

# The Guardian Angel and the Nightlight

“Daddy, do I have to go to sleep now?” asked Thomas.

“I think you’ve had enough story time for one night,” said Father.

“Please, Daddy. Just one more story,” begged Thomas.

“Son, what’s the matter?” Father asked as he noticed Thomas trying to hide some tears that were beginning to well up in his eyes. Thomas hadn’t told his father yet, but recently he’d begun to feel afraid of the dark.

“I’m okay,” said Thomas. “I just really want to hear another story.”

Father sat on Thomas’ bed and tucked the covers around him. “I’ll tell you what, you lie down and I’ll tell you one more story.

“This story is about when I was a young boy—just about your age. One night when I couldn’t go to sleep...”

“Why couldn’t you sleep?” asked Thomas, curious.

“Truthfully, I was a little afraid.”

“What were you afraid of?”

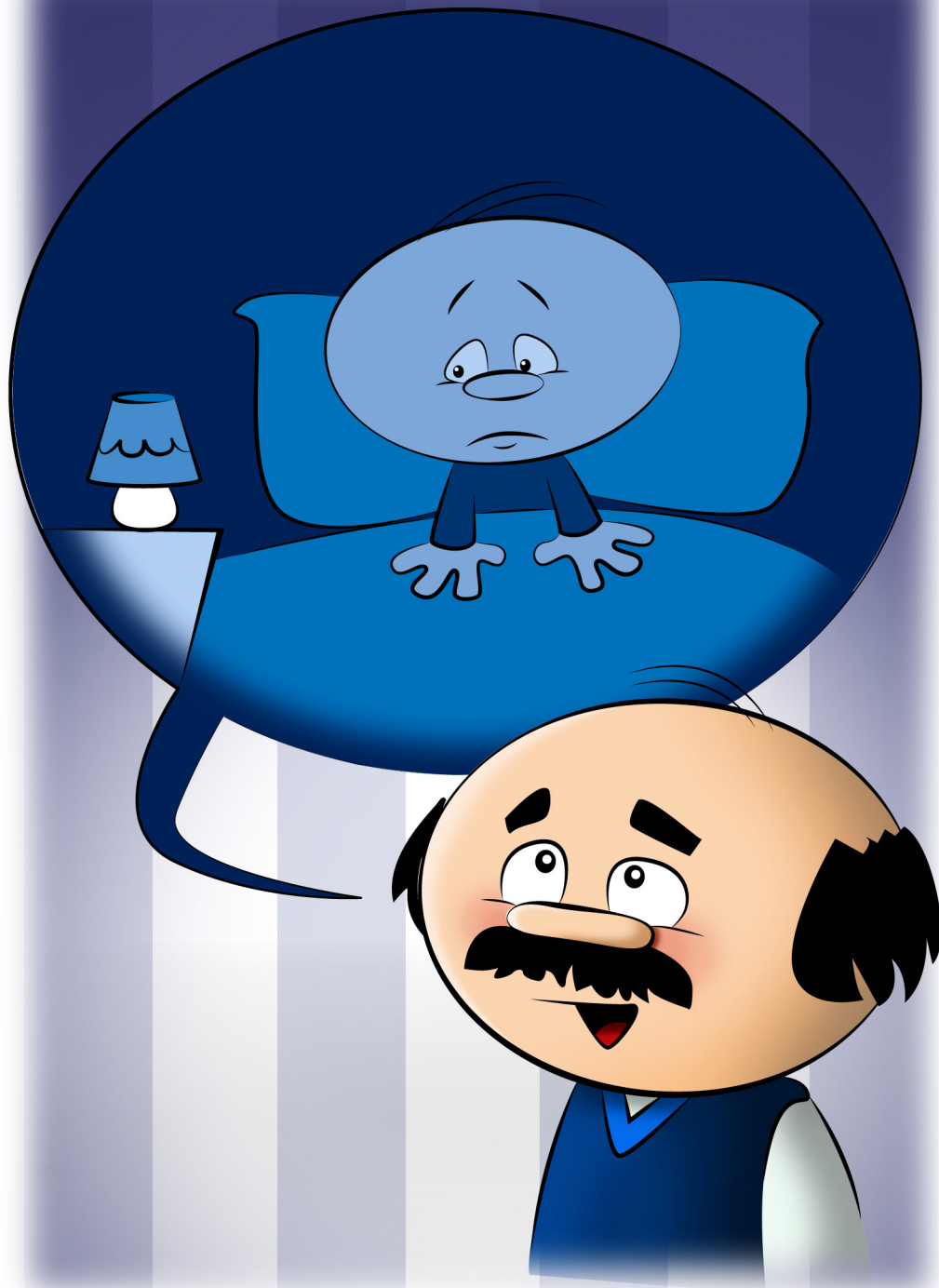
“Of the dark, Thomas. Everybody gets afraid of the dark sometimes.”

“They do? Even grown-ups?”

“Well, I wasn’t a grown-up at the time—I was a young boy then. But even grown-ups are sometimes afraid of the dark, and other things too. Everybody is afraid sometimes. Anyway, on this night I discovered that I didn’t ever have to be afraid of the night again.”

“Why? How?” Thomas really wanted to know.





Father smiled. He was glad to have guessed correctly that this was the story Thomas needed to hear tonight.

“Every night my mother would leave a little nightlight on in the room. She knew that I didn’t like the dark. But one night, after I had fallen asleep, I woke up and the nightlight had gone out. It was dark and I started to feel scared.”

“What did you do?” Thomas asked anxiously.

“I prayed and asked Jesus to help me not to be afraid and to please let some light come into the room ... and then I saw him—my guardian angel!”

“A guardian angel? What is that?” asked Thomas. Thomas had heard about angels before, but not of *guardian* angels.

“Once when Jesus was talking to His disciples, He told them, ‘See that you do not despise one of these little ones. For I tell you that in heaven their angels always see the face of my Father who is in heaven.’<sup>1</sup> The Bible also tells us, ‘He will command his angels concerning you to guard you in all your ways.’”<sup>2</sup>

“Does that mean I have an angel watching over me?”

“It sure does! And we call those angels *guardian angels*. Back to my story. I prayed for a light to come into my room, and my guardian angel came and stood near me. He told me that there was nothing to be afraid of. He said that Jesus had assigned him to watch over me and that he would always be with me.”

“Wow! Did you ever see him again, Daddy?”

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<sup>1</sup>. Matthew 18:10 ESV

<sup>2</sup>. Psalm 91:11 NIV





“Well, Son, more important than being able to see him all the time is that I know that he’s always with me. And you have a guardian angel, too, whose job is to take care of you. Your guardian angel protects you all the time, too, so you don’t ever have to be afraid—even if you wake up in the middle of the night and it’s dark all around you. Now, doesn’t that make you feel better?”

Thomas felt warm inside thinking of his very own strong angel standing guard over him.

Father stretched, and Thomas yawned. “How about we say a prayer for the night?”

“Dear Jesus,” Thomas prayed, “please bless Daddy and Mommy and Kate and protect us tonight as we sleep. Please help me not be afraid of the dark, and thank You for my guardian angel who is taking care of me. Amen.”

Thomas soon fell asleep, and that night he had a dream. In his dream Thomas saw a tall, kind angel who had big wings and a golden halo and was carrying a nightlight in one of his hands, which filled the room with a gentle glow. Thomas' guardian angel said, "Sleep well. I'll stay up and keep the room bright for you." Thomas thought that was a very kind thing to do, and he slept peacefully the whole night.

Thomas now knew that if he was ever worried or afraid, Jesus and his very own guardian angel would always be there with him.

The End

*Adapted by Aaliyah Smith, based on a story by an unknown author.*

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