

# REMARKABLE GUIDANCE



# REMARKABLE GUIDANCE

*A true story of a life lovingly directed  
by God and guardian angels*



SHELLY MORROW WHITENBURG

The logo for Redemption Press features a stylized leaf or flame shape above a thick, curved horizontal line. Below this graphic, the words "REDEMPTION" and "PRESS" are stacked in a serif font.

REDEMPTION  
PRESS

Remarkable Guidance

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*This book is dedicated with all the  
love that I have in my heart,  
first and foremost to God,  
to my guardian angels,  
and to my husband, Wade.*



# SCRIPTURES

For He shall give His angels charge over thee,  
to keep thee in all thy ways.

Psalm 91:11 (KJV)

To every thing there is a season, and a time to  
every purpose under the heaven.

Ecclesiastes 3 (KJV)

Don't worry about anything; instead pray about  
everything. Tell God what you need, and thank  
Him for all He has done.

Philippians 4:6 (NLT)

For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of  
God is eternal life.

Romans 6:23 (NIV)



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# FOREWORD

I have been given a gift, and it is a gift of knowledge of God and guardian angels. This gift has come to me after many years of my own soul-searching, and it is something that I know in my heart, is knowledge that is supposed to be shared.

Perhaps this gift has come to me because for the last thirty plus years, I have been a seeker and have been on my own spiritual quest, determined to rise above challenges in my world. Perhaps it is because I am very open-minded and that I am accepting to the probability that there is so much more to life than can be seen. Perhaps it is because I have an unwavering belief in God and in Jesus and in my own guardian angels. (Perhaps: adv: possibly but not certainly, the *Merriam-Webster Dictionary*.)

The thing that I know for certain is that the interesting experiences that led to the unveiling of this gift are real, and they are experiences that I have kept to myself and a handful of people for many years. But through a series of events and as I meet people who have incredible stories of their own, which I tell in this book, it gives me courage to tell mine.

I don't know why I have had so many unique experiences. I don't know why I am being prompted to talk about guardian angels. I do not know for certain what this is all about, but God knows, and I have to trust in that alone.

This is my story about how a little rhyme that just came to me in 1997 became a children's book. It is about how I learned to conquer the challenges in my own life and how I saw positive results in my life, as well as those in my inner circle, when I did. It is about how I learned to communicate with God and my guardian angels and how I built a relationship that empowered me to keep believing and to have such faith in God, that I truly trust the process of life, no matter how things appear to be.

Writing this book is a dream of mine, and it has been in my heart to do this for years. What I find quite remarkable is how I even got to this place where I am fulfilling my heart's desire. I am being guided to write this book, which is one of many interesting experiences that I have had so far, but I will mainly focus on the ones that are pertinent to my story.

And it is a story that I am supposed to tell.

# REMARKABLE ANGELS

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*Confirmation that the help is right there beside us all.*

For He shall give His angels charge over thee,  
to keep thee in all thy ways.

Psalm 91:11

## ME...IT'S WHO I AM

“Just write, it will all come together” are the words that frequently come to my mind. “Just write” are the reoccurring thoughts. I am being guided to write my story, and I have a tendency to allow myself to be stifled, waiting for the perfect scenario before I start something. But the perfect scenario usually doesn’t transpire, and it just leads me to procrastinate even longer, which I also have a tendency to do.

So I am determined to stay on top of that part of me that can get distracted by the things on my daily list of things to do as my job as a stay-at-home mom and now a children’s book author. I am making myself stay focused on the priorities of which I have put writing *Remarkable Guidance*, along with making sure that the bills are paid, appointments are kept, and that my family has food to eat and clean clothes to wear. I can let the dust build up and things temporarily fall apart around the home for a little while longer because I know in my heart that this is what I am supposed be doing as of right now. This is a purpose that I have to fulfill.

I have learned to pay attention to repetitive thoughts that come to me because I have found that many times

there is a reason behind these thoughts, and when I trust what comes to me, it usually puts me on the right path. But all of that has to follow what I feel is right in my heart because if it is genuinely good, it is more in alignment with God. And when things are aligned with God, everything falls into perfect balance, and I like it when life balances out. I feel very content, satisfied, and happy.

This place where I am today, where I live more through my heart than through my head, has come after thirty plus years of conducting my own soul-searching and self-discovery. I have taken a path where I now feel as if I have unlocked some of the mysteries of life, and it is a path that has led me to having a steadfast relationship with God.

My personal path in life started off with me being taught to believe in God and in the wonderful teachings of Jesus Christ as many kids in America are taught. But knowing God comes through living life whereas having a relationship with God, for me, has come through learning how to communicate on more of a consistent basis and that has come through having a lot of interesting and challenging experiences.

I kind of did things backwards in life than what was represented by the typical American families of the 1960s in that I didn't start off going to church every Sunday to learn of God. That happened a few times when I was young, but divorce interrupted the flow of my American family, so we never really followed the typical route. My route was a bit more jagged and bumpy along the way, but I now sit in a church that

teaches scripture in a comfortable way that resonates to the core of my soul because I truly get it. It makes sense to me because I have lived it.

Most of the spiritual awareness in my life has come through observing my mom, whose strength persevered during very trying times in her life. Though she grew up in an impoverished situation and then later in a Baptist orphanage in the 1940s and '50s, resulting in having no family that she could count on, I never saw or heard her complain or wallow in her past. She did her very best to make sure that her kids had a much better start to life than she did. I learned by watching Mom that when you stumble along the way, you pick yourself right back up and move yourself forward with grace and dignity. And if you need to cave, do so—but only for a little while—and never, never give in!

The only thing that Mom truly had to lean on in life was her unwavering faith in God, and it got her through some pretty rough times and later on to much smoother roads. This determination to not be dependent on any person or anything in life but God had a deep impact on me.

I have always been more of an observer than a communicator and have been comfortable learning by paying attention to the world around me. My parents had three children come into this world in a span of two years, so as a child, I learned what worked and what didn't work by paying attention to my younger sister and brother who tested the rules and boundaries a lot! I was very sensitive, and all that Mom would have to do was give me a stern look of disapproval, enough so

that I would get that I needed to make some adjustments. And I would because I knew that I didn't like the outcome based on what I had learned through my eyes, through my ears, and through my gut. If I felt a hint of uneasiness, it usually meant that the end result was not good.

Paying attention to the feeling is something that I would later realize is a pretty good gauge to staying on the right track.

Our parent's marriage was rocky and was teetering on the edge of divorce, which I was oblivious to, so Mom had been equipping herself with a teacher's degree at the local university for that just-in-case and, most likely, probable scenario. That scenario started to play out when I was almost ten years old, right after our baby sister was born. Our parents divorced, and by the time I completed fifth grade, we uprooted and moved to a nearby town where Mom found a teaching position at an elementary school.

Life abruptly changed from carefree days of just being a kid who absolutely loved spending time outdoors, traipsing around the woods, creek beds, and cow pastures with my brother and sister, or raking up pine needles to form the outlines of walls and doors for my make-believe house underneath the tall, flexible pine trees. It seemed as though I was always outside riding bikes, climbing trees, fishing for crawdaddies, or just living in my own imaginary, exploratory world that seemed to have limitless boundaries.

The days of having a stay-at-home mom were over, and I immediately fell into the responsibility role of

helping to care for our little sister while feeling the stress of a working parent who was trying to juggle it all. Money was limited, so Mom held three jobs at times to help make ends meet. Dad was sporadically in the picture, which was sometimes fun, but he was caught in his own tangled web of challenges, so wasn't reliable. I started learning that there are a lot of challenges in life and that life is not always comfortable and that the world is filled with many limiting factors. Boundaries were now very apparent to me, and it did not feel good.

Aside from being the new kid on the block, I was a skinny girl with terribly crooked teeth and hair that was starting to get completely unmanageable. All of this, plus the feeling of being like a fish out of water only accentuated the insecurities that I felt when I was outside the perimeters of my comfort zone, which was my family and a few close friends who now lived a couple of small towns away.

I was now officially in junior high school, so my insecurities led me to being picked on, mainly by one particular girl who perhaps viewed me as being weak. Perhaps I was weak, but I started to become stronger after Mom somehow made it work out for me to get my teeth straightened by the next-door neighbor who was just starting his own orthodontic practice. It took a couple of years, but once the braces came off, it was like sticking the wilted flower that I was into a vase of water. I felt refreshed and renewed and I began to feel more comfortable with who I was becoming.

I started earning a little money by babysitting when I was twelve, and I say a little money because seventy-five cents an hour was the going rate and that was not on a per child basis as it sometimes is today. It was hard work for little pay, but it was rewarding at times because I remember feeling so helpful when Mom needed to borrow money just to get by. It was empowering and it made me want to strive for a better future, so I set my sights on going to college. This was really not an option in my mind because the kids in school were focused on continuing their education and my parents had college degrees as well. It was always something that I knew I would do.

I worked during my high school years and saved a little more money to add to the babysitting income that I had been collecting and then took out a student loan to put myself through college. I was ready to be free for a while from the responsibilities of my home life and was looking forward to new experiences, as I had missed out on a few milestones like going to homecoming games or to prom. By this time in my life, I was more sure of myself and was definitely ready to get involved in campus life. I joined a sorority, became a little sister to a fraternity, and I started dating Wade, whom I would later marry.

Those four years in college was a time for me to truly spread my wings for a while, and those were some of the best years of my life. It was such a great training ground to start to really discover who I am—What are my strengths and weaknesses? What am I passionate

about? What drives me? What stifles me? What brings me joy?

I have spent years getting to know me, and I am still on this amazing discovery tour of who I am, and if I have learned anything noteworthy, it would be this—I know, without a hint of doubt, that there is such assistance with life that comes through communicating what is on my mind and what is in my heart.