

Introduction

Ten years ago while serving as a chaplain for a small hospice organization, I first entered the hospice home known as Nancy's Comfort Care, and became aware of a holy silence, a peacefulness and warmth, similar to what I've felt in monasteries and some churches. I could sense a welcoming spirit of hospitality even in the entryway where Nancy called out to join her in the kitchen. As we sat at the kitchen table eating cinnamon rolls warm from the oven, she told me about the person I was there to visit. Nancy's compassion for her guests was evident, but while listening I became aware that there was a feeling of something more in the room. I felt myself looking around for that something. I never saw anything, other than shelves of angels. Though I knew there had to be a story about all those angels, that story would have to wait for another time.

As weeks turned into months, then years, I continued to visit hospice clients at Nancy's, and heard them share Nancy's angel stories. And over time as we sat at the kitchen table, Nancy began describing her own visions, as well as the visions some of her guests experienced. Such stories weren't new to me, for over the years while serving as pastor and chaplain, I have often heard from others about similar visions. Nancy, however, has had more of those experiences than anyone else I've ever known.

As I listened to Nancy share of her work and visions, it became apparent to me that she has a sacred respect for all that has transpired. And as one who has been privileged to observe her at work, I can affirm her care is imbued with a