

# *Waldo, Tell Me About Guardian Angels*

by Hans Wilhelm

First published by  
C.R. Gibson  
Norwalk, CT, USA

St. Gabriel  
Vienna, Austria

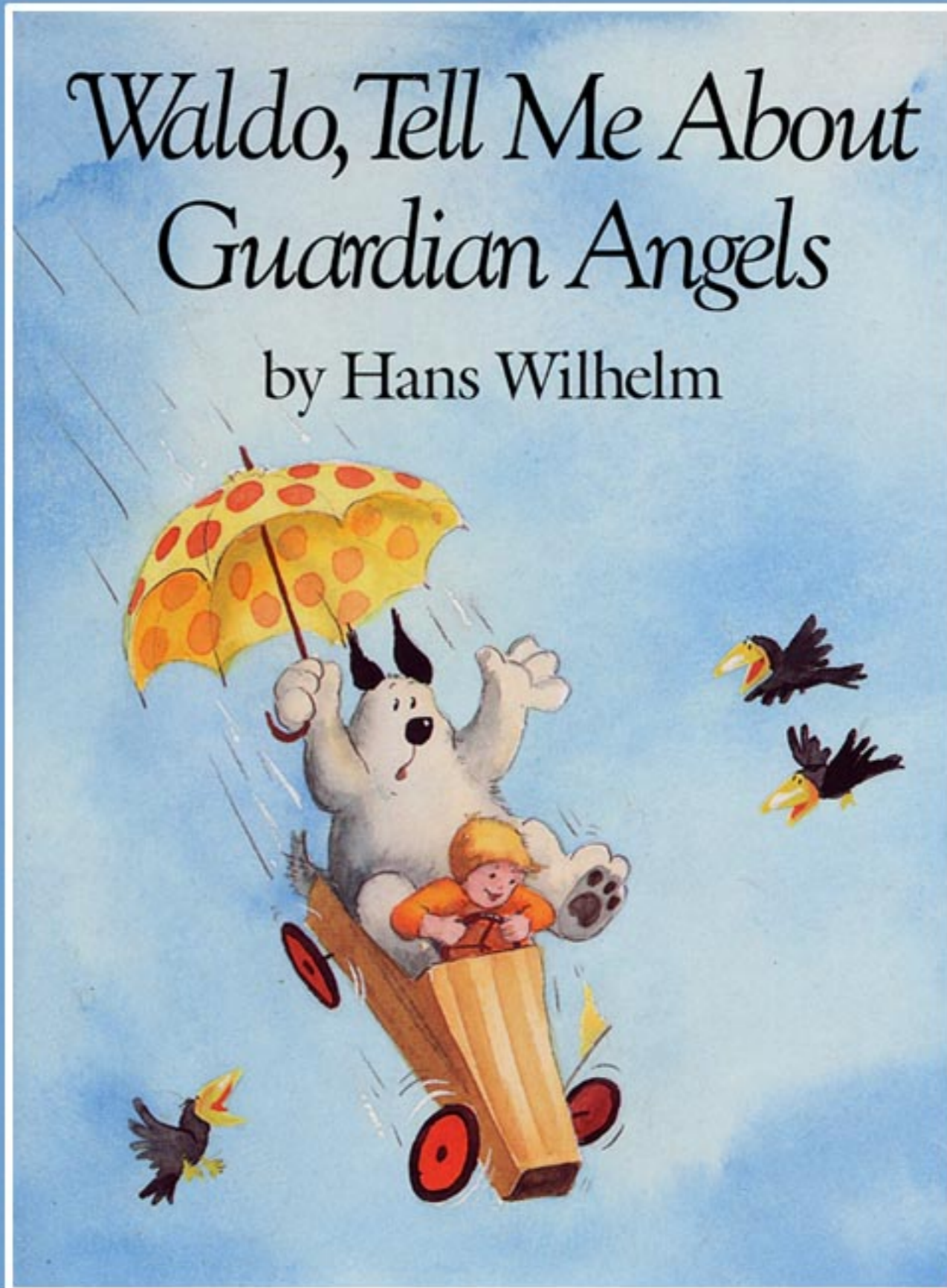
Word UK  
London, England

Logos Forlag  
Kvinesdale, Norway

Regina Press  
Melville, NY, USA

Dove Audio  
Beverly Hills, CA, USA

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The C. R. Gibson Company  
Norwalk, CT 06856



It was a fine summer day. The perfect day for Michael and his best friend, Waldo, to try out Michael's new soapbox car. They were looking forward to an exciting ride.



As they started to pick up speed, Waldo shouted, "I don't think we should go down this hill. It's too ST—E—E—P!"

But Michael wasn't listening. He was too busy steering.



"Waldo!" cried Michael, "Do we have guardian angels?"

"Of course we do!" shouted Waldo as he curled his toes around the bottom of his seat.





“I think we need one right now!”  
yelled Michael as they tumbled down  
the slope.

They landed with a big THUD.  
“Guardian angels don’t protect us  
from the silly things we do,”  
said Waldo.

“Waldo, tell me about  
guardian angels.”

“Well, guardian angels warn us not  
to do silly things like this.”





"I didn't hear a guardian angel warn me as we came down the hill. Did you?" asked Michael.

"You can't hear your guardian angel with your ears. You *feel* his warning."



"How?" asked Michael.

"With your heart," replied Waldo.  
"Did you ever notice that when you are about to do something wrong or get into trouble, a kind of feeling comes over you? Some people might call it your conscience. But this feeling is from your guardian angel who is talking to you."



"But what if I don't listen?" asked Michael.  
"Then you may get hurt, sooner or later."



"Why don't they stop us, if they know that we're going to hurt ourselves?"

"Because God gives us the freedom to choose to do the right thing or the wrong thing. Guardian angels don't interfere with that. They only warn us if we are heading in the wrong direction."



Michael thought for a moment. He was about to ask Waldo a question when he saw something flit by. "Oh, look! A butterfly. I'm going to catch it."



Michael left Waldo in the tall grass and ran after the butterfly. It danced from flower to flower with Michael right behind.

"Got you!" exclaimed Michael, as he scooped up the butterfly in his hands.



"A little is enough to make another choice."

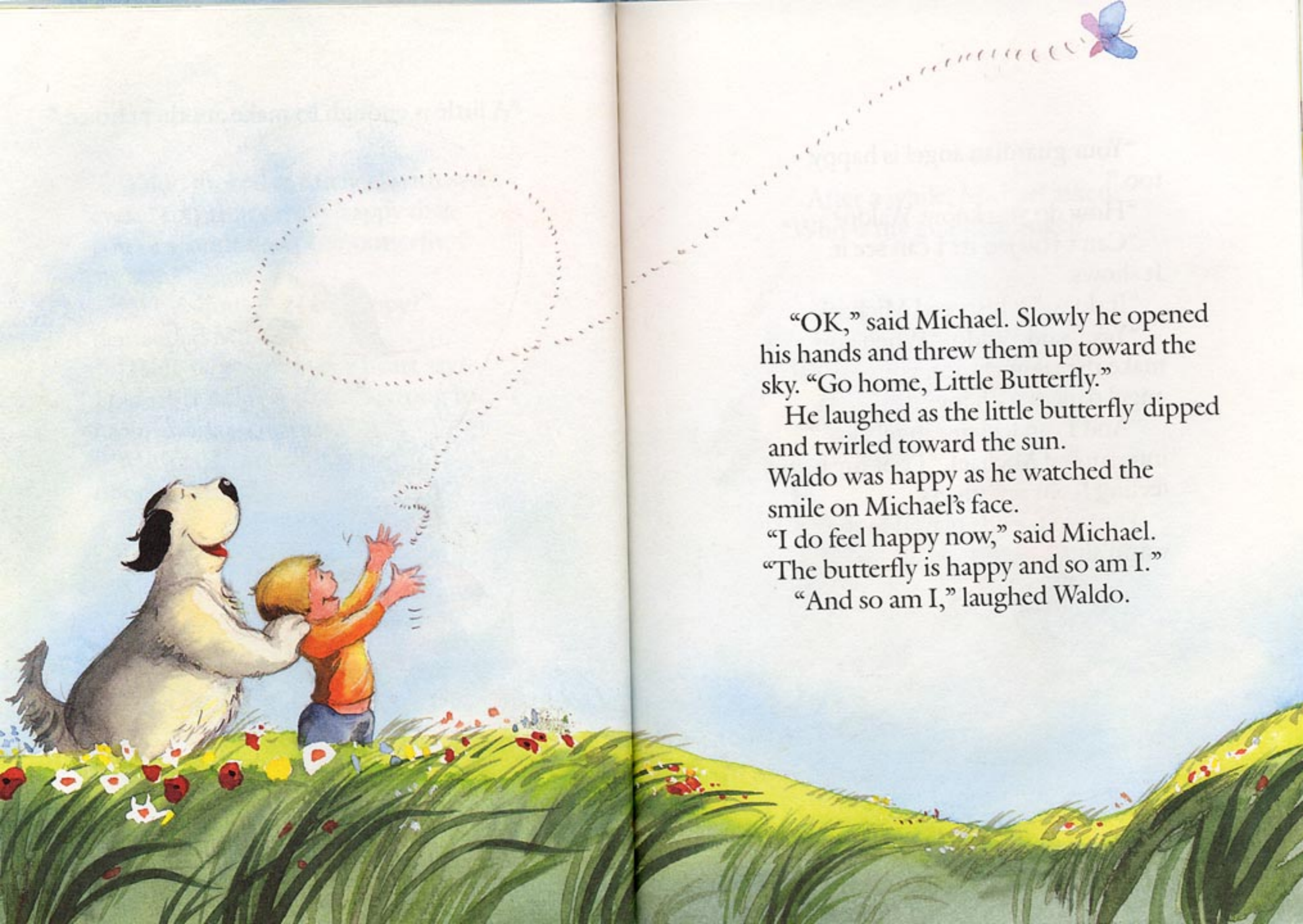
Waldo looked at Michael with sad eyes. "You aren't *really* happy that you've caught that poor butterfly, are you?"

"Why shouldn't I be happy?" demanded Michael.

"Well, what does your heart say? Doesn't it tell you that it's wrong to harm another creature?"

Michael frowned. "Maybe it does...a little."





"OK," said Michael. Slowly he opened his hands and threw them up toward the sky. "Go home, Little Butterfly."

He laughed as the little butterfly dipped and twirled toward the sun. Waldo was happy as he watched the smile on Michael's face.

"I do feel happy now," said Michael. "The butterfly is happy and so am I."

"And so am I," laughed Waldo.

"Your guardian angel is happy, too."

"How do you know, Waldo?"

"Can't you *feel* it? I can see it. It shows."

"It does?" whispered Michael.

"Yes," said Waldo. "When you make the right choice, your guardian angel dances with joy."

"And I can feel my angel's joy," interrupted Michael. "I got my happy feeling from my angel."

The two friends played in the warm sun.

After a while, Michael asked, "Who is my guardian angel?"





“Guardian angels are children of God, just like you are,” replied Waldo.

“You mean like a brother or sister?”

“That’s right. God gave you a guardian angel to look after you. God loves you so much that He doesn’t want you to feel alone or lost.”

“I’ll *never* feel alone with my guardian angel near me,” said Michael. “That’s a good feeling.”



"Should I thank my guardian angel for helping me?" asked Michael.

"Why don't you thank God for looking after you in so many ways. Thank Him for watching over you. That would make your guardian angel very, very happy."





The two friends rocked slowly in the swing.

“Waldo,” said Michael. “I’ll try to listen more to my guardian angel from now on.”

Waldo patted Michael on his shoulder and the friends continued to swing.