

True Story from this Fall

For this story to make sense and be presented properly, some background needs to be told first.

In the Spring of 2010, I was going through some terrible bs in a school. It was so bad that I prayed for a good outcome, and while I prayed for that (school-related thing) I prayed for something else. So I prayed for two things that were very important to me.

Another relevant thing is that I keep a daily paper organizer. Besides being a "to do" list, I may also journal things that happened that day. -- so I am looking up, confirming some things as I write this

I was working late at school (that spring day of 2010), it was 7:10 p.m. and a very, very unusual coincidence happened as I corrected some papers. This never happened before in 25 years of teaching and I don't think that I could force it to happen if I tried severely. I was speed-checking some papers---I picked two random problems on a page (of about 50 problems)---and proceeded to correct just those two problems (for a group of students) from that page. While checking, I noticed that for a student, I was checking the wrong worksheet, but the answers (from my 2 problem answer key) were still right. That is, even though it was a completely different sheet and assignment, the answers were still the same! And they weren't multiple-choice, they were numeric answers (infinite number of possibilities). To anyone that studied "probability and statistics" the probability of this happening is pretty much impossible. But with God, all things are possible. And in that little classroom, late at night, he was right there with me. This (**two** answers right with wrong answer key) happened *right after* I had said the prayer for **two** distinct things. I tend to worry about some things. To me this was a sign that I didn't have to worry; I could go about my life with confidence.

Days and months passed, and the things that I prayed for were still unresolved. They were major things that would likely take time. It was about three months later, and I had been recently looking back at my journal of 3/22/10--when the correction coincidence occurred (also note the date itself had two, 2's) and I was not fully persuaded that the prayer was answered or would be answered. I was laying still on my couch with my hearing aids in. Suddenly I heard "two" in both hearing aids. This physically can only happen when I press hard with my finger on a certain button (on each hearing aid). It is a signal that I am shifting to a lower level of hearing acuity. What happened here, though, was extremely unusual (never happened before that or since in years of using these) in that both shifted to two on their own without any physical pressure or my touching them. And, critics, I wasn't watching for this (or anything else for that matter) to happen, it just happened. The next time I saw my ear doctor, who I was dealing with on these hearing aids, I explained to him what happened. I asked him if there was any way to explain it. He told me that there was no physical/natural way to explain it. He also reminded me

that he had a doctorate degree. However I know it happened. I supposed if one were to symbolize what happened in the shortest way possible it would be 202. The zero is my head (oval shaped) and the "2" on each side is what I heard.

Just like in the Bible where Paul speaks of God knowing the number of hairs on our heads (for example), there was God giving me a coincidence and saying something like, "Your prayers are being answered, these things will take time, etc." I didn't hear that verbally, but just the associated feeling/sense. I also felt a bit excited that my "2_2" or "202" prayers were still in effect in the spiritual realm. It was a confirmation for me. And really, this ("two" in both ears simultaneously) happened just out of nowhere.

If you are still reading, I am now going to fast-forward to this fall. It was trapping season, or preparation for it. Those of you who know me, know that it is a busy time for me with a lot of things going on simultaneously. This year I even had surgery during the trapping season--so a lot going on--but God is still there in the chaos. Meanwhile the things that I prayed for were not realized, and I didn't know it, but right when I would be almost done trapping, things (in relation to what was prayed for) would actually get worse (before getting better). I shop for groceries at ALDI's in Minneapolis. I either use my debit card or pay cash. If I pay with cash I don't keep my receipts, but what I am about to tell you happened, and not only once, but twice. I hurry in to pick out some items and am in a hurry to get out of there and on to other things. I noticed that the change I was given was \$2.02. It was a chaotic time, and I smiled inside thinking, "God, are you still there with me?" That could of happened I suppose just by chance, but **it happened again very soon after again on 10/30/2013**. This time it really had my attention and I noted it in my journal. It was a rainy day, but God is there in the rain and storms...Again 2.02 for my change. (buying random/various things, not the same stuff each time)

In this story, we are now approaching present time. The stress was intensifying for one of my prayed-for issues. With no one to directly talk to, in desperation I called a confidant to talk to. I believe it was November 12---I pressed the "off" button at the end of my phone call, to disconnect from the person, and I noticed the length of the conversation was exactly 2:02 (two minutes and two seconds)

A reader may think that I am trying to make these things happen; in no fashion, or form was this the case. Later, when I thought about making a Christmas letter about this 202 stuff, it pissed me off because I couldn't force or see a 202 coincidence no matter how hard I watched for them. They would only happen when I didn't watch for them. I had to forget about the shit.

I was lucky deer hunting this year (this fall). On opening morning I shot one arrow at one deer and killed it. I shot through foliage--the arrow hit the deer's leg, broke in half, and somehow the broad-head deflected upward and cut something in the deer's lower neck to kill it. God himself must have guided the arrow.

I brought the deer to a meat market in a small local town. The lady quoted me a good/low price for the processing and to make some venison polish sausage.

About two months later I went to pick up the meat. I was told that the price would be about \$100 higher than I was verbally quoted. I was very mad. Just the night before I had skinned a coon outside in about -10 degree Fahrenheit (cold wind blowing hard) with a farmer shining his tractor light so I could see. I would maybe get \$25 for that coon. So money was precious to me at this time.

I was really mad and got into an argument with the butcher shop owner. He called the lady but she couldn't remember what she had quoted me. I told him what it was, he said "It is what it is" (in referring to the bill amount). I couldn't stand that statement, and I couldn't stand the guy. I was boiling inside. I suppose I could get a speeding ticket for a \$100 or some other \$100 dollar expense---so it wasn't the \$100 that made me mad as much as it was the fact that I was told a totally lower price and felt I was being ripped-off/disrespected/not believed.

They were butchering hogs that day. He said that no butcher shops want to do deer anymore, and on and on. I was yelling (which is very rare for me) right back. He was wearing wire rim glasses that had blood (from butchering) splattered all over them---some bright red blotches an eighth inch in diameter.

Mad, I went to a local bar to get more cash (the only place in the small town with a cash machine). While paying I told him that I was a writer and was thinking about writing about this experience (with his butcher shop) to the *St. Cloud Times* or the *Albany Enterprise* newspapers. I at least wanted to put some pain/fear into him. Months later, the only writing about it that I would be doing is sending him this same letter that I am sending you.

I was driving back to my parents' house with the venison. I was still mad, and had many problems in my life. I was still annoyed about the bill. I got off I-94 and passed through Albany, where I had gone to high school. I kept driving the same roads where many years ago, I sat staring through icy windows on a school bus going to and from school. Suddenly a thought occurred to me, and I said to myself, "No, it couldn't be." I pulled over off the road and took out my cell phone. I called the butcher shop. I didn't mention any figures or prices. I spoke to a guy named Gary, (George is the owner) and apologized for my behavior while I was there. I hadn't taken any receipt with me; all I knew is that I thought I had paid too much. I asked him what the bill actually was. I stared into the ditch. You see the bill was exactly what it was supposed to be--exactly two hundred two dollars.

Mark 16:17 says"signs and wonders follow those who believe"

If you go to the Bible, you may want to go to Luke Chapter 2 or Matthew Chapter 1, and read about a little boy who through a series of strange occurrences and coincidences, was born many years ago in Bethlehem in a barn.

"With Christ, God restored to man the gift of everlasting life" Pope John Paul II

