

Hello Sean!

My name is also Sean and I am writing to you to share an experience my family and I had today with What's your name? I hope you will forgive the length of this email but I do not want to leave out any details so you can understand the profound meaning and impact it has had on my life. Please forgive me I will not post any pictures of the experience because it is something that will be a personal experience for my family for the rest of our lives. I must also preface this by saying that I was raised Catholic by two devout parents. And while I believe, I am sorry to say I am neglectful in my Sunday duty, attending church mostly on holidays, but trying to live a good life.

On Friday, June 19th, 2009, I had some of my neighbors over for some social interaction and a few drinks. During the night, the topic of What's your name came up and it seemed that all of my "friends" had a very poor opinion of the man. I am the only Catholic on the block and I am used to having a different view than the others but never expected such a difference in opinion. While I listened to their disparaging remarks I had to speak up and say. "Have you ever met the man?" none could say they did. I myself had only briefly spoken to him, but my father and mother had spoken to him on numerous occasions. My parents are members of the Sacred Heart Church in Harleigh, PA of which Father Angelo was the priest there for as long as I was growing up. Saying that, you probably know that What's Your Name had a close relationship with Father Angelo.

Now back to the night at hand. They asked is he a prophet? Is he a priest? I responded that he is doing what he is doing and if that makes people talk a little about God than he is doing his job. In fact just by you sitting here talking about him he is accomplishing his goal, even though you are talking negatively, he is raising questions and other people like me will rise to defend him and our faith. They then asked, "If he came to your house, would you let him inside?" I said, "Absolutely!" I explained that I believe in the inherent good in man, and that just yesterday while I was at my favorite six pack shop on the way home from work I saw a homeless man that was scraping coins to buy himself a bag of chips. He was wearing a plastic grocery bag on one of his shoes to keep the rain out. I was taken aback at first, but as I drove home and was on the phone with my wife I just had to go back and buy him a hoagie or something. I turned around drove the five

miles back to the shop. While I was on my way I called and asked the attendant there if she thought he would be offended if I bought him a hoagie. She said probably not so I continued on my mission. I bought 3 hoagies, gave him two, and brought one home for my wife. She was a little worried about what I was doing, but I told her that if I did not go back this would bother me all night.

After relating this story to the company I was in, I told them that's why I would offer anything What's Your Name needed. It goes back to the bible, and forgive me, because I am not a scholar. But I do remember Jesus saying : When I was hungry, did you offer me food? When I was tired, did you offer me shelter? When I was thirsty, did you give me drink? When I was sick, did you comfort me? I know the words aren't exact, but these are words I try to live by even though it is tough in today's world. The opportunities one receives to help out their fellow man are few and far between in our daily lives, and I feel that each one is a test of our commitment to God and each other, and we must make the most of the opportunity when it arises. Never in a million years would I think that my belief and my statements would be put to the test and I would be able to witness a divine hand at work.

Now it is Tuesday, June 23rd, 2009. I was closing at my job and had to call one of my employees because she forgot to do something. I came to find out that she had been in a car accident after work and would not be able to come in tomorrow. This caused me to stay an extra 20 minutes after our normal time to leave so I could resolve the coverage issue we would have in the morning. Once that was resolved I got in my Blazer to go home. Instead of going the quick way home, I decided to go the long way and stop by my favorite six pack shop, since I was off tomorrow. As I entered the shop the gentleman I had given the hoagies to on Thursday was there. He thanked me for the hoagies and said he had to give one away because the pepperoni gave him heartburn. That made me chuckle and I proceeded on my way home.

I was on the way home when I called my wife and she said that my son wanted a Wendy's kids meal. I turned around to go back the way I came and who do I see walking down Route 309 but What's Your Name. True to my word I pulled over. I greeted him and let him know I was going to Wendy's. I asked if he would like something and he said, "That would be nice." I asked what he would like, and he said

something healthy. So I was about to run to the store, I then asked if he would like to come along. He agreed and we went to the drive through and I got dinner for him and my family. In the car he let me know he was in town for Father Angelo's funeral. He passed away a few days earlier. I let What's Your Name know that's where I knew him from and I talked about my parents a little, whom he knew. I then went to drop off the food, and take him to his destination in Mahanoy City (A town 20 miles away that has a chapel where the Holy Eucharist is displayed 24-7 and Mother Theresa prayed at). However I could not resist the opportunity to invite him in to meet my wife and son and sit down at our table and have dinner. The details of our conversation shall remain my family's, but suffice it to say it was spiritually uplifting. I wanted to reach out to my earthly viewed neighbors to come and visit, but did not want to have my family's experience diminished, so I did not. After dinner and our wonderful conversation he asked if we could say the rosary together. I was more than happy to oblige. This is the first time that my son has said the rosary, and the first time we did it together as a family. I offered him a place to stay for the night, but he wanted to get to the chapel. As we were leaving one of my skeptical neighbor's saw us and he asked where I was going. I let him know that my family and I were taking What's Your Name to the chapel in Mahanoy City. His jaw about hit the floor when he saw the man in the passenger seat of my vehicle that was just being talked about 4 days earlier at my house.

My family and I drove him to the chapel and on the way there I shared with him some things that have bothered me for a long time. My family and I went in to the chapel, joined him for some silent prayers, and then some vocal prayers. We said our goodbyes and I had to thank him for spending time with us. While some might say that all these events were coincidence, on the way home I reflected on the entire experience and realize I have now found a peace I had never known before and contentment in knowing that there truly is a God and a divine hand at work in our lives. You may ask why, and if you haven't got it for my story, then please let me share with you my realizations, for which I will never be able to thank God and What's Your Name for the time he spent with us enough.

I was speaking of What's Your Name and defending him in conversation not four nights ago, though I had only briefly met the

man. Seeing him my faith and conviction to my words I spoke in his defense were put to the test. Had I not seen What's Your Name who knows how long he would have been walking to get to his destination. If my employee had not got in an car accident (which no harm physical was done to her) I would not have left work late and probably would have never seen him. (God works in mysterious ways) The feeling of joy and contentment I have now, I would have never received. I never knew the chapel in Mahanoy City ever existed, but found it a place of peace where I can go and reflect. My neighbors were witness to the divine intervention and were in disbelief. The homeless man I had helped and referenced 4 days earlier in What's Your name defense was at the six pack shop. (Only the second time I've ever seen him there. The first time was when I bought him the hoagies). Good begets good and everything happens for a reason. I can't thank God enough for the experience he has given me and allowed me and my family to be be impacted by What's Your Name. The interaction and time with him, and the divine sequence of events has truly brought me peace and a new found faith in God. I am beside myself that my family could be part of this small miracle.

I needed to share this experience with you, because I couldn't figure out how to post it on the blog and felt it was too significant to be dismissed. Please feel free to share it with whomever you feel will benefit. If you speak with What's Your Name soon please let him know how thankful I am for the time he spent with us and let him know he will always be welcome in Kelayres, PA.

Sincerely,
Sean Nork