

An Excerpt From Margie's Book

"I watched as the feather floated down and landed right at my feet. It was my first angel feather. I remember feeling joy. There would be many more to come."

Angel Feather



Margie Medium

Quite a few years ago I was cleaning up craft supplies that my daughter Nicole left on the family room floor. She was good at that kind of stuff; very creative, but she didn't always follow through on the cleaning up part. Amongst all this crafty stuff was a pile of white feathers. I picked the feathers up and I thought to myself, "Wouldn't it be awesome to be given an angel feather?" I had recently read that every once in a while a person will find a huge white angel feather on their bedroom floor. I'd never received anything like this, and of course who doesn't like confirmation from the angels? After cleaning up, I returned to my original task of making breakfast for my husband and me. It was a beautiful Sunday morning, so the plan was to eat our breakfast at the outside table in the front patio of our house.

I remember being busy making our omelets and muffins, and also going in and out of the house, setting up for our meal on the front patio. I had already brought the teas out and now it was time to bring out our plates. As I walked to the front door, I called for Jimmy to come and eat. Carrying a dish in my hand, I walked out the front door and onto the patio. Before I could get to the table, a dove that was in our neighbor's tree flew towards me. As this bird flew by me I looked up at it.

Angel Feather (Cont'd)

Surprisingly, it appeared as if someone plucked a single white feather from it's underside. I watched as the feather floated down and landed right at my feet. It was my first angel feather. I remember feeling joy. There would be many more to come.

I kept this angel feather for a long time in the dream catcher above our bed. Recently, however, our sweet little black kitty cat, Luna, discovered it. Through her persistence, she finally got hold of it and chewed it up. It was, after all, filled with lots of good "birdie smells!" Fortunately, I still have a picture of my first angel feather, along with a great memory of feeling very loved. I'm still in awe of how the angels creatively dropped that white feather at my feet. They are amazing!