I was quiet and very shy at the time, so I just sat there.

From a dark little closet off to the side of the room the owner, brought a dark piece of wood toward me. I couldn't see what it was until she placed it before me on the table. She said, "We need you to unlock this board."

My mouth fell open, and looking into her piercing gray eyes, I told her I had no idea what she was talking about. She stood up very straight and said, "Girl you were brought her by your family with the promise you had the gifts needed to open this board!" I glanced around her body to ask my mother and Terri what was going on.

They said, "We know you can talk to spirits." I felt like I had been dropped into the middle of a television show with no idea of the storyline or where this plot was going. It was just a surreal feeling. I looked back to the agitated woman before me and said again that I have no knowledge of whatever this board was, and that I had never touched one.

She went on to say it was passed down to her from her relatives from the Salem Witch trial days. For many generations it had sat idle but, she explained, before she died she wanted to see it work,

just once.

I just stared at the board for a moment. So many emotions were running through me, but mostly fear. This board before me felt alive, even though they said it hadn't worked in generations. I lost my focus on self and the group before me. The board was calling to me somehow, instructing me in a gentle leading way.

I listened, and we began to converse, not in spoken words, but in my mind. It led me to pick up the heavy crystal looking piece laying on top of it. I took it into my hands and it quickly became warm. I looked up and the owner of the house was no longer standing there.

A thin blonde woman was there. She said with a nervous smile, "I see you can do this." And with that she sat at the opposite end of the table from me.

In a quiet voice she said, this is a very old board. I would like to help you speak to the spirits that come forward through the board. Through the board? I had never thought of where the spirits came from, I just knew they were always around.

She explained we were to ever so lightly touch our fingertips to each side of the planchette. I glanced at her as she touched the crystal object, then so did I.

Things moved very quickly at this point, there was no learning curve or time to process what was happening. To my shock, the crystal piece began to move vigorously around the wooden board to symbols and letters so quickly I couldn't make sense of it.

The group of ladies were gasping and the owner was clapping and from the corner of my vision I could see her actually jumping up and down. Several of the women were scribbling on notebooks and asking questions of the blonde woman working the board with me. My head was spinning trying to understand what was

happening. How could this be real, and who was moving the piece around? It wasn't me pushing it in fact the blonde girl and myself lost touch of it a number of times, yet it still moved!

I heard loud noises coming from upstairs. It sounded like furniture was banging around and there were heavy footsteps. With this the owner grew concerned. She said she had a little boy spirit who lived upstairs and she didn't want him harmed.

She started rattling off demands of me to give the board. With that, I swear to you the table I was seated at, that the board was on, started to lift on different corners almost like it was dancing. Then it got really violent. I stood up and moved away. Everything stopped, the table landed with a bang on the wooden floor. The women were moving around scared and yelling, but I couldn't hear exactly what they were saying. I was so scared and I had never seen or experienced anything like this in my life. Everything seemed to be in pause mode.

Then in one of the most chilling moments I can remember, the crystal slid toward me. I looked at the women all lined up in front of me like deer in the headlights, and at that moment I think they were actually afraid of me. The shy, quiet girl they lied to, and manipulated was controlling this board, this chaos. But was I? No, it was controlling me.

I liked that feeling of power, it overrode the fear, and my commonsense. I can't tell you why, but when I should have run, I sat back down and picked up the crystal.

The women all took turns inspecting the table and moved around it and held their hands on my knees, and those of my blonde accomplice.

I placed the crystal on the board. The women asked questions for me to then ask the board because it would not answer them.

They wanted to know why it would speak to me and not them. It answered ‘We used to kill together.’ What! I had never killed anyone. Of course now I realize it must have been in a past life or lives.

All the women wanted to know then if the board liked them too. The answer was always no, even the blonde girl helping me did not escape the, ‘No!’

Throughout this time, I was being shown in my mind, ceremonies, fighting, and deaths dealt out without regard to sex or age in this vision. Oddly this did not affect me. It was just a matter of fact feeling, a memory I had forgotten, but felt no judgement over.

I was feeling so tired and I don’t know how long this went on. Then the table started to dance again even with everyone trying to hold it down. At the same time the noises of furniture being knocked over upstairs started again and the sound of running feet.

The owner screamed, ‘They are hurting the boy I know it! Get her out of here, get her out!’ Terri grabbed me by the arm and my mother was already out the door.

I looked back and remember the frightened face of the blonde lady, the running around, the beautiful old board still open and calling for me to come chat, but I am pulled away, with my arm still reaching back for it.

I never went back. I wasn’t welcome. The house became a terrifying place of dark energy. The owner took very ill and died not long after that night I was told. I did not know how I brought the board to life, I also did not know how to close it. So the spirits continued to use it as a passageway to our realm.



Illustration (c) Mark Elliott Fults

My Ouija Board Journey

by Mark Elliott Fults

In my early work I was dead set against a lot of issues dealing with boards. I have altered a little since I have become a known working psychic. Boards are a communication device designed to contact the spirits of the deceased, and I now believe that for those working in the metaphysical field it's perfectly all right to use these boards to explore with. However, I also believe they should not be sold in toy stores and that when used as toys it is disrespectful and unhealthy.

I will share my stories about these sorts of experiences and also positive ones as well. I will instruct what I believe is proper usage and also the dangers since they are and will be used.

The available Ouija board is a pressboard communication device that has not been blessed or anointed, or had energy performed upon it, but because it is created for talking to the dead, it is like using a crude telephone. With no energy system set up, you then have no real barrier between you and the energy you are telling to come to you.

It's like taking your front door off its hinges and calling all of the wandering street people to wander into your home. They see your energy like a light on a foggy street. Ninety-nine percent of Ouija board communication does not result in problems. It's that

one percent you have to watch for.

The Ouija board became famous during the spiritualist movement and has been used successfully for what it was intended for, for over 100 years. It was not originally intended for, or considered to be, a toy.

The most famous Ouija case involved an entity named Patience Worth. A lady name Pearl Curran was using a board by herself (a large no no) she was bored and unprotected. She had less than a sixth grade education and had not truly ever read a book the whole way through. Her husband was well off so she had servants and lived a pampered life.

So one afternoon, bored and tired, Pearl Curran used the board. A spirit that later said 'she throbbled' at the same frequency as Pearl possessed her. Her name was Patience Worth. She had been killed centuries before and now she had returned.

Pearl engaged someone to dictate and she began to write novels that became literary giants of her time, until it was discovered the author was a spirit from beyond. Patience stayed with Pearl until her death in the 1930's. Pearl welcomed and enjoyed the experience of the rare happening.

In the 90's a friend of mine brought a young man to me to be counseled. As he came into my home I saw a 'thing' following him that was straight out of a horror movie. It was burnt to a crisp so much so it had no eyelids, and its mouth was drawn up into a diabolical grin. I sensed its name was Daniel.

I asked the young man about this 'thing ' and he responded, "Oh yeah, I picked him up using an Ouija board years ago. He's my best friend."

I told him it was unhealthy and if he allowed it to remain it would cause his demise. He was fine with keeping it and refused

the idea of removing it. With that, I threw him out of my house. It was his choice.

My next tale is fairly old but a good example of a cautionary tale. In the 80's, I knew a famous metaphysical couple named the Myers. They told me the following story: Once in the 70's, there were two little girls playing with a board. The girls wanted to contact Jean Harlow and Marilyn Monroe.

The first girl called upon Harlow. She wanted to be like Harlow, beautiful, talented and famous, so she called Harlow into her. "I want to be like Jean Harlow," she pleaded.

Minutes later, she fell over in renal failure. She wanted to have certain positive attributes of Harlow, but when she said I want to be like her, but what the spirits heard was, "I want to be her."

Jean Harlow was dead from renal failure due to kidney damage caused years before her death. Now the little girl was fighting for her life.

The Myers were called in to save her. They surrounded her in a circle and drove the spirit back to where it came from, and the girl immediately recovered from her ordeal.

So in using a board the asking and the questions are very important. If you must use one, use meditation and cleansing with sage beforehand and be serious in your intent, and mostly you'll have an interesting experience.

If it begins to get out of hand, close the board by going to goodbye. Never leave a board open without closing it. You invited the spirits to visit, so you need to send them back.

Right now I am creating in-depth communication devices that use energy work and discipline to use. The one I've used for several years has been tested by a scientist and it outsmarted him!

My devices are created with spiritual intent and weeks and

weeks of energy work to create what I call an “energy virus protection system.” I keep it all at arm’s length, and if something tries to push through against my barriers I shut it down.

My devices are extremely in-depth compared to available communication devices on the market. Devices can be used, just be serious and do the preliminary work to create a safe environment for a good outcome. Always, always open and always, always close communication unless you want an unwanted visitor coming for an unexpected stay!



Photo (c) Mark Elliott Fults (See story below for full description.)

Turn this thing off!

by Mark Elliott Fults

Here's a photo my friend, Cyn Shrader Hill, took at a ghost investigation. This is a Ouija board from the 30's that was left open. I correctly identified its location in the house before and after it was moved and hidden, using my communication board. My ability to find the board absolutely shocked a scientist who observed this. Cyn took this photo showing the ectoplasmic cord coming from the Ouija board through the open channel. These were *not* pleasant energies.

Cyn Hill, Founder of Elk Valley Paranormal (EVP), is in charge of arranging private investigations at the Old Fayetteville Hospital (formerly Lincoln County) for all teams in the US and abroad. She has helped individuals, businesses, other paranormal teams and even law enforcement officers by deciphering audio and compiling reports of electronic voice phenomenon.

The photo was taken in May of 2015 at Lynchburg Haunted Home (formerly Harrison Funeral Home) in Lynchburg, TN with a Sony Cybershot digital camera set to low light conditions. The investigation was a joint effort of individuals from various locations who came together under Walt Marler's Eastern League of Investigators and Team Expeditions (E.L.I.T.E. Paranormal) for a night of experiments in paranormal investigating.



Illustration (c) Mark Elliott Fults

Shades of Angels



Rarely is the angel of death so exquisitely portrayed as in this famous sculpture by Jaume Barba. (Poblenou Cemetery, Barcelona, Spain. (c) Tui Snider)

Scouts Honor

by Tui Snider

Like so many others, I was a teenager the first time I used a Ouija board. I found it in my big sister's closet one night when my friend, Alma, was staying over. For a couple of giggly 14-year-olds, Alma and I were pretty knowledgeable about the paranormal. My interest stemmed from strange occurrences in my home that continued throughout my childhood. I'm not sure where Alma's interest came from, but I was grateful. She was the only person I knew who shared my enthusiasm for the unexplained.

Unfortunately, our information came solely from books, not from any wise adults who might caution us about the dangers involved. This was before the internet, so Alma and I scrounged for info wherever we could find it, mainly libraries and bookstores, but occasionally we'd even send off for obscure pamphlets about the occult advertised in the back of magazines. Alma and I didn't just want to read about the paranormal; we wanted to experience it firsthand. We were always trying new things: practicing yoga, meditating, looking for auras, trying to hypnotize each other and so on.

Despite all the books we read, we knew very little about proper Ouija board procedures. We just dove in without any sort of prayer beforehand, and - being 14-years-old - our questions quickly turned towards finding out if the boys we liked at school would ever return our affections!

To me, the unsettling part is that after each question, I would

know exactly what the board was going to spell out. The answer would just pop into my head. Even though I wasn't intentionally pushing the Ouija board's planchette, this made me feel guilty. I finally told Alma, who wisely suggested that the next time we used the Ouija board, we should ask it questions we could verify, but that neither of us would have any way of knowing. In other words, we would be more scientific about it.

Right around this time, my Girl Scout troop got a new leader. Ms. Humboldt was energetic, outdoorsy, and a whole lot of fun. She took our troop horseback riding, camping and even sailing. One weekend, she took us hiking in Idaho, and each night we stayed in a lakeside cabin. I decided this was a good opportunity to play with the Ouija board again.

With Ms. Humboldt snoozing away in her room, Alma and I brought out the Ouija board. There were seven of us, in all. While I set things up, Alma told the other girls that we were going to conduct an experiment. This time around, we were much more organized about how to proceed. Despite this scientific approach, however, we still had no thoughts about protecting ourselves energetically, nor any concept of the portals we might be opening.

We chose one girl to be the note taker. She would write down each question we asked and then record the answers we got. We made sure the Ouija board was sitting on a stable surface and that there was enough light to see what words were spelled out. Since Alma and I didn't trust the other girls to be focused enough and also not to purposely push the planchette, we were the two people who would be receiving the messages. We really wanted to find out for ourselves if it was possible or not to get information through this device!

The other girls instantly wanted to ask questions about school

boys they had crushes on, but Alma explained that we had something different in mind. Knowing that Becky came from a strict Catholic family, we asked her to come up with some specific questions that she had learned from her catechism classes. Alma and I were both Presbyterian, so we figured she would know things we did not. We both agreed that if we already knew the answer to a question Becky suggested we would admit it and try another.

Much to our surprise, Alma and I were able to correctly answer Becky's questions time and time again, simply by using the Ouija board. When she asked, "Who holds the keys to the kingdom?" for instance, Alma and I quickly spelled out, "St. Peter," on the board.

And, of course, being 14-years-old, every time we would get a question right, all seven of us would squeal. I don't know what time it was, but I'm sure it was quite late when a bleary-eyed Ms. Humboldt poked her head into our room and said, "Girls, we've got a big day tomorrow. I don't know what you're up to, but it's time to sleep."

"We're using the Ouija board," Becky blurted. "And it's getting all our questions right!"

"I hope you know that's hogwash," Ms. Humboldt replied. "Put that toy away and get some sleep. Do you understand?"

Throughout all this, Alma and I had kept our fingers on the planchette. In fact, the moment Ms. Humboldt opened the door, all seven of us had frozen in place as if that somehow made up for all our rowdiness the moment before. Immediately after our Girl Scout leader left, however, the Ouija board planchette started moving again. No one said a word as the phrase, "Do not listen to Madame of skeptic. Her real name is Mrs. Smith," was spelled out.

None of us knew what to make of that, but we didn't say much.

It was late, after all, and we felt bad for having woken up our scout leader, so we simply turned off the lights and went to bed.

The next morning at breakfast, Becky casually turned to Ms. Humboldt and said, “So is your real name Mrs. Smith?”

“Who told you that?” Ms. Humboldt asked. Her response was so abrupt and the look on her face so pained that we all fell silent.

“Uh, the Ouija board told all of us.”

“Really?” Ms. Humboldt replied, to which we all chimed in that, yes, Becky was not lying, the Ouija board was our source. I’m not sure if Ms. Humboldt believed us or not, but after breakfast, she made me give her the Ouija board for safekeeping during the rest of our trip. She also had us promise to never bring a Ouija board on a Girl Scout trip again.

It was all very strange. Up until her reaction at breakfast, I had thought that the name “Mrs. Smith” sounded too fake to be true. It had cast a doubt in my mind about this whole Ouija board business in spite of all the other correct answers we had gotten. But the look on Ms. Humboldt’s face when Becky asked her about it was unmistakable. There had to be something to it. None of the other girls knew what to make of the situation, either, nor did we feel comfortable asking Ms. Humboldt to explain herself.

Alma and I puzzled over the notebook with our Ouija board Q&A session several times, but we were at a loss. A couple of weeks later, however, while hanging out over at Alma’s house, we overheard Becky’s mother talking to Alma’s mom. As we passed the living room where they sat, we heard one of them say, “It’s too bad Ms. Humboldt will be gone this summer. The girls will miss her camping trips.”

“Apparently, her divorce has been messy,” said the other.

“They shared a business in California, so she’s flying there to straighten things out. Technically, she’s still Mrs. Smith until they get all the paperwork done.”

And with that, Alma and I finally had our answer. The Ouija board truly was able to give us information that we had no other way of knowing. When I admitted to Alma that, as usual, I had known what the Ouija board was going to say before it was spelled out, she suggested that maybe I had trance channel abilities. I was so freaked out by that idea that I tucked my sister’s Ouija board into the back of her closet and never touched it again.

To this day, I’m not sure what to make of the whole situation. It certainly created a change in the way Alma and I approached our study of the unknown. From that point forward, we were both certain that there is more to the world than what we are told and we no longer treated it like a game.

Shades of Angels

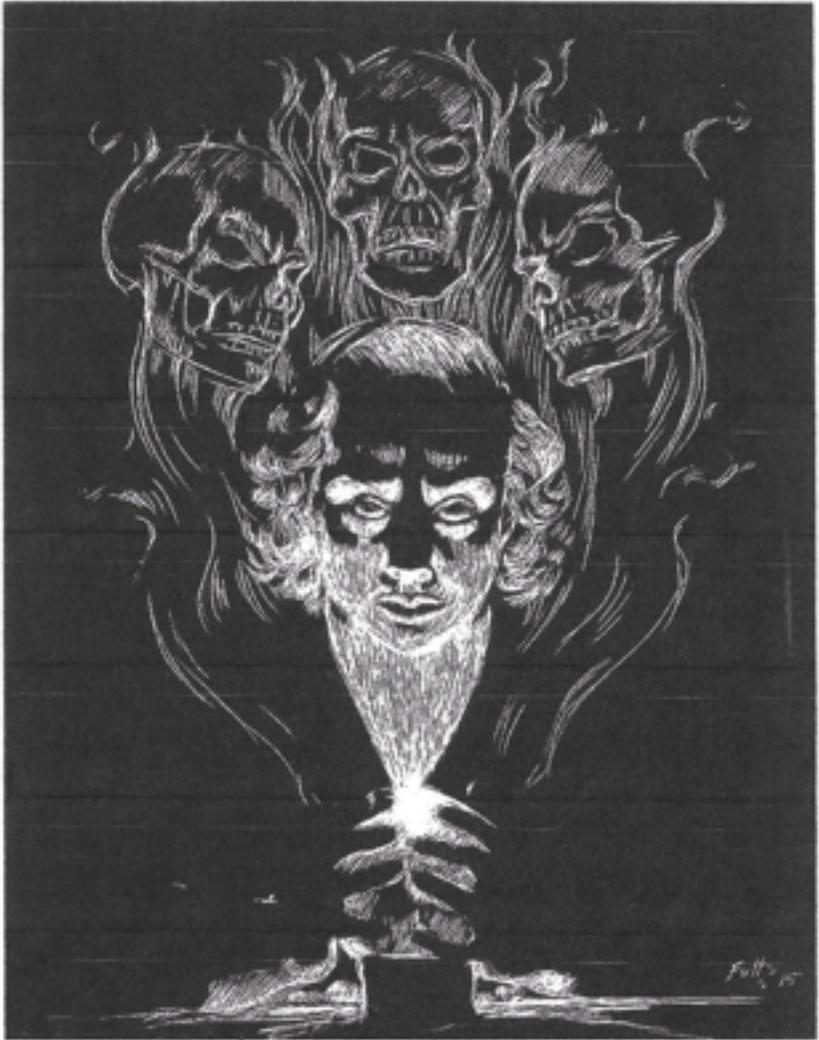


Illustration (c) Mark Elliott Fults

Boards and Other Tools

by Beth Deering

Being a paranormal investigator, as well as a psychic medium has often placed me in harm's way. I cannot stress enough that the spirit world is very real. I appreciate the many TV shows and movies available, but in my opinion, understanding that the field is not all fun and games is never stressed enough.

Hollywood glamorizes the paranormal and supernatural, but using tools of the trade for spirit communication must always be taken very seriously. All too often people treat it like a joke. I learn every single day that we live in spiritual warfare, and if you start experimenting with devices, you had better know what you are doing.

Asking for the precious blood of Christ to cover me, during an investigation, or when I have a reading and saying a silent prayer of protection, are always the first priority, followed by anointing myself with oil and or holy water, and for the light of Christ to surround anyone with me, if I start to feel anything that may hinder or harm those attending or to myself, I tell them telepathically they are not permitted and are asked to leave.

I discourage the use of Ouija boards; it opens too many doors and windows that are portals to the negative side of the spirit world (The same goes for pendulums, cards, and the like.) By the same token, I do use spirit boxes during investigations and digital recorders to help capture EVP's, but I take what I do very seriously and respect those on the other side. I am sensitive to picking up on

energy around me and have captured incredible electronic voice phenomenon.

I would suggest if you are using such equipment, do so with a professional. “The Exorcist” was based on a true story of a boy who used an Ouija board during the 1940’s and connected to an entity that was truly demonic. In my opinion, boards should never be used, once that negative energy enters, a spirit of attachment may occur and literally all hell can break loose!



This angel’s expression seems to express exasperation along with his grief, as if mourning the mistakes we mortals make with our lives. (Santa María Magdalena de Pazzis Cemetery in San Juan, Puerto Rico. (c) Tui Snider)

About the Authors:

Teal L. Gray

My hope in offering you Shades of Angels, is to bring understanding to an area where many only want to see the lighter side. When in fact, there are two sides to everything, two points of view, on any given situation, and two sides to every story. We will look at life from both sides. Delving into the darker



energies, which are around us every bit as much as the light. In understanding this balance, we are less likely to fall for a trap, or overlook a helpful intervention. ~Rev. Teal L. Gray

Reverend Dr. Teal L. Gray is a minister, writer, artist, photographer, radio host and sacred site traveler, with gifts of intuition. Join Teal on the Blog Talk Radio Network each week at:

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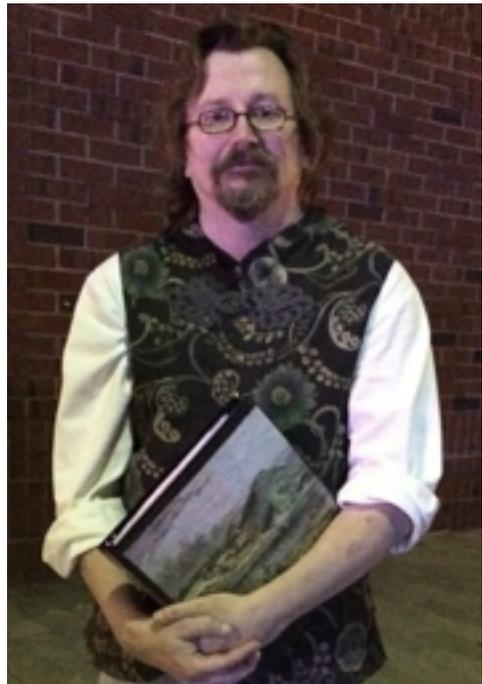
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Mark Elliott Fults

Author, Psychic, Trance
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A native of Chattanooga, Mark E. Fults is a locally known self-taught psychic, artist, trance medium, songwriter and storyteller.

Mark is the author of two books, *Chattanooga Chills* and the upcoming *Chattanooga Chills:*



Scream Louder. He also stars in the YouTube show, “Shadows Paranormal.”

Mark dedicates this book to: Morgan, my earthbound angel.

Gui Snider

Gui Snider is an award-winning author, photographer, musician, and speaker who specializes in quirky, haunted, and downright bizarre destinations.



As she puts it, “I used to write fiction – but then, I moved to Texas!”

Snider's writing and photographs have been featured by a variety of publications, including *Coast to Coast AM*, *FOX Travel News*, *LifeHack*, *SkyEurope*, *Time Out*, *easyJet*, the City of Plano and more.

Snider’s books inspired by the Lone Star state include *Paranormal Texas*, *The Lynching of the Santa Claus Bank Robber*, and *Unexpected Texas*. Inspired by her 2016 writing residency for the Langdon Review, she released a music CD entitled “Come to My Senses” which features 10 of her original songs, along with a companion book called *Meme, Myself & iPhone: Photos, Lyrics & the Stories Behind Them*.

Tui has several new books in progress, including *Messages from the Dead: A Field Guide to Cemetery Symbols*. Each week, she cohosts a weekly radio show with Teal Gray on BlogTalk Radio. She loves connecting with writers and readers all over the globe through social media and her website: TuiSnider.com.

Tui dedicates this book to: My patient and supportive husband, Larry, a lapsed Catholic who calls me his angel!

Beth Deering

Beth Deering is a professional psychic medium and paranormal investigator. Gifted at birth, by the time she was 3-years-old unexplainable things were happening around her, and by the age of 7, she had her first full paranormal experience in Gettysburg, at the Jennie Wade home.



During her pre-teen years, she was hearing, feeling and seeing apparitions and receiving messages from the other side. She has helped in assisting law enforcement with cold case homicides and missing persons. She is sought to help the grieving and those who have been through traumatic experiences, including PTSD, and survivor's guilt. Her clients include veterans, first responders, those who struggle with drugs, alcohol dependency and more. She

Teal L. Gray

offers inner child healing and the cleansing and blessing of properties to rid them of negative forces. She is also a radio personality, and is available for personal appearances, gallery events, private and personal group readings.

Beth dedicates this book to: My family, friends, clients and to those who believe in the seen and unseen

If You Enjoyed this Sample Chapter from *Shades of Angels...*

As authors, we depend upon word-of-mouth to spread the word about our creative projects. So, if you enjoyed this 55 page sample, please consider purchasing the entire book. Also, tell your friends and family, and consider giving a copy to them as a gift. And if you would take a moment to leave a review on Amazon and/or Goodreads, it would be deeply appreciated by everyone involved in this book. Your opinion and thoughtful comments are extremely helpful in letting potential new readers know whether or not this is the right book for them!

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We hope you have enjoyed your journey through the pages of *Shades of Angels*. Thank you again from all of us!