

DEATH SHIELD

By James Collins.

I should be dead. The tombstone would read RIP struck by lightning at age 13. Right after that, I survived an explosion in a chemistry lab that blew out all the windows and destroyed all the chemical apparatus. There was lots of broken glass. That same year, a riptide swept me out to sea at Rockaway Beach. As of this date, I have escaped death 26 times that I know about. Armed men have attacked me a half dozen times while I experienced electrocution twice, and two near collisions while riding in commercial aircraft. Once I survived a significant fire and later experienced being in quicksand up to my chest. I lived through two riots where police used batons to hit men and women indiscriminately on the head and people were in panic pushing others down flights of stairs and off balconies. I survived numerous street fights and dozens of bar fights. On two occasions, while out hunting, strangers, for no reason, fired high-powered rifles and shotguns at my compatriots and me and I could hear the bullets whistling past my ears. We shot back. They ducked and ran away. I had a gun stuck to my back and the trigger pulled. Luckily, the man was drunk and had not cocked the gun. I escaped disembowelment by a high-speed machine tool; I have been in a car hanging over a precipice and while it was rocking, had to climb out the rear window. Then I needed a tow truck with a chain to recover the vehicle. I have been in numerous life-threatening automotive events, including a head-on crash in North Reading and I survived a melanoma. On three occasions, the security agents of three nations have assaulted or challenged me. I had a French submachine gun, put against my head, the bolt cocked and a bullet chambered. Again, Death was very close. Nevertheless, I am still here.

What do I fear? I fear nothing! I am Irish and I have a shield! My guardian angel is a force that wards me off from Death. He watches over me, looks out for me and guides my actions. He is a presence I can sometimes feel when my intuition cuts in. The hairs go up on the back of my neck and I immediately leave that location. This has worked a half-dozen times and my best friend, my brother-in-law, has experienced it with me. He refers to it as one of my angel warnings and once I tell him I feel that way, he immediately leaves with me. On several occasions atrocious events happened at these locations, just after we left.

One thought that often makes me wonder is how many times has my guardian angel saved me that I know nothing about? When has my guardian angel, without my knowledge, waved off Death? As to the future – bring it on! My guardian angel, God reward him, is used to working overtime. I plan to meet him one day, when my life ends, to personally thank him for all his efforts and ask him about the times he saved me that I knew nothing about. It promises to be an interesting conversation.

THE END