

True Stories

Angelic Encounters

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True Stories

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If you have been blessed with such a gift as a meeting with someone from Above, it's a wonderful thing. When it happens, some people realise it, but many do not.

Angels appear in so many ways and forms to help us, so there's a good chance one has graced your life. They are a real presence, and show up more often than most people think.

Here is a compilation of true stories of those who have received such a visit. May God's angels guard your life!

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. (Hebrews 13:2)

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. (Psalm 91:11, 12)

Angel Dogs?

(By Janyce)

My children were small and we were struggling at the time, as we had just gotten back from a mission field in the Philippines and my husband was looking for work.

My children and I were having our morning reading and prayer time when the phone rang. It was my friend calling. I'd met her previously at a little church up the street from us. She had moved into a house down the street shortly after we had arrived. Coincidence?

On the phone that morning she told me that when she was driving down the street she noticed two dogs, medium sized, like mongrels, dragging a huge bag of dog food. She followed them to see where they were going with it.

She must have followed them at least three blocks from her house, when she noticed they dragged it up the hill to our yard and left it there. They didn't even bother to chew on it or anything. I couldn't believe it as we had just finished praying that our dog, Josh, could get some food.

After I hung up the phone we continued with our reading. We noticed then that it was starting to rain.

I remembered the dog food that was outside. So we went out to bring it in. It was soaked and I thought the food would be spoiled. We brought it into the house and opened the bag and found it was untouched.

We filled Josh's bowl to the brim and had plenty left over. What a miracle to think that God would drop dog food down from the sky. It must have been His Own angel dogs!

A Night Visitor

(By Elias)

When I returned to Mexico from Ecuador I was visiting my cousin, who happens to be a famous Latin actress, Lucia Mendez. I was staying at her house. But I had read in the newspapers how she said her house was haunted.

And sure enough, a couple of nights as I was lying in bed, several spirits came around. But these weren't angels. As I didn't want them coming around to bother me, I sent them away by prayer, and prayed over the entire house.

About a week later I was again lying in bed when I saw a tall man standing in the corner of my room. He had shoulder-length hair, and had a long tunic.

I knew what he was right away and so I started chatting with him and asking questions. It was then that I realized that my mouth wasn't moving, but I was talking with such ease and clarity, almost effortless. We were telecommunicating, I guess. But it was crystal clear and easy to talk—mind to mind.

I then focused on what he was wearing. It was white, yet sort of light grey. Very amazing material as it seemed to be alive. It scintillated a little, but seemed to be moving and "alive" as he stood there. That's the only way I can describe it.

As I tried to look closer, he started to move toward me as if to give me a better look. It was

then that I got a little scared as he got closer. The instant I felt that, he stopped moving as if he could sense every feeling I had. It was then that he moved back a little and then vanished.

Afterwards I questioned within myself why I had felt afraid if he was a “good guy”. It came to me that it was because of the “Heavenly culture” which is so different from ours, so at first it is a bit awesome!

Little Grace

(By Caty)

My husband’s knee had been damaged badly when he played basketball as a teenager. And because of that, when it is under stress it occasionally pops out of joint, and that can be quite dangerous, as in the following story.

We had semi-adopted our friend’s six-month-old daughter, as the mother was suffering from severe depression and the father was busy at work. We were living in Taiwan at the time.

There are deep water-filled drainage ditches running on either side of the road.

There was quite a big one next to our house, in which fish would swim. So my husband was taking Grace (the name of our friend's child), who was around one year old at the time, to see them.

He jumped over the ditch with her in his arms so she could get a better look. At the time it had just rained and the water was about knee high.

As he landed on the other side his knee gave out and he fell down and blacked out for a minute. When he regained consciousness, he saw that Grace, who very well could have drowned, was standing on the edge!

This was not possible as the sides were quite steep and Mike had not put her down. Later on when questioning Grace, who couldn't talk yet, she kept pointing to lights. We came to the conclusion that she was saved by an angelic being of light!

Hotel Room

(By Rufus)

In my younger days as a missionary in the 70's, my wife and I were on a witnessing trip and needed a place to stay. We went to an area where we knew there were plenty of hotels and motels. We tried to get a room at several hotels, but we were shocked to discover they were all full because it was high season.

As we approached the last hotel on the street, with nothing but darkness after this hotel, we were desperate with the Lord to get a room.

As we entered and approached the main desk we noticed a peculiar little man with white hair and a white suit, sitting on a stool directly behind the manager with such a kind face looking right at us with a smile.

After the manager explained there were no rooms, on our way out, we glanced at this little man who kept smiling right at us. But as we were so discouraged, we didn't pay a lot of attention to it.

I remember feeling like, "*Oh my God, what are we going to do now?*"

We left the hotel and went out on the street, walked about a block and a half to where the street lights ended, sat down on the curb and began to pray; feeling very dejected. We were in a dire predicament, without any clue of what to do or where to go.

Then, all of a sudden we looked up and the little man pulled up in his car, and with the same big smile said, "Get in, I'll take you back to the hotel. I have a room for you."

We went back to the hotel desk and no one was there. He went behind the desk, as if he was the owner of the hotel. He took us to the room and said, "I've okayed this room for you."

We felt something very supernatural about the whole experience. Although we thanked him profusely for his kindness, we realized we hadn't even gotten his name or a way to keep in touch with him. So the next morning we went to the hotel desk to again inquire about him, and to leave a letter for him—thinking he was someone very important.

We described this man at the hotel desk, and they were completely puzzled as no one had ever heard of such a man there at the hotel.

For sure he wasn't in charge nor did he even work there and no one had a clue as to who we could have been talking about. I'm normally a sceptic about this sort of thing, but had to admit, along with my wife, that there was no other explanation than he had to have been an angel.

2:00 AM On the Freeway

(By Rufus)

Our camper broke down on a dark freeway late at night, between Sacramento and S.F. with exit ramps miles apart, and with no gas stations. In desperation, our family prayed together.

Immediately as the prayer ended, a young person walked up to the driver's side of the car (*walking down the freeway at 2:00 AM in the morning??*) and looked into the window.

He had a cell phone in his hand and asked if we would like him to call an emergency vehicle to come and pick us up.

He called and then said very confidently that they would be here very soon. He then continued walking down the freeway into the darkness.

It all happened so quickly that we were in shock and we realized we had not even had time to properly thank him for helping us out of an impossible situation, so we went running after him to discover he had completely disappeared. The emergency vehicle came, took us to the nearest motel and the next day we had the camper towed.

We were all completely convinced, given the circumstances and the way it all happened, that it had to have been an angel.

Who walks down an American freeway at any time of day much less 2:00 AM in the morning with a cell phone (this was in the 90's and cell phones weren't common like they are today), then just disappears??

A Good Sleep

(By Julie)

I had an awesome experience with an angel, in 1974. I had just decided to serve the Lord as a missionary, and was on one of my first mission trips. We had been telling people about the Lord all day in a town in Sweden, and it was getting to be night time.

We needed a place to stay for the night—and for free, as we didn't have much money. We had tried all the hotels, but there wasn't anyone who wanted to donate a room for the night.

Then we came to this bakery shop, and they said we could stay at their house, but we had to sleep in the basement. It wasn't a nice place, and seemed quite eerie.

We had our sleeping bags with us and were getting ready to go to sleep. I just turned my head and there came a bright light into the room standing still in the air for a few seconds. It was an angel! I saw his two heavenly eyes staring at me, but no words were spoken.

I felt such peace in the room it just took over everything. It was so beautiful.

I said to my friend, "Look, there's an angel!" and he turned his head but couldn't see anything. We then slept so well because of that angel.

Encounter with an Angel

(By Allan T.)

It was a beautiful fall day and my parents were working in the grain field, binding. That's when you cut the grain with a machine called a "binder" that wraps up bundles of grain and ties a piece of twine (a kind of thin rope) around the bundle.

Then you go with a pick fork and you pick the bundles up and stack them together, so that the grain can dry out in the sun.

Later you come along with a big wagon pulled by horses, and pick up these stacks of bundles, which are called stooks. Naturally putting the bundles in little stooks is called stooking.

It's hard work, but it is fun when you pick up the grain, because the field mice have already started to make tunnels and nests under the bundles. They scurry about when their secret world is exposed.

Anyway, getting back to my story, I was just playing by the field near a big rock. I was into one of my daydream type games when all of a sudden I heard a musical note behind me. It was like the plink of a harp string or the tinge of a small bell being struck.

I turned to see what made the sound, and there was a giant angel standing about two-and-a-half feet off the ground on a small cloud-like formation.

I was instantly stuck by the marvellous beauty of the light that seemed to fill every part of his being, including his clothing. And most marvellous to see was that his clothing seemed to be alive and moved with sort of a life of its own.

I remember watching his sash or belt as it moved out to the side, kind of like smoke moves in air currents, slowly and gracefully,

every thread shining with the same glorious light.

He was not looking at me when he first appeared. It was as though he had other serious business to attend to, and looked very earnest and intent ahead of him. Perhaps he was reproofing some unseen demon or something, but it was all done in the same perfect silence and harmony that surrounded him.

He stood about nine feet tall, and wore a simple white tunic that was cut square at the neck so I could see some of his chest that it was without hair. His face was clean cut. He obviously didn't need to shave, and had no facial hair at all. He had a square chisel-chin, with an indentation.

Overall his facial features appeared clean and sharp. He had light blue eyes, that were filled with knowledge of what was right.

He had shoulder-length hair that was a lovely blond, with a slightly rust-reddish tinge in it. His hair moved with the same grace and flowing movement that his clothing had; it was as

though I saw him in slow motion. But the most magnificent thing about him was his wings. His two wings rose from his shoulders and seemed to perfectly fit his character. I marvelled at the width and size of the feathers. The big feathers were huge and went way up above his head. The bigger feathers must have been three or more inches wide and several feet long. He wore no jewellery or adornments of any kind.

All this time, I was down on my knees and literally without breath. You have perhaps heard it said that something was so beautiful that it “took their breath away.”

Well, that is what happened. But all the while I was there on the ground I was reaching out trying to touch the little cloud that he stood on.

At this point he focused his attention on me. When he first appeared he had his left arm up in the air pointing to Heaven with his right arm down. Although he didn't speak with his mouth to me, he could talk directly to my mind, with strong impressions, and answers to my questions.

The first thing he let me know was that I must not touch him or the cloud he was standing on or I would die from it. But I just kept on reaching out slowly to touch it anyway. I remember wondering how beautiful the light was that he shone with.

He told me that that was the light from God, and that he was all shiny from being in the presence of God, and that he was not naturally shiny that way.

I could not imagine how wonderful God must be to impart such beauty on anyone who even came near Him.

Next he showed me that he had a simple message for me from God. He showed me that his right and left hand were used for different purposes. He used his left hand to refer to God and Heaven and things above, and he used his right arm to communicate things about the Earth.

His left arm was raised to Heaven when he first appeared, that meant he came from Heaven. Then his right took over and with a very stern look he used it to point down at the

Earth. At that moment I felt that he was saying, “You have two choices in life. You can choose the Heavenly way or you can choose the things of this Earth.” That choice, I understood from the way he looked at me, was NOT the right choice to make.

Well, by this time I was just about to touch the cloud with only a fraction of an inch to go. But BING! Just as suddenly and as miraculous as he had appeared he disappeared, with the same musical note. He vanished taking all traces of his having been there with me.

I stayed there on the ground for some time trying to figure it all out. But since I was only four years old I didn’t have a lot of experience to draw from. What kind of world did he live in? Obviously, it was a greater one than the one I was in. But why couldn’t I see his world?

How could someone so real, and powerful, completely disappear without a trace? And strange as it may be, his appearance was so natural that I somehow seemed to already know about his existence.

Well, I have had many tests and trials in life since then, but that angel left a mark on my life for good. I never had to wonder after that, “Is there really a God of Love up there?” Or, “Is there a spirit world?” Or, “Is there a battle going on between good and evil?” I didn’t have to wonder because I knew.

Was he one of my personal angels? I don’t know but some day I want to thank him for taking the time that day to give me a “heads up” on life and prepare me a bit for the battles I was to experience.

I used to wonder why he appeared to me. Was I someone special? Was I supposed to do something special in life? Well, the answer to all those questions is NO. I was just an ordinary little boy who would turn out to be a weak rag of a believer who needed a special boost just to keep standing.

Here is a little prayer I used to pray with all my heart, “Angel of God, my guardian dear. To whom God’s love entrusts me here. Ever this day, be at my side, to enlighten, to guard, to rule and guide”.

Your angels are there, closer than you think, and they are helping you every day in so many ways. So be a friend to them, and listen to their guidance and counsel, they work very hard to get you safely through life.

Sometimes I pray for my angel since he must face a lot of difficulty being my angel, and needs a little extra boost in the spirit himself.

Angel Dressed in a Robe

(By John Benjamin)

I always had a deep interest in the End time, and therefore studied it a lot, and memorized large portions of Scripture out of books in the Bible like Daniel, Revelation, etc.

One morning as I was reviewing verses out of Daniel I thought I'd also read some surrounding chapters to glean anything new the Lord might have to show me.

As I read, I came across Daniel 10:19 in which the Angel said to Daniel, "Oh man greatly beloved..." I began to cry, as I so wished that could be said of me. But remembering all my

sins and weaknesses, and how many times I've not only failed, but done absolutely horrible things, I just knew that something so lovely could never be said about someone like me.

I really felt discouraged for a moment, but then went on reading and reviewing previously memorized verses.

Now, Daniel often had angels appear to him as he prayed and sought God. Sometimes they were greater Archangels such as Gabriel, and other times he described them simply as looking like normal men dressed in robes. Well, several days later, to my total astonishment, when I opened the door to our upstairs, THERE STOOD AN ANGEL DRESSED IN A ROBE! I was just about in absolute shock!

As I stood, and studied his features and clothing, I was just amazed and taken by the drama of the whole scene. He had an old fashioned hairstyle from the old days that I've seen in books that showed the people of old.

His hair and beard was black, and it seems his beard had a bit of grey in it. He looked to be about in his 40's or 50's in Earth time. He

seemed to be a very important person from Heaven—like an elder. His hair style was from the old days, and wrapped around his head in small one to one-and-a-half inch curly round circles like you see in the pictures of some of the great men of old. You could clearly tell that he was from an age gone by.

He had on a robe that was white, yet not glistening or gleaming white, but looked more like a sort of sack-cloth type material, kind of a bit off-white. Like a more casual work-type robe. He had on sandals.

I could see CLEAR THROUGH HIM, and see the stairs behind him, yet I could very clearly see him in vivid detail. A beautiful amber light reflected off him, showing that he was in another dimension, yet able to speak to me right in this dimension.

After a minute or so of viewing him and studying his features and dress, it suddenly dawned on me that he was trying to tell me something.

I can't remember if he put the thoughts in my mind mentally, or spoke, but his lips moved,

and it seems that both of these things happened. I could see his mouth saying the words, yet hear them in my mind. HE HAD BEEN SENT BECAUSE THE LORD SAW ME CRYING THAT I FELT SO UNWORTHY OF HIS LOVE, AND WISHED THAT IT COULD BE SAID OF ME, "OH MAN GREATLY BELOVED..." –As it had been said to Daniel.

The Lord saw and felt my pain that morning. HE SAID THAT HE HAD BEEN SENT TO TELL ME THAT I WAS. WOW! I just couldn't believe it. I felt so loved and amazed by all this, and I felt that it applied to all people. –That the Lord loves us all with this incredible and incomparable love. But this just amazed me, that I didn't even ask for anything like this, but merely "felt" those emotions, and the Holy Spirit relayed it to the Lord, and the Lord sent this wonderful angelic man to tell me this.

He looked just like Peter in the Bible Story books, except he was a smaller, more medium-built man and not a big husky guy like we picture the apostle Peter. I later asked the Lord what his name was, and more about him, and the Lord said that his name was "Joseph", and

that he had been one of His followers clear back in the FIRST CENTURY! He was one of the "Early Church" disciples.

But needless to say, this was one of the most incredible moments in my life, and left me both stunned, and feeling greatly loved by the Lord. He truly is so loving and forgiving just as it says in many places, "showing such great mercy to thousands who love Him," and "abundantly pardoning those who turn to Him!"

AND! The Bible verses I was working on memorizing at the time were Isaiah 30:19b-21, which states that not only would we HEAR a Word behind us saying to turn to the right hand or the left, BUT WE'D ALSO SEE THE PERSON OR ANGEL TELLING US WHAT TO DO!

A lot of preachers quote the LAST HALF of that verse that says, "...and you shall hear a Word behind thee saying turn to the right hand or turn to the left," and teach that this is the prophesied Holy Spirit to come that would "guide" us for the Lord in the future. But NOBODY quotes the last part of the verse right before that, which says, "...BUT THINE EYES SHALL 'SEE' THY TEACHERS... and thine ears

shall hear a Word behind thee saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand and when ye turn to the left!"

This proves that angels often come with messages for us, and speak right to us. Instead of the Holy Spirit just being some kind of "mysterious being" like some sort of "spiritual vapour" that floats down to us with a message, but angels and beings who are assigned to us as our "teachers" are with us, guiding us through the power of the Holy Spirit.

Bus Stop

(By Linda)

It was the first time I had been in Paraguay and the main large city that was the capital, was crowded, streaming with lots of vehicles on busy streets.

My two-year-old daughter and I had arrived here with another missionary family and had located a nice house in a good neighbourhood, with the help of a young man who seemed to really enjoy getting missionaries settled in his country.

I had met him first and he wanted us all to go to eat a meal and meet his family, but it was decided that only me and my daughter should go, as there was lots to do to get settled in.

This man's family had no vehicle and so we had to take a series of buses to get to his house, which we decided to do. We could see the bus stop from our house, so I had a paper with his address and the driver said I only had to transfer to one other bus to reach our destination. What I had forgotten to do was to have our own address written down for our return ride.

We had a wonderful visit with this man's family and we got on the bus for our return trip in the afternoon. I guess on Sundays the bus schedule is different, or there are different routes to get back to our house. But after hours on the first bus I was totally lost and confused and tried to communicate with the driver.

However, because I had no address or even the name of the section we lived in, he was of no help, so I just got off at the next stop and prayed for an angel to help us to get home.

I noticed two old women talking at the bus stop and wanted to approach them, but what could I say? It seemed that they were discussing something and then came to a decision.

One came over to where we were standing. I noted that she looked like my mother-in-law who had passed away about a year ago, and knew that if she were here, she would do everything in her power to help me.

This woman didn't say a word, and took my two-year-old, put her on her shoulders and started walking. I had a peace about going with her.

We walked for what seemed like hours, and for miles. Then we came to a bus stop. She got on the bus with us, gave the driver our fares and told him where to drop us off, and left.

I know my mother in law was in Heaven, still looking after us, as she always did, and was happy to take care of us that day and get us safely home.

Three Angel Stories

(By Paul)

Here are three accounts of how I met angels and spirit helpers. I haven't told them to a lot of people, because it is always a touchy subject. But it is true! Angels and Heavenly beings surround us and sometimes they appear to give us a message or to explain a mystery to us.

My first encounter:

I was born in a Moslem family. My mother was a deeply religious Moslem woman, praying for us kids and fasting during the greatest time of Islam: Ramadan. My father used to tell stories about divine intervention or seeing ghosts, and also having dreams about the End time.

One night, when I was 10 years old, during the Ramadan fasting, I woke up because a fantastic, great, white light was shining in my bedroom which I shared with my two brothers and my sisters. They were sound asleep and they didn't wake up even though the bedroom was enlightened with that marvelous sun-like light.

I sat on my bed. My mother woke up and came running into my bedroom. She saw that light too and sat beside me on my bed.

The celestial being was an angel, and we could look straight into that extraordinary white light without being hurt. He talked to me and said: “Ask what you want and it will be done.”

My mother kept repeating to me: “Ask for money and wealth! Ask for wealth and money!” But I guess the Holy Spirit made my answer instead: “I want wisdom and knowledge.”

Can you imagine a 10-year-old boy asking for that? A kid would normally ask for toys, or maybe a ride in the stars, or a journey to Disneyland!

Anyway, the angel answered with a voice aimed at my spirit, “It is granted.” Then he disappeared suddenly and my mother returned to her bedroom.

From this time on, I began to see more of God’s hand in creation around me. That was my start to be a pilgrim on Earth!

Second Encounter:

I was born in Algeria and raised in France as a Moslem. I met the Lord when I was a hippie, in the sixties. I met some people that loved the Lord and were living for Him. I wanted to do the same. My first years serving the Lord were exciting and full of heavenly experiences.

One night during a mission trip, we were invited for the night to stay at a friend's home. I was awakened in the middle of the night as someone was massaging my stomach so strongly that I was having difficulty breathing.

I looked at the end of my bed and there was an angel. He wore armor, like a middle-age knight, with a helmet and a long sword. He was on his knees, and was massaging my belly. He told me: "Don't be afraid. I'm helping you."

His voice was so powerful and yet so sweet and loving and peaceful. His height was about seven feet, because although he was kneeling to massage me, he still was tall above my bed.

After these peaceful words, I smiled and lay down again with a delighted and inspired soul.

The next morning, I just happened to read something that said that the spiritual center for fear is situated right at the level of the navel (belly button).

I concluded that this Heavenly being was sent to massage this part of my body because when I was a teen, I was prone to frightening fits of fear because of all the drugs I used to take. He probably was “cleaning” me from my fears!

Third Encounter:

Here is a spiritual experience that I had in the night. It’s not a dream. It is a real journey within the spirit world. There are vivid dreams and there are also real spirit trips.

The two are quite different: Dreams happen when you sleep and you know in the morning that you had dreamt, whether it was a good or a bad one.

But spirit trips are a real journey where you are awake, you meet other beings and you know that you’re not sleeping, at least in the way you experienced it.

This is what happened to me, and it was so beautiful, so real, so “physical”, and it is a part of my life’s experiences. That night, I met the angelic helper who was assigned to me. His name is Gregoire (pronounce “Gregware”, French name for Gregory), and he used to be a counselor for princes and kings during the Renaissance era somewhere in the 1500’s.

We knew each other like two friends in Eternity. I met him that night in a flying saucer! This vessel was made of an alive and pulsating matter, like pure translucent light, although it looked quite solid. There were two other Heavenly beings in charge of driving it, and they were sitting in some kind of chairs.

We were going so fast through the Universe, in perfect peace and harmony. Gregoire had his hand on my shoulder and was explaining things to me by talking directly to my mind, like by telepathy.

As I tried to look through the translucent walls of the vessel, the part I was putting my eyes on became transparent and I was able to see outside just like through a glass window. Suddenly, I saw a light moving extremely fast in

outer space. I asked Gregoire, my spirit guide, with my mind: "What is it?" He answered: "Why don't you ask him?", as he was pointing to that light.

I desired to ask that light what it was, and instantly I became close to it in space, outside of the flying saucer. As I wanted to ask the light, I felt so impure that I was unable to. Then a verse came to my mind: "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

Right then, pieces of darkness seemed to leave my body, and I became one with the Heavenly being. We were one soul and one body made of pure light, blue like the sky, while also shining like gold.

He told me: "I am a policeman of the Universe." He had wings like an angel, and was made of pure light. Then he left really fast and I came instantly back inside my celestial vehicle with my friend, Gregoire, and the two Heavenly drivers.

The next morning when I woke up, everybody asked me what had happened to me, because it showed on my face, and I was

“spacing out” for a few days after that experience.

What wonderful friends we have in the spirit world!

Flying Saucer

(By Lilac)

After the birth of our third child, we stayed in a new house in the countryside, somewhere in the center of France. After having made friends with the Landlords, the landlady told us a secret she was sharing with her “simple-minded” gardener:

They both witnessed a flying saucer landing in the garden of the house where we were staying, and they saw beings getting out of it! She said these beings were very beautiful, like angels!

Mystery and Abundant Supply in Tokyo

(By Julie)

It was 1985, when my Japanese friend and I were making our way to a meeting north of Tokyo from Nagata, in the south. With us were our four children: my two daughters (six and four years) and my friend's two boys who were the same age as mine.

You can imagine the scene—two umbrella pushchairs, each with a child and potties, toys and water bottles hanging off the back, two mums with heavy backpacks and two 6-year-olds trailing behind us.

We arrived in the centre of Tokyo as night was falling. We were tired and very hungry, and now we had the challenge of finding a place to eat and spend the night. This would be difficult even if we had lots of funds—but the truth is, we had spent what we had on snacks and drinks on the way.

Time to pray desperately and claim all the Bible verses we knew, that told of God's promise to supply! As we looked up after prayer, my friend said she felt the Lord leading

us to approach a Japanese man coming out of a fancy restaurant. So I didn't hesitate to approach the man with my youngest daughter and explain that we were missionaries and our money had run out and we needed something to eat and a place to stay. (Fortunately for me, he understood English!)

He looked over at my friend and the three other children, and back to me, and then said, "Of course, follow me!" He took us to a fast-food place and told us to order whatever we wanted and he would be back in 20 minutes. This was a real treat for the children, and they excitedly ordered their favourite food.

For my friend and me it was a test of our faith, as we had to fight back thoughts of, "*What happens if he doesn't come back?*" It was a long 20 minutes, with us getting more anxious as the minutes passed.

Finally to our relief, he appeared, paid the bill and again told us to follow him. We went through an underpass and came up in front of a huge five-star hotel. He told us to follow him, but not to talk, as he would work it out.

Full of amazement, we followed him up to the front reception desk where he talked to the receptionist for a few minutes and collected a room key.

You can imagine our surprise when we took the elevator right up to the top of the tall building and were shown into—not a bedroom—but a suite!! It had two bedrooms, a living room, and a fancy bathroom. He sat down with us and told us his name was Gabriel and gave us his name card.

He used a cane and explained he was injured in the army and now he worked in the hotel as a manager. We shared the gospel with him and he prayed with us and then, before leaving, told us to go to the buffet downstairs to get breakfast in the morning.

After he left, we had a great praise session—jumped on the comfy beds and then gave the children a hot soapy bath and put them to bed. We all slept so well!

In the morning, we went to the buffet, showed our keys and were able to eat whatever we wanted. We were also able to

take extra to pack enough food for our lunch too. Then we got ready to leave and went to find Gabriel to thank him. We went up to the reception to drop off our keys and ask for Gabriel. The receptionist looked surprised at the keys and said there was no-one of that name working at the hotel.

She was different from the girl who had given him the keys on the night shift and when we showed her the card, she looked blank and again said that there was definitely no manager with that name!

We saw a phone number on the card and asked if we could use her phone to call him to which she agreed. There was no connection and the automatic voice said that number no longer existed!

We described him in an effort to jog her memory, but again she reiterated there was no manager with a cane working there. We thought his name might appear on the paperwork for the suite but she couldn't find any evidence of our renting the room.

So who was Gabriel? An answer to our desperate prayers for sure! Could he really have been an angel sent to take care of us by our faithful Lord? That was the only conclusion we could come to, and never had we felt so much joy or felt so loved and cared for!

An Angel in the Car—and the Holy Spirit

(By Sarah)

I had just gotten baptised with the Holy Spirit, in a little country cottage in Ireland. My friend and I were 19 years old and we were hearing about the Holy Spirit for the first time.

We were saved, and had received Jesus, but did not know about being filled with the Holy Spirit. So right there in the cottage we knelt down and prayed. And then we were speaking in tongues, and just got really filled with the Holy Spirit.

That night, as I was driving home with my friend, we had a three-way conversation. We did not think it was strange, but we knew there was an angel in-between us talking to us.

I also don't even remember driving back that night, but we got back to Dublin in record time.

Also on the way in the sky there were so many shooting stars at one point we stopped the car on a bridge and got out to look at them. We three were just praising the Lord.

When I was Born

(By Sarah)

My mother told me that when I was born, after one day she woke up and looked at the end of her bed where my cot was and she saw an angel over the bed. She said she was not afraid, as she told me later about it.

Angel on the Rocking Chair

(Anonymous)

When I was a child, I think about two or three, I used to see one of my guardian angels quite frequently at night. We lived in a big old wooden farmhouse out in the country. Through the open window at night I could see the moon.

The wind would blow softly through the room, the wood would creak and the light would cast shadows. Sometimes I would be afraid and found it creepy.

However, many nights I would see an angel in the rocking chair by my bedside. He would say to me telepathically, “You don’t have to be afraid, I am here watching over you. Go back to sleep.”

He was dressed in a white robe and had long black curly hair. And on those nights I would not be afraid and would sleep so peacefully. These scenarios happened so many times, I remember them well.

I’ve thought about why sometimes I’d see a guardian angel and why sometimes I wouldn’t. I guess it all depended what I focused on, or where I put my focus. I’m not sure.

All I know is that I would many times see a guardian angel by my bedside and felt comforted and reassured. Maybe we talked about other things too, but this is all I remember.

Christmas Tree

(By Priscilla)

It was the week before Christmas during the first year after the fall of Communism in Romania. Many of us, who for years had had questions about God and about the spirit world, had flooded the churches and any spiritual house in search for what we had always wanted to know, and yet we had never been allowed to.

Both my sister and I (then in our teenage years) had become professing Christians, which was a big cause of sadness and arguments in our home at the time. My mum was all quiet about it.

My grandma would just get aggravated once in a while and tell us to stop all this foolishness, while my dad, a convinced atheist, had forbidden us any talk about God, or manifestation of our faith in his presence.

The Christmas tree (so called the New Year tree in Communist times) had always been in our home during the winter holidays, but this year our dad had determined that there will be no expenses for Christmas and that the day will simply not be celebrated.

He was really concerned, as well as offended by our new found faith. My sister and I prayed together that somehow God would change his heart.

However, something very unusual happened a few days before Christmas: my sister was doing some errands in the neighbourhood when one young man carrying a pine tree stopped and asked her if she needed a Christmas tree.

My sister said she needed one, but that she didn't have the money on her to buy one. The man simply said, "Then I will offer it to you as a present", handed it to my sister, wished her "Merry Christmas" and walked away.

We told our family that somebody had offered it to us on the street. Knowing that we didn't spend money on it somehow softened my dad's heart and he didn't object to us putting it up.

I believe the guy who offered my sister a Christmas tree was an angel. In any case, he was a messenger of God who was sent to encourage us at the time when we were beginners in the faith.

Dancing Angels

(By Priscilla)

Once while at a summer camp I woke up to see an incredible sight: A group of angel children, with wings and crowns and beautiful white dresses, were dancing in the air close to a certain girl's bed.

I had always been able to see spiritual things, and ever since I had become a Christian I had seen more and more manifestations of Heaven.

The dance carried on for at least what we would call half-an-hour in Earth's time. I didn't dare go turn on the light and check the time. I just stood there spellbound until, too tired to stay up, I went back to bed.

The next day I told my friend about what had happened and she was very encouraged about this.

A few months later this dear girl went into a coma and she was diagnosed with diabetes. I, as well as she and her mum, felt that those dear angels probably had something to do with her life being spared. In any case, they were a great encouragement.

Emergency

(By Priscilla)

I had recently moved to a city in the Northern part of Romania, to work as a missionary there. I was only 19 years old, yet so happy to be working for the Lord.

Besides our daily encounters of talking with people who needed the Lord, we had begun working with deaf children. I was eagerly learning sign language from them, while teaching them drama and acting in the meantime.

One night I woke up to see an angel standing in front of me. He seemed to be more than three meters tall, which meant his head was actually above the ceiling. I simply didn't see the ceiling, but neither did I see anything else from the neighbours' apartment upstairs. I just saw him standing there, with nothing else around.

He told me he was my guardian angel. His name was Gabriel, and he was working under the command of the Archangel Gabriel.

He informed me that my grandmother was very sick, in a critical condition and, since she was an unbeliever, they needed reinforcements

there to help at her side, since the battle was serious.

This mighty creature simply placed himself under my command: He said he will be coming and going through the night, and each time he will expect me to tell him what to do next. Simply telling him to go to my grandma and bring her healing was not going to work; I had to be specific.

I found myself desperately pleading with Jesus to show me what the priorities were in my grandma's situation. It was late at night and I wasn't going to phone and find out what was going on, which meant I would have to get my instructions from the One who knew my grandma's situation best anyway.

The night was spent the way my angel said it would be: I kept waking up and, whenever I did, there he was, always in the same place, in the same standing position, asking me what he was to do next.

The more he came, the calmer I was and the surer I was that my instructions from the Lord were right and were what I was supposed to ask him to do.

When the first rays of dawn were making their way on the winter sky, I saw Gabriel for the last time. He told me that the situation was stable. I fell into a restful sleep and I woke up on time for my daily work.

I soon phoned my family to see how they were doing. My dad confirmed that my 84-year-old grandmother had suffered a stroke the night before, but that, although she was in the emergency room, the doctors believed she had pulled through beautifully. The weeks and months that followed confirmed that my grandma was really healthy.

A White Car

(By Priscilla)

I was 18 years old and was in training for becoming a missionary. Besides school, I was attending daily missionary training classes and was involved in a few evangelizing projects.

I was always short on time, but somehow Jesus always did something special to make time stretch for me. For example, at the time I used to live in an area where the last bus would leave at 8:30 PM.

I didn't want to miss any word from the

missionary training I was attending, and so I would regularly leave at the last moment, praying all the way that my connecting buses would make it on time for me to catch my last bus home. However, one particular day things looked a bit different for me.

My classes had finished earlier, and so I had plenty of time to get home. I started walking slowly with my best friend toward the bus stop, enjoying the first rays of spring after a difficult and long East European winter. We arrived at the first bus stop and we kept on chit-chatting.

However, soon it became apparent that something was wrong, because this usually very regular bus was simply not showing up. We thought of walking, but it was already too late and I would have missed my next connection.

Finally my first bus arrived, but then my second one was late as well. When it arrived, it was just the time when my third connecting bus would be leaving. I sat down and started to pray that, miraculously, I would get home that night.

After arriving at the station of my third bus it was confirmed to me that the last bus had indeed left. Getting home would have meant

walking a few kilometres on the highway. It somehow felt safer than hitchhiking. It was dark, and this was before the days of mobile phones, and there were no public phones around for me to phone my mother or to phone and call a taxi.

Another young man came to ask me about the bus; he seemed to not know that the last bus had been at 8:30 PM.

This looked like an impossible situation. I felt it wasn't my fault that I was stuck. I decided to make the best of it and ask God to do something really awesome. I stood there, bowed my head and prayed for the Lord to send an angel to take me home.

Just as I opened my eyes, a white car pulled up, and the driver, who seemed to be in his late 40's was very kind and smiling. He opened the door and invited me in. Well, prayer was one thing, but I didn't know what to make out of this handsome benefactor of mine.

Sensing my hesitation, he turned to the young man who was also waiting in the bus station and invited him in as well. This somehow made me feel better. I decided to go in the car.

"Thank you so much," I said. "I live in such and such area." He smiled and said, "I know".

This was getting interesting. He started taking the right turns as if he travelled through that remote area every day. I figured he must be a new neighbour, or maybe the relative of one of the neighbours who surely must be a regular in our neighbourhood and happened to have noticed me without me having noticed him. I decided to ask:

"Do you live in the area?" I started.

"No", he replied. "Never lived in Bucharest and never will."

"Are you visiting someone?" I continued.

"I am just passing from one place to another."

Even more interesting, I thought to myself. Knowing that he wasn't going where I was going, I told him to drop me at the highway exit that led to my neighbourhood.

He offered to take me all the way home. As I was starting to tell him which way to go, he interrupted me with the same, "I know", accompanied by a knowing, confident look.

He stopped the car in the intersection where my street was starting, a few houses away from

my property. The other guy in the car pulled out a banknote and offered it to him—since hitchhikers pay in Romania—but the guy politely refused.

"Wait", I thought, "I need to give him a Christian tract. This way he will know that I was on duty, and that I always carry tracts with me."

I guess it was a silly little thought to have, but it made perfect sense to me at the time. As I handed him a tract just as I was getting out of the car, he smiled at me and said: "I know these!" Then he drove off and I never saw him again.

If I weren't a believer at the time, I would have been spooked out by someone who picked me up from the city, knowing exactly where I was living and yet claiming to have no roots or connections to this big city.

But, thankfully, I am a believer, and this seems incredibly similar to other angel encounter stories I've read about or which others have related to me. What do you think?

Lily's Guardian Angel

(By Dina)

I was taking care of a four-year-old girl, Lily, while her mummy was away on a trip for two weeks. It was the first time Lily had ever been away from her mummy for so long. So we prayed for her to do okay and not miss her mummy too much.

She did fine during the day and was her usual happy self. At night, though, she got in the habit of leaving her bed and climbing into her daddy's bed. That wasn't a problem except that sometimes Daddy had a broken sleep.

One day as I was picking Lily up from school, she started telling me: "Last night I stayed the whole night in my own bed."

I commended her on doing that and then we went on to talk about her day at school.

About two hours later, we were sitting at the table while Lily ate her lunch. It was like she was continuing the conversation she'd started in the car. She told me, "I had a dream last night. My guardian angel took me to Heaven and showed me my house. It was so nice!"

With that, she left the table with a happy smile. I just couldn't help thinking how special it

was that Lily had such a nice dream about Heaven to encourage her while her mummy was gone. Who knows, maybe Lily's angel actually took her to visit Heaven and it wasn't a dream at all!

The Flower Angel

(By Dina)

A friend of mine told me this story. When her daughter was four years old, she came into the kitchen one morning and started talking to her. Her daughter told her about an angel named Solpa.

My friend stopped fixing breakfast and sat down with her little girl. "Tell me about her," she said.

Her little girl replied, "Before I was born, I watched over you and I picked you to be my mummy. I knew Solpa then and she comes to me now. She makes my flowers grow, Mama. She makes them the colours they are supposed to be."

Her little girl then drew a picture of Solpa holding a bunch of flowers with yellow light all around her. The day continued on from there

but my friend couldn't stop thinking about what her little girl had said and the drawing she had made.

A few days later, she was cleaning the house and was going to throw away a shrivelled, African violet plant that looked almost dead.

"Oh no, Mama, don't throw it away," her little girl cried. "Let me put it in my room." So wanting to make her little girl happy, she gave her the plant and soon forgot about it. The next morning, the little girl came downstairs carrying the African violet plant.

"Look Mama!" she exclaimed, "Solpa made my plant grow. She made it all better." Sure enough, the plant had revived and was doing well. There were even four beautiful little pink violets budding in place of the dead stalks.

Her little girl continued talking about her flower angel until she was about ten years old. After that, it seemed that Solpa had finished her job there and was called to a new mission.

Angels at Work

(By Dina)

One summer, two teenagers, Zack and Cheryl, volunteered to spend their summer helping at an organization called “Gleanings for the Hungry.”

This is a Christian organization that dries food and sends it to poor countries. One afternoon as Zack and Cheryl were taking a break, they happened to go outside to look at the fruit drying on racks in the sun.

Cheryl was just relaxing and enjoying the scenery but was soon startled when Zack called out, “Hey, Cheryl! Look!” Looking in the direction where Zack pointed, she saw a group of giant angels standing with their arms raised and hands joined to form a circle around the property.

They rushed inside to tell the others but when everyone ran outside to see, the angels were no longer visible. The teenagers also told the owners of the organization about what they had seen. Upon hearing about the giant angels, one of the owners broke down and cried. He said he and the staff had prayed for angels to protect their property because they had heard

rumours that someone might try and steal the food they were drying.

Everyone was very thankful to get this confirmation that God was answering their prayers for safety and protection for the work they were doing to help poor people in developing countries.

The Angel and the Old Lady

(By Dina)

Once there was an elderly lady trying to cross a busy street. She had just stepped off the curb onto the street when a taxi came around the corner and bumped into her. The impact was enough to make her fall on the ground but fortunately, she was not badly hurt.

The taxi driver didn't see what had happened and just drove on. However a young man suddenly appeared at the lady's side and helped her to her feet. He escorted her across the street and then directed her to where she could get help.

As the lady looked up to thank the young man, he was nowhere to be seen. He had mysteriously disappeared although they had

been the only two people on the street. The lady smiled because she was sure that God had sent an angel to help her.

“He will command His angels concerning you to guard you in all your ways” (Psalm 91:11).

Grandma Heard the Angels Sing

(By Dina)

Although she died before I was born, I always heard stories about my grandmother from my father. She was a very kind and godly lady. This is one of my favourite stories about her.

As Grandma got older, she lost her hearing. In fact she was so deaf, she couldn't hear anything!

When she was lying on her deathbed and getting ready to meet Jesus, she suddenly exclaimed, “What's that beautiful music? Is that from the radio?”

Everyone in the room looked at each other. They knew the radio wasn't on and besides, Grandma had been deaf for the last 20 years. When they looked at Grandma again, she had the most beautiful peaceful expression on her face and she'd passed away.

The singing that she'd heard was the angels welcoming her to Heaven. Everyone was so encouraged because they heard a little bit of Grandma's big welcome into Heaven.

Healing Angels

(By Dina)

There was a little girl who was just two years old when she got a bad sickness called cancer. She needed to get treatment for a long time. Just before her treatments were going to end, she got a very, very high fever. It was so dangerous that she even had to be flown by helicopter to a special children's hospital.

Her mummy had to drive the long way to the hospital and the whole time she was praying and praying for her daughter. When she got to the hospital, the doctors told her the situation was hopeless.

When the mummy came into the room where her little girl was, she was sleeping soundly. All through the night, the nurses came in and out of the room to take care of the little girl and check on her. And her mummy stayed there, too.

The next morning the little girl woke up and told her mother, "Mummy, the angels came to see me!" Her mummy thought she meant the nurses so she didn't think anything about it.

The little girl soon got better. In fact, she was completely healed. Three years later, she was playing with her cousins in the yard. Her cousins were holding Frisbees over their heads and pretending to be angels.

But the little girl told them, "Angels don't have rings above their heads."

Then everybody got quiet as the little girl explained that she had seen angels when she was very, very sick.

"Remember when I was really sick, Mummy? Three angels stood by my bed. One touched my hand and told me I was going to be okay. They were beautiful. They wore long white robes and glowed."

Everyone in her family is sure that the little girl had been visited by angels. They were watching over her while she fought a battle with that very bad sickness. God sent His angels to take care of her.

Guardian Angels Answer Our Prayers

(By Dina)

A friend I know was standing in line at a grocery store waiting to pay for her purchases. She happened to look at the customer who was waiting next to her. She noticed that her face was sad and looked gray, like she was sick. She looked defeated and heavy with grief.

My friend prayed for this lady's angels to wrap her in love and hug her and make her feel happy. She also asked for them to heal the lady of whatever was making her look so gray. Then she imagined angels surrounding this lady.

Right before her eyes, the lady actually started to look better. Her skin got pink and healthy. The corners of her mouth started to lift and she actually laughed out loud. The lady was beaming with happiness!

The lady said to the cashier, "Do you know what I'm going to do? I am going to get something to eat!!" Then she practically skipped out of the store.

As my friend watched her leave, she prayed that the angels would keep the lady wrapped in God's love and filled with faith that everything would be alright.

Every one of us has many guardian angels surrounding us. They will do whatever we ask especially when it's to help others.

Have You Ever Seen An Angel?

(By Dina)

I saw an angel once. And it happened when I least expected it. I had two small children and was very pregnant with my third. We were living in Italy and had been telling people about Jesus that day in a little town. Everyone had had a good time and it was time to go home.

We discovered, though, that we had missed the last train out of the little town to get back home. There would be no more trains until the next morning. Oh, no! We didn't have much money, definitely not enough to pay for a meal and to stay in a hotel.

Being pregnant, I was feeling very tired. I was also feeling a little grumpy at the way things had turned out. So there we were, a mummy and daddy with two small kids in a strange city. We didn't know what to do but we knew it would soon be nightfall.

As we started to walk across the wide piazza, or square that Italian cities are famous for, I

noticed a big cathedral on my right. We were cutting across the piazza in a diagonal, hoping to find someone who could help us.

I happened to look up at the tower of the cathedral. Just as I did, the clouds pulled away and the moon shown through brightly. I could see a big angel holding up a gleaming sword. He was looking right at me with a stern look. It felt like he was reproaching me for being grumpy and having a lack of faith.

I stopped in startled amazement. It only lasted for a few seconds because the clouds pulled back together and the cathedral was covered with shadows again.

I couldn't say anything because it had happened so fast. I walked quickly to catch up with the others. It seemed like I had new energy and strength. Most of all, I had a fresh conviction to praise God and be positive no matter how bad things look.

That evening, we found a kind policeman who spoke enough English to understand our situation. He helped us find a friendly hotel owner who put us up for free. In the morning, the policeman bought us breakfast and helped us catch the train back home.

I never forgot about seeing that angel. I felt bad that he had to reproach me for my attitude. If I ever see him again, I hope I'll be in the right spirit so I get a happy look of approval instead.

Guardian Angel for a Fire Fighter

(By Dina)

Fire fighters are very dedicated and often put themselves in dangerous situations to save lives and homes. One time a fire fighter was fighting an especially dangerous fire in a nightclub. The flames and the fire were especially hot and strong in this place because of all the alcohol and plastic decorations that were burning up.

This man and his partner had been sent inside to try and find the source of the fire and put it out. They had on special firefighting masks and oxygen tanks so they could breathe in spite of the hot flames and smoke.

But then his partner ran out of oxygen and had to leave. The man thought he would be right back or there would be a back-up team coming soon so he decided to stay in the building and keep on fighting the fire.

When he only had a minute of oxygen left, he decided it was time for him to get out, too. So he started following the hose to get out of the building. But each time he followed the hose, he would end up at a tangled pile of hose. Basically, he couldn't find his way out of the building because of the thick black smoke.

So he bent down and started to pray for help. Then a little ways off directly in front of him a small blue light appeared. He thought it was the light of the fire truck and that they had found a way into the building.

The light grew bigger but it took on the shape of a young woman. She had the most serene expression on her face and it calmed the firefighter down seeing her expression. He asked her if she could tell him the way out of the building. She kept on calmly smiling and lifted her arm to point in a certain direction.

The man then went in the direction she had pointed. At first he thought he had run into a wall but when he leaned against it, it gave way and he fell out in the alley next to the night club. It was a boarded-up door that no one knew about. He was coughing and choking but he was breathing and alright again.

He couldn't shake off the vision of the angel he'd seen in the fire. He thought maybe it was a hallucination from inhaling smoke.

After the fire had been put out, he went back into the building to try and find the spot where he'd seen the angel. There was a tall concrete pillar in the same spot and when he saw it, he thought, "*Oh, okay, that explains it.*"

Normally, after a fire like that, everything stays really hot inside a building but when he put his hand on the pillar it was icy cold. As soon as his hand touched the pillar, a small blue spot started to glow and form. Then he knew for sure it was an angel that had guided him out of the burning building to safety.

Now whenever he finds himself in a dangerous spot when he's fighting a fire, he always remembers to ask that angel for help.

The Angel and the Gobstopper

(By Dina)

Sometimes little kids put the wrong things in their mouths which can result in big problems. A friend of mine and his wife wanted to have an evening out, so they hired a babysitter for their

three-year-old son. Somehow the boy got hold of a gobstopper candy, the big, hard candies that change colours as you suck them.

Somehow the gobstopper got stuck in his throat. But it was keeping him from breathing and when the babysitter found the toddler, he was turning blue.

Fortunately, there was a medical centre on the same street nearby. The babysitter picked up the boy and ran out the door and down the street in the direction of the medical centre. By that time, the boy had turned completely blue.

Just then, she heard a woman's voice behind her, saying, "Give me the baby. I know what to do." The lady took the baby and thumped him on his back making the gobstopper fly out of his mouth.

The babysitter was so relieved, she automatically grabbed the baby back. When she looked up to thank the lady who had helped her, she was gone.

The woman who helped them was not anyone from the neighbourhood. In fact, the family knows all their neighbours and she was definitely not one of them. In fact, no one has ever seen the lady since.

Angel Rescue

(By Dina)

One time, a friend of mine and her family were on an outing in the mountains. After taking a lunch break, her son decided to scamper up a bare hill. All of a sudden, his sister, who was only four years old, decided to run up the hill after him.

As the boy went up the hill, he dislodged a big boulder, about two-and-a-half feet across, which started to roll down the hill right toward his sister. There was nothing anyone could do, it happened so fast. My friend cried out, "Oh Jesus, please help!"

The boulder hit the little girl right on the head and then mysteriously moved sideways, which was physically impossible. When she ran to her daughter, she was alright.

Even though the boulder had hit her on the head she was fine. All she had was one small, red bump on the top of her head. They took her to emergency medical services just to be sure, but she was fine and didn't need any treatment at all.

My friend is convinced that an angel moved that boulder to the side just as it touched her daughter. One thing is certain, that boulder couldn't have moved the way it did by itself.

Saved from Drowning

(By Dina)

My friend told me this story. Every summer, she and her family would visit her grandmother who lives near the beach in Florida. This happened the summer she was eight years old.

One particular day it was nice and sunny but the lifeguards had warned that there were rip tides in the water.

So her mother had told her not to go in the water because she wasn't a strong swimmer.

But being a bit rebellious, she managed to get in the water without her mum knowing about it. Once in the water, she soon felt herself being pulled by the current and the waves. She couldn't keep her head above the water and was totally defenceless.

Her mum had been right. She wasn't a strong enough swimmer to fight the current. Every time she got to the surface, the current just

pulled her back down again. She started taking in a lot of water, and basically started drowning.

She told me later that she wasn't scared. She felt such peace and can still remember looking around and letting the bubbles float out of her mouth as she let out her last breath.

The next thing she remembered was being carried out of the water by a man with long blond hair. He looked like a typical surfer except that he had piercing blue eyes.

It seemed like she had an out-of-the-body experience because she remembers everything as if it was happening to someone else. She could see her lifeless body in the man's arms as he was lifting her out of the water.

He began administering CPR. She began coughing, and the next thing she remembers was hearing her mum frantically asking if she was okay.

After sitting up, my friend looked around for the man who had saved her life but he was gone. Before her mum found her, she remembered him smiling at her as if to say, "You're okay." And then he was gone.

The funny thing is, no one remembers seeing him or anyone of his description on the beach that day. My friend is sure that an angel saved her that day.

On the Beach

(By Brunella)

It was summertime and only one thing was on my mind: Spending as much time as possible playing at the beach. My family would spend most summer vacations by the sea, and this year was no exception.

On the day of our departure, I was so excited that I decided to travel with my swimming suit on as well as my favourite swimming ring that had a duck's neck and head on it. At that time I was five years old. After what seemed like an eternity to me, we arrived at the seaside.

I couldn't wait, so I literally jumped out of the car and headed to the shore. I knew my parents would soon follow, so I walked as close as I could to the sea and waited there, and waited and waited...but did not see my parents. I decided to go back to where I had come from, but there was no sight of them!!

After a few attempts, I realized that I was lost! It was only a short distance from the car to the seashore, but considering I was a small child and how crowded the beach was, I had not realized that I had actually walked further and in a different direction, and that was why I did not see my parents.

After that I just remember walking a lot along the seashore holding on to my swimming ring and wondering where my family was. I was very, very sad!

Something I will never forget is that every time I thought of stepping into the water I actually heard a voice telling me not to! It was a very clear voice, warning me of the possible dangers, but at the same time reassuring. I knew it was my Guardian Angel and I was so grateful, as I didn't feel so alone anymore.

I had walked and walked along the sea, literally till sunset. At that time, when there were less and less people at the beach, I saw two policemen walk toward me; they had been looking for me and I ended up going with them to a restaurant where I saw something that to this day, I will never forget: My parents were sitting at a table and had tear stained faces.

I was only five at the time, but I instantly felt their heartache and felt so very bad. I ran to hug them and was so happy to be with them again! And of course I cannot tell you how happy they were to have found me!

I always look back at this time in my life as the time I became aware of how real and wonderful our guardian angels are and what a special gift from the Lord to each of us!

Wallet at the Post Office

(By Brunella)

I wanted to get to the Post Office when it opened to avoid dealing with long lines later in the day. I needed to send a package overseas and I had to fill out some forms that turned out to be quite detailed.

I had pulled out my cell phone and put it on the counter while I worked on all the writing. I had been feeling a bit under pressure as my “to do” list was quite long for that day so I was feeling a little flustered.

I remember thinking I should just pray for the Lord's peace to take over my heart and mind and just as I was done doing that, I looked at my cell phone on the counter and thought: *"I should probably put it back in my bag in case I end up forgetting about it."* So I did and then walked over to talk to the employee to send my package.

As I was standing there I felt someone tapping me on the shoulder and handing me my wallet!! I said, "Oh thank you!" and a feeling of huge relief came over me. I didn't even remember taking it out of the bag. He had a faint smile on his face but didn't really say anything, just looked at me with a knowing look, which I thought was a bit strange.

I promptly put it away and then turned again to look for the person that had returned it thinking I should really tell him how grateful I really was, but when I turned around, he was nowhere to be seen! I scanned the area with my eyes, as this was not a very big office but he was gone!

Honestly, it had been awhile since I got the "chill down your spine" feeling, but it was then

that I knew he was surely an angel!! On my way back home, I was reliving the incident in my mind...my wallet had a lot of valuables: my new ID, credit and bank cards and \$300!

The Angel of the Lord

(By Michele M.)

A young Christian missionary lady was attending a gathering of her friends while travelling. Because of arriving late she was still tarrying with a few details and the others had gone to the backyard garden where they were chatting and enjoying refreshments.

The path to the garden was a few hundred meters, and while walking down the path to meet up with the others the little lights had gone off, and it was very dark.

The dear lady continued walking carefully until she was where she could hear the others, but barely see them yet. Suddenly, she just stopped and called out to her friends.

Someone came to get her and to her amazement found that if she had taken one

step more she would have fallen down several steps to the stone patio below. The dear missionary knew again that her dear Lord had intervened.

“The angel of the Lord encamps round about them that fear him and delivers them.”

(Psalm 34:7)

Singing Angels

(By Riana, 10 years old)

When I was younger, I would get scared in the night time, and then I would listen to music on my brother’s mp3 player. One night I was listening to the song “Little Sparrow”. As I was listening to the words of the song it was as if I heard the angels singing along. I felt very inspired and peaceful. And I fell asleep right after that without any trouble.

The next morning I wanted to listen to the song again to see if it would be the same but this time I could hear only the voices of the singers. Even now I remember that night when the angels were singing along.

A Magical, Laughing Telephone Call

(By Charlotte)

I was not feeling well. I was not feeling well at all. In fact I was so dizzy I could barely walk. I lived by myself in a small apartment in Germany. All my children had grown up and moved away and a few already had children of their own.

My oldest daughter, Gabriela has three children, Charlotte, Cherise and Jordan. Some time ago they had moved to India, and I had not spoken to them on the phone in some time.

But I was not thinking about that on this day. I was thinking about a deadline that I would not be able to complete because I was sick. The day before, I was supposed to have picked up some things in town in order to make the deadline but because of my dizziness I had been unable to. And today was not any better.

I was feeling rather down, to say the least. I lay in my bed wondering what to do. I knew that Jesus had the answers to the questions I had. But I simply wasn't able to hear what He

had to say. I felt terribly depressed about this and that made the sickness feel even worse.

I lay there praying and feeling very sad and sick. Suddenly the phone rang. I struggled to my feet; who on Earth could be calling? I made my way very carefully toward the phone supporting myself on the walls and cupboards so I would not fall from the dizziness. Finally, I got there, sat down on a stool beside the phone and picked it up.

"Hello," I said weakly. Suddenly, from the phone speaker a clear bubbling laugh rang out. It was obviously a child's laugh, joyful and just a bit mischievous. The child continued laughing and giggling. I recognized that the laugh sounded very familiar. It sounded just like my granddaughter, Charlotte's laugh. She was 11 years old then.

"Charlotte is that you?" I questioned. The child laughed again and said, "Yes!"

Then I could hear two more children's voices in the background, "That must be Cherise and Jordan" I thought to myself. They seemed to be asking Charlotte what she was doing and telling

her that she wasn't supposed to be doing that. But Charlotte just kept laughing a sweet giggling laugh. I smiled and a warm feeling passed over my heart.

Then I could hear a woman's voice in the background, I thought that must be my daughter, Gabriela. Then I heard a man's voice, he seemed to be asking what Charlotte was doing. Then the man came over and took the phone from the child.

"Hello, who is this?" he asked.

"I am Gabriela's mother," I replied. "I hope it's okay that Charlotte called, I hope she doesn't get in trouble for that." I continued. I didn't want my granddaughter to get in trouble for calling me long-distance, since she had cheered me up so much.

"No it's fine," the man said and then he hung up.

I felt rather disappointed as I would have liked to talk to my grandchildren and daughter. But either way, when I thought about that girl's laugh it made me smile. That bubbly, sweet laugh.

I felt a bit better. So I got dressed for going out and even though I still didn't feel so well, I stepped outside and started walking. I could hardly put one foot in front of the other at first, but that happy laugh just kept ringing in my ears and it kept me going. Before I knew it, I was on the bus.

It was a bit harder for me to sit there with the dizziness, but Charlotte's laugh continued ringing in my ears and I made it. I arrived at the place where I was to pick something up. I picked it up and went on home. By the time I reached home I felt much, much better and I was able to reach my deadline.

I wrote a letter to my daughter Gabriela who, as I said before, was staying in India at the time. I told her to thank Charlotte for me because that telephone call had really helped me, cheered me up and helped me to get through that sickness and deadline.

My daughter wrote back saying that Charlotte hadn't made any phone call to me. And it would have been basically impossible for her to make such a long distance call. This was very strange, because I had recognized

Charlotte's voice and her laugh. And when I had asked her if she was Charlotte, she had said yes.

Another thing was that I asked her in English and where I live most children don't speak such good English, so it was very unlikely it could have been just a prank call or wrong number.

Well, whatever it was, I thank God that He sent it along that day, at that time, because it encouraged me, and kept me going. God can use anything; even a child's laugh to speak to us, to encourage us, make our days brighter and help us through hard times.

Angelic Intervention at Christmas—in the 1970's

(By Peter)

One dark and very cold night back in 1977, during mid-winter, a very odd encounter with an angel occurred. I was 23 back then, and my friend and I were both missionaries in Odense, Denmark at the time.

There was a lady, who could not get out due to her having small children to take care of, so

the two of us decided to do the laundry for her.

However, it turned out to be a much bigger challenge than we had imagined. Getting the laundry done at the laundry mat was okay. However, it was getting late and the two of us had to take the laundry on a bus. Outside there was three feet of snow on the ground and the temperature was -12° . The bus let us off at the end of our road, which was still a couple of kilometres to our house.

We descended the bus, and realized the hopelessness of our late and freezing predicament. We bowed our heads and desperately prayed that Jesus would do an outstanding miracle, and cause some angel to come by and pick us up with our huge bundle of laundry, at this crazy hour of the night.

I mean who in their right mind, stops to give a lift to two young guys carrying a whole bunch of laundry at 2:00 o'clock in the morning?

Well, were used to exercising our faith and asking God to do miracles. This was because we were often on the road and living by faith, witnessing daily. We just had to depend on

miracles, for God's daily supply. He never failed to supply all of our daily needs, no not once!

WOW! What happened next was truly incredible!

As the scripture states "Before they ASK I will ANSWER." (Isaiah 65:24)

I had no sooner finished praying, when a car came around the corner and immediately stopped dead in the street. The first thing we both noticed was that the car was very unusual, as it had a sort of glow of about one centimetre around the entire car. Secondly, the guy driving was not as you would expect someone to be at 2:00 o'clock in the morning.

The driver had the most angelic smile, almost from ear to ear. The other person with me told the driver where we were heading, and he responded with an even bigger grin, "I know! Hop in!"

Immediately I sensed that he was indeed an angel. We were both sitting in the back seat, and as the car started to move, my partner whispered to me, "Do you think the driver is an angel?"

I said, “Why not ask him?” To which he replied, “No, no, of course he IS an angel. It is the only thing that makes sense.”

Another important thing I would like to mention is that sitting in the back seat behind the angel we could both feel these very strong vibrations of joy, and peace and love.

Well, it only took about five minutes until the driver stopped the car right opposite the driveway to our home. He got out of the car and took our two bundles of laundry out quite quickly, putting them by the side of the road. I got out last and I went to turn around and both thank the driver and say goodbye.

I was just about to take hold of the car door to close it when, WOW! The car had completely vanished into thin air. Both of us say this happened!

We were so amazed and happy for God’s amazing miracles that it took us weeks to stop talking about it. I have never taken the time to write this story until now, and it makes me very happy remembering it.

Guardian Angels

(By Peter)

In recent years, I personally have upon occasion seen messengers from Heaven, and on each occasion it was an instant recognition. It is indeed possible that I have seen one of my guardian angels, one of whom I believe is a very beautiful blonde woman. She tends to show up, as some sort of warning or to encourage me.

On one occasion she was driving a car, and came to the intersection where we live, whilst we were driving by on the main road. Now both I and my teen son noticed her, as she came up to the intersection. Why? Because she was looking directly at us with a heavenly smile.

These days most people don't really smile at each other. Certainly beautiful women do not smile at us men, if they have never met us before. She acted as though she had known us for a very long time. My son also mentioned it, and said it was something very unusual.

On another occasion, I was not very happy, thinking about some seemingly difficult problem, which was obviously dragging me

down. This time I was in another town, as I came up to a T junction, a blonde woman in a car stopped in the main road to let me drive out from the minor road onto the major as I turned right. This woman also had a heavenly smile.

As soon as she looked at me, I suddenly felt very happy and stopped worrying about my problem. There was no reason for her to stop, smile and be helpful, but she did. Later I got to thinking about it, and I suddenly realised, *“That was the same woman that I have seen before”*.

Sometime later I was in a Starbucks coffee shop with one of my daughters, and yes you’ve guessed it, the same woman walked by, and suddenly turned to look directly at us, gave us a big smile and continued walking on.

If that was not enough in March 2012, I was about to pick up my 18-year-old son at the train station at yet another location. As I pulled up, fairly close by, I was surprised to see my son talking with a very pretty teenager. She looked at me with a very sweet smile. I could feel her friendly spirit from across the street. I knew she was someone really special.

I asked my son when he came to the car what he thought of her. He acted kind of surprised about the way that she had been so nice and friendly. After discussing the incident, and being unable explain about her beautiful demeanour, we decided that she must have been angelic.

When it happened the 4th time, I began thinking that maybe it was some sort of warning to us. My son is diabetic, and well, I am now 60 years old. I remember saying to my son, “I hope one of us is not going to be very sick or something?”

My logic for this was that if the Lord knew in advance that one of us would get sick, then sending an angel, would act as a future encouragement. It proved to be true!

Two weeks after that last encounter, I found myself suddenly in the hospital, having lost a lot of blood, and having severe anaemia, which I had never suspected. I was given four blood transfusions. I could have died if I hadn't have gone to the hospital when I did.

I had no idea how sick I was. I was in the hospital for a total of five days. Thankfully, today, I am no longer anaemic. Jesus did a big miracle. I know that seeing the “smiling angels” was both a warning, and was to encourage me, though I did not know what was about to happen.

Angel Guide

(By Dina)

Some years ago, a teacher joined an educational tour group to visit seven European countries with her students. The tour bus stopped at a famous cathedral in Germany for sight-seeing.

Because there were so many tour buses and big crowds of people, everyone was requested to stay close together with their group so that no one would get lost.

However, in the midst of touring the cathedral, the teacher discovered she'd run out of film for her camera. Since she knew the bus number and location, she decided to meet her group back at the bus.

So she went to a shop outside the cathedral, bought the film and headed back to the bus. She went from bus to bus to bus, but there was no sign of the bus she had come on. Not one of the drivers spoke English, so no one could help her.

When she realized she was lost, she stopped in her tracks and started asking the Lord for help. She remembered verses from her childhood and started saying them out loud:

"Lord, You said You would never leave me or forsake me. When I am afraid I will trust in You, Lord. Now I am here all alone and lost. I don't know anyone in all of Germany. Please help me find my bus."

Just at that very moment, she felt a tap on her shoulder from behind. She turned and found herself looking into the face of a tall, handsome man who asked her if she was lost. After telling him about her predicament, he told her to follow him.

He took her down a series of steps to a completely different level where there were many more buses parked. The man took her

right to her bus. And when she turned around to thank him, he had disappeared! Then she knew that an angel had come to help her in response to her prayer. God surely watches over His children!

Thank You

(By Linda)

Sevilla, Spain is a very beautiful but hot and dry city. In the 70's the people were receptive to the gospel of salvation even though most of the country was very Catholic.

In the year or so that I was there, some fellow missionaries and I distributed gospel literature, led Bible classes, and had lots of fun teaching new converts and those who wanted to serve the Lord fulltime as we did.

One day, two of us went to a small town where there were lots of military men, with barracks for the army, barracks for the navy, marines, air force, etc. Since it was a super small town with few civilians and even fewer single girls, naturally when I was on the streets giving out Christian literature, I was literally surrounded by military men.

My partner said that when he looked down a street and all he could see was a large crowd of uniforms with white hats, or with blue hats, he knew I was in the middle of them.

It seems that their superiors were not as well pleased that, what all the men talked about when they were eating or in their barracks was a young lady telling them a story of a God they had never heard of before as a Catholic.

So when we returned to Sevilla, an official from the government had already been there and stamped my passport to leave the country within five days.

As I neared our front door of the house, there was a young boy standing there and he said, "My name is Jesús and I want to thank you for coming to this country to help its people."

I still didn't know the news that was waiting for me inside. I didn't think it too strange when he said he was Jesus, as many Latins have that as a first name.

But later, as I reflected on it, I wondered about it not being a coincidence, as I was now being thrown out of the country and no one had ever thanked me for going to any country before and certainly not at a time when I was

being ushered out that very day. But now I carry that sweet message from one of His angels in my heart loud and clear.

Wake Up

(By Linda)

It had been a long day and I was really tired when we got home from visiting a small city in Portugal. We were staying in a pension (a small rooming house) and there were no alarm clocks or anything to make sure we woke up early the next morning.

We had a special appointment that was important to us and we didn't want to be late. We usually didn't get up before dawn, but we needed to take public transportation to a place a bit far from where we were staying.

We had come to this little town in the first place to spend a week or two meeting the people and letting them know about Jesus and how He could change their lives for the better. But now we had this appointment that would take us outside the city and we needed to wake up on time.

So I prayed for the Lord to send an angel to wake me up. But I was surprised that the Lord didn't send a sweet little angel with a soft voice gently coaxing me to wake up.

Instead it was a rough one who shook my bed really hard and spoke loudly and firmly telling me to get up, in no uncertain terms.

So I learned that all angels are not always as we imagine.

Check the Oil!

(By Linda)

In the early 80's, my young daughter and I had to make a trip from Louisiana, where we live, in the southernmost part of the United States, to Marietta, Georgia, a small town above Atlanta, which is a two-day trip if you don't want to travel at night.

The mum of a fellow missionary named Dawn, lived there. Her mum was not expected to live much longer. I was going to meet Dawn there, to help clear her mum's house of things and be with her at that time.

We were driving an older small car, and my husband told me to keep checking the oil, so I

wouldn't get stranded somewhere if it ran out.

We spent the first night in a hotel, and then the next morning started out on a stretch of highway that had scorched fields on either side of the road for as far as you can see, with no signs of towns, or houses, or stores, gas stations, etc.

I could hear a little voice in my head saying, *“Check the oil, check the oil!”*

“But how Lord?” I thought, as there didn't seem to be any civilization for miles around me, just dry parched land for as far as the eye could see. *“Please help us Lord, I prayed.”*

Then I saw a tiny empty gas station in the middle of nowhere, so we pulled in. I didn't know how to open the hood or even how to put the oil in, even if I had any. But expecting God to do a miracle, I went inside where there was an older little lady. I asked her if she could help me, which was then obvious that she couldn't.

I went back outside to the car to tell my daughter that we were stuck there, as I hadn't seen any other cars on this highway for what seemed like hours. And there was an old pickup truck with a man who looked like a farmer in it.

He got out and without me saying anything, he opened the hood and said for me to go inside and buy a container of oil. He gave me the number of the oil, and so I went and bought it, and he put it in for me.

I had also bought two ice cream cones, one for my daughter, and one for him, as it was hot, and he took it thankfully. I got in the car to start it, turned around to thank him and he was gone!!

I could see all around for miles, and there was no pickup going anywhere. I drove around the small gas station to see if he went in the back of it.

Then I went inside to ask the lady if she knew him, and she said “WHO?”

And I said, “The man who helped us...” But she said we were her only customer and there was no man or pickup there this morning.

He had accepted the ice cream cone, so I smiled to myself, and said that some of God's angels must like ice cream.

Where's My Watch?

(By Linda)

Where in the world did I put my watch? I had been looking everywhere.

We live in a small cottage so there are only a few options of where I could have left it. So, for days I searched and searched. I cleaned the house like it had never been cleaned before.

I was thinking that maybe I should just buy another one. But I liked that one so much. It had the plastic band, as I am allergic to silver and gold on my skin. It is water proof. It is small and feminine.

So I prayed for the Lord to return it to me, as I really just wanted my old watch back. I knew nothing was too small for Him to consider.

So, one day, I went out on the front porch for a second, and then came back inside and there in the middle of the room, on a stool—a stool that normally is NOT in the middle of the room—was my watch.

I couldn't believe my eyes. I questioned God, and He told me that I believe Him for healing and bigger things, why can't I believe Him for this too.

But that is not the end of the story. The plastic band broke later on and I was afraid that I would not find one that fit that watch. I carried it in my purse for a couple of days.

One day when we were in another town there was a table in a store that had an assortment of odd shaped watch bands for a dollar or so. And I found the perfect one!

Then I needed someone to put it on for me. The clerk was helping someone else so I waited. She started working on it, and other people came, but she just kept working on it.

Something was giving her trouble, but she stayed calm and told the other people she would be a while, so maybe they could go shopping in the store for other things, in the meantime. This amazed me as I never heard a clerk do this before.

I was just about to tell her to give up and she looked at me like "I am going to do this, no matter what." And I prayed for her to get it right. And she did! I then told her my angel story, that an angel had touched that watch and put it out in the open for me to find it.

She got goose bumps and said she knew there was something special about that watch

as the Lord was speaking to her to not give up.

So, that is the angel story about the Lord's tender loving care for all the little things in our lives. And I am super careful to only put my watch—that an angel touched—in one spot now when I take it off.

Direction at a Junction

(By Linda)

My sister and I were coming back from a short trip and had lost our way. We prayed and then saw an older black man standing at a junction where there was nothing else around but a police station in the distance.

As we slowed down and drew closer, we made eye contact and he came over to the car and we rolled down our window to ask directions. Before we could say a word, he said, “Just keep going down this road until you see Highway 90, and there will be a sign there to Avondale.”

We looked at each other in shock and then thanked him.—And sure enough he had given us clear directions to go home.

Mamita's Jungle Farm

(By Linda)

My mother in law, Mamita, was born and raised in Ecuador. When she was older and her kids were all married and moved away, she travelled through the jungle of Ecuador with a couple of mules and two of her grown children for days until she found a large acreage, and laid claim to the land.

She built a straw and wood structure which she called home, and planted, rice, beans, corn, coffee, and every type of fruit native to the area.

Her children had already returned to their own homes long ago, and when she had reaped about a hundred pounds of rice, she put it on her shoulder and started walking toward a small town across a huge river where there was only about three structures that comprised the town—and the main one was a rice cleaner.

She had gone this way before and crossed the river with no fear, as since she had arrived here the river was always at a low stage.

When she reached the middle of the river, she realized that she was in real danger of losing her life, as the river was up to her chest

and carrying her away. She cried out to God to help her and suddenly there appeared a young boy, probably 12 to 15 years old, small in build, fairer skinned than the natives, who ran to her and carried her and the sack of rice to the other side. When he set her down, she turned to thank him but he had disappeared.

When she reached the small pueblo to clean the rice she asked everyone if they knew of such a boy and they all said they knew everyone who lived for miles around in the mountains, and there was no one who fit that description.

She continued asking people for years, but no one knew anything about the boy, so she thanked God for sending a white skinned angel to save her life.

The Man in a Mirror

(By Linda)

The United Arab Emirates was a fledging new country of only five years in the late 70's and things were pretty much as they had been for centuries; before all this extravaganza they have now.

Back then there were about 500 Arab men for every female because of the visa restrictions, etc.

I was waiting for my partner in a locked air conditioned car while he went into a business place. I was trying to be as low key as possible, but still aware of my surroundings.

In my side mirror I could see an older Arab in his white dress not moving from his spot on the curb. Everyone else on the street was moving around, going here and there. So I kept watching him. But as I turned to see him more clearly, he wasn't there.

Then I looked in the mirror again, and he WAS still there. I kept looking from one angle to another, and then I saw him wink, and knew he was an angel. But the Lord let me see him in the mirror to let me know he was there watching over me.

My Encounter with an Angel

(By Ana Victoria)

Two times in my life I remember having been in a desperate situation, prayed for the Lord's help, and suddenly had a stranger appear out of

the blue that amazingly, quickly and easily solved my unsolvable problem! Actually, in both cases it wasn't until sometime later that, recalling the event, I thought, *"Oh, wow! He/she must have been an angel!"*

When I was 21 I gave birth to our oldest daughter. I had found a book called "7 Practical Lessons for an Easier Childbirth" that went in detail through all the explanations and instructions necessary to get ready for a natural, relaxed, and as-positive-as-possible delivery experience.

So my Portuguese friend and I would get together every day for half-an-hour to read part of the book, learn and do the recommended exercises (involving learning to relax and to breathe slowly, as well as strengthening the legs and abdominal muscles).

We started from zero, but went through the whole wonderful course and got to be quite informed and prepared. I also practiced some with my sweet husband, who would be my partner in the actual labour.

We had heard about a good, free, public maternity hospital in town, and upon checking on it found out that it indeed provided the best

medical care. It was housed in a beautiful and spacious old Moorish mansion, meticulously clean and well-kept, surrounded by a refreshing garden, even though it was very practically situated in the middle of the city.

The only drawback was that, once admitted for childbirth, I would not be allowed to have anyone with me; friends and relatives had to stay outside until after the baby was born. That was actually the normal procedure at the time in all but luxury clinics, so we accepted it. Plus, I felt I was well prepared to go through labour by myself.

When the big day arrived and my body went into labour, we stayed home all morning until I felt the contractions coming stronger and more closely together, and it was, according to my book, the right time to go to the clinic: not too early, but with plenty of time to get settled and have a calm experience.

So, when the nurse checked me at 4:00 PM and said, "Oh, you have barely started! You'll give birth at about this time tomorrow!" I was a little disappointed. Nevertheless, they said I should stay at the hospital. I truly felt great so far, so even though the nurses were a bit rough

and “hardened”, not very comforting, I gave a big hug to my husband and bravely said goodbye with an almost confident smile, just as we had planned.

Since I was going to be there for 24 hours, I got in my bed and, always an avid reader, decided to look at the newspaper that they had offered me. But after a while the contractions started coming in stronger, so I dropped the paper to concentrate on my breathing and relaxing to be able to stay on top of the overwhelming forces that were exerting their power inside of me!

In between contractions, I was trying to memorize a Scripture verse that I had written down that morning while my husband read some Bible childbirth promises aloud.

That particular verse had really stood out to me. It was Isaiah 41:10: “Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness.”

As I repeated the words, I tried not to fear, and to put my trust in the Lord, who, according to those words, would make Himself present

and help me, since I really needed it.

As labour progressed and the intensity of the contractions kept going up, I truly followed my book's instructions and all that I had learned. I put in practice all the "tricks" that I had memorized, I checked the notes that I had diligently written down and did everything I knew to do, but it was to no avail.

It came to a point where it was too much, and I felt overwhelmed. I was all tense, I wasn't able to relax anymore, and I knew from my studying (and in that moment also from experience) that that was making things more difficult for myself. I wasn't coping, and started to panic a little bit. I needed someone to help me out.

I was alone in the last bed of a big quiet room, so I pressed the button to call for a nurse. And right then and there a smiling lady appeared at the door at the other end. She was a small-built woman in a nurse uniform, and with a determined and professional attitude came in, walked all the way to my side and gently touched my arm as she sweetly and encouragingly said, "You are doing great! Keep it up. You are almost done."

That's all she said and did, but in the INSTANT that she touched me, amazingly, all the tension, nervousness and fear left me. I felt totally relaxed, refreshed, ready and renewed to resume my work, my labour. I was on top of the situation again.

Soon afterwards, I felt like going to the bathroom, one more time (they used to give an enema to birthing women to clean us out in preparation for the delivery). Only a couple of hours had passed of the projected 24, but for some reason I felt I should press the button again and let them know I was going to the bathroom.

This time a different nurse came in, an older woman with a much more prosaic attitude, and matter-of-factly told me, "Well, just wait a minute. Let me check you first."

She came back while adjusting her plastic gloves, and as soon as she put her fingers in, she opened wide her eyes and mouth and exclaimed, "No! This is not a bowel movement! This is the baby coming out!" And she ran out of the room to call the rest of the team!

They came in running too, quickly moved me to the delivery room and instructed me to push.

Since they had me flat on my back, which is not the most helpful position, I had to adapt my training and it took me a couple pushes to really feel like I was exerting the proper force to get the baby out.

The nurses started exclaiming, “Oh, you push so well and effectively! This is wonderful! Who taught you?” And there I was, in between contractions-pushes, explaining about my little book and how I had studied, prepared and practiced for the last 2 months.

Suddenly, I had in my arms the little girl that my husband had dreamed about! I didn’t even feel her coming out, and I immediately knew which one of the two names my husband had heard in his dream was hers. She was calm, beautiful, and healthy, and I thanked God for a good birth... and a good book to teach me and help me through it!

Later that week, when I had to leave the hospital, I hadn’t managed to see the sweet little nurse again. I really wanted to thank her for her invaluable help at my crisis point in the labour, which had allowed me to stay calm until the end.

I asked around, but even though all the other nurses and nuns had come and gone a couple of times, as they took shifts during those three days, no one seemed to know who I was talking about.

It wasn't until months later when, recalling one more time my (wonderful in my case) birth experience, as mothers often do, suddenly I realized that that sweet nurse might have been an angel!

I will know in Heaven, but I wouldn't be at all surprised that she was indeed an angel, because of the way I felt the nervousness, fear and tension instantly leave me the moment she touched me. It felt as if she had punctured the balloon and all the air just went sssshhhh...! Gone! It did the trick!

I needed some supernatural help to make it, and the Lord had kept His promise: He was with me when I was about to dismay; He strengthened me and helped me; He upheld me with the right hand of His angel-nurse, and He helped me not to fear, so I could finish my job.

Timely Assistance

(By Ana Victoria)

I was 17 years old. Even though I had been reading and memorizing the Bible for two years, I don't think I had heard or read stories about people seeing angels in modern times, or hardly. It definitely was not something I ever thought about.

I found myself in the middle of summer in very hot Madrid. I really wanted to meet with my missionary friends, but I had no idea where they were staying in Spain's capital city of about 4 million inhabitants. And I had lost their phone number.

This was two decades before the internet was widespread, and communications were not instant nor cheap, so I had no way to find out how to meet with them. This was the only free day I had in town, thousands of miles away from my own town, which was located on an island, separated by the ocean from the mainland.

I had spent a month with my mother and sister travelling and camping along the Northern coast of the country and really missed my friends—a couple that had previously lived

in my faraway hometown. They had been my counselors and Bible teachers, and were fun and interesting people.

I felt dejected, with the desperation and intensity of teenage impatience, and felt like my one big chance had been spoiled. I went out and sat on a street bench to read some Psalms from the Bible (my usual comfort in my difficulties and despondent moods which, while triggered by nothing important compared to King David's life-and-death struggles, felt like actual desperate situations to me at the time). And then I prayed.

I don't remember the exact words, but I told the Lord that I knew that, if it was His will, He was able to lead me to my missionary friends.

When I opened my eyes I looked at the city map I had in my hands, and my attention was drawn to a particular green spot. "*A park!*" I thought. It was a few blocks away, and it looked invitingly fresh. Just the thought of some green and shade in the unbearable heat made me feel better.

But when I got there, lo and behold, the ancient park had been remodeled and now it was a cement "plaza", with hardly any trees!

No shade. Disappointment.

Anyways, I picked myself up and remembered that sometimes the Lord leads us step by step, so I thought, “*What now?*” I suddenly got the bright idea to ask around WHERE in that big (but empty in the summer) city there would be masses of people in the streets. I thought that there might be missionaries there, distributing tracks and talking to people about Jesus.

I went into a café and I was told there was a certain intersection in another part of town that was always full of people, and they also told me which bus number I could hop into to get there.

I went back out and asked the first guy I saw where to find the right bus stop. (My family knows that I always like to ask and ask again, to make sure I know where I’m going, and that I also explain way too much unnecessarily.)

Anyway he was a handsome, tall, young clean-cut business man with a suit and a briefcase, and he said, “Yes, that’s right, that’s the one place where you’ll find a lot of people at this time of the year. I’ll show you how to get there. Come.”

And very matter-of-factly he turned around and led me down the stairs of the underground railway that he had just come out of. He bought the ticket for me and in no time we were on our way to Princesa station.

We came out of the underground car and he led me very decidedly through the tunnels, choosing this and that way, to a certain gate. (In Madrid each metro station has at least four entrances, two on each side of the street, at both ends of the platform. That one station in particular had at least eight, on different streets of that important intersection.)

When there was just one little flight of stairs left to go out into the main street, he motioned to show me the way out and told me, "Here you are." Then he turned around and left.

When I finally reacted and turned around to thank him, he was gone.

I somehow didn't pay much attention to him during the 20 minutes we were together. I am usually VERY curious and normally I would have asked him a bunch of questions during our trip, to get to know him a little bit and to establish a rapport, which is what I like to do.

I don't know if it was because I was so intent on not getting lost, which I hate, so I might have been checking the map to see our location on the metro maze. I don't remember.

I think I was also a bit concerned about my safety while following this stranger around, which might have been why I mainly paid attention to where we were going. Or maybe it was because I was still feeling so despondent about not being able to see my friends that I was all into myself. Or perhaps the fact that he was so serious and formal, standing straight with his briefcase, intimidated me?

Maybe I thought that he didn't seem to want to chat and I respected that, since he was the one leading and I was his "guest" on this trip. Or maybe it was because at the time older people (like maybe those over 23!) and especially formal office workers like him, seemed to be like another species to me, which I didn't interact much with! Or maybe it was a combination of all these factors.

Whatever the reason for my behavior, the fact is that I didn't find out ANYTHING about him, and if you ask any of my kids, you would know that THAT for me was extremely unusual!

Anyway, before I realized it I was coming back out into the sunlight. I reached the sidewalk and, to my dismay, realized that there were NOT a lot of people there either!

(In later years I lived in Madrid and learned that during autumn, winter and spring Princesa station is indeed one of the busiest places in town, since it's right by the biggest university, a main commercial center and a huge intercity bus terminal, so hundreds of thousands of people pass by every day! But during summer vacations, like the rest of Madrid, it looks like a ghost town, because everyone tries to flee the heat and go to the mountains or the beaches, plus the university is mostly closed down.)

Again I felt very discouraged. Although I love my mother and sister very much, I felt like I had forsaken my personal interests, my preferences, my friends and my mission to spend 30 days travelling and vacationing with them. And so now I was so looking forward to meeting with my spiritual brothers and sisters in the one day I had in the capital city!

Trying to comfort myself I decided to buy a cheap ice cream in a small street kiosk that was right outside the metro gate. I paid for it and

started licking it as I slowly walked down the first block. And suddenly... I met face to face with the very two missionaries that I knew and loved and so wanted to see. Just meeting anyone from the Christian missionary fellowship at that moment would have been a stunning miracle; let alone to meet the only ones that I personally knew well, that were living in Madrid!

I couldn't believe it! Just like David in so many of his Psalms, I went from desperation to exultation!

Still with the small ice cream cone in my hand, we hugged and smiled and rejoiced at seeing each other again. I told them why I was there, and they took me to the house where they were staying. I didn't have long there, but the impression that was indelibly marked in my spirit that day was that **NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR GOD**. –Not even to help you meet the one or two people you want to see in a 4-million people city, with **NO** clues as to where he or she might be, **NO** contacts and **NO** help from any technological device, just through His personal helpers and representatives, that He can send anywhere,

anytime that we need them!

That day, in a hurry, I just enjoyed my reunion and visit, and it wasn't until several years later, after I had read about some people's encounters with angels, that one day, while retelling that miraculous encounter—or rather, meeting—that I suddenly thought,

“Wait a minute! I barely asked the guy to tell me where the bus stop was. And from there he just took charge of me, like he knew exactly what he was doing. He paid for my ticket without even saying a word. He quickly got me right out onto the street, in a faraway part of town, at the precise minute and through the precise gate where I was going to meet my friends. And when I turned around to talk to him, he vanished!”

It all coincided with similar descriptions of others who have had experiences with angels. I will know in Heaven exactly what happened. In the meantime, to me he was an angel! (My guardian angel?)

The Friendly Busker

(By Curtis Peter)

You have probably seen many angel movies and TV shows, especially around the holiday season. Angel art and knickknacks have become a part of our pop culture. You may ask, “Okay, if angels do exist what do they have to do with my daily struggle to make ends meet?”

The short answer is that the link between this world and the spiritual world can be a very practical help in time of need.

If you are in a group of people and you ask, “Has anyone ever had an experience with angels from the spirit world?” You will probably get a few responses like I did yesterday. We were driving to a show when I popped the question to the folks in the backseat.

Enrico, our Italian co-worker, told us of a time he was playing his guitar on the streets of Rome with another singer in hopes of receiving some donations from those who passed by.

They had been playing and singing their hearts out for five hours and had not received one single donation. Extremely disappointed, the team stopped to pray for some divine help.

A kind gentleman in his late 60's approached them dressed in a brown suit. From his pocket hung a scarf neatly folded, and circling his neck was a silken scarf.

He spoke Italian in a thick American accent. "Hey, what are you guys doing?"

Enrico explained what they were doing, to which the man replied,

"Let me try your guitar out."

He was very friendly but a bit eccentric. His forwardness took them by surprise. Why did he want the guitar? Was he going to run away with it?

At first they were hesitant but thinking that they had nothing to lose, they reluctantly gave him the guitar.

He began to play, "When the Saints Come Marchin' In" in a jazzy style that grabbed everyone's attention on the walking street. The song immediately had everyone who heard it movin' and groovin' to its rhythm.

Soon all three of them were parading and singing up and down the walking street and going in and out of the shops that lined the walkway.

They didn't have a hat to collect donations in, but people just started giving.

When someone held out a bill for him to take, our stranger pointed back to Enrico and his friend, so they passed the money on to them. After only 20 minutes of this performance they had about 100 Euros in donations.

Of course they wanted to share some of their gifts with this stranger, but he refused, making it clear that he was just trying to help them out.

They were saying their farewells when the friendly busker pointed to a man overseeing a construction project in front of a major cinema. "You need to go to that man, he needs your encouragement."

Enrico continued,

"We were on our way to go to the man he had pointed to when we remembered to ask him how we could keep in contact with him. When we came back, the man in the brown suit was nowhere to be found.

"We talked to the man he had pointed to and found out he was truly in need of encouragement. He came over to our house

several times. He poured out his heart to us and told us of his problems. We shared passages from the Bible with him, and prayed with him, and he became one of our good friends.”

Trolley Bus

(By Sirena)

I was on the way to the university. I was in a trolley bus. A strange young man with blond hair and who had no colour in his irises—his eyes filled only with light—sat directly opposite me. I couldn't ignore him no matter how hard I tried. I thought he was really weird and I was scared of him as he didn't look like a normal human being. He kept smiling and staring at me.

Two stops before I was supposed to get off, he got up and held my hand. When he touched me I was warm all over. I felt the same way later when I received prayer for healing.

I can't explain why I went with him, but I followed him. As soon as the trolley bus left, he let my hand go. I turned away and he was gone.

In a few minutes I heard people screaming and the ambulances coming. I found out later that the trolley bus was cut in two and had a short circuit and some were injured. I might have been among the injured if I had not gotten off early.

The Boy with a Key Chain (By Sirena)

In 2002, I was on a missionary trip in Germany and there were festivals in the city so all the hotels were packed. There was no place to stay and it was raining. I sat down with my partner to pray and looked across the street.

We were in a coffee shop and a boy caught my attention. He was standing in the rain looking straight at me. For 10 minutes I couldn't get my eyes off him. He pulled out from his back pocket a key chain and dangled it in the air in front of him. I felt I had to follow him. I told my partner about him.

We got up and followed him and I tried to start a conversation with the young man we saw but he didn't answer any of my polite

enquiries. I asked, "Do you speak English?" and "What is your name?" He answered in English, "I know what you need. Follow me."

He brought us to a house across town and told me, "They have a room for you." I went ahead to the hotel desk and started talking to the receptionist. I turned around to say thank you but the young man was totally gone. Then I asked the lady how much it would cost. She said, "It is already taken care of."

Before I went to sleep I prayed to meet the young man again. Nuremberg is a small town, so there was a good chance I could see him again. I wanted to thank this man, as I was so thankful.

That night I had a dream and in my dream the same young man who had led us to the hotel appeared and said, "I am an angel."

In the dream I didn't see his face anymore. I couldn't see his eyes which were beams of light. His face became light but I knew the voice was the same. The Lord knows my heart and allowed me to meet him again, even if it was only in my dreams.

I tried to describe the young man to the hotel receptionist to see if she knew him but

she said she didn't. I asked her who paid, and she said, "It was paid through the internet," but we don't have bank cards so there was no way it could have been us.

Mysterious Childhood Visitor

(By Jeani)

When I was two and three years old, I remember very vividly having a visitor come to my bedroom at naptime. I had my own bedroom and still slept in a crib, and whenever the visitor came, my bedroom door was always shut. My mother thought I was napping, but that wasn't always the case!

This visitor was a man, who had reddish hair cut very short, like a buzz cut, and he wore black rimmed glasses. He would come in and pick me up out of my crib and carry me around the room and talk to me.

I do not recall the topic of any of these conversations, but one time in particular I remember asking him to take me to my closet so I could see my dresses hanging in there. I liked to wear dresses when I was a little girl,

and had many of them hanging in my closet, but because I was so small and the clothes in the closet seemed to be up so high, I liked it when my friend would carry me over to the closet so I could see them from a better perspective.

When I became older I asked my mother about this man who used to visit me, but she didn't know what I was talking about.

Later, when I knew more about Jesus and angels and spirit helpers, I realized that this man must have been an angel or spirit being sent to entertain me during my naps, and tell me things I needed to know.

I wish I could remember what they were, but maybe I wasn't meant to.

Another time I remember I dropped my teddy bear on the floor, and because I was in a crib I couldn't retrieve it. I called out for someone to help me (again, my bedroom door was closed) and a man dressed as a clown opened the bedroom door, got the teddy bear, gave it back to me, and closed the door without saying a word.

Again, I later asked my mother about this man dressed like a clown, and she didn't know

what I was referring to. I have kept these things in my heart for many years now, and it always makes me smile when I think of the afternoon entertainment I was able to enjoy when I was little.

The Fourth Voice

(By Chariane)

I remember being told a story when I was six years old, about a team of three singers that had recorded a song—back in the days before there were all these recording gadgets that people have nowadays, and all types of technology.

These three people just sang a Christian song into a tape recorder. However, when they played it back they heard not only their three voices singing together, but there was a fourth voice singing along with them.

The tape was played for us children to hear. Well, my untrained ears couldn't make out the individual voices, but that story stayed with me and interested me.

Now, as an adult, odd as it seems, sometimes I do hear an angel singing along with us. We are a musical family—well, my husband and our young sons who are picking things up from him easily. I can, however, play the guitar and like singing to the children. Sometimes as I sing and play the guitar, or we sing as a family, I hear this extra beautiful voice blending in with the song and the musical notes of the guitar.

I won't even be thinking about it, but as soon as the song starts I hear it and it catches my attention. It's encouraging that there are angels cheering us on in our mission on Earth, and who like to sing praises to Jesus along with us.

My Body Guard

(By Chariane)

I saw him in my mind's eye one morning, as if he was in morning meditation and prayer. Calm, but focused on the mission before him that day—his God given duty to guard me for life. My own Heavenly body guard.

His light coloured hair and strong muscular body was the way he appeared to me the only

time I have seen him in a vision. It brought peace to me knowing his strong link with the God of love, and his soberness and dedication to this mission.

I seldom hear him speak to me in words, as in a spirit conversation. When I turned 25, on my birthday came a wonderful gift of Jesus' love to me. He thought of a new and creative way to show me His love. The thin veil that seems to keep him and I in our realms, parted.

I didn't see or feel my angel guard there in the physical, but he was there in a way he had not been before. I heard him, for the first time, speaking to me—inaudibly however. He told me such stirring, beautiful, personally encouraging words. He just whispered them to my heart and mind.

There is a connection between our hearts, one that I'll only fully know when I meet him on the other side. But in those rare times he speaks to me in words to my heart and mind, it always pulls a string and the tears flow. It's something I don't understand or know now.

I remember several years ago, in a particularly dark and stormy time of my life, what Jesus told me about my guardian angel, and about my time before coming to Earth. I was so despairing of my place on Earth, and battled great loneliness, not having had a “special someone” for what seemed an eternity.

My job was caring for and teaching a sweet and brilliant little girl. I could have been having the time of my life, but my despair and the inner struggles and turmoil of heart and spirit threatened to steal away my very life if I didn't hold on very tightly to the Lord.

Jesus invited me to commune with Him and talk about my life before coming to Earth, and on our communications about what it would entail, and what it would cost me personally to come here.

He said that before being sent to Earth, after hearing all I would go through, I had initially responded that I couldn't make it, and it would be all too hard for me. However, He said I then took courage when shown who one of my constant spiritual companions would be.

Something about seeing him, and knowing how he would bring Jesus' love and help to me on a daily basis, turned the tide and I took the plunge to head off with courage to my mission on Earth.

On most birthdays from then on he speaks to me in my heart and mind. They are meaningful and deep times, and words that are remembered often.

Jesus only knows the foes he helps me to fight, the battles he is engaged in for not only my survival but to finish the mission we set out to accomplish—together. I probably will never know the lengths and depths he has gone to, to fulfil his commission from our Lord of love. But we are in this together.

He chooses to be invisible, so that Jesus is most glorified. It's like his mission is as a link so that I can be connected to Jesus' love, and he fights in the realm of the spirit to bring me through the mine field of this world, with the trophy of "mission accomplished" in my hands.

Words can't express the intensity of the inner battles I have encountered. But I have

never been alone, and have come through each one, thanks to the love of Jesus and my guardian angels who fight for and with me.

Encounter on a Ferry

(By Chariane)

One of the bigger signs of Jesus' love for me was the time He sent His love through an angel, packaged as a regular person. When it happened, it moved me so. It was so deep a feeling of awe to think that Jesus would go that distance for me.

I couldn't even talk about it with my best friend for weeks. I felt in a daze. My mind was reeling and in shock. I was deeply emotional, and I cried tears of joy often.

Ah, the clear memory is still there. Come to think of it, it happened right at the same time in my life as one of the bigger personal challenges that tested my character and "Christian graces" began and lasted for the next couple years.

There were numerous other personal challenges and difficulties at the time. But holding on to this memory over the years has been one of those "sure proofs" of Jesus'

amazing love and reality.

It was more than just a spiritual encounter. To express the story and the situation almost brings it to the earthly plane. It feels odd, uncomfortable, and nearly too sacred to merely express it in these typed words here. But I'll venture from my "comfort zone" in the hopes that there is someone, somewhere that can have their heart warmed with the thought that Jesus, His love, and His ever-faithful and busy angelic team are here with us all.

I was on vacation with my parents. We'd done a whirlwind trip to Vancouver Island, in one day, from Vancouver. I was 19 and yet still very at shy talking with people—a shyness I'd been tied with since childhood. I also still didn't have anyone I could call a boyfriend—never had.

Vacation was a touchy time for me emotionally, as I longed to have someone special to spend it with. But I tried to enjoy it, the best I could, with my parents, knowing that I was getting older, and we wouldn't always have this time together.

On the way back, while in the car waiting for the ferry ride home I prayed to meet someone

on the boat, someone I could talk with, and perhaps witness to. It was going to be a long ride of sitting there feeling alone emotionally for a few hours, and it was the end of vacation too.

There weren't a lot of people on the ferry, and we wanted to sit somewhere private, and have our "space". There were six seats facing each other. We spread out our bags and settled in. My parents wanted to look around, so I stayed there to watch the stuff. Then he came—the stranger with the eyes of an angel.

Too numerous to expound were the qualities that verified the fact that he'd been sent to me from Heaven. But the most outstanding one was the fact that I virtually never looked anyone in the eyes at this point in my life. Yet his gaze was one unlike anything I'd seen.

I looked him squarely in the eyes, and felt comfortable doing so, for the whole time we talked—over an hour. I'd never done that till then, and have never had that happen since.

We walked on the deck, talked about the coming end of the world, events in his life, and I tried to find out what his work was. "Security" is all he answered. Hmmm, mysterious.

When leaving the ship he made sure to go behind all of us, as if guarding. Then came the “disappearing act”.

As we waited for the bus, he was walking in the nearly empty spacious parking lot and smiling still at me. He walked until the bus was blocking him from view.

“Oh, I should get his address so I can write him...” I suddenly thought. I stepped out of line immediately to walk out and ask him. And he was gone!

As tired as I must have been when finally getting in bed at 1:00 or 2:00 AM, after being up since 4:00 that morning, and travelling and walking all day, I couldn’t sleep yet.

My mind was exploding with all the odd and interesting occurrences of the encounter. I didn’t think of him as being anything else but a regular man such when I was on the boat. But now it was all flooding me, and I was emotionally bursting.

It was too special and wonderful to even tell my parents until much, much later. To tell the details of our conversations, and all that happened seems too trite to put into words. I’ve only described a couple things here.

To very few have I shared the whole account. I hold it dearly in my heart as one great way wonderful Jesus showed He cared, and there is no denying that.

The Passport and the Angel (By Chariane)

It seems he could only have been an angel sent from the Lord to help me. Jesus knows what we can do, and covers for the rest, what we just can't manage.

I had been living in Mexico for several months, and though I was trying to learn Spanish, I still seemed at beginners' level. I had to go alone to a new city for a day, to renew my passport.

It had worked out to stay with a family who I had previously been living with, before they moved there. They were happy to see me—they and their seven children.

To raise the funds for this legal work I'd been able to spend two exhausting days at the entrance way to a shopping mall, and offer Christian magazines to those going in and out, and over 100 people also had prayed with me

to receive Jesus. It was a great time reaching out—as I usually was at home caring for children. And I was very happy to have the miracle of the supply of funds. Passports are not cheap—especially not mine.

So with that first miracle taken care of, as well getting the needed photos for the passport done at a photo shop for free, I took a bus to the city where the embassy was. Travel in the city and all the legal work had to be done alone.

There wasn't anyone to go with me, or to translate for me, or to help me with the legalities. This was the first time I was to apply for a passport without my parents around to help.

I was given some verbal instructions of where the embassy was—how to find the bus, and where to get off, what land marks to look for, and so forth. It was all going to be new for me. So I started off summoning the faith in my heart.

I don't think I'd ever really gone out on my own around a city like that before, for safety. I felt so alone, but kind of excited, because I knew Jesus was with me and I was interested to see how He was going to pull this off.

I walked to the place I was directed to get the bus, and saw the bus coming to me. I got on and it was fine. I found out later that I'd walked in the wrong place—but somehow the Lord made the bus come there to me anyway, ha!

It was all such a big step. So miracles happened and I had gotten off at the right stop and made it to the place where the embassy was. I asked around and found the building, and the right office in it; had made phone calls and gotten the additional info I needed, filled out the forms, and so forth. Phew! All done finally. Or was I?

The lady took the forms and photos, and then informed me that the photos were not to specs!—A few millimetres off. I'd need to come up with more photos, and correct this time. Oh, boy! She gave me a business card of a place to go to. That's when the challenge escalated to needing greater miracles.

How was I to get it done? And where exactly was this place I needed to go to? And I'd need to get it done in time before needing to return home. I didn't even know how to find the bus—or what direction to go. Taking a taxi would have been way too expensive.

I stepped out of the building with that trembling, yet excited feeling, like I was walking on the water—as Peter must have felt. There was no one to help me out, or to even understand what I would want to ask for. It was me and Jesus.

I walked to a line of taxis and declined their eager offers. Finally, I got through to them that I need to know where I could take a bus, and showed the address. They pointed out where to go to find the main road.

I walked to a bus stop where they pointed. But there was one on the opposite side of the road too. What side was I to be on? Oh boy.

There was a Mexican man there, and he noticed how perplexed I looked. I showed him the card, and he tried to tell me that I needed to go across and take the bus going the other direction. He asked me in Spanish, and somehow I knew what he was saying, “Shall I accompany you?”

Now, from the experiences that I’d had there thus far, this wasn’t something to take lightly. Various unexpected encounters with Mexican men had taught me to really “watch my p’s and q’s” as a young and single woman—or they

tend to jump to conclusions, sure that I wanted to be their life-long partner, starting that night! So here I was, with an offer for company around the city. I had to answer this man—a stranger—if I wanted to agree to have him accompany me.

I surely prayed. The options on either side were just as scary. I took the step of faith that it was from the Lord.

“Yes”, I said, and he led me across and on to the right bus, paid the fare for me, got us off at the right stop. We then walked and walked until we found the right address—because each shop on that very long road wasn’t numbered in order. They read something like: “17, 22, 5, 31, 10” etc.

It would have been impossible to find the photo taking place without knowing or being able to easily communicate and understand instruction and directions from others.

The photos got taken, but wouldn’t be ready until the next day. The embassy would be closing soon, so I’d need to stay another day or so.

I wasn’t in the best of health at that time, and had to keep a pretty healthy diet, and eat

frequently too. I'd gotten stronger over the months, but going for long periods without food and walking lots, being out and about for long periods was very tiring for me. The fund raising event for those two days, that helped pay for this passport, took me about a week or so to recover from.

So while out now on this passport trip, I wouldn't have known where to eat or how to find someplace and still be able to find my way home again, without totally losing my sense of direction—of which I have nearly none. Turning around in a circle in a large shop will mix me up and I won't know where the exit is. I certainly needed help that day.

I didn't have just tons of free cash to spend on food or anything either. I was going to be travelling to another country soon and needed all that I could save.

This companion, who hadn't even so much as asked my name but had been such a gentleman, offered to take me to lunch. Again it was a step of courage, but I agreed. And the place he took me to is something I'd never experienced yet or since, but it couldn't have been more perfectly tailored to my needs.

How would he know not to go to some fast food place? He took me to an all you can eat buffet restaurant of nothing but 100% natural, organic and healthful foods, grains, salads, bread, etc. That was a special treat—and paid for by him of course.

It was time to go back to the house I was staying in. I wouldn't have known how to return, at all. I would have been so, so lost. This man got on a bus with me, but let me say when to get off and try to remember.

We got off at the wrong place. Ooops. But there was a phone booth so I phoned to get directions again how to make it to the house. So we found the right bus and I was about to get on it, but he indicated for the first time that he wasn't going to go with me this time.

I walked toward it and turned to say goodbye. He was gone. We'd been walking across some grassy area to get to the bus. He couldn't have walked out of sight that fast.

He definitely wasn't a normal "man". Just the fact that he never asked my name or where I lived or where I was from and all those things that EVERYONE else would ask, was very different.

He'd done his job, and I could make it from there.

To further show how I am at directions—and how much I needed that help when going to the photo place the first time: I then got off the bus that was right near the house. I was walking in the grassy area between the two lines of houses, and I didn't know where to go, which house it had been, what side of the park I was to go to.

I had to ask someone for a phone card to help me phone again. The family sent one of the older children out to walk me to the door. Ha!

The next day I had to repeat the experience of going to the photo place to pick up the photos, and then to the embassy and make it back to the house again. But it was doable, though a challenge no less, and took plenty of time.

Jesus sent people on the buses to help me know when to get off and so forth. There was the additional challenge of trying to find a place to change money, and where to mail the forms, and all on foot. These kept the day a day that was filled with stories to tell. But all is well that

ends well, and the day after I was on the bus back to my home.

The angel who helped me on that day showed me how, when you really need to step out and it seems like the ground isn't under your feet yet, just take that step and God will either carry you, or put something under to step on, and to get you where you need to go.

I Wonder...

(By Chariane)

Sometimes I wonder if someone was an angel dropping by to help out. Such as these two events that happened a couple years ago in the main shopping area that I went to each week. I was trying to do the shopping, and had our young sons with me. It was Christmas time and there was a very big Christmas tree in the court area of the shopping mall.

There were numerous challenges that we faced, especially me as a mother and learning the ropes of how to cope with the children's unique health and diet needs.

People hardly ever talk to each other in that busy place. They just rush from shop to shop, keep to themselves, and get out as soon as possible.

I was making my way out with the boys, but stopped to look at the tree. Then this nice lady, looking about in her 50-60's came up with a gentle smile, without talking to me at first, leaned over and said to the boys how nice the tree was. They were looking at it together, and she was pointing things out. Then she looked at me and said, "You do so well with them." She then smiled and walked away.

I'd never met her before, and didn't know her at all. And the social climate of this country doesn't make for people just walking up and talking to others' children. It was unusual for sure, and encouraging to me.

The boys have never been able to meet their grandparents on their dad's side, and sometimes I wonder if their grandmother helps us from the other side. I wondered if she dropped by for a short Christmas visit.

Another time in that same place I had a harrowing experience, and was rescued just in time. I had a very full cart of food that I was pushing with one hand, while managing the baby in the stroller with the other.

There was a flat escalator that I would go down to get to the next level of shops. The shopping cards would click on to the metal moving floor of it somehow, so it wouldn't slip or roll down, as it slowly moved down. I have since learned to take the elevator instead, after what happened that day.

I pushed the cart on with one hand while pulling the stroller on with the other, getting the timing right for this moving ride. But then I found out that the cart wasn't working right, and wasn't clicking on. If I didn't hold tightly to this cart it would have hurled down to the level below, hitting people and the glass doors there.

The trouble was that the stroller then got caught on the top of the escalator, and so I couldn't pull it along with me. I didn't know what would happen.

I was being tugged with each arm going in opposite directions, and could do nothing about it, but yell out, “Help!”

That very split second a man in a workman’s yellow vest was right there releasing the stroller the right way. I hadn’t told him anything; there was not time.

Just that second when I needed it, he appeared and fixed the problem, and me and the baby made it safely down again—and didn’t see or talk to him again. I stopped using that escalator, but I never forgot about the fast help I received in a moment of danger and distress.

I can’t say for sure these two were angels, but the timing was right; they were unusual happenings, and it cheered me.

It Was Just an Angel

(By Chariane)

My three-year-old boy said to me, when watching a children’s Christian music video, showing angels, “I saw an angel in real life one day.”

I asked, "How did it make you feel?"

He said, "It made me feel happy!"

I asked, "Was it a girl or a boy angel?"

He replied, "It wasn't a boy or a girl, it was just an angel."

Angel Stories

—Retelling true stories I heard over the years.

(By Chariane)

Flat Tyre

In the late 1940's a man and his wife were driving late at night on a deserted road in the mountains when they had a flat tyre. Because of the rocky road edge, they were unable to brace the car and change the tyre.

Out of the night a car appeared with two of the biggest, roughest-looking, bearded men they'd ever seen. Walking over to this couple's vehicle, with powerful hands they steadied the car, swiftly changed the tyre, and drove off. They did this without saying anything at all.

In the Swiss Alps

In the early 1950's, a family was driving through thick fog in the Swiss Alps when they came upon a gap in the road, several feet wide and deep. Night was coming on, and they didn't know what to do. Most of the family walked to the nearby village to see if they could get help, while the mother stayed in the car.

She remembered the words of Psalm 91:11, 12: "For He shall give His angels charge over thee...They shall bear thee up in their hands..." The mother prayed for the Lord to send some angels to help.

A truck suddenly appeared. Out of it piled six big, rough-looking, bearded men. Without speaking, they picked up their truck and carried it across the washout. Then with strong, powerful hands they picked up this family's car and carried it across the trench and set it safely on the other side. They never said a word, and then they disappeared into the night.

The mother then drove the car down to the village and found her family. She told them the amazing story of what had just happened!

When the mother asked around in the nearby village, nobody could imagine who those men were. She had prayed and knew that verse had come true—and those angels came to “bear them up in their hands”.

A Precious Christmas Gift

A mother was alone one snowy day with her child who was very sick. Feeling worried she wanted to have a doctor visit. The only way, at that time, to contact a doctor was to phone the operator and have them put her through to one.

However, as she tried to phone, she had scarcely begun to speak to ask for a doctor when the phone lines heavy with ice, broke down. Her husband was away, and she had no other way to get in contact with anyone.

She held her sick child and prayed. A feeling of peace and comfort then came over the caring mother and she began to doze, but then woke with a start. Someone had entered the room—even though the door was locked.

In the dim light she saw a tall man standing there, looking down at her.

“I’m a doctor,” he said before gently examining the young child. He said there was no lung congestion, but the little one’s ears were infected. He gave her some medicine as well as two instructions: to let the little one rest plenty, and to stop worrying.

After that he was gone.

The child slept wonderfully for 14 hours, and woke feeling much better, ready to cheerfully enjoy Christmas Eve along with her mother—and father who had returned then.

Later on the father went to ask the phone operator about the doctor that he assumed must have somehow been called for, in order to pay his bill.

However, he found out that there was no record of his wife’s call, nor of any doctor called for. This couple never found out about the mystery midnight doctor—who he was or how he came.

Jeep to the Rescue

An adventurous lady, together with her daughter and mother went off to explore new areas, in their motor home. However, while in a deserted area they hit a problem.

The road they drove on was in poor repair, and as they attempted to cross a dry creek bed their motor home got stuck in the mud. They were alone in the middle of nowhere, in an area where it was quite possible that no one might travel that way for days.

Together they prayed the Lord 's Prayer—the only way they knew how to pray at that time in their lives. God heard their prayers and came to their aid. A few minutes after praying, a man showed up in a four-wheel-drive jeep, stating that he was sent there to help them.

The man tied a rope to the back of the motor home, and then fastened it to the jeep. After a bit of struggle the motor home was at last out of the mud.

The lady offered this mysterious helper some lunch and he accepted. And while eating together with this man, the lady felt that

special feeling like she was “entertaining angels unawares”.

The man then offered to escort them down the rough road until they were safely on the main road again. Grateful for the assistance, they accepted. As the lady drove, she watched in her rear view mirror, and saw this man following them.

It was a straight road, without any side roads. However, as soon as the motor home was at the turn off to get on the main road, this man and his jeep suddenly disappeared.

It made such a wonderful impression on this woman, and she was so deeply touched by God’s love in that personal way—that He’d send her an angel in her time of need. She then decided to give her life fully to Jesus, and let Him be her guide. She knew it was the wisest and safest place for her.

The woman was touched with Jesus’ love, and knew if He cared that much about her, her life would only thrive and flourish, when placed fully in His hands, doing as He led her.

Out-of-This-World Help

A young lady woke in the middle of the night crying because of an excruciating pain in her right side. She woke her friend who was there in the house, who became worried, not knowing just what was going on. Her friend prayed for her and then saw the most amazing thing.

Right then appeared an angelic being for a moment, wearing rather bluish-grey clothing, and seemed to be examining her, with his hand on her side. The next thing that happened was that this lady was free of pain. Her friend told her and others, of the divine intervention and immediate relief, the moment help was called for.

Carried Home

Snow covered the ground one Christmas Eve, making driving virtually impossible. A young mother was so glad to have the chance to go to midnight service at the church that she didn't mind the few miles walk there at 11:00 PM.

Her husband would stay home and care for their toddler.

She had a wonderful time, but walking home at 1:00 AM, up the snowy hill was quite a challenge. Since no one else seemed to be able to take her home she had no choice but to walk. After walking for about a quarter of an hour she felt completely out of strength and very cold. She didn't know how or if she would make it home that night.

After praying a desperate prayer—her only hope of survival—a truly wonderful Christmas miracle occurred. Suddenly she felt herself floating above the snow and found herself at the door of her house.

Amazed, puzzled and in wonder she entered the house and sat for a long while looking at the soft Christmas tree lights, pondering what had just happened.

The only explanation to this heart-warming miracle was that in answer to her prayer, an angel of the Lord had been sent to carry her home.

The Jogger

Some missionaries out on a trip had just driven up a very steep hill when a beautiful jogger came by and kindly told them that there was fire under their motor! After making a move due to her warning, they got out—and just in time too, as a couple of minutes afterwards, the whole front of the car went up in flames!

When this couple mentioned about this woman to some of the people from the neighbourhood, they were all amazed and said that nobody ever jogs there, especially in winter, as the road is too steep and narrow.

Everyone they told the story to was convinced that she was one of the Lord's angels sent to protect them.

Safely to the Bus

A lady was lost in a poor neighbourhood as night was falling. She then saw something that filled her with fright. As a car's headlights flashed she looked behind to see three men that seemed to be lurking and trying to stay out

of sight. Trembling, she prayed a fervent prayer, asking Jesus to rescue her.

When she finished praying and looked up, there was a fourth man striding toward her in the dark! At first she felt she was being surrounded, until a thought occurred to her.

Even in the blackness of the night, somehow she could clearly see the fourth man. He was dressed in an immaculate work shirt and blue jeans, and he carried a lunch box. His face was stern but beautiful.

This lady felt comfortable with him and ran up to him in desperation, stating that she was lost and being followed.

This kind and confident man told her to come with him, as he then led her to the safety of the depot. She gratefully thanked him. Before parting he said goodbye and called her by her name—a name she had never told him.

As soon as he left it hit her. How did he know her name? She ran out to the sidewalk to look for him, but he'd vanished!

A Canoe and an Angel

A family with three children, were living on the East Coast of Sri Lanka, and they had an unforgettable day. They went out by canoe to a small coral island about 100 yards off shore. Only a few square metres of the coral actually stuck out of water, and on this they landed the canoe.

The children were able to look through masks at some of the amazingly beautiful tropical fish and fabulously coloured corals which were abundant in the clear blue water all around.

It was late afternoon and the huge red sun was already beginning to dip down over the horizon of the sea, so they began to load the children into the canoe to get back safely to the beach before dark.

However, the water around the coral rock was now a good deal choppier than when they had landed, and due to the shallowness of the water and the sharpness of the coral, it was not easy to get everyone on board with the canoe swaying this way and that.

The two younger children were getting a little bit frightened!

All of a sudden, literally it seemed from nowhere, a swimmer appeared in the water beside them! He got up onto the rock, and calmly held the back of the boat steady while they all clambered safely inside.

The father of the family looked at the face of this swimmer and it was radiant with a sort of heavenly glow of peace, strength and quiet assurance! His face was much like the face of Jesus, as pictured in some story books, except with shorter hair.

He felt a thrilling and unique sensation, as he felt he was staring face to face with an angel! Then with a kindly smile and a wave this man pushed their boat off from the rock, and they started back toward the shore.

After paddling for about 10 seconds the father thought, *"I'm going to turn around right now, and if he really was an angel I have a feeling that he will have disappeared!"*

And that's what happened! He was GONE! Not only had he vanished from the rock but

neither was there any trace of him swimming in the water anywhere around! Night falls so swiftly in the Tropics and by the time they arrived back at the beach it was almost dark! There was no other way for him to swim back to the shore except by the way that they had come!

The family watched for at least half-an-hour, to see if he would swim to shore, but he never set foot on that beach! They were convinced that it was indeed a close encounter with a guardian angel whom the Lord had sent to help them!

The Repair Men

For months the garage door had been in need of repair in the home of a missionary family. Every time it was opened, the wind would blow it onto the top of the car, damaging the paint work.

The local council, whose job it was to repair it, had sent two different inspectors to "weigh up" the job, but then failed to keep two appointments to carry out the work. Their final

word seemed to be that the door could not be fixed, and that this family would need to purchase a new one.

Finally, one day the father said half-jokingly to his son, "The Lord is going to have to send angels around to do the job!" Well, the Lord must have taken him at his word, because what happened next was out of this world!

Early the next morning, a very sweet, humble man with a strong Irish accent knocked on the front door. He apologized profusely for disturbing and asked if he could have a look at the garage door. The council men always knocked on the back door as that is where the street was. No one would knock on the front door!

The father led this man to inspect the garage door along with his companion, who had seemed to appear from nowhere. The first man then asked when it would be convenient to carry out the repair and said that the father could name any day and time.

With huge smiles on both their faces, the two men then left.

The father said he always noticed that the council workmen were rough, ill-mannered men, and that they never arrange their own appointments, but were given appointments by the head office, so all this seemed very unusual to him.

On the day arranged, the two men arrived exactly when they said they would. Then, in sub-zero temperatures and in the midst of a howling blizzard and deep snow, they proceeded to set up a generator and drill through inches of solid steel in a matter of minutes.—The job which previous council inspectors had said was impossible was completed in 20 minutes!

The men then offered to push the family's car back into the garage, to save the father from having to come out into the cold!

Two weeks later a "regular inspector" from the council came around to their house, asking if he could examine the garage door in preparation for repairing it!

When the father told him that the job had already been done, he was very puzzled and

said that nobody from the council had been sent out to do the job, especially as the final inspection had never been carried out!

Who were the men that fixed it? They must have been sent by the Lord!

Historical Accounts, References and Records of Angelic Beings in the Bible

—By David Cleroux

Cherubim

Genesis 3:24—After God cursed the Earth and sent Adam and Eve out of the Garden of Eden, He placed cherubim to keep the way to the tree of life, so that they could not return and partake of it and live forever in their sin.

Exodus 25:18—God told Moses to tell the people to make an Ark with two cherubim of gold at either end of it, when he was on Mount Sinai.

Exodus 26:1—God told Moses to weave cherubim into the ten curtains of the tabernacle that he was to make.

1 Kings 6:23—Solomon built the House of the Lord, and placed two cherubim inside the oracle of it.

1 Kings 6:32—Solomon carved cherubim into the two doors of the entrance to the oracle.

2 Kings 19:15—Hezekiah prayed to “the God of Israel that dwells between the cherubim”.

Ezekiel 10—Ezekiel has a vision of the cherubim under God’s throne, and describes them as having four faces, four wings, and hands under their wings. There are wheels under them and coals of fire between the wheels.

Cherub

2 Samuel 22:11—David says that God rode upon a cherub and did fly.

Ezekiel 28:14, 15—Ezekiel is asked to deliver a message from God to the prince of Tyrus, and to the anointed cherub that was influencing him, that they would ultimately be destroyed, as they had turned corrupt.

Archangel

1 Thessalonians 4:16—Paul says that an archangel will announce Jesus’ 2nd coming.

Jude 1:9—Jude says that the archangel Michael asked the Lord to rebuke the devil,

when he was contending with him for the body of Moses on mount Nebo.

Luke 1:11, 13—An angel appeared to Zacharias and told him that his wife Elizabeth would bear him a son and to call his name John.

Luke 1:19—The angel tells Zacharias that he is Gabriel that stands before God. He makes him dumb and unable to speak until his son is born, because of his unbelief.

Luke 1:26–38—Six months after John was conceived, the angel Gabriel visited the virgin Mary. He informed her that she was favoured by God to bear His Son by the Holy Spirit, and said to call Him Jesus.

Seraphim

Isaiah 6:2—Isaiah describes a vision where he sees the seraphim above the Lord's throne, and each one had six wings. Two covered their face, two covered their feet, and with two they did fly.

Angel

Numbers 22:22—The angel stood before Balaam, his ass, and his servants, to prevent him from going to Balak.

Judges 6:11—An angel appeared to Gideon under an oak tree and told him that he would deliver Israel from the Midianites.

Judges 6:21—An angel took his staff and touched the rock that Gideon had placed a sacrifice on, and fire came out of the rock to consume it.

Judges 13:6—An angel appeared to a woman, Manoah's wife, to tell her that she would bear a son (Samson) and that he would be a Nazarite from the womb.

Judges 13:13—The angel appears to Manoah and gives the same message. He asks for the angel's name but the angel would not give it, nor accept an offering. He said that the offering was to be sacrificed to God and ascends to Heaven with the sacrifice.

2 Samuel 24:16—An angel, sent to bring deadly pestilence to the Israelites because of King David having proudly counted the men of Israel, was restrained after King David repented.

1 Kings 19:5—An angel provided food and water for Elijah as he slept under a juniper tree, after he had run away from Jezebel and was discouraged because of it.

1 Kings 19:7—The angel returned a second time and brought him food, and he was sustained for 40 days and 40 nights until he reached Mount Horeb in the Sinai.

2 Kings 1:3—An angel told Elijah to tell the messengers of Ahaziah the King of Samaria that he would not recover from his fall through the lattice because he sought Beelzebub instead of the Lord.

2 Kings 19:35—Hezekiah prayed to God for protection from the Assyrians. Isaiah received a message that not even an arrow would fly into the city. The angel of the Lord destroyed a big

part of the Assyrian army during the night, and the Assyrians were forced to return to their land.

1 Chronicles 21:18—The angel of the Lord commanded Gad to tell King David to build an altar unto the Lord.

1 Chronicles 21:20—Ornan saw the angel that spoke to Gad, and hid himself.

Daniel 6:22—When Daniel was in the lion's den, an angel came and shut the lion's mouths.

Zechariah 1:9—An angel that looked like a man standing among the myrtle trees had a conversation with Zechariah and explained his vision or dream of the four horsemen.

Zechariah 1:12—The angel of the Lord asked God a question concerning Jerusalem and Judah, and God answered him.

Zechariah 2:3—An angel related another message from God to the angel that talked with Zechariah.

Matthew 1:20, 21—An angel appeared to Joseph in a dream with instruction to accept Mary as his wife. He also told him that Mary would have a son, and to call His name Jesus.

Matthew 2:13—The angel appeared again to Joseph in a dream warning him to take Mary and their young son, Jesus, and flee to Egypt.

Matthew 2:19—The angel appeared again to Joseph in a dream to return to his home country.

Matthew 28:2—An angel rolled away the stone from the sepulchre where Jesus had been entombed and sat on it.

Matthew 28:5—The angel talked with the women when they went to the sepulchre, to anoint Jesus' body, but found He had risen.

Luke 2:9—An angel appeared to shepherds outside Bethlehem. He told them that a Saviour was born and that they'd find Him lying in a manger.

Luke 22:43—An angel appeared to Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane to strengthen Him.

John 5:4—An angel was charged with stirring the water in the pool of Bethesda, at Jerusalem. The first person to get into it after the water was stirred got healed of his affliction.

Acts 5:19—An angel opened the prison doors to release the apostles and told them to share the gospel with all the people.

Acts 8:26—An angel spoke to Philip directing him to an encounter with a very important person.

Acts 10:3—An angel appeared to Cornelius, a Roman centurion, and told him to send for Peter in Joppa. Peter came and shared the gospel with him.

Acts 12:7—Peter was in prison, chained between two sleeping guards, when Heavenly light shone around him and an angel appeared, and came and released him. The angel then led him through the prison and into the street as

the prison gates opened before them.

Acts 27:23—After many days of a storm at sea, an angel appeared to Paul and reassured him that he would not perish in the storm but stand before Caesar.

Revelation 1:1—God gives the Revelation of Jesus to an angel, to be passed on to the apostle John.

Revelation 2:1—The angel begins to dictate to John what to write to the seven churches in Asia.

Revelation 5:2—An angel is making an announcement in Heaven to all creation in Heaven, on Earth, and under the Earth.

Revelation 7:2, 3—An angel is sent to seal the servants of God in their foreheads with a special seal.

Revelation 8:3—An angel offers incense and the prayers of the saints on an altar before the throne of God.

Revelation 10:1–7—John sees a majestic angel come down from Heaven clothed in a cloud, with a rainbow on his head and whose face shined as the sun. His feet were as fire and he was standing with one foot on the Earth and the other on the sea. He goes on to make an announcement that the mystery of God is finished and that time shall be no more.

Revelation 14:6—There is an angel flying in Heaven with the everlasting gospel to preach to every nation, kindred, and tongue.

Angels

Genesis 18—Angels visit and talk with Abraham, one of them is the Lord.

Genesis 19:1, 15—Two angels came to Sodom and met with Lot. They warned him of the city's soon destruction, and took them by the hand and brought them out.

Genesis 28:12—Jacob had a dream of angels ascending and descending a staircase to Heaven, at Bethel.

Genesis 32:1—When Jacob left Laban in the city of Nahor in Mesopotamia to return to Isaac his father in Canaan, after making a treaty with Laban his father in law, he was met by angels.

Psalm 8:5—Says that God made man a little lower than the angels.

Psalm 68:17—Says that God has twenty thousand chariots and thousands of angels.

Psalm 78:25—Says that God sent angels' food to man, in the wilderness.

Psalm 91:11—Says that God gives His angels charge over us, to keep us in all our ways.

Matthew 4:11—Says that after Jesus fasted, prayed, and was tempted in the wilderness, that the angels came and ministered unto Him.

Matthew 13:39, 41—Says that the angels will be the reapers at His second coming, and will gather out of His kingdom all that offend and do iniquity.

Matthew 18:10—Jesus says to humble ourselves as little children, and that our angels are ever present before the Father in Heaven.

Matthew 22:30—Jesus said that in the resurrection we would be as the angels, neither marrying or given in marriage.

Matthew 24:31—Jesus said that at His second coming, he would send His angels and they would gather His elect out of the world.

Matthew 24:36—Jesus said that not even the angels know when He will return. It's a secret that God is keeping.

Matthew 26:53—Jesus says to Peter that if he asked, God would send him more than twelve legions, or about sixty thousand angels, to protect him.

Luke 15:10—Jesus says that when a person is sorry and changes his ways, that there is joy in Heaven among the angels.

Luke 16:11—In a parable, Jesus said that when a beggar died, the angels carried him to Heaven.

Luke 20:36—Jesus says that when we get to Heaven, like the angels, we will never die again.

Luke 24:23—Luke says that when the women arrived at Jesus' gravesite, that they saw a vision of angels.

1 Corinthians 4:9—Paul says that he thinks the apostles were a spectacle for the world and angels to behold.

1 Corinthians 6:3—Paul says that we will judge the angels.

1 Corinthians 13:1—Paul insinuates that there are tongues of angels, as well as men.

Colossians 2:18—Paul says that since Jesus' death made us free, not to voluntarily allow man to bring us into bondage and the worshipping of angels.

1 Timothy 3:16—Paul says that the angels saw Jesus, as a manifestation of God in the flesh.

1 Timothy 5:21—Paul, with the word elect, insinuates that there is a hierarchy among angels.

Hebrews 1:4–6—Paul says that Jesus was made so much better than the angels. That He is God’s only begotten Son, and that every angel of God must worship Him.

Hebrews 2:5, 9—Paul says that though Jesus was made a little lower than the angels when made after the fashion of man in order to save mankind, during His time on Earth, that they will be subject to Him in the world to come.

Hebrews 13:2—Paul says to not forget to entertain strangers because some have, without knowing it, entertained angels.

1 Peter 1:12—Paul says that the angels desired to look into the things that the Holy Ghost sent down to the prophets, that foretold

of the coming of Jesus. And that the prophecies were sent especially for us in order to recognize their fulfilment in Jesus.

2 Peter 2:4—Peter says that the angels have the majesty of choice and that those who have sinned were cast down and delivered into chains of darkness.

2 Peter 2:11—Peter says that the angels, that are more powerful than man, see man's sins but will not accuse them before God.

Revelation 1:20—Jesus says that stars in this book are symbolic of angels.

Revelation 5:11—John, in a vision, heard many angels around God's throne praising Jesus and saying that He is worthy to receive the power from God.

Revelation 7:1—John saw in a vision of the End time, an angel having the seal of God going forth to seal His servants in their foreheads.

Revelation 7:11—John has a vision of the resurrection and the angels falling on their faces before the throne of God and worshipping Him.

Revelation 8:2, 6—John has a vision of seven angels receiving the seven trumpets of the tribulation at the time of the end.

Revelation 12:7—John has a vision of a war in Heaven. The archangel Michael and his angels fought against the dragon and his angels. The dragon, being defeated, was cast to the Earth with his angels where he goes on to persecute the woman in the wilderness.

Revelation 15:1—John has a vision of seven angels having the seven last plagues, which is the wrath of God.

Revelation 21:12—John has a vision of the Heavenly city, holy Jerusalem. At the twelve gates of pearls on the sides of the city, there were twelve angels.