

**ANGELS**  
**WATCHING**  
**OVER ME**



**KETURAH L. HADLEY**

# ANGELS WATCHING OVER ME

KETURAH L. HADLEY



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This book is dedicated first to my Heavenly Father, and then to the following family members: my father Luther Clayton Hadley, my children, Natasha, Luther, and Larry, and my one and only grandchild, Avery. I must mention my brothers William and Marvin, my deceased sister Alexis, and her one and only child Julius Hickman, along with his many children, Felicia, Julian, Alissa, Laquita, Julius Jr., and Jalaam.



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Psalm 91: Verses 11-12

*For he shall give his angels charge over thee,  
To keep thee in all thy ways  
They shall bear thee up in their hands,  
Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.*

# INTRODUCTION

As far back as I can remember I've always been protected by my guardian angels, who I believe were assigned to me by my Heavenly Father. I believe that there is more than one guardian angel assigned to each of us.

My guardian angels protected me from everything from being beaten up by a group of kids when I was younger to being bitten by a poisonous snake.

I never saw my guardian angels, but at times of danger I sometimes heard and felt their spiritual presence. My life was saved on many occasions due to their intervention.

The bible speaks about our Heavenly Father's love for us, and I believe that we are protected from death until it is our assigned time to leave this earth.

This book is a collection of some of my spiritual experiences, which cover a time period of sixty years. Please note that some of the people's names used in this book have been changed to protect their privacy.

May this book enlighten and help someone who is going through difficult times. I also hope that this book will encourage people to learn more about our Heavenly Father by reading and studying the bible in order to acquire knowledge and understanding.

# MY BEGINNINGS

I was born in Charleston, South Carolina to Luther Clayton and Beulah Hadley, the first of their three children. My mother already had a son named William, who was five years old at the time of their marriage.

Father was a merchant marine and my mother a housewife. My father always provided money for the family, but he was seldom home because he traveled all over the world. Dad always bought us gifts from Japan, Korea, and other countries, and on Christmas we had more than enough presents. One of my fondest memories from childhood occurred whenever my father came home: my sister and I would sit on each foot, wrapping our legs around his, and then he would pick us up off the floor by lifting up his legs really high as he walked.

Dad told me that he was present during my birth, and that a midwife delivered me at 9:30 a.m. My father told me that my birth was very painful for my mother, and that I came into this world fussing. My father and mother moved to New York shortly after I was born due to my health.

I remember visiting Charleston, South Carolina forty years later for a family reunion. The family reunion picnic was held where my mother and her siblings grew up, an area consisting of a wooded swamp somewhere on Wadmalow Island. While at this picnic, one or more mosquitos bit me and I got a fever right away.

I remember feeling light-headed and had to return to the hotel. My

mother's sister, Aunt Nancy, said at the time, "That's why your mother had to leave South Carolina when you were a baby, because you became ill from the mosquito bites."

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