

Dear Friend.

When was the last time you saw an angel? The writers of *Angels on Earth* see them all the time: on buses & playgrounds, in gardens & hospital rooms, on snowy roads & in dark alleys.

To make sure you see them too, we'd like to send you a FREE issue of Angels on Earthwith no further obligation!

Within just one issue, you'll see how often angels appear in our lives. Sometimes they're our neighbors offering a selfless deed. Sometimes they're heroic strangers. And sometimes they're true angels indeed, lending divine help that defies rational explanation. You'll meet them all in your FREE issue of Angels on Earth!

alleen Hypes

**P.S.** To thank you for taking a look at *Angels on Earth*, we'll also send you a FREE 2013 Wall Calendar! To get your TWO FREE GIFTS, return the attached card today.

### BY DONNA GRIFFITH. LAFAYETTE. TENNESSEE

road to the first major intersection.

"Look both ways before you cross,"

"Always the mother hen." I said.

Always trying to take care of me. Just

Mom said.

take care of us both.

braced for impact.

 $\uparrow$   $\land$   $\land$  om and I always relied on out of harm's way just in time.

one another. I worked in The next thing I knew I was sitting V fast food, but before and on the sidewalk across the street, the after my shifts she served me the best cool concrete under my palms. Mom! home-cooked breakfast and dinner I expected to see her lying injured in a girl could want. But most of all I the road. But she wasn't there. Mom looked forward to our evening walks. sat a few feet away from me. "Are One evening we walked down the you all right?" she asked.

> "Yes," I said. "How are you?" Mom sat up straight, and took a

big stretch. "I feel fine, thanks to that man," she said

"What man?" I asked.

like I'm always trying to take care of "The man who picked me up and her. Lord, I wish we had someone to carried me over here just as the front of that car brushed passed me. How There weren't any cars coming, so on earth did you get out of the way in we stepped into the crosswalk. Half- time?"

way across the street I heard screech- "The man who helped you must ing wheels. A late-model sedan was have had a friend."

barreling right for us! There was no We looked around in either directime to run. "Jesus," I mumbled, tion for our saviors, but there was no one in sight. I was unsure about That's when I felt them: two strong exactly what had happened, but I'd hands on my upper arms. The car was never felt so cared for, so safe and seso close I could make out specks of cure, either. Maybe there was somedirt on the front grille. But the second one else Mom and I could rely on.

before the collision I was lifted up into Times are easier now. Mom and I the air. I felt a rush of wind as the car still take our evening walk. And our passed me. Somehow I had been lifted angels walk with us.

but could you use this card?"

merrier Christmas in my life! pay our bill at the station. orange spiky hair..."



### BY ERIKA BENTSEN. SPRAGUE RIVER. OREGON

hristmas morning, I'd driven my boss, Bruce, to the hospital because he was suffering from kidney stones. We'd barely made it to the hospital because we didn't have time to fuel the truck. Now we were running dangerously low on gas and neither Bruce nor I had our wallets with us. When Bruce was discharged the nurse came running down the hall. "I heard you were having trouble getting home," she said. She pressed a \$25 Shell gas card to my hand.

"Thank you!" I said. Maybe miracles did happen on Christmas Day. We made it to the Shell station but it was closed. In fact, it seemed like every station in the area was closed for the holiday. Now what? I drove up the main street. I saw a sign for a gas station: "Open until 4 p.m. on Christmas Day." I glanced at the clock. 4:15. I stopped and got out and knocked on the door of the attendant's booth. Lord, I need an angel.

The lone occupant turned to face me. It was a young man, with bright orange spiked hair and a metal stud through his lower lip. "Can I help?" "We've spent all morning in the emergency room," I said. "We don't

have enough gas to make it home or any money. I know you're not Shell,

"Those cards don't work here," he said. "But I'll pump twenty-five dollars worth. You can come back and pay." I never wished anyone a

The next day I drove back to town to return the card to the nurse and

"What's this for?" the attendant on duty asked.

I told him about the young man's generosity. "He had earrings and

"No one here like that" he said

I've driven past that gas station many times since, and I've not seen that young man. Maybe he moved on to another job. Maybe he dyed his hair and I just don't recognize him. The only thing I'm sure about is that on that Christmas, he was the angel that got us home.

## SOMEONE'S IN THE KITCHEN

## **Ginger Ale Pound Cake**

### BY CAROLE CHISHOLM. CANDOR. NORTH CAROLINA

This "never-a-crumb-left" pound cake has a secret ingredient that no one can ever guess, but everyone always loves: Ginger ale! It's quick to make ... and just as quick to disappear! Make it for your family tonight and see if anyone can guess the extra-special twist you've put in...

### **INGREDIENTS:**

- <sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> cup Crisco shortening
- 3 cups all-purpose flour
- 2 sticks butter
- 5 large eggs
- 2<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> cups sugar
- <sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> cup ginger ale
- <sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons vanilla
- 2 teaspoons lemon flavoring

# Get a

Yummy Recipe in Every Issue



### **PREPARATION:**

- 1. Preheat oven to 325 degrees.
- 2. Generously grease pan with Crisco and dust with flour.
- 3. In a large mixing bowl beat butter and Crisco until creamy. Add eggs, one at a time. Mix in sugar.
- 4. Alternating between the two, add flour and ginger ale. Then add salt, vanilla and lemon flavoring.
- 5. Continue beating for five minutes.
- 6. Pour mixture into pan and bake for 90 minutes. (Resist opening the oven door while baking.)
- 7. Remove cake and set on a wire rack until cooled (15–20 minutes).
- 8. Put a plate on top of the open side of the pan and flip it upside down. The cake should drop out.

# **SEND FOR YOUR 2 FREE GIFTS TODAY!**

## FREE GIFT #1 **A Completely FREE** Issue

Enjoy page after page of dramatic proof that angels really do watch over us with these free true stories that will thrill, uplift and inspire you!





## FREE GIFT #2 **A FREE 2013 Wall Calendar**

Keep track of the days while keeping company with angels! Includes beautiful original artwork.

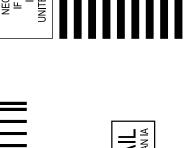
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## PLUS, act now to also get this FREE Angel Gift Basket!

Filled with a generous assortment of angel collectibles, this basket provides the perfect way to get more angel inspiration into your life! It's yours if you're one of the first 100 people to claim your FREE issue and FREE wall calendar. It's the perfect accompaniment to all the stories you'll enjoy in your complimentary copy of Angels on Earth.

But you must act fast — return your FREE GIFTS Claim Card today. No purchase necessary.

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SAM LSA APT ANY TOR TOR N t N SAMP Midnight Kiss

4.25"

A tender smooch at the strike of 12 restores an Ohio widow's faith tha her husband is watching over her.

### BY MARY ELIZABETH RATHBUN, COLUMBUS, OHIO

on and I welcomed every New Year with a midnight kiss. In 55 years, we'd missed our kiss only once. That year we were separated because he was in the Pacific during World War II.

Now at half an hour to midnight, I lay in bed alone on my first New Year's without him, missing him terribly. How can I get through tonight? I thought.

I watched the Times Square celebration play on TV. "Wake me when the ball starts down," I said. Even though Don was gone, I often still talked to him.

I dozed off as the crystal ball descended. But something woke me from a deep sleep. It was a kiss. A soft warm kiss on my cheek. "Don?" I said. The clock on the night table chimed

"Happy New Year, Love," I whispered, knowing he could hear me. It seems an angel helped me start the year off right, just like always. Except this year a heavenly angel stood in for my earthly one.



An Oregon woman encounters an angelic stranger who helps her make it home for Christmas dinner.

ILLUSTRATION BY P.J. LOUGHRAN

## ANGEL SIGHTINGS

4.75"



**THEN MY ELDERLY PARENTS moved to** A trailer on my property, Dad lost no time in putting in a flower garden and shade tree. Recently an arborist came to spruce up the trees around our land, and a limb on Dad's shade tree caught my eye. My father tends a garden in heaven now, but he left an angel here to watch over me.

**ROSE HINA, ROSEVILLE, OHIO** 

# So much in every issue...

Every issue of Angels on Earth brings you dozens of stories that reveal the work of God's messengers in ways both seen and unseen...

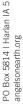
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### **READ THE ENCLOSED SAMPLE STORIES**

Find out just how angels influence and appear in our lives every day...







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