

# **ENOCH AND THE INVENTORY OF MIRACLES**

*A Summary of the Major Coincidences  
In the Enoch Chronicles—and Conclusive  
Proof of the Existence of God!*

**By Howard Michael Riell,  
Author of the Enoch Chronicles**

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# CONTENTS

<b>Introduction</b> .....	1
<b><i>From Enoch and the Book of Coincidences</i></b> .....	11
<b><i>From Enoch and the Book of Coincidences II:</i></b>	
<b>Second Messiah</b> .....	91
<b><i>From Enoch and the Book of Coincidences III:</i></b>	
<b>Promise</b> .....	101
<b><i>From Enoch and the Book of Coincidences IV: Star</i></b>	
<b>and Cross</b> .....	115
<b><i>From Enoch and the Book of Coincidences V: Much</i></b>	
<b>Darkness Approaches</b> .....	131
<b><i>From Enoch and the Book of Coincidences VI:</i></b>	
<b>Suffering Servant</b> .....	187
<b><i>Beyond The Enoch Chronicles</i></b> .....	305



# INTRODUCTION

The American Heritage Dictionary defines “coincidence” as “a sequence of events that although accidental seems to have been planned or arranged.”

There is, of course, no such thing as coincidence in the sense that American Heritage understands the word.

Everything is intended, planned, programmed, set in place by God. Nothing is accidental, as they would have it. Nor do things merely “seem” to have been planned or arranged. They were.

More than two decades of experience have proved this to me. That’s why when I use the word coincidence I mean just the opposite of American Heritage: the alignment of names, places, times, events, etc. beyond any reasonable odds by definition shows a divine hand at work.

The ancients knew it. Religious traditions all across the world accept apparent coincidence as the will of ‘God,’ or ‘the Tao,’ or some other invisible Orderer of the universe.

The Bible is filled with apparent coincidences.

For example, the patriarch Jacob *just so happens* to decide to send his son, Joseph, in search of his brothers. Joseph, lost, *just so happens* to come across someone who knows his family... who *just so happens* to have seen his brothers before... and *just so happens* to know where they’re headed. (The sages, who also didn’t believe in mere happenstance, say the man was an angel because it is so clear he was the tool of a guiding Hand.) If Joseph had not found his brothers that day he would not have been thrown down into the pit, swept away by caravan to Egypt, tossed in jail, bunked with a couple of former palace heavyweights who had strange dreams and needed them interpreted (by coincidence, Joseph’s specialty), dragged before the king, named the second most powerful leader in

## Howard Michael Riell

Egypt, happen to spot his brothers among the thousands of people pouring into Egypt for food, get his family settled in Egypt only to see them eventually forced into slavery so that they could be taken out more than two centuries later by the miraculous hand of God and forged into a nation, God's Chosen People, at the foot of Mt. Sinai.

The holiday of Purim is also built upon coincidences. King Ahasuerus (approximately 357 BCE) *just so happens* to find fault with and replace his suddenly rebellious queen, Vashti, in time for Esther to come along and *just so happen* to be selected among thousands of women to be the new king at the same time her uncle, Mordechai, *just so happens* to be in the right place at the right time to overhear a couple of palace guards plotting the king's murder, earning the king's gratitude. Even as the evil Haman is going forward with his plan to annihilate the Jewish People, King Ahasuerus *just so happens* to be unable sleep and *just so happens* to decide to go through his book of favors owed and find that Mordechai *just so happens* to be the top name on the list. Later, the king *just so happens* to walk into a room at precisely the moment Haman *just so happen* to stumble onto the couch on which Esther sits, leading to his execution.

To top it all off, God's name is never mentioned in the Purim story, highlighting the fact that God acts covertly, behind the scenes—like an eternal Chess Master, planning His moves and ours on into infinity. Masters of the mystical art of *gematria* (finding correlations through numerical values of the Hebrew letters) know this truth at an even deeper level, and now, in our age of computers, so do people across the world who have studied the Bible codes.

Every event is a link in a chain. A thread in the tapestry of all our lives.

Coincidences often make us smile, but seldom bring with them any real meaning. For example, Mark Twain was born in 1835 on the day Halley's comet appeared. He died

## **Enoch and the Inventory of Miracles**

in 1910, the day the comet reappeared. Okay, fine. But..... so?

But what if a meaning did become discernible? What if a second coincidence occurred that link up with, shed light upon the first? And then a third? And a fourth? And a fifth. Then dozens, and eventually hundreds. What would you think then?

Welcome to the Enoch phenomenon.

As you already know if you've read my six-volume Enoch series—Enoch and the Book of Coincidences, Enoch and the Book of Coincidences II: Second Messiah, Enoch and the Book of Coincidences III: Promise, Enoch and the Book of Coincidences IV: Star and Cross, Enoch and the Book of Coincidences V: Much Darkness Approaches, and Enoch and the Book of Coincidences VI: Suffering Servant—I am a veteran journalist who since 1986 has been part of a small group of friends involved in an ongoing series of supernatural and decidedly religious events that can only be viewed as part of the classical prophetic experience.

It started with channeled messages and went on to include ecstatic religious visions, accurate predictions of future events, hundreds of jaw-dropping coincidences and communication with a variety of disincarnate consciousnesses including, if it is to be believed, Moses' brother Aaron and disciple Joshua, Jesus, philosopher Philo of Alexandria, the angels Michael, Raziel and Metatron... and God Himself.

The messages and coincidences that my friends and I have received and observed outline several over-arching themes that these entities have endeavored to communicate to us.

God exists, and is involved in human events.

The Torah is, indeed, a Divine document.

The Jews are, indeed, His Chosen People.

## Howard Michael Riell

A time of apocalyptic destruction—for all intents and purposes Armageddon—is almost upon us.

And that Christians must let go of their belief in a divine Jesus and reunite with Judaism under the banner of the God of Israel.

Among the staggering real-life coincidences that became the foundation of the phenomenon:

- Channeled messages containing detailed information that none of those involved possessed.

- A question asked and answered ingeniously in Hebrew, a language neither I nor my friends speak.

- Correlations between these messages and obscure, millennia-old Jewish mystical texts and legends.

- Independent verification of these messages by psychics who'd never met or heard of me or my friends.

- The realization that the very name with which I was born is intricately linked to the entities and messages coming across the board.

- A picture drawn by one woman of a second woman's mental image—before she ever described it

- My own uncanny facial resemblance to a portrait of ancient Jewish philosopher Philo of Alexandria, one of those who allegedly contacted me and my friends through a Ouija board.

This is not the feather-headed stuff of crystals, pyramid power, Kabbalah water and Elvis sightings. It is a phenomenon that has been recorded throughout the centuries, and that resembles nothing so much as divine contact as recorded in the Bible—the classical prophetic experience.

It has been meticulously chronicled by a professional journalist for more than two decades, and just so happens to carry the same far-reaching themes as those conveyed by the Biblical prophets. And to prove that the messages are real, they have been confirmed, stamped if you will, registered for authenticity by God Himself with a signet ring that only He can possess.

## Enoch and the Inventory of Miracles

Fate. Destiny.

Coincidence.

These clearly coordinated and often overlapping coincidences are the very fingerprint left from His infinitely subtle pre-programming of events into the very fabric of reality in order to accomplish several things at the same time: prove His involvement in real world events, guide me along a specific spiritual path, and reassure me—as I survived test after test after grueling test for more than two decades—that He had never abandoned me.

As novelist Emma Bull once noted, "Coincidence is the word we use when we can't see the levers and pulleys."

As in the Purim story, overt signs are not the way He has chosen to operate. As He communicated to my friend "Rosalyn" and me back on Friday night, January 20, 1989: "When you reach to these people they will love you more because they will believe in you. They will believe that you know what it is like to feel as they do. There cannot be any pomp. There cannot be God's hand reaching down out of the heavens."

As Albert Einstein once famously remarked, "Coincidence is God's way of remaining anonymous."

Over more than two decades, nothing that we have gotten or experienced has ever contradicted the Torah or *halacha*, Jewish law. Indeed, the incredible consistency of the messages—again, coming through a group of friends, almost all Christian, who knew virtually nothing about Judaism or Jewish history or mysticism—is another of the things that convinces me of the veracity of these events. And the reason that, as a direct result of them, I was transformed from an agnostic to a practicing, Torah-observant Orthodox Jew, which I remain to this day.

My "inventory of miracles" is culled from the Enoch chronicles. Each is, if you will, a dot to be connected to others, a supernatural breadcrumb trail that had led inexorably to this moment—to you, reading this book right now,

## **Howard Michael Riell**

and being confronted, maybe for the first time in your life, with the ultimate truth.

Many years ago I invited those who would eventually read Enoch and the Book of Coincidences to “now, read the book.” I do so once again.

It should become clear as you read that, unless my friends and I are insane and/or liars (we’re not, by the way), there *really is* a God. He *really is* involved in world events on a macro scale and, even more importantly, on a micro scale, individually, in each and every one of our lives. That He loves and wants the best for us—we truly are, after all, His children—despite the horrors we see so often in this world. And that He has chosen to “return” at this time and call upon all of us to take a fateful step in His direction.

Read.

And marvel.

# **ENOCH AND THE INVENTORY OF MIRACLES**



“No testimony is sufficient to establish a miracle, unless... its falsehood would be more miraculous than the fact which it endeavors to establish.”

**David Hume, Of Miracles**



***From* ENOCH AND THE  
BOOK OF COINCIDENCES**



# Finding the Path

## **From the Enoch Chronicles**

In March of 1986 I asked my old friend Maxine to join me at the Pineapple Fitness Center in lower Manhattan for a past-life hypnotic regression class.

## **Reflections**

The story of how I came to be going to the Pineapple Fitness Center in the first place is an interesting one, built on long odds. I rarely went clothes shopping at all, let alone to stores Greenwich Village, but on this particular day I decided to do just that. On the way out of the store I noticed a box by the door with contest slips: fill one out, drop it in the box and you could win a health club membership. I almost walked passed it because, c'mon, who ever wins these things? But I stopped despite myself, filled one out and dropped it in. I was more a little surprised when I got a postcard in the mail a couple of weeks later telling me I'd won the membership. Of course, I only went down to the health club a couple of times because it was a bit of a schlep down to Houston Street and, besides, at the end of a full day of work I was tired. But on one of those visits I happened to pass a long table filled with fliers. My eyes rested on the one for the past-life hypnotic regression class and, despite the fact that I thought it was at least mildly loopy, took one with me. The rest, as they say, is history.

**Howard Michael Riell**

## **Meeting the Gang**

### **From the Enoch Chronicles**

It was this that, weeks later, spurred me to call a psychic named "Margaret," the friend of a girl I was seeing.

### **Reflections**

Thanks to my experience at the hypnotic regression class, I was more interested in the supernatural than I would otherwise have been when a girl named Cindy that I met at the paddleball courts and started dating told me she had a friend, "Margaret," who was a psychic, and who gave a weekly class in the paranormal in neighboring Sheephead Bay. I was still sufficiently bummed out over losing Andrea that I wanted to know what, if any, meaning there had been to our relationship. I almost certainly would not have had the nerve to attend the class that very first Friday night unless my friend Maxine had agreed to accompany me. Maxine came to a few classes, I believe, before deciding her interest lied elsewhere. I was faced with a choice: go back without her, or stop. Somehow I mustered up the courage to go back, figuring I'd give it one more week to capture my interest. Obviously, it did. I even continued after I stopped dating Cindy.

## **Sensing Andrea...**

### **From the Enoch Chronicles**

I had, on Margaret's instructions, brought an item to be psychometrized—that is, to be held by the others, who would attempt to pick up on its vibrations and tell me what they saw, heard or felt. I brought, you guessed it, a photo of Andrea. It was Michelle who took the envelope and began to concentrate. Among the things she told me: "A flame... sentimental feeling ... warm... don't leave me... please release me... good memories that make you sad." I looked at Maxine, who knew what was in the envelope. Neither of us smiled.

### **Reflections**

Michele's sense of what was inside the envelope (Andrea, for those unfamiliar with the sad tale, had broken my heart into tiny pieces in 1980) was right on. I remained cynical, of course, and would for some time. But here, at the outset, I had been impressed.

## **... and Describing Irv**

### **From the Enoch Chronicles**

... this time armed with a picture of my late friend Irving Schloss. Irving had passed away in January at the age of 67. Since the time we'd met in 1981 he had become a kind of good friend and mentor. A medic in World War II, Irv had helped liberate the concentration camp at Buchenwald and for many years ran a civilian observation patrol in my community of Brighton Beach along with his wife, Lee. I would visit the Schloss home, which doubled as the patrol's headquarters, nearly every day, beguiled for hours on end with stories about almost anything you could imagine. Irv would reminisce, pontificate, lecture and laugh, and I would sit happily, hour after hour, month after month, soaking it all up.

In a way I was the only one Irv could really open up to. He was a loner who had spent much of his life fighting the corrupt establishment, first as a union organizer, then as a community activist in Brighton, a hotbed of petty small-time politicians. Injured in the war, he had spent years in the V.A. hospital, living in near constant pain. When he died I cried real tears for perhaps the first time since losing Andrea.

'Margaret' our teacher took the envelope. "He was a loner," she said. "He wasn't understood by many people. There was a lot to learn from him if you listened. You lifted a lot of loneliness from him. He's at peace now. I'm hearing, 'Don't ask me to come back.' He lost someone at an early age, and it had an impact on him (that was true: his well-to-do father had left his family alone to starve). There was a lot of disappointment in his life. In some ways he was a lot like you. The two of you had a lot in common. He left a lot unfinished. He wasn't happy with the way some things were going at the end."

## **Enoch and the Inventory of Miracles**

Correct again. We were very much alike. He called me the son he'd never had. And if there was one thing that punctuated his life it was, more than anything else, disappointment. A lot was left undone when he died.

### **Reflections**

Same thing as with Michele's insights about Andrea. No one in the room could have known what was inside the envelope—photo, poem, parking tickets, etc. But Margaret accurately touched on several specifics about Irv's life.