

*Sunday Service February 7th 2021*

*Written and recorded by Gina Langsfield*

*during the closure, for the*

*Spiritualist Association of Great Britain*

Good afternoon everyone, this is Gina Langsfield speaking to you once again on behalf of the SAGB and welcoming you all to our Sunday Services. For those who join us on Zoom today a very warm welcome both to our medium Penny O'Meara and to our chair-person Peter Smith.

We send out our warm loving prayers towards Captain Sir Tom Moore upon his transition to Spirit and our condolences to his family and friends.

Would you please join me in prayer

Dear God, loving Spirit

We pray today that we may all serve as an open channel to receive the peace, love and healing of Spirit and that we in turn can be instruments for promoting those policies around the world.

Amen

The Reading today: The Angelic Choir

It has been said that it is a rare privilege that someone on earth gets the chance to hear the angels in their rare times of joining and praying at the heavenly choir...and this is the subject of my poem today 'The Angelic Choir'

As I walked along the country road, tranquil silence all around, completely lost in private thoughts without distraction of any sound. There came upon me suddenly a sense that I was not alone and what happened next was different to anything that I have ever known. From out of nowhere came the voices, crystal clear their song filling me almost with disbelief as I walked along. More perfect than sounds of springtime or the sweetest song of any bird, more glorious than the finest choir that I have heard.

I have never been more uplifted by music quite so sweet as this choir which filled my soul with heat and swept me of my feet. I know now I heard the angels singing as I walked alone that day. They came to fill my soul with strength to face the sorrow soon to come my way. It was God's way of telling me that whatever I would have to face the angels would support me and bless me with God's grace.

It didn't last for very long that symbolic angelic gift, just a moment of an earthly beauty in rapture safe of myth. When once again I was in the silence of an open country road, my peace of mind seem to be shattered tragedy and heartache to become my heavy load but through both hard and happy years to follow. I never would forget the beauty I had heard that day, the heavenly choir of angels I had met sent to fill my soul with hope each time I was to falter or to tire and to remind me always of that one time I was blessed to hear The Angelic Choir.

The poem you just heard was written by myself, but the experience was my mother. She was privileged to hear the angelic choir, on a country road in Bournemouth, in July 1946. A gift to her just prior to a difficult period in her life...she never forgot it.

On behalf of our manager Karl and the trustees, our staff, mediums, healers and as always myself God bless you.

And for our listeners on Zoom I hand back over now to Peter Smith.

*Spoken and written by Gina Langsfield*

*Background Music – Make me the channel of your life*