

Two Angels Saved This Boy From Imminent Danger

When my son, Joshua, was a little boy, he played in my bedroom while I prepared to go out one morning. He had taken some of my hair bands and hair clips out to play with them on the floor.

I was in the adjoining bathroom when I smelled an acrid odor—the smell of wire burning—and heard a sizzling *zzzzzp* sound. I ran into the bedroom and saw Joshua sitting on the floor with a shocked look on his face. He was holding his fingers and had huge saucer eyes, although he wasn't crying.

I looked at the wall and saw a black mark coming out of the electrical outlet and streaking up the wall above it. The outlet itself was covered in black, and a melted plastic and metal clip was in the outlet. It was one of those awful moments as a mom when you have that sinking feeling in your stomach and begin blaming yourself.

Running over to him, I asked, "Are you OK?" He nodded his head but held up his fingers. I kissed them, and he began to cry, more from being frightened than because his fingers hurt.

"What happened?" I asked. "Did you put one of Mummy's clips in the outlet?"

In his little, quiet voice he said, "Mummy, it sparked!" I could see the result of that spark halfway up the wall. The black mark was an awful sight. I was in shock too, stunned that Joshua hadn't been hurt more, given the burned area on the wall and the melted clip hanging out of the outlet. In fact, I couldn't believe he had no marks on his fingers or hand and that he hadn't been shocked.

I asked him what happened. He said, "I put your clip in there and it sparked, a big spark, and my angels did this." Then he threw himself on the bed, two feet away, and started shaking his body.

"What?" I said.

He said, "When the spark came out, my angels did this." And again he threw himself backward across the bed and began shaking his body.

"The angels took the shock for you?" I asked, trying to understand what he was saying. He smiled a big, laughing smile, as if it was a funny joke, and started shaking himself all over the bed. He was clearly already over any fright he'd had.

Now it was clear what he was telling me. The reason he had not been hurt from the electrical shock—which had burned up the clip and the outlet and left a blackened, burned mark halfway up the wall—was that his angels had taken the electrical shock for him! In doing so, Joshua's angels literally were thrown two feet across the room and onto the bed, where they shook from the electrical force.

I've heard of angels being physically wounded when fighting a spiritual battle for us, and I still don't understand the dynamics of that. How can angelic beings, who are spirit in nature, enter our natural realm and experience earthly things in their bodies? I don't know how it works, but I'm really glad it does—because that day, Joshua's angels may just have saved his life!

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