

Number One Taken from “Seeing Angels”

Accounts of peoples experiences of Seeing Angels

This took place about 40 years ago:

“We were all in our early twenties, in our first jobs after being students and very optimistic about life. Interestingly we were all agnostics, and thought we knew it all.

Foolishly, we set out without a supply of food and water to drive to Madrid in our friend’s Volkswagen Beetle. After some hours we found ourselves in a kind of moonscape of red earth, rocks and dust. There were no road signs, and what road there had been had degenerated into a track between the rocks, and nothing, but nothing to indicate that anyone would be stupid enough to travel the route we had chosen. I must stress that there was nothing there—not even a derelict hut.

We were in an elevated position and could see for miles around in all directions. The immensity of Spain was very evident. Having noted that the burning sun was directly overhead we set off in the direction we hoped, was south. Before we had gone very far the car lurched and came to a rest with the rear side wheels in a deep ditch that had been impossible to see in the blinding sunlight. We couldn’t move it backwards or forwards, and it resisted all efforts to be lifted. We had no water to assuage our raging thirst, there was no one around and we were completely ignorant of our location. No mobile phones in those days. We were scared!

Then it happened. Silently, without any warning, a young man appeared as if from out of the rocks. Dressed in white, longish dark hair, he smiled at us, bent, put his hands under the side of the car and lifted it out of that ditch as if it were made of matchwood. We were agog—where did he come from? All he did was smile and point, then turned and walked away, disappearing into the shimmering rockscape.

We drove in the direction indicated and eventually reached a decent road that led us to Madrid.

I have thought about him from time to time over the years....could he have been an angel?

Number Two taken from “Seeing Angels”

It was nearly forty year ago and I was working as a third-year medical student in the casualty department of St Mary’s Hospital, Paddington. I was an atheist, a typical student of the time, and working with me was another student.

A young child was brought in on a stretcher. She was unconscious and accompanied by her very distressed parents, a policeman, and a bystander at the time. Lucy had run into the middle of the busy Edgware Road and a lorry had hit her and then the wheels had gone over her—not just once but twice—the rear as well. The policeman who had been on duty had watched it happen.

Together with the doctor on duty, the three of us examined the unconscious child. Apart from one small bruise on her shoulder she was totally unmarked. We were about to send her off for X-rays, when she opened her eyes and smiled.

‘Where is that man in white?’ she demanded. The doctor came forward.

‘No, no’ said Lucy ‘the man in the long shiny dress.’

We held her hands and stroked her face.

‘The man did that’ said Lucy ‘he stroked my face as he picked up the wheels—‘the wheels did not touch me,’ she added.

Lucy then fell into a totally normal, deep sleep. A full medical examination revealed not a single injury, except for the small bruise. The following day, Lucy was discharged. The lorry driver swore that he had felt two bumps and had vomited in the road at the sight of the unconscious Lucy. Lucy herself retained a child’s quiet unconcern and certainty that ‘the man in white had lifted the lorry,’