Journey to the Outer Limits

~Peggy Lee Hanson

*“I believe. I believe. It’s not silly. I believe.”*

~Susan, “Miracle on 34th Street”

“You will be writing your story, too, won’t you, PeggyLee?”

This question was asked of me during one of the production support calls I hold with my anthology contributors. “Well,” I said. “I know that I will be writing the introduction to the book, but never really thought of what my ‘story’ might be in relation to the theme being presented.”

Sometimes, and if the right question is asked, the mind begins to spool up all sorts of answers. And this instance was clearly no different. The words began to form in my mind the moment it heard the request. “Of course, you will write your own story, silly woman,” the voice of internal wisdom said. “Even though yours may differ than the others, you do have a story to share.”

And so, as soon as I relented to the idea, I was taken back to my childhood. I didn’t see angels or orbs or anything resembling an apparition, but I remember being loud and inquisitive, yet happy and joy-filled. Growing up in a Roman Catholic home dedicated faithfully to God, church, and the many rituals that came with it all, was, at times, too much for me. OK. Maybe that’s not exactly the best way to describe what I remember feeling all those many years ago, but it did seem as if we were going to church a lot.

As a little girl, going to church meant sitting with Mom and Dad until a certain age. I may have been four years old when first allowed to sit up in the front pew with the other kids. I wore this fuzzy headband-type of hat that tied under my chin. Once, when feeling as though my head itched and needed to scratch it, I noticed a fluffy, feathery piece of fuzz coming from the hat, floating down ever so gently in front of my face. Well, as any four-year-old might do, I began to blow the feathery fuzz back up in the air above my head. Soon I had my seatmates silently giggling.

And then it was time for Communion. I looked off to my right to see my parents walking down the aisle to take their turn at receiving the host, or the Body of Christ, as it was called. When my dad walked in front of me to return to his seat, he turned, looked at me, and I instantly knew I had gotten myself into deep trouble.

That’s all I remember about that incident! I laugh to myself these days, as that’s where all my memories stop when my dad came into the picture after doing something I wasn’t supposed to. I loved my dad. He was the best. Mom was a good parent, too, but I preferred to be outside or in the barn with Dad, rather than dusting or doing other cleaning, household chores.

Both my parents may have been God-fearing, but more of what I remember were God-loving. I never heard either of them talk about the wrath of God; for the record, I really can’t say if they talked about the loving God either.

While growing up I followed in my mother’s and sisters’ footsteps and joined the church choir. I loved to sing. And I was good at it. Maybe with my mother naming me “Peggy Lee” had something to do that; after all the star singer of same name had a beautiful voice.

Raised with the church upbringing I went along with all the rituals of the church; some were more enjoyable than others. After all, who wants to go to confession all the time? I certainly did not. As a child, I wasn’t even sure of what sins were other than something bad such as talking back to one of your parents or telling a fib. Breaking any one of the other eight commandments was far beyond my understanding at that age.

During the school year we, at the elementary age, would have Catechism every Saturday morning, upon which time we would head to the confessional in preparation to receive communion either that night or Sunday morning at mass. I was newly installed with this sacrament when heading into the confessional I forgot my lines. “Bless me Father, for I have sinned. My last confession was….” I stammered and hemmed and hawed, not remembering those easy first words to the mantra. The priest yelled at me and said I should go home and not come back until I learned what I was supposed to say. As a sensitive child, I cried leaving the confessional. I did not tell anyone, even my parents, of this incident.

I knew Father Hardy outside of church and he was a kind man. But as I aged and continued to capture his wrath inside the four walls where God lived, reality began to settle in. On one Wednesday night, as a teen, I went with my older sister to church for Lent. During the sermon, I looked down at my hands.

“You can clean your fingernails when you get home,” Father shouted from the pulpit. I was hurt and embarrassed. Why would he do that to me? When returning home, I went straight up to my room and cried my eyes out. My sister may have told my parents what happened but it was never talked about.

I continued to receive the sacraments of the church, especially the one of Holy Matrimony, where I married my best friend and the person with whom I wanted to spend the rest of my life. My husband was Lutheran but was not beholden to what he called, ‘organized religion.” As our children came into the world they were baptized in the Catholic faith. However, and unbeknownst to the church clergy, my husband and I decided that when it was time for the kids to be confirmed they would have a choice of whether or not to continue in the faith. Two out of three decided they would.

With more run-ins with the saintly Catholics and Christians, my faith was further tested. But it wasn’t my Catholic faith, per se, but the faith in those who claimed to be God’s servants seemed to be less than holy. By this time, I was in my thirties and had wondered if my husband was right in his ways of thinking about organized religions.

My faith and belief in God has never been shaken; only in the humanities of the church and the people who were in charge. When our third child was born we decided for me not to have a job; had I worked outside of the home I would have only been paying the babysitter and not getting ahead with any of our bills. But when our youngest was three, we were in dire straits and needed money fast.

Reading in the church bulletin that if you needed help with money or other problems, call the front office. So, I called, asking to speak with the priest, and pleading my case to borrow fifty dollars for a week, that I would repay the loan.

“I’m sorry, we are not in the business of giving out loans to our parishioners.”

The short story of that situation is that even though the church did not answer my call and prayers, God did. In just a few short days of making that phone call I received word that I had a job with a major airline in the Minneapolis/St. Paul area.

There are more parables I could share of the church and me but they all end the same way. The church was the middleman who stopped me from what I wanted and prayed for. Of course, now, and in hindsight, that is a bit short-sighted; and yet, it is the only way I can describe how I felt.

As I grew away from the church and its regulations and stifling members I became happier and free, gaining more spiritual awareness than experienced ever before. And oddly enough, it was one of the nuns who shared with me her visions of the church as a female. Asked once if she would like to be bishop one day she replied, “Nope. I aim to be Pope!”

Another point she made during my time of teaching religious education was that the Bible was written by man and translated many times over that the original text had been marred. This rang true to me and does to this day. However, then I begin to wonder if what I write can be seen as misconstrued or untrue, too.

But then I realize I write from my heart. I speak only my truth and of my experiences. It is not up to me or my responsibility to make someone believe my words. If my text resonates and helps the reader or listener to advance or be calmed, then I have succeeded. However, I still struggle, at times, that if I share my disbelief or challenges with what is written in any holy book, then that makes my own writings unclear and unworthy. I’m processing these feelings so I can move forward to reach the people I’m meant to while on this Earthly plane.

And this is where my education in spirituality comes in.

The most difficult part of writing just a chapter is that there is much more “story” to tell. But in that beauty of writing “just a chapter” is that I can save other stories for a later time. Truly, my spiritual education began the day I was born, or perhaps, conceived.

Or had it been decreed in a previous life? I’ll soon be exploring that possibility.

You’re probably wondering what all this has to do with my metaphysical abilities. Once I had been told that we are all intuitive beings, some are just more intuitive than others. I believe I’m in the “other” group… for now. Although interested in the metaphysical since a teen, even if I didn’t know that word back then, my world, beginning with questioning the church, its rituals and writings, has evolved enough to know that there is more than what you see on the surface.

As I continued delving into books that challenged the status quo religions, I found that I resonated more with the “new age” (which I say is really “old age”) way of thinking. *I am a spiritual being having an earthly experience.*

I have a lot of studying to do to learn more about myself and to be a better person. If you know me, this may surprise you, but I am not a perfect person. I know, right? Seriously. I have a lot to atone for. But even the sins committed did not make me hit the books hard as did the desire to learn how to deal with negative, outside influences.

During the first half of my twenty years at a major airline I felt picked on and bullied, not seen for the lovable and creative person I really was. With every move to a new department I encountered a female Godzilla. I do not remember the exact moment, but the idea probably came from one of the books I was reading, that I could only change another person. I could only change myself.

As I studied the blessings of gratitude, dealing with grief (after the loss of my beloved mother-in-law), and learning new coping skills, I became more confident in my real-world abilities and less insulted by the cronies at work.

It was during this time that one of my co-workers looked at me and said that she saw a blue aura surrounding me. What? She had my attention. So much so I wanted to learn more. This experience was my first with the “occult.” In my mid-teenage years, I dabbled a bit in the reincarnation world but then got a scare that was a bit too much for me to handle (not to mention that I thought for sure I’d be going to Hell!). I learned years later that my friend at the airlines was a healer. If only I had asked more questions of her!

I know. I know. You’re waiting for me to get to the part where I talk about my “gift” and “ability.” Well, I am not so sure I have any superpower like the others in this book do. But… maybe mine are just being developed. Hmm? What do you think about that? Can these powers be created or do they already exist in each of us waiting to be discovered and uncovered? My friend did say that everyone is intuitive.

While in certification process for Marcia Wieder’s Dream Coach program back in 2010 there was a segment where the class learned how to get in touch with our Inner Voice, whether it be The Doubter or The Dreamer. We were taught how to tap into our being and record, through “active imagination,” the conversations we have with our self… or whomever. At that time, I determined God was my Source, but not necessarily “the” God of organized religion, because, at this stage, I was already learning a lot about spirituality and all forms thereof and questioned what “source” truly is.

I was having the time of my life being the student that went well beyond the normal subjects of English, Math, and Science!

During my studies to be a profitable entrepreneur I’ve met some amazing people, a few in person, but more in the online world. One may think that meeting in virtual reality is not conducive to successful business relationships. If anyone tries to convince you of this, run, don’t walk in the other direction. I’ve met the most wonderful collaborators online in mastermind and other types of groups.

One of the contributing authors in this book, Christine Alexandria, is one of the latter. Christine and I were in a group many years ago as we were both venturing out. I remember she was, at the time, creating her first angel deck. As time does, it passes, and people move on. Well, it did for the group and me. But most of us remained friends on and offline.

A few years later I began noticing posts that Christine was sharing on Facebook about her Angel Chatter group. I was intrigued so I joined the group before it was a thousand angels strong. Every day I would come into the group and read posts shared by those who had gifts of healers, angel chatterers, Reiki masters, and readers of Akashic Records (although I had no idea what those were!).

I read posts asking for prayers for loved ones to get through a surgery, a bad relationship, or another day of addiction. And then I saw the person come back days later and share gratitude for prayers answered.

Well, okay, then. I slowly started to engage in the group by liking posts and offering a few kind words of encouragement. And then, I got brave and shared a post of my own. The response I received was more than just words—it was the biggest wave of love ever felt from no one being in the room! The rush of emotions nearly knocked me over! The feeling was akin to being wrapped up in an overwhelming but soft, warm blanket of prayers.

There is something definitely much bigger out there than just what meets the eye. I know it. I’ve felt it. I’ve received it.

I am now taking a course offered by Christine to learn more about the archangels Michael, Raphael, Jophiel, and Gabriel to name a few. I knew that in all my teachings of life and with all the inner discussions I’ve had, that someone or a few someones have been by my side and part of those discussions, and during those times it not feel like a “God” presence.

Ideas began to “strike down from the Heavens” with such a BOOM that I’ve nearly fallen to the ground. Other ideas rang extremely loudly in my head until I relented, shouting back “Uncle!” giving in to the thoughts. As I opened my world, as I allowed in new and different ideas, I let in more than I could possibly dream. I was being guided, given a roadmap, being shown what I needed to create in my business that would fulfill my purpose while here on Earth.

A few years ago, I began helping my friends (mostly women) publish their books. More and more heard that I self-published my own work and wanted to know if I could do the same for them. “Sure, I can. I’d be honored to do so.”

One day while showering a voice came into my head. “You are helping a lot of people in getting their material published. You must establish a company, a publishing company.”

“But I already have a company,” was my thought.

“Then make it an arm of your existing company. You don’t need to have more than one.”

Now, this type of inner “discussion” wasn’t necessarily unique but it was a bit different in delivery.

“You need a name for your publishing business,’ the voice continued. “From this point forward, you will work as “Courageous Women Publications!’

KaBOOM! It was almost like a lightning bolt had struck my body! Good thing I was slathered up in soap or I might have slipped and fallen! My body shuttered and I was shaken up a bit. I knew that I was given a gift of high importance from a higher power than just my thinking.

And the above story is why I am taking the angel intuitive class. I want to know who I’ve been talking with all these years and who have been my teachers.

**The Vision**

As part of the course I received a few materials to help my studies. I received Christine’s angel deck, an Askfirmations deck (you know what that is if you’ve read her story in this book), and the crystal associated with each of the archangels we would be learning about.

The book you are now reading is the second anthology I’ve produced. On one of the celebration calls I had with my first anthology book’s authors we got into a discussion of mindset. I spoke of the Askfirmation deck and pulled a card for each of them. Oddly enough—and of course, there was nothing strange or surprising at all—the drawn was exactly what they needed to hear and to allow to come to them.

Geetha was having an especially difficult time. She is here in the United States with her son and husband, who is on a work VISA from India. An inordinate amount of stress was being felt as it was unknown if she and her family would be able to continue staying in this country as her husband’s current contract was expiring and there wasn’t another job on the immediate horizon.

The card drawn for her was, “CHAT. Why is it so easy for me to chat with the angels?”

With my anthology authors I hold our meetings via video conferencing, where we all can be on camera to see and interact with each other. This day was no different, and yet especially most important.

Talking with Geetha, she interrupted the conversation. “Look. Look!” she said. “Do you guys see this? Do you see it?”

“See what?” I asked.

“There is an indent in my forehead, between my eyebrows, right above my eyes. Can you see it? It looks like a triangle.”

None of us could see what she was referring to. However, there was a bit of a shadow where she was pointing.

“Look now,” Geetha exclaimed. “It’s changing colors! I see an image! Do you see it now?”

Because of being in Christine’s group and course, I learned of the Ascended Master, Kwan Yin. The images I’ve seen of her is where she is sitting in a lotus position wearing vibrantly colored clothing.

“Geetha,” I said. “You are being visited by an angel called, ‘Kwan Yin!’ Here. Let me pull up a few images of her to see if she is what you’re seeing.”

“Yes! Yes! That one!” Geetha said excitedly. “Yes! Yes! That’s her! That is what I’m seeing! Can’t you guys see it?”

Well, of course, we could not. By this time, I am shaking and startled this vision is happening with Geetha and all because I pulled an Askfirmation card, not an angel card, mind you. Plus, it was a surprising event because we were online, and not in the same room.

I told Geetha that once we were done with the meeting to find all the information she could about Kwan Yin—learn about her, study her, find out why she came to visit, and the message Kwan Yin had for her.

Geetha did as she was instructed. Kwan Yin’s message was for Geetha to stop trying to force results and when praying for a result end with “…this or something better.”

Months later, Geetha continues to chat with the angels and end her prayers using the words received from Kwan Yin. Also, she and her family remain in the U.S. as the company that employs her husband found a job so they can stay. It is a happy ending for all.

**My Ability**

I was stunned by the event that happened with Geetha and had to do a bit of processing. I came to realize that even though I don’t see what others do as far as the metaphysical world goes, I just may have some intuitive power—just underdeveloped, perhaps?

But who am I to question or wonder what happened with Geetha? I am honored, feeling deeply blessed that I had been that vehicle to deliver the much-needed message she needed to hear to calm her fears from an angel loved by many.

Yes. Oh, so very blessed.

I will continue to do my work that I am clearly being directed to accomplish. Among my beliefs is the one where not everyone is meant to do what another does. For, if we all did the same thing, what a boring life that would be!

I may not be here to clearly decipher the voices in my head to determine with “whom” I am speaking. But I do know, for now, I am here to encourage women (mostly) to find a way to get their voices of wisdom and experience heard who can make a difference for others using the written word. This anthology book is one of those ways.

But I may be here to help make sense of a nonsensical world. A few articles I’ve written I’ve had to go back and re-read. Why? It is because I can’t remember the deep message. The words come from a source that is way above my pay grade. And yet, I’m the one chosen to write them. Again, I am truly honored and blessed for this “ability.”

I absolutely love what I do and the people I meet. I don’t need to know what my future will be because if you would have told me five years ago what I would be doing today I would have not believed you. I work from day to day. I am open to possibility. I am open to opportunity. And by all the stars in the Universe, I am open to divinity. I have now called this system, POD: The 3 Stages of Receiving, which will be developed, at some point, into a mini-training course.

I will also continue to listen to my heart and the voices in my head, as they have yet to steer me wrong—especially as I explore my spirituality.

BIO-PIC

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Free gift: <https://bit.ly/peggylee20> (20 minute-chat discussing your idea or answer questions about writing)

Peggy Lee Hanson is a sought-after International Speaker and also an International Best-selling Author on Amazon.com with over 30 books that have her name listed as author, contributor, or acknowledged, and listed as editor or publisher. As a successful Coach, Mentor & Strategist. this CEO and Founder of Courageous Women Publications™, a subsidiary of Personal Transition Guidance, LLC, encourages women (and a few men) to share wisdom and expertise through their own story, using their voice via the written word—and sometimes with their very own book! PeggyLee says, “When you open up to the world, the world opens up to you!”