

James Goll: Why You May Not Recognize the Angels Aiding You

I know from personal experience that God's messengers are ready to come to our aid in times of crisis.

You will probably remember the disaster that happened in 1986 at the nuclear power plant in Chernobyl in the former USSR (now Ukraine). The zone of damaging radioactive contamination was still spreading when I traveled to Minsk, Belarus, to serve as a prophetic intercessor for a festival outreach for Jewish people. I had gone there with my two friends David Fitzpatrick and Richard Glickstein, with whom I had prayed a lot in New York City and other places in the United States.

After we had pretty much completed our assignment as intercessors for the event, we all felt we had an additional assignment to complete—to intervene in prayer for the protection of the city, especially the children, against what was being called “Chernobyl Disease.” It was expected to contaminate the river that runs through Minsk, and if it did, the ramifications for the people would be devastating.

We had found a particular place in the city where a bridge crossed the river by some old communist monuments. We felt that was where we should gather to pray, so the three of us, who were staying in different rooms on different floors of the hotel, met late one night to go visit the place we had scouted out during the daytime.

We met on the elevator, and another man joined us. When we got out, he got out with us and followed us out to the street.

At first we thought we knew where we were going. We had been there in the daylight. But now, not only was it dark but also

the subway system, which was immense and complex, was functioning only in a limited way.

We didn't know how to get to where we thought we were supposed to go, but we walked down the steps to the train tracks and got on a train that felt to us like the right one. The fourth man got on with us. He looked like a typical Russian man. He said nothing to us.

We got off the train when it stopped, but now we were really lost. We couldn't even remember which side of the tracks to stand on next. Then the man came up alongside us and said, in English, "Come, stand over here!" He brought us from one side of the tracks to the other side, where we stood and waited for the next train. When it came, he stopped it and said, "Get on here."

We looked at each other and decided we didn't know anything better to do, so we got on. That train whisked us away, and when it came to a stop, we got off again. Of course, we still didn't know what to do.

Again we crossed over to the other side of the tracks, and again, when the next train showed up, the man said, "You get on here!" What else could we do? We got on again, with this Russian-looking man we didn't know, who happened to be able to speak English.

We got off again, this time in what looked like a major interchange, with a lot of different exits. We were walking, totally lost. The man got off and walked with us. Then he pointed to an exit and said, "Your assignment rests right out here."

We walked up the steps and found ourselves at the exact spot that we were looking for! But now the man wasn't with us. We turned and looked for him but could not find him. He was gone. Surely our "Russian" guide was an angel.

We prayed and performed a prophetic act over the water. Afterward, we found out that the radiation had never gotten into the city via the river. We had completed our assignment, with the very important help of an angel. {eoa}

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