



A Novel by  
**EJ Thornton**

**Books To Believe In**  
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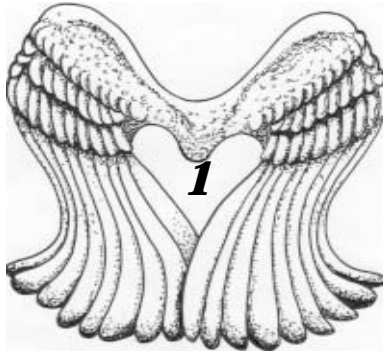
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[ej@angelonboard.com](mailto:ej@angelonboard.com)

*When you show hospitality  
to strangers, you might just  
have entertained angels unawares.  
-Hebrews 13:2 (paraphrased)*

*"If you knew who walked beside you at all times,  
you could never experience fear again."  
-A Course in Miracles*



**This book is dedicated to God,  
my family, my friends  
and all our angels,  
for without their love,  
I would be nothing.**



It all started the night I died.

I was in bed asleep, or so I thought.

Then the most wonderful voice in the world whispered, “Dad, get up. It’s time to go.” That was the voice of my daughter Sheila. She had died tragically of cancer a couple of months before, at the age of thirty-six. I often saw her in my dreams, wonderful, wonderful dreams, vivid and real.

“Sheila!” I whispered and smiled.

“I’m here, too.” A man’s voice came from behind her. It was a familiar voice. So I opened my eyes. I swore I’d seen him somewhere before.

“Who are you?” I asked, still somewhat groggy.

Sheila giggled. They were both very excited.

“My name is George,” he replied. I needed more than merely his first name to connect to that one useful memory just out of my reach.

“Okay, what’s going on here?” I hesitantly asked Sheila, who grinned from ear to ear, positively giddy.

“It’s time for us to be together, Dad.”

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“I know. I love these dreams. All the pain of your death melts away. It’s like you’re really here with me,” I told her, then I sighed. “But it’s hard when I wake up and realize it was just a dream.”

“There’s a reason for that, Dad. But this is different. You had a heart attack and died peacefully in your sleep. Now we’re here to escort you into Heaven.”

I paused for a moment and looked her in the eyes. Her eyes held steady. “Okay, I want to wake up now!”

“I’m sorry, Martin, but that’s just impossible.”

Sheila and George stood over me, lovingly smiling.

“Give me your hand, Dad,” Sheila sweetly said, extending her arm.

I flailed for a minute to try to wake myself up. I should have been able to feel my heart racing. I tossed myself hard, then harder, but my body stayed still. This was too weird. Eventually, I gave Sheila my hand. She helped me sit up and then stand up.

“Look.” George pointed back at the bed. I looked back and I saw myself still lying there, with a strained look on my face.

“I’d really like to wake up now.”

“Stubborn as ever,” George chuckled, shaking his head.

“I’m sorry, who are you again?”

“I’m George. I was your great-grandfather. I died a few years before you were born. But for all your seventy-two years, I’ve been your guardian angel and you’ve been my charge, the one I was assigned to protect and guide.”

“I’ve seen you before,” I pointed at him trying hard to place any memory that would make sense.

“Yes, in old photographs.”

“And maybe a couple of other places over the years.” Sheila nudged him and he smiled slyly.

Shaking that off, I got back to the issue at hand determined to reason my way back to familiar ground. “If I’m dead, who is

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going to take care of my precious Glory? You know how much she needs me. If I'm dead, who's going to lead the elder's meeting at church in the morning? Then there's Sarah. I promised her a road trip this weekend. I have too much to do. I have to go back." I turned away from them to try and figure out how to get back inside my own skin.

George quickly put his hand on my shoulder, turned me back toward him and looked me straight in the eyes. "Your work will continue. I merely have to teach you how to do it as an angel. That's all."

I looked straight back into his eyes, with a plea to go back to the world, but all I saw was genuine concern and love. I stared into his eyes and peace fell over me like a waterfall.

"And Mama will be taken care of, by more people and angels than you could ever imagine," Sheila said, putting her hand on my other shoulder.

A beautiful, bright, white light appeared. It came from behind George and encompassed us completely. There were no more points to argue. Heaven was calling me and it was my time to go. George turned and led us toward the light. I held Sheila's hand tightly and followed my guides into Heaven.

On the walk through the bright light, scenes of my life surrounded me; important events and turning points. I saw scenes from my childhood. I saw my mother's anguished face right after my father passed away. I saw myself with my brothers, playing hard when we were young and fighting even harder as we grew older. I saw images, both happy and sad. I saw the people from the town where I grew up. I saw the time I was caught stealing a piece of candy by old Mr. Wannabaker. Then I saw the smile on his face, as he cheered me winning the pumpkin-carving contest during the Harvest picnic that same year. There was the widow Dunberry, our next door neighbor, who I'd always helped with household chores. She always patted me on the head, until I outgrew her. There were images from the civil rights marches

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and riots of the sixties. We broke across many a lunch counter barrier, until we were either served or arrested.

I saw my ordination as a minister. There were images of the people of my congregations and the countless marriages, baptisms and funerals I'd presided over. Among the many faces in my congregation, one stood out, as it always had in my life, that of my lovely bride, Glory. Glory, I called her, because the day she told me she loved me, I knew I'd found the Promised Land! I saw my marriage and the birth of each of my four children, Jeremiah, Sheila, Peter and Sarah. I saw their smiling faces as they grew up. I relived the relationship struggles as they grew into adults. I felt again the death of my mother and the illness and death of my daughter. Finally, I saw the last time I kissed my Glory goodnight on my last night on earth and now here I was.

As we emerged on the other side of the light passage, figures walked toward us. A familiar voice called out my name. She smiled joyously. "Martin, my son. Come to me."

We embraced. The amount of pure love and joy I felt overwhelmed me.

"Mother," was all I could say.

"Son," a strong voice said. I looked up and my father stood right beside me. He'd died when I was twelve. "I'm proud of you, son and the man you have become." He put his hand on my shoulder. His strength and love flowed all through me.

Then George said, "We have a lot to do. You will be back with these lovely angels very soon. But we need to keep going."

"But I just got here. I need more time." I looked at Mother and Dad's faces and they encouraged me to continue on with George. So I went on.

We entered a garden filled with the most spectacular flowers and most beautiful scents I could've imagined. There was perfection in every petal, leaf, and stem. This place was the definition of serenity.

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We sat on an intricately carved, curved marble bench. George began to explain my situation. “Martin, you lived a good life, a productive life for God, and you will be rewarded greatly in Heaven. There are choices regarding your future that you need to make soon. I will explain all the options, of course, and using your wisdom and my guidance, we will choose your path for you.”

“My path?”

“It will all become clear to you soon, but now we have to go back. It’s time to think about your earthly family. They’re unaware you’re gone. Only a few seconds have actually passed on Earth. We need to help them with this transition. You’ll be there and be affecting your loved ones in very profound ways.”

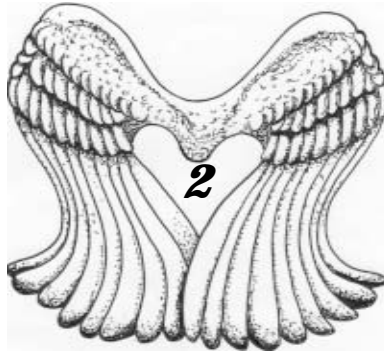
“I get to go back and be with them?” I asked eagerly. “I really get to go back and see them all again?”

“You’re an angel now, Martin,” he told me in a soft, strong voice, “and you’re free from the constraints of the physical world. You have new capabilities, although you need to be trained in how to use them. After you choose your path, you’ll develop new powers. It all will become clear, very soon. But for now, let’s go help the family through this.”

I nodded and the instant our eyes met, they locked. When I looked around again, we were back in my bedroom in the world.

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“How did you do that?” I asked, as I tried to regain my bearings.

“It’s very simple. As an angel, all you have to do is think of being someplace or with someone and when you desire it, you’re there with them. It’s one of the best parts of being an angel,” George explained.

So there I was. I looked down on my lovely wife, fast asleep, my still, lifeless body was right next to her.

“George, is she going to wake up and find me there, all alone like this?”

“Is that how you want it?”

“I think that would be too hard on her.”

“Then, how would you like it to happen?”

“What do you mean?”

“If you could have your way, how would you like to be found? How would you like her to find out you’ve died?”

“Well, someone should be with her.”

“Who would you like it to be?”

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It came to me immediately. “Sarah. Sarah is who needs to be with her.” My youngest daughter Sarah still lived at home, while she attended college. She was in the room right down the hall.

“Okay then, let’s go wake up Sarah and get her to come in here.”

“How do we do that?”

“Think back, Martin. I know there were times in your life when you felt compelled to be somewhere and you only understood the reason after you got there?”

“Yes. Lots of times.”

“Most of those times, I led you or let some other angel lead you where you needed to go. It happens all the time. That’s what an angel does, guides you where you need to be. I’ll show you how you do it. First, think about being with Sarah.”

So I closed my eyes and when I opened them, we were in Sarah’s room. “Whoa!” I said. “That was fast.”

“Time and space are different for you now, Martin. The main concept you need to grasp is that time *can only go forward*. Going backwards in it is impossible. Stopping it is impossible. But you can slow it down as much as you need to to accomplish the task at hand. Sometimes people report that during an accident, it felt like they were going in slow motion.” I nodded. “Angels!”

“Okay, but how does that help us wake up Sarah?” I looked down at my sweet sleeping daughter. “How are we going to get her from here to there before her mama wakes up?”

“First, we need to summon Sarah’s angel. While our charges are sleeping, if there’s no apparent danger, the angels get to handle other business or visit other people. Wait until you see who this is.” George rubbed his hands together quickly and grinned with anticipation. “Emma,” he whispered.

If it were still possible, I’d have fainted. Emma was my mother’s mother. She looked at me and smiled. “Welcome to Heaven, Baby.” She gave me the sweetest kiss on the cheek, just like when she was on earth.

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“Grandmama!” I paused while I absorbed what I saw. “How?” She died so many years before Sarah was born.

“I waited for this one, my first grandchild’s baby girl. I wanted this one.” She looked at Sarah and her face beamed with light and love. “This is going to be hard for her. We knew it was coming, so I tried to prepare her.” Then she looked at George. “How are we doing this?”

George paused, then said, “Martin, imagine a beautiful, large, white feather.”

I closed my eyes and did just that.

“Open your eyes,” George said.

There in my hands was the feather, just the way I imagined it. I almost dropped it. “Settle down, Martin, it’s just a feather.” George and Grandmama laughed at me.

“Now, go tickle her nose with it,” Grandmama instructed.

“Can she see any of this?” I asked.

“Oh no,” Grandmama said. “She’s really sensitive to what we say to her and our interactions with her, but she’s oblivious to us. People rely on their ears for hearing when in reality their souls hear much more reliably, really.”

I went over to her and very gently passed the feather under her nose--it twitched and I jumped. Grandmama and George laughed again and looked at each other with an understanding that surpassed me at this point. I did it again. Sarah scratched her nose. I looked at the angels and they nodded that I needed to keep on. I did it again. She rolled over and put her arm up to protect her face from the annoyance.

“Talk to her. Tell her what you want her to do,” Grandmama said.

“Sarah,” I whispered. “Wake up. Wake up Baby.”

“Tell her why,” George instructed.

“Sarah, it’s Dad. Honey, wake up, your mama needs you. Baby, I died in my sleep tonight,” I explained.

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“Huh?” She bolted up in bed, shaking and breathing hard. She looked around frantically.

“What did I do wrong?”

“Nothing. You’re doing great. Tell her to calm down, then to go check on Glory.”

“Shhh, Sarah, shhh,” I said. Sarah took a deep breath. She shook her head and looked around again. “Sarah, go check on Mama. Go Baby, she needs you.” Sarah got out of bed, put on her robe and walked quietly down the hallway to Glory’s bedroom. We all walked there with her.

She knocked quietly on the door, only loud enough to hear if someone was already awake. There was no answer. She slowly turned the knob and opened the door. It was dark in the room, so she turned on the desk lamp to its first dim setting and walked over to my side of the bed. She could see that I was gone. She gasped for air, but covered her mouth, so that her mama would keep sleeping. Tears welled up in her eyes. She sat down for a moment on the chair by the desk and tried to compose herself, tears rolling down her cheeks. She gathered her strength and took a couple of deep breaths, then went to wake her mother.

Sarah knelt by the side of the bed, took her mama’s hand and laid her head on it.

Glory stirred. “Sarah? Sarah, honey, what’s the matter?” She sat up in bed, all her attention on Sarah. Sarah looked up at her. Glory saw her tears. “What is it, Baby?” She gently wiped her daughter’s cheek.

Sarah pointed her head in the direction of my body. Glory put her hand on my shoulder as if to wake me up, because it looked to her like Sarah wanted both of us for her problem. But as she touched my body and looked over, Glory realized what Sarah’s problem was. Glory felt my cheek and cried out. Then she looked back at Sarah and took her in her arms. They held each other close and cried.

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“What can I do to help them take away this pain?” I asked George.

“By going over and holding them. Wrap your arms around them and tell them how much you’ll always love them. Tell them you are close by and that you are just fine. And that you know for a fact that they will be all right because that’s what the angels are telling you. Tell them anything else you want. They’ll hear you with their souls. Just try it.”

I went and knelt by the bed next to Sarah and put my arms around both of them. “I’m right here. I’m still with you. I’m all right. I wish I could comfort you more. I’d do anything to make it stop hurting. It really will be all right.” I kissed them both, then moved to where I could watch them better, to see what was going to happen.

Sarah looked up, wiped the tears on her face and tried to comfort her mother. “You know, I bet he’s watching us right now, telling us ‘quit yer cryin’.” She sniffed a little and looked around. “Where do you think he is, Mama? You know he’s here.”

“Yeah, Baby, I know,” Glory said through her tears. “I bet he’s watching us from the doorway, like always.” Sarah looked over right at me. That’s exactly where I was.

George created a soft breeze over the desk and the papers ruffled very slightly.

Sarah sighed, “You’re right, Mama. You’re right.” She blew a kiss in the direction of the door. I felt her breath as I caught the kiss in my hand the way I always did.

Sarah held her tight as Glory cried. Sarah tried to comfort her. “He’s with Sheila now. They’re both in Heaven together.”

Right on queue, Sheila appeared by my side and took my hand. I looked at her and at George bewildered. It was all strange, sad and wonderful.

“This is the hardest part, Dad,” Sheila said. “So we have to be closer than ever for a while. They’ll be fine; we’ll take care of them.” All the angels circled around them. We all joined hands

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and prayed for their faith to give them an abundance of strength, courage and compassion during this time of transition.

After a bit, Glory and Sarah did the things that needed to be done. They went down to the living room and called the police to report the death. George made sure that my cousin Terrance received the call at the station. He came right over and handled it all, to make it easier on her.

I watched as Sheila played games with her sister Sarah and tried to make her smile. Sheila went over to Sarah and whispered in her ear to watch Terrance. Sheila made Terrance's pen slip out of his hand. It looked like he dropped it. She helped the pen on the way to the floor, instead of letting it fall on the floor, she tucked it into the cuff of his pants.

"Where did that thing go?" Terrance turned around to see where it had dropped. He turned around again and again quickly and lost his balance. He fell back over the arm of the recliner. He just sat there, with his legs in the air, as the pen stared him in the face. "Hmmm. There it is," he announced and got up without missing a beat.

Sarah covered her mouth trying to hold in a laugh determined to come out. Terrance scratched his head and looked at her. She quickly looked high at the ceiling. The lightness of that moment helped for a moment.

Sheila flew back over to me. She brushed Terrance's neck on the way by. "What'dya think of that?" Sheila asked, while Terrance rubbed his neck.

"What are you doing?" I sounded like I was going to punish her for something she had pulled, like she was twelve again.

"I'm getting their minds off this for a second or two. Wanna try?"

It felt like this was a Saturday afternoon long past and she had just run back to the house after discovering another one of her many treasures, excited to share it with everyone in the family.

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“What do I do?” I asked.

She looked around. I looked around. All the angels in the room were smiling, watching us spend time together again.

“First, figure out who you want to touch. Pick Sarah, she’s lost in a daze right now and no one is near her. Now think, what would be special, that’s just between the two of you?”

I looked around the room for something that was a special connection between Sarah and me. There was the macramé hanger that she had made for Glory and me for our last wedding anniversary and in it, the plant she had rooted from a cutting from one of her mother’s plants. That was it. I went over to it. “This,” I said to Sheila.

“Nice choice,” she said and smiled. “Now, very subtly, softly and slowly, swing it. But first, let me get her attention focused on it.” She sat next to Sarah and put her arm around her sister. “Dad’s over by the plant you gave him. He wants to let you know he’s all right.” Sheila stared at the plant and a light from her eyes encompassed the plant, making it crystal clear, but everything else around it fuzzy. Soon all I could see was the plant. “Okay, Dad, now go.”

“I love you, Sarah,” I said as I pushed on the pot. It swung back and forth for a few seconds. Sarah’s dazed eyes came into sharp focus around the plant and she shifted in her chair. She looked around again and then relaxed back into the couch.

“I love you too, Dad,” she whispered and rubbed the chill bumps that had just raised on her arms. She sighed slightly and soon after that she dozed off to brief sleep.

I was fixated on the plant.

Sheila joined me. “That was nice,” she kissed me on the cheek.

“Yeah.” I stood there and admired my sleeping daughter, while I held tight to her sister.

“Angel Light,” Sheila said. “I used Angel Light.”

“Angel Light,” George said and came to join us by the plant.

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“If there’s something we want someone to see, we stand by them and stare at it until it’s all that we can see. A glow comes over it and we call that glow Angel Light.”

Terrance left momentarily to call in the details of the situation from his patrol car. Glory stood at the bay window in the living room and stared into space. Her arms were folded in front of her and she rubbed them like she was cold. The sun peeked over the distant mountains on the horizon.

“Let’s paint the sunrise, Dad,” Sheila said.

“How do we do that?” I asked.

“Imagine the sky is a painter’s canvas,” Sheila said. “Mama loves pinks. Let’s give it lots of pinks.” Sheila waved her hand slowly up in the air towards the horizon and the hues over and all around it gradually turned into beautiful shades of pink.

I followed her lead, “Lots of thin, wispy clouds.” I imagined the clouds and waved my hands as Sheila had and to my amazement, the clouds gradually formed just as I had imagined them. They reflected the pinks vibrantly.

“Mama will like this,” she said.

I walked over to Glory and put my arms around her, like I always did when we’d look out the window together. “We did that for you, do you like it?” I whispered in her ear.

“What a beautiful sunrise,” she said and sighed. “I wish you could see it, Martin.”

“I can,” I said softly.

“I know you can. You’re probably seeing lots of people and things right now.” Another tear streamed down her cheek.

“I’ll be here for you forever. I’m right here now and I’ll always love you.” I wanted to stay until I was sure she had heard me.

Sheila interrupted us. “Dad, it’s time to go now.”

Glory’s angel took over for me at the window.

“Martin, we need to get her some more help,” George said.

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“Of course, Vivian!” I said. I instantly knew who he meant!

Vivian was Glory’s best friend in the world; Glory needed her here. Quicker than a heartbeat, we were in Vivian’s bedroom. The angel network was already at work. Vivian was wide-awake. She paced up and down her bedroom floor.

“She knows there’s something wrong with Glory, but she’s afraid to call because it’s so early and she’s hoping she’s imagining things,” Vivian’s angel, Goldie, explained.

Viv looked so worried. She paced back and forth with her arms folded, just like Glory. It was as if she could feel what Glory felt.

“Just go over there,” Viv’s husband softly said. “If there’s something wrong, you’ll know. If all is well then, just take her out for a cup of coffee; you know she’s always up with the sun.”

“You’re right, you’re right,” she said to her husband and started to get dressed.

I must’ve looked puzzled, because George then explained, “Close friends have an unspoken bond. Their angels are as close as the friends themselves. It enhances the beauty of the friendship.”

“So Vivian knows something is wrong because she can sense what Glory feels?”

“And because her angel has told her that she needs to go to her. Between those two things, she woke up worried, tense, almost frantic. But she has no earthly basis for what she’s feeling, so she doubts the validity of her feelings,” George explained.

“So she knows what it is?”

“No, she only knows how upset she feels and that it must be something big. She can only guess at possibilities. If she just trusted in her intuition, she’d zero right in on what’s wrong.”

Vivian dressed hurriedly, put her hair in a scarf and kissed her husband and said, “I’ll call you in a little bit.”

“Viv, she’s all right,” he said, trying to comfort her.

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“Let’s hope so,” she said and raced out of the room, down to the garage, started the car and drove off to see Glory.

We followed her. As Viv drove up to the house, she saw the police car outside. “I knew it!” She stopped and jumped out of the car. She left her purse and everything inside. She ran up to the house and knocked hard on the door.

Glory came to the door, her face tear-stained. “It’s Martin,” she said. “He’s gone.” With that Mama fell onto her friend and the tears exploded anew. Vivian stood there, held Glory tight and cried, too. All the angels in the house gathered around them and prayed for their continued faith, strength and courage.

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### **About the Author**

#### **EJ Thornton**

EJ has always been spiritual. *Angel On Board* ‘happened to her’ several years ago after some stunning events in her life. The character of Jeannie is modeled after EJ.

The writing of this book was inspired by real events in her life. During the period of the pregnancy of her son, EJ felt an extra dimension of protection around her and her unborn child. The pregnancy was unexpected and the grandfather of the baby died just a couple of weeks before the child was conceived. Even though they had never met, the connection EJ felt with the baby's grandfather was unlike anything she'd ever experienced. Almost all of the human events in the book depict real events.

EJ is dyslexic and never aspired to be a writer, but this book kept pounding on the inside of her until she let it out. Angels definitely helped her author it and she has many, many stories to tell on that score.

Originally, this book was written to an audience of one, her

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alcoholic (now-ex) husband. He blamed his abuse of alcohol on his grief. She was certain that his angels were angered being held up as his excuse for his addiction. Luckily, God envisioned a much larger audience.

Quite unexpectedly, EJ started receiving letters from readers who had overcome incredible grief issues, just by reading the book. She holds these most precious letters close to her heart, for from these, she's realized the true audience for the book. It can be just a fun fiction read, but when it is in the hands of one who is grieving, it is truly an incredible comfort.

EJ wrote the book, but she wants everyone to know that her angels helped every step of the way!

**Now it's in your hands . . .**

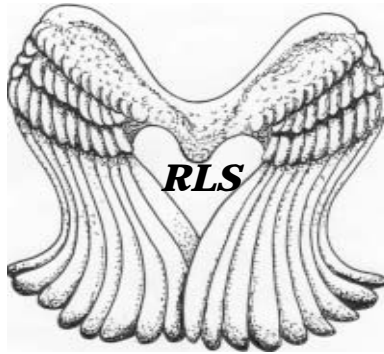
**EJ's willing to bet that your angels put it there!**

Update: August 2007

Recently, EJ's angels inspired her revisit this book. For many years, EJ has been deep in spiritual studies and realizing the power of affirmative statements. She challenged herself to rewrite *Angel On Board* completely in the affirmative, and as she did it, she realized how easy it really was to eliminate negative words from the book. Because she has *Angel On Board* now is the **Best Angel Book ever written**, it is also the **Most Positive Book Ever Written!!!**

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### **Angel on Board Real Life Stories**

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EJ's received so many letters detailing readers' similar experiences with angels that there is a new series of books in the process of being published.

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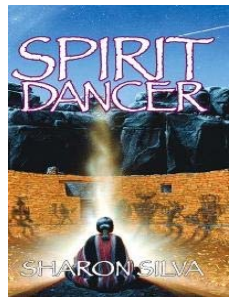
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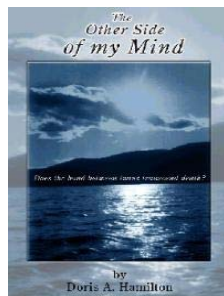
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