

## CHAPTER FIVE -PART 2

### The Sum Total – Echoes & Temporal Pattern of June

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It was Monday, June 8, 2009, in the second week of the month. At the time, I had no idea of the temporal pattern that would soon unfold—no way of knowing the hurricane of passion, joy, pain, apathy, and love about to sweep through my life, or that the experience I’m about to share would last more than a decade and a half.

It began with a date. My future wife—the mother of our child, and my twin flame—would walk into the Blue Bar and Restaurant on Church Street in White Plains. It was both the first and last time we’d ever eat there, not because the food was disappointing or the drinks were weak, but because that restaurant had one purpose: to be the beginning of our story. Well... that, and the fact it closed two years later.

She had all the energy in the world. Even before she appeared, I felt a surge of anticipation that made me rise from the stool where I’d been waiting. She’d called to say she was running late and asked, “Can you order me a drink?” I would learn years later that this was part of her early dating shtick—along with using a fake name—but that’s another story for another time.

When she walked through the double doors, she performed her classic “I see you” move: head down, turn to the side, a soft flick of long blonde hair (which was actually a hair clip-I would later learn), then the smile. She was captivating from the minute she entered. Before I knew it, she had slid onto the barstool beside me, leaned in, locked her deep blue eyes on mine, and offered that naughty-girl smile and giggle. I was done. That would be the last time she ever walked into a restaurant alone to meet a man she didn’t know—until what happens next.

Each moment I share from here on out carries significance: they later became the behaviors I learned to adopt as her past practices came full circle in my life.

My ex and I separated in April 2022. Had she got her way, I’d have moved out on her birthday, April 1, the same day she’d once asked her ex-husband to leave, just two months before she and I first met.

What were these events that caused me to realize her very first echo came from a place I believe was love? We speak of the higher self as that better part of our conscious mind, the soul spirit that travels across timelines. What if her higher self was warning me by telling the story of the boy and the serpent? There was no logical reason she’d randomly share that tale. What prompted her, in that moment, to say, “I must tell Michael this story”?

This was followed by a pattern I needed to recognize later. She shared that while still married to her ex-husband, she dated his best friend, a married state trooper, and, to make it even crazier, while dating him, the family hung out. He would frequent her Ex-Husband's restaurant. I recall her telling me, "What we did to that man was terrible." She was referring to her ex-husband at the time.

When we separated, I discovered she was having an affair while married to me as well. Her detailed disclosure of her past behavior—stories I never needed to hear—mattered because I saw the same pattern unfold in our marriage: she was having an affair with another married man.

One evening, while I was watching TV in the living room, she walked into the house after what was supposed to be a work day, but it was actually after returning home from seeing him—who I later realized was a redheaded doctor from Georgia who had two small children, a wife, and one on the way—she went straight to the bedroom, showered, then immediately tossed her clothes into the washer and dryer, and carefully placed that all too familiar blond hair clip into a hidden draw in her closet, as if I would not have seen it in her pocket.

That sneaking-in behavior mirrored a story she'd once told me about her stepsister, warning her to be careful when entering the house, as the tangled back of her hair would give away what she had been doing. Those earlier actions were clear indicators of infidelity with her ex-husband. What troubled me most was that she displayed this behavior not only in private, but in front of her children. I remember thinking, despite her clear actions, "there is just no way she is doing this again." When it was finally clear to me... I was gutted!! I was wrong, she would, and she did!!

Looking back, I ask myself: why did I accept it? Why did I allow it, when she'd been upfront about who she was from the start? The answer was my ego, convincing me it could never happen to me—until it did!!

Her higher self, in ways I didn't understand then, warned me about her true nature. Even the story her father told her—which she passed on to me—served as an early sign. Yet I chose not to listen.

Shortly after she told me those stories of dating while married, she revealed two more facts. I remember asking why she was sharing all this. She told me that in 1998 she'd danced at Rumours Café, a topless gentlemen's club in Stratford, Connecticut. In my mind, I questioned whether she sought to release guilt, or—now I see—if this was again her higher self, alerting me to signs I should have heeded.

Not until just before I moved out did, I discover a cache of pictures and videos on her phone—once made for me. She had made these videos for me when we were trying to have a baby, and I needed some inspiration before going to a clinic. Now they had been transferred to a

separate phone she'd purchased specifically for her affair. The images landed in the hands of the doctor from Georgia. These pictures and videos were the type you would only expect a professional dancer to be able to do. Once again, it occurred to me that I missed the echo when she told me about the dancing at the club. I never thought she would take something so personal for me and share it... once again, I was wrong.

When I finally realized she'd concocted a plan to get me out of the house on April 1—her birthday, the same day she'd asked her prior husband to leave—I recognized the irony.

The signs weren't hidden. Her behavior reflected her past. Song writers in Nashville write sad country songs all the time about how... "My wife done me wrong" and the warning signs of betrayal long before it happens. But I believed our love was different, that what we had could not be broken.

She asked me to move out so we could breathe, so we could heal. Seven years earlier, we lost our son to meningitis after seventeen months of life; he never even reached his second birthday. I believed her request was temporary, that time apart and professional help would bring us back to each other.

I should have listened more carefully to the words she was saying. One day, less than a year before she began her affair, I was working at the kitchen counter on my computer, she walked into the room and told me, **"Michael, I want you to go find a 38-year-old woman and start a new family."** At that very moment, I should have realized my wife was becoming psychotic. Who in the world tells their husband to go start a new family, or, for that matter, to start an affair unless they were making plans to do it themselves?

Was that her final echo to me? Was it her higher self pushing her to say this so I would realize "Hey, Mr. Smith, there is something wrong with your wife?"

That should have been the moment I recognized her soul was sending a warning. But I didn't see it that way. Instead, I later understood her request was simply a means to continue her behavior—the same practices the universe, and possibly her own higher self, had been warning me about. The message was clear: Your family needs help... And still, I didn't hear it.

Years before our separation, soon after we married and after our son was born, I learned that before our marriage, she'd communicated with an ex-boyfriend she'd promised was out of her life. The timing—just before we wed—raised the question I couldn't ignore: had she sought one last encounter before our commitment?

My twin flame, the woman destined to be my wife, wanted a child with me. Although I hesitated—each of us already had four children—I saw how much she longed for a son. She always said babies kept her grounded and present in a relationship. So, our son's conception before our wedding felt like a blessing. Yet the question lingered: why would I even consider such a betrayal? The answer remained: **Past practices are an indicator of future behavior.**

After our son was born and we married, I took him for a DNA test—and thankfully, he was mine. The reason I took that step traces back to something she'd shared long before we were ever husband and wife: that her oldest daughter wasn't her first husband's child, a secret neither her husband nor the child knew. But the real Father later did!! At the time, that information felt unnecessary to my life, but in hindsight, it was anything but random.

These weren't isolated disclosures or careless admissions. They were early indicators of behavior that later manifested in my own marriage. They were messages—from the universe and from her higher self—placed before me long before I grasped their significance.

This is not the story of my ex-wife and the mother of my child. It is mine. What I share here is what she told me, what I experienced, and how I came to understand it. The truth is this: **“You don't ever truly know the person you married, until you divorce them”.**

This was a lesson I had to learn multiple times. As I continue to say the words of my father throughout this chapter, past practices are indicators of future behavior. Even after my father's passing, that echo never left me. It stayed with me, almost like a teacher standing in the classroom, saying, " *This will be on the test... remember it.* And I did remember... I even said those exact words to the woman who would become my wife, before we were ever married, in reference to something she had done to her ex-husband. Which makes it even harder to ignore now...

Because I realize, in this lifetime, the messages weren't sent for me to **simply hear them... They were sent for me to listen.**

Because like most people, I thought I was the exception. I thought what I had was different. That whatever had happened before me didn't apply to me...Until it did. BUT!! This time I heard the echo, and I realized what was about to unfold.

It was September 2023, and I tried to return to my house to collect my belongings and retrieve personal property, such as my golf bag, when I realized there might be an issue. You see that echo that said, " Pay Attention, landed like a hammer

When, through my attorney, we tried to make arrangements, we were told very clearly that we would not be allowed to return to the house, and that if we did... they would call the police.

This was a true moment of clarity as I thought through the woman's past practices, and behaviors when she feels the need to flex. ... I believed her, and new for certain that she would take action and here is why.

I recall the state police being called on her ex-husband while she and I were still married because he attempted to pick up his children without her permission. She contacted the State Police, and they, in fact, contacted him and gave him a warning!! I could not believe she did that!!

I remember thinking to myself, " Why in the world would you call the police and have them reach out to him and notify him that he was not allowed to do this? It just didn't make any sense to me. Yet this was another example of a message I was meant to understand and learn from.

Then, while recalling this memory and establishing my own concern about going to the house, it was a very clear memory for me, something she had told me earlier that this, too, was likely another echo from her. Keep in mind, a random thought without context is just someone telling a story. But a story with a purpose, especially one that you never need to hear. **Well, that's an echo.**

She shared with me that the true father of her daughter, who was Albanian, attempted to see her at her mother's house when he discovered that she was pregnant. As you can imagine, and as you know from the early passages, he was not aware until it was close to the time for her delivery that she was pregnant with his child, as she had told her ex-husband that he was the father.

And of course, being the type of man, he was, with that strong European background, he believed it was his role and responsibility to see and raise the child, but she did not want to see him and stayed hidden in the house.

So, she had her mother contact the state police... and had him removed from the property and trespassed...

And as you can imagine, this was the moment of final clarity for me...I now understood that every message she had given me, every story she told me, was the foreshadowing of what was to become of me.

Nothing is random... it only feels that way until you begin to remember.

Because I had already seen the pattern in her past, I understood the possible outcome. And if I had gone back to collect my belongings, it likely would have ended the same way it did for the other two men in her life... especially given who I am and where I was living. What do you think would have happened? You already know. **"Signal -34"**.

Many months later, what we believed was a reconciliation—more in our minds than in reality—we ultimately ended the marriage in divorce.

Despite all that had taken place, I still believed that if we just held on, we could have made it... But it takes two to hold on.

One afternoon, after the divorce had been finalized, she called me to ask if I'd been awake the night before. I said no. She said she'd heard my voice calling her name in her room. In that moment, something shifted—not emotionally, but with a settled certainty. I didn't question what she'd heard or try to explain it away. I knew, without proof, that what she experienced was real.

It wasn't imagination or memory. It was me—or something connected to me beyond my present self—reaching for her. It was an echo: a warning sent forward to reach her before events fully unfolded.

At that time, I carried anger and shame—the weight of her deception and the affair with the married doctor in Georgia settled deeply in me. But within that weight, there was clarity: an awareness that doesn't arise from emotion, but from recognition. That voice she heard was indeed my higher self-trying to interrupt her path, to show her the implications of what was already in motion—a timeline, an echo, a pattern not yet realized.

It was not about her past betrayals. It was about the ones that were yet to come—a warning to her to stop the continuation of the manipulation and deception, because the consequences and the actions that follow would change her life.

Sadly... she did not.

And now, as I write this, I can't help but wonder...

Is this chapter the warning itself?

There are moments in life that seem isolated when they happen. A date, a meeting, a decision, a loss. At the time, they feel like single events, standing alone, disconnected from anything else. We move through them without questioning whether they belong to something larger, something already in motion long before we understood it. But they are not isolated.

What I have come to understand is that life does not move in a straight line. It moves in patterns, and those patterns are often anchored in time. A temporal pattern is not something you recognize in the moment. In the moment, you are too close. You are inside the experience, reacting, feeling, living. There is no distance to see anything beyond what is directly in front of you, your desire, your wish, and your mistakes. And yet we don't even understand all that we see and hear.

Recognition comes later when we begin to remember...

It comes when you step back and begin to look across the timeline of your own life. And as you do, something begins to align. Moments that once felt separate start to connect. Dates that once felt ordinary begin to

carry weight. What once looked random begins to feel structured. Not imagined. Not forced. Structured.

As I have said...I don't believe in coincidences.

For me, that structure revealed itself in the same place and at the same time, over and over again.

It was Monday, June 8, 2009, as I shared earlier in this story, it was our first date. At the time, it was just a date. Nothing more than a beginning, a moment that felt important, but not yet significant in the way it would later become.

Four years later, on June 8, 2013, we were married. The same date, now carrying a different weight. What began as a possibility became a commitment, a life we chose to build together, anchored again in that same space in time.

And then, on June 8, 2015, my son Michael Gunther, aka Gunner, transitioned back into the Universe, home.

The same date. The same point on the calendar.

A beginning. A commitment. A loss... all returning to the same place.

At the time, I did not see it. I could not see it. These events were lived independently of one another, each carrying its own meaning, its own emotion, its own reality. There was no reason to believe they were connected... until there was.

Until I stepped back and looked at the timeline as a whole.

That is when the pattern became visible. That is when the idea of coincidence began to fall apart. Because coincidence suggests randomness. It suggests that events happen without connection, without intention, without structure.

But this was not random.

This was a pattern.

A temporal pattern.

The same date holding different chapters of my life, returning again and again, each time carrying something that would shape who I became.

And while not every year shared the same alignment of days, the date itself never moved. It remained fixed... returning with purpose, carrying each moment back to the same place in time.

And then something else revealed itself.

The years 2009, 2015, and 2026 share the exact same calendar structure. The same alignment of days. The same positioning of weeks. Which

means that the second week of June returns in 2026 exactly as it existed in the years that marked the most significant moments of my life.

And within that returning pattern lies another moment.

Monday, June 8, 2026.

A date that has not yet been lived but already carries meaning.

I've come to understand that this will be the day I release Gunner's ashes. And I believe it will also be the day I release this book.

The same date. The same place in time.

A beginning. A commitment. A loss. And now... a release.

The pattern does not explain itself. It does not need to. It simply exists. And once it is seen, it cannot be unseen.

This is what a temporal pattern reveals. Not just that events repeat, but that life has a way of returning you to the same place until something within you changes, until understanding catches up with experience, until recognition finally arrives.

Nothing is random... it only feels that way until you begin to remember.

This is not about predicting what will happen next. It is about recognizing what has already happened and understanding that the pattern itself carries meaning. That meaning is not forced. It is not assigned. It is realized.

The pattern was always there. The dates were always there. The events had already happened. The echoes had already been spoken. I just didn't know how to see them yet... now I do.

They're markers... they're reminders placed in time... points your life returns to, not by accident, but by design. Moments that carry meaning beyond what you understood when you first lived them.

You don't recognize them when they happen. You only see them when you step back and begin to remember. When you connect them. When you realize that what you thought were separate events were never separate at all.

That's when it shifts. That's when coincidence falls apart. Because these markers are not there to predict your future... they're there to help you recognize your path.

And that changes everything!!

We don't always recognize a sign, the echoes, the markers placed in time when they arrive. Sometimes they come disguised as a casual story, told carelessly at an odd moment, or a random number that repeats itself. You hear it, see it registered, and move on, thinking it's just a conversation, a sign on the bus, or people who share the same birthday. But they persist. They wait, purposefully, beneath the surface until

something in your life aligns with them. Then—months or years later—a decision repeats a pattern, and the story returns with newfound clarity. You finally understand it was never random but placed there to prepare you.

We dismiss these moments more than we admit. We convince ourselves that they don't apply, reshape them into a reality that's easier to swallow. We choose what feels right over what was shown and step directly into what we'd been warned about.

The echo or temporal sign does not demand attention, force action, or announce urgency. It simply exists, ringing quietly and consistently from beyond the present moment, from a place that knows what's coming before you do. Is it the movement that we are remembering these messages by, or is it there to control your path rather than to prepare you for it? The question is never whether the message was sent, but whether we recognized it for what it was.

The actor and producer **Denzel Washington** once said, "*Never confuse movement with progress.*" Movement can feel like growth—forward motion simply because time passes. Progress, however, requires awareness, honesty, and the willingness to pause long enough to see that what you're experiencing isn't new, but familiar. Just because we move forward doesn't mean we're evolving. Remaining doesn't mean we're building something stronger. Ignoring what was shown doesn't mean it was never real.

The messages were always there—in the stories, in the moments that felt unnecessary, in the details that didn't belong but were offered anyhow. It was in the words out of place, in the subtle truths easy to overlook because they didn't align with our preferred reality. It waited for the moment we'd become still enough, honest enough, and aware enough to finally see it for what it was.

In the end, truth arrives not through complexity but through simplicity. The boy asked the serpent, "Why did you bite me?" and the serpent replied, "*You knew what I was when you picked me up.*" Maybe that's the lesson here: not blame, judgment, or regret, but the quiet understanding that the message was never hidden. It was given, shown, and somewhere within us we recognized it—even if we chose not to act on it.

That is where real truth lives: not in what we were told, but in what we did with it. Had I understood then what I understood now and seen the message as delivered rather than how I wanted it to be, I would have chosen differently. Would I listen more clearly now, rather than just hear what I wanted to? Not out of fear or anger, but out of awareness and remembering.

Now, when something feels out of place, when a story arrives that doesn't belong, when a moment carries an inexplicable weight, I don't move past it or reshape it into comfort.

I stop. I listen. I allow it to be what it is. Because I've lived the other side of that choice, and I no longer confuse movement with progress.

*"I have seen the future. I have walked this path. And now...*

*I choose differently."*