

Introduction

A Very Reverent Man

There was once a very reverent man who not only attended church services but lived a daily life with respect and gratitude for all. I was surprised one day when he asked me if I would teach him to pray because he feared he did not do it properly. Having known him awhile and seeing much of his generous nature, I assured him his whole life was a prayer. I don't know that he believed me because he continued to practice the words of written prayers and to refer to books of rituals and services for all his years.

He was a very wise man as well, so I wondered why he thought God was in one place and he was in another. I had always been told that God is everywhere; so that would naturally mean the cells in our bodies too. Wherever that man went, and whatever he said or did, God was always right there within his mind and heart. Every time he shared of himself he was talking to God and I assured him so.

This is true for everyone. The angels call it "Holy Spirit." Anytime we wish for God to "jump in" and respond, all we have to do is give the invitation and let the heart listen. We don't have to wait for particular moments, words, or tools. We can laugh and play with God just as certainly as we can share trouble or worry. I wished this man wasn't so serious about how and when to pray, and that he'd simply share the many moments of his day with God. I saw quite a few happy angels around him, so I guessed that they would tell him sooner or later how to enjoy his many opportunities for prayer.

Yes, I do see angels and other spiritual partners at my side and around others. I hear quite clearly when angels speak as well. I was one of those children who by age five were grilled about *still* having imaginary friends. I was encouraged to stop talking to myself. "But I wasn't," I would say. My spiritual friends were just as visibly present to me as my family, teachers, and school buds. How could I stop talking with them anymore than the people I see here? They loved my stories and I loved to hear what they would say. Sometimes I would tell them to say "hi" to God in case I forgot or felt hurried. I'm pretty sure God winked.

I didn't really call these exchanges "prayer" so long ago; they were just part of my early childhood pleasure. I first learned the words "prayer" and "devotion" when I became of school age. Growing up in a parochial environment, others told me what prayer was, how to memorize it, and at which times and places to speak it. I realize now that those studies and practices were a very good spiritual foundation, but at the time when I was a child, they were somewhat boring and even scary. My own experience with God and the angels was nothing but fun and expectation. Nonetheless, during those church days, I did get to see and talk regularly with the very reverent man.

When I was not in church, I would go back to my habit of talking with God and the angels about every little detail in my day—happy or sad. I told them about school events, birthday parties, and Halloween costumes. I told them about all my A and B grades, and complained about C's in math. I showed them my brand new Girl Scout Brownie shoes and shared the “oops” when I spilled on the uniform. I often laughed aloud with them, and sometimes in the middle of the night I traveled with them to their world. They always gave me so much love, gentle encouragement, and great new ideas. But as I grew a little bit older, I again got the impression that my way of openly interacting with my angels and God was not typical of other people around me. So, I limited the places of my spiritual chatting to more private ones. If I did speak aloud to them publicly and someone asked if I was talking to myself, I would say, “Yes, sorry.”

Thinking back to that period of time, the last occasions in which I recall openly talking to my angels were those moments right before exams and eventually job interviews. Not surprisingly, everything always went quite well. I became very ready for my adult journey.

But then, as a young adult, I very quickly became more absorbed in the appealing material world and all of its stuff: people, places, and things. It actually felt rather good to “fit in” with the greater majority by joining a perceived race alongside them. During those years, I held more than one good corporate career and the joy of money was a fascination in and of itself. In pursuit of everything excellent, I learned to categorize places and prioritize tasks. What was sorted out as “free time” was assigned to family, friends, search for mates, and other worldly adventures. Year after year, days seemed more rapidly filled with things to do, people to see, and places to be. The need to separate my many created responsibilities and assign them to hours in a day became a reflex. Unintentionally, my spontaneous spiritual conversations with God and my angels became a separated slice of the day's pie. I talked to them mostly at day's end when I was already fatigued or at those times when events seemed out of control. I knew God and my angels were with me and would understand, because they always do.

Then one day came when I learned that the very reverent man had died. That was extremely sad for me, because I had so much more to talk about with him. I had learned many wonderful things from him and I could still hear our shared laughter. In the next moment, I recalled the day when he asked, “Can you teach me the right way to pray?” I had assured him then that his whole life was prayer and suggested that he see his everyday moments as openings for talking with God. I hoped he finally believed it and did not worry about any “right way” to pray during his remaining moments here. Perhaps he was finally having fun; and I asked my angels to ask his angels to make sure it was so.

In that moment there came an “aha” flash for me. I realized that I was currently living out great chunks of my own everyday life without frequently engaging my spiritual partners. No wonder I was overly busy, fatigued and often stressed. I was pretty much doing what I told my friend the reverent man to avoid. In my case, I was waiting for the right *moment* to pray. Right then, I heard some nearby giggles and I turned to see my angels' playful smiles. I asked, “What?” They said, “Oh, you know, practice what you preach . . . tee-hee.” I started laughing

with them although others around me could see no cause. It was great to have my spontaneous spiritual chatting back in place. From that day on, I returned to using my many natural moments—happy or sad—to connect with God and my angels.

But an even greater awareness came to me that same day. I realized that my spiritual understanding and use of prayer was uncommon, and that the very reverent man's experience with it was not. I began to see that many good studies and rituals formed in the name of prayer may have innocently produced the side effect of spiritual disempowerment in people. I wished to be a part of the healing, and my angels said, "Great idea!"

My mystical encounters had long ago proved to me that we are more than physical beings. Because of my childhood travels with the angels into their dimension, I learned a great deal about where angels and spiritual friends are in relation to us and the universe we know. Although I did not think it extraordinary, I always used a certain kind of "added sense" to see angels and speak with them and God. Truly, everyone has this innate sensory ability to use along their earth's journey. What I found is that most people allow this extrasensory (or sixth sense) ability to remain idle.

My first step then in becoming a spiritual coach was to perfect my psychic skills so that I might help others use their own. Today, this continues to be a part of my full-time practice. While there is no detailed course on extrasensory development in this particular book, I do include a brief preview of what it is in Part Two. The little overview is included because, while prayer is the tool of divine communication, sixth sensory energy is our antennae. You may have an interest in extending your "broadcast range" with these skills in the future once you read the brief summary.

More particularly, this book is dedicated to increasing your *use* of prayer by explaining its simplicity and value. It starts by opening your heart to the very important insight that we are spiritual beings living in a physical environment. We are not, in reverse, physical beings attempting to be spiritual. While it is a difficult perception to mentally hold, we are each here on earth by choice and with a self-created contract to magnify the joy of our true, powerful and only Essence. We could say at this point, "Wow, what happened?"

Not too many paragraphs beforehand, I shared the tale of my own distraction in the physical world and all its "stuff." It is a very natural tendency to be distracted by material things while we are in the present body and it happens to every person alike. There is no judgment upon enjoying the things we create and see on earth. Truly, this is a rich universe we have chosen and it is plentiful with things to color our stories. The only precaution we fail to keep in mind is to not allow what is in our physical environment to override the journey of our true Spirit.

Those times that we do are evidenced by unhappy emotions such as: boredom, depression, and grief. Our true Spirit is designed to be blissful at all times. Whenever any present moment is not completely joyful, it is the direct result of serving worldly distractions rather than the other way around. The value of prayer is that it is an immediate remedy for restoring this spiritual priority to the mental and physical bodies. Every experience we create on earth has the potential

to be blissful if we easily and effortlessly include prayer within it. *The Lighter Side of Prayer* is an invitation to begin.

The Lighter Side of Prayer is written to help you recognize your beautiful, sacred potential on earth simply because you are above all else a spiritual being. It emphasizes that within this fundamental spiritual nature, you are already perfect. It reassures you that while you are presently living in a physical body, God is the supply of pure love to which you are infinitely entitled. Prayer is defined, perhaps for the first time, as your built-in divine transmission for accessing it.

Part One of the book talks about the traditional elements of prayer. It also suggests new opportunities for talking with God during the slightest moments of your everyday life and gives reasons why it's welcomed. It is the intention of this part to validate your intrinsic connection to God and your natural ability to pray, no matter who or where you are in the present physical world.

Part Two of *The Lighter Side of Prayer* will introduce you to types of spiritual beings not upon this planet who are accessible to you to assist you in your life's challenges and accelerate your prayers. In particular, I will introduce you to the angels both by design and purpose. Following that you will find some basics about your own sixth sensory ability and the available telepathic channels which you may wish to train.

Part Three is especially close to my heart. This section is devoted entirely to angel responses to various universal concerns which I have recently channeled through the use of automatic writing.

The final section of the book shares an enlightened view of three basic themes important to your spiritual well-being: emotions, forgiveness, and gratitude. When you give the suggestions discussed a try, you'll find it becomes easier and more natural to be open, honest and frequent with your prayers.

It is my joy to remind you once again: God is always within you and always sending you unconditional love. For your part, you are more than *telling* a story while you are here, you *are* the Story. God would like to be "in on it" more often - the silly times as well as the sad. In fact, I'm quite certain God wrote the saying that goes,

"Don't take yourself so seriously."

I hope the pages that follow will take you to the lighter side of prayer. As an added boost to your own holy dialogue, I've sprinkled some of my free-form prayers throughout the pages.

Noticeable Blessings in Your Day,

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