

ENOCH AND THE BOOK OF COINCIDENCES II:

Promise

By Howard Michael Riell

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Prologue

No, I can't explain it.

Unless, of course, it's exactly what it appears to be.

But my job, at least for now, isn't to explain. Just to report.

By April 1988, "Rosalyn" and I (and to a lesser degree our friends Teresa, Michele, Sue and Raymond) had become grizzled veterans of otherworldly communication and seemingly miraculous coincidences. We had learned to take it all in stride, however, even to laugh about it. As I used to joke to Rosalyn, "Your friendly neighborhood *mes-siah for hire*, at your service!" and "For my first miracle, I will levitate the World Trade Center – both towers!"

C'mon, how could anyone possibly believe this stuff?

And how could we not?

Of course it was impossible. But we had seen the impossible happen. In fact, we were seeing it all the time.

Time was passing, and we were now about two years into the phenomenon. Rosalyn and I had learned to meld this secret part of our selves into our everyday routines, and these miraculous events were becoming almost – I hesitate to use the word -- routine.

As for myself, I was slowly becoming sensitive to far subtler coincidences than ever before. In fact, it was probably around this time that the sheer volume of coincidences began to weary me, and I actually stopped writing down every single one I came across.

I was also beginning a slow transformation into a new Howard Riell -- one who still lived in the real world, to be sure, but had glimpsed a far greater reality, and begun to incorporate an awareness of God and the faintest, nascent stirrings of religious observance into his life.

As you are about to see for yourselves, throughout this third book in the Enoch series the coincidences and com-

munication showed no sign of abating; in fact, their pace was quickening. Rosalyn and I were now getting together nearly every evening (obviously, not all of the sessions that I recorded are included in this or the other volumes), and the messages pouring in served only to turn up the volume on the themes that had kept us reeling for two years now. The return of direct communication from God -- the Old Testament God of Israel. The reunification of Judaism and Christianity in order to battle the gathering forces of darkness. The imminent arrival of the cataclysmic End of Days, and of the long-awaited messiah.

They were voices from beyond, these messages, bearing prophecies and predictions that held the promise of divine splendor, of grandeur, majesty and redemption.

The promise of ultimate justice, and of mercy, and of right finally triumphing over wrong.

The promise of validation, of spectacular notoriety, of a flowering of the human heart.

The promise of even more incredible revelations ahead, and of ecstatic communion with the Creator of all; of every wish fulfilled, and the imminent arrival of an era long hoped for but ever elusive throughout mankind's long, painful march down the road of history.

The key word threading through all of this, in case you weren't paying attention -- and in retrospect, I myself was not -- being *promise*.

To Teresa, Michele, Sue and Raymond.
Thank you all for holding my hand and helping light my
way.

"And the angel who talked with me said to me, 'Proclaim, saying: Thus says the Lord of Hosts; I am zealous for Jerusalem and for Zion with a great zeal. And I am very much displeased with the nations that are at ease; for I was only a little angry, and they furthered the affliction. Therefore thus says the Lord: I have returned to Jerusalem with mercies; My house shall be rebuilt in it, says the Lord of Hosts, and a measuring line shall be stretched over Jerusalem.' Proclaim further saying, 'Thus says the Lord of Hosts; My cities shall again overflow with prosperity; and the Lord shall yet comfort Zion, and shall yet choose Jerusalem.'"

(Zechariah 1:14-17)

“Why do you make him labor so?”

Thursday, April 14, 1988

My friend 'Rosalyn' doing automatic writing alone in her home.

Where are your goals? Numbers. Leviticus.

Speak to me, child. Oh, daughter, you are favored. Why do you make him (meaning me) labor so? You are beginning to make me think freedom of choice should be discarded. Do not toss all aside now. The one who has enhanced and brought forward your prophesying and insight is at thresholds of expanse. Shall you abandon him when he will seek your counsel most? He is red glow of energy. High exultation surrounds him these foredays (sic). Be where he needs you. Important you are close during this period. Leave all earthbound anxieties behind you when you realign in white. Try, R, to have complete white as does he. All must be clear path through both your hearts and minds. We do not wish any hindrances. Also have clear water before your candles. R, you can pray and do so before you begin. Then share in prayer with H.

Howard, clear your mind when beside her next. Open to the (apex?) of the vibrations you have been feeling. Trust your penned words will not be placed aside. Strong love and anticipation surrounds you both. Be very spontaneous when next joined and receive His messages. Shabbas.

“You are receiving gift.”

Friday night, April 15, 1988

Rosalyn and me at my apartment.

We each lit Shabbas candles and I said kiddush, the blessing over a cup of wine. It wasn't long after dinner that she began to go off.

I faced a new dilemma: I had begun to moderately observe the Sabbath – a revolutionary step for me – and now had to decide whether or not to take notes. On the one hand, I had learned that it is not permitted to write on Shabbas; it is considered a forbidden labor. On the other hand, the idea of not recording a message from, well, out there, was all but unthinkable. I sighed and picked up the pen, and waited for Rosalyn to begin speaking. It soon became apparent that my apprehension had been noted by our visitor.

“... You are receiving gift. You are not laboring. You are recording what needs to be recalled. For although you have been a part of other Sabbath, you are beginning a new tradition within your walls (by lighting candles and making kiddush), and you have done great service by allowing others to share. You have begun the step which is one which she must take. You have brought abundant blessings to your own home. You have brought holy holies, for simplicity does not display true reverence. Your intentions and your participation, which shows effort, is looked upon more favorably than those who put on good display. It is what is felt within your soul, and you, Hanoch (my Hebrew name, the anglicized form of which is Enoch) must also know there is another person at your side who an aura of her Jewish (?) grows. She shall not completely realize who is being feelled (sic) for she is still apprehensive, but allowing the opening. You have great purpose, and you have much ardent prayers. Never doubt how much they are listened to. I want you to absorb what is completely flowing through you.

“Hanoch: I have to tell you this Sabbath brings me close. It has surely done so. I feel great joy to speak with you on this occasion. The vibration is truly risen. It stems from the love that flows from each of you, and although you

hold the chosen beliefs, her respect and her inner beliefs are felt.

“No one wishes to associate with any so-called phenomenon which they feel is based religiously. (I guessed this was a reference to a rejection letter I had received about my first Enoch book, which I’ll describe in detail shortly.) You are showing your God. You are showing, as she says, Lord. You are showing a union people feel (should) never be.

“I do not know whom that opening will be. I know only one is behind scenes. One will see between those words. One will have courage to come forward. Do you not understand? These other books, they are not so deeply set.

“Do not disregard the strength that is behind the words you have put together. It is too much for these (publishers) when they read. They do not believe people would believe what is there. They want simply ‘crazes,’ as you would say. I shall be around you coming days. (The angel) Raziel shall also be felt.”

Rosalyn began to see “four little spinning wheels. It’s as if there are some kind of spokes coming out. They’re inside of that other circle.” I thought of the vision of Ezekiel’s Chariot, which was said to have had “wheels within wheels.”

The four wheels, Rosalyn explained, were “at the bottom of something, but it’s very intricate. They’re within the other circle. It’s very colorful, but I can’t tell you the colors. It’s hot.” She then surprised me by saying that our visitor had been none other than my namesake, the Biblical Enoch. “Howard, I’m positive. It was him.”

"It's doing battle with... you!"

Saturday, April 16, 1988

"Howard -- it's you that it wants!"

My eyes widened. I waited for Rosalyn to speak again.

"It's doing battle with... you!"

I sat back in my chair. This was the third session to-night. Rosalyn and I had left the gang at Michele's house and, instead of dropping her off at her house, I had brought her back to my apartment because we both sensed there were more messages to come. I glanced at my watch. It was 3:23 a.m. I recited the Shema, perhaps the most fundamental of Jewish prayers, and whatever it was that had frightened Rosalyn seemed to disappear.

Rosalyn drifted back into a trance, then kissed me on each cheek. "You... you.." she said, placing a finger on my chest, "...you had Michael. That's (why) it hadn't stayed... You were right. Howard, Michael was in your form... You remained alert. You chose correct step.

"Howard, if it would have passed you, would have had a hold. Angry. Not able to penetrate her sensitivity, but also could not penetrate your guard... You were Michael, for you were protector." There was no explanation as to what "it" had been.

Earlier in the evening, at Michele's house with Teresa, Michele and I tried our hands on the Ouija board. We got the letters AZ. I asked whether this was a sign that the angle Raziel was coming through. The message came: YES. I believe Rosalyn began to speak at this point.

"Blinding light is near... Listen to me intently. Michael was large part. He is protector. He comes out of flames. He will guard... Michael is from you. You are from Michael." This tied in with the whole connection between Enoch and the angels Michael and Metatron, all three of whom were supposedly one at some point (see my first book for a detailed explanation). "Enoch wrote much. You have been in his steps."

"You better ask again, we're not dead yet."

Sunday, April 17, 1988

About 11 a.m., an hour after Rosalyn left my apartment.

I finished davening with my tallis and tefillin when I sat on my bed to add my own personal prayers. I suddenly felt as if I were inside some sort of glass fish tank, a rectangle, in a dark place with daylight above me. I felt the emptiness of the container I was in. Then, through the glass, I could see a swarthy looking man whom I described in my notes as looking Arabic. He was sitting, resting on his left hand with one leg propped up. He looked at me, then pointed to me.

Next, I saw a store front, and in the window the figure of a woman in a black shroud. She was saying something that sounded like, 'Your mother.' When her shroud was lifted up I could see she was quite overweight, and wearing a black garter and panty hose.

These were clearly not people I wanted dropping in on me. I began to pray, asking God to destroy evil whenever it approaches His children. The woman immediately disappeared amidst what I can only describe as static. I heard a faint voice say, '... because your mother is such a pig,' and I prayed once more. Again, static. Through it, I heard a jocular-sounding voice say, 'You better ask again, we're not dead yet.' I did, and then sensed a wave of some sort overcoming whoever it was and more or less flushing them away.

I sensed that they were gone, and resumed my prayers.

“Better luck with your material somewhere else...”

Monday, April 18, 1988

Rosalyn, writing automatically:

Be open to receiving. The heat is a sign of your healing. You do not see yourself as others do. You do not understand the love others have for you. You radiate our light.

You are a magnet, and will begin to draw in those rightful to be brought to his attention. Your seal together will be strengthened. Your interaction will be greater. You shall perform acts and learn to overcome your insecurity. He shall be the driving and guiding force beside you, and shall lend the encouragement, for you are to be the keeper of his following. You will now begin to screen those who are to enter his mystical life. He is in preparedness, and shall be receiving messages and omens. His heat shall heal you and give you calmness to face what should be deflected from him as he shall always be your protector even when on pinnacle (throne). Do not turn, R, from what is catapulting. H will need your sincerity and vision. As his confidante, you will lend insight and interpretation to him, for he will be ensconced in depth in scripture and holy findings, and his visions will be intricate for he is drawing nigh to the oneness of light we wish him to stand. All is right and coming into proper play. Warn him, though, that as forces attempt to prevent you, he faces even more advanced foe for he is the vessel.

Rest, my child, for you have much to send into him, and he into you, by month's end. He will need to have your presence beside him to recount what is transmitting through him and you will be as a lightning rod, and he will understand all that seems inconsequential to you. Do not dismiss any contacts or seemingly off encounter. Relate all unto him.

Be ready to go to him no matter how suddenly, for he shall see into past and future, and you must recall and keep words.

Requests will be made to show your gifts. Be select, but have courage to face them together. You are now fine, and shall sleep with peace.

Also: I was reading over a rejection letter – one of the first – from a well-known publisher to whom I'd sent either a proposal or a manuscript of my first book, which would become *Enoch and the Book of Coincidences*. At least he didn't beat around the bush.

“I’m afraid that your book... isn’t for us. I’m a confirmed atheist and I specialize in exposing scams and frauds. There is no god; there are no gods and all of the money-making nonsense that has developed out of what we loosely call religion would best be discarded if civilization is to make any progress. Better luck with your material somewhere else...”

Other rejection letters – I was beginning to build a collection – were somewhat less heated. “Unfortunately, it is not appropriate for our list...,” or “We are sorry to say that your book does not fit into our present publishing program, but we are nevertheless grateful...,” or “Unfortunately, just yesterday our President and Publisher decided that we would not publish any “New Age” books – and that’s how this book would be classified. But best of luck with it...”

“You recognize people’s pain...”

Thursday, April 21, 1988

An impromptu get-together at Rosalyn’s with Teresa and Michele.

Someone – I’m guessing from my notes it was Rosalyn, but it could have been one of the other ladies – had a message for me. “You recognize people’s pain, Howard. You understand greatness of the pain...”

Rosalyn, now in a trance, crossed her wrists and held my and Michele’s hands to her cheeks, then kissed each. “You shall have fingers of light. You shall make your hands heal the infirm. The love and compassion in your heart will be felt by those you tend with your touch. Your fingers will heal the soul. Your words will touch deepest recesses of a man’s heart. Many will seek your healing. It will be spiritual more than physical. There is much light surrounding this table. There is light that will engulf this home.”

Later: “Howard, the link between you is strong. You are becoming higher vibration. You are feeling more intensity. You will discover the omens. This word has been given to

you before. You are astute at finding what seems trivial to others. All is placed within your path on purpose.

“You will understand when I say to you that there was something incomplete prior week. (But) interfering forces have been trying to penetrate. Have come upon a reflected shield. You have been instrumental in preventing something strong from reaching her (Rosalyn)... You will feel more light. You will also feel more advanced in your communing with Hashem. When you pray, you are with Him.”

What came next indicated that... I still and probably always will feel weird saying this ... it may well have been God Himself who was speaking to us:

“Sense there was incomplete foresight. I shall overlook. She (Rosalyn) is without covering (no shawl, as she had been instructed to wear during this sort of communication), and your is not proper (I was wearing a cap, not a yarmulke). I have cleansed this home, just by your presences and your calling upon Me and trust that the flow of My rays has reached within you, each of yours, into every room and every person abiding there.”

St. Michael's University

Saturday, April 23, 1988

The equation:

My initials: H.M.R

Howie-Hern/Michael-Mathew-Metatron/Riell-Rosalyn

The Kabbalah talks about three columns to the Tree of Life: left, the desire to receive, is the female. Right, the desire to give, is male. And the center column is the synthesis. Adam and Eve are pictured on either side. In the center is the fulfillment: the messiah? Lots of esoteric writings seemed to point in that direction. Was there a correlation?

Had an unsettling experience today. I was walking along the waterfront rocks in Manhattan Beach when I glanced up. Perhaps 50 yards away I spotted a large dog running briskly through the bushes in my direction.

In a flash, somehow, I knew – knew! – that it was intentionally heading for me.

My ‘Spidey sense’ went off like a fire alarm. Without thinking, I veered off the path and into the street, hurrying along, looking for objects I could pick up to help defend myself, and glancing behind me to see if the dog would take after me. Luckily, it didn’t.

As I strode quickly away, my adrenaline pumping, I tried to make sense of what had just happened. I have never been prone to panic attacks, but some gut instinct in me had sensed that something bad was about to happen. It wasn’t even close to rational, but it had sure been powerful.

Just then I glanced at the rear window of the car beside me. On it was a large sticker that read: ST. MICHAEL’S UNIVERSITY.

The symbolism, if that’s what it was, was obvious. Had my protector, the angel Michael, somehow warned me of an impending attack in time for me to get away? Had he somehow prevented the dog from following me? Or was I simply being foolish?

In any event, my spotting the name Michael just at that moment – especially in light of some of the experiences we’d been having recently, and all the talk of Michael serving as my protector -- certainly qualifies as a freak coincidence.

“I leave Me within both of you. I walk with you.”

Sunday, April 24, 1988

Back at my apartment with Rosalyn, talking about kabbalistic concepts like sparks of holiness and the Tree of Life. I had put some of it together with what we had learned, and thought I’d made some sense of the esoteric teachings. She began to fade, and before long said, “I’m seeing angels. Some have... trumpets, long ones. I feel as

if we're not on the earth. There's supposed to be a lot of people gathering..." She drifted off completely, then:

"You have climbed many steps. You have seen the steps before you. You are now at the third. You have found (?) of the mission. Many realizations come to pass.

"I have breathed into your souls. I have led your path. I have sent many to guide you, but trust to be placed that you would follow the truth. Interference is not allowed. The pureness of the soul from the beginning has sustained you. You have overcome many adversities. You have faced evil. You have experienced hardship. You have had sadness. You have both had heartbreak. Question why your lives followed the (steps) that they have. Know that you must love one another, and your union one.

"You have a knowledge. Has been twofold. You have achieved it through your own intelligence and insight, and you have reached it because you are ready to know. Have you not been led to the point where you have shared worshipping Me together? You have learned to discipline your lives. You must learn selflessness to the other. I demand complete attention. I will not have a split. You often mention how all comes from Me. Your partner does not understand how... darkness and those foes can possibly be allowed to exist from Me. She has doubts. She will not doubt you. She will doubt herself. Take hold and be sure you convince whole... You know protection has always (been) on all corners of you. But they know, as she has felt, that you are on the verge. Next step is union of all the knowledge and all that must be shared between you.

"The top step is full consummation. You... recognition expand unchallenged. Will take rightful place. By that step she shall be the same as you. On this I stand firm. You will be given your answer, My son. I shall tell you she is doubting, but it is correct. You will be filled with love. You will be filled with love to hold fast to one another, for will need to be complete. I have sent you much insight. You, My son, must teach her now. You must give direction. I come in with great cold light. I enter, but she is part of you. You have

reached your goals, and you have reached the end of puzzles through your own talent, through the insight that is instilled within you. It opens, it awakens.

“You have been pure souls from very start (as Adam and Eve?). You have entered difficult lives more purposefully. All have led you to this point. Both have felt destruction within your lives, and had one hurt deeply. This will make you stronger to fulfill one another. You, My son, will speak words. Your awareness of what has been set down will enhance you to understand what is sent through her. I tell you, you may call upon Me always. You may... this is a way of reaching you. You will find the right philanthropist. The connection will appear, and publishing will occur. Do not try; be patient. You have all the pieces forming the whole. Nothing will be falling out. Your human qualities have enhanced the superior spiritual beings that you are, and when you stand before the (Shabbas) candles you are standing as you both stood before Me at the beginning. You do not realize how important your observance was.

“You understand basis of your faith. She is feeling but not letting it completely surface. She is going on her trust in your faith. It is not easy. She has truly believed in another (Jesus). She is a daughter (of the Jewish People) and must accept where she (stands? stems from?).

“I leave Me within both of you. I walk with you. I live within you. I (?) that part of what is within you reaches up unto Me. It is too overpowering to all come forth at once. You have been (led?), yet gradually. That is why you have been given the mind to seek the answers, and she has been given the openness to receive the messages. You will have... but you understand why it must be completed that way. I await you before Me again. I am above you when you say your prayers. I, I circle your being. I tell you I listen to her no matter what form (Jewish or Christian prayers), but she must change. I need a formal prayer from her each morning. Give her one, My son. She must begin to be a daughter of Israel. She will begin to feel it when she speaks. Your hands are within My rays. Do not completely

disregard the feelings that flow through you. As she is telling you to open and feel, you will feel. You feel the light that is going to flow through you from the very top of your head to the bottom of your toes. When you carry My light you are carrying My message, and will overcome obstacles of any source.

“I need to relate unto you great many words. I am slowly withdrawing, for she is not physically capable at this time. You are strength. You are the one I have made from the beginning of time. Michael stands at your side. I leave a kiss of breath upon your head. Abba. Abba (‘father, father’ in Hebrew).” I recalled that Rosalyn had said “father” earlier in the evening.

“Read what has been given down to you, and do not permit her to cut off what heritage (she is) awaking to. If she should realize and absorb what her teachings are, the laws should be followed by her. When I look upon the two of you, there is one law.”

Suddenly Rosalyn jumped, and snapped groggily out of it.

“Howard,” she said softly. “I know..... God was here...”

Then she cried.

“All men shall once again revere God of Israel.”

Friday night, April 29, 1988

Rosalyn and me at my apartment, following candle lighting and Shabbas dinner. She began to go off.

“... as you embraced at the beginning, so too (at) present... You tenfold felt prayer... The two shall become one. From the beginning your souls reunited. So shall they journey.

“Your souls question if present mankind deserves what needs to be brought to this life. You need to feel the union

and you must bring the light forth into this life. Species is destroying itself... You will show light. You are the core. Reach deep into your recesses and you will feel what has been for all time.

“Reach and feel the heat that I will place within you. Feel yourself. Think. Question yourself. You will always know that you are right. You will always know that you have to stand where you shall stand.

“Know: all men shall heed your words. All men shall once again revere God of Israel. Know they have returned to claim the soil. All shall clear the land. It shall bear only for those who carry Me within them. Only those who respect their God.

‘I tell you: only one people shall claim. I tell you, what is at tip of her heart must engulf her. This is overwhelming at first. Your fingers are golden. Your touch has light. Your heat can heal. You return more to your beginning. Once you will realize, and see that first beginning.

“Just as you were both to blend then, there is (sic) many consequences to your union. You have much to accomplish. You have a divine goal. You shall work from within the core of the light. You shall feel it penetrate top of your head as you stand before your book of prayer... Prayerfulness is intertwined. Spiritual.... I have always guided. Pleased with self. Messages for your human sides have led you to who you should be with. You have followed your insights.

“Many who have been with you continue to send the energy through you, for you have both drawn much love unto you. It has been, and you will find it increasing. Many will be drawn to you. They will feel from you; not understand, but know that they shall have comfort and aid from you. You shall, at times, look within someone’s soul. You will feel another sharpness of what can truly be there. You will fulfill the key. You will be all things to some. You will find your answer. You will combine (books?). You reach even unto those who have gone before you. You reach their essence and you draw from their strength. You are the

preacher. You are a protector, and you are regent. You are the present. You are complete....

“You, too, shall also stand on the soil which is holy (at the time, I had not been to Israel since my one and only trip in 1983). The shadow of the mount will be behind you. Fools will reject. My lights were seen (the menorah in the Temple, which was always kept lit?). They burned brightly with respect. Your feelings were raised. Your prayers were felt. You have kept holy what was set down, and deserve to be visited upon since you are special. You are not superfluous. You are sincere. You are intense. You give with your heart. She gives with as much of it as possible, but it is brought out above what she can realize. It exuded throughout her entire being.

“You, My son, are responsible, for it is your soul which reaches out to her. You are praising in the form expected. Chosen are ye.”

Rosalyn began whimpering. “So many so afraid. Those who... it is not to hurt you that you see and feel this. It is to show that it must be prevented.” Apparently, she was reacting to something she’d just been shown. I asked her what it was.

“See how far the glow will extend. Not only the pure, not only those who are pure, but you must attempt to reach all. They have a choice. You must try... to look within their own beings. They will see you as the truth. It is much light. Warm light will descend upon you. I place (love? light?) within your heart.”

The message ended here. Once Rosalyn appeared to have recovered sufficiently, I asked again what she had seen.

“All those people, Howard,” she said finally. “It just seemed like hundreds and hundreds of people, just squished together. I was seeing the Holocaust. They were just standing, looking. Like, you can’t allow this to ever happen again. Just bodies, standing pressed against each other. I didn’t feel their pain; I was just seeing them.”

When I woke the next morning I remembered having dreamed of carrying a baby boy in my arms, and feeling great love for him. I sensed that my parents were there, asleep in another room. I left, went downstairs in an elevator, then changed my mind and returned. But the baby was gone.