

**ENOCH AND THE INVENTORY
OF MIRACLES:
VOLUME TWO**

By Howard Michael Riell

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Also by Howard Michael Riell

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

Enoch and the Book of Coincidences VI: Suffering Servant

Enoch and the Inventory of Miracles

Enoch, Israel and America

Enoch and the Price of Power

Enoch and the Book of Comfort

Enoch and 'Those You Have Loved, And Who Love You No More'

Enoch and War

Enoch and the Dark World

*

Riell Truth: Stay Angry!

The Merciful Rebuke Satan: The Short Stories and Searing Vision of Howard Riell

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INTRODUCTION

I published the first volume of *Enoch and the Inventory of Miracles* in 2008 intending it to be exactly that: an inventory, a basic listing of the *major*—but far from *all*—coincidences in what has come to be known as the Enoch phenomenon.

Major? The most staggering. The most jaw-dropping. The ones that over the years have made people otherwise unfamiliar with the phenomenon go, “*Get outta here. I don’t believe it. Holy crap! Can’t be!*”

Except they *can* be.

Rabbi Avigdor Miller, *zt”l*, wrote that the main job of a Jew is to testify. These coincidences do, indeed, testify—that God exists, that He is involved in every moment of our lives, and in our history. That the Torah is His revealed word. That the Jews are His Chosen People, that Israel is their land, and that He directs absolutely everything that occurs in the universe.

The coincidences prove it.

Their sheer volume over the course of nearly three decades, as well as their quality—some subtle and delicately nuanced, hardly noticeable, others a resounding whack in the head—prove that there is intention behind them. They are all consonant with the voluminous messages that Rosalyn and I have received; all follow the same pattern, point in the same direction, tell the same story.

These coincidences, as I’ve written before, are truly the essence of the Enoch experience. Any *one* of them could, by itself, change a person’s life by making it obvious that there is a guiding Hand.

I’ll conclude with a quote from David Hume with which I opened my first book, *Enoch and the Book of Coincidences*. It remains, after all these years, the

most concise and best summary of the inventory of miracles known as the Enoch Chronicles:

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

From... Enoch and the Price of Power

Riell Truth
Sunday, August 24, 2008

This coincidence was unmistakable.

After much deliberation, I'd decided that my next book was going to address what was becoming increasingly clear: the fact that so much of what has been driving societal changes for decades or longer has been coming from unseen forces of which few people, if any, were aware. In crass terms, I would address so-called conspiracy theories about the murky, unseen powers intent, apparently, on erecting one world government.

I'd been asked to fill in for a friend as host of his one-hour radio show called *Today's Environment*. I was in my second week of hosting the show, I believe, when the station manager asked if I'd ever thought of doing my own show. I confessed that I hadn't. He offered to make air time available for me if I was interested. He added that he would like the show to be about "conspiracies and the new world order."

O..... kay.

I called the show *Riell Truth*.

Crossing the Rubicon
Tuesday, September 16, 2008

A brand-spanking new coincidence, only a minute old as I write this:

I was just out in my backyard reading Patrick Buchanan's *Where the Right Went Wrong*, when I came upon his statement (page 2) that "the Roman republic began to die the day that Caesar's legions crossed the Rubicon to make him dictator of Rome."

Ah, I thought, I've been hearing this phrase "crossing the Rubicon" a lot lately but I never knew exactly what it meant. Now I do.

Two minutes later I walked across the street to get my mail and a book I'd ordered had just arrived: *Crossing the Rubicon*, by Michael C. Ruppert.

A Chamber Under the Holy of Holies **Tuesday, September 23, 2008**

Another coincidence: this morning I'd sent an email to author Graham Hancock, whose books (*The Sign and the Seal*, *Fingerprints of the Gods*) I've mentioned in earlier Enoch volumes. In my email, I recounted a conversation I'd had while pitching a story idea to a magazine editor back around 1991. I wrote:

I have a funny, old personal story about this. I read Sign and the Seal, then pitched an article idea, an interview with you, to a religious magazine. "But Maimonides says the Ark is underneath the Temple Mount," I was told. "Yes, but maybe he was wrong," I countered. The editor's response: a chuckle, followed by, "Well, we don't believe that." End of discussion. No article.

I sent that email this morning.

This afternoon I was reading ArtScroll's *Daily Dose of Torah* for this week's parsha, *Nitzavim*, and found a reference to a passage in the Talmud in the name of R. Yehudah ben Lakish to the effect that "the Ark was not taken into exile, but was hidden in a chamber under the Holy of Holies itself."

In other words, the exact same legend I'd mentioned to Hancock only hours earlier.

Twin Towers **Early October, 2008**

I'd been reading and thinking about and discussing the so-called 9/11 conspiracy for weeks.

On my radio show, I've had three guests on in the space of two weeks to talk about it: Jim Marrs; Paul

Zarembka, the editor of *The Hidden History of 9-11*, just 11 days later; and Michael Berger of 911Truth.org the following day. Only a couple of days earlier I had received a review copy of a book called *The New Pearl Harbor Revisited* from a future guest, David Ray Griffin. I'd even placed a photograph of the two towers on my computer screen as its background.

The cover of Griffin's book, in black and somber grays, shows a long-range view of the Twin Towers. They sit inside a darkened box for highlight and, together with the rest of the cover's hues, appear silver, and almost to shimmer at the water's edge. Go online and take a look at the cover for yourself.

Anyway, I walked out to my car for some reason and something caught my eye. There, on the driver's side rear window, were two perfectly straight, light streaks, each a nearly perfectly formed rectangle, but standing straight up. It occurred to me that they looked just like... *the Twin Towers*, especially the way they look on the cover of the book I'd just received, whose author I was going to interview. The two shapes even have crowns, or toppers of some sort, just like the WTC towers.

I snapped some photos, as you can see. How the two streaks got on my window I have no idea.

When I brought my wife out to look at them she pointed out something else I hadn't seen—a *second* pair of whitish 'towers' at the far end of the window.

Was this some sort of sign? Another 'wink' of a coincidence?

And if so, why *two* sets of Twin Towers shapes? Was it to show that the victims, so to speak, die a second death as long as their true murderers remain free? To represent my wife's acceptance of this phenomenon? As a way of representing both the official story and a truer version? Or, in line with what I saw on July 10th, that the Twin Towers existed in both the physical and spiritual realms, and that only one is open to destruction?

All of the above?

Believe me, I'm the first person to mock the by-now-cliché stories of pictures of Jesus on a slice of toast, or a water stain in some gas station men's room that resembles the Virgin Mary.

But the fact remains that such coincidences have been a standard part of this entire experience.

And I had just received Griffin's book.

And the World Trade Center has been in my mind quite a bit.

And these two sets of streaks do, I have to admit, look an awful lot like the Twin Towers.

Make of it what you will.

The River Gihon

Saturday night, November 1, 2008

Amazing find!

I was reading the *Zohar* (volume one, pages 176 and 177, The Soncino Press, Ltd. edition) and I found this.

First: *"This is the book": literally so, as we have explained, viz. that when Adam was in the Garden of Eden, God sent down to him a book by the hand of Raziel, the angel in charge of the holy mysteries. In this book were supernal inscriptions containing the sacred wisdom..."*

But then, on the next page: *"When, however, he transgressed the command of his Mentor, the book flew away from him. Adam then beat his breast and wept, and entered the river Gihon up to his neck, so that his body became all wrinkled and his face haggard." God thereon made a sign to Raphael to return to him the book, which he then studied for the rest of his life."*

The amazing part: many years ago I had seen several scenes of Adam in my mind's eye. One of them was him sitting up to his neck in a rushing stream during a rain storm. I remember being struck by how odd this scene was (not mentioned in Genesis) and

wondering how on Earth this, of all things, should have popped into my head.

Could I have seen him sitting in the waters of the Gihon... as per the *Zohar*?

In All Things There is Balance **Sunday, November 16, 2008**

Coincidence: on Friday night I was feeling around the books on an overhead shelf in the closet of the darkened guest room, and one of the few I selected was my book of short stories, *The Merciful Rebuke Satan*.

I was leafing through it Saturday morning before leaving for *shul*, and happened to choose *In All Things There is Balance*, where the fictional Kotzker Rebbe revives his dead son, just as Elisha did in the Bible.

I want to *shul* and this week's *haftarah* was.... Elisha reviving the dead boy, the son of the Shunamite woman.

I Will Not Forsake You **Wednesday, December 3, 2008**

Been going through tough financial times, yearning for the promised formation of my group, Tikkun Olam (TO) and wondering why God simply *WILL NOT* let it happen already.

I opened Rashi to this week's *Parshas Vayetzei*, at random. My eyes went immediately to this (28:15): "... for I will not forsake you until I will have done what I have spoken for you."

Universal Declaration of Human Rights **Wednesday, December 10, 2008**

After completing the day's radio broadcast (I'd interviewed Rabbi Benjamin Blech about his new book,

The Sistine Secrets), I logged into YouTube for some music.

I happened to glance at a video titled *The Universal Declaration of Human Rights*. Intrigued, I checked it out. It was a music presentation of whatever this thing, evidently a document of some sort, was. I decided to investigate. I typed *The Universal Declaration of Human Rights* into Google and came up with — what else — *The Universal Declaration of Human Rights*.

It struck me that this would be a wonderful thing to slip into this book, a universal declaration of the rights and dignity of all men.

But when I took a closer look at the document it hit me like a ton of bricks: the Declaration had been passed by the United Nations *on this very date*, December 10—exactly 60 years to the day earlier!

I'd just happened to stumble across it, totally by accident, on the exact day of its 60th anniversary!

The End of Prophecy **Monday morning, January 5, 2009**

Only two and three days ago I was wondering when and how, officially, the period of prophecy had ended. In fact, I had questioned a rabbi friend of mine about it, and searched online for the answer. Today, this appeared in my in box:

Today is: Monday, Tevet 9, 5769

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Today in Jewish History

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Passing of Ezra (313 BCE)

Ezra, who led the return of the Jewish people to the Land of Israel after the Babylonian exile (423-353 BCE), oversaw the building of the Second Temple, canonized the 24 books of the Holy Scriptures ("bible") and, as head of the "Great Assembly" legislated a series of laws and practices

(including formalized prayer) which left a strong imprint on Judaism to this very day, passed away on the 9th of Tevet of the year 3448 from creation (313 BCE — exactly 1000 years after the Giving of the Torah on Mount Sinai). The passing of Ezra marked the end of the "Era of Prophecy."

**Brighton Beach, Wilkes-Barre
Monday, Feb. 2, 2009**

This past *Shabbas* I was talking with some friends in *shul*.

One of the rabbis there grew up in Brighton Beach like I did, as I had already known.

Today I learned that his wife's aunt lived in 3031 Bright 14th St.—the very same building in which I lived and in which I experienced the Enoch phenomena — until just a few years before I got there.

The rabbi and his brother used to play punch ball in Triangle Park across the street.

His brother still lives just down the street on Corbin Place.

Another coincidence: I lived across the street from his wife's sister in Teaneck.

Their son lived in Wilkes-Barre and went to my friend's son's 'yeshiva' in 2000. Of course, I lived in next-door Kingston from 1991 to 2002. We must certainly have seen each other then.

***Thousand points of light*
Saturday night, March 14, 2009**

Another coincidence discovered in *shul*!

Yesterday, I was sitting in the backyard reading and came up with the idea of exhorting listeners of my radio show to start their own internet radio shows to defend our freedoms.

I came up with the idea of using George H.W. Bush's 'Thousand points of light' quote—reversing it for good, getting 1,000 radio stations set up to stand guard over our liberties.

Today in *shul*, *Parshas Kisisaw*, the Chabad Gutnick edition of the *Chumash* says that when Moses received the Torah God had given him "a thousand lights," which he lost when he broke the tablets!

I'm standing right beside you!!!!!!!!!!!!
Monday, March 23, 2009

My wife was involved in some high-pressure contract negotiations, and was nervous as hell. I sent her a reassuring email this morning:

I love you... Kick ass today — I'm standing right beside you!!!!!!!!!!!!

Late in the afternoon, before her critical meeting, she called and asked me to bring something to her office. I suspected it wasn't so much that she needed the particular object, but more to get a dose of reassurance from seeing me.

I drove over right away and walked into her office just as she was starting to go through her email. I stood beside her as she opened and read my message from several hours earlier: *I love you... Kick ass today — I'm standing right beside you!!!!!!!!!!!!*

And, indeed, I was!

I Have Pounded My Hand
Saturday night, May 2, 2009

On the walk to *shul* this morning I envisioned myself speaking before an audience in Israel, speaking directly to the Israeli people. I was railing against the way they had conducted themselves, how they had embraced all that was unholy and stupid and contrary to God. I saw myself chastising them, speaking with such vehemence

that I continually pounded the lectern with my right hand.

In my mind's eye, in fact, I pounded it unusually hard and often, to the point where—it seemed more as if I were simply a spectator of this scene, rather than creating it in my mind — I began to wonder why I was envisioning myself doing that, and in fact began to worry that if I did that in real life I might injure my hand.

Late this afternoon I looked at the *haftarah* for *Parshas Kedoshim* (even though we read a different one in *shul* because of the double *parsha*). It's from *Ezekiel* (22:13): "Now, behold! *I have pounded my hand* because of your robbery that you have committed, and because of your bloodshed that was in your midst."

The scene I'd envisioned—me, pounding my hand repeatedly onto the lectern—had apparently been sent to me; broadcast into my mind.

Both—Both **Early May 2009**

Make of this what you will.

There are two people who are eager to fund my enterprise, TO.

Both—both—had projects that should already have reached fruition, providing them with more than enough money to fund me.

Both—both—had their projects wiped out when the World Trade Center was attacked on September 11, 2001.

I merely report it.

5/21 **Friday, May 22, 2009**

Yesterday was the 20th anniversary of the day I met my ex-wife, 5/21/89.

Today I picked through a pile of junk (there's more than one pile) on the office floor and found old Enoch notes... from May 1989!

Chen
Friday, July 24, 2009

I noticed that an article I've been working on yesterday and today has an unusual number of people in it named Chen; three to be exact, none of them, as far as I know, related in any way.

Just now I was flipping at random through pages in *Rabbi Nachman's Wisdom* (Rabbi Leonard M. Kaplan, Breslov Research Institute, Jerusalem, Israel, 1973), which I've owned forever and had recently liberated from my garage, I found this on page 393: "There is a type of grace (*Chen*) that enables a man to see the future in dreams. If a man has this grace, he can ask for a vision and perceive the future in a dream."

'Where is Hashem...?'
Sunday, September 6, 2009

I looked for a message from Him yesterday and got one, right where I was expecting it. Just that simple.

Walking to *shul*, I engaged Him in a long conversation, highlighted by my asking where the heck He is. "I've done this and that as You commanded, and where are You? I've made this happen, and where are You? You wanted this, trained and educated me for this, and here it is, and where are You?"

At *shul* I decided I was going to open the large white edition of the *Tanach* and find an answer. I got the book and opened it to *Jeremiah* 2:6-27 (page 1075 in the ArtScroll edition). The top paragraph on the page includes this, God's criticism of Jews past:

"But they did not say, 'Where is Hashem who brought us up from the land of Egypt...' The Kohanim did not say, 'Where is Hashem...?'"

My interpretation: God respects that fact that I'm asking the question, searching for Him, yearning for Him. He knows I'm at least bothering to ask the question, which is better than nothing.

MAY89

Wednesday, December 16, 2009

I was part of a teleconference with my ex-wife and her lawyer today.

When it was done I drove to the bank. A woman with brown hair was on line ahead of me. When I left the same woman was sitting in her car near mine. As I walked past it I glanced at the license plate: MAY89.

It was, of course, in May '89 that I met my ex-wife.

'Blinded by the Light'

Monday, January 4, 2010

Odd coincidence: I was driving home early this morning after having gone to Starbucks to get a coffee. As I drove through the front gate I was blinded by the light of the morning sun hitting me right in the eye. *At that exact moment* the radio was playing, "Blinded by the light....."

If I Could Turn Back Time

Tuesday, January 5, 2010

Talking about old times with a friend of more than 25 years. I thought to myself, "Look, you can't go back in time." A moment later I flipped on the radio, and about half a minute later a new song came on: Cher's *If I Could Turn Back Time*.