

Seer in the Spirit Takes a Prophetic Look into the Past and Future

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I used to work in the meat department at a store on the north side of Atlanta. I was cleaning up one Friday evening, keeping one eye on the clock as it approached closing time. I had finished all my main tasks, so I decided to take my time cleaning the large windows that looked out on the store floor.

All the other workers had already left, leaving me plenty of time to work quietly and think.

As I cleaned the windows, I started looking at all the people walking around the store. I've never met anyone who didn't have a personal angel, and there wasn't a single exception walking in front of the meat department.

A man came in front of the window and started looking at the steaks. He was wearing a nice sweater that matched his nice jeans and complimented his nice shoes. He had close cropped hair, dark skin and a kindly confident posture, he looked like a nice person.

His angel was about a foot taller than he was with a thin and gently masculine face. He didn't look up at me as I stared at him, standing stoic by his person's side. He wore a pale blue cloak that looked like it had been made for traveling.

The angel with the well-dressed man looked up as if my thoughts had been spoken out loud. As soon as our eyes met, I was pulled into a vision.

Next, I saw a mother giving birth. This time the angel with the blue cloak smiled down at a baby boy. I watched him grow

up with piles of presents at Christmas given by roomfuls of uncles, aunts and grandparents who all knew how to love. The angel helped push the boy on his first bike alongside the boy's father. I watched his parents provide for the boy's every need. They weren't wealthy, but they weren't wanting.

The angel stood by the boy's side while his father taught him about business and finances. He cheered at graduations, shouted at football games and laughed at awkward school dances, always accompanied by parents with smiling faces. I watched as the boy grew into the young man who stood in front of me, picking out steaks for dinner.

Then I saw another picture. The young man was driving through the streets of down-town Atlanta on a dark and rainy night. The blue-cloaked angel rode in the passenger seat. As the well-dressed man came to a stoplight, the angel reached out a hand and pressed it against the man's chest. The car came to a slow stop, even though the light was green. With his other hand, the angel pointed out the passenger window at a dark alley.

Hesitance written across his face, the man got out of his car and walked down the alley. The angel followed. There the man found a dead prostitute next to a dumpster. The angel in the blue cloak knelt, weeping over the girl, while the same angel also walked by the well-dressed man's side. The kneeling angel stood, made eye contact with himself, and then vanished so that he only remained with the man.

The hesitant expression still hanging on his face, the man leaned over the dead woman and laid his hand over her heart. Immediately the empty lungs filled and the girl arched her back as life came rushing back to her. The man helped her to her feet and then to his car. They drove off in the pouring rain, the angel riding in the back seat.

I wiped the tears from my face and looked at the blue-cloaked

angel who stood on the other side of the meat department window.

“Did that already happen?” I thought.

The angel shook his head. No.

I understood his meaning. “Then, will it happen like that?” I asked in my mind. “Will he save her?”

The angel looked down and gave a resigned smile. I saw the answer on his face more clearly than if he had said it out loud: “He could.”

This article was excerpted from chapter 6 of Blake Healy’s book “Secular Sacred Spirit” (Charisma House, Jan. 2023). For more information, or to order the book, visit .

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