Pennies from Heaven?

by KATHLEEN GLAVICH, SND on AUGUST 29, 2012 in BLOGS

Recently the “Dear Abby” column included a letter from a woman who spoke of inexplicably finding a penny in the finger of a glove. The woman interpreted it as a sign that her deceased mother was with her. As Catholics we believe that our beloved dead still exist in another dimension. Ordinarily we have no contact with them, but occasionally they seem to break through from “the other side.” An editor once confided that one morning shortly after her husband died, she distinctly felt him kiss her forehead. As a boy, my nephew saw a recently deceased neighbor woman walking down the sidewalk. A few years ago our pastor at St. Dominic shared a parishioner’s experience:

The woman missed her deceased mother and father very much. She wondered if they really still were somewhere, or if the whole notion of an afterlife were just wishful thinking. She asked her parents to give her a sign if they existed. She asked them to let her find two pennies. That morning as she was cleaning the couch, she found two pennies and a quarter between the cushions. She reasoned that she had asked for two pennies, not 27¢. The she went to the store. At the checkout counter her bill came to $10.02. She fished in the bottom of her purse for 2¢ with no luck. The
man in line behind her gave her the 2¢. She thought to herself that it didn’t count because she didn’t actually find the money. And it was just a coincidence. She went home and started to put the groceries away. As she tossed her coat off, two pennies fell out of the pocket. She said she could almost hear her mother saying, “You should have believed in the first place when I sent you 2¢ and threw in the extra quarter.”

This past year a retreatant picked up one of my books with delight. The cover happened to have a purple butterfly on it. The woman told me that she had been very close to her sister who had died. Every day since then she has seen a purple butterfly.

I have no doubt that our good God would allow these messages as a means to comfort those who grieve. They say, “Hi! I’m OK and I’m still with you.” Our relationships do not end with death. That is what the doctrine of the Communion of Saints is all about. This consoles me because soon I’ll have more friends in heaven than I do on earth.

Periodically there’s a proposal to stop minting pennies. If that happens, I hope heaven has a good supply of nickels!

Do you think occurrences like these are real or coincidence? Did anything like this ever happen to you?

PS: Found this on Facebook August 9, 2019:

A woman asked a man why he stooped to pick up a dirty penny on the ground. A smile crept across the man’s face as he reached into his pocket for the penny and held it out for her to see.

‘Look at it.' He said. ‘Read what it says.' She read the words ‘United States of America’
‘No, not that; read further.’
‘One cent?’ ‘No, keep reading.’
‘In God we Trust?’ ‘Yes!’ ‘And?’

‘And if I trust in God, the name of God is holy, even on a coin. Whenever I find a coin, I see that inscription. It is written on every single United States coin, but we never seem to notice it! God drops a message right in front of me telling me to trust Him? Who am I to pass it by? When I see a coin, I pray, I stop to see if my trust IS in God at that moment. I pick the coin up as a response to God; that I do trust in Him. For a short time, at least, I cherish it as if it were gold. I think it is God’s way of starting a conversation with me. Lucky for me, God is patient and pennies are plentiful!
I lost my husband 9 months ago, one Sunday night after rearranging my room and cleaning it top to bottom and I mean spotless clean (mopping, sweeping) like 3 times. Right before bed I notice a very shiny penny in the middle of my room. Picked it up and just placed it on the shelf not thinking anything of it. The next day while fishing for my car keys after work, again I noticed a shiny penny, pulled it out also dated 2012 and a shield on the back side. When I got home went to get the first penny just to make sure it wasn’t the same one. Noticed the first one was also dated 2012 and same shield symbol. 2012 was the year my husband passed. That night while putting his clothes in a plastic bin I noticed a small white fluffy feather on my floor. Guess he knew I was still being a little skeptical about the pennies.... 😊

Kathleen Glavich, SND  
April 4, 2013 at 3:17 pm

My sympathy, Vicky on the loss of your husband. I’m glad he finally got through to you! Thank you for sharing your story.

Rod Labbe  
July 1, 2013 at 10:51 am

I’ve also had a similar experience regarding pennies. My elderly (86) mom passed away in February of this year from Congestive Heart Failure. I lived with her
since the death of my dad in 1998, and we grew very close (I'm the only child in the area). At one point before she became ill, we talked about death and specifically about pennies being left by deceased loved ones as a message to those left behind. After she passed, the thought of pennies drifted through my mind...and then, I began finding them.

The first time was when I went to the supermarket. As I was driving, I was thinking about my mother, and when I parked and opened the door, my eyes instantly went to the ground. There was a penny. I knew right away it was from her. I pocketed it and waited to see if there'd be more. For a while, there was nothing. But just this past week, there have been two penny incidents, both inexplicable.

With the first, I was cleaning out her old bedroom. In a vanity drawer, I found a penny. Again, I knew it was from her. And yesterday, it happened again, only more obvious. I was driving to a local big box store and passed by an ice cream stand my mother and I used to frequent in the spring, summer and fall. The last time I'd gone there had been with her, in September. Just for the heck of it, I decided to stop and get my usual ice cream.

Normally, when my mother was living, she'd sit in the car while I purchased the ice cream. I'd order, then turn and look at the car—she'd always be there, sitting and waiting. Sometimes, I'd smile at her. Yesterday, I did the same thing, though, of course, I knew she wasn't in the car. I squinted my eyes and tried to imagine her sitting there, but the illusion didn't work. I turned to look back at the window, and there—in the corner of the little ledge where I was resting my elbows—was a penny. I saw it immediately and knew it was another message from my mother.

I pocketed the penny and walked away knowing that she's happy and fulfilled wherever she is. I don't know if there'll be more “pennies from heaven,” but I know, without a doubt, that these came from her. I hope my story brings some hope to someone suffering the loss of a loved one...it's true, every word.

Kathleen Glavich, SND

July 1, 2013 at 11:07 am

My sympathy, Rod, on the death of your mother. Like you, I believe that our beloved dead still exist in another dimension and that they are aware of us. Thank you for sharing your consoling story.

Available from ACTA Publications and me. ($10.00)

My First Novel!
The Fisherman's Wife is the story of St. Peter's spouse, the long-suffering but delightful woman who puts up with Peter and his obsession with the itinerant preacher named Jesus. Through her we meet Peter, Jesus, and other biblical characters. In Capernaum she witnesses Jesus' healings and hears his words. The book is based on the Gospels, legends, and what is known about first-century Jewish women. The rest is sheer imagination. Order directly from me FOR AN AUTOGRAPHED COPY at kglavich@ndec.org.

A Slow Student During indoor recess, the third and fourth graders were playing school. Taking part in the game, the teacher, Sister Janet, sat at a child's desk. Adam, who was playing the teacher, came up to her and asked, "And just how many years have you been kept back?" (from "Why Is Jesus in the Microwave?")

A Bit of Humor

Of Interest

The Fisherman's Wife

100 Catholic Blogs by Catholic Sisters and Nuns

Ideas for Church fundraising

Recent Posts

Walking Prayers

Self-Esteem and Fitting In

Humility: Realizing the Truth about Oneself

Choices: How to Discern

Creation, a Springboard to God
After reading the messages here and the article, I must tell you my own experience.

My dad died in 1998 from Congestive Heart Failure. At the time, mom was very healthy. But as the years wore on, there were signs of trouble ahead. A battle with Type 2 Diabetes, gout that was out of control, high blood sugar and a pacemaker (in 2003). Then, in 2011, when she was 85, she began having problems with shortness of breath. That led to several short-term hospitalizations until the summer of 2012, when things took a serious downturn. She was sent to a rehab unit and began having symptoms of severe congestive heart failure. Aside from being on oxygen 24/7, her extremities became very swollen. After 2 1/2 months in rehab, I—her son and middle child—took her back home and became her permanent caregiver. Amazingly, my mother rebounded. For the months of August through the middle of November, 2012, she recovered. On Halloween night, we sat on the front porch and gave out candy to 50 kids, the most she'd ever had. Alas, in November, there was a relapse, with another stay in hospitals followed by rehab...and then, on February 2nd, she died very suddenly from a heart attack.

My two sisters (older and younger) live in New Hampshire, I lived in Maine with my mother. Ever since my dad died, my mother was my primary focus. I just wanted her to be healthy and happy...but happy, mostly. Her younger life was hard. Father dying when she was 10, living in poverty, an older brother killed in WWII, a younger sister dying of pneumonia. I used to hear her tell those stories and couldn't believe what hardships she went through. My dad also lost his father at a young age. Anyway, I took care of my mother and made sure she had a good quality of life. We went everywhere together, sometimes with her sister, my aunt. We'd drive to neighboring towns to eat, go for long drives, go watch the fireworks on the 4th, have ice creams, watch movies, everything. It was very important for me that my mother enjoy her life. One day, I asked her, “ma, are you happy?” She smiled and looked at me and said, “As long as I’m here with you, I’m happy.” Both of my sisters, for whatever reasons (unknown to me) ignored my mother. Without me, she wouldn’t have had anyone who cared. My aunt died in 2004, and that devastated my mother. She never really got over it.

Anyway, when mom died, I was grief-stricken. It’s been 8 months now, and I’m still grieving. Not all the time, but usually at night...when my thoughts are my own, and I’m alone. Her death affected my life in profound ways. I’ve moved from my childhood home and am now living in New Hampshire with my older, ill-with-Rheumatoid Arthritis sister. I’m working (after not having a job since 2009) and...
trying to rebuild my life. It dawned on me one day that while I always thought I was my mother’s companion, in reality, she was mine.

Sometime in the summer, when it was getting close for me to leave for NH, I went to a supermarket. When I came back to the car, my eyes fell on a penny directly next to the driver’s door. Suddenly, it occurred to me that this was from my mother. I pocketed it. After that, during moments of grief or confusion, I’ve found a penny. Sometimes, more than one penny. The most profound time was one day in September, when I decided to stop at an ice-cream stand. The last time I’d been there was in October of 2012, with my mom, and she loved that place. I parked, got out, ordered the ice cream, then turned to look at my car. For a second, I tried to picture my mother sitting in the passenger’s seat. As I turned away to face the ordering window, my eyes fell to the counter. There was a penny right in front of me. It wasn’t there before, and I’d just been thinking about my mother.

Now I’m a realist, but I have absolutely no doubt these pennies are from my mother–her way of saying, “I’m all right. You keep going. You’re going to make it, and I’m watching you.” I feel a profound sense of calm whenever I find one of these pennies. So, do I believe? Yes. Definitely.

Kathleen Glavich, SND  October 4, 2013 at 9:51 am

What a gift you and your mother have been for each other, Rod. I believe that in some way we can be even closer to our loved ones who have passed on. Sounds like this is true for you.

anne wade  February 22, 2014 at 8:11 pm

My husband passed away after a short illness (he was 66) and our daughter was just closing and moving into a new home. On Friday, after he had just been gone three days, I was helping with the move, there were two small children around, I’m sure ya’ll (Georgia, sorry can’t help it) understand. Nevertheless, I was crossing the foyer which had no furniture or anything in it yet and there on the slick, polished floor were four pennies. I have lost my mother, my sister, son and husband recently. I’m finding comfort in this, I don’t care if it’s not real.
Kathleen Glavich, SND  February 23, 2014 at 10:36 am
My sympathy, Anne, on the many sorrows you've experienced. Who says the pennies aren't a real sign that they are OK and love you from a distance?

REPLY

Katherine  June 20, 2014 at 1:53 pm
I have just went through a divorce. It has been a hard long journey for me. I was out to lunch with my 85 year old mother, who is very near and dear to my heart. Afterwards we went to my fathers grave. Right before we left I said Mom, I wonder what dad thinks of my divorce. I wish he would leave me a sign. I was cleaning off his headstone, and I looked down and saw a penny on his grave. I tried to read the year but could not. Later that evening I showed it to my son, who has autism. He said why mother, it says 1985, the last time the Royals won the world championship. My dad was born in KC, and that was his favorite baseball team!!! Also 1985 was the last year I was single. So I called my mom and she said there is your sign!!! I am still struggling with this divorce, but knowing dad is ok with it, makes me feel better.

REPLY

Kathleen Glavich, SND  June 20, 2014 at 2:04 pm
My sympathy on your divorce, Katherine. I know that it can be like going through a death. Your story is incredible...coincidence after coincidence. I'm sure your dad is smiling at you.

REPLY

Adina  August 25, 2014 at 3:31 pm
When my mom died 3 years ago, my Dad and I were devastated. I don't have any siblings and Mom and Dad practically grew up together. They were married for 42 years. On the day of her funeral, I saw this beautiful black butterfly with blue accents on its wings. I knew it was a sign. When I'm feeling a little sad, wouldn't you know it a big, beautiful, black butterfly with blue on its wings would show up. It has been a gift to me. I know Mom is safe and loved. Now to the pennies, pennies have always been an answer to a prayer. If I find a penny, I take the penny, make the sign of the cross, and I know a prayer has been answered. The last penny I found recently was no coincidence - my son received a blessing.
we were praying for. God is good, and coincidence is just God’s way of remaining anonymous, right?

---

**Kathleen Glavich, SND**  August 25, 2014 at 9:18 pm

My sympathy on the death of your mom. I’m sure you think of her every day. Yes, God gives us such little “courtesies,” reminding us that he is caring for us with tender love.

---

**Mary Collins-Smith**  September 7, 2018 at 5:03 pm

That’s incredible!

I’m a big believer in finding pennies. It’s not luck but a heavenly presence at your side. Some days I find more pennies than others. Never nickels or dimes but ALWAYS pennies. Each penny is inscribed at the back. In God We Trust.

It certainly is God’s way of staying anonymous!

---

**Dewayne**  January 21, 2016 at 12:07 am

I just lost my Dad less than two weeks ago. He spent most of December in the hospital but got released on Christmas Eve with plans of exercising more, watching his diet, etc. (he had heart failure, kidney failure and diabetes). He has been in and out of the hospital for years now but this last stay really scared him as the doctors told him that he would most likely need Dialysis soon. Anyway we were both feeling pretty positive with his newfound desire to be more healthy but I got a heartbreaking phone call on January 9th letting me know that he was gone. His friend found him on the floor of his apartment. I had just talked with him the day before and he sounded fine, so this was a shocker to me.

I knew his health was bad and his time was limited, but it still hit me like a sledgehammer. Seems like I’ve been crying constantly every day since he passed. Feels like a dark cloud of gloom and sadness is following me everywhere I go. 😞
Like most other people who lose someone dear to them, the first thing I did is start begging for some kind of sign to let me know that he is OK and that we will see each other again. Days went by and nothing. No signs.

So two nights ago I was laying in bed trying to remember what I was doing the day he died (before I had found out). I remembered that I was out enjoying one of my hobbies. I was metal detecting an empty lot next to my workplace, looking for old coins. All I had found that day was a few new coins and only one old one. It was a wheat penny, which I had just thrown into the console of my truck. I never even bothered to clean off the dirt and look at the date. So I thought to myself, I probably dug up that penny at about the same time he passed. I need to clean it up and check the date to see if it's a significant number. So the following morning I cleaned up the penny and got out my magnifying glass to check the date. I almost fell out of my seat when I saw it! The date was 1953, which is the year of his birth! Apparently he had given me my sign before I even asked for it!

Just to put this into prospective, wheat pennies were minted from 1909 to 1958... Almost 50 years... So the odds of it being from his birth year were very low... Add the fact that it was the only old coin I found, and I found it on the same day he passed and it's pretty clear to me that it's a sign. Or at least I think it is.

This penny from my dad has definitely helped ease my grief a bit but I still miss him like crazy. I guess I always will. Love you Dad!

---

Kathleen Glavich, SND  January 21, 2016 at 8:14 am

Dewayne, thank you for sharing your fascinating and poignant experience. My sympathy on the unexpected death of your father. You must have been blessed with a special relationship with him. Thank God for it. If you haven't already, you might read this week's post on death, especially the reflection on the end, which I find comforting when I face the great mystery of death.

---

Kathleen Glavich, SND  February 11, 2016 at 4:35 pm

I came across this on Facebook. A man explains why he picks up a penny:
Look at it! He said. ‘Read what it says.’ She read the words ‘United States of America’.

‘No, not that. Read further.’
‘One cent?’ ‘No, keep reading.’
‘In God we Trust?’ ‘Yes!’ ‘And?’
‘And if I trust in God, the name of God is holy, even on a coin. Whenever I find a coin, I see that inscription. It is written on every single United States coin, but we never seem to notice it! God drops a message right in front of me telling me to trust Him? Who am I to pass it by? When I see a coin, I pray, I stop to see if my trust is in God at that moment. I pick the coin up as a response to God; that I do trust in Him. For a short time, at least, I cherish it as if it were gold. I think it is God’s way of starting a conversation with me. Lucky for me, God is patient and pennies are plentiful!

---

**anthony fontes**  
May 23, 2016 at 6:47 pm

I lost my wife Barbara two years ago. I read the story about pennies from heaven. Since then I have then found coins that are from Barbara. I say “I found a bright penny all shiny and new. I found a bright penny I know its from you”. Then I was in Dublin Ireland with my daughter and grand children last month. On the day we were flying home to Boston we went to a coffee shop for a quick coffee while we waited for the cab. On the way back to the hotel, I look down and there was four Irish pennies plus an American penny on the sidewalk.

I know it was Barbara telling us (myself, my daughter, and two grandchildren) that we will have a safe trip home. Which we did.

“I found a bright penny all shiny and new  
I found a bright penny I know its from you”

Anthony

---

**Kathleen Glavich, SND**  
May 24, 2016 at 10:01 am

My sympathy on losing your beloved wife, Barbara. Thank you, Anthony, for sharing your “penny experiences.” I like your little poem!
BARBARA  July 14, 2016 at 6:17 pm

My Dad died July 31,2015.
I started finding pennies.
The first one was on a square of linoleum he intended to use to replace a worn spot in the dining room floor.
Today I found one by the right front tire of my car.
I was at the grocery store, put the bags in my car, then put the cart in the corral.
When I went back to my car, there was the penny.

REPLY

Ann Marie O  July 22, 2016 at 4:54 pm

I lost my Mom less than 2 weeks ago. Though she lived to be almost 93 the pain is still so bad. I just went for a walk and saw a penny on the ground, picked it up and said 'Is this you Mom?'. I walked for about a mile and then went to my car and when I opened the car door there was a penny on my drivers seat. Guess this was her saying "Yes honey...it's me."

REPLY

Kathleen Glavich, SND  July 23, 2016 at 7:05 pm

Dear Ann Marie, my sympathy on the death of your dear mother. It's been three years since my 92-year-old mom died, and I still hurt, although I'm relieved she is no longer suffering. Sure sounds as if you mother is with you (though in another dimension) and showing you love.

REPLY

Mary Alice Wall  October 9, 2016 at 10:39 am

Almost 6 years ago I lost my husband of 58 yrs. We had an amazing weekend with friends & family, including a party the evening before where all of our neighbors of 15 yrs, my daughter& her husband got to see Dad really happy! The day prior he took my hand told me he REALLY loved me & was a VERY HAPPY man. We woke the next day he was absolutely fine, but at 5:05pm suffered an
Aortic Tear & died within hours, no warning! Although I am glad he had the happy death we all wish for, it has been VERY hard for me to come to grips with the suddenness of my loss. In the first week after his death I happened on a coin in an unexpected place, & knew it was from him (as he knew I was aware of Angel Pennies) I have many PENNY findings since, & always say “Hi Jack I know this is from you!” I keep them in a special sack as a remembrance of my soulmate! I get comfort knowing he was sorry he left me soo suddenly we never got to say our goodbyes, so he lets me know he’s there for me.

REPLY

**Kathleen Glavich, SND**  
October 10, 2016 at 8:25 am

I’m sorry for your loss, Mary Alice. What a consolation for you that your husband’s death was preceded by such joy and a declaration of love and now followed by the penny discoveries. I like your idea of saving the found pennies.

REPLY

**MaryAlice Wall**  
October 14, 2016 at 10:04 pm

I love having something tangible of him here with me. It’s very comforting for me!

REPLY

**Vicki**  
October 31, 2016 at 3:59 pm

My husband died suddenly 12/16/2012. It’s just been in the last month or so that I’ve been finding pennies. Pennies everywhere that would not have been there. Sometimes they appear on my desk for no reason. I was looking at old jewelry today in three different jewelry containers. The first two a had one penny in it. It’s almost a daily occurrence. I’m missing my husband more than ever. I really do believe he is letting me know he is still with me. God I wish I could have him home with me.

REPLY

**Kathleen Glavich, SND**  
November 1, 2016 at 8:49 am
Vicki, today is the Feast of All Saints. I hope you find comfort in the thought that your beloved husband is still with you, loving you and praying for you, but just in another dimension that we can't sense...yet.

**David B**  March 5, 2017 at 1:59 pm

I lost my wife Emma in June 2015 to colon cancer. she leaves me pennies dimes or pennies on many occasions. once I was sitting in front of my computer sipping a cup of coffee I went to the bathroom and came back and there was a beautiful feather laying on the middle of my desk. She leaves a penny outside my car door. Inside right on the middle of my car seat. On the kitchen floor and it is always one penny no more and it's always right in the middle all the time. Also I'll empty my coat pockets before I go to bed the next day I go and put my coat on and there is one penny in my pocket. I know she is sending her love she was such a beautiful perso. And had such a warm heart I miss her dearly.

**Kathleen Glavich, SND**  March 6, 2017 at 7:40 am

My sympathy, David, on the loss of your wife. Obviously Emma is still loving you and caring for you!

**Lisa**  April 10, 2017 at 2:07 pm

Both of my parents have passed, as well as grandparents and some very close aunts and uncles. How do you know which loved one is trying to communicate to you when you find these coins? When I see a penny, I say hi to my mom, but it could be my dad. Does it matter if the coin is heads up or down? I know these souls are trying to say hi and comfort me, but I want to say hi back and thank the right one.

**Kathleen Glavich, SND**  April 10, 2017 at 2:33 pm

Lisa, now that is a good question. Assuming that finding the coin is a communication from the other side and not just a lucky happening, I can think...
of three possible answers: 1. The penny is from your loved one who died most recently. 2. The penny is from all your loved ones who want to assure you that they still love and care about you. 3. The penny is from the person you are thinking about. As for the heads up or down, I don't think it makes any difference.

Traci A Herrera  June 23, 2017 at 3:52 pm

My mom passed away in 2015, 4 months after I stop take care of her. By her choice, not mine. Any how have her passing I would find dimes and pennies, I would tell my husband it is crazy that I always only fine dimes and pennies. Every time I would find a dime or pennies it would put my mind I. Overload because I would over think about why am I only finding dimes and pennies. Finally I Google why I was finding dimes and pennies, not anything else. That when I find out that Penn's are kisses from heaven and dime are to let you know everything is alright. There isn't a time when I go to the conveniences store around the corner or Wal-Mart, I will always find a pennies and dimes. I know my mom is with me all the time. she let me know that by the pennies and dime.

Kathleen Glavich, SND  June 24, 2017 at 7:03 pm

I'm glad you have this consolation, Traci. I found a penny myself last week in a parking lot.

Alex G  April 5, 2018 at 10:38 pm

I work on planes... Last year was very difficult for me... I went trough a divorce, and our family destroyed.

I been extremely depressed... For the last two moths I been finding pennies,inside the planes... One penny per plane... And also a dime.

This pennies are from different years... From 1961 to 2017... I feel some conform on this.
Kathleen Glavich, SND May 23, 2019 at 10:44 am

I just saw this today, Alex. Sorry. I hope this past year has been better for you.

Robin Hackworth July 14, 2018 at 11:32 am

After my sister died 7/10/18 I had to go to the funeral home the next day. In there my sister’s sister in law said I was going to star seeing Penny’s everywhere. We my fiance and I left we stopped at a gas station. I went in to use the restroom. When I came out the first thing I laid eyes on was a penny. I continued walking towards the car and about 10 or so steps I found another penny! I showed my fiance who was pumping gas. I said LOOK what I found!! Then I walked around the car to get in and right beside my door was a THIRD penny!!! That was my Rose!!!!

Kathleen Glavich, SND July 17, 2018 at 6:43 am

Had to be Rose. Smart sister-in-law!

Mary Collins August 27, 2018 at 7:30 pm

I recently have been finding a lot of pennies and dimes. It usually happens when I am out on a walk enjoying my day.

To my astonishment, I found 14 pennies on my daily walk today. All on the same sidewalk within yards of each other. Several of the pennies had really old dates on the back of them – the oldest one being my birth year of 1967!

I immediately thought surely this must be a tremendous blessing. I regularly pray for the holy souls in Purgatory. I felt that they sent me a strong positive message today. I still can’t fathom not one but fourteen pennies?! I’m going to keep praying for the holy souls in purgatory. My deceased father and heavenly angels surely hear my prayers.
I would love to hear your comments on this extraordinary experience.

Mary Collins

---

Kathleen Glavich, SND  September 1, 2018 at 7:22 am
Thank is indeed strange, Mary! Keep on praying. The holy souls must love you!

---

Maria  February 11, 2019 at 11:12 pm
On my birthday, my husband took me & our daughter out to eat at Olive Garden. As our hostess got the menus together, I stood patiently and looked at a penny on the floor inches from my feet. I thought to myself, how cool would it be if it had my birth year! I picked it up and it just so happened to be my birth year! The first person I thought of was my deceased father and he wanted to wish me a happy birthday. It was a super cool story to share that night and I took a pic to prove it or it never happened right?

---

Kathleen Glavich, SND  February 13, 2019 at 7:45 am
Wow! That is really a great “coincidence”!

---

Mary Collins-Smith  February 13, 2019 at 4:23 pm
I keep all my found pennies in a jar to remind myself if the times that it is “Christ” on my path and to remind me to trust in him. Just like it says on the back of the penny – “In God We Trust”.

---

Kathleen Glavich, SND  February 14, 2019 at 9:07 am
A great idea, Mary! How many do you have now?
Mary Collins-Smith  
February 14, 2019 at 1:05 pm

Well over 100 pennies since I started collecting them about one year ago. The pennies are always bright to catch my attention!

Mary Collins-Smith  
February 13, 2019 at 4:31 pm

Bright new pennies, butterflies, and feathers. I find them everywhere. I don't think it is a coincidence. I feel loved and protected.

Rebecca owens  
May 22, 2019 at 6:26 pm

Hi...I have recently lost my only son. He was 17 and a senior in high school. He was in a horrible wreck not even a mile from home. Losing him has been so painful and since we don't know what really happened it's hard to accept. Lately I have been seeing the cardinal on the road or on my patio and it often takes my breath away but today I went to his grave and there were two pennies laying in the grass by his grave. I had no idea what that meant until my friend told me. I am just in shock to see these things before me because I constantly pray for answers if he's okay and he is happy but really I just miss him so. I also lost my mother a year ago as well. I have lost the two most treasured people in my life back to back and I often feel like I'm being punished for something. I don't know why or for what but my son had on the back of his truck window. "Trust God's Plan" and it's ironic that a 17 yr old would have such a thing on his truck but he did and he touched so many lives while on this earth. Just wanted to share.

Kathleen Glavich, SND  
May 23, 2019 at 10:31 am

Dear Rebecca,

My sympathy for both of your painful losses. Be assured that our good God would not allow this to happen as punishment for you. He loves you. Many things in our lives–good and bad–are mysteries. Your son sounds like a
wonderful person and someone who had faith. Let his saying on the truck be his message to you. Realize that he and your mom still exist, but in another dimension. Feel free to speak to them and be confident that they are aware of you and loving you. How neat that you found not just one, but two pennies! Take heart and have courage. Thank you for sharing your story. Sr. Kathleen