

The Crucial Role Your Attitude Plays in the Spiritual Realm

I woke up this morning to the sound of my daughter, November, wiggling around in her crib. I threw off the covers, rolled to my feet and walked around to the crib. An angel was floating over my daughter.

It hovered two feet above November, looking at her face to face. The angel was wearing a robe patterned with silver stars. The stars fell off its edges, pouring down over the face of the smiling infant in the crib.

I have seen angels wearing similar robes in the past, and most of the time the Holy Spirit told me that the starry robes represent an impartation of wisdom.

I picked November up and carried her downstairs to make breakfast. As I made my way down, I saw a protection angel standing next to the front door. He has been standing in the same spot ever since we moved into this house, stalwart and constant. He holds a tall spear in his right hand and wears silver-plated armor. He did not make eye contact as I walked by, but he never does. Protection angels are nothing if not intent.

I walked into the kitchen, put November in her high chair, and placed a handful of cereal on her tray. I opened the refrigerator and browsed breakfast options, deciding on eggs and toast. I was humming a worship song as I closed the refrigerator, so I was not surprised to see sparkling lights drifting around me in rhythm with my voice. The lights traced patterns of color in the air as I hummed my (mostly in-tune) song.

Whether these small balls of light are angels, heavenly hosts or something else, I cannot say. They are things that are attracted to the presence of God. Any more specific definition I've tried to give them has felt at least partially incorrect.

I was sure that the patterns meant something—I believe every detail I see in the spirit does—but experience has taught me that unless the Holy Spirit leads me otherwise, trying to discern the meaning behind every button on every angel's shirt is the short path to frustration. There is deep meaning in it all, but only the guiding hand of the Holy Spirit can lead us to it.

As the eggs cooked, I ran around the house, grabbing things I would need for the rest of the day. November started to cry, so I picked her up and carried her around with me as I packed my computer bag, notebook and coffee tumbler.

I began running the day's events through my head. I had to drop Haydon off at school at 9, and then I needed to head straight to the office for a meeting. Finnley had a doctor's appointment, and I was sure I had made plans to meet someone after lunch.

Then I started to smell burning eggs.

My frustration began to mount as the rest of my to-do list resounded like a chorus in my head. Then I began getting frustrated that I was getting frustrated—burned eggs and a delayed breakfast are hardly the worst of the world's problems. What right did I have to be moody?

It was then I saw a demon come around the corner.

There wasn't much to it. The demon was a little under three feet tall with grayish skin and a potbelly. It shuffled forward, its pace and posture that of a toddler who has smelled something tasty.

I could have commanded it to leave. “In the name of Jesus be gone. I banish thee from my household,” or something like that. But that would not really solve the problem. The problem was in my head. The problem was that I had let my circumstances, as trivial as they were, determine my level of internal peace.

I found myself humming again, the same worship song I was humming before. I gave my head a little shake to clear it, smiled at my daughter and went back to the refrigerator to get more eggs. The demon turned around and skittered away after that. I hummed the song all the louder.

November’s angel turned to me and gave a quick nod of approval. {eoa}

This article is adapted from *Profound Good: See God Through the Lens of His Love* (Charisma House, 2019) *by* Blake K. Healy. *Healy is one of the senior team members at Bethel Church of Atlanta in Georgia. He is also the director of the Bethel Atlanta School of Supernatural Ministry. He lives in Peachtree City, Georgia, with his wife, April, and their four wonderful children: Haydon, Finnley, November and Ender. For more information or to contact Blake, visit* .

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