**2020 Angel Encounter Compilation**

Our angels are always around us trying to help us fulfill our Heavenly destiny. They are not to be worshiped but God has sent them to us to be a help to us and want us to work with them. I hope these stories encourage you.

**Angels at The Gas Station**

Gerald Heffington worked at a gas station in a rough part of a small town in Kentucky. One night as he was closing up in order to go home, a young man in a dark blue Cadillac drove up. The young man seemed very nervous and seemed to be talking, even though there was no one else with him in the car. Gerald still went and asked the young man if he needed any help, all the while praying for protection. The young man gave him one hundred dollars and demanded fifty cents worth of gas. Gerald was sure that something was wrong, but he did as the man asked. Just as Gerald was about to put the nozzle back, the young man sped his car out of the station. Puzzled, Gerald was left holding the hundred dollar bill.

Two nights later, the same young man drove into the station. Gerald figured he’d come back for his change, and walked up to the car. “Where are the two guys?” the young man asked nervously.

“Which guys?”Gerald asked.

“The ones who were working here two nights ago,” the young man said. “I was armed and planning to steal all the money from the gas station and harm you and your wife. But just as I was about to get out of the car I saw two huge guys at least seven feet tall. The names on their uniform tags said Clyde and Brutus. They told me, ‘We know who you are and what you are planning to do!’”

The young man explained how apparently Clyde and Brutus added their own touch of warning of what would happen to him if he dared to continue with his plans. He would regret not heeding them. The young man got out of there fast.

The young man added, while talking to Gerald, “Keep the change, and tell those guys I’m never coming back again!”The car sped out of the station.

Gerald stared in amazement after him. Gerald had been the only employee two nights ago, and he certainly did not know a Clyde or a Brutus. But he had certainly prayed for God to protect him on that night. Gerald had never thought before that angels could be named Clyde or Brutus, and he looked forward to meeting them again one day.

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**Angel Protection**

Two men of God in Malaysia had to walk to a distant village in order to pick up some money that was sent to a bank for them. Night fell before they could make it home. They prayed for protection and lay down to sleep on a hill. Several weeks later a man came to the mission station for medical treatment. As he was being treated he stared intently at the doctor.

“I have seen you before,” the man said.

“I don’t think so,” the doctor replied.

“But we have met before!” the man exclaimed. “Several weeks ago you and another man withdrew some money from the bank. My friends and I saw you then and followed you into the jungle, intending to rob you. But we were unable to get close to you because of the soldiers guarding you the whole night.”

“Soldiers!” The doctor was very surprised. “It was just the two of us that night.”

“But there were soldiers!” The bandit insisted. “There were sixteen of them standing around you with swords drawn. We were filled with fear and ran for our lives!”

God encamps His angels round about to protect those who love and trust Him.

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**Angel Protection From Bandits**

A man of God during the pioneer days of America was working in a remote settlement. A gang of horse thieves and bandits were continually trying to stop him from ministering to the people. The man of God refused to stop, and the leader of the thieves vowed to ‘get him.’

One afternoon the man of God was called to speak to a man who had been hurt by a falling tree. In order to get to the lumber camp the preacher had to pass through a rough mountain area where the bandits were. The preacher was very afraid, but after desperately praying, the Lord gave him peace and he was able to travel safely to where the man was hurt.

The next day the bandit leader was injured and the preacher was summoned. The leader confessed that the previous night he had been waiting in the mountains, hoping to end the man’s life. The bandit asked, “Who were those men with you?” Baffled, the man of God responded that he had been alone.

“No you weren’t!” The bandit leader insisted. “Two men rode on either side of you, and I never saw such horses as they rode. Who were they?”

The man of God never doubted that God had sent him supernatural protection and deliverance that night. And God will do the same for you in your time of need all you have to do is ask as He has promised in Psalm 34:7 which says, “The angel of the LORD encamps round about them that fear him, and delivers them.”

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**Angel Rescue**

By Ruth

At the end of the last week of my freshman year of high school, our class was invited to enjoy a fun swimming outing. The father of one of our classmates arranged this as a special year-end treat. In dry, dusty Tucson, swimming was considered a real luxury. In those days, swimming pools were few and far between. The enormous pool had been reserved exclusively for our class. This was an excellent chance to swim, try different strokes, and practice our diving. After vigorously exercising, some of us began our cool-down.

While enjoying the lovely, refreshing water that late summer afternoon, I was chitchatting with Jean, one of the other students, totally unaware of what was about to occur. It just so happened that we were in the area of the pool where there was a sudden drop, separating the shallow from the deep end. I had no idea that Jean didn’t know how to swim. Coincidentally, she was shorter than I, and she suddenly had a terrified look in her eye. Unbeknownst to us, she was standing directly on the spot where the shallow gave way to the deep end. In her sheer panic, she grabbed the bathing suit strings around my neck and pulled us both underwater.

I thought it was all over—especially when I saw my whole life unroll before me like a scroll retrospectively, all the way back to when I was a little baby.

Somehow, inexplicably, I woke up on the edge of the pool. Everything was still; all our peers had vanished, possibly to the clubhouse. The only other person in sight was Jean, also on the edge of the pool, slowly coming around to consciousness. We saw a man approaching, and realized to our joy that it was our classmate’s dad who had made our outing possible. We were so relieved, not only to see another human being in the land of the living, but to be alive ourselves.

When we asked him who rescued us and inquired how we got out of the water and to the poolside, he had no idea. We began comparing notes and discovered that we had both experienced the same thing, seeing our life pass before us in retrospective order. It’s hard to describe how dumbfounded we were. Deep inside, I feel it must have been an angel who rescued us. How else can it be explained?

To this day I resist submerging my head underwater. The simple sidestroke, backstroke, and breaststroke are just great! But every time I go in the water and recall how I was mysteriously and miraculously rescued, I am unable to resist thanking God for so lovingly looking out for us.

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**Angel Money**

There are many stories of people receiving much-needed [money from mysterious, unknown sources](https://www.liveabout.com/money-from-heaven-2593136). Ellie has such a story that she recalls from the summer of January 1994, when she was living in Melbourne, Australia.

It was late afternoon and Ellie was outside gathering the family laundry from the clothesline. There was a sudden, small willy-willy—an Australian term for a swirling wind funnel of dust and leaves.

"As it raced past me, I saw something blue whirling in the middle of the dust and leaves and managed to grab hold of it," she says. "I was surprised and very pleased to see it was a $10 note!"

A few days later, Ellie was at the back of the yard checking on her garden tomatoes when she spotted something lying in the grass. She was astonished to find it was a $20 note. Not long afterward, in another part of the garden, she found a $5 note and yet another $20 note nestled among the leaves of the daylilies.

"By this time I'd told my family of the 'angel money'," she tells us. "None of them had put money there, not with the possibility of it blowing away in the often high winds of summer. All was quiet for a few days, then one of my sons came in with an ear-to-ear grin and a $20 note that he had just found on top of the compost heap!"

Most of us would say this was not "angel money" at all, but money that someone had lost that had simply blown into Ellie's yard. But Ellie's not quite convinced of that explanation. That's because a week or so later, she had another amazing find—this time *in* her house.

"I was cleaning out under the bed and pulled out a pair of slippers, and there nestling in the toe of one, like a little grace note, was a 50-cent coin!"

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**Pushed to Safety by an Angel**

Back in 1980, Deb was a single mother with two infants living in San Bernardino County, California. She occasionally needed reliable babysitters. Fortunately, her parents lived only about 30 miles away in Alta Loma. Deb would usually drop off the children at her parents' house, go do what she needed to do, then pick them up in the evening.

One night, Deb had retrieved her babies from her parents' place and was heading home. It was relatively late, about 11:30 p.m. Deb was driving her "old clunker." Among the car's many deficiencies, the gas gauge was broken, requiring her to guess when the old thing needed fuel. Occasionally, her guessing was off.

"Halfway home, the car started to putter," Deb remembers, "and I realized I was on empty. I pulled off the first off ramp I could, and it just happened to be one that was slightly uphill. Almost at the top of the exit, my car died and there was absolutely nothing around except empty fields and distant lights at a truck stop about a quarter of a mile down the road.

With no cars in sight, Deb didn't know what to do. The kids were asleep and walking miles while carrying two kids in the middle of the night was not a good option. This was before cell phones, so she could not call for help.

"I put my head on the steering wheel while saying a short and panicky prayer," she says. "I hadn't even finished when I heard a few taps on my window."

When she looked up, she saw a clean-cut young man standing there, who Deb estimated to be about 21 years old. He motioned for her to roll down her window. "I remember I was surprised," Deb says, "but I wasn't even the slightest bit afraid, even though I normally would have been terrified."

The young man was dressed well and had a faint smell of soap. He didn't ask if she needed help. Instead, he told her to put the car in neutral and he would help her over that last, small hill toward a place where she could get gas.

"I thanked him and followed his instructions. The car started moving. I steered it toward the lights of the truck stop and turned around to yell 'thank you' again to him," Deb says.

"He was so nice! My car kept moving, but the young man was nowhere in sight. I mean, this area was completely remote. There was absolutely nowhere he could have gone that quickly, even if there was somewhere to go. I don't even know where he came from to begin with."

Deb's car continued to roll down the hill until it reached the truck stop. She was able to get the gas she needed, and the kids remained sound asleep.

"I've always trusted in God to take care of us, but in relating that story many times to my children, who are now 30 and 32, they know for a fact that angels do exist and are sent to us if we just believe.

"I always thought it was so amazing that we were sent someone who I would trust instinctively without question. Since that incident, I've come to believe that we probably encounter angels all the time, and take for granted who they really are. I think they come in all shapes and sizes, young and old ... and sometimes when we least expect them." <https://www.liveabout.com/angel-encounters-true-stories-2593644>)

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**The Blind on Earth See in Heaven – Near Death Experience**

Vicki, 22 years old, was blind from birth. Late one night she was riding in a van that crashed. She suffered a basal skull fracture and a broken back and neck. The next thing Vicki knew, she found herself above the scene of the accident, “looking” down at what she realized must be a crumpled-up van. Having never “seen” anything as a blind person, Vicki recalls, “It was hard to adjust to, and … [seeing] was scary at first. Then, I liked it, and it was OK. I had trouble relating things to one another—what I was seeing and perceiving versus what I had touched and known.\*”

The next thing she recalls is at the hospital where she left her body again and floated up near the ceiling. From there she watched a male doctor and a woman working on her body. She tried to tell them she was fine, but the doctors didn’t respond. Then Vicki experienced a sense of upward motion as she traveled through the ceilings of the hospital and up above the roof.

She found herself being pulled up through a dark enclosure “like a tube,” moving toward a light getting brighter and brighter. At the opening of the tube she found herself on grass, in a beautiful, garden-like setting, surrounded by trees and flowers and a vast number of people. She was in a place of tremendous light, and the light, Vicki said, “was something you could feel as well as see.” Even the people she saw were radiant. “Everybody there was made of light. And I was made of light. What the light conveyed was love. There was love everywhere. It was like love came from the grass, from the birds, and from the trees,” Vicki says\*\*.

It’s incredibly compelling that multiple blind NDEs (Near Death Experiences) confer with thousands of sighted NDEs saying the light of heaven is “light and life and love” coming “out of” everything, even people. Yet the Jewish prophet Isaiah and John in Rev. 21 tell us there’s no sun or moon in Heaven, because “the Lord will be your everlasting light, and your God will be your glory”(Is. 60:19), and the “nations will walk by its light” (Rev. 21:24). How would blind people get this idea since earth’s light shines “on,” not “out of,” everything? The Jewish prophet Daniel and Jesus both tell us “the righteous will shine like the sun in the kingdom of their Father,” just as NDEs confer (Matt. 13:43, Dan. 12:3). But will we still fully recognize our friends and relatives, and can appear to one another as we do today? Yes, yet better, healthy and whole.

Vicki was welcomed by Debby and Diane, her blind roommates who had died as children, yet in Heaven, they were whole, healthy, and “in their prime.” Vicki turned and there was Jesus, whose radiance far exceeded all others. He embraced her with a loving hug beyond anything imaginable on earth. “He enveloped me with so much warmth and love… [and his eyes] were piercing eyes. It was like they permeated every part of me.” She never wanted to leave. Jesus gave Vicki a life review, another commonality of NDEs, where she re-lived her life in a panoramic replay. Jesus pointed out how each act of love and kindness, and every unkind act affects others, reminding her that love is what matters most to God.

After Vicki’s resuscitation, she was able to describe how Debby and Diane looked and even walked since she had “seen” them growing up in her life review. These observations were confirmed by the housemother who raised all three girls.

Heaven will be a thriving, joyful, festive place, where families and friends enjoy life with the Giver of Life; where all the struggle, all the suffering, every act of faith, service, and service produce for us “an eternal glory that far outweighs them all” (2 Cor. 4:17). The most wonderful experiences imaginable lie before you.

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**Encounter with Angel's**

Jackie B. believes that her guardian angel came to her aid on two such occasions. Most interesting, her testimony is that she actually physically felt and heard this protective force. Both happened when she was a child of kindergarten age:

"Everybody in the town used to go to the hill by the post office to sled in the winter," says Jackie.

"I was sledding with my family and I went to the steep part. I closed my eyes and went down. I apparently hit someone going down and I was spinning out of control. I was heading for the metal guard rail. I didn't know what to do.

"I suddenly felt something push my chest down. I came within less than a half inch of the rail but didn't hit it. I could have lost my nose.

"The second experience was during a celebration of my birthday in school. I went to put down my crown on the bench at the playground during recess. I was running back to play with my friends. Three boys suddenly tripped me. This playground had a lot of metal things and wood chips (not a good combo). I went flying and hit something about 1/4 of an inch under my eye.

"But I felt something pull me back when I fell. The teachers said that they saw me sort of fly forward then fly back at the same time. As they hurried me to the nurse's office, I heard an unfamiliar voice keep telling me, 'Don't worry. I'm here. God doesn't want anything to happen to his baby.'" -- By Stephen Wagner (<https://www.thoughtco.com/angels-prayers-and-miracles-2593039>)

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**He said my name**

But now I was lost in a poor neighborhood. Hearing a car pass, I turned, and in the flash of light, saw three men lurking behind me, trying to keep out of sight in the shadows. Trembling with fright, I did what I always do when in need of help. I bowed my head and asked Jesus to rescue me.

When I finished praying and looked up, a fourth man was striding toward me in the dark! "Dear Lord, I'm surrounded!" I was so scared! It took me a few seconds to realize that even in the blackness of the night I 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.

I ran up to him. "I'm lost and some men are following me!" I said in desperation. "I took a walk from the bus depot--I'm so scared!"

"Come," he said. "I'll take you to safety."

He was strong and made me feel safe.

"I...I don't know what would have happened if you hadn't come along. I prayed for help just before you came."

A smile touched his mouth and eyes. We were nearing the depot. "You are safe now." His voice was resonant, deep.

"Thank you so much!" I said fervently.

He nodded. "Good-bye, Euphie."

As I went into the lobby, it hit me. Euphie! Had he really used my first name?! I whirled around and burst out onto the sidewalk to look for him--but he had vanished!

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**Guarding the luggage**

Our home in India was situated within a small compound, on the other side of which lived a couple of old spinsters who were sisters! Their favorite way to pass the time was to sit out on the balcony of their second floor flat and watch the World go by! We had to keep our belongings stacked on the porch outside our front door! The porch was protected from intruders by a very thin wire screen. In the screen was a gate which we would keep locked up at night, as well as the front door!

One morning, as we were on our way out of the gate, the two sisters hailed us from their balcony! "Which one of you was out sleeping on the porch last night?" one of them asked.

"NONE of us," we replied. "We always sleep inside the flat and lock the front door!"

"But someone WAS sleeping out there guarding your belongings!" the old lady insisted! "You see, my sister and I found it hard to get to sleep last night, so at about 2 a.m. we sat out on our balcony to catch a breath of the fresh night air!"

"Yes!" the other sister excitedly continued, "And while we were both watching a robber sneaked over the compound wall and began to cut the wire on your screened porch, trying to get inside!

But suddenly a man got up from where he had been sleeping on the floor by your luggage and chased the robber away! He was terrified and ran off into the night! Then the man laid back down again on the floor of the porch where he was guarding your luggage!" We all praised God for this miracle of His angelic protection.

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**Life Information From an Angel**

Some people believe that before we are born, when our consciousness or spirit resides in that unknown place, we are given information about the life we are about to be born into. Some say we even choose our life.

Not many people can claim that they remember this pre-birth existence, but Gary says he does. In fact, even in his middle-aged years, Gary says he can recall some details of a conversation he had with an angel before he was born.

"I was bodiless, but aware that I was in an area that was darkened, and I was alone except for the entity that was speaking to me," he says. "I was at the bottom of a stairway-type structure and was looking up the stairs, but not seeing the one speaking to me. I was very warm and comfortable, but aware and feeling trepidation of what I was about to embark on.

"This entity was speaking to me and giving me a brief description of how my life would be. I asked for more information, but it was refused. I was basically told that my life would not be a hard life, but would lack any luxuries and that I would experience great difficulties at a relatively early age. It seems there were a few other small details, but I no longer can remember it quite as clearly as I once did when I was younger. It appears the information was correct as I'm now disabled and in poor health." (From <https://www.liveabout.com/angel-encounters-true-stories-2593644>)

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**The Angel Nurse**

In 1998, Luke was diagnosed with bone cancer at the tender age of eight. As sometimes happens, he came down with an infection, which meant he had to go to the hospital. He was there for about two weeks, and that's when something remarkable happened.

One evening, Luke's mother was sitting at his bedside quietly praying as he slept. A nurse came into the room to check Luke's temperature, but his mother noted something rather peculiar about her.

The nurse was wearing an old-fashioned uniform of the type that would have been common 30 years earlier, in the 1960s. The nurse noticed that Luke's mother had a Bible by the side of his bed. She said that she was a Christian, too, and said she would pray for Luke's healing.

Luke's family had never seen this odd nurse before, and they never saw her again in Luke's remaining time at the hospital.

"I came out of the hospital fully healed of my infection," says Luke, who was 19 when he told his story. Remarkably, he is now completely free of cancer.

"My mom believes this nurse could have been a guardian angel coming down to give my mom some hope," Luke says. "If she wasn't an angel, why would she be wearing 1960s old-fashioned nurse clothing?" <https://www.liveabout.com/angel-encounters-true-stories-2593644>)

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**A Beautiful Presence**

My life has been hard and painful but because of my growing awareness of my spirit and God, it has transformed into a life of light and love. One [encounter](https://www.learnreligions.com/angel-encounters-1728701) took place when I was 14. I was neglected by my single mom who had problems of her own and could not give me the love and nurturing every child deserves. I was pretty much fending for myself and found myself wandering some dark streets around 11 p.m., alone and frightened.

I had no idea where I was and was afraid of being raped—as I had been before—or hurt in some other way. My "friends" had abandoned me and left me to find my own way home. I was miles away with no money. I had my 10-speed bike with me, which I couldn't actually ride (I was intoxicated).

Although I was usually pretty self-sufficient and never asked help from anyone, I was feeling very vulnerable. I was afraid. I had a strong feeling that if I didn't get some help soon, I would be in a very bad situation. I prayed.

Soon after that, I saw a brightly illuminated, smiling young man emerge from one of the darkened houses on the lonely street. He said, "Hi, I'm Paul."

I found his presence calming and beautiful. He said he wanted to help me. That's all I remember. The next thing I knew, I woke up in my bed at home with no idea how I got home or how my bike got home with me. All I know is, I have a warm, glowing feeling every time I think about my angel, Paul. *—Anonymous*

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**Healed by an Angel**

I was shopping at the local department store with my 1-year-old son when the following happened: As I was looking at some product on the shelves, a computer hutch fell from a desk and struck my infant's head. The hutch bounced off his head and landed loudly next to the cart he was in. I watched in horror as the force of the blow snapped my young child's head back violently. He sat there dazed for a few moments then started to cry out in pain. I didn't know what to do. I didn't know how badly he was hurt. He wasn't bleeding, but what about internal damage? I just stood there consoling my child, hoping that he was okay.

An elderly African-American gentleman tapped me on the shoulder. He was wearing a brown raincoat and hat and had a Bible tucked under his arm. "May I pray for him?" he asked. I just nodded my head mutely. He placed his hand on my son's head and prayed quietly for a few minutes. When he was done, my son stopped crying. I gave my son a big hug and turned around to thank the gentleman—but he was gone. I searched the aisles to find him, but he was nowhere. He'd disappeared into thin air.

I had my son X-rayed the next day and he turned out to be fine...thanks to my guardian angel. *—Myrna B.*

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**An Angel Opened My Door**

Many years ago, I was driving my daughter and some other children to [school](https://www.liveabout.com/true-haunted-school-stories-2594184). I pulled up across the street from the entrance (as so many cars were pulling in the driveway), and I got out and to help them all across the street, not realizing I had closed and locked my door.

Frantic, I tried every door, but to no avail. I ran into the school to get a coat hanger and ran out to the car, which by now was idling very fast. I remember saying, "Oh, dear God, help me please!"

In that split-second, a man dressed in what looked like 19th-century clothes approached and said, "Looks like you need some help." He didn't talk anymore, but in a minute he had the lock popped with the coat hanger.

"Thank you so much!" I said. I was so happy. I reached into my car to give him some money, which took all of a second, and when I looked up, he was gone! I looked all around in every direction. I should have seen him walking away because the area was very open and he couldn't have disappeared that fast. I know it was an angel—my guardian angel, I think, and I will never think anything else as long as I live.—*Patricia N.*

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**An Angel in Disguise**

My father was a cross-country truck driver and my mother was frequently on her own. My mother was a beautiful but fragile blue-eyed lady with long, soft blonde hair. I describe her because it's important to the story.

When I was 4, my mother decided to take a night job. She usually stayed home with my 6-year-old brother and me. She hated leaving us but we need the extra income, so she found a babysitter, and feeling a bit apprehensive, went to work.

I can't even remember the babysitter's name because she was not with us long. My brother, Gerry, and I were sent upstairs to bed that evening, and, as many little kids do, we fought sleep and paid more attention to what was going on downstairs. Our babysitter's boyfriend had come over and soon we realized that she had left with him. My brother tried to reassure me when I began to cry. I remember him leaving the hallway light on and saying mom would be home soon, but I was terrified.

As I lay in my bed, I looked toward the hallway, and in the doorway stood my mother. I could see her long, blonde hair and the concern in her blue eyes. She said something soothing—I can't remember the exact words—and she came over to the bed, took me in her arms and rocked me to sleep. I remember feeling so secure and safe in her arms.

In the morning I could hear my mother rattling around in the kitchen. I got up and went down to greet her, still feeling secure and safe. When I got to the kitchen she greeted me with the usual, "Good morning, Sunshine!" Then she asked, "Where is the babysitter?" When I replied that I was so glad that she had come home last night when I was so scared, her eyes got big and she became concerned. She had just arrived home.

I often think of that night and I now think an angel took my mother's appearance and calmed me down. For me it was the beginning of knowing that someone watches over me. Many times I have felt that presence, but I never saw my mother's face on an angel again. *—Deane*

**Blue Angel in the Wall**

I've lived in a very abusive, very uncaring, very unemotional, very messed up family all my life. I believe I have an angel that sometimes comes to comfort me, or sends others to help me when I'm at my darkest moments.

The first time I saw my angel, I was around a year old. I was at a huge family get-together with five generations of my mom's family. I was passed off in the living room with some family members who didn't care about me and acted like I wasn't there. I was positioned in front of a wall with my back toward everyone.

I learned early on to try my best not to make any noise while the TV was on, so I wouldn't get into any more trouble. I remember sitting directly in front of a wall, and I couldn't take my eyes off of it. I felt like I was being pulled into place and held in front of the wall. I had been staring at the wall for a while when I saw a figure in the wall. It was a man's face with shoulders and wings in the background. Every part of him had a light bluish tint to it. He had a very pretty face and he looked like he was in his 20s. His eyes were a darker shade of blue than the rest of him and he had medium-long hair flowing around him.

This may sound like I'm describing a female, but I knew it was male. He was smiling and giggling with me as I smiled and giggled back. He had the most gorgeous wings, and when he giggled his wings fluttered up and down. I couldn't talk much or understand many words, but he "told" me—like he was sending a message directly into my mind—that everything would be okay. *—Tasha*

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**Helping Hands**

In the summer of 1997, we got our daughter Sarah a new twin mattress for her bunk bed. I had taken it upstairs and was trying to get the old one down. Our stairs can be hazardous, so I kept saying to myself, "Kristy, be careful." My husband is disabled and hasn't worked in over four years, and without my income we'd be on the streets.

When I was upstairs, I looked out at the happy sight of my three children playing with their [German Shepherd](https://www.liveabout.com/encounter-with-death-entity-grim-reaper-2596458), "Sadie," and their daddy keeping a close eye on them. When I started to move the old mattress down the stairs, I slipped and lost my footing, and I began to fall.

Thousands of thoughts raced through my mind in that split-second. "What will happen if I break my leg or worse?" I said. "Please, dear God, help me. Send me [an angel](https://www.liveabout.com/visions-at-the-hour-of-death-2594543)."

Well, I got not just one, but two. I felt two strong, masculine arms grab me and reach under my arms and pull me up, and I felt a second set of hands grab my ankles and push me firmly back on the stairs. Then I looked and, lo and behold, the mattress was at the bottom of the stairs placed neatly and upright against the wall.

What a miracle of protection *—Kristy*