

Virgil My Guardian Angel

True Stories



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A Story by Chaplain Paul Vescio Oct. 25 2020

Evel Knievel

“Mom, I’m going to ride my bike, we’re playing Evel Knievel today.”

“Ok, Paulie, be careful, I love you.”

All my friends on the block thought Evel Knievel was the coolest guy in the world. We all wanted to be like him. I mean who wouldn’t? Evel Knievel was fearless and a national hero. So in honor of our hero we set up a ramp using a piece of plywood and we stacked bricks under it to give it height. Sometimes we would have a landing ramp and sometimes just a single ramp to jump over. It was really cool.

On this day we built a ramp with eight bricks stacked under it. This was the highest ramp we ever jumped. The kids on my block were lined up all along the side of the street watching and cheering us on. My friend Greg and I road our bikes down the street to get a good speed at it. Greg jumped first with no problem. Then It was my turn.

I peddled my bike as fast as I could, the bike I was riding was a Chopper which had a smaller front wheel.

“Ready, HERE I COME!!!!”

I jumped over the ramp and then.....

“Vergil you are needed by Chaplain Paul’s side again.”

“I’m on it, Right away Lord.”

As I went over the ramp my bike flipped over and I hit the ground face first and was knocked unconscious, I was 12 years old at the time then about four hours later I woke up in the hospital. When I hit my head on the ground I was knocked out and then when they tried to move me I went into convulsions they had to cut my clothes off when I was at the hospital. I was in the hospital for three days before I was able to go home. The doctor said if I had hit my face head on I would have been killed.

As I went over the ramp.....

“I got you Paul.”

I Was Blind But Now Praise God I can See

“Paulie, Kevin, come on guys, you’re spending the night at Grandma’s, Mom and Dad are going out to dinner with Aunt Alice and Uncle Tommy.”

“Ok Dad.”

Later that night I was in the playroom with my cousin John which was downstairs at my Aunt and Uncle’s house. I was sitting on a black leather rocking chair and my cousin was rocking me back and forth very fast then suddenly.....

“Virgil, Chaplain Paul needs you right away.”

“Yes Lord, I’m on my way.”

Suddenly I flew off the chair and hit my head on the floor and was blind. I got up and I couldn’t see. My Grandmother who was watching us at the time had me go and lay down.

“Hey Paulie, sit on this chair and I’ll rock you back and forth like it’s a rocket ship.”

“Ok BLASTOFF!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

Right when I flew off of the chair I fell forward and hit my head on the floor. Grandma had me go and lay down for a while and as I was sleeping.

“It’s ok Paul I got you covered, Lord please restore Paul’s sight. Amen”

When I woke up a few hours later I had a headache but praise God my sight was restored. I could have been made permanently blind. Even now the thought of it makes me want to get on my knees and thank and praise God.

The Weeping Willow Rock War of Shadow Ridge

Back in Stamford CT there was a brook in the back of our house where we lived, the houses were faced backyard to backyard and there was an embankment that lead down to the brook. We would always go down and play all kinds of games down by the brook. Our neighbor had 3 weeping Willow trees growing in their backyard and we used to climb them and build forts and play army and go exploring. One time we were all in the trees and some kids from the other neighborhood across the brook came and started a rock fight. Both sides were throwing rocks at each other I was up in the first tree and when the rocks started flying I fell out of the tree and softly hit the ground barely hitting my friend Greg who was running by at the time. My father heard me yell as I was falling and came running out of nowhere and he jumped right over the brook and got into Wayne's face who was one of the kids who was throwing rocks at us.

"Hey guys let's go clime the weeping willow trees and play army."

"Ok, cool, let's go."

“Hey everyone here comes Wayne with some kids from the other neighborhood, everyone take cover, grab some rocks I'll climb this tree, Greg you climb the next tree and Ray you climb the other tree. Kevin and Michael hide under the leaves everyone get ready.”

Then before we knew it the rock war was on; everybody was throwing rocks back and forth kids were running and yelling, all of a sudden rocks started flying right at me, I was about seven or eight feet up in the tree I turned to climb down and.....

“Virgil, please go and catch Chaplain Paul he's falling out of a tree.”

“104 Lord, I'm on my way”

And as I feel it felt like I was falling in slow motion as if something was carrying me, the branches were also cushioning my fall and as I was falling my friend Greg came running by right under me and I hit the ground just missing him.

“There you are Chaplain Paul, all is well.”

Over the years Virgil my Guardian Angel has been there for me many times, here are two more stories where I could have been killed.

Who Drove The Car?

Back in the day when I was partying and running around I had stayed up all night and I didn't get much sleep, in fact I only had a milkshake for food that day. I drove over to my friend's house and then afterwards as I was driving westbound going up a hill I began having chest pains and right as I was passing where they have Sunrise Easter Services I tried to pull over while blowing the horn for help and passed out, I actually had a seizure. My car went up and over the Hill and then crossed over the center line into oncoming traffic, it was about 9:00 PM. They were working on the road at the time and there was a berm of dirt that made a ramp. My car hit that berm perfectly, rolled up and over into the desert and then drove through a series of gullies and the corner of my Camaro got caught on a barbed wire post which was about 2 inches thick. I tell you if it did not get stuck on that post my car would have flipped over and fell about 50 feet into a ravine and I would have been killed.

When I woke up I realized I had had a seizure. I got out of my car and walked over to the National Guard Post and called my friend John for help, at that point the ambulance, police, and fire crews we're all driving up the street; when they arrived they checked me out I told him I was OK and they could not find my car. I had to go back the next day and have it towed out of the desert. The question is who drove the car while I was passed out? Everything had to work perfectly for this event to happen the way it did otherwise I would have been killed.

“O my God I’m having chest pains HELP”

“Virgil, please go and drive Chaplain Paul’s car before he gets killed ASAP!!!!!!!!!!!!”

“On my way Lord!!!!!!!!!!!!”

“Nice Camaro, It’s been a while since I drove. I got this Paul, you’ll be just fine.”

Home Invasion, Virgil with a few of his friends.

Back in the day I decided to take a drive to see a friend of mine who lived on the West side of town. I had some jewelry that I thought he might like to buy. The jewelry came from a friend of mine who owned a jewelry store at the time and when he had jewelry that was under \$300 he would give me some to sell. it was a sunny day around 4 o'clock, I decided to drive over to my friend’s house alone. when I arrived his children were playing out front, I got out of my car and as I was walking to the front door I looked in the Bay window and I saw that my friend was standing in the kitchen with somebody, I walked through the front door and a man stepped out of the side bedroom and put a gun to my head, he then forced me to walk to the kitchen and then he forced me to lay down on the floor. While he was walking me to the kitchen I very discreetly took my rings off my hand, I took my watch off and my wallet out of my pocket and I palmed them so they wouldn't get stolen. Needless to say he did take the jewelry that I had with me to show my friend.

When I got to the kitchen, I felt a force of protection come around me. I felt it and it was powerful. There were four armed men in the house and if anyone was going to be killed I was the first one to go, then after about 1/2 hour they realized that what they were looking for was not in the house they walked outside one of them put a gun to my friend's 5 year old son's head and took his ice cream and took the shoes off his feet,

I had mistakenly locked my keys in the car, when the four men went out front they tried to steal my car but realizing the keys we're locked in the car they then decided to leave. I waited for the police to arrive so that I could tell them what happened.

“Virgil, Daniel and Raphael, Chaplain Paul is in grave danger the three of you get down there right way ASAP!!!!!!!!!!”

“ON OUR WAY LORD!!!!!!!!!!”

I walked away from the Incident without a scratch. I was untouched and not hurt, my friend and his brother in law we're both pistol whipped and my friend's wife was zip tied laying on the floor.

Many times in my life the Lord was there watching over me. I have a few more stories like these in my book The Miracles of Kingman State Prison check it out its FREE on my website as a PDF file. www.miraclesofkingman.com

God Bless You and Thank You Lord for sending Virgil my Guardian Angel to the rescue all those times in my life I love You and praise You ABBA Father in Christ Yeshua's Holy Name I pray...Amen John 14:27

“Very nice Story Paul, Happy 58th Birthday I still have your back,
Love Virgil.”