

## *Messages of Synchronizations*

During the summer of 2006, I drove to Charleston, SC several times. I was in the process of selling Carl's house, and needed to move its contents. On one of my trips to South Carolina, I need to stop and stretch my legs. I decided to visit the Carolina Premium Outlets that is located at exit 95 off I-95 in Smithfield, NC.

One of the stores was called Carolina pottery. It contained all types of decorative items for the home. I noticed some very pretty rugs. Not sure of any size or color scheme, or even if I need an additional rug, I passed on purchasing one.



In the middle of August, the house finally sold. I had more belongings than would fit into my van, so I decided to put the balance in a storage unit. In the middle of October (24) I made a very quick weekend trip to Charleston, to empty the storage unit. I wanted to look at the rugs again, and stopped at the outlet mall. This time I determined that I could use a rug, in the apartment that I was setting up in my mother's house. I had already measured to determine what size rug would fit. Much to my surprise, the store still had the rug that I remembered, and it was almost the exact size I needed.

I found a salesperson, and showed her the rug I wanted. She told me to go pull my van in front of the store, and she would bring the rug up to the register. I proceeded to leave the store to move the van. The Carolina Premium Outlets is a rather large mall; in fact there were streets in the parking lot. There was one street that ran right in front of the Carolina Pottery store, and a second running perpendicular. As I drove the van, on the perpendicular street towards the store, another car was driving on the other street, also in front of the store.



My eye was drawn to the sky-blue license plate of that car. It was a Connecticut license plate. I quickly read the numbers: 845 TTY, and this thought flashed through my mind: TTY were the same letters that were in a title of a book that I had brought for the school library, where I am the librarian. I cannot really tell you why I had that realization, or how I remembered the title of that book. It was a brand new book that I had unpacked recently; however, I still had work to do on the book (write a spine label, and put the computer record (the catalog information) for the book into our computer system. Next I realized that 845 were the first 3 digits of my mother's home phone number.

I had the sudden realization this was a message from Carl. He was telling me that the rug would be perfect in my mother's house! I made a mental not to find out what TTY might mean.

After purchasing the rug, I continued driving to Charleston. I emptied the storage area, and packed the contents into the van. I decided not to stay in Charleston, but begin my return trip home.

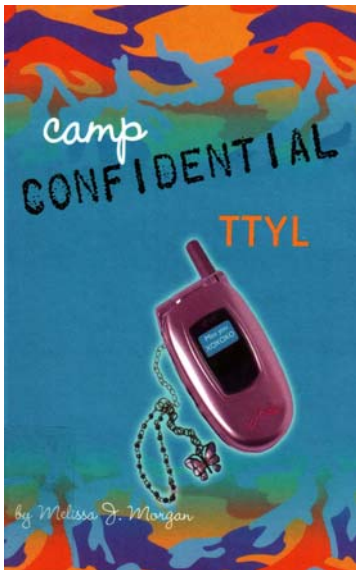
## Messages of Synchronizations

The next day, I was driving north, along I 95. I was somewhere in either North Carolina or Virginia, I really do not remember which it was. I was driving in the left-hand lane, driving as fast as the legal limit permitted. I suddenly had a very strong impression to get out of the left lane and move into the middle lane. I safely switched lanes. Almost immediately a car moved from the right hand lane into the middle lane. It was a very bright apple green car, with a sky blue plate. Again my eyes were drawn to the license plate. Once again the car was from Connecticut. The license plate read Hi 111. I shook my head in disbelief, especially after what had happened the day before.



My instant realization was that this message was from Carl, but it was not for me but for Nancy Hennigan. Nancy had often told me that the number 1 was always popping up before her eyes. However, most of the time it was either 3 or 4 1's...meaning 111 or 1111 was always in front of her. Here Carl was saying, "Hi" with the 111 going to Nancy.

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It was nearly a month later, and I was sitting at my desk at work, working on processing the new books for the library. I picked up Melissa J. Morgan's book entitled: *TTYL*. Immediately my mind flashed back to the Carolina Premium Outlets' parking lot, where I saw the Connecticut license plate. "I wonder what TTYL means?" I knew TTYL was some sort of computer term; so I got up and walked into the computer lab, and asked our computer teacher what TTYL meant. She was not sure about it but suggested that I look it up on the Internet. I returned to my office and goggled TTYL. The very first hit on the list read:

### Talk To You Later - TTYL

Cold chills ran down my spine. Then I realized that the L was not on the license plate. "The rug will work out just fine ...Talk to you" was the message of the license plate. Carl would not use the word later, because in the Spirit world, there is no time—everything is in the present!

