



# KCC MOUNTAIN TOP MOMENT BOOK PRE-ORDER FORM

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*Books will be available in mid-to-late October*

{See Other Side to Read Some Brief Excerpts}

## Featuring Submissions By Our Children, Youth and Adults

When I think of  
angels I think of...

Mrs. Cook, my fifth grade teacher.  
She teaches me that everything  
is okay. That whatever is happening  
will pass. I think of Rachel, one of  
my besties. She supports me and loves  
me no matter what. I think of Kimi who  
had an amazing spirit no matter what she  
was going through.

how animals & pets remind me  
of God:

- \* they somehow know when you're sad
- \* they love you unconditionally
- \* they are always there (in hearts & in persons)
- \* they know all

My life has had no real high mountain tops and no really low valleys. Hills and ditches, yes. I think my parents had a lot to do with that. They were loving, steady, generous and were fabulous role models. I can always listen to that small voice inside my head telling me the right thing to do. Is that voice my parents or God...or both!!

Who remembers the TV show "My Mother the Car"? It only lasted two seasons 1965 and 66. The premise featured a man whose deceased mother is reincarnated as an antique car, and who communicated with him through the car radio. I have a car story.

4 ½ years ago my parents sold their property in Florida. They had a car down there – a Buick Lacrosse with only 26,000 miles on it. My Toyota was 11 years old and had over 250,000 miles. So I bought the car for \$1 and drove it from Columbus Ohio to San Diego after my family Christmas gathering in 2014. Amanda and Spencer were with me and they could both drive. (SIDE NOTE – on that trip we stopped and saw the Grand Canyon, stayed in Flagstaff that night and in a bar that night my daughter met a guy named Max who is now her husband.)

I'm still driving that Buick. About 6-7 times in the past four years something strange has happened. I buckle my seatbelt, turn the key and the passenger side seatbelt light goes on. Nothing was on that seat. The first time it happened I thought oh no a car repair bill! But the light didn't go on the next day. A few months later it happened again. This time I paid more attention to everything that happened on the trip to work. Twice in that 10 miles I had a crazy driver almost cause a wreck right by me. Now I believe even more in listening to that small voice, and I decided it was my Mom or Dad that made that light go on so I would be extra careful in the car that day. Every time it happens, I make sure to say hello to my parents and thank them for their spiritual guidance. It feels so good to know that a Heavenly Influence is communicating with me and letting me know that spiritual connections are real.

It happened only a few more times and sure enough... San Diego drivers were even crazier than normal every day that light went on.

About a month ago I got into my car very early on a Saturday to drive to crew practice. Sure enough the passenger side seatbelt light went on. I woke up a little bit more and realized it was April 20<sup>th</sup>. April 20th was the one-year anniversary of my Dad's face to face meeting with our creator.

So God, acting through my parents, keep speaking to me....I'll listen.