

Maggie McCready's Travelling Tarot Adventures

The Pilgrims' Way Cafe



MELODY R. GREEN

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Dedication

To George who told me stories of Dartmoor while he drove me to his workplace across the very moors featured in this book!

Thanks Dad, it all began with you.

You inspired my love of history, reading, and storytelling.

I'm so grateful.

List of characters

Maggie McCready – travelling tarot reader

Maggie's Spirit Crew

- ❖ Callum – stepbrother, deceased
- ❖ Ailsa – paternal grandmother
- ❖ Fiona – Romany mother
- ❖ Gupta – Indian guru
- ❖ Quan Yin – Chinese Goddess of Mercy
- ❖ Archangel Michael – Leader of the Light Legions

Archangels in charge of The Archangels' Way Pilgrimage Route

- ❖ Sandalphon, Gabriel, Raphael, Haniel, Tzadkiel, Azreal, Israfil and Michael

Elementals

- ❖ Arizney – Queen of the Undines

Non-human entities

- ❖ Mother Vega – mother from Vega – Lyra Galaxy

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- ❖ Goddess Moon
- ❖ Lieutenant Jeremiah Wolking
- ❖ Marchioness Markham
- ❖ Harold Whittington, Earl of Markham
- ❖ Captain Trelawney
- ❖ Lisabeta, Maggie's Romany grandmother (not Maggie's guide)

Appledore Acquaintances

- ❖ Mrs. Jenkins – landlady
- ❖ Nancy – baker

Belstone Locals

- ❖ Helena Whitely – Justin's daughter-in-law
- ❖ Justin Whitely – Helena's father-in-law
- ❖ Noah Whitely – deceased husband of Helena Whitely
- ❖ Noelle Whitely – divorced ex-wife of Justin Whitely
- ❖ Mrs. Moorcroft – villager of Belstone
- ❖ Tom Waldon – waiter at The Pilgrims' Way Hotel
- ❖ old drunk
- ❖ Petroc Stevens – owner of Belstone Motors
- ❖ James Mallory – chef at The Pilgrims' Way Hotel
- ❖ Alison Hoggett – housemaid at The Pilgrims' Way Guesthouse
- ❖ Linda Paisely – housemaid at The Pilgrims' Way Guest House
- ❖ Mary and Sarah Reynolds – local Belstone musicians
- ❖ Mrs. Stapleton – choir mistress

Coven Members

- ❖ Gwen Truscott – High Priestess
- ❖ Alice, Melissa – Coven members
- ❖ Avril/Agnes – previous Coven High Priestess

Demons and the dark forces

- ❖ Archdemon Phineas – twin brother to Archangel Michael
- ❖ Dragan – second-in-command to Archdemon Phineas
- ❖ Lieutenant Gustave Du Pont – French Naval officer
- ❖ Stanley – the Executioner
- ❖ Samson – minder of the animal spectres

List of Churches, Sacred Sites and Holy Wells

Churches along The Archangels' Way Pilgrimage

- ❖ St. Michael's de Rupe – Brentor
- ❖ Christ Church – North Brentor
- ❖ St. Thomas à Becket – Sourton
- ❖ St. Mary the Virgin – Belstone
- ❖ St. Mary's – Sticklepath
- ❖ St. Andrew's – South Tawton
- ❖ St. Mary's – South Zeal
- ❖ St. Mary the Virgin – Throwleigh
- ❖ Providence Chapel – Throwleigh

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- ❖ Holy Trinity – Gidleigh
- ❖ St. Michael the Archangel – Chagford

Sacred Sites and Holy Wells

- ❖ Nine Maidens Stone Circle (also known as Seventeen Brothers) – Belstone
- ❖ Hurston Ridge Stone Rows - Chagford Common

- ❖ Belstone Holy Well
- ❖ Lady Well – Sticklepath
- ❖ St John's Well – Chagford

(NB – there are many other sacred sites in this area, but these are the ones found in this book)

Places the Devil lurk

- ❖ *There are many topographical markers of the Devil across Dartmoor. The one included in this book is:*
- ❖ ***Satan's Cauldron*** (currently known as the Devil's Cauldron) – Lydford Gorge.

What is a pilgrimage?

A pilgrimage is a journey to some sacred place as an act of religious devotion. A pilgrim is more than a tourist, and a pilgrimage is more than a journey. A pilgrim travels with a spiritual purpose, a goal to be closer to God.

In recent years the word has been used to describe any personal journey (usually to a foreign or unknown place) that results in new or expanded consciousness about themselves. It often means the pilgrim changes how they live their life after they return.

Disclaimer:

Who would have thought an apostrophe would cause so much trouble! When I checked on the Devon Pilgrimage site the route is written as The Archangel's Way... and I was happy to go by that name. But Archangel Sandalphon was adamant. "Archangel Michael is not the only Archangel who is over-lighting this route. There are seven of us, therefore please write - The Archangels' Way." Archangel Michael, simply rolled his eyes and shrugged!

So, to keep the angels happy this book will call the route - The Archangels' Way!

THE ARCHANGELS' WAY



- 01. St Michael the Archangel Chagford
- 02. Holy Trinity Church Gidleigh
- 03. Providence Chapel Throwleigh
- 04. St Mary the Virgin Throwleigh
- 05. St Mary's Church South Zeal
- 06. St Andrews South Tawton
- 07. St Mary's Sticklepath
- 08. St Mary the Virgin Belstone
- 09. St Thomas a Becket Sourton
- 10. St Petroc's Lydford
- 11. Christ Church North Brentor
- 12. St Michael de Rupe Brentor

- ★ Stone Circles
- The Archangel's Way
- Holywells

- ★ 13. Hurston Ridge Double Row Stones
- ★ 14. 9 Maiden Stone Circle
- 15. Lady's Well Sticklepath
- 16. Holy Well Belstone
- 17. St John's Well (filled in) Chagford.

Reviews and Accolades

The Angel Tea House: [https://youtu.be/C-](https://youtu.be/C-KbircsmA4?si=_j9_OKbXY678hcCj)

[KbircsmA4?si=_j9_OKbXY678hcCj](https://youtu.be/C-KbircsmA4?si=_j9_OKbXY678hcCj)

The Pilgrims' Way Café: [https://youtu.be/C-](https://youtu.be/C-KbircsmA4?si=_j9_OKbXY678hcCj)

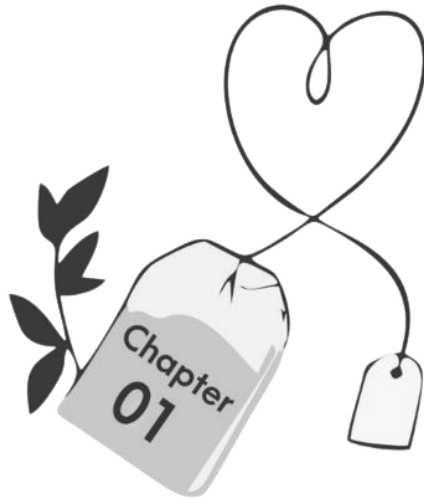
[KbircsmA4?si=_j9_OKbXY678hcCj](https://youtu.be/C-KbircsmA4?si=_j9_OKbXY678hcCj)

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PART ONE

The Archangels' Way



Maggie stared at the clock on her bedside table. Its luminous, green figures clicked up at 2 AM. She closed her eyes and turned over. It was no good. She wasn't going to sleep tonight. She did a check of her body's energy field, but all seemed well. That wasn't the problem then. She was driving to Lyme Regis in the morning, another town, another opportunity to read for the locals, and share her special form of magic and healing. She rubbed her eyes and yawned. It wasn't even a full moon, or eclipse energy, that had disturbed her peaceful slumber. *Maybe a cup of cocoa*, she thought, sitting up and sliding her legs out of the bed and onto the rug on the wooden floor. She hurried to

the bathroom, relieved her bladder and then washed her face and hands, the cool water quite pleasant after the warmth of her bed. Looking in the mirror she saw her ruby-red hair stood out all around her pale face. Her colouring showed her Celtic origins. At five foot nine, she was tall with a heavier build than was fashionable, looking less like a model and more like a warrior without the muscles. Lightly clasping the handrail, she walked down the stairs. Maggie resembled an almost ghostly figure in her blue pyjamas that were covered in grey sloths. She had never seen a sloth up close, but these were comical and cute, and she thought described her rather well. As she wandered into the kitchen, a large yawn took over her body, and as she opened her eyes she almost fell over. The light was so bright in the room. It was as though forty spotlights were shining in the kitchen, aimed at her. She covered her eyes, breathed in deeply and slowly, and then opened them.

The bright lights weren't spotlights, they were the combined energies of many large, angelic beings, wearing their finest regalia. She scanned the kitchen looking for an angel she knew. Leaning against the back door was Archangel Michael. He was dressed for battle. No long, flowing, white robes, harps playing, cherubs sweetly singing for him. He was encased from top-to-toe in black, even his wings were camouflaged and held close to his body. The planes of his face were sharply angled, and his white-blond hair cut close to his head. The main feature of his face were his startling sky-blue eyes.

He raised his hand in salute and said, "Hello, Maggie, my dear. How are you?" It was some months since Maggie had worked with Archangel Michael in Angel Street. She gave him a brief nod, and then turned to grab milk from the fridge, a small milk saucepan for

the stove, and began measuring out the milk to heat.

“Well, that wasn’t a very warm welcome, Michael, are you going to introduce us?” The tallest angel smirked.

Maggie looked at the fifteen-foot-tall angel. He, unlike the others in the room, carried a sword across his back. *So, you’re a warrior, even though your demeanour is gentle*, thought Maggie. In fact, while Michael was all honed muscle and warrior black, this angel was dressed more casually. He looked a bit like a medieval knight, without the armour, dressed in dark grey leggings and a leather-looking tabard. His face was open. Laughter lines etched around his bright green eyes and unruly light brown curls graced his head.

“Maggie, this giant here is Archangel Sandalphon. Don’t think his height makes him stronger or more important though,” he said. “Sandalphon ... Maggie.” And with that Archangel Michael moved back to lean on the door again.

“Maggie, it’s a pleasure to meet you officially. I say officially because you call my name with every note you play on the cello. It’s always a delight to hear a human soul make music; but let’s talk more of that later. We hope you won’t mind helping us.

Michael assures us” – his arms spread wide to include all the other angels – “you’re the right human to ask for help with a little problem we have. Is your cocoa ready? How about you pour, and I’ll introduce you to everyone here, and we can begin?”

Maggie lifted the milk saucepan from the stove top just in time as the milky bubbles rose to the top. She added it to the cocoa powder, honey, and cinnamon, stirring the liquid in her mug to remove any lumps. Once that was done, she placed the saucepan

in the sink, turned on the tap and allowed the water to fill the saucepan to help release the boiled milk from the shiny metal, and then went to sit down at the wooden table. The angels moved en-masse and rearranged themselves, with Sandalphon in the centre and Archangel Michael leaning on the back door again.

“So firstly, we are all Archangels, some of our names you’ll recognise, others may be new to you. My twin, Metatron, you may have heard of, but he is busy with other things, so he won’t be here for this adventure. Along with Gabriel and Raphael” – he pointed his hand to each in turn – “but you may not have heard of these. This is Tzadkiel, Haniel, Azreal and Israfil, and of course you already know Michael.” He grinned.

As Sandalphon mentioned their names, they smiled in welcome or lifted their hands and turned. It was a lot for Maggie to take in, especially at 2 AM in the morning.

“Don’t worry about that, you don’t know them yet. Over time, they will explain what they’re about. But suffice to say, that each of us, and many others that are not here, have special tasks. We are like team leaders for groups of angels that interact with humans, and this has always been our overarching role since the beginning of Earth. However, humans were always expected to live on Earth, and we were tasked with being your companions, helpers, and guides. As you have probably learned from Michael, there are special places on the Earth’s grid that we look after. And one of these is a pilgrim route called The Archangels’ Way. This journey from Brentor to Chagford, like all pilgrimages, is a journey of self-discovery for the pilgrim. For many hundreds of years, The Way was hidden from all but a few pilgrims, but now there is more

of an opening in human thinking, and more humans are now taking the road of the pilgrim, in accordance with the Great Plan. We are overseeing this realignment of The Way for humans of this present time, and we are there to help them work with the internal patterning and making significant shifts in the spiritual and emotional understanding of themselves and their journey currently.” He came up for breath.

“How does that require me?” asked Maggie, sipping her cocoa.

“Before I answer that question, Maggie, I need to make you aware of more information, is that ok?” he asked. Maggie nodded. “Have you heard of the seven deadly sins and the seven heavenly virtues?”

“Do you mean those spoken of in the Bible, greed, lust, sloth?” Maggie looked at her pyjamas covered with sloths. “And others, right? I’m not sure of the full list, not being a Sunday school participant,” she said.

A grin broke out across the faces of the Archangels, and it was as though all the lights of the world had been filtered to their smiles, bringing an unnatural bright glow to their faces. Maggie sat back in her chair as she surveyed them. She looked at each face so different from the other and yet, energetically linked. Then she looked across to Archangel Michael, who was not smiling but was simply raising his eyebrows at the scene.

Sandalphon continued. “Each soul plays their way through the vices and virtues in their many incarnations of life, until they have the fullest understanding of their own humanity, and that of others. This understanding enables compassion and love for others and opens a soul to their life mission. The idea of the pilgrimage is that the pilgrim grows in godliness and, for many religious

requirements, perfection, and rebirth. The idea of pilgrimage is also found in indigenous cultures as well. In fact, all human societies are aware of the need for time out from the material way of life, and renewal of the spirit of each person as they reconnect to nature and Source. What we've been seeing over recent times, is the knowledge of the way, the truth ... and I use that word advisedly." He paused.

"Because there is no absolute truth, only the truth through an individual soul's experience. Or a collective truth that is held by a group of people?" Maggie pondered.

"Yes, exactly!" Sandalphon nodded his head, "When each soul has aligned with their own truth, the human collective will be 'The Truth', in the acceptance of everyone's truth being valid ... and together they will be the whole truth. Of course, as we stand now, we are a long way from that truth, but The Archangels' Way being open to more humans is the path forward to that. Currently, it's being seen as more of a walker's exercise than a spiritual one. This lack of understanding is either because they don't have a religious understanding or are asleep to their soul's journey. It means The Archangels' Way is open to more negative energies. These walks are often on energy ley lines, or power points, if you like, and so attract vast amounts of energy, I believe Michael has already mentioned to you the significance of place names to us, and our need to protect our namesakes?"

"Yes. We worked on Angel Street earlier in the year."

"So this would not be unfamiliar to you, then. In The Archangels' Way, we have many different energies and times across many dimensions converging in this centre. As we work to upgrade the energies of The Archangels' Way and rebalance the pilgrims who come to the area over the next three months, we would like you to

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help us ground in that energy and be a conduit for the people, and us. Will you help us?"

She looked at the Archangels, who appeared to be holding their breath as they waited for her reply.

"I was leaving for Lyme Regis this morning." Maggie looked at the clock again at 2:45AM.

"We are aware of that, and all we would ask is you spare us three months and then you can go to Lyme Regis. We would like you to stay in Belstone, a village on Dartmoor National Park, and part of The Archangels' Way route. There is a coffee shop and guesthouse you can stay at, and you will do your usual work as a tarot reader and angel business coach. Along with the work we require."

Seven pairs of eyes, silently pleading with all the pull of kittens or puppy dogs. Maggie knew when she was beaten. She sighed. "Okay!"

And a chorus of hallelujahs, whoops, and a chorus line from a West End show followed, as the angels celebrated with high kicks in a song and dance finale routine. Michael smiled where he stood, his eyes twinkling back at her, watching the antics of his brothers and sisters and said, "Enough you lot! You've got things to do, and Maggie needs some more sleep."

"We can answer more of your questions on the road to Belstone," Sandalphon said. And as though he'd snapped his fingers and switched off the lights, the archangels left en-masse, leaving the kitchen in the early morning gloom.

Michael moved to Maggie. "Thank you, Maggie, for agreeing. I wasn't sure you would agree to work with us again."

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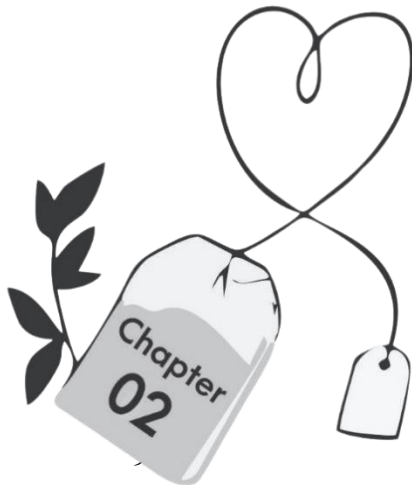
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“What’s three months, Michael? A blink of an eye, right?”
Maggie smiled, stood up and put her mug in the sink to wash.

“Get some sleep, Maggie. Sweet dreams.” Michael saluted,
turned, and disappeared.

Maggie climbed the stairs to her bed and yawned. *Time for sleep*, she thought. Everything else would come soon enough.

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he next morning, Maggie dressed in her favourite jeans and T-shirt, with lemon daisies sprigged over a navy background, went in search of breakfast. Sitting at the table were part of her Spirit Crew.

“Good morning, all.” Maggie smiled.

Callum jumped up to give his stepsister a hug. “Hi, sis. Are you all ready to go?”

“A change of plan since yesterday,” said Maggie. “I had a visit from a few Archangels last night, and they want me to detour to Belstone for a few months.” Gupta and Ailsa exchanged a look.

“Is this another mission, Maggie dear?” Ailsa’s face was etched with concern. She knew how much the last assignment had cost Maggie.

“Yes, it would seem so, although not quite like Angel Street from all accounts. This is to provide support for the reopening of The Archangels’ Way pilgrimage. Seven Archangels asked me to stay at Belstone to be there and provide support while the walkers take part in the pilgrimage this summer.” As Maggie finished speaking, Archangel Michael arrived with Archangel Sandalphon.

“Good morning, team!” Smiled Michael.

“Good morning, everyone.” Nodded Sandalphon. “It’s lovely to meet you all.”

“Gosh, you’re so tall!” said Callum in awe.

He looked slowly up to the fifteen feet of Sandalphon, who grinned. “And this is the small version of me!”

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Callum's eyes grew wider. "Really, can I see?"

"Sure, but not this morning, okay?"

Callum beamed. "No problem!"

"Good morning, Sandalphon. These are part of my Spirit Crew: my grandmother, Ailsa; my guide Gupta; my stepbrother, Callum. My mother, Fiona, is missing. Where is she, Ailsa?"

"There was a gathering of the Romany clan; she's with them."

"Oh, I see. Well, she'll join us when she's ready, I expect."

"Yes, sweetheart."

"And where's Quan Yin?" Maggie directed her question to Michael.

"She's a bit busy now, but she will be along, joining us later."

"Okay, that's good to know." Sandalphon and Gupta were deep in conversation, so Maggie turned to Michael. "Is there trouble brewing?" asked Maggie.

"We're not sure yet, but the reopening of The Archangels' Way will bring out the dark, that's a given. It's just how quickly and how exactly they plan to show themselves. We'll have to see what happens when we get to Belstone. However, there's a lot for you to connect with in terms of your own heritage, in this part of the world. So, I'm sure we'll be able to keep it exciting enough for you,

Maggie.” He smiled, his bright blue eyes twinkling like stars. “Do you have much to do before you leave, Maggie?”

“No, simply do a bit of a clean, pack the final bits in the car, and then pop in to see my friend at the bakery on the way out of town. Do we have somewhere to stay in Belstone?”

“Yes, The Pilgrims' Way Café and Guesthouse is our destination. It sits close to St. Mary's Church.”

“Not one of yours, then?” Maggie smiled.

“No, but I have one in Chagford that you'll be visiting for sure. Most of the churches along The Way are Mary's”.

“Will Mary be joining us then?” Maggie asked.

“I don't know yet. I'll check with her as soon as we arrive and have a look around,” Michael said.

Sandalphon came over to Michael and Maggie. “Are we ready to move out?” he inquired.

“I should be ready in about two hours,” said Maggie.

“Excellent, I'll get the troops.” And with a smile, he was gone.

“I'll see you later, Maggie ... team.” Michael nodded his head and left. Maggie's kitchen was again her normal space without angels.

“That's a bit exciting, isn't it?” commented Ailsa, her eyebrows raised to her silvery pink hair. “Another adventure!”

Gupta smiled, his magenta turban and white feather bobbing as he spoke. “Dartmoor ... now there’s an interesting place, energetically.” He looked thoughtfully at Maggie. “We’ll have to see how much of that land’s history we will need to delve into.”

“What do you mean, Gupta?” asked Maggie.

“Let me see,” said Gupta as he ticked off his fingers on his hand with each new item. “Human history including smugglers, highwayman, miners, ghosts, ghoulies, folklore, pixies and other fairy folk, energy centres, churches, ley lines, death, sickness, peat bogs, gallows, haunted inns, rolling mists, Celtic stone circles and standing stones, and Holy wells. It’s a fascinating place with energy wormholes and crossing points between the dimensions.” Maggie sat down suddenly in her chair.

“That sounds a lot more involved than the Archangels mentioned yesterday. They said it’s to do with them holding the information locked into the deadly sins and heavenly virtues, but I must say, I know little of what that means.”

“So, you’re doing what you always do then, sweetheart?” Ailsa smiled and shook her head. “Jumping in with both feet and hoping all will be well!”

“Well, you know how your intuition works, Granny!” Maggie smiled like the six-year-old she’d once been, trusting, open and willing to follow her intuition without question. “You jump on a whim almost, and you learn to fly, or you fall. It’s no place for the timid when an adventure beckons. Now, I’m going to make sure I haven’t left anything but goodwill and fairy dust behind me in Appledore. I won’t be long, and we can be on our way.”



The car was packed, the house cleaned, rubbish removed, and the keys were in her hand ready to give to Mrs. Jenkins, who acted as caretaker for Bumblebee Cottage. Maggie thanked the stones and removed all the energy grids she put in to help her thrive in the small seaside village of Appledore. She'd enjoyed her time here, but it was surely time to move on. She knocked on Mrs. Jenkins' door.

“Morning Mrs. Jenkins, I've got the keys for you. I've put out all the rubbish, done a good clean of the kitchen and bathroom, and placed the sheets in the washing machine for you. By the way, I've left you some herbs in the little garden space at the back door. I hope your next visitors will like them.”

“Why thank you, Maggie. It's a sad day to see you go. I've enjoyed having your cherry face about the place, and apart from the beautiful music from your cello, I hardly heard a peep from you!” Mrs. Jenkins smiled her round smile, creating two rosy, red cheeks under her greying hair which was tied back in a bun at the nape of her neck. She wore black-and-white checked pinafores over her clothes, come hail or shine.

When Maggie had first arrived in Appledore, she thought she'd never get her breath back from climbing the hill from the waterfront, but with practice, it did get easier. Mrs. Jenkins, she found out, had lived in her cottage next to Bumblebee Cottage for close on to forty years. She arrived with her fisherman husband on the day she'd wed, and stayed the many years, some good and others lean. She had no children, and her husband had died at sea. His boat capsized in a freak storm some ten years before.

When Maggie had asked her if the grief she felt would go away if she moved somewhere fresh, Mrs. Jenkins had said, “Better the grief I know in the place I’ve lived my life with my dear husband, than in a place I am a stranger to.” She didn’t regret seeing things that reminded her of her beloved Matthew, and her friends still included her in their lives as though nothing were amiss. “Don’t be a stranger now, Maggie dear,” said Mrs. Jenkins, as she hugged Maggie goodbye.

Maggie walked to Nancy’s bakery and met her friend Nancy Rivers. Her breads and cakes were to die for, and Maggie wanted to take some with her to her new home in Belstone. She picked up a baby loaf of multigrain sourdough, a couple of date scones, a jar of Nancy’s “Hot Diggity – tomato chilli relish”, and some sharp cheddar. She placed them in her cool box, ready for her supper later in the day. Nancy didn’t have much time to say goodbye, as she had a full shop of regular customers, she simply mimed, “I’ll call you!” with a hand sign, and then Maggie smiled and left the busy shop. She walked across the road to the stand in front of the restless sea. The fisherman congregated at one end, and early holidaymakers at the other. In a few weeks, the harbour would be swarming with tourists, and the quiet hum of the locals would be replaced with noise and colour. It was a mixed blessing for the locals who needed the money to keep their village afloat, but were inundated with people, rubbish, and noise in the process of earning income. Maggie was glad she was leaving before the rush. She turned and walked up the hill to her car, wondering if the locals could see the gathering of angels all around the vehicle.

Callum raced to Maggie to take her arm and said, “It looks like a full-to-overflowing passenger list!” He grinned. Maggie rolled

her eyes. Only the angels believe in the more the merrier. She raised her eyebrows at Callum.

“Have they decided where they’re sitting?” she asked, as she moved to the car. Her Mini Clubman was perfect for herself, but she wasn’t sure about her angelic passengers. Weight wise, of course, the car could handle them, but energetically, she wasn’t so sure. Ailsa, Gupta, and Callum stood near the passenger seat. Maggie opened the passenger car door and put the cool box on the floor. Callum, Gupta, and Ailsa climbed in the front seat. Callum, as navigator, had the GPS ready. When she looked in the rearview mirror, she was confronted with eight Archangel heads bobbing and giggling in the back, like those bobbing animal heads that sit on the rear window edging. They sat expectantly waiting for her to take off. She placed her head in her hands, grimaced and shook her head.

“There’s not a lot of room in this vehicle,” said Sandalphon. “So it’s either bodiless heads or maybe this?” And with that, eight pairs of angelic feet, clad in a variety of footwear ranging from sweet and dainty to a giant pair that could only belong to the tallest archangel, wriggled, and moved as though dancing the chicken dance across the back seat.

“Okay, bodiless angels it is,” agreed Maggie. Eight pairs of feet were instantly replaced with the bobbing heads of archangels.

“Let’s get this show on the road! Chop, chop, Maggie!” said Sandalphon, laughing.

Maggie looked at Archangel Michael tucked in the left-hand corner of the back seat. He was rather subdued. She wondered why, raising her eyebrows in query, but he shook his head slightly to let her know that now wasn’t the time to find out. Maggie took one last,

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long look at the harbour and shore of the delightful Appledore, let out a deep sigh and said, "Okay, Callum, where to?"

"At the top of the road, turn left ...” And they were on their way.



Belstone was only a short drive, but with Archangels, it would take as long as they liked, and they requested a few stops along the way. One at the brow of the hill that gave a wide view of the more open spaces and rugged hills.

“Just breathe that lovely aroma of space and earth in!” said Haniel smiling, her gaze wild with delight and excitement to be on the moor again. Maggie had noticed that the angels were always happy to share their love of the natural world with whoever they were with, and it appeared the archangels were no different. Archangel Michael was always so focused on his task or mission that he rarely showed appreciation of the world around

him. Maggie eyed him in the rearview mirror and thought, perhaps that wasn't quite right. Maybe he did appreciate beauty all around him but was simply less effusive than Haniel.

As she continued driving them on their way, she thought about how different each of them looked and how their energies always seemed to reflect their different personalities. While Maggie continued to drive, she asked the host of angels, "Why is this pilgrimage called The Archangels' Way?" Gabriel smiled and replied, "The answer to that is many-fold. It was a Christian pilgrimage in medieval times, linking the churches across the journey from St Michael de Rupe at Brentor to St Michael the Archangel in Chagford." Maggie glanced at Michael and thought that explained his reason for being here. "Every point along the way has a church," said Gabriel. "But when you look further back to Celtic times, there are stone circles, standing stones and burial mounds. Yet even those are young compared to the landing portals used by Vega starseeds. Vega is part of the Lyra constellation, Maggie." Maggie's eyes widened at this information. While she was familiar with the prevalence of stones and Celtic influence all over England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, this information was entirely new to her. She raised her eyes in query, but Gabriel simply said, "You'll learn more about that as time goes by. But for the moment, know that the earth was starseeded, like many planets and star systems across the universe. This is the most effective way to populate a planet and get the new race started. Humans were always designed to be interbred with starseed races, and then left to themselves to learn self-determined rules. But before that, there was another time when earth was the playground of angels."

"Really?" asked Maggie.

“Oh yes,” said Gabriel. “God sent us to work with Gaia to prepare for the coming of humans. We played on this paradise, this earth, in all its beauty and splendour. It’s one of the reasons we feel so much love for your planet and humanity. We did a lot of growing ourselves on this planet.”

“Hang on. What do you mean by growing?” asked Maggie, every witch instinct twitching at this comment.

Gabriel laughed. “You humans are so funny in your absolute beliefs. You’re always wanting everything to be the way you see it, black or white, perfect, or not. Polarity is a three-dimensional human construct, Maggie. Everything is far more multi-dimensional and fluid than that, and the whole universe has grown over what you consider ‘time’.”

“I understand the time thing,” said Maggie. “But explain more about the growth thing.”

“Maggie, we are not perfect beings, either. The whole universe is growing in understanding and expanding its capacity to love. Why, even God, The Source, or whatever name you give, is growing.” Maggie’s eyes widened as she took in the profound impact of Gabriel’s words. She hadn’t done much thinking about God in the religious sense, preferring to see this deity, as The Source or universal consciousness.

“So, what you’re saying is, when you were here on earth, you were less spiritually developed than you are now?”

“Thank the Lord, yes!” the archangels said in unison.

“Are you saying that when you went on this pilgrimage, you dealt with the same sins and virtues as humans?”

“Oh, I like how she connects the dots,” stated Sandalphon. “No wonder Michael sings your praises, Maggie!” Maggie’s eyes swung from the road to Michael, but he was studiously studying the passing scenery.

At that moment, Tzadkiel said, “Slow down ... oh, modern burial grounds. Look, souls dancing! Slow down, Maggie, let’s see what’s happening here.”

Maggie pulled the vehicle to the side of the road, out of any oncoming traffic. She could see the light bodies of a few souls dancing together in the small valley below, where the roads crossed. “Another crossing coming,” said Maggie. “There seems to be an awful lot of these across Dartmoor.”

“Oh yes!” said Callum. “Crossings were used as burial grounds for those who couldn’t be buried in churchyards, because maybe they took their own lives, or because they were criminals.”

“But why crossroads?” asked Maggie. She was never surprised by the amount of weird and wonderful knowledge her stepbrother Callum had access to. He was a naturally curious soul and he loved history and puzzles.

“Because humans thought it would confuse the person’s spirit, so that they wouldn’t look at coming back to their kin and causing trouble. Remember, they believed that a soul not put to rest within the sanctity of the church was a restless soul destined to roam the earth never at peace. Of course, that might have made them sleep more easily in their beds, but we know that’s not the case with souls,

they can mostly find peace without the crossing, unless some fragments are splintered from the soul due to trauma,” Ailsa said.

Tzadkiel smiled at those in the front seat and said, “True ... Soul Ghosts, as humans call them. These fragments aren't all bad or even unhappy. In the case of these before us, they are happy, this is their last human resting place, and they come to dance to welcome the new souls as they arrive. A bit like a welcoming committee when you enter a new village. The whole reason for this is the style of burial, by using the composite bodies to support the tree grove. Humans and trees have always had an empathic connection, and so there is harmony to think a souls' body will nurture the growth of the new sapling tree. In another twenty-five years, this small plantation of sapling trees will be a beautiful wood, giving a place for a thriving ecosystem amongst the farmlands.” Maggie, who had a strong connection to trees herself, saw the future vision and smiled, it would indeed be a beautiful place.

“Well, I'm ready for a cup of tea,” said Maggie, as she started the car and made her way down towards Belstone.

M



aggie stopped her car in the gravelled car park of The Pilgrims' Way Guesthouse. It seemed to be a row of cottages that made up the guesthouse, and they appeared to be built of stone from the moor. At one end was a café, with colourful bunting, and a sign showing the entrance and letting the passing cars know they were open for business.

“Why don't you get a cup of tea, Maggie, and we'll check out the village,” said Sandalphon.

“I'd just like to check in my bags and find out where I'm living for the next few weeks,” said Maggie, bristling slightly.

“The landlord isn't here now, Maggie,” said Michael. “Go get a cup of tea, and I'll let you know when he's ready for you.” Maggie disliked being managed and manoeuvred but knew when it was pointless to argue. She picked up her navy leather holdall and went to check out the café. Ailsa and Fiona came to check out the place with her. This would be her workplace for a few weeks.

“We're going to have a look at the kitchen while you order, sweetheart,” said Ailsa. Fiona rushed off to check out the kitchens. Maggie's mother had been a world-class pastry chef in her living days, and she would be checking every nook and cranny to see that the kitchen was up to scratch to create the magic ingredients needed to serve Maggie's clients.

Two identical square-framed windows stood at the side of the glass and red wood door. The simple sign said, “The Pilgrims' Way Café”. As Maggie stepped inside, the bell tinkled above her. The stone flagstones covered in rag rugs of russet tones were filled with light and warmth. The tables were a hotchpotch of different design styles and colours. It was nearly 4:30 PM, so the place was

deserted. To one side there was a long j-shaped counter that led out to the kitchen, and opposite this, was a beautiful bay window alcove. Opposite the door where Maggie stood, there was a large fireplace and a few armchairs, which looked perfect for mulled wine and hot chocolate on cold days. Wall tapestries in reds and russets covered some of the walls, and highly polished copper pans were displayed at the lintels and around the fireplace. The whole vista was a mix of history and current day, with a warmth that was welcoming.

As Maggie stared at the bay window, a voice from behind asked, "Hello, how can I help you today?" The voice was pleasant enough, but Maggie could feel the overwhelming grief emanating from the woman.

She turned and smiled. "Hello, I'm after a cup of tea, please. This is a lovely tea shop."

"Thanks." The petite woman smiled. "What tea would you like?"

"Do you have chai tea please?"

"No, but I do have English or Irish breakfast, Earl Grey, peppermint or chamomile."

"I'll have an Earl Grey," said Maggie, "and a Devonshire Tea please. Clotted cream and jam?"

"Of course, this is Devonshire after all – but our speciality is the jams." Small jars of jam covered one end of the counter and were both a place to choose a specific flavour and a place to stock up on supplies when you left the café.

"Oh, my goodness, what a selection! I'm spoilt for choice!"

“I’d suggest the Strawberry Sparkle to begin with. Just take a seat, and I’ll get everything ready for you.”

Maggie moved to the bay window and looked out at the blooming cottage garden where the stone wall at the end backed on to the church grounds. As Maggie looked, she thought she saw the archangels peering over the wall. A few other souls were also enjoying the garden. She and the archangels would need to check that out at some point while they were here.

The sound of the china cup rattling on the saucer drew Maggie’s attention away from the view and towards the woman who was carrying the tray. She placed it on the edge of the table and with a practiced hand moved quickly to add the warmed, brown scone on the china plate, dishes of jam and clotted cream, cutlery, a huge six-cup teapot, lemon slices, milk, sugar, and a cup and saucer from her tray to the table. “I think that’s everything,” she said, smiling.

“Thank you. I’m Maggie. Why don’t you join me? I’m never going to drink six cups of tea even though I’m a tea lover,” Maggie joked.

“Oh, no.”

“Please, I’d love the company, and as I’m staying at the guesthouse for a few weeks, you can fill me in on the place.”

“Oh, okay. I’ll just get a cup.”

Shortly, the owner was back with a cup, and Maggie poured a cup of tea for her.

“My name’s Maggie McCready,” said Maggie, as she put her hand out and smiled.

“Hi, I’m Helena Whitely,” she said. “And I own this small establishment.”

“Good to meet you,” said Maggie. “I expect I’ll become a regular while I’m here. I’m staying at The Pilgrims’ Way Guesthouse for the next few weeks.”

“Oh! My father-in-law runs that part of the business, and he is currently running The Pilgrims’ Way Hotel as well.” A shadow crossed Helena’s face as she said this. “Until recently, it was run by my husband.” She stopped and choked up. “He died in a car crash three months ago,” she said hollowly, as though it only happened last week.

“Oh, Helena, I’m so sorry for your loss. That’s really tough ... for you both.”

“Yes. Yes, it is.” She took a deep breath and a sip of tea. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to blurt that out like that, it’s just Earl Grey was his favourite tea. Not many people drink it and I used to order it mainly for him.”

“Oh, I’m sure there are a million memories you’ve collected of the time you were with him, Helena. How long were you married?”

“I knew Tom for seven years, but we were only married for the last three. His father asked us to come here about five years ago to help him in this concern. So, we left London, and, well, this is where we ended up. My husband died on the road across the moor. It was a bitterly cold night with black ice. He didn’t stand a chance, but he loved riding his Harley. Foolish man, going for a ride in those

conditions! But he was like that, always thinking he was smarter than others or nature, and it was his downfall in the end.”

Maggie put out her hand to comfort Helena, whose hand plucked at the table napkin. “I’m so sorry,” murmured Maggie. They sat like that for a few minutes. Time stood still. Maggie channelled love and healing until Helena took a deep breath in and released it. Her shoulders settled more peacefully on her frame, and she removed her hand from under Maggie’s.

As she went to pick up a cup of tea, Helena smiled. “What brings you to Belstone, Maggie?”

“Oh, I’m a bit of a traveller. I move from place to place to do as much work as I like and then move on. I’m hoping to travel all across Southwest England before my forty-fifth birthday.”

“Wow! I’m so envious, I’d love to travel, but I’m stuck here. What do you do?” asked Helena.

“I’m a tarot reader, earth healer, and angel business mentor. When I get to a place, I check to see if there’s somewhere I can do readings from, usually community halls or cafés. Cafés are my preferred space.”

Helena leaned forward. “How does it work?”

“Well, I hire a table and pay you the equivalent of a daily fee. And then once I take in ten clients, you start getting a percentage of the fee. Usually, the café collects the money, and you give the client a card. They give the card to me when they have their reading and, at the end of the day, we tally the cards, and we work out the payment.”

“Well, that sounds easy enough. Would you like to work from here?” asked Helena tentatively. “Only I’m sure it would be good for business.”

“Oh, that would be perfect!” said Maggie. “What days are you open?”

“Wednesday through to Sunday, usually ten to five in the summer months. I oversee the preparation of meals for the hotel after that time. Although with The Archangels' Way opening, I may have to be open seven days.”

“Really? What’s The Archangels' Way?”

“It’s a new walking trail that opens in the next few weeks. The hotel already has some guests booked for rambblers who are interested.”

“What do you mean, a new walking trail? Where does it go from, or to?” Maggie asked, wanting to hear from a local human as to what The Archangels' Way was.

“Many years ago, in medieval times I think, there was a pilgrimage Christians could take. I’m not sure of all the details but my father-in-law knows much more than me. Belstone was always a stopping point, and this is why the hotel, guesthouse, and café have the name of The Pilgrims' Way. Anyway, for many hundreds of years the pilgrimage stopped functioning. I suppose when the church stopped being the focal point in our lives. So maybe fifty years ago or more? Anyway, the churches got together with the tourist board to look to reopen the route, mainly for walkers rather than for religious purposes. I know a few of the vicars in the area because they hold the bi-monthly meetings here, as we’re a bit of a halfway

house, so to speak. They are very excited about the idea of reopening The Archangels' Way, hoping it will get more interest and, most importantly, funds into the churches' hands for maintenance, as well as generating more local interest. Some hamlets are even looking into hosting fairs and musical evenings to boost business and reinvigorate the area."

"Well, that's always possible," said Maggie, as she thought of the work and success she'd help create in Angel Street not so long ago.

"What days would suit you to work here?" asked Helena.

"How about ten until four Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and possibly Sunday, if the need is there."

"That sounds good," said Helena. "Would you like the table were sitting at?"

"Actually, no, it's a bit exposed for the person having the reading." Maggie surveyed the room. "How about that one in the corner?" she asked. The table was tucked out of the way and a free-standing plant made a natural barrier, but did not obscure Maggie's view of the room and the counter where Helena would be standing.

"Oh sure, that's perfectly okay," said Helena. "Shall we say next Thursday, that will give you time to settle in and get used to the place." Helena stood up and started to clear the table, and Maggie followed with her used cup and saucer to the counter. As Maggie paid, she agreed to seeing Helena again on the following Thursday. Maggie left the warmth of the café and walked across to the hotel's reception area from which the guesthouse was managed. She was glad she'd have a few days to settle in.



The reception area of the guesthouse was done out in the plush colours of dark woods and red. It looked more opulent than it was, but at least it was clean and well looked after. A vase filled with fresh daffodils stood on the polished wooden counter, and gilt-edged mirrors were placed at intervals against the golden-red flocked wallpaper that sat

above the dark, wooden dado. There wasn't a human in sight, so Maggie rang the bell. A few minutes later, a man came through the door, presumably from an inner office. He was in his mid-fifties, around six foot tall, with a small paunchy belly, a salt and pepper beard, and grey hair. His brown eyes were dull with pain, and grief hung around his body like a cloak, dimming his light. His plaid shirt was well-fitted and clean but he looked as though he was hanging on by a thread, by sheer willpower alone. "Good afternoon. May I help you?" he said without a smile.

Maggie ignored his apparent grumpiness, and replied, "Hello, I'm Maggie McCready, and I have a long-term stay with you, booked from tonight. I've booked the first week, but as I'll be doing some work with Helena, I'll need to be here for a few weeks."

He looked over the top of his glasses. "Hmm, well, in that case you'll probably feel more comfortable in The Shed. It has its own entrance down the side of the guesthouse, and you can come and go as you please. It's vacant for a couple of months, let me show you." He picked up some keys and led the way. "I can offer you a twenty percent discount if you stay longer than three weeks. You can give me two weeks' notice and rent of one week, paid in advance," he said.

Maggie smiled. "That sounds fabulous. Thank you."

"If you want the place cleaned or new bedding, et cetera, you'll have to ask and pay separately, okay?"

"Yes, that's fine."

"Here's the guest laundry," he said, as they passed a red-painted door. "It runs on coins which you can purchase at reception."

“Thanks.”

He stopped so abruptly, she thought she might crash into him, but fortunately she was able to stop beforehand. The Shed was aptly named; painted royal blue, with white window frames and a buttercup-yellow door. It had terracotta pots of herbs, and windowsills filled with bright green geraniums which were sprouting but not yet flowering. He opened the door wide and marched in, checking the separate bathroom, and then stood while Maggie looked around. It was larger than a bedroom studio even though it was one room. The double bed, with a patchwork quilt, was blocked from view by a four-foot-high partition.

It had a small kitchen area to one side, with the shower room to the other. A small fold-down table sat at the entrance to the kitchen. A compact sofa in bright-blue corduroy and coffee table filled in the rest of the space, while on the wall hung a TV. The floor was slate with a red square of multicoloured rags woven together. The walls were white-painted wood, and lace curtains and navy-blue roller blinds covered the windows, allowing both light and privacy. The bathroom was compact and clean, and a quick turn of the tap showed an efficient shower and good water pressure.

Maggie smiled. “This is perfect!” she said, as she eyed the microwave oven and two-element stove top above cupboards and a small bar fridge.

He handed Maggie the keys, and leading the way to the office said, “Better fill in the paperwork then.” Once this was done, Maggie took some bags and her cello from her car, and started to unpack and settle in.

As she came out of the bathroom, she looked at her overly full living room where angels and her Spirit family sat waiting for her. "It's a good job you can't be seen," Maggie grumbled. "I'm not allowed parties in The Shed."

"What a shame", said Tzadkiel, his treacle-brown eyes twinkling merrily. "There's nothing like a welcome party!" With a wave of his hands, he presented Maggie with a glass of sparkling champagne in one hand and paper party horn and hat in the other. "Let's par-tay!"

Archangel Michael smiled but had his hand up. "Enough Tzadkiel!"

"He's always such a party pooper," Tzadkiel said to Maggie in a loud stage whisper with a wry, eyebrow-lifted glance and shake of his head. The other angels hooted with derisive laughter at Michael's expense, and then settled quietly.

"How do you get on with the Whitely's, Maggie?"

Maggie shook her head sadly. "They're both completely overwhelmed with grief. Justin for the loss of the son, and Helena her husband. I don't know his name yet." Maggie paused.

"Noah," said Callum. "His gravestone is in the churchyard, all shiny, polished and new."

"Oh, I see," said Maggie. "The café business looks to be well run, and it's a lovely space. Helena was very keen for me to read there and offer something a bit different from the normal fare. I start in the café next Thursday, so I have a few days to acclimatise myself to the area and situation. Justin is, in some ways, coping less well."

It's like he's an automatic pilot, simply walking through life waiting for when it's over. It was hard to tell if he's always been grumpy and taciturn, or if it's grief. If the former, this career choice is a bit strange – why be in hospitality if you don't like people?" Maggie said.

"People's careers sometimes reflect what they need to learn," said Fiona musingly.

"From a spiritual or soul perspective, the two of them have much to learn and connect with. The hotel guesthouse and café offer them a livelihood so they can experience their choices," said Michael.

"It's good to see you're set up to place yourself into the community so quickly." Sandalphon smiled. "Well done!"

"Gupta, any thoughts on the wellbeing of the properties and churchyard?" asked Michael.

"I've only made a cursory exploration, but we are dealing with a few cross points of the ley line system through the churchyard and part of the guesthouse complex, which looks a bit unstable. Also, the air and fire elementals seem to have a foothold on this side of the village, along the main road. I'll need to do a deeper review to give a more thorough outline and list of problem areas. The major ley line centre is at the standing stones and circle. The churchyard seems to be quiet enough, with no disgruntled entities or ghosts hanging around the place."

"But I saw you with a group of humans," interrupted Maggie, perplexed.

“Oh, they are the church guardians,” said Sandalphon. “Curious to see what would happen at the café.”

“They do a lot of watching and gossiping from that place,” said Haniel.

“Gossiping?” queried Maggie.

“Well, it’s a long time to act as guardian, Maggie. They’ve had the job since the church was first built and say that watching the comings and goings of humans makes their lives interesting.”

“Oh, I see, I hadn’t thought of it like that,” said Maggie.

“Fiona and Ailsa, anything to report please?” said Michael.

“The kitchen in the café’s simple, clean, and efficient. A bit like Helena, I imagine, but not much creativity and flair, rather simple basic cooking. There’s room for improvement here, Maggie. I think you should get in touch with Lucy and order a selection of teas, so Helena can be exposed to different options. I don’t think she’s resistant, rather, unaware of what’s available. Maybe suggest some visitors would want more choice, and that she needs to offer seasonal changes. As for the main kitchen, there’s definitely room for improvement. They offer simple, hearty, English pub food. I need to see the kitchen in action to decide what needs to be improved, and how we go about that.”

“Helena said she supervises in the hotel guesthouse kitchen after she’s finished with the café. It sounds like a heavy schedule to me,” confirmed Maggie. “And Justin seems to be in charge of the hotel pub and the guesthouse.”

“That’s rather a lot as well. If they don’t have extra staff for the summer, they’re going to collapse under the pressure,” said Ailsa.

“Thank you, ladies. Does anyone else want to comment on their first impressions?” asked Michael.

The assembly was quiet, except for Sandalphon. “We need to have a look at the rest of The Archangels’ Way and report back to you. It looks like this week will be a fact-finding mission to get the lay of the land.”

“Agreed. We’ll leave you to get comfortable and have some rest, Maggie,” said Michael, smiling, and the Archangels whooshed out The Shed, without even opening a door.

Maggie went to the kitchen to explore the contents of her ice box, putting away the butter and cheese in her fridge. *Ploughman’s dinner*, she thought, as she prepared her meal. She sliced the multigrain sourdough and put on the kettle for a cup of chai tea, made especially for her by her friend Lucy from the Angel Tea House.

Just as the kettle boiled, her phone rang, and she reached for it, seeing Lucy’s name on the screen.

“Lucy, in perfect time! I’m just about to make a cup of Sultry Chai. How are you?”

“Good, thanks, Maggie. I’m calling to see how your trip to Lyme Regis went. Have you settled in yet?”

“Well, no ... there’s been a change of plan ... I’m at Belstone.”

“Where’s that?”

“On Dartmoor National Park. I am following through on one of my hunches from Spirit. I’ll probably stay a couple of months. The tea selection here is woeful, could you put together a care package, please? Say a hundred pounds worth? You choose what. Please add a few Sultry Chai packets as well. I’ve run out of the last lot you sent me.”

“Okay, sure. That sounds like you’re on one of your spiritual adventures again,” Lucy said with a smile.

Maggie laughed. “We’ll see. So, how’s life on Angel Street?”

“We-eell, I’ve been spending a little time with the guys at the Angel Street Garden Centre, that’s been fun.”

Maggie grinned widely. “Fun? Good fun, romantic fun, hot, steamy fun?”

Lucy laughed self-consciously. “Maybe, well, he’s a good guy. Not all are like Toby Black! You know there are three brothers, right? He’s the middle one – Liam.”

“Enjoy it all, Lucy. You deserve it after all that you’ve been through. What about my favourite canine, Dodger?”

“Oh, he’s getting into the usual trouble a four-legged animal gets into. This morning’s effort nearly tripped me up while I was carrying an iced sponge to the display cabinet! So, he’s in the doghouse. We had a business network meeting, and all the members said to say hi next time we spoke. When are you coming to see us next?” asked Lucy.

“I might come up when my time here is over, before I go to Lyme Regis.”

“Sounds like a plan. Oh, by the way, the big romance of the street is Alastair and Simon! They’ve been inseparable for the last few weeks. I don’t think I’ve seen Alastair so happy, ever.”

“Oh, I’m so happy for him, send him my love. I need to give him a call.”

“Yes, I’m sure he’d love it. So, what’s the address for this delivery, Maggie?”

“Address it to me, care of The Pilgrims’ Way Café, Belstone. I’m not sure what the postcode is.”

“That’s OK, I’ll look it up. You should get it in a few days.”

“Wonderful! I’ll ring you when it arrives.”

“Big hugs, Maggie.”

“Thank you. Same to you, Lucy. Bye.”

Maggie put down her phone and went back to preparing her dinner. She looked out for some Bach cello suites to accompany her meal.

List of the Teas and Jams highlighted in the book

This is the second book in the trilogy, and Madame Flavour's teas still have a prominent place in the story; but I've added the delicious jams from Dervish Delights to go with those famous Devonshire scones.

Finding a jam maker that was Australian and interested in being featured in Maggie McCready's adventures was a challenge, but I never gave up. I knew somewhere there would be the perfect complement to Maggie's adventure. It was close to editing time when I finally came across Dervish Delights on Instagram, and I contacted Darren Dervish Ali... and he said yes!

Dervish Delights is a First Nations owned business. Each batch of jams is made fresh to order and quality tested to ensure their customers are receiving the absolute best product possible. They support other small local businesses and focus on sustainability and inclusion with a percentage of their profits going to local

charity. Their products and packaging are sourced in Australia.

You can find out a lot more about both companies here:

www.madameflavour.com OR

<https://www.instagram.com/madameflavour/>

dervish-delights-9664.myshopify.com OR

<https://www.instagram.com/dervishdelights/>

When it came to deciding what tea blend or jam choice my characters liked, I simply asked them! You might like to see if your favourite character's choice reflects your taste as well.

Maggie's Tea Choice - Sultry Chai

Maggie was insistent that if Sultry Chai was good enough for me it was good enough for her! *A spell binding blend of organic and traditional black leaf tea, whole cardamom and fennel seeds,*

pieces of cinnamon and organic Australian mountain pepper leaf for a tea that is a little spicy and deeply warming.

Maggie's Jam Choice – Forest Berries and Sparkling

“An intense flavour of red, blue and purple berries lovingly seeped in sparkling wine...perfect on crumpets, scones or cheese!”

Helena's Tea Choice – Green Jasmine and Pear

“I just love this delicate and delicious blend. It makes me feel happy!” said Helena.

The perfect grounding tea, delicate and aromatic, made from a blend of smooth Chinese green leaf tea with jasmine flowers and finished with a natural pear twist.

Helena's Jam Choice – Strawberries and Sparkling

“Beautiful red berries with sparkling wine, I simply love the flavour with my freshly baked scones! Absolutely delish!”

Petroc's Tea Choice – English Breakfast

“I like it straight, without a fuss, give me a tea I can depend on,” he said.

A fresh and full flavoured tea to start your day.

Petroc's Jam Choice – Raspberries and Rose

“An intensely tart jam with the warmth of rose and plump raspberries. I love mine with brie and crackers.”

Gwen's Tea Choice – Organic Mints

“Aahhh! My whole body loves these minty flavours.” Gwen smiled.

This caffeine free, mint tea is so soothing for the soul. A blend of organic mints, blue cornflowers, Egyptian spearmint, and lavender flowers.

Archangel Michael and Archdemon Phineas were not to be outdone! So even though they don't drink tea or eat jam themselves, they did a memory test of their favourite tea and jam flavours.

Archangel Michael's Tea Choice - Maple

Caramel

To say I was surprised when Archangel Michael told me his choice, was an understatement! “You thought I’d like chamomile or something bland?” queried Michael, his lips twitching in amusement. “I like a little sweetness and depth in my life thank you!” He smiled.

A blend of malty Assam and Ceylon black leaf tea with smooth flavours of maple, caramel, and a sprinkling of mouth-watering caramel cubes, ideal as a cosy mid-morning pick me or afternoon tea.

Archangel Michael's Jam Choice – Mango and Coconut Rum

“What’s not to love about this tropical delight, only the island is missing!” twinkled Michael.

Archdemon Phineas' Tea Choice - Whiskey

Lapsang Souchong

“Charred, smoky and with a hint of alcohol, what’s not to love? This is the bad boy of tea blends. What else would you expect a demon to like?” he grinned devilishly.

In a past life this charred American oak barrel was ageing full-bodied red wines and Starward Whiskey single malt. Today it’s infusing our smoky Lapsang Souchong tea leaves with a tantalising mixture of sweet and malty notes.

Archdemon Phineas' Jam Choice – Blueberries and Sambuca.

“You know me! The darker and more intense the better! Of course, it would be Blueberries and Sambuca!” Phineas smirked.

Archangel Sandalphon

“What pussycats you are! Give me Ethiopian Harrar coffee, any day.” he grinned as he sipped from a massive 600ml coffee cup

that looked like an espresso cup in his huge hand.

P.S. Any characters I've missed would be coffee drinkers or plain scone eaters and are not listed here!

Devonshire Scones

There is a battle between Cornwall and Devon as to how to eat scones. Does the jam go on first or the cream? I'm not going to get into a fight with you over which is best, but I live down under (Australia) so this might have some bearing on my answer. I prefer jam first and then cream. This may be because clotted cream is not easy to come by here, and if you've spent time whipping cream into soft peaks you don't want the jam to push all the air out before you even taste it! To me it's more important to have the perfect scone recipe. One that's crisp on the outside with a soft, tender crumb inside, so no zapping it in the microwave, please.

I included a scone recipe and tips in my collection of short stories called *A Topsy Man Goes Naked – Love, Tales, and Recipes*, so in case you haven't got a scone recipe in your collection, I've included it here.

Scones

Yields 12 - Oven to 200°C. Time: 10 -12 minutes.

2 cups of self-raising flour

1 tablespoon sugar

60 grams chilled butter *

¼ cup of buttermilk (or ½ cup milk and ¼ cup sour cream – well mixed)

Preheat oven to 180°C.

Dust a 30 x 28 baking sheet with flour.

Sift the self-raising flour and then add butter chopped into small pieces.

Using your fingertips, rub the butter into the flour until the mixture is fine and crumbly. Lightly mix in the sugar.

Using a knife, mix in the liquid until a soft dough is formed.

Turn out the dough onto a lightly floured surface and knead in flour until the surface of the dough is not sticky but do not over knead.

Gently press into a round shape approximately 1 cm thick.

Cut into rounds with a cutter approximately 5cm in diameter (don't forget to flour the cutter before pressing into the dough – a floured glass can also make the right shape!).

Place on baking sheet closely spaced to each one.

Bake for 10-12 minutes until golden brown.

Serve warm with jam and cream.

*To make this process easier, this hack might be the go. Freeze your butter for a couple of hours. Then grate into your flour and rub in. It will take less time.

Note: The best scones I've ever tasted were made by a chef that had a restaurant on the Bell Bird Road, just outside of Sydney. I wanted to know what made them so wonderful – crunchy on the outside and soft and fluffy inside. The chef kindly shared his secret that I now share with you;

1) Make them fresh daily. Do not reheat day old scones.

2) Warm them in the oven before serving, don't be lazy and zap them in the microwave, this will only make them soft and rubbery. (Low heat for about 6-8 minutes should do the job).

3) Don't mix too well. Looking rustic and lumpy is good for scones. Always make by hand, don't use a mixer or you will over mix.

4) Always brush with milk and the tiniest dusting of caster sugar as these help with the crunch. (Use milk only if you are making savoury scones).

5) Buttermilk gives superior flavour.

6) If you live in a warm or humid climate, try giving the rolled-out scones about 5 minutes in the fridge to cool them a little before baking.

A NOTE ABOUT SELF-RISING VS SELF- RAISING FLOUR

Self-raising flour (British, Australia and NZ) differs from self- rising flour (American) in two ways: the British form includes flour blended with a generous helping of baking powder whereas the American form is a blend of flour, a small amount of baking powder, and salt. So, if you are from America, please add ½ tsp of baking powder to your flour and mix well before adding the butter.

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And finally, to you dear reader ... thank you for taking a chance on a new writer. I'm so glad so many of you enjoyed **The Angel Tea House** and came back for more of Maggie's travelling tarot adventures with this book.

*I would love to hear what your thoughts are – please write a review or drop me a line to **reviewers@melodygreenauthor.com** If you're interested in receiving my newsletter or following my blog, or would like to find out more about this book for your book club, please contact me at: www.melodygreenauthor.com*

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