

A hand is shown reaching from the left side of the frame towards a silver door handle on a wooden door. The door is composed of vertical wooden planks. The background has a color gradient from a deep blue on the left to a bright, golden-yellow on the right, suggesting light coming through a doorway. The hand is positioned as if about to turn the handle.

# HEAVENLY COMPANY

ENTERTAINING ANGELS  
UNAWARE



FROM *THE NEW YORK TIMES* BEST-SELLING AUTHOR

CECIL MURPHEY

AND TWILA BELK

FOREWORD BY DON PIPER

“Nearly twenty years ago, as a father of an adventurous young boy, I received God’s mercy through a mysterious messenger. When I share this memory with others, I am often asked, ‘Do you think he was an angel?’ I never got the chance to ask him. Had he stayed I would have thanked him profusely, but I am reminded of Revelation 22:9 (NAS): ‘Do not do that. I am a fellow servant of yours and of your brethren the prophets and of those who heed the words of this book. Worship God.’ For me, those words—spoken by an angel and recorded by John—took on a greater depth that fateful day. In my flesh, I could not protect my son. I don’t know if there is a more humbling position to be in as a father. My son—still as adventurous as ever—is now a man who serves the Lord, as a pastor, with his whole heart. We are both thrilled to be a part of this book. Cecil and Twila have a passion and a talent for encouraging believers to trust in God. We believe this book will do just that. As you read these fascinating accounts of our *Heavenly Company*, we trust you will join the voices of angels crying out, ‘Worship God.’”

—Roy Peterson, President, *The Seed Company*

“Angels are everywhere. If you’ve ever doubted their existence, all you need do is read these true life accounts from those who have encountered these heavenly beings. Their stories will inspire, encourage and touch your heart with the assurance God is willing, ready and able to work in the lives of His children.”

—Debbie Macomber, *The New York Times Best-selling Author*

“If you’re looking for a book that will renew your hope, revive your heart and remind you of the supernatural intervention of God in everyday life, this is it! *Heavenly Company* is filled with miraculous stories of people who have experienced the presence of angels in the middle of unexpected challenges, fearful encounters and daily activities. Buy one for yourself and ten to give away. This book will bolster your faith and comfort your soul.”

–Carol Kent, *Speaker and Author*

# HEAVENLY COMPANY

ENTERTAINING ANGELS  
UNAWARE



FROM *THE NEW YORK TIMES* BEST-SELLING AUTHOR

CECIL MURPHEY  
AND TWILA BELK

FOREWORD BY DON PIPER

**Guideposts**  
New York, New York

Heavenly Company

ISBN-10: 0-8249-3170-X

ISBN-13: 978-0-8249-3170-4

Published by Guideposts  
16 East 34th Street  
New York, New York 10016  
Guideposts.org

Copyright © 2012 by Cecil Murphey. All rights reserved.

This book, or parts thereof, may not be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the written permission of the publisher.

#### Acknowledgments

Every attempt has been made to credit the sources of copyrighted material used in this book. If any such acknowledgment has been inadvertently omitted or miscredited, receipt of such information would be appreciated.

Clyde Taylor (1904-1988) was a pioneer missionary in Peru. Carolyn Curtis wrote an account of his life in *A Man for All Nations: The Story of Clyde and Ruth Taylor* (PA: Camp Hill, Christian Publications, Inc.) 1998.

“Bats in Our Belfry” by Terri Elders appeared in a different form in *A Book of Miracles* by Bernie S. Siegel and Deepak Chopra (New York: New World Library), 2011. The author retains reprint rights.

“Ice Water in the Desert” by Helen L. Hoover appeared in slightly different form in *Word Aflame* Publication, 8-8-2011.

Unless noted, Scripture verses are taken from the *Holy Bible, New Living Translation*, copyright © 1996, 2004. Used by permission of Tyndale House Publishers, Inc., Wheaton, IL. 60189. All rights reserved.

Scripture quotations marked (ESV) are from *The Holy Bible, English Standard Version*® (ESV®), copyright © 2001, ESV Text Edition: 2011, by Crossway, a publishing ministry of Good News Publishers. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

All other stories © Cecil Murphey and Twila Belk. All rights reserved.

#### Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Murphey, Cecil.

Heavenly company : entertaining angels unaware / by Cecil Murphey, with Twila Belk.

p. cm.

ISBN 978-0-8249-3170-4 (pbk.)

1. Angels—Christianity—Anecdotes. I. Belk, Twila. II. Title.

BT966.3.M87 2012

235'.3—dc23

2012017013

Cover and interior design by Müllerhaus

Typeset by Aptara, Inc.

Printed and bound in the United States of America

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

# CONTENTS



|  |  |
|--|--|
| FOREWORD.....                          | IX   |
| INTRODUCTION.....                      | XI   |
| 1. THE MAN IN WHITE .....              | <i>Cecil Murphey</i> ..... 4                                     |
| 2. ANGEL TO THE RESCUE.....            | <i>Lori Hintermeister</i> ..... 6                                |
| 3. HEAVENLY TRIO.....                  | <i>Don Piper</i> ..... 11  |
| 4. THE CLIMB AND THE CREVASSE .....    | <i>Roy Peterson and</i><br><i>Wes Peterson</i> ..... 17          |
| 5. STRANGER AT THE DOOR .....          | <i>William E. Reece with</i><br><i>Colleen L. Reece</i> ..... 22 |
| 6. ANGEL ON THE SHOULDER.....          | <i>Ellen Cardwell</i> ..... 27                                   |
| 7. A HOSPITAL ANGEL .....              | <i>Margee Dyck</i> ..... 30                                      |
| 8. ALLIGATOR ALLEY ANGELS .....        | <i>DiAne Gates</i> ..... 34                                      |
| 9. A LOST LITTLE BEAR.....             | <i>Pamela Dowd</i> ..... 41                                      |
| 10. ANGEL IN THE ICU .....             | <i>Elise Daly Parker</i> ..... 47                                |
| 11. BULGARIAN ANGELS.....              | <i>Betty Cornett</i> ..... 54                                    |
| 12. BICYCLE ANGEL .....                | <i>Delores E. Topliff</i> ..... 59                               |
| 13. BREATHE .....                      | <i>Heather Marsten</i> ..... 65                                  |
| 14. CAREFUL—AN ANGEL IS WATCHING ..... | <i>Shirley A. Reynolds</i> ..... 71                              |
| 15. DO ANGELS CARRY CASH? .....        | <i>Katbleen Kobler</i> ..... 77                                  |
| 16. HEAVENLY COMPANY.....              | <i>Virginia Garberding</i> ..... 82                              |
| 17. THE NIGHT VISITOR.....             | <i>Grace G. Booth</i> ..... 87                                   |
| 18. AN ANGEL IN SCRUBS .....           | <i>Andrea Arthur Owan</i> ..... 90                               |
| 19. ICE WATER IN THE DESERT .....      | <i>Helen L. Hoover</i> ..... 96                                  |

|  |   |     |
|--|---|-----|
| 20. THE VOICE TO THE FISHERMAN .....             | <i>Jeffrey Leach with<br/>Delilab Moore Leach</i> ..... | 101 |
| 21. MY GUARDIAN ANGEL .....                      | <i>Edwina Perkins</i> .....                             | 106 |
| 22. ANGEL ON ASSIGNMENT.....                     | <i>Renaë Tolbert</i> .....                              | 111 |
| 23. OUT OF THE DEPTHS.....                       | <i>Sandy Adams</i> .....                                | 116 |
| 24. ROADSIDE GUARDIAN.....                       | <i>JoAnn Reno Wray</i> .....                            | 121 |
| 25. THROUGH ANGEL EYES .....                     | <i>Elizabeth Baker</i> .....                            | 127 |
| 26. STRANDED IN RUSSIA.....                      | <i>Sonya Lee Thompson</i> .....                         | 134 |
| 27. SUBWAY ANGEL WITH A SIDEKICK.....            | <i>Patricia Lee</i> .....                               | 141 |
| 28. THE SKI-HILL ANGEL.....                      | <i>Wendy Toliver</i> .....                              | 146 |
| 29. THE ANGEL VISITATION .....                   | <i>Cathy Taylor with<br/>Nancy Aguilar</i> .....        | 151 |
| 30. THE MESSENGER.....                           | <i>Debbie Johnson with<br/>Gloria Ashby</i> .....       | 156 |
| 31. TOKYO ANGEL .....                            | <i>Elise Douglass Schneider</i> ... ..                  | 161 |
| 32. WATCHMEN .....                               | <i>Karen Barnes Jordan</i> .....                        | 166 |
| 33. WHO CALLED?.....                             | <i>Sandee Martin Drake</i> .....                        | 171 |
| 34. WOULD AN ANGEL<br>WEAR A BASEBALL HAT? ..... | <i>Geni J. White</i> .....                              | 176 |
| 35. LOST IN NEW YORK CITY .....                  | <i>Mary Cantell</i> .....                               | 181 |
| 36. ANGEL IN THE AIRPORT.....                    | <i>Jean Matthew Hall</i> .....                          | 186 |
| 37. ANGEL GLACIER .....                          | <i>Janice Rice</i> .....                                | 192 |
| 38. OUR UMBRELLA ANGEL.....                      | <i>Donna Sberer</i> .....                               | 197 |
| 39. BATS IN OUR BELFRY.....                      | <i>Terri Elders</i> .....                               | 203 |
| 40. ANGELS UNAWARE .....                         | <i>Mary Salisbury Skeens</i> ... ..                     | 209 |
| 41. ONE COLD NIGHT.....                          | <i>Susan D. Avery</i> .....                             | 214 |

|                                     |   |     |
|-------------------------------------|---|-----|
| 42. ANGELS ON THE ROOF:             |   |     |
| THE STORY OF CLYDE TAYLOR .....     | <i>Carolyn Curtis</i> .....                           | 220 |
| 43. STAND STILL .....               | <i>Bonnie Compton Hanson</i> ...                      | 225 |
| 44. ANGEL IN A MAID'S UNIFORM ..... | <i>Sandra P. Aldrich</i> .....                        | 229 |
| 45. AIRPLANE ANGEL .....            | <i>Dinorab Cloyd with</i><br><i>Lill Kobler</i> ..... | 233 |
| 46. "GO BACK TO SLEEP, SIS" .....   | <i>Marley Gibson</i> .....                            | 238 |
| WHO WE ARE .....                    |   | 244 |



## FOREWORD



FEW TOPICS ENGENDER AS much curiosity as extraterrestrials. Reactions to their existence usually fall into two categories: those who are rabid believers and those who believe that believers in extraterrestrials are daft.

Count me among those who believe in ETs. I'm not referring to little green creatures or visitors from distant planets. I submit that we not only have extraterrestrial visitations in our midst, but these messengers, these servants, these protectors, are around us even now. They are the angels of God. *Heavenly Company: Entertaining Angels Unaware* is an exciting and encouraging effort to chronicle encounters with those awesome beings.

Angels are like us, and they are not. We have God the Creator in common. There is evidence that our very likeness can be similar in appearance. Thus, there is the biblical declaration that we might not even know when we are entertaining them (Hebrews 13:2). We may not be aware that they are angels and not human. Angels are at the beck and call of God, and yet their efforts often seem directed toward us. Thank God, that's true. Angels guide, protect, deliver, strengthen, encourage and transport us to heaven at the time of our deaths. Angels tell us things God wants us to know.

This is a book about angelic encounters—God's servants interacting with God's people . . . people like you and me. When you

## FOREWORD

---

finish reading this book, you may not be looking over your shoulder straining to detect an unseen angel. But we pray that you'll be encouraged to know that angels are all around us. Perhaps in sharing these enlightening stories, we will be more sensitive to the work and closeness of angels.

As you will discover, I held the hand of an angel, one of God's ETs. I believe I live today because I did. Angels aren't winged chubby toddlers playing harps. They're the mighty servants of God. And you might be surprised. Maybe one is just over your shoulder right now.

*—Don Piper*

## INTRODUCTION



# In the Company of Angels?

WHO ARE THOSE ANGELS that appear without explanation and often disappear just as mysteriously? Are they human? Spirits in human form?

As you read each story, you'll have to make that decision for yourself. We have no answers, nor an agenda. We've compiled for you here, in this volume, extraordinary tales in response to desperate prayer.

The stories we've chosen have three common elements: the unexpected; the unexplained; awe.

Each of these true accounts takes place at a point of crisis. An urgent need. A moment of desperation. The ordinary people in these real-life stories prayed—and something amazing and life-changing occurred.

As we edited these narratives, one thing continued to stand out to us: The agents of God did their appointed tasks and promptly disappeared.

## INTRODUCTION

---

The stories come from a wide variety of sources and people who don't know each other. And yet the commonality of their experiences makes us believe they were truly in the company of angels. Perhaps they will encourage you to believe in them as well.



The Hebrew word for angel is *malak*. It means messenger or ambassador. We get the common name Michael from the word. *Malak* refers to someone sent from God for a specific purpose.

The Bible doesn't explain the origin of angels or where they're from. Regarding angels, the book of Hebrews declares, "Angels are only servants—spirits sent to care for people who will inherit salvation" (Hebrews 1:14).

Servants of God. They care for God's people.

That doesn't tell us everything, but isn't it enough?

*H*EAVENLY  
COMPANY

## CHAPTER ONE



# The Man in White

*Cecil Murphey*

My stomach feels queasy,” I said as I drove across the wash-board-rutted road in the hot, dry season of equatorial Africa. “And I’m a little nauseated.”

“You want to stop? Have me drive?” my wife Shirley asked.

I shook my head and said, “Whatever it is will probably pass.” Instead, the queasiness increased and a light, throbbing pain added to my discomfort. I drove our yellow four-cylinder British-made Ford over the rough, red-clay roads of Kenya for almost an hour. My nausea worsened and the pain increased.

For more than four years, our family of five had lived near Lake Victoria in a remote area of Kenya. During all that time, Shirley

had battled chronic malaria, and our kids suffered from malaria and a variety of other, unexplained fevers. But I hadn't been sick even once.

About five miles from home, a wave of bile washed up into my throat. I pulled over to the side of the road. Not having time to get out, I leaned over the open window and vomited. Perspiration covered my body and my strength drained away. After a few minutes, I felt slightly better and continued to drive.

Within minutes, I was flushed as if I had a fever, but I sensed my temperature was normal. I pulled into our driveway just as a spasm of pain struck my abdomen. I slammed on the brakes, flung open the door, half fell out of the car, and vomited again. I felt so weak that I could hardly stand up. I leaned against the side of the car until Shirley came around to support my left shoulder.

Despite her outward calmness, Shirley's eyes couldn't hide her deep concern.

"I'll be okay," I whispered.

Shirley didn't believe me. She was headmistress of a girls' dormitory of a Christian mission school. She signaled one of the teenaged girls, who raced up the winding path from the cinder-block building. Both of them held me while I slowly took one step after another. I mumbled something about the pain and couldn't figure out why I was sick. I'm one of those people who just doesn't get sick. With their help, I staggered into the house and collapsed on the sofa.

Another roiling of my intestines forced me to vomit once more. This time it was the dry heaves; I had nothing left inside my

stomach. The excruciating pain increased. I'd never before felt such physical torment. The dryness of my throat and mouth made me cry out for a drink. "Water, just a little water."

"Are you sure?" my wife asked.

Too weak to talk, I nodded just as pain stabbed me and it felt as if it were ripping my entire abdomen in two.

As soon as the pain eased, Shirley held a glass to my lips. "Slowly," she said.

I sipped perhaps an ounce before a violent spasm forced me to expel the water.

We had arrived home about four o'clock in the afternoon after finishing a two-day seminar for church leaders. Just before Shirley and I left, we ate a large meal with them of millet, rice, and chicken.

Lying in agony, I forgot about the seminar. I hurt and the pain didn't seem to ease. For the next five hours, I lay on the sofa, unable to keep down even a sip of water. Like everyone else in that remote part of the country, we had no electricity, but we did have a kerosene-operated refrigerator. Twice Shirley put ice chips into my mouth, but both times that started a fresh attack of the dry heaves.

Worse than the vomiting, the intestinal pain struck every few minutes. We had no medicine except aspirin. Twice I tried to dissolve one in my mouth, but I couldn't get it down.

We prayed but I didn't get any better. Someone called the local African pastor who prayed for me, but nothing changed. I couldn't



lie still and thrashed with each stabbing jolt. No position alleviated the pain, and if I moved too much, the nausea returned.

Finally, weak and unable to keep anything down, I lay quietly and prayed, “God, take away the pain. Please take away my pain.” It didn’t get better.

About ten o’clock I forced myself to walk into the bedroom. I didn’t try to undress but fell across my side of the bed. For over an hour, I lay there as new spasms struck every few minutes. My jerking disturbed Shirley, and I’m not sure she could sleep anyway. Twice she got up and laid a damp cloth on my perspiring forehead.

I took a pillow and blanket and lay on the cement floor. “I’ll be all right,” I said and told her to go back to sleep.

I stifled my groans as the pains continued. By midnight, I had gotten no better. My parched throat cried out for water, but I feared the vomiting would start again.

Although nausea no longer troubled me, I felt one unrelenting spasm after another. Sharp, stabbing pains wrapped themselves around my entire abdomen and squeezed tightly for maybe half a minute and slowly diminished, only to start again.

We had no telephone and lived more than fifty miles from a tiny, inadequate clinic. The Seventh-Day Adventist hospital was more than a three-hour drive and I didn’t have the strength to walk out to the car for Shirley to drive me there.

I lay on the floor, feeling each pain and trying to make no noise to keep from disturbing Shirley. Just then, a light shone into my eyes.

“Oh, God, please, please touch me,” I cried out as a stronger spasm hit. The pain intensified and each wave lasted longer. “Please, God, if You care . . .”

The sound of footsteps told me someone was in the room. The person stopped and I looked up. Standing only a foot from me was a man wearing a white suit, but I couldn’t make out his features.

The man knelt beside me and laid his hand on my abdomen. Instantly, the pain vanished.

“Thank you,” I said. I lay on the floor and gave thanks to God. After a few minutes I got up and crawled into bed next to Shirley. Strange as it may sound, I felt so tired, I could think of nothing but sleep. I fell asleep without trying to figure it out.

A few minutes after six the next morning, the distant ringing of cowbells awakened me. A heavy truck lumbered down the road. Everyone else in the house was still asleep.

Aware that I felt no pain, I thought of what happened during the night. “How did the man in white get inside?” I asked. I jumped out of bed and ran to the front door and then to the back. Both were still dead bolted.

I hadn’t hallucinated, of that I was sure. In fact, hallucination would have been a simple explanation. A man in a white suit had come into my room. He had touched me and removed my pain.

I had been under God’s protection and I believe a heavenly angel touched me.