

# Penny From Heaven<sup>©</sup>

A True Story | By Michele Vogt

In 2018 I was on Instagram searching hashtags related to brain tumors and the condition I have. I came across an account run by a PA. She was the head neurosurgeon's PA at a hospital in NYC. I started following her. I commented on a few of her posts and, one post in particular, had to do with the trigeminal nerve (the 5th cranial nerve). I think I commented something like, "that's the nerve that's destroying my life." She told me to DM her. I did and she told me to send her my scans. I did and she was kind enough to review my them and follow-up with me. From there, I believe, I asked her if she and the neurosurgeon she was with would let me see them for future follow-up MRIs and care. Great news! Yes!

I made an appointment for a review of my case for January 22. I ended up getting a cold and was majorly depressed, suicidal really, so I ended up canceling. Somehow I ended up watching the documentary HEAL and it motivated me to start doing everything within my power to make myself better and have a more positive mindset. Prayers were constant. Everyone I knew was praying for me. A few months went by and I reschedule my appointment to see her and the doctor. I reschedule for April 22.

The day before my appointment, I'm shopping with my mom and I said I wanted to get Leslie a gift. She had gone above and beyond for me when I wasn't even her patient and I was just so grateful. On a table, there were a bunch of necklaces. There was one called "Penny from Heaven." It was a penny with an angel wing on a necklace and came with a poem. The poem included in the box was a little deep and spiritual but it just felt right so I bought it for her.

So off I go with my mom on April 22 to meet my [new PA Leslie](#) and [neurosurgeon](#). I'm waiting in a room at [Mt. Sinai](#) with my mom and in walks this talk, vibrant woman. I knew what she looked like from her Instagram but when I met her in person she just exuded this indescribable energy. I stood up to greet her and she gave me a hug and said, "I feel like I know you already." The feeling was mutual.

We go into her office and discuss my case. Later in the evaluation the neurosurgeon comes in. We spent a good hour and half together. It's confirmed I have an incurable

condition. At the end of the evaluation the doctor leaves and it's just me, my mom and Leslie. My appointment is winding down and I said "I have something for you." She was surprised and said "You have something for me?" I responded "You've gone out of your way for me so I just wanted to show my appreciation." I handed her the box. She opened, gasped and kind of looked at me in shock. At that moment she said, "Michele, my sister died and my mom told me that whenever I find a penny it means your sister is with you." I got the chills and I looked at her in shock. I said "Oh my gosh I had no idea." Leslie responded, "How would you?" She came over to me and we both hugged and cried. At that moment, at that very moment, I felt like my life—like the brain tumor I was diagnosed with and the horrific, incurable post-op condition I have to live with—led me down a path to deliver that gift/message to her. It gave meaning to life altering events.

A few days go by and I start the scheduling process of my yearly MRI and an appointment with a pain management doctor. I'm coming in from out of state so I'm working with both departments to settle on one date. I was able to get May 22.

Between my April 22 appointment and my May 22 appointments, I was on Instagram and it was Mother's Day. Leslie posted a picture of herself with her mom and she tagged her mom. I went to her mom's page and there was a link to a foundation they made in her sister's memory. I clicked on the [link](#) and then I went to the [About Elizabeth](#) page. What I learned sent chills down my spine. So much of who Elizabeth was — I related to. I even took adult ballet lessons. I loved my sports during my k-12 days — my number was always 22 but I also had a passion for the arts.

But what really made me believe God truly was involved in connecting me with Leslie — another sign — Elizabeth was murdered at the age of twenty-four by her ex-boyfriend on... May 22. When I saw that she was murdered, I literally started crying for her, for her family. Such a senseless loss of life. I also started crying because of the date and the number 22 that had continued to follow me throughout this story.

I had, just a few weeks prior, scheduled my MRI and pain management appointment for May 22. It was just a day for me but a Remembrance Day for Elizabeth. Every single appointment I had made was on the 22 of some month. My number in sports was always 22. Just more confirmation from God.

The Penny from Heaven was no coincidence. Every moment in my life, every turn, diagnosis and surgery, unbeknownst to me I was on a mission—a huge mission to

deliver a message to a woman I didn't know who had suffered as well. A woman who witnessed her sister's murder. God led me to her to deliver a message that her sister was with her and it brought meaning back into my life.

The story continues...

### The exact [necklace](#)



### The card insert:

There's a story from above  
that says pennies are a sign of love  
from angels who want us to know  
how much they care for us below.  
They send pennies down to earth  
for us to find and know our worth.  
This Penny From Heaven is meant just for you  
to know that you are loved and watched over too.  
So wear your penny and know this is true:  
It's from an angel who's grateful for you.

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