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## Do You Have a Guardian Angel?

Unknown

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# DO YOU HAVE A GUARDIAN ANGEL?

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**D**o invisible watchers stand guard over our lives, guiding us, protecting us from harm, and prompting us during times of temptation?

So it is said. And the stories are many.

The water is deep and treacherous, the current swift, the overhanging bank crumbling. . . and the small boy sits there happily fishing, oblivious to danger. Suddenly into his mind's eye flashes a vision of his mother's stern face, his father's beckoning finger, the woodshed. . .

"Wow! I'd better be gettin' home, or Paw'll tan the hide off me!"

Hastily, the lad winds up his fishing line, scrambles to his feet, and sets off for home. Behind him there is a splash: The bank on which he had been sitting collapses into the water,

which swirls muddily, angrily for a moment, as if cheated of its prey. The lad is oblivious to his narrow escape. There is no eye to witness it.

Or is there?

Through the ages, we humans have believed in guardian angels. If told the boy's story, millions of people living today would have no doubt: Something more than the voice of "conscience" sent him from his dangerous perch on the precarious river bank. Most would say that his guardian angel in some mysterious, soundless way sent him scurrying off to safety.

Millions more would scoff.

"Chance," they'd say. "Mere chance." "Coincidence." "It just happened."

What is the truth of the matter—if the truth *can* be determined at all?

What is the evidence for, or against, existence of a guardian power beyond our senses to detect?

### Observable Evidence

During the past 20 years, I've investigated many strange events by the "scientific method," which is to experiment, interview, observe . . . and fit the observable evidence into a hypothesis that will accommodate the greatest number of likelihoods. That is science's way of determining truth, as closely as it can be determined. The theory fitting the greatest known number of conditions proven to exist, is *most* likely to be the truth of the matter. What, then, can we say, definitely, about guardian angels, or protecting forces, that watch over us?

My first experience occurred some 15 years ago. I was sitting in my living room, at the far end of the house from the rear porch, which was a second-story affair with a wooden railing. Below was a concrete-paved backyard. Suddenly, inexplicably, while reading my newspaper, I leaped to my feet and dashed madly through the house and out onto the back porch—just in time to grasp my two-year-old brother by the arm and lift him back over the railing to safety. His hand had slipped, and he was just beginning a plunge that would have resulted in certain injury if not death.

I was driving home from my office when, a half block from a parked car, I had the strange conviction that a child was about to dart out from behind it. I slowed to a crawl, and at precisely the time I would have reached the parked car, had I retained my speed, a small child lurched into the street. I could not have avoided him.

Another incident was considerably more dramatic, since it concerned my own narrow escape from death. Just before dawn, I had arrived at the site where I was to meet colleagues for a fishing trip. I decided to kill time by climbing a hill beside the river to watch for the first rays of sunlight. As I reached the top, I sensed something was wrong. The ground seemed to give a little where I stood. Uneasy, I turned and made my way down the hill. When dawn came, curiosity impelled me to climb to where I had stood. There I saw that I had reached the brink of an 80-foot precipice. In the soft earth at the very edge was the imprint of my shoe. One step more . . .

Curious about cases of "fore-knowledge," I've asked hundreds of people about their own experiences. Many, I found, were able to share at least one, most involving children. "Guardian angels? Most certainly!" one father told me. "My children's guardian angels are on the best of speaking terms with them. Just the

## Unknown: Do You Have a Guardian Angel?

other night, I was wakened out of a sound sleep by a voice that I swear was still echoing in the room as I leaped out of bed. It said three words: 'Dan! The baby!' I set speed records to the baby's room, and found him smothering in the blanket!

"You know," he confided, "It's a woman's voice. She must be a whiz—completely competent, and on the job every minute! I have no worries about the children since she's taken over!"

Said another man: "Your questions remind me of a theory I've had about my clock. You see, I usually set it for 6:45 every morning, and just about two seconds before it rings, I wake up and reach out to turn it off. Happens every morning. I haven't turned off that alarm in a year! Habit, I used to think. Then I noticed that one morning after I'd set the clock for a half-hour earlier, I beat the bell by the same two seconds. I figured maybe the clock's works made some little noise that awakened me just before it rang, so I checked on that, but if it makes a noise, I can't detect it while awake. So I like to think it's my guardian angel, waking me up at the right time every morning, and saying 'Joe, shut off the alarm before you wake up the whole family.'"

One school of thought would suggest that it's not a guardian angel but rather the subconscious mind at work. But if that theory is correct, it

gives an amazing array of powers to the subconscious! The power to see the future; the power to see at a distance; the power to see in the dark; the power to form habits instantaneously; the power to receive thought waves; and other inexplicable abilities equally hard to rationalize.

Many of the world's religions, I've found, entertain belief in guardian angels, under one name or another. Some even describe groups of angels working in shifts, as many as 10 to a person, or one to 10 persons. Children are assumed to have constant attendants; some adults, it is believed, lost their guardian angel as the penalty for disregarding it.

### Angelic Priorities

The guardian angel's first responsibility, some believe, is to protect its assigned human from harm, but it also has a myriad of other duties. It acts as the voice of conscience, directing, correcting, suggesting. It teaches, instructs, implants. It wards off evil influences. It battles mightily with demons and the devil himself. It comforts, calms, heals.

Among savage races having no religion, the concept of a guardian spirit exists, and even the atheist expresses confidence in "hunches," "chance," or "luck." And strangest of all, the empathetic nonbeliever may have a complex rationalization in which he or she expresses awareness of the subconscious, the mass mind,

*result of a series of coincidences. It is an awareness of a pattern  
of occurrence that leads one to predict, for  
example, the appearance of a child from behind a parked car.”  
Yes, it could all be explained that way, but . . .*

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a sixth sense, cause and effect, pre-  
determination, or simply, the normal  
course of events.

Says such a person: “Events such  
as you’ve described are the inevitable  
result of a series of coincidences. It is  
an awareness of a *pattern of occur-  
rence* that leads one to predict, for  
example, the appearance of a child  
from behind a parked car.”

Yes, it could all be explained that  
way, but . . .

Recently, a new acquaintance told  
me of an incident involving his  
three-year-old daughter.

“One day I saw her do something  
I can’t explain. She had been sitting  
quietly with her dolly, when she sud-  
denly climbed to her feet, and tod-  
dled over to where her five-year-old

brother was playing beneath a tree.  
‘Dickie don’t want head hurt,’ she  
said solemnly, and tugged him  
toward the middle of the yard—just  
before a large limb, loosened by a  
storm a few days previously, fell  
where her brother had been play-  
ing.”

“Perhaps she saw the loosened  
branch beginning to sag,” I sug-  
gested.

“No,” he responded, “I asked her  
that, and all she would say was:  
“God didn’t want me to let Dickie  
get hurt on the head.””

A subconscious reflex condi-  
tioned by experience?

Could be.

But somehow, I think not. In fact,  
my guardian angel told me so! □

