

## Dad's Pennies

If you believe in God, or are at least spiritual, you know there must be an “after this place” destination. Meaning when you die, your spiritual being goes somewhere else.

Your religion tends to dictate WHERE they believe this somewhere else is. If you are Catholic and die, you leave your body, zoom down a tunnel into the bright, Loving Light, hear a booming voice (but not Michael Buffer) calling your name, and thereafter enter the Pearly Gates of Heaven. There, assuming Santa Claus never loaded your stocking with coal, you'll meet a bearded, sandal-wearing carpenter with dried blood on his wrists and see everyone that has predeceased you, including your pets.

At some point in your Heavenly Travels, you participate in a “life review” by Jesus. He must have successfully cloned his spiritual self, as many humans are dying every second and the demand for simultaneous “life reviews” by Him must be huge. Even if Jesus were to delegate, he only has 12 Apostles and Mary to delegate to. 13 is not enough for all the demand, plus 13 is a very unlucky number on Earth and most likely also in Heaven. There are 12 Apostles, not 13, so that number must be unlucky.

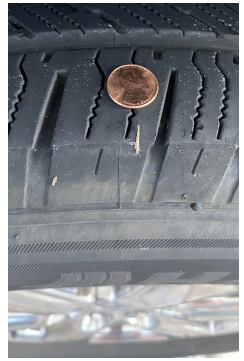
Dad was Catholic, so I imagine he got the Tour. Since spirits don't need to sleep, I believe he spends his time playing golf (A Hole in One on every drive!), hanging out with Glenn when he's not getting drunk with Satan,

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and smoking Heavenly Cigars. Jesus would have the best cigar-rolling skills and likely only uses Cuban-seeded, Nicaraguan long-filler tobacco!

Knowing how fond of us Smith kids he was, Dad decided to leave something on earth for us to find and instantly think of him. Something easily recognizable. I think Dad chose a penny.

Dad's pennies started showing up right after he died, and in the oddest places. For work in 2013, I drove from Orlando to West Palm Beach, a distance of 180 miles. Almost to my destination, I ran over a nail and had to get my right front tire patched. I pulled into a service station, went around to show the technician the flat tire, and **THERE** on top of the tire was a shiny penny. There was no explanation for **HOW** that penny manifested itself there, on top of the tire.



Easiest explanation is that it was one of Dad's pennies. He was saying, "*Not to worry, son. I'm here for you.*"

Since 2013, I find pennies in my path all the time. Dad is everywhere. I find it comforting. Although Dad was financially preyed on in his last days on Earth, I'm glad he found a way to tell me he's okay and doing well.

