



W A L D O N F E N S T E R

ANGEL OPERATIONS

STORIES YOU WOULD THINK WERE MADE UP.

WALDON FENSTER

ANGEL OPERATIONS

INTRODUCTION

PROTECTION BEYOND EXPLANATION

There are stories I hesitate to tell because saying them out loud makes them sound less believable. A child entering the world with cords wrapped around his neck. A birth with no support in the room except the two people suddenly responsible for delivering their own daughter. An SUV sliding on an icy, slushy hill with our family inside, then moving back into place in a way I still cannot explain through the movement of the vehicle alone.

There are other stories that sound even harder to accept. Waking to see someone I call James in our room. Experiencing that same presence physically pushing my car when it was out of gas. Seeing James again near another moment when a car crash could have changed everything. Encounters, warnings, protection, provision, and timing so exact that coincidence began to feel like a smaller explanation than the one faith was asking me to consider.

This book is called Angel Operations because these moments did not feel random. They felt active, coordinated, and assigned. An operation has a purpose. Someone is sent. A threat is met, a person is moved, a path is cleared, or a life is preserved. The people being protected may never see the full plan, but they live inside the result.

I did not grow up expecting to write a book about angels. Even now, I understand why the subject makes people cautious. The word can summon religious artwork, soft wings, sentimental sayings, and stories that ask the listener to surrender judgment. That is not what these encounters felt like. The protection was not decorative. It was forceful, precise, and at times physical.

When Titus was born with cords wrapped around his neck, there was no distance between spiritual language and the vulnerability of a real child. There was only the moment in front of us, the life we loved, and the understanding that some dangers arrive before a parent has time to prepare. The full story belongs in these pages because the fear, the response, and the protection cannot be reduced to one dramatic sentence.

Charlotte's arrival carried a different kind of exposure. The birth support we expected was not there, and Danielle and I found ourselves delivering her on our own. There are situations in which a person discovers that no one else is coming quickly enough to carry the responsibility. You act, you pray, you do what the moment requires, and only later do you understand how close courage and terror had been standing to each other.

Then there was the icy, slushy hill. Our family was inside the SUV when control began to disappear. A vehicle carrying the people I loved was moving toward a result none of us wanted, and there was not enough time to design a better outcome. I believe an angel moved the entire SUV back into safety. I cannot turn that belief into a measurement for someone else, but I also cannot tell the story honestly while removing the explanation I believe fits what happened.

That tension runs through this entire book. I know what an event looked like from inside it. I know what I saw, what I felt, what moved, what should have happened, and what happened instead. I also know that memory, fear, adrenaline, machinery, timing, and coincidence are explanations a reader may consider. I am not afraid of those questions. Testimony becomes weak when it demands that curiosity remain outside the room.

The story of James will raise its own questions. I woke and saw a figure in our room whom I came to call James. There is an image connected to that account and a conversation that followed it, but an image cannot carry the full weight of an encounter. It can become part of the record. It cannot make another person experience what I experienced.

Later, when my car was out of gas, I experienced James pushing it in the physical. That sentence sounds made up even to me when it is separated from the moment. Cars do not move because a story needs a dramatic ending. Weight still has weight. Gravity still works. Yet the car moved, and I believe the same presence I had encountered before was there again.

I saw James again around another possible car crash. Once more, protection appeared at the point where ordinary reaction did not feel sufficient to explain the outcome. I do not use his name because I can prove every detail about who he is, where he came from, or what rank he carries. James is the name connected to the presence I recognized across more than one event.

The cave in Jerusalem belongs in this book too, even though it has its own volume in this series. In that cave, I believe Jesus spoke directly to me, pressed me into the rock, confirmed healing and restoration, and sent me back to complete the visions and goals God had given me. The event was personal, but it also carried the feeling that something larger was operating around the moment - protection, preparation, command, and release.

The overlap matters because our lives do not separate themselves into clean book titles while we are living them. The same event can be about healing in one telling, fatherhood in another, and spiritual protection in a third. Angel Operations does not replace The Cave. It looks at the same territory from the perspective of what may have been moving beyond what my natural eyes could fully understand.

Scripture does not present angels as harmless decoration. They are messengers, servants, guards, warriors, and participants in battles most people cannot see. Some bring words. Some open paths. Some strike, restrain, protect, or stand watch. The biblical picture is not always soft. It can be militant because protection sometimes requires force.

That is closer to how I understand the angels around our family. Warrior angels. Militant angels. Not creatures performing for attention, but disciplined servants under authority. They did not arrive to make us fascinated with them. If they were operating, their work pointed beyond themselves to the God who sent them.

This distinction matters. The purpose of the book is not angel worship, obsession, or the pursuit of supernatural experiences for entertainment. I do not pray to angels, build doctrine from a single unexplained event, or assume every stranger and every narrow escape carries a hidden identity. The focus remains God. Angels are servants, not the source.

I am also not claiming that every dangerous birth, empty fuel tank, sliding vehicle, or avoided collision will end the way ours did. Protection is not a formula, and faith does not make a family immune from pain. This is not medical guidance, driving advice, or permission to ignore practical responsibility. It is the record of moments in our family when practical explanations did not feel large enough to contain the outcome.

Some readers will believe these stories immediately because they have lived through something similar. Others will remain skeptical. A few may decide the events were coincidence, mistaken perception, or the mind trying to bring order to fear. I can respect the questions without rewriting the experience. My responsibility is to tell what happened as honestly as I can and to separate what I know from what I believe.

What I know is that Titus arrived through a dangerous moment. Charlotte arrived when Danielle and I were without the birth support we expected. Our family was inside a sliding SUV and did not reach the outcome the movement appeared to be producing. My out-of-gas car moved. Crashes did not happen. I woke to a figure in our room. I entered a cave uncertain about my future and left believing I had been restored and commissioned.

What I believe is that none of those moments stood alone. I believe God assigned protection to our family. I believe some of that protection came through angels with the strength to intervene in physical events. I believe the presence I call James appeared more than once. I believe there are operations happening around ordinary life that remain hidden until one moment opens our eyes.

That belief creates responsibility. If a life was protected, the life is not merely lucky. If a path was preserved, the path should be used. If our children were guarded, then Danielle and I are accountable for how we raise them. Protection does not turn our family into the center of the story. It makes us more responsible to the One we believe ordered it.

The chapters ahead will tell these stories slowly enough for the details to remain intact: what happened before each moment, what we observed, what we feared, what changed, what evidence remained, and how our understanding developed afterward. They will include the stories we can name now and the other encounters that still sound too crazy to be real.

I do not expect every reader to finish this book using the same words I use. I do hope the stories make it harder to dismiss every impossible rescue as meaningless. There may be more activity around our lives than we recognize, more protection than we can document, and more warriors carrying out God's commands than our ordinary vision allows us to see.

My name is Waldon Fenster. My family has lived through moments that should have ended differently. I believe warrior angels were present, that they moved with purpose, and that some operations of Heaven became visible only because the danger brought them close enough for us to notice.

These are our Angel Operations. Let's begin.