

THE WONDER OF ANGELS

FOUR ANGEL ENCOUNTERS



THE WONDER OF ANGELS UNAWARES

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares (Heb 13:2).

There are wonders that make us pause and others that make us look back and say, “Was God there, even though I didn’t see Him?” Angels fall into that second category more often than not. Sometimes they appear in radiant glory, like when the heavens opened above the shepherds. But sometimes they step quietly into our world, unnoticed, perhaps uninvited, yet sent by God for a divine purpose.

The Bible says they are “ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation” (Hebrews 1:14). We may never know just how many times they have ministered to us unseen, unnamed, and often unrecognized.

One such wonder is the story of Samson. His life began with angelic involvement in a way few others have. The angel of the Lord came to his mother, a woman who had no children, and announced she would bear a son, one chosen by God from the womb. The angel gave clear instructions: no wine, no strong drink, and no razor upon his head. Her husband, Manoah, unsure of what they had seen, prayed that the man of God would return and teach them what to do with the child. And he did. But here’s the wonder: they didn’t realize it was an angel until he ascended in a flame upon the altar. It left them trembling. Manoah thought they would die, for they had seen God. But his wife gently reminded him that if God intended to destroy them, He would not have accepted their offering or shown them such things. So they lived, and so did the wonder.

Samson’s life, however, was marked more by struggle than submission. The strength God gave him was misused, and his

downfall came through compromise. Yet even at the end, after betrayal, blindness, and bondage, God heard his cry. His strength returned, and he brought the temple of Dagon crashing down upon the Philistines. The Bible does not say an angel stood there, but knowing how his life began with angelic appointment and divine power, can we not wonder whether an angel strengthened him once more?

Jesus said something remarkable in Matthew 18:10: “Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.”

What a wonder this is! The angels of God, appointed to watch over His little ones, are not independent agents roaming freely; they behold the face of the Father. That means they await His word, His glance, His command. They do not act apart from Him. Every rescue, every intervention, every protective moment is not merely the work of an angel; it is the result of the Father’s will being done through His messengers.

This truth clears up a common confusion. Not everyone who is rescued or spared from danger was rescued by an angel of the Lord. God in His general mercy shows kindness even to the unthankful and the evil (Luke 6:35). But the ministry of angels, especially those who “always behold the face” of the Father, is reserved for His children. These holy watchers move at the will of the Father on behalf of the redeemed, the “little ones” who are precious in His sight. And when they are sent, it is because Heaven has spoken.

It is also important to correct a serious error about angels, a misunderstanding that has been repeated by many. Some have taught that the "sons of God" in Genesis 6 were fallen angels who took human wives and fathered a race of giants. But this idea

contradicts the plain words of Jesus in Matthew 22:29-30: “Jesus answered and said unto them, Ye do err, not knowing the scriptures, nor the power of God. For in the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven.”

This settles the matter. Angels do not marry. They are not male and female beings created for physical union. Their form and function are entirely different from human beings. Even fallen angels, though rebellious, do not possess the God-given design for human marriage or reproduction. To suggest otherwise is to “err,” as Jesus said, “not knowing the scriptures, nor the power of God.”

The sons of God in Genesis 6 were not angels, but human men from the godly line of Seth who compromised by marrying the daughters of men, ungodly women from the line of Cain. The result was a corruption of mankind’s morality, not a strange half-angel race. Angels remain spiritual beings, messengers and ministers of God, not co-creators of life. Their wonder lies in their obedience to the Father, not in any imagined union with man.

Angels are not just part of the past. The Bible says we may “entertain angels unawares.” That means they may look like ordinary people, walk beside us, receive our kindness, or offer it to us in a moment of need. Some may speak a word that pierces the heart. Others may arrive when no one else could have come. These are the wonders of the unseen.

In the coming pages, we will explore moments when angels stepped into human history both in Scripture and in testimony. We’ll remember Hagar in the desert, Abraham at his tent, Daniel in the lions’ den, and the disciples at the empty tomb. But we’ll also reflect on times in our own lives when something happened that we could not explain, such as when a stranger came and then

disappeared, or when strength came that was not our own.

The wonder is not only that angels exist, but that God still sends them. They are never to be worshiped, but we are to be in awe of the God who made them. He sends them not because we deserve help, but because He is merciful. Whether in times of warning, warfare, or worship, angels remind us that Heaven sees and Heaven cares.

We may not know their names. We may not recognize their faces. But one day, when we stand in God's presence, we may discover just how many times we were helped by one of these holy messengers. Until then, walk humbly, speak kindly, and be ready. You never know when you might be part of the wonder of angels unawares.

Wonders Testimonies

My Wonder Story: Dave Weeks

Coming home from ministering in one of our supporting churches, I fell asleep at the wheel, and my car was moving to the right, about to plunge off a high mountain wood terrain. Then the steering wheel kept turning to the left, waking me up. The steering wheel appeared to be turning on its own. I shouted and praised God the whole way down to the bottom of the mountain.

My Wife's Wonder Story: "Putter" Weeks

Recently, I have fallen three times, once on a cement porch, once on a hard wooden floor, and most recently on a hospital floor, each time I fell face forward! Each time I fell, I cried out, "Oh Lord, help me!" He sent my guardian Angel quickly. Did I see my guardian angel? No, but I felt him! As I was going down, I felt my body (from my waist to my neck) being held in two arms that gently laid me on the floor and then slowly slid out from under me.

I claim the promise of the following verse: Psa 91:9 “Because thou hast made the LORD, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation; 10 There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. 11 For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. 12 They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.”

Our Daughter’s Wonder Story: MaryBeth

I was in 3rd or 4th grade when I experienced something I’ll never forget. At the time, my family was living in a quaint little Bavarian village called Kalkofen. Our home was a small, two-story, three-bedroom cottage, just enough room for my parents, my four siblings, and me. (My two oldest sisters were back in the States at the time, or we would’ve been a full house of eight.)

One of the bedrooms was reserved for my dad’s study, the second was for my parents, and all of us kids shared the last room. To make it work, we had two old metal-framed bunk beds, the kind with squeaky springs and thin rods holding everything together. I always slept on the bottom bunk, and my third-oldest sister slept above me.

Because our German village didn’t have a school, I had to take a transit bus to the next town over. I was the only one in public school at the time; my older siblings were homeschooled since they didn’t speak enough German when we moved there three years earlier.

My morning routine was always the same: my mom would come wake me up (I was a notoriously heavy sleeper), and I’d slowly drag myself out of the warm bed, get dressed, then make my way downstairs. I’d sit sleepily on the couch, waiting until breakfast was ready. After eating, I’d head out the door and walk down the road to catch the bus. Because my school was in the next town

over, I always had to get up extra early, so the house was always dark. But one particular morning stood out.

It started like every other, except this time, instead of my mother rousing me awake, I heard a voice, clear and calm, call my name: “MaryBeth, you need to get up.” I didn’t recognize it, but it came again. “Mary Beth, you need to get up.” A third time: “Mary Beth, you need to get up.”

Finally, I sat up and got myself ready, just like always. I went downstairs and waited on the couch, but I was still sleepy and dozed off again. When I opened my eyes, the house was dark and quiet. Curious, I wandered into the kitchen expecting breakfast to be on the table, but the lights were off, and no one was there.

Confused, I searched the whole downstairs and couldn’t find my mom. I finally tiptoed upstairs to their bedroom, and there they were. Both my mom and dad were still sound asleep. That didn’t make sense. Hadn’t she just woken me up? Thinking maybe I could just crawl back into my warm bed and stay home, I headed back to the kids’ room. Steps away from the bottom bunk, suddenly a loud noise came breaking the night's silence. CRASH!

The sound was deafening in the dark. I froze. I couldn’t see anything, but my sister above me started screaming and crying my name. My younger siblings woke up, scared and confused. Within seconds, my parents rushed in and turned on the lights. What we saw was terrifying.

The top bunk, my sister’s bed, had collapsed entirely. The old metal rods and springs had given out. The entire frame had come crashing down onto the bottom bunk, right where I would have been just moments before. One of the springs had even shot straight through my pillow, piercing it where my head would’ve been.

Everyone was shaken. Once things calmed down, my parents turned to me, stunned. “MaryBeth... what are you doing up and dressed? It’s the middle of the night!” Still a little dazed, I replied, “Mom... you woke me up. You told me to get up.” She just stared at me and said, “I’ve been asleep this whole time.” It wasn’t until years later that we talked about that night again, and then the realization hit us: it wasn’t my mom who woke me up. It was my guardian angel, sent by God to protect me and wake me up just in time. That morning, an ordinary routine became a life-saving wonder.

Our Son-in-Law’s Wonder Story: Ken

While target shooting, I experienced a moment that forever altered my perspective when a ricochet bullet struck my chest, just above my heart. Miraculously, the bullet fragment pierced only my shirt and skin, sparing me from deeper harm. When my wife asked our five-year-old son if he witnessed the incident, he calmly replied, “You mean when the big hand came down in front of Daddy?” Despite her repeated questions, he insisted, “Yeah, a big hand came down in front of Daddy!” Our young son, with the unfiltered clarity of a child, claimed to see an angel’s hand intervene, slowing the bullet’s velocity just enough to transform a potentially fatal wound into a superficial one. This profound experience left us in awe, forever grateful for what we believe was a divine act of protection.

Reflections

These are our stories. Simple, unforgettable, and filled with the fingerprints of Heaven. They are reminders that God’s promises are not poetic exaggerations; they are real. He gives His angels charge over us, to keep us in all our ways (Psalm 91). Sometimes they wake us up. Sometimes they carry us down gently. Sometimes they stand between life and death, unseen but

undeniable.

Each testimony shared here carries its own kind of wonder. Not just the miracle of being spared, but the deeper miracle of knowing that we are never alone. The God of Abraham is still the God of today. The angels that ministered to Jesus in the wilderness still minister to the heirs of salvation. They behold the face of the Father and move at His command, not ours. And when they come, they come because He sends them.

But let us remember: not every rescue proves sonship. Not every spared life means someone is saved. God's mercy reaches far, but the ministry of angels who “always behold the face of the Father” is reserved for those who are His, those who have made the Lord their refuge and their dwelling place. As Putter quoted from Psalm 91, “Because thou hast made the LORD... thy habitation... He shall give His angels charge over thee.”

Have you made the Lord your habitation? Not just your help in time of need, but your dwelling, your Savior, your Shepherd, your King?

If you have, then you can live with this quiet assurance: God sees, God knows, and when needed, He sends help from Heaven. Not always to prevent hardship, but always to fulfill His purpose.

One day in eternity, when all is revealed, we may meet the messengers He sent. Until then, may we walk humbly, trust fully, and live gratefully knowing that at any moment, we too may encounter the wonder of angels unawares.