

## Angel Stories

### 1. Two Flew Over The Handlebars

By: C. Leslie Miller

Joyce was riding her bicycle while coming home from work in the late afternoon. The Arizona sun was low on the horizon making it visibly difficult for everyone on the street. Joyce came to the intersection where there was a stop sign. Instead of making a complete stop. She eased around the corner and was hit from behind by a truck. She flew over the handle bars, and cried out, even though she wasn't a Christian, "Jesus help me!". Immediately Joyce felt herself being cushioned as though she were wrapped by pillows. When she landed witnesses said she bounced like a person landing on a trampoline. She felt no pain. As a precaution she went to the hospital, where they revealed no serious injuries. Ask Joyce and she will tell you that those pillows were Angels gently carrying her. In gratitude, Joyce began a spiritual quest that brought her to faith in the same Jesus who had answered her emergency prayer.

### 2. Kathryn Butcher - The Halloween Prank

By: C. Leslie Miller

Kathryn Ann of Ann Arbor, Michigan, has never forgotten a Halloween prank she played as a college student in 1958. She and some girl friends decided to "toilet paper" the trees in the yards of the college fraternities. At one house, they saw the girls, and they all made a run for it. Kathryn was in the lead. As Kathryn tells it, "In fell I led the pack and leaped over a fence into-nothingness! In their backyard some one had dug an enormous hole, which in the dark had been impossible to see". But in the midst of the fall, "I felt myself lifted in mid-air and carried across the opening to the bank on the other side. I was astonished." She was going to warn her friends but no one was in eye sight. She knew that day that she had been saved by Angel.

### 3. Nightly Camping in Haiti - Kay Kallander

By: C. Leslie Miller

Kay could hear the voodoo drums, each hour it became louder and louder. Kay had come a missionary nurse. She shared a small house with another missionary woman. A low fence surrounded their property, but it was not high enough for anyone who might want to break in. Each time they would play the drums, it meant that the voodoo rituals were taking place. When she went to the clinic in the morning she would see evidence of these nightly ceremonies; blood, fragments of animal parts, and cult objects. There was trouble every night, she would pray for those caught in spell of voodoo, and pray for her own safety. Poverty was everywhere, in desperation the poor would break into houses and steal anything of value. One day while Kay was treating a patient, she asked him “Why is it that with all the problems in our neighborhood and the break-ins that happen nightly, there has never been any theft at our house?” The Haitian replied, “No one would ever enter your yard, everyone knows about the guards you have!” “The guards? What guards?” “The guards you have on duty every night. There are four of them. Big, big men. Dark, very dark men. One stands on each corner of your property. They are very frightening everyone knows about them. Lady, no one will cause you trouble.” The missionary woman had no, nor hired any, guards. Kay is certain that they were angels of God, unseen to the missionaries but clearly visible to potential trouble.