

Gangster Evangelism/Supernatural Teaching (Some of my Life beginning June 2022)

Chapter 1....Gangster¹ Evangelism

It's early June 2022 and a stressful time for me. (That's when I started writing this)

I had just sold my house in North Mpls in May and was finishing up some substitute teaching in the area. I had moved a distance away to central MN so I would have to continue to drive back & forth or get a hotel for the jobs I had taken in that area till the end of the school year.

I had worked Tuesday May 31 and Wednesday June 1 and felt too worn-out driving three hours a day and with high gas prices and traffic. My sister, who's a Democrat and doesn't seem to like me much, for religious and other reasons, didn't want me staying at her house in Champlin. So I was staying at my mom's (a recycling-obsessed socialist²) until my new home was ready. It's 2022 and every American is right, in his or her own mind.³

Anyway, at the end of the workday on Wednesday as I drove back north in the evening, I knew that I couldn't drive another day back and forth before the weekend. So Thursday morning as I left for work, I packed things for an overnight stay.

To make this work financially, I decided to stay at the lowest price hotel/motel I could find in the area. Biden-inflation⁴ was in full-effect. As I type this, gas was \$4.60/gal yesterday and hotels were pricy as well. I was told the Coratel in Blaine was low, but when I went there I think the desk guy said 89 was the lowest price. I told him that someone told me that it was 50 or 60 and he said, "That's during the winter."

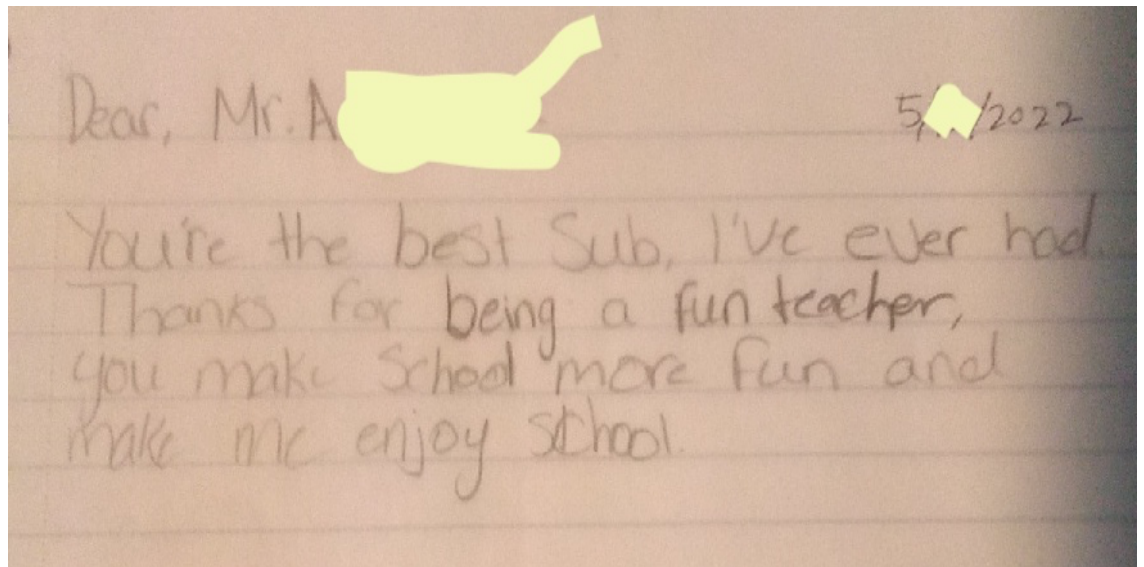
I knew then where I had to go. My GPS steered me to the **Motel 6** in Brooklyn Center. On the way there, I noticed a Chinese restaurant where I decided to stop for dinner. In times past it was a buffet, but I think since Covid they went on the hysteria bandwagon⁴ and shut that down, they had a sign on the door, "No buffet yet, dine-in or take out only." I was the only customer in the whole place, but decided to get a table and a menu. I wondered if the food was bad or something but then a lady who looked like she had been through the school-of-hard-knocks got a table nearby and I decided to stay. At least I wouldn't be the only one to die from the food.

*(will get back to the Chinese rest. And the **Motel 6** later)*

Earlier that same day I was having fun with the kids in a middle school. I follow the absent-teachers lessons plans but make it a point to show the kids love and respect and have fun, along with whatever they are working on.⁵ This week I had a 4-day stint for a teacher who was in the hospital. A nearby teacher, who would see me each morning, was a hard-ass with

students and wanted me to be the same way, but I just couldn't. I had large groups of sixth-graders. With my style and moral compass, I had to have serious fun and reward the top people at the end of class with my "plus" (catch 'em being good) system. Here's a note I got at a different school from a student the previous week.

This subbing can actually be quite fun and in ways you can become a rock-star for the kids. But don't worry, I've had plenty moments that have made me more humble than Moses.⁶



"He that is down needs fear no fall. He that is low, no pride; He that is humble, ever shall have God to be his Guide." – John Bunyan

Right before a break I had all of their (about 30 kids) attention⁷ and told them something that happened to me that morning and about a similar/related thing earlier that day....

I was under stress for a combination of reasons and I told that to the class. I asked them, "How many of you have a best friend?" and pretty-much all of the hands went up. What I had in front of me was 30 potential actors and actresses for the first season of **Stranger Things**; and I had their attention. I then told them that because of my stress I had called a friend while driving to their school that day. I told them how I didn't reach him, but instead heard an answering machine. I said that it was an answering service, not with the person's voice/message but an automated thing that just said the number. While the number "218" (the area code) was being verbalized, at that very microsecond I looked up and there directly in front of me, and close was the number 218 on the license plate 10' in front of me. After I hung up, traffic started moving; God just wanted me to see it. I didn't use the word God.

Continuing with my little story, I said that I sometimes get signs⁸ that I'm on the right path in life. The Asian and African-American kids, in general, seem to love these interactions,

because I am sorta speaking their language. I can tell by their faces and other cues. I am being real, authentic, sometimes spiritual. And I am being myself.

Some other times I get another classic sign when subbing. When taking attendance, I stand in front of the class with a list, and read down the names...I ask them to say "here" and raise their hand. Sometimes I say, "This subbing is a big/important deal to me and I want to make an eye connection with each of you." I've noticed sometimes as I say a student's name...going down a list...at THAT VERY SECOND...the student whose name I am calling walks in with a tardy slip. Here is the slip from that morning. When I had got the pass (just after 12:36 on 6/2...as you can see)...I wrote "coin" on it and put it in my wallet (circled in red below). I then had put the ~2" x 2" paper pass into my wallet for a memory...

STUDENT PASS

Name _____

To class

Date 6.2 Time 12:36

Instructor _____

Time of return _____

Instructor _____

I told the class that part-2 of my minute story, as I sort of dramatically took the pass out of my wallet in front of them. I was then saved-by-the-bell and they were on break. Two girls (one wearing a cross necklace) approached me right after that and while others were running out and in a hysteria, which is the norm, we had a short related positive conversation. Every paragraph in this paper could be a book in itself. For example, psychologists would call what I am talking about "magical thinking" while I and some others call it "Walking in the Spirit."⁹ If you/the-reader look at the above pass you can see where I circled in red the word coin...for the past

decades I get a lot of these signs and sometimes write the word "coin" on them, to sort of document or save them. The word "coin" short for coincidence.

----- (now back to driving to the *Motel 6* after that school day)

As I left the Chinese restaurant, I was given fortune cookies with my take-home stuff. I continued to Brooklyn Center. The very first thing that I noticed when I pulled-up to the hotel was another car pulling up also, coming from the other direction. The stereo was blasting loudly, loud enough to physically shake nearby objects. I thought to myself, "This isn't a good



start.” The driver parked right next to me, and thru his window I could see that he was smoking a blunt, I could make out his face thru a cloud of smoke. I thought that he would be getting a room, but it turned-out that he was a pizza delivery man. A woman came down with two kids to get her food. The song “Ain’t nothin’ but a gangster party” rang in my head.

I wheeled-and-dealed with the desk clerk and got a room for \$58. I think if you were to check now, with inflation and all, this is about the lowest price hotel you could get in the Twin Cities, and a part of why I was there, besides geographic location. As I type this, gas has risen to about \$5/gal. God help us all.¹⁰

The loud pizza-delivery car was gone but it was soon followed by a van dropping off a woman and 3 kids. I saw her when I went out to my car to get more things to my room.

She had about six very large black garbage bags with toys and things sticking out. Her oldest daughter (I assumed) was dribbling a basketball on the pavement in front. I heard her say, “We have to get all this shit out (of the taxi van).” I noticed that she was beautiful. As she was there on the pavement, and between her phone calls, I went to talk to her. She said they had been kicked-out of **Mary’s Place**. The reader may know that the “Mary” of Mary’s Place, a shelter near downtown Mpls is like the Mother Teresa of MN. To get kicked-out of Mary’s place, I thought, they must’ve done something really bad. She was waiting here at the BC Motel-6 for enough money to get-in it looked like. She said that her oldest daughter was playing basketball (at Mary’s place) and other kids kept saying that her daughter was a boy and somehow there was some kind of fight and Mary had them leave. I got down on one knee with her there, held her hand in front of the Motel 6, and prayed with her that everything work out with her and her children for the next 30 years¹¹ and she agreed with me.

To get back into the hotel I had to step over some of their stuff. Back in my room I sat down at the desk. I looked at the pink pass from the “coin” student that I had shown to the 6th grade class earlier that same day.

I sat there literally looking at that paper (with the word “coin” on it, that I had shown to students while telling my story earlier that day and then dropped back into my wallet). I then opened-up the fortune cookie. Here is the fortune from that fortune cookie:

About 5 hours after dropping the word coin into my wallet, I opened a fortune cookie that said I would be dropping coin into my wallet sometime this month. For matrix-people time is linear, but with God, time is like a ball of yarn. He knows what happens, or what will happen before it happens etc.

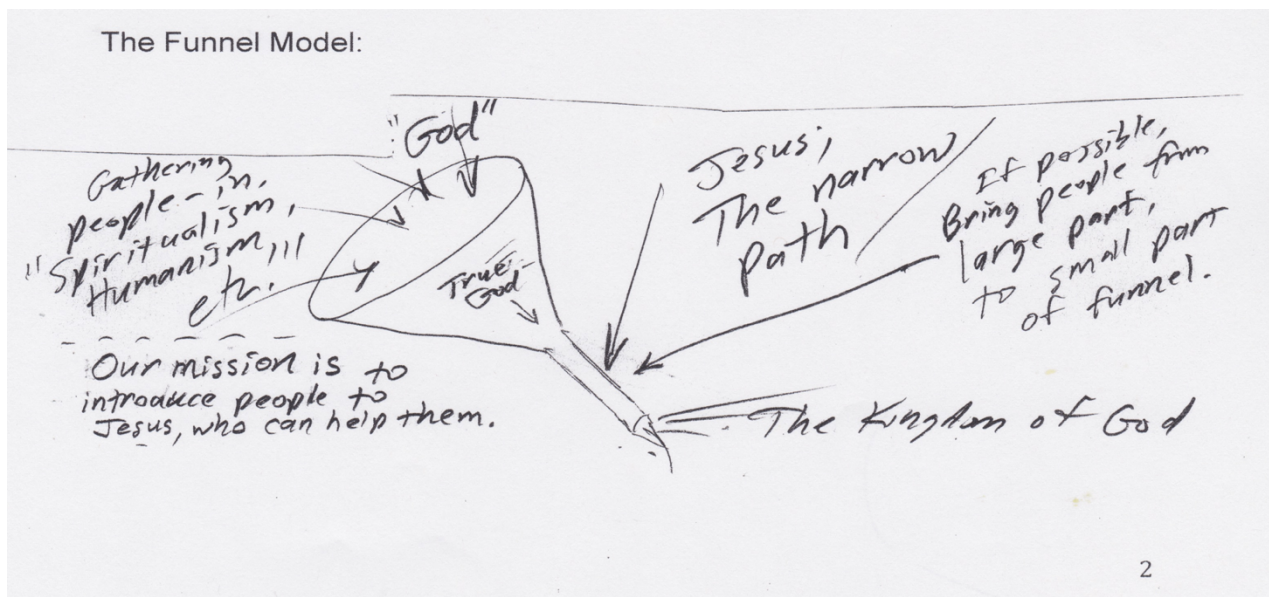
Time can go backward/forward, stopped, and everything.

For some of you who were maybe sleeping while you read for the previous minute:

- 1-the word coin was dropped into my wallet
- 2-five hours later I got a fortune that said coin would be dropped into my wallet
- 3-I thought the odds of #1 & 2 happening purely by chance was pretty small
- 4-for me it was a partial affirmation that I was on a right path subbing there that day...

For various reasons unrelated to the fortune, I then got a handgun from my car and brought it with me back to my room for the overnight stay.

The next morning I got up and went down to the pop/snack/ice machines. I started some small talk with another guy that was there toying around with the ice machine. As a result of my breaking the ice with him I think, In a little while he said, "Do you have a funnel?" and I replied, "No. " But I was curious as to why he asked. No funnel was needed for the ice machine. When I left I thought of how I had been thinking lately of whether I should be evangelizing still, as a part of my life. I thought of the evangelism curriculum that I had written in about 2015—after I had received the baptism of the Holy Spirit, or baptism of fire/love. I will include a diagram here of the funnel from page 2 of that curriculum...which was part of my philosophy on Evangelism. If you would like to see the complete 10-page evangelism "class/mini-course" packet, let me know. I don't use it with schools (subbing) but I have shared it with some churches/people.



I thought that maybe the guy, out of the blue, asking me for the funnel was a sign. But I sort of dismissed it. Also, I thought that we sometimes get the positive signs when we are simply out in the world, loving... Getting to know people, out of a genuine interest/concern...believing God sees everything. The evangelism that works the best for me is not planned. It just happens.¹²

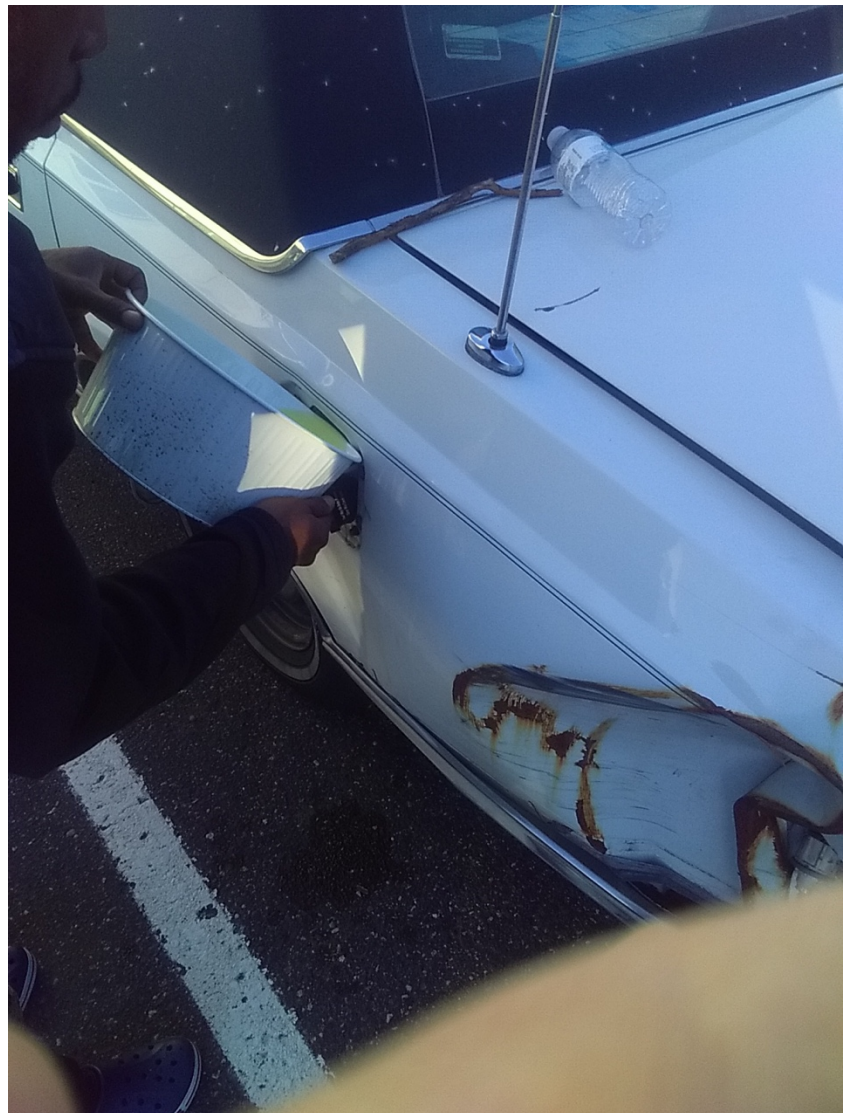
Later that same morning, I went out to my car to get something. I had to get shaving stuff and something else. There, parked nearby, was the man...who had asked for the funnel, trying to do something with his car. He had a paper funnel and was attempting to pour gas into his tank, from a unique container. Here is a couple of pictures he let me take.



tank with a stick and a funnel.

I told him that his asking me for a funnel (earlier) was a sign from God to me. I started helping him with the operation. He was attempting to hold the metal flapper...pic immediately to right...open with a stick...that wasn't working too well. I went to my car to see what I could find. I found a plastic fork that worked just right for the operation! I asked him if he ever gets signs from God.

In this picture, you can see his "kit." His car was apparently totally out of gas. He had got some gas...can see the yellow liquid in the white container...and he was trying to get it into his gas



He replied, “Yea,...you helping me here now with the fork.”

I didn’t probe him too much about where he was going and why, but I got the gist that he was just going to his next location. I imagined that he got just enough money somehow to get the gas in his car and get to his next place. I remember when I got to the hotel, and first saw that car (Cadillac/Lincoln) I believe, and at this particular hotel, I thought that it was a pimp’s car. This guy proved me wrong. In my mind I went back to one of my favorite songs, **The Boxer**, and the line Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters where the ragged people go Looking for the places only they would know. It is at ~:53-1:02 in this video.¹³



We have to become one with the people we want to help or interact with. In ways we can become the hands and feet of Jesus. We’re in chapter 29 in of the Book of Acts.¹⁴ I thought of times in my life, when I was in similar situations as the man with the funnel and pan of gas. During the past 7 years, and especially within the last 2 I have often felt like the world is going to hell. I know that we all have different experiences/views, and I don’t have to be right. As I worked and talked with him there by the side of his beat-up car, I asked him, “Do you ever feel like the world is ending?”

His response: “Everyday.” He was my brother. Praise God forever more.

The two quotes from him above were his exact words. I wrote them down as soon as I left the man. In this way, and some others, I’m kinda like the Matthew in **The Chosen** interacting with Jesus (the actor portraying Matthew in that series...his idiosyncrasies/mannerisms/taking notes).

With a hand motion, he showed me where he had walked to get the funnel...a gas station and convenience store. I needed to go to the same place for some things before leaving for work. I started out on foot, but then went back to get my car. As I write this now, I am realizing that I am/was blessed to have gas and able to work. I drove there to get shaving things etc.

At times, maybe especially when I am away from home, I feel like I enter into something like a different realm. This morning and the whole hotel experience was like that. The convenience store seemed like it was occupied by zombies in a scene out of a movie...I was in a movie of sorts. If it was evil it would have been a portal, but it wasn’t that. I noticed the

people standing in line....the next guy was about 10' behind the person at the cash register. Everyone wearing masks....programmed by the govt or something. When I got to the clerk I noticed that she wasn't thinking. She was like a zombie out of a movie. Weeks have passed as I write this now, but no matter what I said to her she would do...I don't remember the details, but it was as if I could have knocked her down with a feather. A bunch of people were behind me now and none of the gas pumps were working. I think it was God giving me a glimpse into the future "**drove my chevy to the levy but the levy was dry**....the 3 men I admire most, the father, son and holy ghost, they caught the last train for the coast."¹⁵ Maybe a post-rapture scene. Except this was somehow happening in space and time in June 2022. Maybe Don McLean was predicting it....sorta like the book **1984** actually happening now in the world.

In terms of spontaneous, or "natural" evangelizing, I read a great book this summer: ***AFTERSHOCKS...Christians entering a New Era of Global Crisis***. In a chapter it had a fantastic and cool (at least for me) analyzing of Matthew 28:19a. He explained that in "go therefore and make disciples of all the nations" that "go" = "in your goings"¹⁶ that is how it is most perfectly interpreted. One good way to do this is to always have a gospel of John in your pocket. See ptl.org. Don't worry what you're gonna say....just start talking. The Holy Spirit does the heavy-lifting. Peter said, "We can't help but to..."¹⁷ and in evangelizing you can't go wrong. If you don't get a taker you have obeyed God, if you **do**, it can be a wonderful experience.

I looked at my watch. I had to get back to the hotel and to work pronto. In a way I didn't want to....I was having too much fun just at the hotel and gas station. I went to my room to grab some things....I had to get to my subbing job for the day. As I left I noticed a woman in a night gown and slippers in the lobby area.



Our eyes connected and I knew that I had seen her before. I had spent time with her and her friend years ago...maybe 15 years ago in North Minneapolis, at my home and elsewhere. She mentioned that she hadn't seen me in church for a while....a church that we had both

attended maybe 7 years ago on Broadway Avenue.

As many readers know, life is too short and goes fast...I barely had time to talk as I flew out the door. I verbally and quickly mentioned my website to her. In my mind I again went back to *The Boxer* song. This time to the lines around "...I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome I took some comfort there."

Looking back at my notes I see that this was June 3, 2022 and here is the receipt I took as I left the motel.

2741 Freeway Blvd, Brooklyn Center 55430 US
7635609789
m61460bo@motel6.com

Tax ID :

Guest Folio

Confirmation Number - 9454AAE416

Primary Guest

Guest Name
Address
City, State, Zip Code
Country

KEVIN
MINNEAPOLIS MN 55411
USA

Stay Details

Check In Date
Check Out Date
Room
Source
Guests

Jun 02, 2022
Jun 03, 2022
1B - 126
WALK-IN
1/0

Company Details

Name
Tax ID
PO Number
Travel Agent
IATA
Name

Other Details

Bill Number
Tax Exemption
Tax Exempt
Date

NO

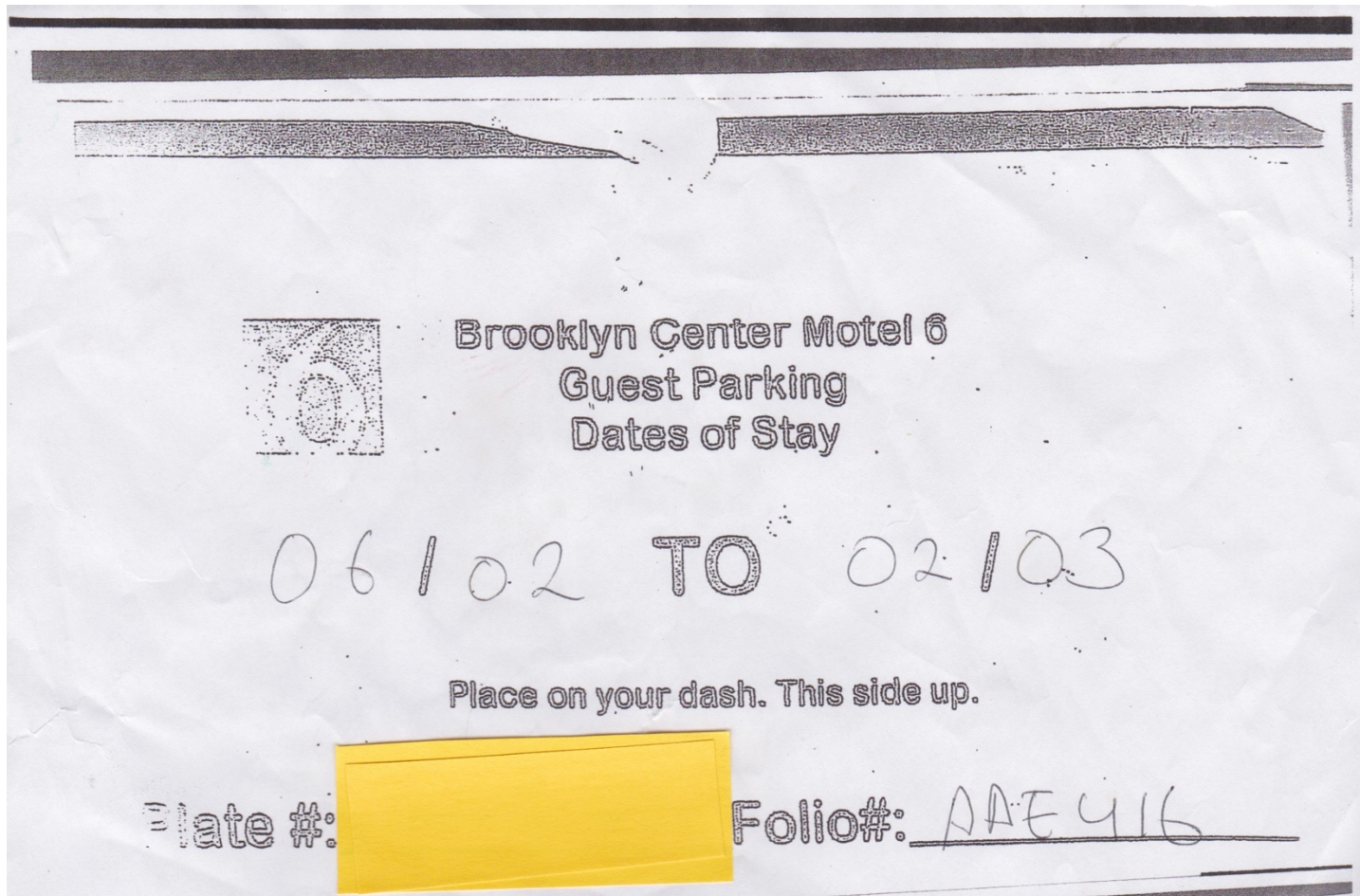
Date	Type	Description	Amount
Jun 02, 2022	Payments	VISA-3438	(\$66.40)
Jun 02, 2022	Charge	ROOM RENT	\$58.49
Jun 02, 2022	Tax	CITY TAX	\$3.51
Jun 02, 2022	Tax	STATE TAX	\$4.40

Summary

Type	Amount
ROOM RENT	\$58.49
CITY TAX	\$3.51
STATE TAX	\$4.40
CREDIT CARD	\$66.40
Folio Balance	\$0.00

Well it was a Friday...let's see what happens.

As I checked-out, another woman was complaining that her car had been gone thru, and some items stolen overnight. I decided not to come back to this hotel, at least in the near future. On my dashboard was the piece of paper that allowed me to be parked in the parking lot. It had the date I was there, but then a crazy expiration date...it was supposed to be just for that night I was there, but had a different month (February) for an ending date (accidentally put? see below). It maybe showed that I indeed had entered some kind of parallel universe, or a portal, or God knows what...with the zombie gas station out of gas and all. In the Bible Paul speaks of I think a "third heaven" which I believe I experienced in 2015.



Chapter 2....Supernatural Teaching

This week I was in the middle of a 7-day in-a-row job; the final days of school for the school-year. At the beginning of the stint, the school secretary warned me that she could send me anywhere and at anytime. This was sort of code for maybe the places that no one else wanted to go or for a teacher who would suddenly call in sick to really go fishing on a nice MN June day. Today during the end of the day I was placed in a type of in-school-suspension room. I thought that I maybe got fired from the 6/7 block-class because I wasn't enough like a robot and a hard-ass.¹⁸

This room turned out to be an adventure. The school is a large metro-school with thousands of students. I had subbed here before and no one ever told me about this room. Just between you and me it was sort of a punishment room for the worst of the worst kids that teachers can't handle or don't want in their room for whatever reason. The woman I was replacing said the kids are supposed to sit apart and not say anything. She pointed out the phone and walkie and how to use it. The scene and promoted atmosphere reminded me of a jail.

I did my movie activity with three guys there at the time. I'll post one of them at the end. He said that **Boys in the Hood** was his favorite all-time movie. I got to know him a bit and we liked each other. He asked for a pass to the bathroom. When he came back and after sitting there a while, I happened to look at his desk. There, and the only thing on it, was the pass shaped into a perfect funnel. It looked to me exactly like the funnel that I had seen with the man at the **Motel 6** that morning. If I took out a protractor I'll bet the angles were the same. It looked perfect there on his desk and I might've taken a picture then, but I waited till



it was a bit crushed and I was in my car at the end of the day:

Maybe it happened before, but in over 33 years of teaching, it's the first time ever that I noticed that a kid had made a funnel out of a pass. The same week that I had been contemplating funnels, evangelism, and the narrow path. (diagram on page 6).

I recall another kid there had some gold teeth, or parts of teeth gold and I thought that he was pretty young for that already. There was another kid too...I would get to know him better, the next week, it was as if he had a flashing neon sign over his head that read, "Morality is what I can get away with."

Suddenly a teacher came in with four Latino students to add to the mix. They were from an ELL¹⁹ class I think. Now I was about to have fun. They each had to write something on a piece of paper that the teacher had left with

them. One of the tasks was writing ten times "I will not talk during a test." The rest of their class was going outside and they were stuck there with me. It was a good chance to practice my Spanish. OMG I had fun with them. Estoy aprendiendo Espanol. When the teacher came to get them at the end, I said, "Mucho gusto" to one of the students, and the teacher smiled at me. I sort of hit paydirt when the student, teacher, and admin all like me...which can be rare. In general I try to avoid top administration, who seem to be with the illuminati²⁰.

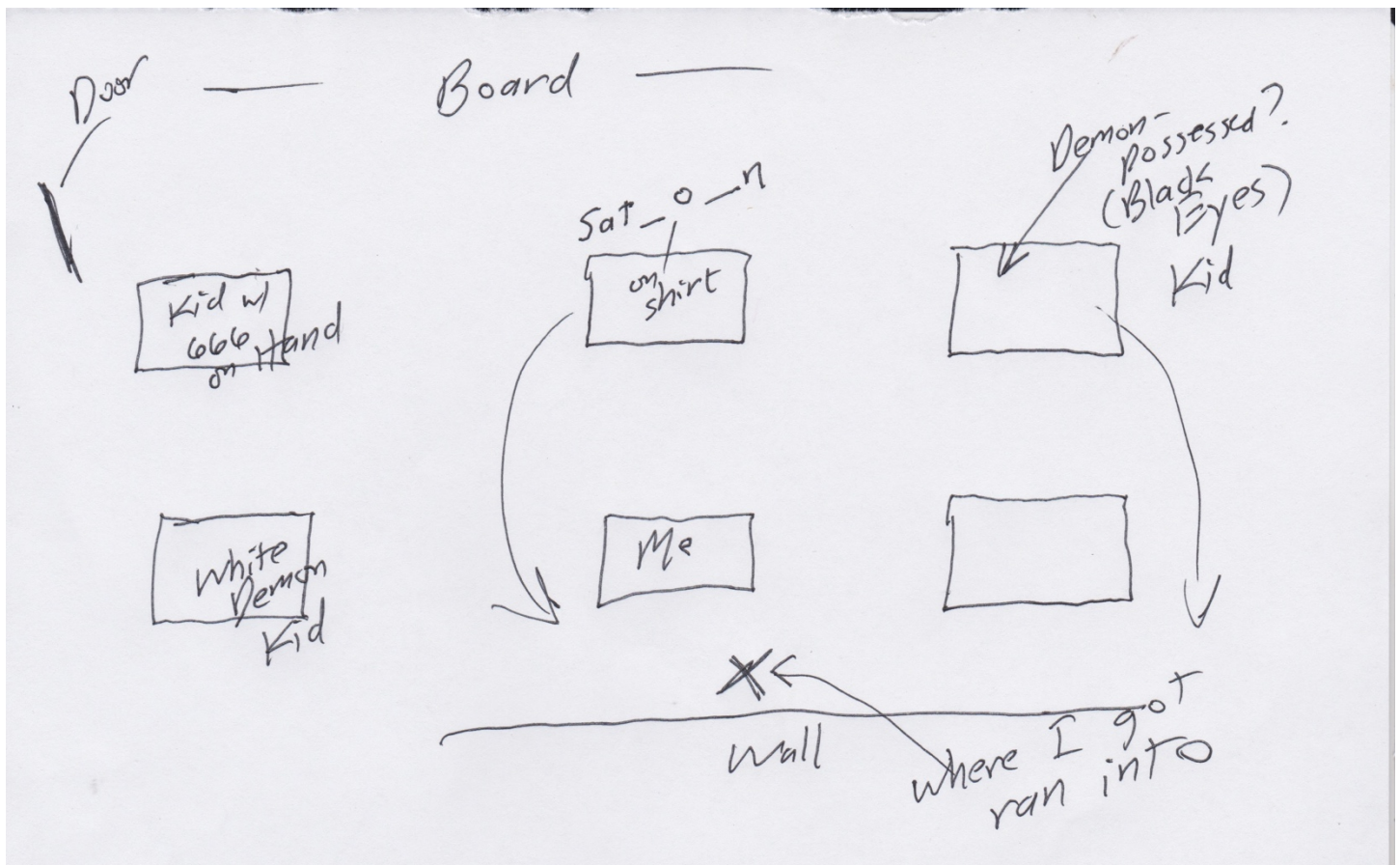
Near the end of the school-day that Friday I was in that room with a few gangster-type boys. I feel like a gangster myself at times. My grandfather had lived in Chicago and drank beer with Al Capone. The 'immoral' kid that I just mentioned skipped out....it was 5-10 minutes before the final bell and he heard too much early hall-drama that he wanted to be a part of. Either that or he wanted to do a hit on a kid somewhere in the building before the weekend. I blinked or turned-around and he was gone. I took the other three guys and we got into a huddle...sort of like a football huddle...and we put our arms on each other's shoulders. I said something like this: "OK, right now, let's all make an agreement that we will do the best that we can, and be our best selves that we can for the rest of our lives." Literally as I was doing that, an AP came in and asked what happened to the immoral kid (using his name). I said that he dipped out early...apparently she was either desperately looking for him, or came in to see what I was doing with these guys. Cameras/mics? seem to be everywhere...**1984** is in full effect. I didn't get fired, so maybe it was ok.

Now I felt a little like Tony Montana in the movie **Scarface** after he did the chainsaw shower apt scene. They knew that I could handle "the room" so the next week I would be placed in there a lot; the room where anything can happen.

The ISS room changed locations. It was now Monday and the in-school-suspension was in a different location. A bigger room with bigger desks and a board. Same deal though, sort of a discipline room or dumping ground. To get kicked out of here, they have to do something *really* bad.

Some of the kids, in my view, are literally demon-possessed. Some are nice kids who just got mad and lost their temper, or I had a girl who forgot her medications and was sent there. One day I got a new kid with black eyes. Not black eyes as in a fight, but black eyes as in sort of death inside, and the pupils literally black.²¹ He came up to me as I stood there. He walked within two inches of me and stared up at my eyes, and our eyes connected. It was like a stare contest (first one to blink or look-away loses) and I knew what was really going on. It was the spirit inside of him trying to assess my soul or get a handle on me. I stared at him thinking to myself, "I have Jesus inside, I have Jesus inside." I won, he looked away. That spirit though in these specific/rare kids can get a "reading" on you quick. The spirit knows that it's spiritual and the teacher (who kicked the physical kid out) doesn't know what the hell is going on. I won, and the kid went to his seat. The whole deal was nonverbal. It was like the scene in **The Bodyguard** where Kevin Costner threw the knife at the other bodyguard then said, "I don't want to talk about this anymore," when not a word was spoken. By the way, all of our lives can be a movie. We are in our own movie. When you are born-again (not just say that, but supernatural conversion) our lives can be like Jim Carrey in THE TRUMAN SHOW. "It's all for you," Meryl Streep said to him. I believe that it can be that way for us.²² .

I will try to show the room arrangement that day and period below.



Another kid was in there the whole day. I noticed that he had 666 tattooed or on his hand in pen. He was a cool cat though, just sat there quiet. I noticed that even tho his desk faced to the front...his body faced the black-eyed kid while he himself pretended to study. A tall, skinny light-skinned girl came in with blood shot eyes. People come and go, so she is not in diagram but was there. I wondered if she was high, or if that's just the way that her eyes were. A kid directly to my left was demon-possessed also. He did the same thing that the black-eyed kid did. He walked up to me, almost touching and stared into my eyes, and again I won. Then he started doing these super-fast movements, possibly supernatural speed, like he was going to hit me on the head (they call it dunking) and almost flying around me.²³

At another moment later that same day I think, I caught eyes again with the black-eyed kid as he sat nearby. This time I lost²⁴, and it may have been after that that this next incident happened. In this profession you meet lots of people and it's a constant flow of interactions, some things become sort of a blur after a while, but I am doing my best to capture the essence as I type here now later in June and even into August...many things going on in my life that keep me from writing.

There was the calm before the storm. I was sort of gazing at the kid in front of me....I was looking at his t-shirt...the back of it....as he sat in front of me. It was some rock group with the word SATAN in it and their tour dates. I was trying to figure it out when suddenly he and the black-eyed kid got into it. It escalated quickly to the Satan-kid grabbing his sharp pencil and held it in a stabbing position. He said, "I'm gonna stab you!" And this was no playing, as

sometimes happens. He was as serious as hell. These were two unstable kids, one terribly pissed-off about something, seriously threatening another. Like a little half-back he went running towards the black-eyed kid and I jumped in-between. His power was full-force, and he knocked-me backwards, my back hit the wall and I fell on my ass.



At one point the black-eyed kid yelled, “Stab me in the heart!” I yelled to the other kids, “Go to the office!!” (and get somebody) The skinny light-skinned girl with the blood-shot eyes was

the hero and got people to come. Even the principal was running to the room with his pot-belly jiggling.



Luckily I ended up dealing with an AP regarding the two kids. They are sort of henchmen but are generally more realistic and I usually vibe with them better.

For the remainder of my teaching stint, I stayed at a hotel farther out where I saw it as safer. When the gangster stuff gets too real/dangerous, it's no longer fun. I was in Anoka and may attach those receipts from a motel in that area at the end.

Driving to the motel one day I was listening to Bill Arnold²⁵ as I often did at the end of the school day. Sometimes I go back and forth between Sean Hannidy²⁶ and Bill. Sean Hannidy is sort of a world-ending thing while Faith radio is trying to pull people in by being nice/sweet. With all respect due, they seem to completely avoid Luke 12:51 like the plague.²⁷ Susie is on sometimes too and Carmen in the morning (in the Twin Cities).

It seems like Susie doesn't like me too much. Maybe I am too "crazy Pentecostal." I tried getting to know Bill Arnold and was almost on his show in early march 2020. I did a taping at the studio and I was nervous as hell. I brought my guitar and gifts for listeners and was briefly 'interviewed'. I brought tons of spiritual info and things to talk about. I thought it was going to last about an hour and then I was only in there for at the most a half an hour and he and his assistant said we were done. I felt flabbergasted because I thought we were going

to do a lot more taping and then cut things out etc. Maybe someday I'll get another chance. I think it was a combination of not being politically-correct enough, too nervous, and unaware of the time constraint. I think I need to be more calm, focused, and trust in the Holy Spirit giving me the words. Anyway, while driving to the hotel, I called in to his radio show for a free book from an author that was on. I emailed him and he replied that he would try to "put one aside" for me. So even tho I was not in real-tight with Bill (I texted him once thinking we could be texting-buddies and that didn't work); but I did have sort of a gangster connection with him because about two months later I received **PERSON OF INTEREST—Why Jesus Still matters in a world that rejects the Bible** in the mail. Susie quit sending me books altogether, but she's even more of a movie-star than Bill.

It may have been my last day driving to a motel when I was listening to Bill on the radio. I decided to take a bath before going to the school for my last day. I have a ritual in the morning...there is a fantastic app, the "Pray" app that sends me a scripture with about a 2 minute talk that goes with it each morning. This (June 9 my last day) morning's was special...seeming to be "knowing" that I would be listening. I listened to it right after I took a bath in the motel that morning.



I felt good that I was able to get up early. Below you can see where I immediately sent an email to myself with the pray thing so that I would have it for memory, or to show you here now! I went back and found it in my emails. I occasionally send emails to the faith radio people/Bill and others too. If you want to be on my email list, let me know!



Omg a "funnel" of blessings, after bathtub



KEVIN [REDACTED]
To: [REDACTED]

Thursday, June 9, 2022 at 7:30 AM

And mention slumdog millionaire
<https://link.pray.com/e/KQrLnt6DIqb>

And here is what that morning's reader read to me (but verbally in a video) that June 9 morning: (I got the below emailed to me in August)

Hi Kevin,

Thank you for reaching out. Currently, we don't support such a feature that would enable members to save or go back to a specific prayer. However, I can provide you the transcript of the prayer on 6/9/2022. Hope this helps.

"The liberal soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." – Proverbs 11:25

Prayer:

Father, make my soul a soul that blesses others, not merely with prayers and well wishes but someone who gives liberally, cheerfully, and generously to the poor and needy. It is by blessing others that we receive a blessing back from God. It is his blessings on the good deeds of our hands that make us fat, rich, and prosperous in the Lord. As we water and refresh others with the pure water of God's word we are like an inexhaustible fountain of mercies. God refreshes us as we refresh others; He pours back into us what we give to others. It's the law of reciprocity. The more we give the more we receive. The more we bless others the more we are blessed. I can't out give God. God wants us to give away what we have been blessed with. It all belongs to God anyway. I am just a steward of his blessings – a funnel of blessings. When God knows I am a good fountain of blessings he will see that I never run dry. Teach me to be liberal, generous and cheerful in my giving. Help me be a fountain of blessings that refreshes others. In Jesus name, Amen.

Blessings,

For the first time in years, and maybe ever, they used the word "funnel" and it stood out to me like an eagle sitting on my head, except in a positive way. As I look at it now, it looks like someone stuck it on the end of the sentence just for me :~). That too is kinda how these things work...God will "speak" to you in a way that, maybe only you, know it's from Him.

The yearbooks were coming out so the last day or two I spent time all over and a fair amount of time in the school library. This was grand-central-station for yearbook distribution. There I encountered an African-American male, that I had been in my class when I told the little coincidence story. He walked up to me and said something like, "You're one of the best subs I've ever had." That sorta made my day and maybe my week. With the racial and political tension in America today and in my Minneapolis neighborhood and my personal experiences and perceptions, if I hear that unsolicited from him I know that I'm doing something right.

Right after I auditioned for the Bill Arnold Show, Covid hit, then George Floyd, and all kinds of terrible demonic crazy stuff. Then Russia war and inflation; but God and Jesus were and are still there getting me thru it all.

There is a *lot* more that I could write, say, show, and tell but I will call it quits for now. You write me a true story about something in your life or send a video of your experiences. As

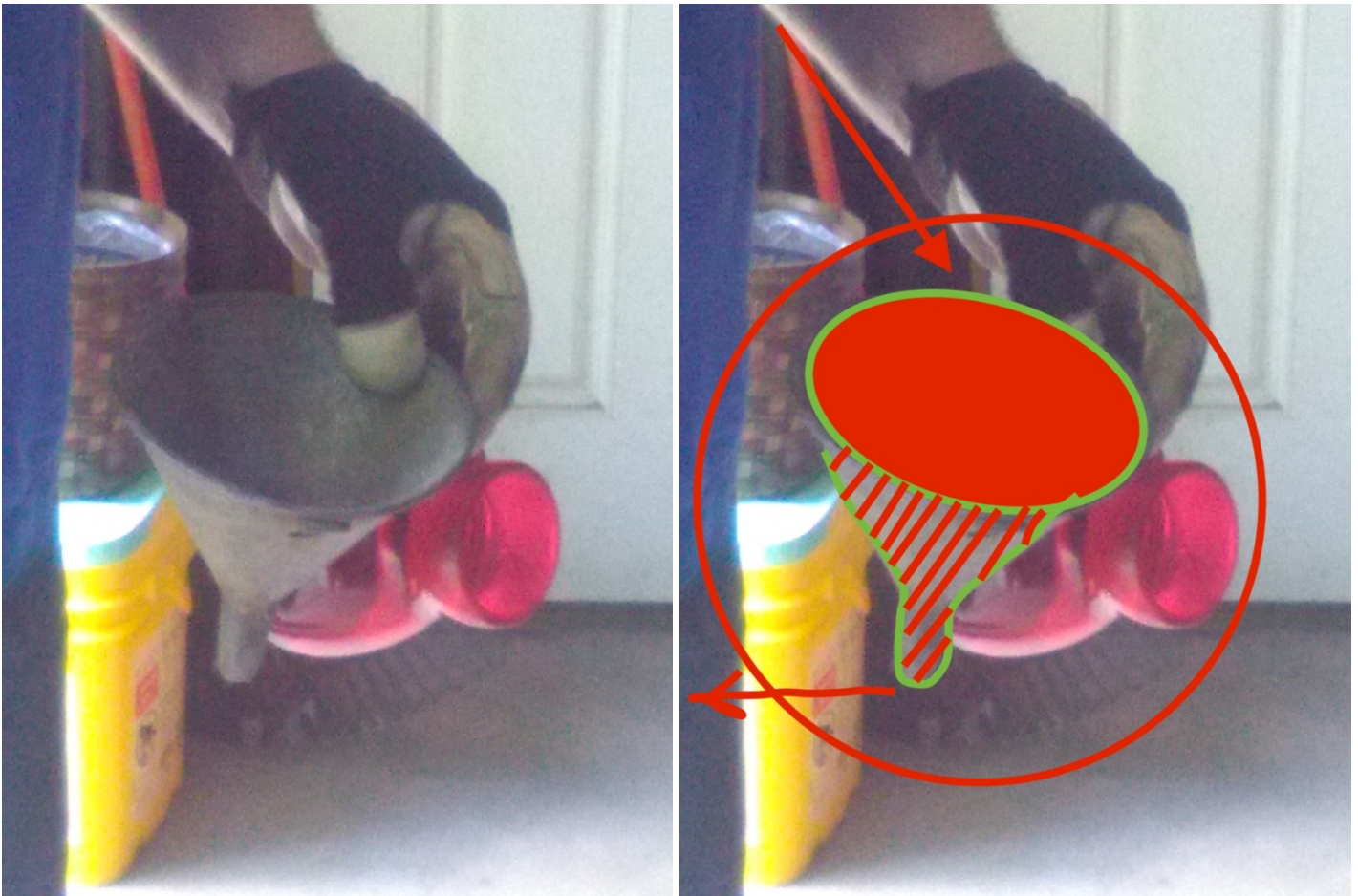


I drove back to my place for the summer I stopped at my bank. Among other things, I got some \$50 bills. As I left, I grabbed a bottle of water from their little frig. You can see it in the pic below. I thought that is a good way to almost end this little story.

In some ways, my life has been sort of a battle between the "Gangster" life, symbolized by the \$50 bills, and the "Pure" Life literally written on that bottle of water. The leader of my chaplain ministry says that I do good with the "unchurched."

Oh, one more thing if you have a minute. With the school year over, on Saturday June 11, I drove to my mother's house. My brother-in-law came to me as I was parked by the garage. He rarely talks to me....even over decades...and today he was chain-sawing some trees with some other relatives of mine (clean-up after recent storm). He asked if I could get something for him from the garage to help with his work...I had to step over things to get to it. It was a funnel,

and this specific one:



He didn't want his face to be in the picture*! But that's him holding the funnel above.
 *can you blame him

Over the decades I don't think he asked me, to hand him anything, ever...even the salt at a family barbeque. Once he said that he thinks religion is the problem (of the world). If God wants to get a message he may have a brother-in-law ask you for a funnel, or have a donkey talk to you. If God wants to do something there is no stopping him, He'll find a way, and whatever Jesus says happens. Matthew 24 will someday happen, it's already started.

If you want to have these signs and miracles following, you may want to go whole-hog into God, Jesus, and the Bible. It's just a suggestion if you're not there already. Your life will become an exciting adventure. Our lives and encounters can become the 'divine appointments.'

Helen Keller said, "Life is a daring adventure...or nothing." And she was dumb, deaf, and blind. I believe that she may have been tuned in with her third eye to the spiritual world and its possibilities and manifestations. I had to lose some of my physical hearing before tuning-in to it.

My hope is that you liked this story, at least not judge me negatively. Peace, love and God help us all. Thanks for coming along. :-) You can see the video that goes with this story at youtube kevinangler1 Christmas Story 2022. More specifically the 10 minute Lesson Part from 44:04 to 54:00 in this specific video: <https://youtu.be/up5laQTUffU>

- 1 Really “goings”see book referenced on page ten along with footnote 16. I used the word ‘gangster’ because I wanted a catchier title, and it is still relevant. “Goings Evangelism”
- 2 Don’t worry, I love my mom
- 3 The two major political parties in the US has resulted in a divide similar to the two boats in the batman movie *Dark night*. Every individual seems to be convinced that he/she is right and tends to only like people that agree with him/her. Almost every American if they were to die today, should be wearing an invisible t-shirt that says “my sh*t doesn’t stink”. It is partially the result of the programming received by each individual over the years. This footnote could be a book in itself. Also partially due to confirmation-bias, and each thinking his/her news-feed, and his/her perceptions are divine. If you don’t like the writer, you think its him and not you. Starting in about 2020, well never mind I’ll offend you even more. Each individual tends to think they are normal and right, and anyone disagreeing is “biased.” Truth has become relative. Political-correctness is now reigning over truth. America may be on a highway to hell.
- 4 In April 2020, MN ‘leaders’ purchased about \$7 million dollars in refrigeration units for the “expected” dead bodies from Covid. They were never used.
- 5 This is huge to me. I have to leave any political/social views at the door. I have to love everyone as if they were my child. No judging; just loving. Intense care for where they are at.
- 6 Numbers 12:3
- 7 It’s great when this type of honest and bonding connection can happen, and it can’t be planned,.. It just happens. The main and huge overarching thing of course is the implementing the teacher’s lesson plan. But even then, the students are hopefully learning positive life principles.
- 8 if you go looking for these signs, or try to force God’s hand, etc. you’ll end up in hell. They have to FOLLOW as in the scripture. Mark 16:17 The signs and wonders accompany or follow, they’re from God, not from any human. God likes to show off and surprise us His children. Somehow I walked sort of a public school tightrope while telling this story and didn’t mention God. Every footnote in this paper could be a chapter in itself...to describe to completion. Also reference Hebrews 2:4; John 4:48.
- 9 We interpret things/events based on our preconceptions...our prior inner-beliefs before events happens. Then most people assume that their perceptions are truth & reality. In this specific example from the story, I am saying that most Americans think that the supernatural is not real, and the psychology/science world explains things with a physical basis. I see part of my ministry as convincing people that the supernatural is real in the here and now...they have to believe it...at least in the possibility... to see it. I am not promoting anything paranormal, I am simply saying that there is a supernatural realm and Jesus is the King of it. Being convinced of a supernatural realm (within the physical) first, can lead people to Jesus. Two alternatives to this are being programmed by the world...and thinking that the solutions will come via technology and man only, and/or basically serving the devil.
- 10 Inflation started and spiked most dramatically after the election in November 2020. I am aware that gas prices have since gone down, but almost everything else went up and in some

cases doubling in price. I am aware that if you like Biden you will frame and see things differently. (I am more than extremely fully-aware of that)

11 You gotta pray big, like in one of my favorite books *Praying for your Elephant*.

12 if interested, see “love and flow” in this video: <https://youtu.be/UrAEAuhwv0Y>

13 https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=I3LFML_pxIY (the boxer; Simon and Garfunkel)

14 We’re supposed to be. The **Evangelicals** aren’t **evangelizing**. It seems like many mostly dress nice, go to church, and grin at people. (now I lost the Evangelicals, God help me)

15 https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iX_TFkut1PM (american pie) Don McLean

16 so “goings evangelism” more accurate maybe than “gangster evangelism”

17 Acts 1:8 along with Acts 4: 19-20

18 The way many teachers run discipline. This is sorta how you keep your job. But at some point a teacher has to make a choice between pleasing the gods or pleasing God. A lot of schools now are factories for pushing kids out to look nice at a graduation and as I and some others see it, America/world is perhaps accelerating towards hell. Maybe “we ain’t seen nothin’ yet.” I’m aware that I could be wrong.

I am more soft-hearted, believing in positive relationships as a foundation etc.

19 English Language Learner

20 For example, pick political-correctness/new-world-order over love/forgiveness, or common-sense. At a different school recently I saw someone drive away from the admin

section in a shiny new black jaguar with dark tinted windows....it may have been one of them.

21 Looked similar to the eyes of the man in the specific picture here (to left), but more close-up and round.

22 There is a predestined narrow path that we can experience vid:



Biden signs \$1.7T government spending bill, ensuring funding for most of 2023

The president signed the omnibus package while on vacation.

ON N
ABCI
Law
'raci
Stud

https://youtu.be/udvmNa_Oc4w At the end of the Truman show he goes to a door and gets out of the matrix (becomes free).

You and I have to be like Jesus in ***The Chosen***. You almost have to want to not make anything supernatural* happen, God almost forces your hand in a positive way.

*zombies will not notice, or attribute it to something physical; born-again/Holy Spirit filled will enjoy the simultaneous love and flow...sort of not know what's happening but it's happening. A matrix-person will not notice...they are bound to something on the earth more than the kingdom of God. Not yet "partakers of the divine nature." You can look up the scripture.

23 It reminded me of a demon-possessed woman I gave a ride to one time. She kept changing the distance that I should take her. When I refused to drive her any further, in .2 seconds (a fifth of a second) she grabbed a jug of water from the floor in front of her and smashed it in my face (at a stoplight). She then started dialing another number on her cell phone as she walked calmly from my car. All of that happened in a second (supernatural speed). In some ways like Lilith from Supernatural. She was full of sh*t and a demon. Her physical body was darn near perfect. Reference 2 Thessalonians 2:9.

24 It was kind of an Acts 19:15 moment for me....the black-eyed kid had caught me offguard...or to get Pentecostal about it, the demon inside him caught my spirit offguard. Somehow my psyche/spirit had slipped from the Kingdom back into the world/matrix.

25 Has talk show on ***Faith Radio*** in twin cities. 90.7 FM

26 Conservative talk show host. 103.5 FM in twin cities

27 But maybe that's ok. It might be like Joyce Meyer giving a sermon on 1st Timothy 2:12 But she has some other good things to bring up.



Some upcoming scenes from Chapter 3. Subscribe for free on SacredAdventures.us to be notified of significant future writings/postings (rare email notification):



Hebrews 4

Joshua and then Jesus

thanks for coming along

12/31/2022