

1. Little fluffy clouds
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10. The dream fairies



Angel Guided Meditations for  
Children PMCD0070  
by Michelle Robertson-Jones

Meditations written and performed by Michelle Robertson-Jones

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# Bedtime

guided meditations  
for children



Michelle Robertson-Jones

Thank you, for purchasing this CD for the little ones in your life.

In my own household, bedtime is one of the most important times of the day, where our routine has become almost a ritual, allowing my children to unwind from their day and prepare for sleep.

They know this is quiet time.

Just as an adult's mind can be full on "monkey chatter" at bedtime, so can a child's. It is important for everyone to learn to release this and allow the mind to become peaceful.

Our children pick up on our thoughts and feelings. So if we are calm, so will they be.

A bath at bedtime encourages a sense of freedom to chat about the day and to clear up any worries.

A cup of warm milk warms the belly and soothes the body.

A story, a time to cuddle up close, feeling the gentle rhythm of each other's breathing.

And of course, meditation, beautifully complimented with soft, lullaby music.

Meditation at bedtime encourages the child to release the day. To let go of all that no longer matters, with the breath. To listen and concentrate on the words as magnificent pictures start to form in the mind and create thoughts and feelings of happiness, security and love.

## Michelle Robertson-Jones

Michelle is an Angel Therapist and mother of four, based in the UK.

Her journey began, where all journeys begin. At the beginning. A young girl with school girl knees, seeing and believing in all that is not always clear to the eye. But this young girl as she grew within the limitations of childhood beliefs, began to forget who she was and as she did, all the magic and light faded.

In December 2000, while severely ill in hospital. Michelle received an Angel visitation. A beautiful Sparkling energy that offered to carry her, to health, to strength and most of all to remind her of who she really was.

That light, that shone in her hospital room, that bleak winter's day has become her life's mission. Michelle has dedicated herself to assist others to see who they really are and shine. Besides writing for children, she runs a Little Angels club and positive thinking workshops for teenagers. Michelle's desire is to empower all children from 1 to 101 to live from the heart, not the head.

Life is a gift, you are a gift. Not one person is more special than another and if you can trust this,

you are on your way to finding "you"





Remember whenever you have a scary thought or a bad feeling.

Close your eyes and pretend you are wrapped in lots and lots of light or your favourite colour.

You can choose to have **good feelings** and thoughts. Just **believe** in you. I believe in you - with all my heart.

The day is now over; there is no space for worries. Not here, not now. There is no space for fears. Not in this moment.

This is a time for warmth, **cuddles**, wonderful dreams, someone you love, tucking you in and whispering

“I love you.”

\* Sweet Dreams \*

Michelle Robertson-Jones

## A Little Story for my Sleepy Friends

There once was a little boy who was scared of the dark. I knew him very well. Everyone called him “Sheep”. He was cuddly and cute like a sheep. But his knees would knock together in the dark and he would make a funny sound that sounded like “maaaaa”, when he called for his Mum.

One very dark and beautiful night, Mum decided to take Sheep for a drive to show him how peaceful the world outside his bedroom was.

Along the ocean they drove, in the dark. Mum could hear Sheep’s knees knocking together as he began to quiver and quake...

“Look at the dark.” She said. “Look hard and tell me what you see.”

Sheep had his eyes firmly shut but as Mum was speaking with such a kind voice, not at all a scared voice. He chose to take a peep.

Out of the window, Sheep could see the huge white moon.

Thousands and thousands of bright stars. The moon was glistening upon the ocean, creating a shimmering, magical pathway.

Sheep could hear the sound of the waves, caressing the sands, rolling in and out, in and out.

His little body began to relax, breathing in time with the waves, in and out, in and out.

Sheep saw that the dark was He heard that the dark was peaceful.

Sheep felt that the dark was kind, not a scary place at all.

Sheep understood that without the dark, he would not know the moon and the stars. He would not know

dreams or soft, lullaby music or even his bear. He would not know Mum tucking him into bed and whispering “I love you.”

Mum could not hear Sheep’s knees knocking or the sound of “maaaa” as he quivered and quaked at the thought of the dark.

All she could hear was the sound of sleepy breathing and a little voice whisper “Dark is good.” beautiful and magical.

