

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me." Psalms 23:4

First of all, I am ok. More than ok. I feel like a 6'3" walking F&%\$ing miracle to be honest with you! This must be what Chuck Norris feels like when he walks around. Sure, I know It's no walking on water or turning water into wine, but still...

Three weeks ago on April 6 around 11 pm during a violent thunderstorm, I was attacked and stabbed 13 times in the back, neck, and chest by a psychopath intent on killing me. WHY? I still have NO CLUE. I may never know. All I do know is I didn't see it coming.

I ended up with defensive wounds (cuts) to my left arm and left hand as well as a very dislocated left pinky which hurt/hurts far worse than any of the stab wounds. I can't feel part of my left thumb from where nerves were severed, but the external wounds are healing and I'm very grateful to be able to share this with you.

I didn't post these photos on here 3 weeks ago mostly because there's no way I could've kept up with all the questions, messages of care/concern, etc. when I was still trying to process what had happened to me and try to make some sense of it all.

While it was likely one of the most traumatic experiences I've ever had, my life experience has caused me to become extremely resilient and I have handled the psychological aspects damn well, and am "putting in the work for this AFGO (Another Fkng Growth Opportunity)," at least that's according to my therapist Joy in Virginia Beach, who I just happened to reconnect with after 13 years and just a few weeks before this happened.

Most of the details of the incident you'll just have to wait and read about in the last chapter of the book I've been writing called, "Beyond Belief." I came up with that title because I'm not sure a top-notch fiction writer could come up with all the shit I've gone through in just the last few years much less the arc of my whole life filled with unbelievable events and tragedies. I know I certainly wouldn't believe most of my stories if I hadn't lived through them myself.

What I can also tell you is Adrenaline is Mother Nature's crack. I can't believe we don't make Adrenaline junkies go to rehab like other addicts. That's some goooooood stuff! I don't know why dealers don't peddle that shit on the street corners instead of heroin because I felt NO pain getting stabbed repeatedly and cut, and even drove 40 minutes to the ER that night looking like those first few pictures and walked myself in the front door.

When the Adrenaline started to wear off, though, after I knew I was in the competent hands of the ER staff, whoa buddy! Instant pain! But even then, I still didn't ask for any pain medication for hours. I kept my eyes closed and just tried to center myself in between answering the medical staff's questions.

YES, the WV State Police arrested the whackjob and charged him with 1st degree attempted murder and malicious wounding. The evidence against him is overwhelming and the last I spoke with the Trooper, he said his attorney was already trying to plead the case out, and when they made their plea, he said he and the prosecutor looked at each other and instantly rejected their offer of "battery" with 1-5 years.

I just hope to God the lunatic gets the help he needs so no one else on this Earth ever has to look at the face of pure EVIL like I did in the intermittent light from the lightning strikes as he just kept stabbing and I just kept fighting. I don't think Wes Craven could have done a better job directing the horror scene that I'll certainly never forget.

HOW I was able to be stabbed 13 times and the MF psycho miss both my jugular veins, carotid artery, thyroid, esophagus, larynx, lungs, heart, spine, and every major vessel I give full credit to the team of 10,000 angels who watch over me and were clearly performing Jackie Chan moves with each stab of his 6" blade as I fought for my life.

I've put in a request with the big guy for them to get a raise or quarterly bonus. At least a few days off. I'll just stay in bed under the covers on those days. Or maybe give them a lapel they can pin to their gowns that says something like, "I survived April 6, 2022, and all I got was this lousy pin." I mean, He's gotta give 'em somethin'. They definitely earned it in my humble opinion.

But in all seriousness, I know that somehow some way and someday, I will find the gold in this heaping, steaming pile of shit just as I have every other tragic event in my life story. Because like it says in Genesis 50:20, "As for you, you meant evil against me; but God meant it for good in order to bring it about as it is this day, to save many people alive."

The last 2 pictures I posted are of a little pocket mirror I've had since I was a kid which has a funny way of finding me now and then like it did the week before this happened when I was looking for something else in a random drawer.

It was always a sentimental object to me because after our chimney caught fire when I was in 2nd grade, this was the mirror my dad would use after the fire to stick in the chimney to check for soot buildup.

For what was a VERY scary event at 7 years old that to this day is as fresh a memory now as it was a traumatic experience then, I always felt like this little mirror with Jesus carrying a baby Lamb representing Psalm 23 was somehow keeping me safe, even though I always joked to myself that if it was a family photo, I was clearly the black sheep bringing up the rear.

As a grown man, it grew to take on a new special meaning because it reminded me of the "Man in the Mirror" and that if I wanted "to make the world a better place, to take a look at myself and then make a change."

At some point in my many moves, the mirror broke in two, and initially, I was sad because I felt like I had done a poor job of keeping it safe after so many years. Then that still inner voice said that "like me, the mirror may be broken but it is still whole and reflects the light I shine into the world, and the choice is mine whether I wear a smile or a frown when I look into it."

Only now, those two pieces should serve as a reminder of the duality/Dictum, "As above, so below. As within, so without," or as Jesus put it, "Thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven," and to "love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you... He causes his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sends rain on the righteous and the unrighteous."

Or as my Heavenly Mother/Guide Maya Angelou so eloquently put it in this clip from her episode on Oprah's master class, which I hope you'll watch. I'm sure it's just a coincidence the man whose lesson she's teaching is named Terence.

<https://youtu.be/ePodNjrVSsk>















