

UNEXPECTED GOD ENCOUNTERS

A Collection of True Stories

—NICK NICHOLS—

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Unexpected God Encounters

by Nick Nichols

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Unexpected God Encounters

Nick Nichols

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UNEXPECTED GOD ENCOUNTERS

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Written by Nick Nichols.

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DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to the Lord Jesus Christ who makes all things new!...and who made my life profoundly new on February 7, 1971. Without Jesus, there would be absolutely no stories to tell.

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“For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life.” --John 3:16 (NIV)

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I also dedicate this book to our adult children Holly, Heather, Christian, Brittany and our three unborn children in heaven, Jonathan, Jessie, and Jordan.

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Lastly, this book is dedicated to Barb, my lovely wife of forty-four years, without whom the reader would have a more difficult time understanding what I wrote. God knew best and married me to a live-in grammarian who rescued me from dangling participles, split infinitives, comma splices and the dreaded squinting modifiers!

## **3 Angels 3 Encounters 3 Blessings**



The following three encounters by the following three men will never and can never be forgotten by them . . .

## Angel #1

Late at night, five blocks down the street, my great Uncle Paul realized he was in a heap of trouble!! Earlier in the morning, he had taken a taxi to the large, downtown convention center that was about ten blocks away. After the sessions and then a late-night dinner with another salesman, Uncle Paul had decided to walk off his dinner and think about the events of the day by walking back to his hotel instead of taking a cab.

When he was about halfway back, around block number five, he found creeping into his consciousness an awareness of being surrounded by gang graffiti taking on odd hues in the light of the street lamps. Gangs of young men sat together on the steps of some of the dilapidated tenant buildings and appeared to be just lookin' for trouble. Uncle Paul focused as best he could and kept walking, passing more gangs and trying not to make eye contact. Only three blocks to go. Now, a gang trailing behind him started yelling, "Hey old man! I need some money! Got any extra cash on you?" Laughter followed with increasingly ramped up jeering and taunting.

No police in sight, nowhere to run, heart pounding out of his chest, he wondered how a grown man could make such a stupid mistake to walk alone so late at night in a shady part of the city, but it was far too late to think about that now. Years before, he had seared into his kids' minds, "Never, ever walk alone at night; always stay in a group, especially in a big city," but here he was—not following his own wisdom. Being a victim of a mugging was imminent.

While bracing himself for the first blow, a colossal powerfully built man matches my uncle's stride and instead of landing a vicious attack, takes his arm and with some authority in his voice says, "Keep looking straight ahead and keep walking." The gang dropped back as if on cue, and his newly arrived personal escort walked him the last three blocks to the steps of his hotel, giving my uncle a little friendly push to start him up the steps. Uncle Paul turned to thank the man, but in that blink of an eye, there was no one to thank. His companion was gone! With a puzzled face, he looked up at the doorman at the top of the steps who had seen my uncle and his new friend. But with raised eyebrows, he looked just as puzzled and shrugged his shoulders while opening the door for another guest.

Years later when my uncle recounted this incident to me, I'll never forget the confidence in his voice and the look in his eye when he reflected, "The Lord sent an angel that night to protect me! I don't care if anyone believes me or not. I was there, and I know that I know that I know what I experienced." Then, as a side note while chuckling a bit half to himself and half to me, "With all the brawn and adrenaline pumping through the veins of those teenage gang members, God certainly knew what he was doing by sending a powerhouse angel dude as a body guard—an escort that was no match for those rough, tough smart-aleck kids—one escort not to be messed with!"

That walk back to my uncle's hotel produced an encounter never to be forgotten, remaining vivid in Uncle Paul to the end of his life....and I've often wondered which angel came to escort Uncle Paul through those Pearly Gates . . . H-m-m....maybe, just maybe . . .

## Angel #2

Back in the late 1980s, a friend and I decided to attend an inventors' meeting where a Congressman would be speaking about new legislation promoting future innovation. It was held on a Thursday night at our local Center of Science and Industry, locally known as COSI, located in the heart of our downtown city.

My friend and I worked together in a laboratory, and I had recently finished a simple innovation that would (and did) save our laboratory tens of thousands of dollars over the following years and only cost \$300 for me to build. My chemist friend, who was from Russia, held ten international patents. Recently, we had been kicking around another invention idea in the lab, so we were serious attendees.

After the informative session, we gathered for drinks and hors d'oeuvres with other inventors, venture capital guys looking for investments and some inventor hopefuls, including myself, for some chat time. Standing there with a cocktail sandwich in my hand waiting to talk to a venture capital guy, I was thinking about the fact that I had not told my friend that the Lord had put in my heart the desire for creating some food production innovations. I was recalling some of the ideas I had been throwing around in my head for the last several months when suddenly a strikingly Herculean-sized guy thumps me in the chest with his massive finger and says, "I hate you guys!!"

In that moment of unexpected somewhat aggressive confrontation, I didn't know if I should fight or run! His angry comment was so out of place for where we were. Then I realized he was a bit tipsy and being at least two heads taller than me, I didn't want to provoke him, so I let him talk. He repeated himself saying, "Yeah, I hate you guys! You're always trying to think up a new way to lower the detection limit of an atomic absorption spectrophotometer!" That got my attention because that's the instrument I worked with in the laboratory!

He continued, "Do you know who I am?" But without waiting for a response, he continued, "I am . . . (and he mumbled his name that I didn't catch); with my first invention I received 27 patents! All the fruit trees in Southern California are sprayed from my patents!" Still poking my chest, he shot back loudly, "Why don't you guys put your minds to good use and come up with new ways of food production or preservation?" Without another word, he walked off, and I found myself choked up because he spoke about the very things that the Lord had put in my heart to do! Could it be the Lord was using an obnoxious burly bully to make a point by poking me directly in my heart as he spoke?

As I was still mentally jarred from what had just happened, my friend came up to me and said, "I think these venture capital guys will be talking all night, and we have work tomorrow." Checking my watch, I saw it was 11 pm, so I nodded in agreement, and we headed out the front door of the now-closed COSI building. It was a clear, crisp autumn

evening, and the well-lit sidewalk was empty except for this little black beggar guy standing by the street.

He looked pretty ragged like he had been living on the streets for a long time. As he started walking towards us, I began fishing around in my pocket for some money to give him. Coming up to me, he asked, "Do you think I can get a job in there?", referring to the COSI building behind me.

I pointed up at the glass front of the building to a second-floor office and advised, "If you go up there tomorrow during business hours, they can tell you if any jobs are available."

Deftly, he moved in closer and got his face just inches away from my face, and that's when I was completely awed by his brilliant, penetrating blue eyes! Sticking his finger in my face, he declared in a very clear and strong voice, "It's time to just Praise the LORD!" Instantly, I knew he was referring to the food innovations the Lord had put on my heart that the big guy kept thumping.

Before I had a chance to say anything, the little beggar stepped behind me, and I turned to question him, but he was gone! There were wall-to-wall closed buildings behind me for a long downtown block and the open street in front of me; there was nowhere he could have gone in those seconds where I wouldn't have been able to see him.

I looked at my friend and voiced, "Where did he go?", to which he replied with wide eyes and a puzzled look, "I have no idea" as he slowly shook his head.

My friend left, and I went to my car that was parked nearby. Closing the door behind me, rather than turning on the ignition to head home, I just sat there to reflect on what had just transpired. I was so astounded by the beggar's words, his stunning blue eyes and the realization that he was so much more than he appeared to be—I had no doubt the LORD had just sent an angel to deliver a message directly to me. A message that could not have been any more clear: It was an unquestionable affirmation that my cluster of food innovation ideas were not just some rambling thoughts, but were concepts the LORD had placed in my mind and heart—thoughts that I needed to pay attention to. He sent an angel to lock them in place in my heart, to let me know I needed to be creative in that direction.

As I pondered the significance of these events that had just happened, my car became a holy sanctuary in the presence of the LORD, and my heart became overcome with emotion; I could do nothing but gladly embrace the moment, weeping as my spirit aligned with His will. I was completely undone before the Master Inventor.

There is no way to describe in mere words the impact of that late-night God-orchestrated rendezvous; it remains incredibly vivid in my mind to this day. It's true I didn't completely understand then, but I can tell you that Holy Spirit-engineered God encounters are not easily forgotten—ever.

And to be honest, I still don't completely understand, especially given the fact that to date, I have not come up with any food innovations that would warrant an angelic visitation. However, like my Uncle Paul, I don't care if anyone believes me or not—I was there, and I

know that I know that I know what I experienced. Over the years I have come to understand more clearly that God has his own timing regarding the details of our lives—details that make complete sense to Him, which, in turn, become opportunities for us to trust our unknown futures to Him ....with hearts that are only fixed on Him. In time, He will bring all things about and all will become clear.

I fully expect to see that blue-eyed “beggar” again—the next time on his home turf in heaven—and I’ll greet him with a heartfelt and hardy “Thank you!” for delivering his, “It’s time to just Praise the LORD” message that has long stayed very close to my heart.

“All things were created through Him, and apart from Him not one thing was created that has been created.” John 1:3 (hcsb)

Our God is still in the design business, and I’m staying tuned, waiting for the next step.

## Angel #3

Terry and I are friends, and we go way back; we are old guys now and “way back” means we were diaper buddies! So, you might say I know Terry pretty well. Not only do I believe his story, but I also have some insight into his life.

Still struggling with some old issues in his life, he was in deep turmoil and kept asking God why the bad things that happened to him in life happened. Wrestling with these things had also taken a toll on his body, both physically and emotionally.

Internally, things had gotten so bad he felt like his life had no value and no future; he was just barely existing day after long day.

Then one day while in his driveway cleaning out the back of his car, he pulls his head out of the back seat, standing up to give his back a rest, and he notices a woman standing on the sidewalk near his house.

Living in a nice suburb of Las Vegas, he knew his neighbors, and he knew he had never seen this woman before, so he assumed she was a relative or friend visiting one of his neighbors. Being the only other person outside on the warm, sunny day besides himself, he couldn't miss seeing her.

Appearing to be a nice-looking woman in her early 30s, she proceeded to walk to Terry who was still next to his car, and instead of the normal, “Hello” one might expect, she questioned, “Do you believe in Jesus?” Terry thought that was pretty odd but responded, “Yes!”

As she stepped in closer, Terry instantly felt peaceful and knew that everything that was happening was supposed to happen. Then she requested, “Can I pray for you?” Living and ministering in Las Vegas, Terry is very reluctant to have a total stranger pray for him because of previous encounters with bizarre and weird, cult-type people.

But surprisingly, because of how everything felt so right, he found himself saying, “Yes!”

She reached across with her right hand and took his right hand in hers and held it as she started to pray. Immediately, Terry felt like she knew him and knew his future. Even more profoundly, he no longer felt like his life was useless and of no value; in an instant, he now had a future filled with hope! He was overwhelmed by a sense of wellness and peace, which he hadn't felt for years.

He was also amazed at how soft her hand was; in fact, it was the softest hand he had ever held in his life. With Terry being an artsy guy and an accomplished musician, he is more aware than most about his surroundings and feelings and the contrast of things.

The truth is that he was quite distracted by how unearthly soft her hand was that he wasn't listening closely to her prayer, but he was aware that she was praying about his future.

When she finished, Terry recounted that the smile she smiled at him was a beautiful smile that just didn't quit!

As she backed away, Terry voiced, "God bless you!"

As beautiful as her smile was the first time, he expressed that her smile the second time was completely indescribable—it was heavenly, a smile and face he will never forget. Ever!

She walked behind his car to leave, and Terry stuck his head back in his car to continue cleaning, mulling over what had just happened. In no more than a minute, he pulled his head out again, curious to see where she was walking to, but she was gone!

Terry lives on a straight street, and there is nowhere she could have gone out of his sight in that minute. He walked down his driveway to the sidewalk to look further down into the neighborhood, a very open area, but . . . no sight of her.

Walking back into his house, as he stepped into the kitchen, the first thing his wife Donna noticed was the peace that emanated from his face that she hadn't seen in years.

Terry started, "Donna, you'll never believe what just happened to me!"

Before she could even catch herself, the Holy Spirit flowed out of her, "You met an angel!"

And indeed, Terry had.

## I'm So Blest



Working downtown in a large city gives a person the opportunity to see all kinds of interesting people. From the little guy with no arms who sits on the sidewalk rocking back and forth all day collecting money in his shoe, to the big guy who yells at the top of his lungs “Root Beer!” every time he sees a soft drink ad on the side of a bus. But one day I met an old lady who was not only interesting but special...very special.

As I was leaving a bank during my lunch break, this little old black lady walked up beside me as if she had known me forever, and said something about being “so blest.” She pronounced blessed with a “T.” Now I’m a large white male, and she could not have weighed more than ninety pounds soaking wet. I noticed people glancing at us. I was big—she was small; I was white—she was black; I was young—she was old. What a contrast; no wonder people noticed us!

I said, “Hi,” and asked her why she was “so blest.” She looked me straight in the eyes and said, “Son, I am so blest because the Lord always sends people to help me.” At that comment, we had reached the exit doors of the bank. I stepped forward to open the heavy glass and brass door for her, but it was stuck. I had to give it a healthy shove to get it open. Then I thought about what she had just said, and I looked back at her. She just smiled and said, “I am so blest.”

While walking her to her bus stop, she told me about the other day when it was very windy, and she was afraid to cross the street. The wind was so strong that she knew she would be blown to the ground. She said when the light changed to cross the street she just decided to trust the Lord and stepped out into the street. At that very moment, an extremely large woman stepped right in front of her blocking the wind, so she followed that lady safely across the street. “I am so blest” she said, “I am so blest.”

As we arrived at her bus stop, she told me she was 87 years old, and the Lord had helped her so that she didn’t need to use her walker. She said she does “totter” now and then, but the Lord always takes care of her. “I am so blest” she said. Then her bus pulled up, and I

stepped inside to help her up because the coin machine was about three steps up. As she was putting her money in, I said good-bye and turned to step out of the bus.

Suddenly I caught movement out of the corner of my eye and turned just in time to see the little old lady standing bolt upright falling straight back towards the sharp metal steps and street. The bus driver was frantically trying to reach her but couldn't get out of his seat fast enough. From where I was standing, I just put out my arms, caught her and set her right back up in a standing position. She never looked back, but just started walking to her seat saying, "I am so blest, I am so blest."

As the bus pulled away into the traffic, I just stood there and marveled.

She really WAS blest, and now, so was I!

*"How precious is Your lovingkindness, O God! And the children of men take refuge in the shadow of Your wings." —Psalms 36:7 (NAS)*

## Five Loaves, Two Fish, and a Pan of Mac & Cheese



Freshly married for one year and having recently arrived back from studying in Canada, we called a 10 x 50-foot mobile home—home! I was enrolled at Ohio State University, and the mobile home park was close enough for me to ride my bike to school, and it was a cheap place to live. Being that students are generally poor, we were no different.

My wife had a job teaching, but all her money went into my schooling and our living expenses. Despite the lack of money, we always enjoyed having friends over for a meal. And we really enjoyed having new friends over because we had a train track about forty feet behind our trailer. If you've never lived right next to a train track in a mobile home, you've never had the experience of feeling like the train was passing right through the middle of your living room!!

The effect was best when we had someone new and served them soup when we knew a train would be passing by on one of their scheduled runs. First, the vibration from the coming train would form little rings in their soup bowl; then they would start feeling the vibration in their chairs and look at us. My wife and I would look at each other with this really worried look. In a sudden avalanche of vibration, the train would come tearing down through the middle of our kitchen! At least it felt that way to them! Our friends would be on their feet ready to run when my wife and I would start laughing!

One time we had a former college friend and his wife staying with us, and it took them a few days to get used to the train! We didn't have much food then, but we were always happy to share what we had. In the kitchen cabinet, I found two boxes of Mac & Cheese, and I thought to myself, "That gives the four of us each a cup of macaroni and cheese, that should work!" We often made that meal a dinner all by itself when we needed a quick meal. After praying over the food, it was pretty informal eating, and we all grabbed a bowl,

helped ourselves, and found someplace to sit. Right about then, one of my friends from school popped in, and I told him to grab a bowl and help himself.

While eating, another friend from our church stopped by to say, “Hi,” and he grabbed a bowl, too. I was hoping there was still some Mac & Cheese left for him. Then I promptly forgot my concern when my “crazy” friend Terry from across town just happened to drop by and helped himself like usual to whatever we were eating. This was normal for us to have friends pop in without notice.

While I went back for seconds, we all heard a train coming, stopped talking, and waited for the cheap amusement ride to violently shake the mobile home. The train passed, we all laughed, and went back to eating. The couple staying with us also went back for more Mac & Cheese, and as I sat down, my friend asked if he could have more. “Sure! Help yourself!” I said.

We were all talking, eating, laughing, sharing about the Lord’s work in our lives, and having a great time as good friends do. Later, I accidentally kicked over my empty bowl and noticed everyone else was finished eating too. Collecting all the bowls, I put them in the sink in the kitchen and grabbed the pan of Mac & Cheese off the stove to rinse out the empty pan.

I stopped. The pan was still half full! I looked in the living room. There were seven adults, and most of them had second helpings, and I had a third! I said to myself, “This is impossible!” In complete wonder, I scooped out some Mac & Cheese to see if more would appear! It didn’t, but there we were, all full, and with half a pan of Mac & Cheese left over!

*“15. As evening approached, the disciples came to him and said, “This is a remote place, and it’s already getting late. Send the crowds away, so they can go to the villages and buy themselves some food.” 16. Jesus replied, “They do not need to go away. You give them something to eat.” 17. “We have here only five loaves of bread and two fish,” they answered. 18. “Bring them here to me,” he said. 19. And he directed the people to sit down on the grass. Taking the five loaves and the two fish and looking up to heaven, he gave thanks and broke the loaves. Then he gave them to the disciples, and the disciples gave them to the people. 20. They all ate and were satisfied, and the disciples picked up twelve basketfuls of broken pieces that were left over. 21. The number of those who ate was about five thousand men, besides women and children.”*

—Matthew 14:15-21 (NIV)

Post Script: On telling this story one time, a couple approached me and said that they too had the same experience once—only it was with a pot of chili!

Post-Post Script: I wonder . . . On that day in our trailer . . . Was Jesus perhaps in our kitchen standing there looking up to heaven, giving thanks as he broke elbow macaroni?!

## The Headless Cormorant



There it stood on the parking lot black asphalt, unmoving, a headless bird the size of a large duck. The headless-head was actually turned and nestled down between the back wings. With the rhythmic rise and fall of its chest, it was clear the bird was sleeping. It wasn't bothered in the least with my van now parked five feet away.

The morning was a windy, cold, gray-skied spring morning with puddles of water all about the marina parking lot from the previous night's rain. I was driving around through the sailboats in dry dock seeing how they placed their logos on their boats. It was early, and nobody was around as I rounded the corner and saw the "headless" bird.

Being a bird fan, I stopped and watched from a distance. Then, curious as to how close I could get to him, I drove my van closer and stopped. He was still sleeping . . . Ignoring me. I rolled down the window and called to get his attention as I tapped the car door. He slowly uncurled his head, looked at me, then slowly turned and tucked it again between his back wings, dozing off.

When he looked at me, I was surprised to see that he was a Cormorant. I had never seen one up close before without binoculars, so this was a bit of a treat for me. They are amazing aquatic birds and are powerful swimmers that swim underwater to catch fish. Amazingly, they can even swim one hundred feet below the surface of the water. Fishermen in Asia use them to catch fish to sell at the market. They are in the Pelican family and have long necks with long slender beaks. This one stood nearly three feet tall.

Still curious as to how close I could get, I got out of the van and slowly walked toward him. At any moment, I expected him to burst into a furious flapping of fear and consternation—but he did not. He stood there with both webbed feet planted firmly on the asphalt sleeping. Finally, I knelt in front of him and softly talked to him as I began stroking his chest. He unfurled his head, cocked it sideways and stared at me. I could see he was an old bird—his beak was ragged, and the brown and white down feathers on his chest were coming off on my hand as I stroked him.

He had pretty eyes that startled me. Around his staring eye, I saw a delicate row of small bright blue dots that circled his eye. I chuckled as he chomped on my finger with his long beak. It wasn't a defensive bite but a taste-test bite to see if I was anything fishy and good to eat. I wasn't, and he let go. During this time, I periodically looked around to see if anyone else was seeing this old bird. But it was still early, and nobody was in the parking lot.

Stroking his downy head and chest, I found myself praying. I knew it was just a bird and not like a human-in-need, but still, I quietly prayed out loud, "Lord Jesus, thank you for making this awesome, beautiful bird. I thank you for letting me get close and spend some time with him. The way he's acting and just standing here, he must be near death. Lord, I know he is just a bird, but let him die in peace and not at the jaws of a predator. I can't imagine heaven when the lion will lay down with the lamb, and I know not a sparrow falls without your knowledge. So Lord, please keep him safe till he is gone. In Jesus name, Amen."

I looked up startled to see an old sailor standing about fifty feet away by a barrel. He wore a bright yellow rain jacket with a matching yellow rain hat. His hair was all white with a mustache, short beard, and curly shaggy hair bushing out from under his hat.

A little embarrassed, I thought, "Goodness, I wonder if he heard me praying for the old bird!?" But when I looked at his face, he just smiled and seemed to nod in approval. I glanced down at the old bird smiling, then a second later I glanced back up at the old sailor—but he was gone! We were in a very large open parking lot, and I looked around but couldn't see him anywhere. It made me wonder if I had just seen an angel!

Saying goodbye to the old bird, I climbed back into my van and slowly drove off, thinking about my own mortality. Through my rearview mirror, I saw the old bird gradually turn his head back and tuck it between his wings once again to sleep . . . Till he becomes a fallen sparrow in God's memory.

*"Are not two sparrows sold for a penny? Yet not one of them will fall to the ground apart from the will of your Father. And even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. So don't be afraid; you are worth more than many sparrows."* —Matthew 10:29-31 (NIV)

## Royal Garbage Lady



Pulling off the freeway, we curved around the exit down to the main drag of this little town. The night was setting in, and I was lost and decided I better ask someone for directions. As I continued down the road with my little son and daughter, it became clear we were heading into a poor and bad section of town. I saw a grocery store with its OPEN sign flashing, so we pulled into the parking lot.

As we got to the entrance, I noticed a trash barrel sitting to the far side of the entrance and it was moving! Curious, we walked over and discovered a short, heavysset old lady bent over and upside down in the trash barrel with her feet kicking about a foot off the ground.

She looked stuck and was mumbling something down there in the bottom. Grabbing the back of her coat, I pulled her out and back onto her feet. Looking at me she said, "Thank you! I was trying to get to the last can in the bottom." She smiled and headed over to the other trash barrel on the opposite side of the store entrance.

We went in the store, and I found the manager who found a map and gave me directions. On our way out I saw the little old lady digging in the other trash barrel for more aluminum cans. Just beyond her was an old battered station wagon stuffed with clear garbage bags full of cans.

We went to her and pointing at her car I said, "Wow, you look like you've been busy!" She replied, "I attend a small church, and they don't have much money, and neither do I. So, I go around and collect cans, sell them to recycling and use the money to buy drawing supplies for the kid's Sunday School classes." With that and a big smile, she stuck her head back into the trash barrel looking for more cans.

My kids and I headed back to the car. As the kids were climbing in, I looked back to see the old lady digging for her cans in the twilight shadows. I was thinking how this little old lady didn't care what people thought of her; she didn't care that she was dirty and smelly, all she cared about was helping the kids in her Sunday School.

Suddenly, as I looked on, it was as if I was seeing her through the eyes of Jesus. And what I saw was a beautiful princess. I was standing in the presence of royalty. My eyes filled with tears and I felt so honored and blessed to have met this daughter of the King!

And Jesus said, ". . . Whoever is the least among you—is the greatest." —Luke 9:48 (NLT)

## Flying Bottle, Flying Glass



In the distance, I could see him staring at me. He was a big dude, the size of a pro basketball player, and he looked mad enough to kill! It was late in the evening, and I was standing in front of the Lost Coin coffee house located on the edge of Greenwich Village in New York City. Most weekends, a team of us from the Bible College in Nyack, New York, would travel into the City and work in a coffee house where we talked with people about Jesus or passed out literature about Jesus on the streets.

The Lost Coin had been started by David Wilkerson's mother. David Wilkerson, years before had worked with some of the worst gangs in the city. That resulted in so many gang members giving their lives to Jesus that a book was written and a film by the same name was made called, *The Cross and the Switchblade*. And from that effort was born Teen Challenge, a ministry to troubled teens that now reaches across the globe. So being at this particular coffee house was very meaningful to our team.

The coffee house had a very large picture window by the sidewalk, so the public could look in and see people sitting around tables chatting and drinking coffee and decide to join in if they wished. It was a dangerous neighborhood, so those picture windows were made from cheap glass because they would periodically be shot at, or broken with a thrown garbage can, or busted in some other way. This was before the days of safety glass that breaks into little chunks that are not very sharp. When those big old windows broke, the fragments of glass were dangerous with sharp and jagged edges.

When I spotted the big guy, I was standing on the sidewalk with a handful of pamphlets I was handing out right in front of that big window. The coffee house was unusually crowded that night, and the light from inside illuminated the sidewalk and threw long narrow shadows on the street as people walked by. In the light and shadows, he walked straight to me and stopped. As I was looking up at the angry Goliath, he jolted me when he slapped the pamphlets out of my hand to the ground and bellowed, "If you're still here

when I come back, I'll KILL YOU!!" Off he went across the street and disappeared around a corner.

After he was out of sight, I picked up the pamphlets and started passing them out again. About an hour later, in the distant crowd, I saw him towering over the people and looking right at me—again! This time he looked drunk, and he had a big bottle like a champagne bottle twisted in a brown paper bag. He never took his eyes off me while taking a slug from the big bottle every few feet. In short order, he reached me and again stood towering over me like the Goliath he was—and raised the big bottle in the air directly over my head.

I found myself praying, "Lord, if I live or die, that's your decision, and whatever you decide is fine with me. But if it's my time to go, help him to make it a good hit, and I'll see ya soon!" I stood there. He twisted his body to bring the full force of the bottle down on the top of my head. As the bottle arched down, suddenly he swung sideways and threw it through the big window!! With a thunderous crash, the bottle shattered the window, and jagged fragments and glass splinters flew into the crowded coffee house. The big guy ran off screaming, and I ran into the coffee house with visions of blood-covered people with glass in their eyes!

When I got inside, folks were walking around staring at the floor! As they were walking around crunching the glass underfoot, I noticed that not a single person had glass on them—amazingly, not even a speck of glass on their clothes!! No cuts, no blood, nobody hurt!!

I stood there stunned, trying to take in the impossibility of it all! I crunched my way to the closet to get a broom—and in absolute wonder, started sweeping up the miracle.

*"Trust in the LORD with all your heart; do not depend on your own understanding. Seek his will in all you do, and he will show you which path to take."* —Proverbs 3:5,6 (NLT)

Post Script: One of the key gang members that David Wilkerson led to the Lord in New York City was Nicky Cruz. (The story of Nicky's life is chronicled in the book, *Run Baby Run*.) I got to hear and meet Nicky when I was a senior in high school in Columbus, Ohio. Later, through a special person, I was able to bring one of Nicky's former gang members to my high school class to tell his story. When this former gang member told about all his heroin usage one of my classmates, a big football player in the back of the room shouted out, "You're a LIAR!!" My friend walked over, rolled up his sleeve and showed him a long line of heroin tracks on the inside of his arm from his years of addiction. The kid shut up, and after class, my friend got to talk with him about Jesus.

Teen Challenge USA: <https://www.teenchallengeusa.com/>

Teen Challenge Global: <https://globaltc.org/>

The Cross and the

Switchblade: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The\\_Cross\\_and\\_the\\_Switchblade](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Cross_and_the_Switchblade)

## Love Letters from Heaven



Love letters from heaven can come in unexpected ways . . .

## Love Letter #1

Standing alone away from the crowd at the bus stop, my emotions of frustration and despair were reflected in the low hanging angry, gray and black storm clouds overhead. I had been struggling with a problem and knew God would help me, but at the moment, I felt alone and hopeless. As I stared at the ground lost in a mire of emotions, suddenly the ground lit up around me like someone had switched on a floodlight, and I found myself standing in a bright circle of light. People standing fifty feet from me were still standing the gray light of the stormy clouds. I hadn't seen anything like this before.

Reflexively, I looked up; there was a small crack in the low clouds, a portal that revealed an intensely blue sky that was sending forth an equally intense sunshine beam pointed directly at me.

God seemed to be speaking to my heart saying, "No matter how hopeless things look and feel, I am with you. Beyond the storm, I am always blue skies and sunshine! Keep trusting me. I love you!"

The moment that thought finished in my heart, the light around me blinked out and the cloud curtain closed, and again I was left standing beneath the dark stormy clouds—only now, I was smiling.

*By His design,*

*Blue sky and sunshine,*

*Storm clouds and thunder,*

*God's love is always full of wonder!*

—NN

## Love Letter #2

*My wife Barb's love letter in her own words:*

I sat alone in our 17<sup>th</sup>-floor apartment wrestling with trying to trust the Lord about our financial situation. I knew God had provided for us in the past and believed he would again in the future, but my emotions were lagging behind my faith, so I sat there trying not to despair.

In the midst of my struggle, I heard an unusually loud chirping coming through the opened doors that led out to our balcony; a little bird had landed on the balcony railing just on the other side of our tropical plant. It was a male Sunbird with his bright yellow chest and silky black border between his yellow and brilliant iridescent blue throat; with an olive-colored back, he was a beautiful little birdie, about the size of a large Hummingbird and very flighty. Previously, I've noticed that Sunbirds never seem to stay in one place for more than a few seconds.

But oddly, this little Sunbird sat perched on the railing flitting his colorful head back and forth as if looking at me with every turn of its head with purpose. In my misery, I couldn't help but focus on the little bird who began to sing louder and even more joyfully!

In those few moments, with all of its little heart, he sang an encouraging word directly to my heart . . .

"Look at me! Look at me!! I'm so tiny, and God is taking care of me! He gives me my daily food, and I'm as happy as a lark. Look at me! Look at me! . . . and see that God will take care of you just like He does me!"

And then, as if his job were done and looking satisfied that I had gotten the message, off he flew. I did get the message and wept tears of gratitude to the Lord for sending such a tiny little messenger when I needed His message the most.

## Love Letter #3

Since our apartment on the 17th floor is the last one on our floor, it's next to the concrete stairwell that is more like a large balcony that is open. It looks out over the lush green jungle in one direction and in the other overlooks the end of the island we live on which is boarded on both sides by the ocean. It's a great vista-view and a great place to sit and think and marvel at God's beauty, and the wonders of His creation as giant Sea Eagles with seven-foot wingspans majestically soar in the sea of blue overhead.

Staring off in the direction of the ocean at the end of the jungle, I noticed some fluffy white clouds that slowly seemed to be knitting themselves together into something to the left of a highrise apartment building. Creeping into my consciousness, I suddenly realized the clouds had formed into what clearly looked like a big hand with its thumb, index finger, and little finger forming the sign language sign for, "I love you!"

I thought, "WOW, is God telling me He loves me!? Or is it just a coincidence and my imagination." Immediately after that thought is when I noticed the formed cloud to the right of the apartment highrise. I had been so fixed on the cloud to the left of the building I hadn't noticed the cloud to the right; there, hanging in the sky, as if to make His point, was a nearly perfect heart-shaped cloud!! I thought, "Now what are the odds of that! God IS telling me He loves me!!"

Mesmerized and grateful, I sat there watching the two formations slowly fragment and drift away with the wind. For some reason, it never occurred to me to take a picture of it with my phone. However, I will forever have that day's love letter from God etched in my mind and heart—a Love letter that I know will never drift away with the wind.

## Love Letter #4

My youngest daughter Brittany's love letter in her own words . . .

I was in the parking lot of a library just sitting in my car thinking about life stuff and talking to God. I was feeling super lonely, unloved, and just frustrated about life in general. I wanted the Father to show me that He was hearing me and that He really cared about me.

In time, I get out of my car and start walking toward the front doors of the library....and as I am about to step from the pavement onto the sidewalk leading to the front doors, I see this perfectly shaped gray foam heart plastered to the cement. I couldn't believe my eyes!! I felt such joy when I saw the heart....and then only seconds later, a little girl comes running towards me with a little yellow flower in her hands and a huge smile on her face; without saying a word, she hands me the flower.

"Awe, thank you!" I automatically responded with a huge smile now plastered on my face. She beams back at me, giggles and skips back to her mom.

That was a precious moment and one that brought tears to my eyes. To this day, I clearly remember that encounter as if it were yesterday and remember feeling the immense love God has for me. He used that foam heart and little girl to bring an overwhelming expression of love, joy, and reassurance that He is near, He is listening, and He hears my every word.

*"For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passes knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God." — Ephesians 3:14-19 (KJV)*

## Duck Approval



The hospital elevator doors opened and on stepped the pretty nurse. She glanced at me and smiled; then she glanced at me a couple more times and continued smiling. Thinking to myself—“Hmm . . . is it my smile? Or, maybe she likes my cool woodsy outdoor jacket?” I was getting ready to say something to her when the doors opened again and off she went . . . Glancing back at me one more time smiling, and the doors shut. A few more floors up, I got off the elevator to see my dad who’d just had minor surgery. Walking into his room, and after greeting him with a quick, “Hi, Pop,” he looks up at me and starts grinning. Pointing at my cool jacket, he said, “What’s that?” chuckling to himself, knowing full well what it was!

Looking down, I saw I had this huge gob of creamy white and green parrot poop stretching halfway down the front of my jacket!! Obviously, it wasn’t my smile or cool jacket that had the cute nurse smiling . . . Thanks to my parrot who had been sitting on my shoulder before I left for the hospital. He was a Red Fronted Amazon, a good-sized parrot, and he’d dropped a good-sized load!

Birds and I have a long history. During high school, my friend Norm had gotten me a job at a pet store. One day the owner comes to me looking angry and says, “If that Amazon parrot ever says to a customer what you’re teaching him to say—you’re FIRED!!” This was before I knew Jesus, and I was teaching Polly, to say, “I’m a green son of a b\_\_\_h!!” At the time, I thought it was funny, but since the bird was such a good talker, I purchased him to save my job! *(We ended up having Polly as a pet for over twenty-five years.)*

While I was still working at the pet store, one day a lady brought in a small all green parrot. With the parrot perched on her finger, I looked on in astonishment. From the neck down, he was completely naked!! Well, almost naked—he had a feather here and there, maybe a total of two or three tops! Asking the lady what happened, she said, “Oh, he was scratching himself a lot, so I sprayed him with bug killer, and that stopped the itching.” I thought, it not only stopped the itching, but it also stopped his feathers, and they all fell out!

She wanted to know if there was some kind of medicine she could spray him with to put the feathers back on. Trying not to show my look of disbelief, or worse, burst out laughing, I assured her that we didn't have a spray that would put feathers back on! The woman's face revealed sincere sadness, but clearly not wanting the bird, I offered to take it. She perched him on my finger, turned, and left the store, and I was left with this poor little naked dude that reminded me of a plucked chicken in the cooler at a grocery store, only with a green head.

Taking him home, I made a small tree stand a couple of feet tall for him in the kitchen and set it on the floor near Polly's cage, so they could enjoy each other's company. We called him Little Naked Birdie, and every day he'd climb to the top of the "tree," and with all his little might, flap his bare featherless wings in an attempt to fly, but to no avail. There was no need for a cage since he couldn't fly, and he was perfectly content just staying on the stand. My mom wanted to know if she could knit the poor little naked thing a colorful sock with little leg holes and wing holes to wear to keep him warm and modest. But I assured her he would just unravel it with his beak for something to do and modesty wouldn't even register in his little bird brain.

A few months later, my dad brought home a Screech Owl with a broken wing. He had found it by the woods that he drove through on his way to work and brought it home to his critter-loving son. I splinted the wing and set him in an open box. He was a little smaller than Polly and much bigger than Little Naked Birdie. His box ended up on the kitchen table by the other two birds. Over the next few weeks, the owl was healing well, and I was thinking about getting him a cage since he was now able to get out of his box.

One Sunday after coming home from church, my mom and I walked into the kitchen. The owl had gotten out of his box, and I found him in the corner of the kitchen on the floor looking all puffed up like a small balloon. At that moment, I heard my mom say, "Hey!! Where's Little Naked Birdie??" I turned and looked at his tree stand where he always perched and saw one small green feather lying at the base of the stand. We both looked at the owl . . . while we were gone, he'd had lunch.

Over the years, I've had white doves, Diamond doves, assorted wild songbirds, finches, parakeets, cockatiels, canaries, more owls, chickens, ducks, a Sparrow Hawk, a Night Hawk, and one time I caught a Cooper's Hawk with a bad wing. I was pretty bloody after wrestling him into a box as I contended with his sharp beak and talons. He ate well in captivity, his wing healed, and a couple of months later, I released him where I had originally caught him—and watched him climb into the sky and soar away.

All this to say, with my background with birds, I was aware that what happened one day to my friend and me with one duck, in particular, was very unusual duck behavior . . . And perhaps something more.

The day I'm referring to was one summer day that my friend and I had been working on my sailboat docked at a large lake in a small town about an hour away from where we lived. When finished working, we liked to go to a very local restaurant, chow down, and then drive to a parking lot on a small piece of land jutting out into the lake, break out our

camping chairs and sit in the mowed grass down by the water's edge and chat. There were fist-sized rocks separating the grass like a border from the calm water. He, as a wildlife fan, and I, as a biologist, really enjoyed the setting. Most of the lake was surrounded by trees dotted with a couple of small islands, making it a picturesque and quiet place to relax.

Soon the conversation turned to a serious topic as we began talking about Jesus. I was explaining to my friend that it was one thing to know and believe in Jesus from a distance, and a whole other thing to know him up close and personal. And the only way to do that was to do what I did back on February 7<sup>th</sup> in 1971 when I gave my life to Jesus. I told my friend that one constant of knowing Jesus personally has been that no matter what ups and downs in life I've had over the years, I have never lost His "peace." Jesus promises never to leave us or forsake us, and He has been good on his word ever since that day.

As our conversation continued, my friend said he wanted to do the same, so I told him to repeat after me, "Dear Jesus, "I acknowledge that you are the Son of God, and nobody can come to God except through you. Thank you for dying on the cross for me to pay the penalty for my sins and to make a way for me to God our Father. Jesus, I ask you to forgive me for all the bad things I've done in my life, both large and small. I give my life to you and want you to be Lord of my life! In Jesus' name, I pray, Amen."

While we sat in the silence of the moment, I saw a female Mallard duck swimming all by herself, paddle her way down to the small rocks in front of us. Climbing out of the water, she waddled over on her short stubby legs until she stood about three feet in front of my artist friend. Cocking her head sideways, she looked up at him, studied him for a moment, and then nodded her head a couple of times. It was as if she were saying, "Yes, my friend, you have made the right decision to follow Jesus. You will not be disappointed following the great Creator who made us both."

With that, she turned and waddled back down to the water and swam off. I thought to myself, "Wow, my friend has not only been accepted by Jesus, but he even got duck approval!"

*"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made. In him was life; and the life was the light of men." –John 1:1-4 (KJV)*

## Big Bug Big Bus



The following story happened while living in Penang, an island off the west coast of Malaysia, south of Thailand and about one-third the size of Singapore.

### **One ordinary day in October . . .**

**Barb:** Returning to our car after having finished our weekly shopping at the local grocery store, we found an advertisement tucked under our windshield wiper promoting a relatively new restaurant in the area, Grumpiez, specializing in hard-to-find Mexican cuisine. Since we had seen many local eating places here one day and gone by the next month, we decided to try to catch it while we could since we both loved Mexican food, had heard favorable reviews about it, we were hungry and were wondering where to eat. After quickly talking ourselves into it, we jumped in the car and headed in its general direction.

**Nick:** *Mexican food works for me day or night, so I was more than ready to try a new Mexican restaurant since authentic Mexican food in Penang is a rarity!*

**Barb:** Once we reached the street and located the house converted to a restaurant, it was time to find a place to park—no small task on the two-way, narrow street that turned into more like the size of a one-way street that had cars going both directions. As cars slowed enough to squeeze past randomly parked cars that were situated every which way along both sides of the road! Technically, there were not any official “parking spaces” for the house restaurants that had sprung up on the street, but there were plenty of “No Parking” signs in front of driveways. There was no parallel parking and certainly no apparent organization that would even make one think there was a plan, but, in fact, NO plan was the plan! Park where you could at your own risk!

**Nick:** *And to add to that confusion, cars are driven on the left side of the road in this former British colony, so what Barb just described is in reverse from the way traffic/parking is*

*handled in the United States. It's a whole different ballgame when it comes to parking over here.*

**Barb:** But, with no problem at all, we fell in step with the locals and maneuvered our little three-cylinder car in a spot near the front of Grumpiez so that our car was hugging a large tree. Making sure it didn't block the motorcycle that was parked on the left of the tree and still leaving room for the car on the right of the tree to get out. We were good to go so proceeded to carefully maneuver ourselves out of the car——Nicky on his side that was close to the tree and me on my side that was close to the traffic.

***Nick:** Barb calls me her "hefty husband" . . . So, hefty me squeezing out my little car door smooched against the big tree trunk was like a whale emerging from a small cocoon! It definitely would have caught the attention of anybody passing by.*

**Barb:** Nicky got out first and went around the back of the car to lock the back door on the road side of the car while I got out on the driver's side on the right, pushing the button down to lock my door before slamming the door shut. I walked to the front of the car to get away from the close traffic since we were parked with our wheels right on the edge of the road. I turned and watched as Nicky finished locking the back door.

At this point, the traffic congestion in the road was, well...very congested and the attempts that cars were making to get through reminded me of traffic on an old-fashioned one-way bridge where cars had to give way to other cars and let them pass before they would get their turn. In this case, however, though not really stopping completely, the cars were slowing down to a snail's pace out of sheer necessity.

Then, suddenly a gap in the traffic opened up beside our car where Nicky was standing, and a very large, brightly colored tour bus stomped on its gas to fill the void. In this country where cars and motorcycles have right-of-way over pedestrians, large vehicles also seem to take on the accepted mentality to bully normal-sized cars, and drivers assume folks on foot will get out of their way—that is...IF, they see them coming.

Since the bus had suddenly appeared and was now to Nicky's back, he had NO IDEA there was a bus seemingly on a path to unintentionally mow him down, so I went into rescue mode. Seeing how quickly a dangerous situation was developing, with a loud yell and wide eyes that tried to communicate "DANGER," I shouted, "BIG BUS!" while I pointed to the approaching speeding bus that was now within about ten feet of my husband.

At that moment in time, he was straddling the edge of the blacktopped road and the gravel at its edge and had just finished closing the backseat car door on the roadside. With my yell, I expected him to move in tight against the car and wait for the bus to pass. However, I found out later that instead of hearing, "BIG BUS," he heard, "BIG BUG!" As a result, he moved AWAY from the car into the street to get a better view of where the big bug might be so that he could kill it for me. The major problem was that his move away from the car moved him directly into the path of the bus.....that he had no idea was barreling down on him!

**Nick:** *In the tropics we have some big fearsome-looking bugs that I think are really cool, but Barb gets really, really upset about them, so given that mindset, I stepped back to see if the Big Bug she was so frantically yelling and pointing at was on the side of the car door or the roof. I thought it must be a BIG ONE since she was yelling so loudly and looked so distressed!!*

**Barb:** That split second froze in time. The flying bus was now right beside our car just a couple of feet away from the obstacle on the side of the road—Nicky's body.

Time for action had run out! There IS such a thing as a bus driver physically not being able to change his bus's course of direction due to something unexpectedly moving into its path. I thought this was just such a time, and since the steering wheel is on the right side of vehicles here, that put Nicky on the blind side of the bus driver. I gasped and held my breath, helpless to do anything but fearfully watch. My blood pressure spiked and my heart pounded wildly. With no time to pray, it was an instance of the Holy Spirit interceding for me when I literally could not. It all happened in a flash, so unexpectedly.

**Nick:** *Unknown to me, at the moment of near impact, I found myself SUDDENLY flattened against the side of the car. I felt the wind on my back sucking at my shirt from something very big, very close, moving very fast behind me, and then turning my head, saw the end of the BIG BUS flying by barely missing me. Now it made sense—THAT was the BIG BUS, not BIG BUG, my wife was screaming about! The bus was big and fast and had it hit me; I'd have been either in the hospital or heaven!*

**Barb:** The bus passed, and my husband was still standing—miraculously and by nothing but God's grace. Total relief passed over me as blood pumped to my head in an attempt to stabilize my body's rebound. Once I saw that he was uninjured, I turned into an animated half-crazed wife as I blasted him with, "WHY DID YOU MOVE A-W-A-Y FROM THE CAR INTO THE TRAFFIC??" Of course, I wasn't expecting an answer—I was just thrilled that I could unleash my emotions on a fully alive and uninjured husband!

**Nick:** *When I found myself flat, hugging the side of the car, I was wondering to myself, "Why am I hugging the side of the car!?" because at that moment I wasn't even aware that I was in extreme danger!! What I know is that when the Lord says He will put His angels in charge over us, He means it, and I had given Him the perfect opportunity to do so!! Somehow God flattened me against the car because I sure wasn't thinking about it!*

**Barb:** Recovery took a few minutes as the horrors of what could have happened replayed in our minds. We stopped right then and there and thanked the Lord for His protection and in no way took for granted that we were still able to head into the restaurant rather than be rushed to the hospital in an emergency vehicle . . . Or worse . . . A hearse!

**Nick:** *Once again, the Lord's strong hand of protection broke into an ordinary day, saving me from unknown, imminent danger, and by the way, the Mexican food was excellent—I hope they stay in business!*

*"He will put his angels in charge of you to protect you in all your ways."*

—Psalm 91:11 (GWT)

~~~ The End ~~~

How to Know Jesus

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The links to the programs below are mostly programs I currently use and find to be very helpful with my writing and publishing. The few I don't currently use come from well-respected sources.

Your Story Resources

Please Note: *Some of the links below are free resources, and some of them are paid. The reality is that for most of the really good content you have to pay for, but it's well worth the money!*

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These links are good for beginners through intermediate-level writers who want to learn how to get their books published or how to become a better publisher.

[Publisher #1](#)

[Publisher #2](#)

[Publisher #3](#)

—Writing Software

[Software #1](#)

[Software #2](#)

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Tools that will make your writing life easier and better.

[Tool #1](#)

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—Online Tools

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[Online #5](#)

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—Illustrate Your Book

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—Additional resources

Though not directly related to publishing, you might find the following links useful and helpful.

Top Internet business training programs from some of the brightest minds in the business:

[Marketing #1](#)

[Marketing #2](#)

[Marketing #3](#)

[Marketing #4](#)

[Marketing #5](#)

A top-rated web design site:

[Design #1](#)

Reliable and affordable web hosting:

[Host #1](#)

Miscellaneous Stuff

[Stuff #1](#)

[Stuff #2](#)

[Stuff #3](#)

[Stuff #4](#)

[Stuff #5](#)

[Stuff #6](#)

[Stuff #7](#)

And remember, "**Readers make writers and writers make readers.**" —Carl McKeever

Note: The links to the programs above are mostly programs I currently use. The few I don't use come from well-respected sources. Also, I may receive a commission from some of the links above; however, the products won't cost you more, but it helps us keep the lights on. —Thank you!

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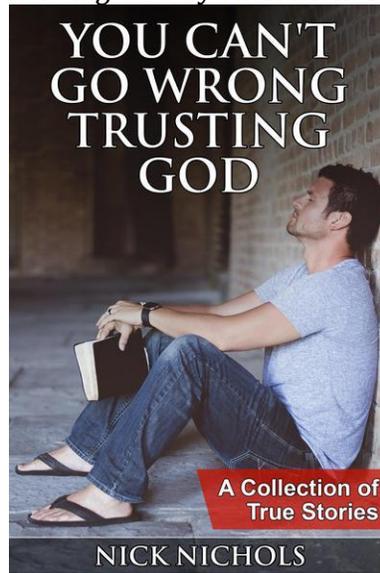
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Did you love *Unexpected God Encounters*? Then you should read *You Can't Go Wrong Trusting God* by Nick Nichols!



Have you ever had a BIG problem and didn't know what to do? Then, you're not alone...so have the people in this book!

Like the man who knelt by his bed in the middle of a faith crisis praying over his problem, and as soon as he said, "Amen," the answer to his prayer landed inches from his head on his bed!

Or, like the poor lost fellow in a very bad part of town who saw his answered prayers take the form of a Mercedes and then scratched his head wondering if angels drove Mercedes?

These people experienced faith in action!

This book is filled with faith journey stories that are true stories of faith...like the family with their three children stranded with their broken down VW camper van in the mountains of California, but staying true to the faith they trusted God, took a walk, and God answered their prayer through a donut!

One man took a leap of faith doing what he thought God had just told him to do, and as silly as it seemed, pulling out something he just happened to have in his shirt pocket saved him from being mauled by a large, angry retired police dog.

Another fellow had his brakes go out at 55 mph, leaving him with little choice but to either smash into the car in front of him or focus on keeping faith and screaming out to God!

One thing for sure—you absolutely cannot go wrong trusting God day by day! My prayer is that you will be as inspired by these people and their stories as I was to write them—stories that prove they indeed had a faith to live by that did not disappoint!

Also by Nick Nichols

[Adventures of a Mall Santa](#)

[The Mystery of Grandpa's Christmas Cane](#)

[You Can't Go Wrong Trusting God](#)

[Unexpected God Encounters](#)



About the Author

During my 30-year career I was a water quality chemist, environmental scientist, consultant, and technical writer. In my spare time I worked on projects in aquaculture, hydroponics, aquaponics, bioremediation, and renewable energy. In addition, I have also been an adjunct professor at two colleges teaching Cellular Biology and Business Math.

Now I am retired and writing this from an island in South East Asia where I live. My lovely wife has been with me for forty-four years and we have four awesome adult children who are often spread around the globe.

Blessings! --Nick Nichols