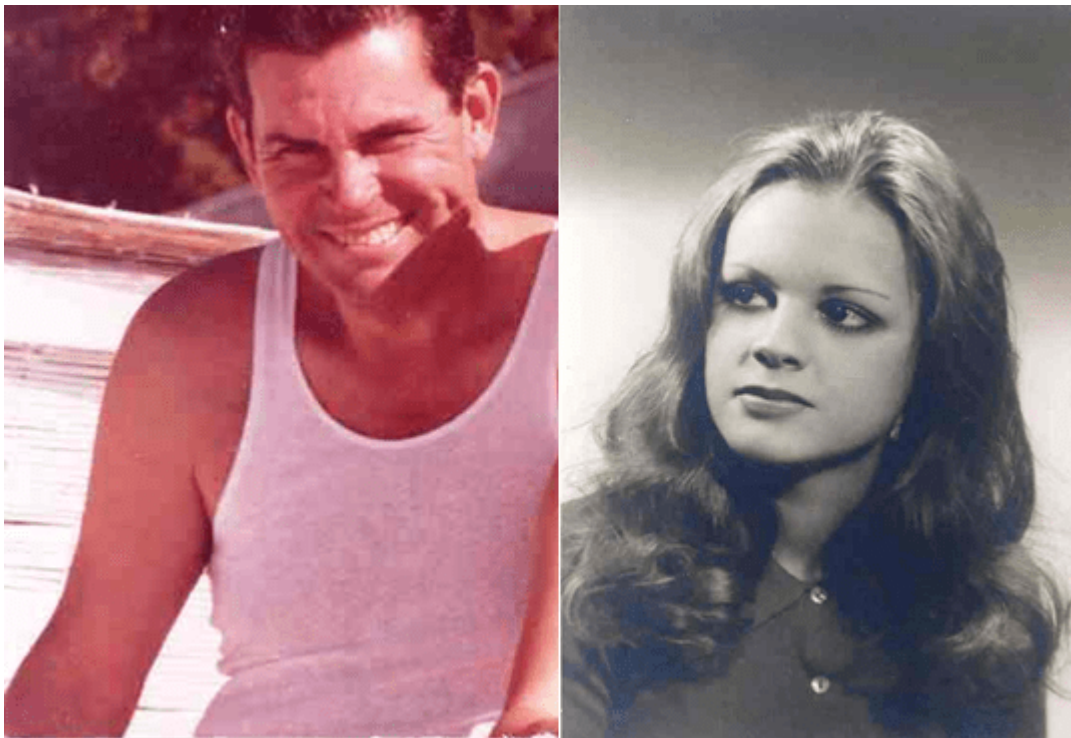




That we have Angels who walk beside us. Two of mine: my dad and sister. Gone too soon, each an August like this one, some time ago. I love and miss them more than any words can tell. Thankful today, and always, for my Angels, and the hope that keeps them close. Here's to *your* Angels. ♥



“Hope” is the thing with feathers— That perches in the soul— And sings the tune without the words— And never stops—at all—  
~ Emily Dickinson

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