



ANGELS
AND
WONDERS

True Stories of Heaven on Earth

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SNEAK PREVIEW

Read on for
4 faith-lifting excerpts

MILLIONS of fireflies lit their way!

When bombs fell on Sunday morning, December 7, 1941, Pearl Harbor was not the only city to suffer. Many areas in the Philippine Islands were also hit, including the city where Lolo Joaquin and his family lived.

Soon, word spread that enemy soldiers were heading in their direction, so they joined with others to escape into the mountains.

It was an arduous journey. Not only were the Joaquins traveling with four children, but Lolo's wife had recently had a miscarriage and was weak.

Aware that they were holding others back, Lolo told their companions to go on ahead...that they would catch up.

But night was falling, and it began to rain. They were lost. Worse yet, the treacherous mountain trail narrowed—a forbidding cliff on one side, and a steep drop on the other.

“I'm scared, Daddy,” seven-year-old Teresita sobbed. “I want to go home!”

“Let's pray,” Lolo said, throwing out his hands and lifting his voice in a way his children had never heard before.

Slowly, they moved forward. But as they approached a turn in the path, four-year-old Buddy shouted, “Mama! Daddy!” he shouted. “Look!”

Before them, as far as they could see, stretched a long line of luminous candles winding around the curve of the mountain and on to a wide plain.

But no—not candles. They were fireflies! Thousands, millions of them, all hovering about three feet from the ground. In their combined greenish glow, Lolo could see the path as bright as day.

Condensed from *Angels and Wonders*.

Read the full story on page 145!

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“No one expects his wife to live,” the nurse murmured.

Reneé Smith put her two little daughters—7-year-old Jessica and 3-month-old Sarah—into the car for a shopping trip. She pulled into the Kmart parking lot, turned off the engine, stepped out of her car, and started to pick up Sarah in her carrier seat, as Jessica exited from the other side.

It was the last thing either of them remembers.

Witnesses were left to reconstruct the event: A sudden *POP!* and a bolt of lightning struck the Smith car, springing off on both sides. One flash hit Reneé on the left temple, the other hit Jessica in her left eye. Reneé dropped the baby and collapsed into a puddle on the pavement. Jessica fell on the other side of the car.

The ambulance arrived, and all three victims were loaded onto stretchers. Once at the hospital, the physicians agreed that Reneé had suffered irreversible brain damage and was in a “nonrecoverable” state.

Meanwhile, people were trying to find Reneé’s husband, Fred. When he finally got the news, he raced home to change his wet clothes. “God,” he prayed, “send someone to come and be with me, please.”

And who should appear outside his house but his pastor!

The two men prayed together as they raced to the hospital. But as they entered the emergency room, a nurse drew the pastor aside. “I think you’d better prepare Mr. Smith,” she murmured. “No one expects his wife to survive...”

But Fred was steadfast. When he was asked by a reporter what had happened, he boldly said: “God is going to heal my whole family. Put it on the front page.”

You’ll shout for joy when you find out what happened next!

See page 85 in *Angels and Wonders* for the full story.

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“Expect a Miracle,” the stranger said. . .

Thirteen-month-old Seth Beach had been born with a hole between the pumping chambers of his heart, and a recent EKG revealed that it was getting bigger. A catheterization would determine the size of the hole, and what to do next. So Seth’s worried parents made the arrangements.

“My father drove to the hospital the night before the procedure to visit us,” Seth’s mother, Phyliss, recalls. “As he pulled into the hospital parking lot, a man in a car one space away called to Dad, asking if he had any water for his engine. Dad did, and as he poured it into the car. . . he spoke of his baby grandson and the family’s concern.

“Are you a praying man?” the stranger asked. “I certainly am,” Phyliss’s father answered.

“Well then,” the man replied, “when I get home I’m going to get on my knees and pray for your grandson. Expect a miracle.”

Phyliss’s father turned to put the water jug on the floor of his car’s backseat. *Expect a miracle.* It was an unusual thing for a stranger to say. He looked up. The man—and his car—had vanished, even though the only way out of the lot was past him. And no vehicle had gone by. “I think I’ve just met an angel,” he told his daughter.

But it was not until the following day that she realized the power of the stranger’s promise.

For Seth’s physician could find no trace of the hole. There was only a narrowed valve, which has given this healthy child no trouble ever since.

**Condensed from *Angels and Wonders*.
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5 Glowing Strangers Protect Captured Missionaries from Certain Death

After Quang Nguyen, a lab technician, came to have faith in Jesus as a Seventh-Day Adventist, his church in Saigon asked him to start a hospital there.

A few hundred miles to the north of Quang's hospital in Saigon lived some primitive tribes. A few natives had become acquainted with the Seventh-Day Adventists and had converted other villagers to this new religion.

As the war in Vietnam escalated, these tribes were hard-hit. Communist soldiers burned their houses, destroyed their crops, and killed and wounded many. Tragically, they were effectively sealed off from help because the route to them was too dangerous.

When people at the Saigon hospital heard about it, they knew someone had to bring help to the villagers. Four volunteered, plus a Vietnamese pastor. "No one has ever tried this," one doctor objected. "You will be killed."

"No," one of the five answered slowly. "God will send protection for us." The others nodded. They all felt the same—the journey was somehow blessed.

"We set off, and walked for ten hours through the mountain wilderness," Quang recalls. "The five of us certainly knew what extreme danger we were in." Other missionaries, they knew, had ventured into this area and had never been seen again.

They reached the village safely. However, the natives confirmed their suspicions: a unit of about twenty enemy soldiers was nearby. It was just a matter of time before they emerged from the brush and arrested everyone.

Then, it happened: The villagers came running in alarm. Behind them were Vietcong soldiers. Grimly, the Vietcong ordered the missionaries to stand at gunpoint. Then the soldiers ransacked their possessions. They found nothing.

continues next page

Frustrated, one of the soldiers looked up. “Where are the others?” he demanded.

“Others?” Quang answered. “Do you mean the tribesmen?”

“Not them,” the soldier barked. “The others in your group.”

“There are no others,” Quang explained. “Only the five of us.”

“Not five. Ten!” The soldier was adamant, and his men nodded. “You come with us—now!”

Quang’s heart sank. It was almost dark, and he was sure that he and the others were being taken away to be quietly murdered.

Eventually they reached a campsite belonging to the Vietcong. Instead of shooting them, however, the soldiers gave them food and sat down around them. And the story emerged.

As Quang and the others had suspected, the enemy had stealthily followed them and their bearers all day long, planning to shoot them before they reached their destination. *But the soldiers had not fired because of “the other five”—tall people, dressed in radiant white, who walked alongside the missionaries through their entire journey.*

The soldiers had been fascinated with these glowing strangers and could not stop looking at them. “Where did they go?” one asked, mystified.

Quang knew. What else could account for the strange feeling of peace, of safekeeping, that had accompanied them from the start? But how could he explain angels to these men?

After leaving the soldiers, the missionaries completed their job and returned to Saigon without incident, to the amazement of everyone who heard of their perilous trek. No one ever found a trace of the mysterious jungle guardians, but he believes they are still on the job.

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