



**Presenting My Leis  
With Love...**

to all the precious ones  
whose smiles, actions and words  
kindled the special memories  
written here to share with others.

Borrowing an exquisite picture  
from Claudia Ghandi:

***If I had a single flower  
for every time I think about you  
I could walk forever in my garden.***

*To Anne French*

## Finding the Flowers on My Leis

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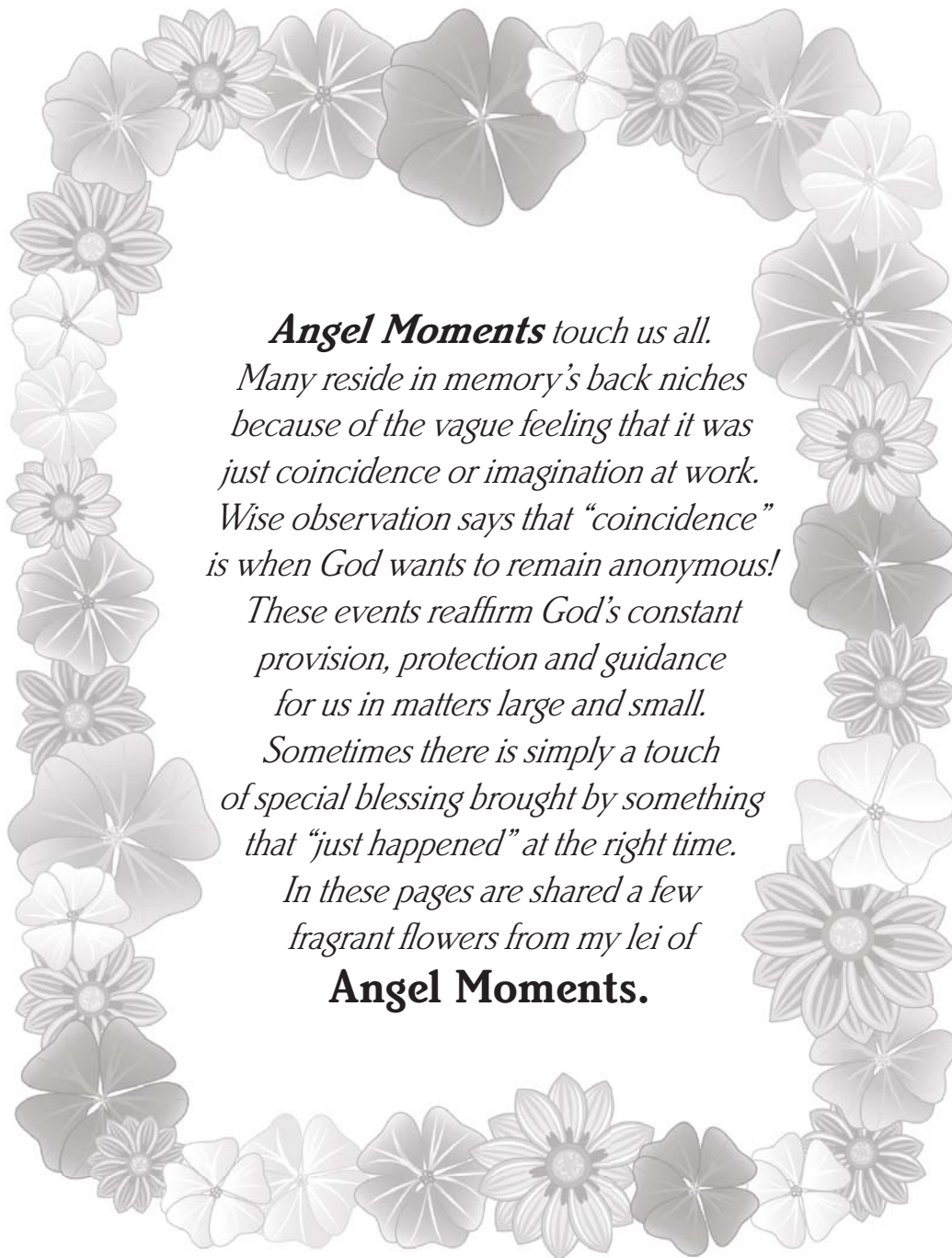
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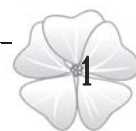
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***Angel Moments*** touch us all.  
*Many reside in memory's back niches  
because of the vague feeling that it was  
just coincidence or imagination at work.  
Wise observation says that "coincidence"  
is when God wants to remain anonymous!*  
*These events reaffirm God's constant  
provision, protection and guidance  
for us in matters large and small.  
Sometimes there is simply a touch  
of special blessing brought by something  
that "just happened" at the right time.  
In these pages are shared a few  
fragrant flowers from my lei of*  
**Angel Moments.**



## Shadow at the Window

Most of the time a few clouds or forecasts of rain do not keep me from my early evening bike ride. Experience tells me my regular route will most likely be covered before those incoming clouds get their act together. Note the words “most likely” . . . well, sometimes quite a different ending will occur. Near the end of my ride one evening a jarring clap of thunder preceded an immediate start to the downpour. My feet just pedaled much faster, to quickly span the remaining few blocks. Reaching the place where it is necessary to cross a quite busy thoroughfare, very low visibility was my concern. Watching ever so carefully, a speedy, safe crossing brought me relief.

Approaching our driveway, just one house from the crossing area, it was irksome to see we had not yet retrieved the recycle bin from that morning’s pickup. A brief wisp of my usual just-do-it attitude made me stop my bike to tend to that bin; my clothes were already so drenched, what difference would a few more seconds make? Then equally brief came a glimpse of a shadow behind the front living room curtains. My impression was an arm waving with a “come here” gesture, strong enough to be adding, “NOW”.

After a hasty push of my bike on down the driveway, the garage door was found open. It was being held by my thoughtful husband . . . well, it probably wasn’t him seen at the window was my passing thought as we dashed for the door. We had barely gone the few steps through the kitchen door and into the living room when a thunderous explosion shattered the air. We both just gaped with a “What was THAT?” shudder. If only it were possible to accompany our cat, Tiffany, into some safe haven under a bed!

First thoughts included possibility of a lightning hit at the nearby power station. However, that was erased quickly with realization that the lights and evening TV news were still on. After calming myself for a few minutes the conjecturing was forsaken in favor of shedding my drenched clothing to take a shower. That is when we found what was not on...the water.

We called the water department and a crew was dispatched quite promptly. Rain eased a bit but did continue far on into the night, as did the crew's work. Each time we checked the flood-lit scene there was growing awareness of other flashing lights which might have been there except for God's protective shield which got me home safely and into the house in time. That illusory shadow may have been added just for good measure!

The utility crew had major restoration to do. They worked through a gaping hole just a few paces from where that bin had fortunately been left, and it led them to where the neighborhood's water main had been severely damaged...*by a lightning strike.*

*"Do not be afraid...for the Lord your God  
will be with you wherever you go."*

Joshua 1:9 NIV



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*Angel Moments*