

# The Two Angels

## Chapter 35

from *10 Years of Strong Black Coffee and Strong-Willed Patients*

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The Two Angels were very instrumental in my life, and I call them Angels because to this day I wonder if they were indeed Heavenly angels sent to comfort me and foretell what immediately transpired upon walking out of their room.

I say “their room” as if it were two patients, but the patient was the husband, and his wife was such a part of him that they were completely one in thought and spirit. It was quite a beautiful and uncanny feeling I had in meeting them.

I was going through a tough time, trying to balance work life and taking care of my dying and suffering wife at home. She was in the last six months of her life as her triple-negative breast cancer was the most aggressive cancer her oncologist had seen to date. I took intermittent leave to care for Elizabeth when she had flare-ups and extremely rough days that required my complete assistance.

I walked into the Angels’ room having never communicated to them about my personal life situation. This is an important fact to remember, here.

The man in the bed looked at me and smiled a smile that radiated pure love and light, and he was laughing ever so lightly.

His body was basically falling apart. He had a condition where an aggressive cancer ravaged his whole body with tumors, and he was leaking out in numerous spots that required a lot of gauze packing and wrapping with elastic bandages. His wife was smiling as big as him and laughing a little too, as if they had some private joke that always kept them bubbling with laughter. They were black as coal with their skin, and teeth were perfectly white. Both looked ageless when they smiled at me.

“Young man, thank you for being my nurse this morning. I am Abraham and this is my wife Naomi. We are from Ghana, and I am here in the United States to be getting treatments for cancer. I know these treatments do not really work. I came to this ‘promised land’ to find out about pills and numbers and long words—but people do not understand the God who made them, or why they are even here. Sit next to me, as I have some things to tell you.”

He grasped my hand and his wife sat next to me to do the same. They were smiling intensely throughout this whole experience.

Abraham continued, “Young Derek, child of the loving Most High God by faith and love, look at me. I am leaking out of my body everywhere. My flesh is falling apart. I have very little time left to live on this earth.”

“These pills are used in the magic spells of these people who believe in their sciences and selves. They cannot save me, or anyone. I take them to prolong my life to be with my most beautiful and sweet Naomi. These charts and numbers are just pages of spells and results of people casting them in the vessel of medicine. They do not understand the Lord Jesus, and what is going on in life they cannot see.”

“I see you in great pain, young Derek. Your wife needs you and at some point, know when to walk away from all of this and just focus on the precious wife of yours that Jesus gave you. I will be in Heaven soon, waiting for this most beautiful woman here, and I have lived the best life a man can live knowing I am chosen to be special in the eyes of God. I now know you and can give you this message, as I had a dream of you last night and already knew what was going on.”

We prayed and I wept, feeling a beautiful warm love spread in the room. Light was pouring in from the window, and I felt like I was between two worlds at once.

After prayer Naomi said, “Do not worry about us in here. I will do all of his wound care, I will bathe him, and I will give him all he needs as I am his helper and he is my sweet husband.”

“It is OK to do what you need to do, young Derek. As a man of faith I know you will do all things needed to show the love you promised to your sweet wife. I feel no pain. I have angels watching over me and my own sweet wife. Peace to you, sweet Derek, and may God grant you the strength and wisdom to see the truth in all things and go love that sweet wife of yours while you have the time left to do so.”

We all cried and I took one last look at the Angels (who were smiling even bigger now) as I walked out of the room pouring hot tears all over my face knowing what I had to do.

My manager happened to walk by my nursing cart at the room entrance (coincidence? *Not.*) and looked directly at me with a worried look on her face.

“Derek, are you OK? For some reason I had this funny feeling to come check on you to see how you were doing, and you are crying your brains out! What is going on?”

“I just had a conversation with angels in that room, boss. I need to go to your office so we can work out my leave of absence. Let me tell you what just happened.”

We went into the manager's office, and I told her everything that went down in the room before she came over to check on me. She got wide-eyed, grabbed some forms, and simply said, “just sign where I tell you, and I will walk you through anything you need to write. I will do all the rest for you. I will take your patients until we find another nurse, and you are welcome to leave immediately. If you want your job upon return—although I cannot guarantee it on paper if you are gone over a certain period of time—I will immediately rehire you at full pay and benefits. I do not envy your journey ahead.”

I found out also in our discussion that people had been donating paid leave time to me for when I had to take a break, and it was “gifted” to me several hundred hours of that time. This ended up lasting me until Elizabeth took her very last breath.

I had no idea how much people were moved by my having to deal with such an intense situation while still working full time as a nurse on a difficult floor. I am forever indebted to every person that has ever helped me in any way, shape, or form and I cannot even fathom how blessed I am today.

I learned from The Angels that there are situations in life that go far beyond any human explanation, mostly played out in the supernatural realm. There are things that are far beyond our control, and most things that matter in life which heal us, drive us, console us...these things are beyond any medicine or science or human knowledge, and to listen to God’s voice through others can save a life down the road.

The whole event happened at exactly the right time, as the very next morning Elizabeth was projectile vomiting, falling multiple times and screaming in pain as her tumors from cancer had finally reached a point of continually being noticed and getting worse until she passed away.

The conversation I had with The Angels was truly prophetic, comforting, direct and something that still confounds me to this day.

The Angels were truly angels to me, and I look forward to seeing who they really are when I meet them again in Heaven!