

# Abra-Zine!

ISSUE No. 6

WINTER 2015

ANGELS

COVER ART  
IULIANA BULANCEA

**NICOLE LEE**  
FITNESS'S  
HOLIDAY  
RECIPES

THAT WON'T  
SPLIT YOUR  
JEANS!

Art with  
Purpose!

Laura Garijo  
Draws Angels  
for the ill!

Dena K. Miller:  
Smudging &  
Intention Setting

Cleansing  
your space  
for the  
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THROUGH  
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**Find Out the  
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Page 36!**



# CREATIONS



Like us  
on Facebook!

## ON THE COVER



"Angel"

Iuliana Balancea  
(Romania)

[See Portfolio Here!](#)

*"We are each of us angels  
with only one wing, and we  
can only fly by embracing  
one another."*

~Luciano de Crescenzo

Comments? Questions?  
EMAIL US!:

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[VISIT US ON THE WEB!](#)

"Abra-zine!"'s mission is to showcase and promote the amazing artistic talent and inspiration from all over the globe! We find all of our contributors through word of mouth, personal connections, or through surfing Google, Facebook, or my personal favorite, DEVIANT ART! At anytime throughout the issue, when you see any little interactive buttons, please click on them to take you to a contributor's website or any other external websites we have used as sources. Below are just a few of the common ones you will see!

## Editor in Chief

Justina Carubia

Writer.....4, 7, 9, 12, 14, 18-22, 24, 32, 36

Interviewer.....15,

Musician.....25

Photographer...32, 33, 37

## Contributors

Albina Bellia (Writer, Pg.17)

Avinash Patel (Photographer Pg.4)

Bobby Bates (Writer/Photographer, Pgs.28-31)

Catherine Asanov (Photographer, Pg.10)

Chris McBride (Photography of Miss Gala, Pg.27)

Darius Conway (Writer, Pgs.6,26,27)

Dee Carubia (Photographer, Pg. 24)

Dena K. Miller (Writer/Photographer Pgs.7,9)

Heidi Meyer (Artist, Pgs.16-18)

Iuliana Balancea (Artist, Pgs.1,3,12,13)

Jason Jackson (Artist, Pg.8)

Katerina Koukiotis (Artist, Pg.6,15,23)  
(Writer, Pg.15)

Kerry Aileen Marley (Artist, Pg.5)  
(Poetry, Pgs.8,23)

Laura Garijo (Artist, Pg.14)

Linnea Balck (Artist, Pg. 20)

Natalia Vazquez (Miss Gala)  
(Photographer, Pgs.26,27)

Nicole Aguilar (Writer, Pgs.10,11)

Patti Stott (Writer, Pg.16)

Renee Conway (Writer, Pgs.34,35)

## Stock Used

Deviant Textures

Aurora Wienhold Stock (Pgs.2 & 3)

Pikachumaster (Pg.4)

Xnienke (Pg.6,21,22,36,37)

Icecreamkari (Pg.10)

Is--awhcom (Pgs.34 & 35)

Skhasia (Pg.36)

Frame Brushes

Melemel

Lileyra





# EDITOR'S NOTE

## Here's to 2015!



Hello Lovelies!

First of all, I'd like to wish you all a very HAPPY NEW YEAR! I can just FEEL it in my gut! This is gonna be a good one! That's why this Angel issue is a pretty special one for me to share with you guys, because it is only because of these miracle workers, that I have decided to plummet into this year full speed ahead, leaving all of the fears of my past behind! This past year for me personally, has been riddled with signs from The Universe, my spirit guides, and the guidance of all of my ancestors who have passed on to the angelic realms and beyond. In this issue, we will touch on bits n' pieces of those realms, those strange little coincidences in our every day lives that we pass off as just being "strange". Do you ever see the same number patterns or sequences often repeating? Do you ever happen to stare at the same time on the clock on almost a daily occasion? Angels have funny little ways of telling us when we're on the right track. Sometimes it is also their job to warn us of impending danger, and urge us to listen. We can only really heed their warning if we are truly listening with our open minds. Angels don't only have to be categorized as those cute little cherubby figures with wings and a bow and arrow, or a white light or force from an alternate dimension. Angels can appear to us in all forms, sometimes a feather landing at your feet, or a voice you hear in your head. Some like to leave pennies lying around or key phrases that mean something to you. Sometimes angels appear to us in dreams, or even as regular everyday people who have messages for us that we would otherwise never realize on our own. This issue is FILLED with these stories and I can't wait for you to read about them!

One thing I hope you do while indulging in these beautiful pages filled with artwork and stories from around the globe, is have an open mind. One thing I take pride in about this magazine, is that everyone has a different story, a different standpoint, and belief system. Angels can be a borderline religious topic, and might even offend or be controversial to some, but I feel that diversity is a beautiful thing, and I only encourage my contributors to express what they feel in their hearts. If we could all be more open minded and embrace the many belief systems from all around the globe, this world would be a much better place. I welcome all of those who have a story to tell, no matter what they believe. I hope you all have a beautiful and prosperous year ahead of you, filled with the most positive intention! Don't be afraid to go for your dreams, THE ANGELS WILL HELP YOU, BUT ONLY IF YOU ASK!

*justina xoxo...*





"Glass-Water  
Texture"  
Art by  
Kerry Aileen  
Marley

"EVER FELT AN ANGEL'S BREATH IN THE GENTLE BREEZE?  
A TEARDROP IN THE FALLING RAIN?  
HEAR A WHISPER AMONGST THE RUSTLE OF LEAVES?  
OR BEEN KISSED BY A LONE SNOWFLAKE?  
NATURE IS AN ANGEL'S FAVORITE HIDING PLACE."  
~TERRI GUILLEMETS





“Weeping  
Angel”  
Art by  
Katerina  
Koukiotis  
(NY, USA)

# THE DEVIL ON YOUR BACK

By Darius Conway

Many people have dreams throughout life. I have never heard of anyone not having a dream at some point in their lives, but never say never. There are dreams of many kinds that may affect someone's day in some way, shape, or form. Whether it is a literal dream I have while I am sleeping or when I slightly gaze off 'daydreaming', I ponder about it throughout the course of the day to try my best at interpreting it. What do dreams fully mean when you have had the same dream over and over again? And that one dream of a fallen angel on your back, also known as 'devil on your back', is that a manifestation of what is going on in your waking life at the time or did you just eat something bad? How do you get out of it?

“Devil on your back” has been a saying that a lot of spiritual groups or people are said to have at some point in their lives, including myself. I can remember being a young boy at an early age and always sleep walking throughout my parents' home for years. I remember these sleep walkings and dreams I would have, even what I was saying, more so as I aged. I can remember conversations that I would have with myself or who ever I would be having them with. Whether it was just spitting out words while I slept or talking to my brother who was asleep in the twin bed fully unconscious, or to this thing I was yelling “Jesus!” to. Most times and still to this day, it is the thing I call, 'The Devil on Your Back', the fallen angel that God cast out of heaven, the thing I was yelling “Jesus” to as I got to know what it was.

'Devil on Your Back', is an experience while lying asleep. Sleep paralysis is the medical term for what people sometimes refer to as “The Devil on My Back”, “The Devil is Riding My Back”, or “The Devil is on My Shoulder.” You feel as if you are fully awake but your body and mind seem to be lying there in a panic, paralyzed, like someone is watching you and a force is putting pressure on you. Sometimes it makes you think that your life is about to end. What do you do and how do you escape this experience if you aren't able to even yell for help, as you lay there helpless?

A period of rest can be distracted by this fright. The soul, the body, and the mind are supposed to take us on a journey as we sleep, a state of shutdown. REM sleep consists of the final phase of sleeping. It is the phase where most or if not all one's dreams occur. It's when our soul is attaching itself back to the body and mind, thus encountering the experience our soul had during its journey of leaving the body and mind for a period of time. We call it 'dreaming'.

See it as your 'soul going on a jog' during the middle of a workday. It is a detachment process, when your mind is fully aware and your body is ready for action but your soul has not completed the action so it is detracted at some point.

Growing up, I have had this happen to me many times. I was taught as my spirituality grew and I learned from studies in school about the experience I was having. Through learning what was going on, I found the best reasoning solution to this ongoing experience was to try to yell and tell my 'soul' to get with the program by yelling something so powerful as the name of 'Jesus'.

Jesus is a spiritual form I highly believe in, trust, and spend a lot of my time worshipping and letting lead my life. For me, it was a breaking point to what was going on with my experience and yelling his name was almost like the teacher hitting her ruler on a desk of a sleeping student in the middle of class. It is something that helped me. He is my ultimate angel. He allowed my soul to get back on its journey so I wasn't afraid anymore. He helped ground me in my waking life of reality.

“The devil on your back” or 'sleep paralysis' happens in life to a fair amount of people in this world. It is an experience I wish upon no one, but I would like for other individuals to know about it and be prepared, if and when it does happen. To know that you are not alone and that when the devil does decide to ride your back that just remember that it is just your soul going on a jog in the middle of an office work day, and you can get past it, safe and sound.



# THE SPIRITUAL ACT OF SMUDGING CLEANSING YOUR PERSONAL SPACE

By Dena K. Miller

*Dena K. Miller is a home, garden, & spiritual blogger and vlogger from Pittsburgh, PA. You can find some of her homemade smudge kits and herbal blends in her Etsy shop!*

[www.MiladyLeela.com](http://www.MiladyLeela.com)

E

Smudging is an excellent way to bring in the new year! Out with that old negative energy filling up your personal space! Let's make some room for all of the positivity and good fortune to come in the new year!

The spiritual art and act of smudging has been done as a cleansing ritual dating back to ancient times. Native Americans also practice the act of smudging in many of their ceremonial rituals. Although many herbal blends and or natural/organic plants and tree barks can be used in smudging rituals, I prefer to use sage most of the time. Sage is not only beautiful in its organic natural form but also has a very intoxicatingly heady aroma, which I love. Sage is a perennial of the mint family. Its magical uses are to absorb negativity, negative energies and misfortune. It is used in the cleansing of your sacred spaces, not only physical but spiritual spaces, in fact.

For my smudging practice, I will either use sage bundled or break pieces of it apart to burn alone or with other herbs. If using other herbs, I will choose the herbs that I feel are needed for the particular blessing I am wanting. I grow most of my own herbs, so they are always readily available. If you do not grow your own herbs, you can purchase what you need for this practice online or at specialty stores. When smudging, be sure to use a fire proof dish or a cauldron. Do not leave your smudge unattended for safety reasons.

Create your own ritual of smudging by doing what feels right to you. Say your intentions for cleansing either out loud or in quiet meditation. Do this practice as often as you wish and when you feel it is necessary. Perhaps you can plan on a smudging ritual each month on the full moon.

Smudging as a practice of ritual is something that once you begin, you will look forward to this cleansing of your sacred space. Be creative with what you choose to use and with what herbs you personally enjoy working with. Dry them, bundle them, and/or place them loosely into your chosen receptacle. Say your intentions as you light your smudge and may many blessings come upon you with much love.



"Happy New Year"  
Art by  
Jason Jackson  
(NJ, USA)



HAPPY NEW YEAR



## No Need for Resolutions

by Kerry Aileen Marley

The changing of years on the calendar

Isn't something I care much about.

I don't want a new beginning.

My life has nothing left out

Because you and I have something so special.

It's already the best it can be, Love.



# Intention Setting for the New Year

# 2015

What goals do you have for the New year? Maybe to exercise more? Quit smoking? Help more charities, or get that business startup idea off the ground! No matter what the case, it is important to have goals. It is even more important to write them down and review them on a weekly, if not daily basis! There is more of a chance of us obtaining a certain goal if we see it in front of us. There are many creative and inspiring ways that we can set our intentions for the new year! Here are some ways you can set your intentions, be as creative as possible!:

1. WRITE THEM AS A LIST IN A BEAUTIFUL JOURNAL WITH BEAUTIFUL PAGES!
2. MAKE A VISION BOARD! (GET OUT YOUR MAGAZINES, GLUE STICK AND SOME SCISSORS!)
3. MEDITATE AND VISUALIZE THE THINGS YOU WANT TO HAPPEN FOR YOURSELF!
4. MAKE UP YOUR OWN MANTRA, A WORD OR PHRASE TO REPEAT TO YOURSELF
5. LIGHT A CANDLE, RECITE YOUR INTENTIONS TO YOURSELF IN FRONT OF A MIRROR!



(Left, Dena K Miller's Intentions for 2015) She says, "Today I began setting my intentions for the New Year. A while ago, I found this beautiful journal and I decided that it would be the perfect place to record my intentions and journal about them. The last intentions that I could not capture in the photograph is..."

- ♥ Be Creative
- ♥ Be Eco-Conscious

Also, these intentions that I wrote are in no particular order, they are just to see and focus on throughout this year. I hope I have inspired you to set your own intentions and perhaps keeping them in a special journal that resonates with your soul, will keep you motivated.

Much Love and Many Blessings,  
♥♥♥ Milady Leela



CLICK TO WATCH DENA'S VIDEO  
OF HER 2015 INTENTIONS  
JOURNAL ON YOUTUBE NOW!





# Decadent Holiday Treats (That Won't Split Your Jeans)!

By Nicole Aguilar



*The most common misconception about changing your diet is that it needs to be bland. WRONG! Just because you're eating more whole foods, doesn't mean that your food shouldn't have flavor. Around the holidays, most people either eat way too much or don't enjoy treats at all. Let's find a middle ground, shall we? These few recipes will allow you to have your cake AND EAT IT TOO!*

## Gingerbread Shake

1 serving of chocolate Shakeology  
1 ¼ cup of water (to keep the calories down  
OR you can use milk or half milk/half water...  
SO MANY OPTIONS!)

1 Tsp Vanilla Extract  
½ Tsp Cinnamon  
½ Tsp ground ginger  
2-3 ice cubes

Blend and enjoy!

## Pineapple Stuffing

7 slices of bread, cubed, crust removed  
1 can crushed pineapple  
¼ cup brown sugar  
Pinch of salt  
5 eggs, beaten

Combine all ingredients in mixing bowl  
Pour contents into casserole dish and bake  
for 45 minutes at 350 degrees.

## Leftover Soup

2 - 3 cups of shredded leftover turkey  
1 can of corn  
1 can of green beans  
1 large carrot, chopped  
3 stalks of celery, chopped  
½ onion, diced  
1 TBSP minced garlic  
2 TBSP EVOO or Coconut Oil  
Pepper and Paprika to taste  
1 large can of organic chicken broth (or vegetable)

Sautee carrots, onion and celery in EVOO  
or coconut oil

Combine all ingredients in one pot.  
Cook on low heat for 1 hour.

For more tips and free one on one coaching from  
Nicole, go to [Beachbodycoach.com/coachnicolelee](http://Beachbodycoach.com/coachnicolelee).

Click 'join' and select the 'free' option.  
Then message your coach to get started!







# Nicole Lee Fitness

*Because life is better lived*



WHO IS ALREADY THINKING ABOUT THEIR NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS? HOW MANY OF YOU ARE PLANNING TO BE HEALTHIER IN THE NEW YEAR? ONE OF THE MOST COMMON RESOLUTIONS IS TO GET IN SHAPE. LET'S START GETTING YOU READY FOR THAT GOAL. INSTEAD OF JOINING A GYM (THAT'S GOING TO BE MASSIVELY CROWDED FOR THE FIRST TWO MONTHS OF THE YEAR), LET'S FIND AN AT HOME PROGRAM THAT'S RIGHT FOR YOU! I'LL BE YOUR PERSONAL COACH. "BUT, NICOLE... YOU'RE IN CALIFORNIA..." DOESN'T MATTER! I AM ALWAYS REACHABLE BY PHONE, EMAIL, OR FACEBOOK MESSAGE. I AM HERE TO KEEP YOU ACCOUNTABLE. I AM LOOKING FOR SOME NEW CHALLENGERS FOR A GROUP STARTING ON JAN 5. THROUGH A CLOSED FACEBOOK GROUP, YOU WILL NOT ONLY HAVE DAILY TIPS FROM ME, BUT A SLEW OF SUPPORTERS ALL TAKING THE CHALLENGE WITH YOU. SO WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? CONTACT ME FOR DETAILS AND TOGETHER WE'LL GET YOU THE BODY YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED.

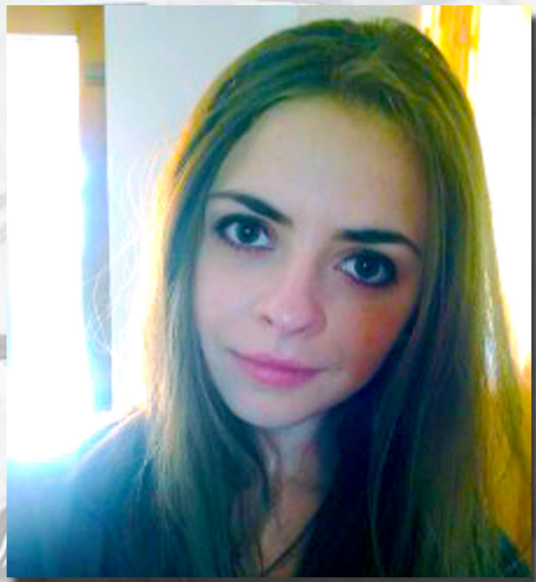
[nicolelee@fitness@gmail.com](mailto:nicolelee@fitness@gmail.com) or  
[beachbodycoach.com/coachnicolelee](http://beachbodycoach.com/coachnicolelee)

TEAM  BEACHBODY®



# SPOTLIGHT ON COVER ARTIST

## IULIANA BULANCEA



Juliana Bulancea is a young artist native to Romania. She started drawing when she was around six years old and has never let go of the pencils ever since. She has been through many different styles which have evolved from cartoon to anime, semi-realism to realism, and she is still in search of her own personal style through the experimentation of different themes and mediums. It has been quite a challenge for her, but she is determined to find her own personal niche that resonates with not only her ever

growing fan base, but also with herself. What does art mean to Juliana? It started off as something to pass the time as a child, and now it has turned into a way of living for her, and something she cannot live without.

She is inspired by everything that surrounds her. Her works is fueled by her emotions, whether it is sad, depressing, violent, happiness, and the range of emotions goes on and on. Aside from her artwork, Juliana writes books which her artwork is usually based off of.





**"WHITE SIN OF INNOCENCE  
BLACK SIN OF VIOLENCE"**



**BY JULIANA BULANCEA**

*Watercolors and Acrylics on A4 Canson Paper*

“There was an article about a taxi driver who assaulted a woman, with a picture of her in the hospital attached to it and her lips really made an impact on me. I tried to give the same wounded, inflamed aspect to it.”





# Laura Garijo's *Angel Art with purpose*



"Without Thinking"  
Watercolors, Ink  
and White Acrylic Paint

Deviant Art is an online community where artists around the world come together to share their artwork, enter contests, and seek critique from one another, in efforts to better their artistic skills. It is also a place to meet new friends, and in this specific case, it offered a support system for a young girl who was in need of a little hope.

Deviant Art user, Suanne Galloway's Aunt was suffering with a rare disease called "Guillain-Barré Syndrome" which is a very serious disorder that occurs when the body's defense (immune) system mistakenly attacks part of the nervous system. This leads to nerve inflammation that causes muscle weakness and other symptoms. Suanne sought artists from all around the world through Deviant Art's platform to put together one of the most beautiful and inspiring projects that we now have the privilege of sharing with you, our Abra-zine! readers. Suanne wanted to fill all of the walls of her aunt's room with pictures of angels drawn by artists all around the world. This was in efforts to cheer her up and keep her spirits high while dealing with such a horrible and painful disease.

Sevilla, Spain native Laura Garijo (Sakuli on DA), was just one of the many artists to contribute to the project with the piece below, titled "A Little Angel". She created the piece using coffee to stain paper, as well as white acrylic paint, white pencil and ink for the drawing and rendering. Laura shares with us, "I think art is a beautiful and powerful "weapon" to make anybody happy, in this case I hope it was useful."

Unfortunately on February 9, 2011, Suanne posted a journal entry update regarding her aunt's passing. She wrote, "Sorry guys. but she did love the angels so much. trust me she seriously loved them so so so much. They will be played on a slideshow at her funeral, and if you're wondering, we are burying her ashes under a large oak tree in Cisco, Texas. It's out in the middle of no place and it is really lovely. Thank you for all of your support. Tina Shoemaker <3 We will miss you." To Suanne, we hope your aunt rests peacefully under that beautiful oak tree, and just know that she is up there spreading her beautiful wings as she soars through the heavens with all of the angels...



[WWW.LAURAGARIJO.COM](http://WWW.LAURAGARIJO.COM)





# Katerina Koukiotis BELIEVES IN ANGELS

*Katerina Koukiotis is a traditional artist/illustrator who hails from Nassua County, NY. Her style of art is realism which is quite ironic based on most of her subject matter. Katerina spends most of her time drawing fantasy themed art, and often dabbles in the realm of Angels. Today, she talks to us about her fascination and even her belief in Angels and spirit guides...*

## Q&A With Katerina

Below:  
"Angel Mother"  
9 x 12, Color pencil,  
On Professional Drawing Paper,

"God has special angels who teach us, protect us, and guide us through the tests and turmoils of life. They are blessings to us every day, without even realizing it. These angels are called Mothers".

*AZ: Hi Katerina! Please tell us what it is that fascinates you or inspires you to draw Angels in your artwork?*

**KK:** The very first memories I have of angels and religious icons were in church. I'm Greek Orthodox Christian in faith and our churches and icons are filled with images of angels of art all over the walls. It's beautiful and inspiring to see the fact that many of them are close or sent from God. They have a special meaning to me. I think angels are beautiful and full of light and love. I love drawing them in different settings and themes (Christian, fantasy and so on.) and enjoy making up stories about them in my art. Sometimes, I even love coming up with darker stories with fallen or melancholic angels in a more human form.

*AZ: How do drawing these fantasy elements compare or differentiate from drawing in your realist style?:*

**KK:** I love fantasy art because it's creative and magical and portrait art because I like capturing peoples expressions and emotions. I draw and paint many different subjects.

*AZ: What are your favorite mediums to work in?*

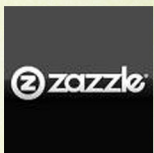
**KK:** My preferred mediums are graphite pencil, charcoal, color pencils, watercolor, pastels, and acrylics.

*AZ: Have you ever had an encounter with a guardian angel or someone you thought to be your spirit guide?*

**KK:** I truly believe we all have angels or spirit guides watching over us, guiding us from the day we are born to the day we leave this earth. I have felt angels around me many times, protecting me from a situation or helping me make a hard decision. Maybe it's that intuition we sometimes hear or a feeling we get, but I know they are there. These feelings I get are enough to make me truly believe in angels.

*AZ: Can you please tell our readers where they can find your beautiful work?*

**KK:** My art can be found on many licensed products such as cross stitch patterns, tubing/graphing, rubber stamps, and digi stamps. I also sell my own prints and bookmarks through my website and other online stores. My Art has been published in several books and recently published my own artbook.



Visit [www.katerinaArt.com](http://www.katerinaArt.com)



# PENNIES FROM HEAVEN



“Freedom”  
Art By  
Heidi Meyer  
(Belgium)

BY PATTI STOTT

My grandmother, Angelina, was born in Italy in 1898. She immigrated to the United States as a young bride and never looked back. Living through the depression she became very conscientious regarding money. Early on my grandparents invested in multifamily dwellings and eventually moved up to a large home in West Orange; of course it had a basement kitchen!

Although she had bank accounts, she continued to keep money hidden in coffee cans and in her sock drawer in the event the banks failed again. She instilled in us grandkids not just the value of a dollar but also the value of a penny. 'They add up' she would say. No matter where she was if she saw a penny on the ground she would pick it up and say 'find a penny pick it up, all day long you will have good luck'.

My grandmother passed away in 1993. Since then I have become a collector of pennies. They seem to be everywhere and I always pick them up. Some days I will find one, other days two or three. I don't think a week goes by that I don't find at least two and when I see them I pick them up and put them in my pocket. At home they are placed in a large bottle, you might say it is in her memory and will be put to good use some day. I always silently say her jingle and feel it is her way of keeping in touch, saying hello, and reminding me to be wise with my money!





"Angel of Winter"  
Art by Heidi Meyer  
(Belgium)

# WARNING FROM AN ANGEL

BY ALBINA BELLIA

It was a cold and depressing January day. As the co-proprietor of a small business, this is the 'close shop and get away' time of the year. Business is inevitably slow and often clearance- sale oriented. But, on this day, as my life would typically have it, a new "customer" walked in with an in-explainable air about her. I had never seen her before and would never see her again. I politely asked her if she needed assistance. As it turns out, I was the one who needed it.

She greeted me gently in a very relaxed California style. I felt a soothing energy in the air and trusted her instantly. I felt as if I had known her for a long time. She quickly cut to the chase and wasted no time in introducing herself. "Hello", she said, while inspecting me with the warmest and most profound eyes I had ever experienced. "I hope you don't think this is strange," she continued, while fixed on me as if reading every corner of my physical being, "I am an astrologer and a psychic and I need to tell you to look into the lower intestinal area of your body. I know that you don't go to doctors, but please heed my warning." she pleaded.

This mystery "customer" was right. I had not visited a doctor since my early thirties and had no intention of starting now in my mid forties. I not only detested doctors, I was the picture of perfect health and would rather eat cow brain than subject myself to the tedious and insignificant time wasted in a medical establishment. Despite my hard-headed determination, I could not easily dismiss this woman's heartfelt message. If only I could see her again, I thought. Maybe she'll be back. But, in my heart, I knew that I would never see her again.

As I sat alone in the petite, make shift waiting area of the hospital's radiation department, tears ran down my cold cheekbones. I should have listened to her. I should have followed up with a doctor's appointment. Two years later, her words were haunting me as I waited for my first radiation treatment for stage 3 colon cancer. The dreaded medical world was now my world, a world I would come to know too well but which pleasantly surprised me. "Don't worry, honey" said the sweet nurse. "It's in a tube and if caught early has a better survival rate" she reassuringly continued. "Better to get this one than any other one."

As a cancer survivor of almost nine years, I can't quite articulate my journey. What I can say is that my guardian angel was working extremely hard to warn me, as usual, of potential danger in my life. During my cancer experience, I felt as if someone was guiding and protecting me. I learned and grew so much from this experience and I learned that we are not alone. The blonde "customer," the sweet nurse and many other mysterious occurrences, during this ordeal, were not mere coincidences. If we learn to listen with our hearts, we can do or overcome anything. We are guided every step of the way.

With Love,  
Albina Bellia




# THE THRIFT SHOP ANGEL

BASED ON REAL  
LIFE EVENTS

BY JUSTINA CARUBIA

Disclaimer: Some real names, addresses, email addresses and other information have been changed for the story to maintain the privacy of the characters and their real life counterparts



“Immaculate”  
Art by  
Heidi Meyer  
(Belgium)

It was mid summer, around the last week of July when my Aunt Linda and cousin Jessie came to visit us in New Jersey, from North Carolina. These visits had started to become a yearly summer ritual since my grandmother died of lung cancer in the Spring of 2012. My mother and Aunt Linda are sisters, and I think the passing of their mother had made them want to become closer, despite the physical distance in which they live from each other, so the newfound yearly visiting ritual was a nice way to reconnect with each other.

On their visit this past July, we decided to make a day trip to one of my favorite spots that I have been frequenting since I was in diapers. This little hippie haven was New Hope, Pennsylvania. We had a wonderful day of having lunch at a little greenhouse bistro, and drifting in and out of unique little consignment shops. Toward the end of our visit, we had decided to cross the little bridge which gapped New Hope (the PA side), and walked by foot over to Lambertville which was actually the New Jersey side. There was one shop in particular that my mom wanted to show my aunt and cousin; it was the dwelling of a seamstress who had done designs (red leather pants in particular) for Steven Tyler, the lead singer of Aerosmith. The last time my mother and I had visited this shop was in 2009, so it was no surprise to see that this seamstress had moved on. The back of the shop, where the seamstress used to reside, currently housed other antique items and vintage clothes, but all traces of the Aerosmith seamstress had appeared to vanish with time. Aunt Linda and Jessie had decided to leave the shop to make a phone call or something of the sort, and my mother and I had not noticed, so we struck up a conversation with the woman who was sitting at a reception desk in the front area of the shop. We were asking what had happened to the Aerosmith seamstress, and she went on to tell us that she had become very ill, or something of the sort, and could no longer afford to work to pay rent in the store, so she and the receptionist were actually co-owners of the shop and were currently leasing the back of the shop to someone else. Then she randomly had asked us if we had ever been to the Golden Nugget Flea Market right around the corner from the shop. She told us they had it every Wednesday and Sundays. My mother and I had looked at each other, agreeing that neither one of us had heard about this event before, and apparently it had been a huge deal around these parts, for years. We had made a mental note of it, and thanked the kind lady for giving us all of her tips and tidbits on the area, and went on our merry way. We had told my aunt and cousin about it, when we left the store, and walked back over the bridge to the New Hope side to our car, as we wrapped up our day. We made the hour or so trek back to our little one horse town in Central New Jersey.

The following day, we had continued our girlish ventures of window shopping and perusing, and decided to go to a thrift shop right around the corner from my house. After a few minutes of wandering the aisles of various chotchkeys, Aunt Linda approached the 3 of us with a weird contraption she had found on a shelf, scattered amongst other random but recognizable objects. She asked us if we had any idea what it was. It looked like it was made of cast iron and it was a flat grate with two ornate cast iron doors hinged to open from the center. It opened and closed. We could not figure out what it was, or what it even might be used for, so eventually she placed it back on the shelf and continued on her way. We wandered the aisles a bit longer together, when out of nowhere, a blond middle aged woman approaches us with the same mystery object we were pondering about moments before. She randomly struck up a conversation with us and said, "Excuse me, would you ladies happen know what this odd contraption is, by any chance?" We all exchanged looks with each other and laughed and exclaimed to her, "We were trying to figure out the same thing before!"



She explained to us that she was trying to figure out if it was worth anything in order for her to resell at a higher value because she is always attending the Golden Nugget Flea Market in Lambertville, NJ. My mother and I looked at each other in shock! What are the chances of us happening across this same name, by two completely different strangers, and this time, about an hour away from the town this flea market had taken place in! We had told the lady about this happenstance, and she went on to tell us about how she believes in signs from The Universe.

She told us to check out the Flea Market, and gave us her business card. She acknowledged that her card looked a bit "heavenly" and as we looked at the card, it was a picture of a sun setting in the clouds, with the title Joy Visions printed at the top. The card was complete with her name, Joy Wilders, her phone number and email address which I hadn't paid much attention to at this point. My mom questioned, "Are you a psychic?" She insisted that she wasn't, but that she completely believes in intuition and its ability to save your life from any kind of situation. She explained, "Intuition is a very powerful thing, and it can save you from car accidents, or a an illness, and even marrying the wrong man." She looked right at me when she said that last line, which had given me chills a bit. I was at that stage in my life where all of my peers were running off into the sunset, marrying their Prince Charmings and churning out babies like a cow at a butter factory. I was stagnant in a relationship for half a decade with no ring to show for and still living in my childhood home with my parents. I wasn't sure exactly what she meant by this, but I felt as if she had taken a peak into my soul at that very moment. I let that notion roll off my back and returned to the conversation. She went on to tell us about how her intuition saved her from Cancer. She said she did not have any symptoms, but she just knew that something was very wrong. She took her mother out to lunch to tell her of this undiagnosed news. She told her mother the same thing, "I don't know what is wrong with me, but I do know that something is very wrong." She eventually did go in for testing and she actually did have cancer. She reiterated that she was only here today because she followed her intuition and was able to get treated in time. Somewhere in the midst of Joy going more into depth about her personal experiences with intuition, Aunt Linda and cousin Jessie seemed to have vanished once again. It was just me and my mother standing there again, entranced in the act of picking the brain of a perfect stranger. In retrospect, maybe these messages were meant specifically for us?

My mother came to the realization that we had lost half of our herd, and started to try to break away from the conversation. Every time she tried to gear the conversation toward a proper goodbye, Joy would start on another subject. Eventually we had ended with thanking her for telling us about the Golden Nugget Flea Market and that we hope to make our way there someday soon. She looked at me and said, "I have been selling some very Indian gypsy looking scarves, that I know you would just LOVE!". She said this as if she had known me for years and had grown accustomed to my personal taste, in which she was in fact right on the money. Right as we were about the end the conversation for yet another time, we had caught another lady's ear who had been walking by, "Excuse me, I couldn't help but hear you ladies talking about the Golden Nugget Flea Market in Lambertville..." A third person?! Now this was just getting freaky. We went home and continued our visit with Aunt Linda and cousin Jessie. I held on to the card for a few weeks after they had left, pondering about all of the strange coincidental occurrences those couple days. Upon more observation, I looked at the card and noticed Joy's email address: Joy.Wilders4@Email.com. I thought to myself, what was the significance of the 4? There was also one "4" in each of her house number, her zip code, and in her phone number. I dunno what made me decide to acknowledge the reoccurrence of the number 4, but that is what jumped out at me, about this card. I also decided to send her an email to say it was nice to meet her and talk to her, but I got a bounce back. I searched her company name and her full name on google, and every social media page, but no luck in finding anything on this woman. In a world where technology makes it easy to find any kind of information on anybody if you type in their name, phone number, email address, or home address, this woman just did not exist. The only thing I had left was this feeling that the number four had meant something. So I googled that and found this (Read Black Box Below).

P.S. I never did find out the significance of the Golden Nugget Flea Market, but I am trusting The Universe will bring me the answer when it's the right time. I will keep ya posted! ;-)

## ANGEL NUMBERS - NUMBER SEQUENCES - REPEATING 4'S

Number 4 resonates with the vibrations and energies of hard work, security, practicality, productivity, appreciation, tradition, solid foundations, security-consciousness, self-control, loyalty, conscientiousness, high morals and ethics, traditional values, honesty, strong-willed, conservative, application, determination, the serious builder, progress, the doer, management, realistic values, stability, wholeness, unity, ability, justice, goal-orientated, system, order, organization and exactitude, honesty and integrity, endurance, mastery, responsibility, inner-wisdom, maintenance, construction, seriousness, discipline, dependability, conviction, self-discipline through work and service, your passion and drive.

Number 4 represents the four elements of Air, Fire, Water and Earth, and the four sacred directions, North, South, East and West. The number 4 symbolizes the principle of putting ideas into form and it signifies work and productivity. The essence of the number 4 is security, diligent work and strong foundations. It is constructive, realistic, traditional and cautious and is the number of system, order and management. This vibration is to do with energy, harmony and co-operation and it is the door to illumination and/or initiation.

When Angel Number 4 consistently appears it indicates that your angels are all around you and with you. The angels are offering you support and inner-strength to enable you to get the necessary work done. They understand that you are toiling towards your goals and aspirations and the angels ask that you call upon them for help, support, guidance and the emotions of love and security. The repeating Angel Number 44 sequence indicates that the angels are surrounding you at this time, loving and supporting you. You have a very strong and clear connection with the angelic realm and are asked to use it to your advantage, and for the benefit of others.

The message of the 444 Angel Number sequence is that you have nothing to fear ... all is as it should be, and all is well. Things that you have been working on or with will be successful. Repeating Angel Number 444 is an indication that you are being surrounded by angels who love and support you and their help is close at hand, always. When the number sequence 4444 appears repeatedly, it is an indication that you are surrounded by your angels. The angels are at your side to reassure you of their presence, love and help. Your angels are watching out for you and supporting you in your work and day to day life. They encourage you to continue working towards your goals and aspirations as success and achievement are ahead of you. Angel Number 4444 is a message that help is nearby and all you need to do is ask for angelic assistance and guidance.

[CLICK HERE TO READ MORE OF JOANNE SACRED SCRIBES ANGEL NUMBERS AND THEIR MEANINGS!](#)





"Slumbering Angels"  
By Linnea Balck  
(Sweden)



# life as an empath

by Justina Carubia

So, I felt compelled to write about my latest discovery about something called an "Empath".

What is an Empath? Well, there are tons and tons of articles, websites, blogs, youtube videos, etc. that go into depth about what the traits of an Empath are. There are some traits which are pretty out there that I don't really identify with, but for the most part, some of the major traits are totally there, and I never knew that there was a name for this before.

An Empath is someone who FEELS the emotions of someone else as if they were their own... and sometimes you can even FEEL the PHYSICAL pain that someone else around you may have. Some Empaths can walk into a room and right away feel if the vibes are wrong, or take on someone's pain if they are in a room with them. Most empaths seems to attract people, even complete strangers, to confide in them, often telling them their whole life story. Empaths are healers, and we generally want to help everyone we come across, and we often have a lot of trouble SAYING NO. This has been something that I have become more aware of doing in the past year or so, even before I became aware of this new term "Empath".

So how do I know that I'M an Empath? Well for as long as I can remember, random people would always come to ME for advice, or help with situations, even people I don't really talk to or know all too well. I have even had strangers come up to me in stores, etc. Naturally as an Empath, I want to help... everyone...with everything... and I often tend to forget that I end up leaving myself on the back burner. Sometimes I feel taken advantage of, and ultimately I'm left feeling drained as if I don't have enough energy left for myself to enjoy the things I love about life. I've had numerous amounts of "depressed" friends, and I put depressed in quotes, not to take things lightly with that word, because I am aware that depression is a VERY serious disease and should warrant a call for help at the first sign of any type of potential self harm... BUT.. there are some people where you just know they are doing it for attention, and these people are called narcissists ... everything revolves around THEM... them them them. I mean, I didn't really use these experiences to diagnose myself as an Empath by any means, I just thought that people were drawn to tell me all their bullshit, because I just thought I was a weirdo magnet, lol. This wasn't the part that engaged me to seek out these qualities about myself; this was just a bonus to my "A-ha!" moment that made all of these pieces fit together for me.

What really made me curious as to think that there was something "special" about me was a few strange things that happened to me, which seem way too coo-coo and crazily creepy to be just a coincidence. Now I never really grew up with any sort of notion that I had any sort of special gift outside of the artistic/musical realm, nor was I ever very religious. I was always pretty drawn to all things metaphysical, but I wouldn't categorize myself as having psychic powers or clairvoyant/medium by any means. It was usually my brother who saw the spirits, or had the prophetic dreams, etc. I always considered myself to be pretty normal, outside of your normal anxiety attacks every time I visited a doctor's office. Now not to get TOO sidetracked, I'd like to tell you about the first event that made me really wonder if there was some kind of gift that I possessed, that would enable me to tap into the psychic realm.



In the fall of 2011, my grandmother, Joan, had been diagnosed with Lung Cancer. She had been a long time smoker, so this did not come as a shock to most of us in the family. That doesn't mean it was any less upsetting. The doctors only gave her around 6 months or so. We went to visit her soon after Christmas in North Carolina and I spent time feeding her and watching TV with her, knowing I would probably never see her again after this trip. That was just heart wrenching to me. She was just as much of a smart ass sick as she was when she was well, so that made me happy to see her spirit still alive and kicking ass. I went home after a few short days that I got to spend with her. My mom would fly back and forth from NJ to NC here and there, to be by her side and help out with whatever she could. During that time, I had come down with the Respiratory Infection from hell. I was sick all through January, and come February, it was time for my mom to go back to be with my grandmother again. My mother left, and I went about my business, but I guess subconsciously I was hurting so bad because the day after, I had noticed that my feet felt like pins and needles. I didn't think anything of it, thought maybe I had pinched a nerve, and went about my business. Over the course of the next few days, the sensations started getting MUCH worse, and eventually I felt like there were tiny electrical shocks zapping all of my nerve endings all over my body in my feet, my legs, my arms, my fingers, and worst of all my head. These sensations sent me into full blown anxiety mode and I had panic attack after panic attack. At the time, I felt sensations in my chest that caused me to think I was having a heart attack. My boyfriend was driving us home from band practice the one night, and I had an attack so bad, that he had to pull over and I contemplated making him take me to the emergency room. I begged him to stay over with me that night. I couldn't bear to be alone, it was the scariest feeling I had ever experienced in my life. I literally thought I was going to die. I remember the night before having a really really hard time during the night. It wasn't just your normal bout of insomnia... it was full on anxiety ridden, I literally felt like my heart was jumping out of my chest, and I could not let myself rest. Every time I would try to doze off, I would feel a pulsating sensation, and explosion of electrical shocks in my brain that would jolt me awake and make me think I was dying. I didn't know what to do; I had no health insurance at the time, so any sort of diagnostic test would have cost me half my life savings. I had friends reach out to help and give me advice and suggestions on clinics I could go to to get blood work done and such. I ultimately ended up not going because I wanted to find a better option, or at least apply for some government aid for health insurance.

During this time I was on and off the phone with my mom and she would give me updates on my grandmother, and at the same time try to control my situation all the way from NC. I felt horrible for taking her attention away from my grandmother, I just didn't know who else to turn to. By this point, my father and my boyfriend were both sick of hearing me and dealing with my anxiety attacks. The night of February 12, 2012 I talked with my mom on the phone and she was debating on whether or not she should come back home. I didn't want her to, I really wanted her to stay with my grandmother, but she insisted that Grandma would want her to come home and be with me. So my mom came home and the next morning I woke up to my mom coming into my brother's old room, which is now the guest room, where I was sleeping. Sometimes when I have trouble sleeping in my own bed, I'll switch rooms once in awhile. The change in environment sometimes helps. So she came in, and was crying and told me that my grandmother had passed. At this point I still had my shocks, pains, and electric pulses. They were making it really hard for me to even function during the regular day to day activities. I was walking around like a zombie because I was barely sleeping. Every time I'd fall asleep, I'd get jolted awake again. It was horrible pain, and I wouldn't wish it on anyone. I even thought at one point that I had Fibromyalgia. I looked into every possible symptom I could have had. Well the weird thing about this was, after my grandmother had passed, and she was buried... the pains stopped.. miraculously. The weird thing was, that my mother told me that before she had passed and the doctors did chemo, they had found lesions on her brain. That freaked me out, because of the majority of the pain and lack of sleep stemmed from the brain spasms I was having, made me feel like my head was imploding. I truly feel that I was channeling my grandmother's pain somehow. And maybe that seems coincidental, I mean the thought had crossed my mind that maybe I felt her pain, but eventually I let the thought go, thinking maybe I was being a bit crazy.

I would also like to note that shortly after my grandmother had passed, it took a lot out of me financially, but I actually ended up putting myself under a very costly independent health insurance plan. I did go to the doctor, had blood work done and a routine physical just to make sure everything was in check. I had also explained to my new doctor the issues I had been experiencing prior to my grandmother's death. I had also explained that I had been having chest pains during the episodes as well, and also I had been experiencing these chest pains quite frequently for the past 3 or 4 years or so. She gave me a referral to a cardiologist and I went on my way. All of my blood work from my doctor came back normal and it was such a relief to me, considering how bad shape I was in, while my grandmother was sick. I decided to hold off on the cardiologist for now since I hadn't really experienced the chest pains in awhile.

That wasn't until I had another occurrence. It was a normal fall evening in October 2012. I had been getting ready for bed, I think I may have just finished a cup of tea and I went downstairs to my cup in the sink. As I was heading back upstairs, I reached for the light switch to turn it off and out of nowhere I felt a blow to the chest. I grasped my heart and fell to the floor in pain. I thought I was having a heart attack! I tried to make my way upstairs, but with each step I took, I kept feeling this tightness in my chest followed by additional blows to the chest. It was the most pain I have ever felt in my chest. I made my way up each step in a keeled over position, practically crawling up the steps because it was too painful to even get up and walk the right way. I finally made it to the top of the steps and collapsed in the hallway. I called out to my mom for help, screaming in agony. I was lying chest down on the hallway floor and I couldn't get up, and when my mom tried to move me, I screamed in excruciating pain. The only way I felt comfortable, was to lie chest down and flat on the floor. Any attempt at other movement and I'd feel like my ribcage was being torn apart at the sternum like a wishbone.

“As I was heading back upstairs, I reached for the light switch to turn it off and out of nowhere I felt a blow to the chest. I grasped my heart and fell to the floor in pain. I thought I was having a heart attack!”



"No EKG, or ultrasound would find this excruciating pain I was carrying around... for YEARS. Anxiety is a build up of spiritual tension, I do believe."

The pain had subsided enough for my mother to help get me off the floor and relocate me to my bed. I would get spurts of pain here and there, trying to lie normally, so I laid flat onto my chest again; this was the only way it felt comfortable enough for me to not feel any pain. I felt paralyzed. I was lying that way for a bit as she lectured me about going to the cardiologist with the referral that my doctor had given me during the Spring. It was weird, because I knew something wasn't actually wrong with ME, which was why I was not in a rush to go. But I did however know, that something was wrong... very wrong... I just couldn't figure out what it was at that moment. Finally after an hour or so of this whole episode, my mother helped me get my head on the pillow, as I was lying paralyzed toward the other end of the bed. I put on some show or movie on my laptop propped up in front of me. It was around midnight, and I had fallen asleep with my mom rubbing my back. Around 2 or 3:00 in the morning I was awoken to my cellphone ringing. I looked at the phone and saw the call was coming from my boyfriend, Avi. He usually goes to bed around 10:00 or so since he has to get up so early for work in the morning, and this was so out of the ordinary for him to be calling me at this hour. Sometimes you just know when something's not right, and this was one of those feelings. I answered the phone with caution and instead of a greeting, I think I just said "What's wrong?!"

He went on to tell me that his dad had a heart attack at work a couple hours prior, and that he was at the hospital. I nearly dropped the phone in shock, and my mom and I just looked at each other like WHAT!? I told Avi about the episode that I had a couple hours prior as well. I had felt that blow to the chest, about the same time that his father had his heart attack. I was completely freaked out. Avi told me his dad was stable but they were gonna have to keep him there overnight and run tests, etc. He stayed there at the hospital with his father and family all night. The next day I remember my chest being extremely tender and sensitive. I had faint pains that seemed to have dwindled from the night before, but it was nowhere NEAR the pain I had felt then. The next day was a bit of a whirlwind for my poor boyfriend, and I did what I could to be there for him. They had actually found major blockages in his dad's heart, and they did in fact have to perform an emergency open heart surgery. His dad ended up making a speedy recovery and was back in shape in no time. Shortly after his surgery the tenderness in my chest went away, but I took my mom's advice anyway, and went to the cardiologist. They did a checkup, and also ran a test, did an ultrasound and actually showed me my valves on screen, of my perfectly normal, perfectly fine beating heart. There was nothing wrong with me. I was however diagnosed with Costochondritis which is a very painful inflammation of the tissue around the sternum. From time to time I get this pain during times of HIGH anxiety or when I feel uneasy or stressed about something. In my last episode's case, I was stressed about something I didn't even know was happening yet, and that's what's so weird to me. The doctor gave me a regimen of taking an Aleve whenever I feel the pain, and sent me on my way.

I don't remember exactly what led me to eventually piece all of these strange occurrences together, but I do remember exactly when I knew that there was a name for what I had. This past August, I had gone to a family gathering with my parents, and my dad's cousins and sisters are quite the crazy bunch. They have all had their dose of paranormal happenings, and to hear about their experiences first hand, it really gives you the validation that weird things that are unexplainable, are in fact very possible. We all traded our stories that day, and I told them mine. They were in absolute awe about my ability to somehow feel others pain on multiple occasions, and told me that I'm not going crazy. I got home that night, and decided to do a little research and found the word "Empath". I read article and blog after article and blog, and watched about every video I could find on Youtube. This discovery really gave me something to identify with. Now whenever I feel pain, I really wonder if maybe it is not my own. If it's not my own, then who's is it?

I now know that being an empath is like being an energy sponge, whether it's good or bad energy, I suck all of it in. That's not always a good thing, so I have to learn when to retreat and bring myself back to, well, myself. I have learned to cut the negative energy suckers out of my life, and also to say no when I absolutely need to say no to people who expect way too much of me. Sometimes there is not even enough of me to go around for myself. People often look to me as this grand problem solver, and while that's flattering, the older I get, the less tolerant I am getting for this tactic.

All in all, I am very happy that I am now enlightened enough to know that there is this thing about me, some may think I'm crazy, or that it's in my head, but you know what? The doctors told me this physical pain was in my head, for the longest time. Only YOU know your own body and mind. If you are feeling like this, seek spiritual healing. Do your research. Unexplainable things happen, and they are possible. No EKG, or ultrasound would find this excruciating pain I was carrying around... for YEARS. Anxiety is a build up of spiritual tension, I do believe.

The Empath  
Community

So there is my story, take it for what it is worth. If you are an empath, and would like to share your story, please email me! I'd love to talk!

[AbrazineMag@gmail.com](mailto:AbrazineMag@gmail.com)





# The Pair of Glittering Questions

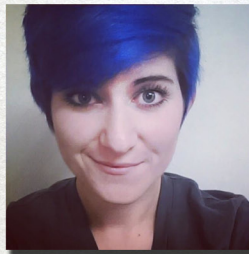
Wintry clouds  
Swirl about the dusk air  
Forming shapes and patterns  
Only to change again  
In the next instant.  
I am suddenly aware  
Of a pair of sparkling lights.  
They are not the stars,  
For the clouds obscure the night.  
Then outside my window,  
A car is flying by.  
And in the lit flash-moment,  
The twinkles become my eyes.  
Time begins to crawl  
As the tail lights dash away.  
The reflection's cascading hair  
Disappears into night-gray.  
All remaining is a hint  
Of stormy blue around  
The pair of glittering questions  
Blinking back at me.

# The Me in the Window

As I sit in the back of the car,  
Guitar chords echoing in my head,  
I am looking out into the night,  
And watching the wind  
Playing with the clouds  
High in the air.  
I can only see my reflection  
As our car flies past another.  
In those moments,  
I can see a face that I barely recognize.  
The me in the window  
Is so much more peaceful  
than the me I watch  
In the mirrors during the day.  
My mind is serene and nearly blank  
Except for the melody whispering into my ears.  
This is one of those moments that  
I will think back on  
When life erupts into smoke and ash  
As is unfortunately, so often the case.

This was originally the Artist's Description for "The Pair of Glittering Questions," but as I was writing it, I realized it was a whole separate poem! Granted, it is extremely similar to the afore mentioned poem, but it has a different focus, I think. I hope you enjoy both of them!

# The Poetry of Kerry Aileen Marley



*Kerry Aileen Marley is a 20 year old writer from Greenville, South Carolina who loves to study the works of Walt Whitman. She is a fashion designer and a caffeine addict!*



"Snow Angel"  
Art By  
Katerina  
Koukiotis  
(NY, USA)



**READ MORE KERRY AIILEEN MARLEY POETRY**  
[WWW.COEURDELAPoesie.BLOGSPOT.COM](http://WWW.COEURDELAPoesie.BLOGSPOT.COM)



# music made for THE ANGELS

By Justina Carubia



Lainie's Angels

Foundation for Families of Children with Cancer and Blood Disorders

Balloon Releasing Ceremony to my song "Believe" at Kicks For Kids Soccer Event in 2005



I was in NYC doing a photo shoot back in May of 2005, and the building I was in was holding a benefit for this organization called "Lainie's Angels". I had my guitar with me, and my dad/manager had asked if I could sing a few songs for them, but they didn't have a microphone or any equipment. They were interested in having me involved with the organization in some way, so they had exchanged contact information with my dad said they would keep in touch. That October, they were holding a soccer event which they had asked me to sing at, and I gladly agreed. While I was there, I decided to check out the mercy booth, and I saw a greeting card with an Angel logo and the word "Believe" on it. I had already written a song called "Believe" a couple years prior to this experience, so I saw it as a sign that I had to donate this song to their cause.

## a little bit about lainie's angels

Lainie's Angels was founded by Stathi Afendoulis, whose 10 year old daughter Lainie had lost her battle with cancer in 2000. During her battle with the disease, they discovered that while there were many capable doctors, nurses and counselors to help little Lainie, there was no one who could focus on the needs of the family. After his family had lost their little girl, they started up the Lainie's Angels Foundation in memory of Lainie, to provide mentoring and support to the families of children with cancer and other blood disorders. The foundation provides assistance through parent advocate programs in hospitals and online. The foundation has been running for 12 years and currently oversees four programs at children's hospitals in the United States and Canada. Lainie's Angels is dedicated to helping the families of those who have faced this crisis and want to share what they've learned to make it easier for others.

So after I got my sign, probably from Lainie herself and the Angels that she now works amongst, I told my father about my idea, which he then brought up to Stathi. He invited us over into their home and told us their in depth story about Lainie, how bright of a little girl she was, and the whole struggle she endured. I just felt like I had to do something to help raise awareness for their mission and their cause. I ended up recording my song "Believe" for them on a CD single with the help of friends of their family, Dominic and Ada Calla, who generously donated toward costs of the recording. We had the CD pressed and I think they gave a lot of them away to their contributors and donators as Christmas cards for the holiday season. I also let them sell them at their annual soccer events and keep all of the proceeds for their charity. On top of me donating my song, I went back every October for the next four years, to sing at their annual Kicks For Kids Soccer Event, and "Believe" became the official song of their very special balloon releasing ceremony.

In this ceremony, everyone would write the names of ones they had loved and lost, onto a balloon. The balloons would then all be placed under a large net until the end of the soccer tournament. Once it came time to release the balloons, I would sing my song "Believe" with my guitar. As the balloons floated toward the sky, it amazed me how much the song touched the crowd, and even moved some to tears. I got a bit choked up seeing the effect this song had on all of these families who had lost their little ones to this horrible disease. It made me feel really good to be able to touch their lives through the gift of music. It is one of the most humbling experiences of my life, and I really do feel like all of those little angels came together and helped me carry out this gift that I wanted to give to this amazing charity.

[www.lainiesangels.org](http://www.lainiesangels.org)



# believe

WORDS & MUSIC  
BY JUSTINA CARUBIA  
© 2005

DO YOU BELIEVE  
IN A LITTLE THING  
CALLED SUPERSTITION  
IT RULES MY LIFE  
I ALWAYS KNEW THAT  
I COULD RELY ON INTUITION  
IT'S JUST SO RIGHT

IF I TOOK YOUR PALM  
PLACED IT IN MY HAND  
AND READ YOU YOUR LIFE

WOULD YOU BELIEVE THAT  
IT CAN HAPPEN ?  
I KNOW IT CAN...  
JUST SAY I THINK SO...  
TO PROVE TO ME THAT  
YOU DO BELIEVE  
BELIEVE...  
BELIEVE...  
BELIEVE...

MY ONLY WORRY  
IS THAT OTHER PEOPLE  
THINK I'M CRAZY  
THEY JUST DON'T CARE  
THEY DON'T BELIEVE  
IN WHAT I CALL A MIRACLE  
BUT MAYBE...  
THEY'RE JUST TOO SCARED

WHEN THEY'RE  
WALKING DOWN THE STREET  
AND THEY STEP ON A CRACK  
WHO'S BACK ARE THEY  
BREAKING?

WOULD YOU BELIEVE THAT  
IT CAN HAPPEN ?  
I KNOW IT CAN...  
JUST SAY I THINK SO...  
TO PROVE TO ME THAT  
YOU DO BELIEVE  
BELIEVE...  
BELIEVE...  
BELIEVE...

YOU ALWAYS FIND A WAY  
TO MAKE ME FEEL LIKE  
SUCH A FOOL  
BUT I DON'T REALLY CARE  
CUZ ONE DAY,  
I KNOW THAT YOU'LL  
BELIEVE...  
BELIEVE...  
BELIEVE...

WOULD YOU BELIEVE THAT  
IT CAN HAPPEN ?  
I KNOW IT CAN...  
JUST SAY I THINK SO...  
TO PROVE TO ME THAT  
YOU DO BELIEVE  
BELIEVE...  
BELIEVE...  
BELIEVE...

WOULD YOU BELIEVE THAT  
IT CAN HAPPEN ?  
I KNOW IT CAN...  
JUST SAY I THINK SO...  
TO PROVE TO ME THAT  
YOU DO BELIEVE  
BELIEVE...  
BELIEVE...  
BELIEVE...

Justina



Lainie's Angels

CLICK HERE  
TO DOWNLOAD THE  
FREE MP3 FOR  
"BELIEVE"



CLICK TO DONATE TO  
LAINIE'S ANGELS  
TODAY!



Lainie Afendoulis 1988-2000

ALL DONATIONS ARE TAX DEDUCTIBLE. LAINIE'S ANGELS IS A 501(c)(3) NOT FOR PROFIT CHARITABLE FOUNDATION.





# MISS GALA

PUERTO RICO'S  
ANGEL OF FASHION

BY DARIUS CONWAY

I WAS FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO TRAVEL TO PUERTO RICO IN EARLY NOVEMBER FOR VACATION AND ALSO SPEND TIME WITH A BEAUTIFUL FRIEND OF MINE. SHE IS A YOUNG UP AND COMING WORLDLY FASHIONISTA WHO IS AN ANGEL LIVING HER DREAMS OUT AND SEEING THEM UNFOLD RIGHT BEFORE HER VERY EYES. **NATALIA VAZQUEZ** IS A FASHION BLOGGER, MODEL, AND FASHION PUBLIC RELATIONS MAVEN TO MANY OF THE ISLAND OF PUERTO RICO AND FAR BEYOND THOSE PERIMETERS OF HER NATIVE LAND. SHE HAS TURNED THE UNCONVENTIONAL LIFESTYLE OF HERS INTO A SMALL EMPIRE THAT WILL ONE DAY BE COMPARED TO THE LIKES OF ANNA WINTOURS AND THE FICTIONAL PR GENIUS WE ALL KNOW AS SAMANTHA JONES OF THE HIT SHOW SEX AND THE CITY.

NATALIA AND I MET IN COLLEGE, AT SAVANNAH COLLEGE OF ART AND DESIGN IN SAVANNAH, GEORGIA BACK IN THE FALL OF 2008, WHERE SHE AND I BECAME THE CLOSEST OF FRIENDS IN THE FASHION DEPARTMENT AND OUTSIDE OF CLASSES. WE WOULD DREAM OF ONE DAY BECOMING WHO WE ARE BECOMING TODAY IN THE FASHION INDUSTRY. SHE NOW RESIDES IN PUERTO RICO WHERE SHE IS A FASHION EXPERT, BUILDING HER WEBSITE [MISSGALAPR.COM](http://MISSGALAPR.COM) AND HER FUTURE AS A WORLD-RENOWNED FASHION MAVEN TO THE WORLD SHE SEES THROUGH HER EYES.



# Q & A with Miss Gala



**Darius:** How long have you known you wanted to be in the fashion industry? And why?

Miss Gala: I have known that I wanted to be working in the fashion industry since I was very young, but I particularly knew this was my field of work when I started making my own magazines out of magazine ads and my own related articles that I wrote. I'd say maybe at 10 years of age.

**Darius:** What are your dream goals in the fashion industry?

Miss Gala: My dream goals in fashion are to find the niche in which I can best work so I can provide others with art and inspiration for as long as I have health to do so. Really my dream in terms of fashion is to find myself by doing what I want to do the most in life.

**Darius:** Who is your role model or the person you look up to the most in the industry?

Miss Gala: As of right now my role model is Daphne Guinness. If you don't know who she is, do me a favor and research her. I feel she is a woman of an "Avant Garde" feel and inspiration. I admire her independence in this industry. She is my role model because through her I have learned that it's okay to be extremely different and fearless.

**Darius:** What is your favorite motto you live by?

Miss Gala: Growing up, I was always inspired by women who were extremely feminine and wore classic tailored suit dresses with that classic gold jewelry and a bold red lip. This always moved me in ways that made me feel that I wanted to be like them so in a way. While everyone was admiring Barbie, I was looking through Vogue articles and photo shoots going crazy over 1990s fashion. Instead of being like the masses, these women were differentiating themselves from the rest and that has always been very important for me. I know this may be a bit cliché but for me the motto is to "live life as if tomorrow were your last day, live for yourself, love yourself, and the rest is history."

**Darius:** What makes you the most creative and inspired?

Miss Gala: I don't want to be the typical artist but sometimes diverging from the moment of sadness and into a moment of appreciation is when I find myself the most creative. Ironically, a writer's block or an artistic block sometimes brings a happier tomorrow filled with creative ideas and spontaneous results. Something that also really helps me and basically inspires me into keeping my blog and being high fashion and a better me are the followers of my blog, my Instagram, and the letters and emails I have received which may have not been too many, but enough to keep me going to help and inspire them.

**Darius:** Why the name Miss Gala?

Miss Gala: I'm pretty fascinated with the hype and glamour of Gala events; the attention to detail that is manifested during one is an experience that I have enjoyed in the past and still love to attend. Additionally, I thought "Gala" was short, brief and carries enough meaning to understand that this is a woman of daily glamour and fashion forward, thinking she is at a Gala everywhere she goes.

You can find out more about Miss Gala and her everyday fashion escapades on her blog

[MISSGALAPR.COM](http://MISSGALAPR.COM)



*Darius Conway is pursuing his own career in the fashion industry and has also been writing editorial pieces for Abra-zine over the past year! He also specializes in public relations and is based in NYC. Visit him on [FACEBOOK HERE!](#)*





# ICELAND

THROUGH  
THE LENS

OF  
BOBBY  
BATES

Photographer Bobby Bates posing with his camera in the Landmannalaugar Valley where Thor 2 The Dark World was filmed!



Travel Diary and Photography By Bobby Bates

Iceland has been a place I've been wanting to travel to for quite some time. Everything about Iceland intrigued me: the photography, the music, and the culture. I've only heard great things about the country. Over the summer I became friends with a gentleman named [Eric Vitoff](#), at a show thrown by a friend of mine. His solo looping performances stood out and after the show we chatted about Iceland. He told me he has been going there the past couple years. I told him I had an interest in going to Iceland and from there the seed was planted. Eric reached out to me that summer to do some video acoustic sessions for him so that he can send out for The Iceland Airwaves, the biggest music festival in Iceland. Well not long after that, Eric asked me if I wanted to come out to Iceland to do some video and photography work since he was going to be playing about 14 off-venue shows during the festival. I gave it some serious thought and then my ticket was purchased. I was going to Iceland. This was really happening.

Well this was my first time flying out to another country alone. The experience was just wonderful. I clearly remember the feeling when I was eating some food waiting for my plane to board to head to Iceland. It totally hit me that a memorable voyage was about to begin. I had a nice calm overnight flight and sat next to a lovely couple with a young baby. I was greeted by being offered a beer on the plane in case his son kept me awake. It was a nice gesture but I wanted to get some rest because I had a big day ahead. I landed at 7am, took a 45 min bus ride to the bus terminal, and was picked up by my tour guide at 8 am to begin an eleven-hour photography tour. Yes that's right. No sleep and not wasting any time. Eric put me in touch with his friend, Styrmir at "What's On in Iceland", Iceland's leading guide to events, entertainment, restaurants and activities. He set me up with some really awesome tours, where I was pretty much in heaven with all the photography opportunities I had. The first tour was simply amazing. I was on the tour with a German couple, which were both very kind. We all had a great time. Our tour guide, Helgi, was informative and pretty funny. We laughed, told stories, and learned about each other's heritage. Our tour took us to the delightful Landmannalaugar valley.

We entered the highlands through the Thjórsádalur Valley stopping at Hjalparfoss, one of Iceland's loveliest waterfalls. The tour then took us into the snow covered mountain scape. We then arrived in the 'pearl of the highlands', the water-filled Ljótípollur crater and the hot springs of the Landmannalaugar oasis. After that we made our way to the queen of active Icelandic volcanoes, Mount Hekla.

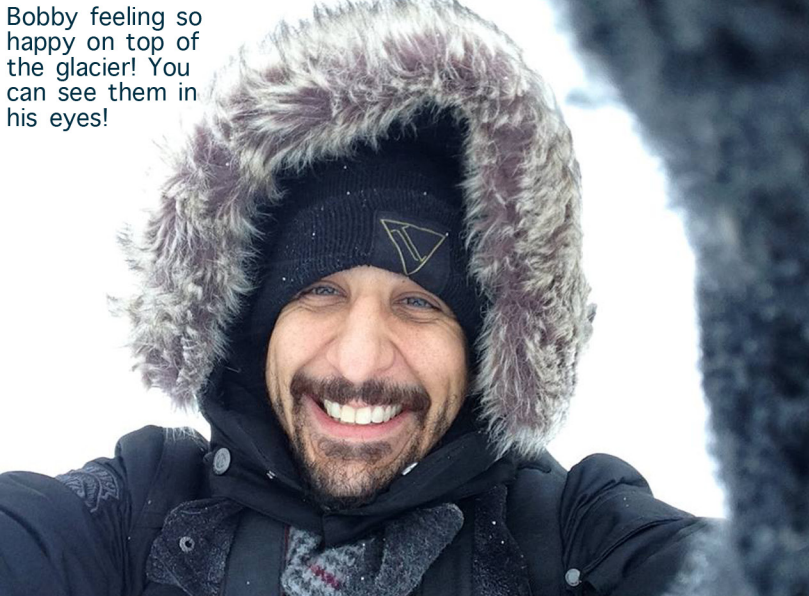
After my tour, I met with Eric downtown in Reykjavík and finally got to relax for a few and take a shower. Eric's friend, Smari, was nice enough to let us crash at his pad for a few days. He's a great dude and one heck of a musician. He also makes a mean cup of coffee! After that, Eric and I went back downtown for the nightlife. I got to meet some great people, have some beers, and just get familiar with downtown Reykjavik.

A couple days later I decided to do another all day tour. So Styrmir set me up with the Essential Iceland Tour. We started with Thingvellir National Park, the seat of the ancient Viking Parliament. It is located at the intersection of the American and Eurasian tectonic plates. We got to walk through some really beautiful paths and stand in a real historic place for Iceland. I will admit that it was an extremely windy and cold day, but that still was not going to slow the day down or stop me from getting the pictures I set out for. I had to basically hold down my tripod so it wouldn't blow away. If you know anything about long exposures then you know the wind is the enemy. I still managed to walk away with some great moments and memories that I can look back at any second of any day and relive it all over again. After that, we rode in our super jeep in the Icelandic Highlands – a barren, rocky wilderness that looks more like the moon or a different planet. It is this same place where Thor 2: The Dark World, Interstellar, and many other movies were filmed. I am a superhero nerd, so hearing that Thor 2 was filmed there made me pretty ecstatic.

We then drove along a highland trail through the mountain pass of Kaldidalur, in route to the Langjökull glacier. Being on a glacier was simply mind blowing. Once again, super cold and windy, but who cares. I'm standing on top of glacier right friggin now!



Bobby feeling so happy on top of the glacier! You can see them in his eyes!



After we left the fields we got some hot dogs. Yea hot dogs! Our guide spoke highly of them and he was definitely right. They were pretty darn good. I will get some heat for this but sorry New York City, Iceland's got you beat. Better than [Destination Dogs](#) in New Brunswick, NJ though? Tough Call. I choose not to make that decision. I ate quickly so that I could run outside to get a sunset road shot that I was eyeing up before we pulled over. Through the whole trip I made sure that I didn't pull one of those "Ahh I don't need that picture or shot. Ahh that's too much of a hassle." There was none of that on these 7 days out in Iceland. You see the shot, you take the shot! After you know you got the shot you wanted, time goes in slow motion waiting for the LCD screen to show you what can be a new memory or just nothing at all. After our hot dogs pit stop we drove to one of the largest hot springs in the world and ended with two beautiful waterfalls, Hraunfossar and Barnafoss. I really had to fight the wind to get a good long exposure shot of this magical waterfalls. This wind was a different kind of wind. This tour was very adventurous and at the end of the day I walked away with some great shots and made some friends around the world.

I remember walking a few feet and not being able to see the others on the tour. I remember taking a selfie that is probably my favorite picture I have of myself. Seems corny to say but my face gleamed of true happiness. You are even able to see the reflection of the glacier in my eyes. It turned my eyes blue for a still second. It was real. It was pure. It was one of those things that no matter how old you are, you hold onto it tight and have forever. On this tour, I had some good laughs with the others, who I keep in contact with now on the interwebs. My new London and California friends and I had a pretty entertaining on-going joke going throughout the day. It has now carried over to the World Wide Web as well.

Next, we departed the snowy planet and headed for some lava-cave exploring in Hallmundarhraun, a lava field created in the 10th century that is now covered in green and gray moss. Hallmundarhraun is one of the oldest lava fields in Iceland. We put on our mining helmets and climbed down a long steep ladder all the way down the bottom of the lava cave. Catching focus in with my lens was a little tough and I was pretty bummed at myself for not bringing my tripod down with me. I also thought I had color gels for my flash with me but couldn't find them in my bag. Turns out that they were in there but I didn't realize that until after we left.

For the next few days I was doing some video work and documenting Eric's performances. In between his shows, I wanted to make sure I got video of what Iceland was all about: the people, the streets, and the culture. I also met some people from Australia, London, and Canada. We all explored the nightlife, saw some great bands and musicians, and stopped for some photo sessions in the streets. Can't go wrong with that when you can walk around with a beer!

Toward the end of my trip, I decided to take a risk and do a bus tour at night for The Northern Lights. It just so happens I pick the right night to see it. And did I see it! The night was clear but extremely windy. I know I complained about the wind last tour but this was way worse. After attempting and not succeeding with getting a sharp long exposure shot out in the open, I found a good spot behind the bus. It definitely cut down the wind and I was able to get a good shot of a car passing by during the Northern Lights. The car created a real cool straight line blur, making it look like The Flash ran through my shot. I walked away with a few good ones but a lot were out of focus from wind hitting my camera and tripod. I was also the only one with a remote but I had a few people line up with their tripods and I would go down the line and set all 4 of our cameras off with my remote so we all can take something special home with us.

Hraunfossar and Barnafoss Waterfalls







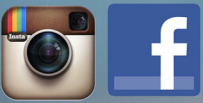
**“JUST WHEN I THOUGHT THE BEST PART WAS OVER I BEGAN TO WALK AWAY TOWARDS THE BUS FOR HOT CHOCOLATE. I HEARD PEOPLE CHEERING AND I TURNED TO SEE THE NORTHERN LIGHTS REALLY GLOWING BRIGHT AND MOVING IN A GRACEFUL AND MAGICAL WAY. I GOT SOME COOL ONES BUT IT DOESN'T EVEN COMPARE TO THE MEMORY I HAVE OF WATCHING IT HAPPEN IN FRONT OF MY OWN EYES. THE RIGHT WORDS DO NOT EXIST IN ORDER TO FULLY EXPLAIN IT. PLEASE DO ME A FAVOR AND WHEREVER ICELAND IS ON YOUR BUCKET LIST, MOVE IT HIGHER AND GO THERE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. YOU WILL WALK AWAY A DIFFERENT PERSON...”**



The last night of the trip consisted of Eric's last show at The Loft, a private acoustic with Smari and two other talented musicians, and hanging with my new friends around the world. Smari was nice enough to take me to the airport the following day. We had some really good talks, listened to some hardcore and breakdowns, and stopped to pick some lava rocks and make one last photography stop: The Blue Lagoon! No better way to end the trip. I did not go in but I did do something just as good. My last picture I took of my trip was right before we left The Blue Lagoon. I took the picture and turned to Smari and said, "Yep. That's the one." It was the perfect ending.



Bobby's last photo he took on his trip: The Blue Lagoon



ARE YOU INTERESTED IN CHECKING ICELAND OFF YOUR BUCKET LIST? START PLANNING YOUR TRIP NOW!

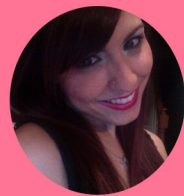
[CLICK HERE TO VISIT WHAT'S ON IN ICELAND!](#)

[WWW.BOBBYBATES.NET](http://WWW.BOBBYBATES.NET)

Bobby in the Landmannalaugar Valley where Thor 2 was filmed.







# Valentine's Day

## A SINGLE GAL'S GUIDE TO SELF LOVE

Hey Gals! I too once was single...I remember the dread that crept up on this day every year, but who's to say you can't enjoy celebrating it anyway? You know what they say! Before you can be happy with anybody ELSE, it's the most important thing to LOVE YOURSELF! So stop being a Bitter Betsy, and do some things to show yourself some love on this annual day of commercial candied hearts and sappy love songs.

Here are just a few things that will make you feel like a million bucks, even when there's no special someone around to do it for you.

1. Send yourself a bouquet of your favorite flowers with a little notecard addressed to yourself with the most empowering word you can think of. (ie, Happy Valentine's Day You Badass Bitch!)
2. Go for a body massage and a pedicure, or heck give yourself a pedicure! There's nothing that says "I Love Me!" more than a set of freshly painted piggies! Give them all smiley faces too if you're the real cheesy type!
3. Write yourself a poem or a love song, a personal anthem if you will. Celebrate yourself! Sing about it! Even give yourself an alterego! If it can work for Beyonce aka Sasha Fierce, you too can be fierce, SISTAH!
4. Take a bubble bath! Lounge around in your favorite robe indulging in some chocolate covered strawberries and champagne! Just because you're single, doesn't mean you're not allowed to be fancy...Wear a tiara too for extra pizzazz! \*SPIRIT FINGERS!\*
5. Snuggle up with your pup, kitten, or goldfish and read your favorite book or watch your favorite movie. If it helps to stay away from the rom coms then do so! Watch your favorite gut busting movie. Laughter is ALWAYS the best medicine!
6. Get together with your favorite girlfriends and go out dancing in a circle around your purses while you quote Dane Cook! Or host a get together at your house and give eachother makeovers and do a fun fashion photo shoot!



DO YOU HAVE GOOD TIPS FOR  
SELF LOVE ON VALENTINES DAY?  
TWEET THEM TO @ABRAZINEMAG









# How to Get Rid of a Hickey

By the Way of the Zodiac



By Renee Francis

I recently read in a newsletter sent to my e-mail inbox that the question, How To Get Rid of a hickey, was a high volume search in Google last month. Hickeys? Really. Are they still around?

This writer, being born under meticulous yet mutable cosmic ray of Virgo, does not like getting hickeys. Not one bit. "How dare you mark me with your relentless passion, you Beast", these might be the words I'd be biting to my beau. By the way, Virgo women are the ones who are the true harlots in the bedroom, a nun to your friends, a skilled chef in the kitchen, and the nice girl you can take home to mother. If you found yourself a Virgo woman who admits she loves you---wrap her in clover and take her home. You have just been served a blessing from heaven.

Getting back to getting rid of hickeys, do you remember the age old folk lore method that required cutting a small hole near the hickey and allowing a leech to suck your hickey gone? If you heard of this method and are giving it some thought--cause you got a hickey, then you might have a more serious problem at hand than the hickey itself. First of all, where the heck are you going to get the leech? And second of all, if you were able to find a leech, where the heck on your body is the hickey? Because there are just some places that leeches do not belong. Are ya feeling me here?

I'm thinking that the urgency to get rid of a hickey all depends on two things. One: where on the body does the hickey lie, and two: what are the circumstances of your relationship? For instance, there is the must hide common and swanky 'neck' hickey. Then there is the easy enough to hide getting-to-know-ya-better 'boobie' hickey. And last but not least, is the really really 'randy' hickey. You know the one. It's the one you got on your inner-thigh.

As far as I can feature the 'boobie' hickey and the 'really randy' inner big thigh Hickey, they are only a super colossal problem if you are married or exclusively intimate with someone who is other than the one who gave you the hickey. If you fall into this area regardless of your Sun Sign, and you were one of the people part of the statistic on the search for "How to Get Rid of a Hickey", just make up some excuse to get out of town for a week and get the heck going.

But, if you are single and just need to hide the hickey from your parents, co-workers, or your next date, as far as I know there really is no real way to get rid of a hickey. Don't even try the long tooth comb method of scratching it out--it only makes it worse.

Turtlenecks, scarves, and cosmetic veneers are the only answer to hiding a Hickey marked on the neck or boobie. Sadly, the truth is, a hickey will only fully disappear on its own over time. However, and in the meantime, if you're scarred with a hickey right now, perhaps a laugh or two on How to Get Rid of a Hickey according to your Sun Sign will serve to diminish your hickey embarrassment. So, Let's take a run through the twelve.



**Aries** folk should just fall down and hurt their heads so that the doctor can wrap them up and drive the attention away from the hickey and on to a new boo-boo. Aries folk just love when you pay attention to them first and play with their hair.

**Taurus** folk should just buy more turtlenecks. You know you love'em. If it is summer time--just make 'em sleeveless and go ahead and savor some chocolates while you gloat over your hidden marks of lust. Taurus folk will silently gloat over their hickey---because they will see it as a form of their suitors' way of staking ownership.

**Gemini** folk should just keep talking and asking questions, and talking and asking questions, and talking and asking questions so that a potential hickey observer won't get the chance to notice the hickey---just confuse them with jibber-jabber. Gemini folk will most likely be a nervous wreck over this signature of sentiment. Gemini folk love their families but prefer to be less committed romantically until they make the decision.

**Cancer** folk should just enjoy the sentiment that the hickey brings to both the mind and heart and make a week out of staying hidden at home. These are the sentimental darlins' that would turn the hickey into a greeting card if left alone long enough. Cancer folks just love it when you give them stuff especially if it has to do with anything connected to love.

**Leo** folk, depending on the dignity of their Sun's position in the natal chart, will either love to show off their hickey, or will subtly hide it while checking on it every so often in the bathroom so they can puff out their chests to say, "Wow, now that's a big hickey".

**Virgo** folk. We already discussed this earlier. "Oh please don't ever give Virgo a hickey". It will throw them completely off balance and hiding it will become their next full time job. You'll make them terribly nervous because the whole world will finally see they are not really the "Virgins of the Zodiac".

**Libra** folk are "showingly" nice, but secretly naughty, so they will find a clever way to hide their hickey one minute only to avail a quick flaunt of their hickey the next. These folk will actually design the right clothes for the hickey wearing occasion. Got a love a Libra, after all Venus, the planet of Love and Passion rules them unconditionally. Need a lesson in orchestrating the perfect hickey? Ask Libra.

**Scorpio** folk can just hang the "Do Not Disturb" sign on the bedroom door knob. Parents and mates won't know the difference since these darlin' starlets are inclined to exuding reclusive behavior ---and you can lay bets that this Sun Sign will be contemplating how to execute his passionate revenge.

**Sagittarius** folks are probably going to get caught---sorry, but their overly carefree and friendly personality can't help it---plus most of them would feel to constrained in a turtle neck---so they are going to just let it hang out there for all to see---they may even have a long funny story to tell on the history of hickeys.

**Capricorn** folk might never experience a hickey. They are the one zodiac sign that is still trying to participate in a hand holding moment in public. Shy and tidy with public displays of affection, I'm afraid a hickey for Capricorn could send them into a spiraling well of worry and exhaustion.

**Aquarius** folk don't care if you see their hickey or you don't. They are already thinking about starting a website that's all about how to get and keep a hickey. Oh heck, these Internet marketing innovators are thinking about starting a "Hickey of the Month Photo Contest" and making money on the click through rate.

**Pisces** folk will romance over their hickey trying different shades of foundation makeup to create the illusion that the hickey is not really there, but all the while these star signs are mindfully awaiting the next hickey making episode, ---what music they will listen to, ---what candles to light, ---what wine to buy. "Should I cook"?



Renee Francis is a Medium & Astrologer located in Ohio who offers a wide range of astrological services from natal chart to astrological report services. She offers visitors the opportunity to get a Free Full Color Natal Birth Chart when you like her Facebook page.



Submit to the Spring 2015 Issue

We Will Be  
Exploring the Theme of

# DREAMS

Dreams are one of the most intriguing and mysterious things that we as humans can ever experience! They are our escape from reality on a day to day basis. Some of us have extremely vivid dreams while we're sleeping, and some of us have daydreams of a different career path or romance to come sweep us off our feet and save us from the everyday mundane. Dreams give us hope!

In our next issue of abra-zine! we'd love to hear about your dreams!! We will accept submissions in the form of stories, poetry, prose, lyrics, music, artwork, arts n' crafts projects, how to guides, photography, recipes, meditations, affirmations, travel pieces, giveaways, vlogs, etc. These are just some things to jog your imagination! We will also accept themes of Spring! If you have an idea that can pertain to our theme that is not on this list, feel free to email it to us at [abrazinemag@gmail.com](mailto:abrazinemag@gmail.com)

[see full submission guidelines here](#)





I SAW THE ANGEL  
IN THE MARBLE  
AND CARVED UNTIL  
I SET HIM FREE.  
~MICHELANGELO

THANKS FOR  
READING!

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