

K E V I N & A L E X M A L A R K E Y

The boy who came back from heaven

*A remarkable account of miracles, angels,
and life beyond this world*



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The Boy Who Came Back from Heaven:

A Remarkable Account of Miracles, Angels, and Life beyond This World

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Introduction

WE WERE MADE for so much more than the things of this world.

Sometimes we can sense this. We have a feeling that, despite our best efforts, we don't quite belong here, that this is not our final destination. We have deep hungers and thirsts that cannot yet be satisfied.

In fact, when we try to make this world our home, our ultimate security and place of comfort, we simply end up feeling disappointed or empty. This is why a great saint of the church was moved to write, "Our hearts are restless until they find their rest in Thee."

Our home is Heaven. But what is Heaven? Heaven radiates with the brilliance of God's glory. It is filled with the music of angels in worship and the beauty of an unmarred landscape. Because it is the dwelling place of God, those who enter its gates experience only peace, hope, faith, and love—the very essence of God Himself.

Much as we long for Heaven, there is a problem. We know very little of the place where we were made to live. Whom do you know who has been there? Have you seen any photographs? Sure, you may have heard stories of white light and tunnels from people who have

experienced death and then returned to this life. But what if there was a person who had been to Heaven . . . *actually walked through the gates* . . . and stayed long enough to learn about it? Would you be interested in what he had to say?

Well, I know such a person. He is my son, William Alexander Malarkey. We call him Alex.

In November 2004, Alex and I were in a car accident. The accident was so horrific that Alex, who was six at the time, was not expected to live, and a medical officer suggested that the coroner be called to the scene. Later, in the hospital, Alex was in a coma for two months. Alex spent time during this period in Heaven, and when he returned to us, he had much to say about his experience.

Now, I know what you may be thinking: *A kid goes to Heaven and comes back to tell us about it? Come on.*

I'm not here to beat a drum, convince you of a theological argument, or force you to validate Alex's experiences. But I humbly offer a challenge: suspend your judgment for just a few chapters.

I think your life may be changed forever.

Sometimes I have no clue what to make of Alex's supernatural life—I have no theological box to put some of this stuff in. But everyone who has taken the time to get to know Alex agrees: he is a remarkable boy on whom God has placed His hand for His purposes.

What follows includes physical descriptions of parts of Heaven, a recounting of the way Alex and God sometimes talk face-to-face, and details about Alex's direct experience with angels, demons, and, yes, the devil himself.

Heaven is real. There is an unseen world at work—an intensely active spiritual dimension right here on earth, all around us. And

much of this activity keeps us from focusing on our future destination, the place where we will spend eternity.

Alex has been there. And if your heart is ever restless, if you've ever longed for more than this world offers, I invite you to follow Alex on his journey to Heaven and back.



CHAPTER I

AT THE CROSSROADS

The straight, empty road was a deadly optical illusion.

THE LEAVES BARELY clung to the old oaks lining the highway that cool November morning. As Alex and I drove to church in my old Honda Civic, I finally began to relax from the sense of hurry I had felt while getting my oldest son dressed and out the door.

In our family, as in many others, getting organized to go to church involved fighting the forces of chaos. We had already been running late when Alex streaked through the house in his birthday suit to sit and watch a nature show on TV instead of getting dressed, as he had been told to do. No clothes, no breakfast, and, truthfully, no obedience to Mommy all added up to strained nerves and short tempers. But much more than this was going on in our family.

Only the day before, our newborn, Ryan, had come home from the hospital. That put the count at four children, ages six and under. Can anyone truly be ready for four young children? It seemed that

the best way to preserve some sense of normalcy was for at least two of us to make it to church that day.

Now, glancing into the rearview mirror, I smiled as Alex's eyes danced back at me.

"Hey, buddy, I'm glad you're with me today."

"Me too, Daddy. This is Daddy-Alex time, isn't it?"

"That's right, Alex. Just you and me!"

Alex was my buddy. From the beginning, we had done everything and gone everywhere together. Never too far away were several of Alex's "Barneys." Some kids have a fuzzy animal. Some kids have a security blanket. Alex had his "Barneys"—small cloths he liked to chew on. Six-year-old Alex was my oldest of four—*four!* What a huge number! Now that was going to take some getting used to.

We drove on in silence. As if involuntarily peering into the future, my eyes fixed on the horizon, on a future that seemed filled with equal measures of richness and, frankly, uncertainty. The full weight of the responsibility of being "Daddy" to four young children pressed against me. The deep breath I unwittingly sucked in burst out in a loud exhale. I couldn't help but think about the medical bills.

We had recently switched medical insurance providers and wouldn't be covered for pregnancy for a few more months. To arrive without insurance coverage didn't make our new little boy any less wonderful, but there was no getting around it—it did make his coming brutally expensive.

Leaves blew across the highway, the evidence of a stiffening breeze. The season was changing. *Everything* was changing—new home, new church, new baby. Seasons—they are natural and good. We were embarking on a new season in our family—another child. It was

natural and good too. Things would work out with the money. They always did. The quick refocus brought a sense of reassurance and helped me savor what had happened just yesterday: my beautiful wife, Beth, and I had filled the hours with multiple turns of holding, touching, and cooing over our newborn.

Alex hadn't wanted to.

"Come here, Alex," I said. "You're his big brother. Come hold baby Ryan."

"Daddy, I don't really want to. Can I just hold the camera? I'm not into holding babies."

I studied my oldest child for a moment and traded glances with Beth.

"Sure, Son; here, you hold the camera."

Who can figure out the mind of a little boy? He'd grow close to baby Ryan in his own time. Why force him?

Pulling into the church parking lot brought me back to the present. Beth and the new baby were now resting at home with Gracie, age two, and Aaron, four, and Alex and I were about to meet some new people. We had only attended this church a few times.

Before I left the car, it struck me in a fresh way how much I really did have to be thankful for, how much I had been blessed, how much I'd been given: we had a new member of our family at the same time we were becoming members of a new church family, having moved to a new home in the country not long before. Even though my psychotherapy private practice had been slow lately, I did have an occupation—unlike many people we knew who were struggling greatly.

But was I truly thankful? Yes, kind of . . . in a general sense. The continual pressure of ever-mounting bills has a way of demanding

attention, of obscuring all the good things from view, of distorting the beauty that surrounds us and fills our lives. It's like an annoying drip from the faucet that you just can't fix, or in my case, like the piercing screech of a smoke detector, warning of the smaller bills that hadn't been paid and of the mortgage payment that still hadn't been sent . . . for the second month. The truth is, the cloud of that financial pressure obscured the beautiful, crisp sunshine of God's truths for me. Even so, it was Sunday, and on Sunday in our family, you go to church.

With Alex off to his class, I took a seat. I smiled politely at everyone who made eye contact as they looked for seats in the auditorium, but my mind was consumed, again, with an image of our bill basket, which seemed to glare at me every time I walked through the front door at home. The singing stopped, and suddenly I was back in the present with Pastor Gary Brown opening his Bible on the pulpit as he began to speak:

“We have been exploring different aspects of the character of God. God has identified Himself in Scripture by using many names. Today we are considering how God has revealed Himself to us relative to our needs: Jehovah-jireh. Ensuring we have what we need is a responsibility that God takes on Himself, a message He gives by His name, which means, literally, ‘the Lord will provide.’ Let's be clear: God didn't say He would provide for all our wants but for things He believes we need. If God has said that our needs are His concern and responsibility, why do we spend so much time being anxious?”

I felt as if there were a bull's-eye painted on my forehead with a large dart sticking into it. The sermon could have ended right there. My burden, so palpable moments before, was replaced by a lightness of spirit I hadn't known all morning. This was only my fifth visit to

the church, so there was no way Pastor Brown could have consciously tailored his sermon to my situation. My head fell into my hands, and I had to smile at the timeliness of the rebuke. God is the Provider. He knows what I need. I thought again about our bill basket. *First thing I'm doing when I get home is tape a big sign on the front of it: God Will Meet Our Needs.*

Following the service, I got into a conversation with the children's pastor. We walked the lawn in the now-pleasant late-autumn air, discussing the vision of the pastor and staff for this church. Alex tried to be patient during this adult conversation. We exchanged glances and smiled at each other, but it was tough for my little guy to endure a conversation that, for him, felt as if it would never end. I leaned down and whispered, "Alex, you're such a good boy. Let's find a park on the way home, okay?"

A big grin signaled his approval.

A few minutes later, Alex and I made our way back to the car, now virtually alone in the parking lot. I buckled him into the backseat, but before getting behind the wheel, I let my eyes wander across the pavement to the front doors of the church building. I had come with anxiety and was leaving with hope. How could I not give thanks?

"Remember, Daddy, we have to go to a park!" Alex called as I got in the driver's seat.

"You bet, Alex. But you have to help me find one. Keep a sharp eye out your window."

We drove down the road looking for the elusive playground with the intensity of hunters stalking big game.

During the short drive, a cemetery came into view. I had often used the appearance of a cemetery to teach Alex that we each have a spirit. "Hey, look, Alex, a graveyard. What's in there?"

“Just bodies, Daddy. Graveyards don’t have people, ’cause when they die, their spirits leave their bodies and go to their new home.”

“You got it, Son. Now, where’s that park?”

Before long, Alex shouted, “Look, there’s one. Over there!”

The car had barely stopped before Alex jumped out on a dead run to the ladders, bars, and chutes. It was only a few months back at some burger joint that Alex had lost his nerve on the top of the tube slide. There I was, squeezing my six-foot-two frame through the tunnel—Dad to the rescue! Not anymore. Somehow since then, Alex had transformed into the Daredevil Kid. “Alex, be careful,” I warned. “You’re scaring me. Watch where you’re putting your hands and feet.”

Beth was usually on hand to keep a lid on things, but with her absent, I suddenly felt Alex was taking way too many risks. I had good reason. Alex was already a two-time veteran visitor to the emergency room. On his last visit, I do have to admit that Alex’s timing was good. There I was in emergency, getting Alex stitched up. When the doctor was finished, I passed Alex off to his aunt and hoofed it to the birthing room to be with Beth just before Aaron arrived! The way Alex was swinging, hanging, and balancing now, it was easy to imagine another visit today.

“Daddy, look, no hands!”

“You’re a champ, Alex. Now be careful.” Where was my timid little Alex?

After about fifteen minutes, I started to get antsy, knowing Beth would be wondering where we were.

“Come on, buddy. We’d better get home. Mommy is already wondering what happened to us.”

Between Heaven and Earth

After securing Alex in the seat directly behind mine, I pulled the strap to make sure it was tight. The next challenge was to find our way home through this unfamiliar territory—not that I didn't know how I got to the church, but finding shortcuts and exploring new roads are all part of the fun of living in a new area. I pulled out onto the road, and a short distance ahead, an intersection came into view. I began dialing my cell phone to let Beth know where we were.

“Hey, Alex, I'll bet that road will get us home. Let's take it.” Though a rural road, it was bordered by several ranch-style houses with deep front yards.

Ring . . . Ring . . .

Stopped at the intersection with the phone to my ear, I looked both directions—as always. No oncoming traffic for at least half a mile. What I didn't know was that at this unfamiliar intersection I was not looking down a perfectly straight half-mile stretch of road. Several hundred yards ahead, just before the road curved off to the left, was a huge dip that obscured anything that might have been there. The straight, empty road was a deadly optical illusion.

“Hey, Beth, how's it going? . . . Well, I got into a long conversation after the service, and then we found a park, but we're on our way home now. We should be there . . .”

“Dad, I'm hungry. When are we going to be home?”

I turned to answer Alex while still on the phone with Beth. I pulled into the intersection and then . . .

The deafening crunch of metal ripping metal flashed and then faded into brilliant silence. All was silence.

+++

As unconsciousness yielded to confused awareness, my mind strove to bring order from chaos. The meager beginning of a thought forced its way into clarity: *Why am I lying in a ditch next to my car?* My mind raced. *What is going on?* With the first light of reason flickering in my still foggy mind, I sat up, bewildered. What had happened? Why was I here? Alex—he was with me, wasn't he? *Where is Alex? Where is my boy?*

I do not know how long I was unconscious, but several people had already run from the nearby homes to the accident site. "Lie still. Don't move," someone implored. I couldn't. Every fiber of my heart was screaming, *Where is Alex?* Now that I was on my feet, everything sounded muffled. I was moving in slow motion, as if I were walking on the bottom of a swimming pool. Over and over I yelled, "*Alex, Alex, Alex!*" No answer. My heart pounded out a rhythm of fear. The silence fell like a hammer but was soon pierced by the wail of sirens.

Just as my mind was being overthrown by fear, a gentle arm wrapped around my shoulder. I turned to look into the kind eyes of a total stranger.

"You've been in a car accident, son. There is a young boy still in the backseat of the car."

Firemen and policemen swarmed everywhere, concentrating on what used to be my car. Before I had a moment's thought about what I might find in the backseat, I ran over and looked. An acrid, evil smell violated my senses. Amidst thousands of glass shards, torn upholstery, and twisted metal, there sat my boy, my firstborn son, on whom his mother and father's dreams rested, still strapped in his seatbelt—still in his church clothes. *He's okay, he's okay. He's been*

knocked unconscious and probably has a concussion, but he's going to be okay. But in that moment of desperation, what I frantically hoped was no match for harsh reality. And as I continued to stare, dread soon overcame my hope. Blood ran from a gash on Alex's forehead. And what was wrong with his head? It hung so unnaturally down to the left, bizarrely lower than it should have been. Vacant, hideously bloodshot eyes stared down.

Alex, my son . . . he looks dead! I've killed my son.

An immense wave of incredulity, horror, and crushing grief loomed above me, threatening to swallow me. On the other side of the car, the paramedics worked furiously, trying to remove Alex and get him onto a stretcher, all the while attempting to establish an airway in order to get oxygen into his lungs.

Moments later, a senior medical officer consulting with the policeman who was first on the scene said, "We'll need to contact the coroner's office and cancel MedFlight."

"Yes, sir, but the chopper's already landing."

Panic stabbed my chest and breath came in short gasps as my mind raced uncontrollably through the mayhem: *I'm the cause of all this. Have I killed my son? What about the people in the other car? Where did that car come from? Am I going to jail? Is Alex really dead?*

+++ I heard a mighty crash at the intersection only a few dozen yards from my front door. I had been a fireman and thought I might be able to help, so I sprinted toward the accident scene. When I arrived, Kevin, whom I didn't know at the time, was in a daze. People were urging him to sit down, as he was obviously disoriented. I first went up to the other car, but those people all seemed to be okay. I then went over to

Kevin's car and could see that a little boy was in the backseat. I climbed in the back as best I could, but I had no idea if the little boy was dead or alive. I knew enough not to touch his head but placed my hand over his chest. There was no perceptible breathing. I'm a man of faith, so I started praying for this little guy. I also talked to him as if he could hear me, although there was no response. I said, "Hey, little guy, don't worry."

And I kept praying.

"You're going to be all right."

And I kept praying.

"Don't be afraid. You just hang in there."

And I kept praying.

"You're going to make it, buddy. Help is on the way."

I didn't have any indication that Alex was alive, but I kept praying for him and his dad.

Dan Tullis +++

As bystanders gathered around the organized confusion of the rescue effort, shame poured over me—the father who had caused destruction in so many lives. Were all these people secretly condemning me? They were too late. Condemnation had already invaded the very recesses of my heart. *Oh God, what have I done?*

Fear coursed through my body like an electrical surge. Utterly bewildered as to what to do, I turned when a hand on my right shoulder interrupted my thoughts.

"Sir, we found this cell phone in the car. Would you like to call your wife?"

Beth! Oh, no! She was on the phone with me when the accident

occurred. She was still at home with two-day-old baby Ryan and Aaron and Gracie. What was she thinking? What did she hear? While dialing the number, I willed down the rising tightness in my throat.

“Beth.”

“Hello, Kevin?”

But the moment her voice fell on my ear, grief and shame burst out in gasping sobs.

“Oh, Beth, oh, Beth, we’ve been in a terrible accident!” Tears streamed down my face.

“Is he dead?” she asked, her voice low and calm.

“I don’t know. I don’t know. They’re loading him in a chopper and taking him to Children’s. I’m so sorry, Beth.”

“I’ve got the kids. Let’s just stay focused on what we need to do right now. I’ll meet you at Children’s.”

In the precise mayhem of the rescue effort, I heard someone say, “We’ve got a heartbeat—super weak, but it’s there.” By then Beth had hung up the phone and was gathering the children to make the hour-and-a-half-long trek to Columbus Children’s Hospital.

I ran to the chopper, determined that I was coming on that trip, too, but a strong arm reached out, stopping me.

“Are you the father?” asked a uniformed medic.

“Yes, yes, I am,” I said, trying to surge ahead and board the chopper.

“You’re welcome to ride with us.” But then he hesitated for a moment and looked back over the accident scene.

+++

*On the drive down,
I remember telling God,
“Alex is Yours. If You
decide to take him home,
that’s okay, but You have
to give me the strength
to do this.”*

Beth Malarkey, Alex’s mom

“Pardon me, but were you in the accident too?”

“Yes, I was driving but came out fine.”

+++ Time is always of the essence, but more so in Alex’s case.

When we first assessed Alex at the accident scene, his pupils were fixed (not responding to light), he was not breathing on his own, and it was difficult to feel his pulse. My partner and I knew he was severely injured and thought he would probably die from his injuries. Even so we did our best. On the way to the accident, I had felt in my heart that I needed to pray before we arrived, so I had prayed quietly as we flew to the scene. Now I better understood why.

Once we had Alex on a cot, we carried him back to the helicopter. Kevin asked if he could pray with his son before we left. We told him he could, but he needed to be quick because we really needed to go. Kevin broke down, and we became concerned that his prayer would take too long. I asked him if he was a Christian, and he said he was. I told him the nurse and I were too. I asked him if he believed God wanted to heal his son, and he said he did. I told him that we believed that too. After that, I asked him if he would allow me to pray for his son in the helicopter. He said yes, so we thanked him and left.

Once we got into the helicopter, I quickly laid my hand on Alex’s head and prayed that he would be healed in the name of Jesus. Then I simply thanked the Lord for healing Alex and believed that God was doing what He said He would do in His Word.

I often pray for patients in-flight—not every time, but often.

Dave Knopp, paramedic +++

“I’m so sorry, sir, but you can’t come with us then. You need to be examined at our local hospital.”

Panic gripped me again. Not go with Alex? Impossible! I was reduced to begging but didn’t care. “You’ve got to let me go with my son. Really, I’m okay. I’ve got to. Please let me go with Alex . . . please?”

“Sir, I understand how you may be feeling, but right now the best thing you can do for your son is go to the hospital, get checked out, and make sure you’re okay, and let us do what we need to do. Alex is your priority. He’s ours, too.”

“But I’m okay!” I protested. “Look, I’m walking around fine. You’ve got to let me go with him.”

Firmly but respectfully, the paramedic said, “I’m sorry, sir. I have to shut the doors and go now.”

“Oh God, oh God!” I cried out, frantically praying, “Please save my little boy, please . . .” But that’s all I got out as sobs of grief enveloped me.

The first medic looked at his partner and said with tightened jaw, “We have to go now.”

From Alex

I Went to Heaven

Let the children come to me. Don't stop them! For the Kingdom of God belongs to those who are like these children.

MARK 10:14

Daddy did not see the car coming, but I did. I like to look out the back side window of Daddy’s car, and so that is what I was

doing when we started to turn. I was just getting ready to tell him there was a car when we got hit.

For just one second before all of the “action” began, there was a moment of calmness. I remember thinking someone was going to die. When the calm ended, I heard the sound of glass breaking, and I saw Daddy’s feet going out of the car.

Now I thought I knew who was going to die. But then I saw something unbelievably cool. Five angels were carrying Daddy outside the car. Four were carrying his body, and one was supporting his neck and head. The angels were big and muscular, like wrestlers, and they had wings on their backs from their waists to their shoulders. I thought Daddy was dead, but that it was okay because the angels were going to make him okay.

Then I looked to the front passenger seat, and the devil was looking into my eyes. He said, “Yeah, that’s right, your daddy is dead, and it is your fault.” I thought the accident was my fault because I had asked Daddy a question and he turned to answer my question right before the car hit us. I’m not sure whether I watched Daddy from the car or from Heaven. I went to Heaven shortly after the car hit us, but I am not sure of the exact moment I actually left my body. I do know that when I was in Heaven, everything was perfect.

This is what happened in the car after the other car hit us. All of this happened in what seemed to be a few seconds. I heard the sound of shattering glass, and I tried to duck my head to protect myself. As I ducked down, I saw a piece of glass in my thumb. That is when I realized that all of this was real. I tried to bite down on Barney. I felt a pain in my

mouth like, maybe, I had bitten through my tongue. I began to feel pain throughout my body. I thought that I would be the next one to die. I thought that there was some fire behind me because my back felt like it was burning. I tried to turn my head toward the back of the car, but there was no fire. I could only see a big black circle, and something smelled really nasty. I felt a bad pain in the back of my head. It felt like a knife stabbing my neck. Then I realized that my head was hanging down to one side and I could not lift it back up.

I tried to call out to my daddy, but I couldn't hear the sound of my voice. I thought that maybe my hearing wasn't working. Then I thought the sound of the car hitting us was echoing in my head. With my lips I said, "I love you, Daddy."

I thought the roof of the car was going to collapse on me. I felt like I was in a plane that was flying on the road. It sounded like a volcano was erupting and coming my way. I saw the two air bags blow up. Daddy flew out of the car right before the air bags came out. The window on the passenger side in the front of the car broke. The backseat was torn up by flying glass. There was glass in my right hand, in my left armpit, in my hair, and in my private place. I knew my eyebrow was cut because blood was dripping down. I knew I was bleeding in my throat, my nose, and my eyes. I felt like I was bleeding in my stomach, too, from the seatbelt.

The fireman cut my seatbelt off because it was jammed. They put something in my throat to make me breathe. While I was on the stretcher, they told me to be strong. They said that I was hurt badly and that I was going to the hospital. They said I was a tough boy.

I went through a long, white tunnel that was very bright. I didn't like the music in the tunnel; it was really bad music played on instruments with really long strings.

But then I got to Heaven, and there was powerful music, and I loved it.

When I arrived in Heaven, the same five angels who had helped Daddy out of the car were there. They comforted me. Daddy was in Heaven too. The angels stayed with me so Daddy could be alone with God. Daddy had bad injuries like mine, but God was healing him in Heaven to bring glory to Himself—that's what God told me later. Daddy asked God if he could trade places with me, but God said no. God said He would heal me later on earth to bring more glory to His name.

After God said no to Daddy, Daddy's spirit returned to his body next to our smashed car. I could see Daddy from Heaven, lying in the ditch next to our car.¹

¹ Kevin: "I have no memory of being in Heaven, but Alex is emphatic that this is what happened."

Afterword: Questions and Answers with Alex

Q: What do you know about a current Heaven and a future Heaven on earth?

A: I know that there is a place other than the one I go to. The angel Ryan told me that the future Heaven is where you get the new bodies. He wishes that he could have one of those bodies.

Q: Do you hear talk of the New Heaven where you are?

A: The other Heaven is there now, but in a different place.

Q: Is the Garden of Eden and/or the tree of life in the present Heaven?

A: I have no idea.

Q: Are there cities in Heaven?

A: Yes. They make New York City seem small! The skyline is awesome.

Q: What was your body like in Heaven?

A: I never really paid attention to my body. I never looked down or thought about myself. I was too in awe of everything else. I know that I could walk in Heaven, though.

Q: What do you think about the fact that God told Paul not to talk about what he saw in Heaven, but He told John to share about his visit?

A: I don't feel so weird when I think about that. I'm a mixture of the two. Some things I can say and some things I can't.

Q: Have you ever seen hell (from Heaven or at any other time)?

A: I've never seen hell myself. There is the hole that I told you about in outer Heaven. I know that if you go through that hole, you end up in hell. This makes me very sad.

Q: What is worship like in Heaven?

A: It's always happening. The angels have sessions of praising God. They go to His throne at certain times. I have seen the

elders bowing down and saying, “Holy, holy, holy.” But the most awesome part is the angels behind the elders. There are more than you can count.

Q: What people have you seen in Heaven?

A: I have seen people from the Bible. I cannot say anything else.

Q: Is Heaven a physical place?

A: How could I have been there if it wasn't?

Q: If you were going to speak to a group of young people about prayer, what would you tell them?

A: I would have fun and tell them the truth. God loves you, and He is always there. I would then describe God's love and His presence. I would want them to know that He hears you when you are praying and He loves you.

Q: What would you tell people about spiritual warfare?

A: I would only have three main points. (1) Satan is a loser, and he has already lost; (2) demons are trying to mess with people nonstop; (3) we need Jesus in our hearts to fight the demons.

Q: If the president of the United States was on the phone with you, what would you tell him?

A: Let God be your leader. Follow God and try to get people to follow Him. If you do this, nothing evil can mess with you. And by the way, Georgetown stinks. Go Bucks!

Q: What would you say to someone who is troubled or anxious?

A: If they are, I would just say, "Ask God for help."

Scripture Appendix

Angels

*For he will order his angels
to protect you wherever you go.
They will hold you up with their hands
so you won't even hurt your foot on a stone.* PSALM 91:11-12

*There is joy in the presence of God's angels when even one sinner
repents.* LUKE 15:10

*Angels are only servants—spirits sent to care for people who will
inherit salvation.* HEBREWS 1:14

*For in one place the Scriptures say,
“What are mere mortals that you should think about them,
or a son of man that you should care for him?
Yet you made them only a little lower than the angels
and crowned them with glory and honor.”* HEBREWS 2:6-7

Don't forget to show hospitality to strangers, for some who have done this have entertained angels without realizing it! HEBREWS 13:2

They were told that their messages were not for themselves, but for you. And now this Good News has been announced to you by those who preached in the power of the Holy Spirit sent from heaven. It is all so wonderful that even the angels are eagerly watching these things happen. I PETER 1:12

And all the angels were standing around the throne and around the elders and the four living beings. And they fell before the throne with their faces to the ground and worshiped God. They sang,

*“Amen! Blessing and glory and wisdom
and thanksgiving and honor
and power and strength belong to our God
forever and ever! Amen.”* REVELATION 7:11-12

God's Care for Children

But God heard the boy crying, and the angel of God called to Hagar from heaven, “Hagar, what's wrong? Do not be afraid! God has heard the boy crying as he lies there. Go to him and comfort him, for I will make a great nation from his descendants.” GENESIS 21:17-18

And you must commit yourselves wholeheartedly to these commands that I am giving you today. Repeat them again and again to your children. Talk about them when you are at home and when you are on the road, when you are going to bed and when you are getting up. Tie them to your hands and wear them on your forehead as reminders. Write them on the doorposts of your house and on your gates.

DEUTERONOMY 6:6-9

*You have taught children and infants
to tell of your strength,
silencing your enemies
and all who oppose you.* PSALM 8:2

*For he will conceal me there when troubles come;
he will hide me in his sanctuary.
He will place me out of reach on a high rock.* PSALM 27:5

*We will not hide these truths from our children;
we will tell the next generation
about the glorious deeds of the LORD,
about his power and his mighty wonders.* PSALM 78:4

*The LORD is like a father to his children,
tender and compassionate to those who fear him.* PSALM 103:13

*Children are a gift from the LORD;
they are a reward from him.* PSALM 127:3

*Direct your children onto the right path,
and when they are older, they will not leave it.* PROVERBS 22:6

*I knew you before I formed you in your mother's womb.
Before you were born I set you apart.* JEREMIAH 1:5

*At that time Jesus prayed this prayer: "O Father, Lord of heaven
and earth, thank you for hiding these things from those who think
themselves wise and clever, and for revealing them to the childlike.
Yes, Father, it pleased you to do it this way!"* MATTHEW 11:25-26

*About that time the disciples came to Jesus and asked, "Who is greatest
in the Kingdom of Heaven?"*

*Jesus called a little child to him and put the child among them.
Then he said, "I tell you the truth, unless you turn from your sins and
become like little children, you will never get into the Kingdom of
Heaven. So anyone who becomes as humble as this little child is the
greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven.*

*"And anyone who welcomes a little child like this on my behalf
is welcoming me. But if you cause one of these little ones who trusts in
me to fall into sin, it would be better for you to have a large millstone
tied around your neck and be drowned in the depths of the sea."*

MATTHEW 18:1-6

The leading priests and the teachers of religious law saw these wonderful miracles and heard even the children in the Temple shouting, "Praise God for the Son of David."

But the leaders were indignant. They asked Jesus, "Do you hear what these children are saying?"

"Yes," Jesus replied. "Haven't you ever read the Scriptures? For they say, 'You have taught children and infants to give you praise.'"

MATTHEW 21:15-16

One day some parents brought their children to Jesus so he could touch and bless them. But the disciples scolded the parents for bothering him.

When Jesus saw what was happening, he was angry with his disciples. He said to them, "Let the children come to me. Don't stop them! For the Kingdom of God belongs to those who are like these children. I tell you the truth, anyone who doesn't receive the Kingdom of God like a child will never enter it." Then he took the children in his arms and placed his hands on their heads and blessed them.

MARK 10:13-16

To all who believed him and accepted him, he gave the right to become children of God. JOHN 1:12

Don't let anyone think less of you because you are young. Be an example to all believers in what you say, in the way you live, in your love, your faith, and your purity. I TIMOTHY 4:12

Have you forgotten the encouraging words God spoke to you as his children? He said,

*“My child, don’t make light of the LORD’s discipline,
and don’t give up when he corrects you.*

*For the LORD disciplines those he loves,
and he punishes each one he accepts as his child.”*

As you endure this divine discipline, remember that God is treating you as his own children. Who ever heard of a child who is never disciplined by its father? If God doesn’t discipline you as he does all of his children, it means that you are illegitimate and are not really his children at all. Since we respected our earthly fathers who disciplined us, shouldn’t we submit even more to the discipline of the Father of our spirits, and live forever? HEBREWS 12:5-9

Heaven

*You will show me the way of life,
granting me the joy of your presence
and the pleasures of living with you forever. PSALM 16:11*

*Surely your goodness and unfailing love will pursue me
all the days of my life,
and I will live in the house of the LORD
forever. PSALM 23:6*

It was in the year King Uzziah died that I saw the Lord. He was sitting on a lofty throne, and the train of his robe filled the Temple. Attending him were mighty seraphim, each having six wings. With two wings they covered their faces, with two they covered their feet, and with two they flew. They were calling out to each other,

“Holy, holy, holy is the LORD of Heaven’s Armies!

The whole earth is filled with his glory!” ISAIAH 6:1-3

Pray like this:

Our Father in heaven,

may your name be kept holy.

May your Kingdom come soon.

May your will be done on earth,

as it is in heaven. MATTHEW 6:9-10

Don’t store up treasures here on earth, where moths eat them and rust destroys them, and where thieves break in and steal. Store your treasures in heaven, where moths and rust cannot destroy, and thieves do not break in and steal. Wherever your treasure is, there the desires of your heart will also be. MATTHEW 6:19-21

Jesus replied, “The Kingdom of God can’t be detected by visible signs. You won’t be able to say, ‘Here it is!’ or ‘It’s over there!’ For the Kingdom of God is already among you.” LUKE 17:20-21

Don't let your hearts be troubled. Trust in God, and trust also in me. There is more than enough room in my Father's home. If this were not so, would I have told you that I am going to prepare a place for you? When everything is ready, I will come and get you, so that you will always be with me where I am. And you know the way to where I am going. . . . I am the way, the truth, and the life. No one can come to the Father except through me." JOHN 14:1-4, 6

Against its will, all creation was subjected to God's curse. But with eager hope, the creation looks forward to the day when it will join God's children in glorious freedom from death and decay. For we know that all creation has been groaning as in the pains of childbirth right up to the present time. And we believers also groan, even though we have the Holy Spirit within us as a foretaste of future glory, for we long for our bodies to be released from sin and suffering. We, too, wait with eager hope for the day when God will give us our full rights as his adopted children, including the new bodies he has promised us. ROMANS 8:20-23

What I am saying, dear brothers and sisters, is that our physical bodies cannot inherit the Kingdom of God. These dying bodies cannot inherit what will last forever.

But let me reveal to you a wonderful secret. We will not all die, but we will all be transformed! It will happen in a moment, in the blink of an eye, when the last trumpet is blown. For when the trumpet sounds, those who have died will be raised to live forever. And we who are living will also be transformed. For our dying bodies must be transformed into bodies that will never die; our mortal bodies must be transformed into immortal bodies. I CORINTHIANS 15:50-53

For we know that when this earthly tent we live in is taken down (that is, when we die and leave this earthly body), we will have a house in heaven, an eternal body made for us by God himself and not by human hands. We grow weary in our present bodies, and we long to put on our heavenly bodies like new clothing. For we will put on heavenly bodies; we will not be spirits without bodies. While we live in these earthly bodies, we groan and sigh, but it's not that we want to die and get rid of these bodies that clothe us. Rather, we want to put on our new bodies so that these dying bodies will be swallowed up by life. God himself has prepared us for this, and as a guarantee he has given us his Holy Spirit.

So we are always confident, even though we know that as long as we live in these bodies we are not at home with the Lord. For we live by believing and not by seeing. Yes, we are fully confident, and we would rather be away from these earthly bodies, for then we will be at home with the Lord. 2 CORINTHIANS 5:1-8

But we are citizens of heaven, where the Lord Jesus Christ lives. And we are eagerly waiting for him to return as our Savior. He will take our weak mortal bodies and change them into glorious bodies like his own, using the same power with which he will bring everything under his control. PHILIPPIANS 3:20-21

You have come to Mount Zion, to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to countless thousands of angels in a joyful gathering. HEBREWS 12:22

I heard a loud shout from the throne, saying, “Look, God’s home is now among his people! He will live with them, and they will be his people. God himself will be with them. He will wipe every tear from their eyes, and there will be no more death or sorrow or crying or pain. All these things are gone forever.” REVELATION 21:3-4

So [one of the seven angels] took me in the Spirit to a great, high mountain, and he showed me the holy city, Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God. It shone with the glory of God and sparkled like a precious stone—like jasper as clear as crystal. The city wall was broad and high, with twelve gates guarded by twelve angels. And the names of the twelve tribes of Israel were written on the gates. There were three gates on each side—east, north, south, and west. The wall of the city had twelve foundation stones, and on them were written the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb. . . .

The wall was made of jasper, and the city was pure gold, as clear as glass. The wall of the city was built on foundation stones inlaid with twelve precious stones: the first was jasper, the second sapphire, the third agate, the fourth emerald, the fifth onyx, the sixth carnelian, the seventh chrysolite, the eighth beryl, the ninth topaz, the tenth chrysoprase, the eleventh jacinth, the twelfth amethyst.

The twelve gates were made of pearls—each gate from a single pearl! And the main street was pure gold, as clear as glass.

REVELATION 21:10-14, 18-21