

CHAPTER FIVE – Part 1

The Sum Total – Echoes & Temporal Pattern of June

I've already laid the foundation: soul contracts, the idea that before birth we choose our lessons and return with intent to grow; the veil, where we agree to forget our purpose and the boundary between seen and unseen gently quivers; déjà vu moments that hint time isn't linear but loops and layers. All around us are messages waiting to be heard—if we hush the noise long enough and stay patient as we untangle them.

Long before I noticed these echoes in my own journey, thinkers sensed that life moves in cycles, not straight lines. Heraclitus spoke of perpetual flow—change, return, repetition. Ecclesiastes later summed it up: what's been will happen again; what's done will be done again. From philosophy to faith traditions, this idea crops up—a quiet affirmation that stepping back reveals pattern where life feels random.

I didn't open this chapter to prove ancient wisdom. I started because I couldn't ignore patterns unfolding in my own life. Previous chapters built the scaffold—soul contracts, the veil, non-linear time—each claim standing alone if you choose to accept or dismiss it. But theory becomes real when it begins showing up inside your experience. That moment when the pieces don't feel separate any more—that's where this chapter begins.

I believe there's no such thing as coincidence. We arrive exactly where we need to be at precisely the right moment. Our life's timing is exact, even when we don't yet see the precision. Most of us miss echoes and patterns not because they don't exist but because life is loud and demanding. We rush through surviving, loving, grieving, building—and seldom pause long enough to look back with intent or know what to search for.

Writing this book forced me to slow down. It made me revisit dates, milestones, and memories I'd rushed past. As I organized supposedly isolated events, a hidden tapestry revealed itself: the concepts I'd explored weren't abstract theories but threads woven into my own life. Reflection became recognition: the echoes and patterns emerged not as vague notions but as unmistakable clarity. A quiet knowing arose: in this lifetime, one day you will see, hear, learn, and explain these patterns.

Maybe it was my moment of readiness—by design, not chance—when heart and soul aligned so I could finally notice. Timelines bent back on themselves; certain dates carried extra resonance; moments connected long before I knew their significance. And that's when the real questions began: Was I meant to grasp these lessons only when I was ready? Did ego blind me until my awareness caught up? Was living inside the veil part of the plan so I could someday describe it?

I share none of my conclusions as your answers—only the questions that found me. As I wrote, life laid out its structure. Moments I thought were isolated clicked into place. Echoes, patterns, temporal loops—they formed a coherent whole. Time gave the frame; echoes propelled the unfolding. Once you see both together, the idea that nothing is a coincidence shifts from theory to knowing: like hearing a distant siren grow until you can't ignore it—you feel its presence.

That's how the realization landed: small, disconnected messages transformed into undeniable signals carrying weight and purpose. When you finally grasp why they appeared, you don't see events in isolation. You see the Sum Total—not a floating concept but a living, precise design that's been in motion all along. You stop asking where you are and begin to understand why you are here.

Have you ever sat across someone you knew who shares details you never asked for, they were intimate, troubling stories you might've preferred to avoid—and wondered why they chose to tell you? What if those words weren't random but placed intentionally so that later you'd recognize their value? This chapter explores echoes: stories and signs arriving before their meaning, moments that seem irrelevant until they prove to be preparation.

True echoes aren't always obvious. Sometimes they surface as a voice in the night. You're asleep, alone or beside a partner, and you hear your name—clear and unmistakable: “Hey, Michael,” “Hey, John,” “Hey, Nancy.” It feels real enough to awaken you, yet it isn't a dream. Only awareness, no confusion. If you accept it might be a message, doors open: perhaps your future self is reaching back, or a loved one is warning you at a pivot point. Something inside resonates—not fear but deep recognition.

Usually, it isn't casual. It is a nudge, a redirection, a quiet pause that asks you to rethink your path. It can feel like a loved one sensing the direction you are about to take, or a warning that something is not right even when everything appears fine on the surface. It is a signal to slow down, to look closer, to question what you are accepting without awareness.

And so it begins.

What you felt in that moment was not accidental. It may have been a loved one reaching toward you, sensing your trajectory. It may have been a warning that something beneath the surface was misaligned. It may have been a call to pause, to examine your choices more carefully, to become aware of what you had been moving through without question.

These moments are not random interruptions. They are echoes, moving across time, arriving exactly when you are meant to hear them.

And so it begins:

It may be a loved one sensing the direction you are about to take. It may be a warning that something is not right, even if everything appears fine on the surface. It may be a signal to slow down, to look closer, to question what you are accepting without awareness. These moments are not random interruptions. They are echoes—signals sent forward or backward through time, designed to reach you exactly when you need them.

The first echo I remember experiencing took place in 1990. I was sleeping beside my first wife, the mother of my three children, in our home in Las Vegas. In the middle of the night, we both heard it. A voice.

We woke at the same time and looked at each other—stunned, trying to understand what had just happened. There was no confusion about what we heard. It was clear. It was specific. And it was unmistakable.

The voice belonged to Anthony, my ex-wife's stepbrother.

Anthony had taken his own life.

Many say those who end their lives find peace afterward—I believe that. But in Anthony's case, something stayed unsettled. His heart was broken by how his ex-wife and her family treated him, and that pain followed him. At the end, he thought death was his only escape. Yet even then, care remained. Connection remained; love remained for his sister.

I believe he deliberately came through that night...It was a warning.

Not for me—but for her.

The message, once I understood, was urgent: whatever you're thinking of doing, whatever path you're on, you need to stop.

At the time, we didn't see it that way. We heard it, felt it, but didn't fully receive it. Years later, when I reflected, its meaning became clear. Some choices that followed—the actions that unfolded—did contribute to the end of our marriage.

And when I linked those choices back to that night, I faced a hard truth.

The echo had already been given.

It offered a choice.

Would we hear it or ignore it?

Those who get these messages often feel something deeper than logic. A quiet sense that the message's aim isn't harm but protection. That someone—or something—is intervening before the path is fixed. The message itself implies change is possible.

But if you don't understand the message, or you dismiss it, the path keeps moving.

The changes came. The consequences followed.

I've asked myself many times—if I'd grasped that moment's weight, could I have changed anything? If I'd truly seen it as a warning, could I have stopped what began unfolding? Could I have said, "Stop. Right now. This matters"?

I don't know.

But I know this—the echo was there.

Long before written words carried memory, stories served more than entertainment. They transmitted something greater.

They carried energy.

Elders, mystics, those in tune with the unseen knew what we've largely forgotten. A story spoken doesn't end at telling. It moves on. It finds the person who needs it.

What we call folklore was once sacred.

It was communication.

A storyteller wasn't just sharing—they were a vessel delivering something carried through time, timed to land before the right person at the right moment. When a story feels personal—when it doesn't quite fit but lingers—that's the sign.

It's meant for you.

Echoes don't follow logic or our timelines. They arrive when needed, not when convenient.

You might hear someone telling a story that seems unrelated to your conversation. It feels random, unnecessary, out of place.

But something inside shifts.

You don't know why it matters. You don't know why you needed to hear it. But you feel—undeniably—that you were meant to.

That's no coincidence.

That's a marker.

A breadcrumb on your life's path.

A quiet signal—from the Universe, those before you, or a part of yourself that already knows—saying, pay attention...this will matter later.

Sometimes echoes come from strangers, passing chats, moments you almost forget. Sometimes we become echoes for others, sharing

something we don't yet understand, only to learn later it landed precisely where needed.

The Parable of the Warnings

Sometimes echoes aren't missed because they're unclear.

We miss them because we refuse to accept them.

We tell ourselves the message isn't for us. That we're different. That we're aware, strong, and protected enough to dodge what others couldn't. It's a subtle ego—you may not see it as arrogance. Sometimes it looks like confidence or faith.

But ego blocks us.

It builds walls between us and the messages meant to guide us.

I know this—I lived it.

Once, I believed warnings, stories, and

patterns were for other people. I could notice them, recognize them. But I thought they didn't apply to me.

Not me. Never me.

That was ego.

When ego leads, echoes aren't received—they're filtered out.

There's a parable—told in many ways across traditions, that captures this perfectly. You may know this one. Here's my version it is called:

“God, why hast thou forsaken me?”

A woman's faith was rock solid. She believed fully in divine protection.

One day, news spread: a flood was coming. Evacuations were ordered. Neighbors fled to higher ground.

She stayed.

The first echo—a Boy Scout running door to door, cowbell in hand.

“Evacuate! A flood's coming! Get to safety!” he cried at her porch.

She rocked calmly. “I have no fear. God will protect me.”

He pleaded, “Ma'am, you should go. God would want you to.”

He moved on.

The storm grew. Rain fell harder.

The second echo—a police officer in a bullhorn: “Evacuate now! Mandatory order! You're in danger!”

He called to her. “Ma'am, please—this is serious.”

She stood firm. “I trust God. He'll save me.”

He left, unsure what else to do.

Hours later, water swallowed the streets. She climbed to her roof as the storm raged.

Then the third echo—a rescue boat. Firemen shouted, “Get in! There’s no time!”

She shook her head. “God will save me.”

And as you can imagine, the godly woman drowned.

When her spirit faced God, she asked, “God, why hast thou forsaken me?”

God replied, “I sent a Boy Scout, a police officer, and a rescue team!!

How many signs did you need?”

It’s a story of an echo. in the form of a sign. However one interprets it, the message was sent... but the interpretation was not accepted.

Stories like this aren’t just lessons, they’re transmissions. Messages across time and souls. Repeated, not because they’re simple, but because we need reminders.

Echoes of wisdom are carried forward so we don’t forget what we’ve learned.

They arrive as bedtime tales, sermons, or passing talks. If you listen—really listen—you feel something beneath the words.

A deeper vibration.

A gentle voice that doesn’t force but stays.

Whispering:

Pay attention.

This is for you.

My twin flame—and the woman who would become my wife—told me early on a story about a serpent and a boy. She learned it from her father. For reasons I only understand now, I was meant to hear it... and she was meant to deliver it.

I remember exactly where I was when she called.

I was walking my dog, Shamba Im-ba-waa, a Rhodesian Ridgeback bred to hunt lions... though in truth, he feared my neighbor’s dog. But the moment he set eyes on a squirrel, he transformed. He would chase it with remarkable speed... it was a sight to behold.

That day, I wandered the Old Cemetery’s paths under cherry trees. It was quiet. Peaceful. And I wondered why she was telling me the story.

I listened without interrupting.

What I recall is how she told it—using different voices. The boy came alive; the serpent had its own tone. It wasn’t just a story; it felt delivered.

Here's what she shared:

The Serpent and the Boy

A boy walked alone up a mountain path in scorching heat, heading for a stream at the top.

Halfway up, he saw a serpent stretched across the trail, its scales hot to the touch.

The serpent lifted its head and hissed weakly, "Please help me. Carry me to the top where the water is cool. Here, I'll die. Please, boy—lift me on your shoulders and save my life."

The boy hesitated.

He knew snakes bite.

"If I pick you up, you'll bite me," he said. "That's your nature."

The serpent shook its head. "I promise I won't. Save me, and I'll reward you with wisdom I've gathered your whole life. I give you my word."

The boy studied the serpent's tired, ancient eyes and—against his gut—lifted it onto his shoulders.

As they climbed, the serpent spoke. Everything it said was beautiful—secrets of the world, truths about fear, desire, betrayal, trust. Story after story. Lesson after lesson. It honored its promise.

When they reached the stream, the boy knelt, letting the serpent slip off.

"Here you go," he said.

The serpent looked grateful. Then its eyes turned red, fangs glinted—and it struck, sinking into the boy's leg. He fell, pain burning.

"Why?" he cried. "Why bite me after I saved you?"

The serpent slithered away. *"It's my nature," it said. "And you knew it when you picked me up."* You knew who I was...

Every person reaches a point when a story they thought was fiction or a fable comes to life.

The boy chose compassion over instinct, trusted words over awareness, believing he'd be the exception. But the serpent bit him just the same.

What stayed with me wasn't just the betrayal or venom, but the clear warning before the bite. Delivered plainly, calmly—no decoding needed. Still, it was ignored.

I hadn't realized my own serpent had already spoken. I didn't see echoes forming around me, woven into moments I'd later revisit differently. I

didn't know those stories weren't just tales but early reflections of experiences I hadn't yet lived.

Some echoes whisper softly, easy to dismiss. Others sink deeper, waiting until you're ready. Mine began with her voice.

The woman who'd become my wife—the mother of my child—told me a story I appreciated but couldn't yet interpret. I heard every word and got its basic meaning, but I wasn't ready to receive its real message. If I had, I would've recognized it as a warning.

My Father used to say, **“Son, past practices are indicators of future behavior.”** At the time, it sounded practical, almost simple. Now I see it wasn't just advice, it was guidance.

Place his words next to her story, and I ask: what was I meant to see? Why did she tell me that story, and why had I already been taught it by my father? Were they both delivering the same message at different times, echoes waiting for me to notice?

Maya Angelou said, *“When someone shows you who they are, believe them the first time.”* I was shown—more than once. The patterns existed, the behaviors showed up, the moments that should've made me pause were there. But my belief in myself and my situation wouldn't let me see what was right in front of me.

And yet, that's exactly what happened.

There was a moment I didn't understand at the time. A night that felt like nothing more than the beginning of something new. A woman walking through a door... and a feeling I couldn't explain, only experience. At the time, it was just a date.

Now... I know it was something else entirely.

To understand how these messages—my father's words, her story, the echo itself—were meant to land, we have to go back... **Back to the beginning... it was the Summer of June 2009.**

The story continues in Chapter Four, Part 2

Some moments don't feel important when they happen... until you realize they were the beginning of everything.



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