Hey Ron,

Well, it's been a long time coming, but I am here to tell you that I believe I have finally burst through that door! I have made over $87,000 in the past three months flipping houses. All on Assignments, no HUD, no deeds, no closings, all cash$$. The most recent “Shut Up Check” is why I'm writing to you now: $47,000 in cash wired to my account while I was in Montreal!

01/24 WIRE TRANSFER-IN 47,000.00

I heard of you Ron while listening to a webinar of you and Cam Dunlap in Oct 2012. You were advertising the Gold Club, so I joined. A month later I met you in Manchester, NH (home of the walking dead!), you said it would be your last time being there, I do believe you meant it! So, you talked me into signing up for the QSRES, with a great opportunity for a veteran. The QSRES was awesome!

Ron you have truly helped to change my life, and I want to thank you with all sincerity and respect.

You and I are a lot alike actually; I came from nothing, a broken family filled with broken hearts. At 17, I quit high school to join the military to get away from, I don’t know what. Got out and joined the construction ranks. Found my niche and built up a really good business renovating old houses. Married my high school sweetheart after we met 11 years earlier (just celebrated 27 years!) I started my own development company in 1999, fix and flip. Problem with me is, I love those great big old sea captain homes that are all over Salem. They are very costly to renovate, and time consuming, but that is my passion. We also bought a huge Victorian on the cheap, and we built a B&B Inn with ten guest rooms all with private baths, we owned and operated that business for 18 years. It was great, Jill could run the day to day and be home with the kids. Business was booming. Life was great! In 2005, we decided to close the Inn and convert the property into 6 high-end condominiums, and then the crash hit and wiped us out. I did what no man should ever do, I spent my $300,000 reserve chasing the market down, basically paying the bank not to foreclose, which the bastards did anyways.

That was the beginning of the end for me.

Now, you may not know it Ron, but I have been through hell. And that hell has lasted for about 7 years now. For seven years I have been walking through the desert, in the dark, a broke and broken man. It got so bad I actually tried doing away with myself, flying down the Kancamangus highway on my motorcycle. I had $500,000 in life insurance, the premium was due and I didn’t have the money to pay it, surely the family would be better off with the money, than being thrown out of the only home they only ever knew. But I just couldn’t bring myself to fly off the mountain, although the opportunity was there. So, I drove as fast as I possibly could down the mountain, I mean full throttle, like 90 mph at some points. I rode flawlessly for some reason, I couldn’t crash the bike if I wanted to. I can remember feeling like a total loser and a coward, because I didn’t do it, that’s how screwed up I was. That was a few years ago. Somehow we have been able to hang on. I got a job working for my brother-in-law, building hardscapes, stone walkways and walls etc. Actually built some fantastic stuff, and got really good at it, but he ran out of work and I got laid off over a year ago. That was tough because I couldn’t collect unemployment (for the very first time in my life) for several months. So I sold off the rest of my construction equipment to help pay the bills. Quite a humbling change from being the builder that I once was (7 years ago my net worth was just at $7m.) Hey, I know I'm not the only one to ever lose their life's work, but I have been humbled! And obviously deeply, deeply depressed, about as low as a man can get I imagine.

And so, a couple months ago, I reached for the Bible, one that I bought several years ago and never read, and I started to read, and to pray. Something I had never really done before, and it wasn’t easy, I wondered if I was doing it right! But I kept reading and praying every day, and then almost all the time, asking God to find me, and to let me find him. To show himself to me, to take my life and do with me what he will: I gave myself up to God. And then something completely extraordinary has happened; he showed himself to me, me of all people, the lowest of the low!

(Below is a true story of my dream of meeting God. To me, it was an event. I had never read the Bible until recently, and don't really know much of man's religion, never having gone to church. My description of God and as I saw him are from the crystal clear memory of my dream last night. Uncannily, these pictures are very much as I saw God in my vision.)

When I saw God for the very first time that I know of, he was sitting far off in

the distance atop his throne, in the clouds, overlooking our world. The clouds

were bathed in golden and purple hues, beyond him the light blue skies.

Spectacular, like when you see the most incredible early sunset you have ever seen

in your life.

I was on a lower plain, darker than above, and I had to look up to see him

there. There are nondescript, shadowy figures about, covered in hooded dark cloaks.

But I am not alone; there is a young man with me. We are standing next to a small

stone obelisk, just he and I, the shadowy figures moving about around us.

All of a sudden, God turns, sees us, jumps out of his throne, and looking our

way, he shudders a great shudder. And the heavens shook! Terrified, I try to hide

behind the obelisk, which is too small to hide me, the creatures scramble. But the

young man, he has stayed put.

God advances toward us, to the very edge of his plateau, and shudders again.

This time the shadowy figures scramble to get away, then disappear. God jumps

down to our plain, a great vibration is felt. It is God, the young man and I now. God

comes toward us, I am too afraid to look. God is now in front of the young man,

whose back is pressed against the obelisk. He is looking right at God, and he is

bathed in a glorious glow of light yellow golden brilliance, he does not move.

I have moved from behind the obelisk, closer, without knowing. I am afraid to

look at God, and I try to hide so he does not see me, but God, he sees me.

And as I gaze upon God, he is a being like no other. His image is a giant, with

long flowing hair and beard, and high cheek bones. He is fierce, all powerful, there is

no other God. As I dare look at his face, he is smiling at me with a huge smile! A

look of pure love and benevolence. His eyes crinkly at the corners, and shiny. As I

look deep into his eyes, it is as if they are the eyes of every man ever born, swirling

around slowly, like the earth on its axis. Beautiful, of all the colors of the world. It is

as if he draws me into him, and he is looking into my soul.

The feeling is indescribable. I am looking at God, and my Father is looking at

me. I cannot find the words that express my feelings, except pure love and joy and

greatness. I have met God!

As I awaken, tears streaming down my face, there is but one thought in my

mind, placed there by God; it was of the young man, 'the weakest and smallest

among us, he was brave, unafraid, and he believed.' Oh, how I wished to have been

that young man! And God said to me “be brave, and believe”!

You see, I have been praying for God to let me see him, to show himself to me.

Let me walk with him, to seek him out. And for God to find me. And God found me.

I Am Afraid No Longer.

If I was humbled before, it was nothing compared to what I just experienced. I can barely describe the feeling inside my heart. The most incredible feeling of love and compassion and benevolence I have ever felt. It was then that I realized just how low I had gotten, just how bad the aching in my heart was, for the longest time. I had felt as if I had been buried under a rock, in a pit. I had been walking under a cloud of shame. Now I feel as though I'm walking in the sunshine! My heart feels, I can’t find the words, but that it feels great! This experience was two months ago, and it changed my life forever. There is more to the story.

On the third week of September, I was doing some reading in my office. Seamus, my trusted companion and “fearless watch dog,” started woofing like crazy. So I ran upstairs and outside were two tow trucks, two sheriffs and a police car; they were there to tow away my truck and my motorcycle. (B&B Mechanical, from the Leavitt House project, had somehow gotten a lien on my house. Because he was not paid in full, he sued me in court. But they never completed the contract, and the work they did do cost me thousands of dollars to fix. I went to court fully prepared to whoop his ass, only he didn’t show up, so I left thinking I won by default, and that’s when they made their move. After I left the court house they convinced another magistrate that I didn’t show up. I immediately went to an attorney, and he said the other magistrate would no way admit his screw-up, and to settle out of court, and to that I said no way in hell!). So, with nothing to stop them, they hauled away the last two assets I had. To get them back, I would have to pay attorney fees etc.: $15,000 to B&B Mechanical, $2,500 to the towing company and $789 to the Sheriff. So now I have nothing. Everything of value had been sold, and I don’t even have a car to drive, never mind the cash to return my property that they stole. And yet, somehow, something inside me said not to worry, it's only material things. And I was as calm and unconcerned as I had ever been in my life. It was that night that I had the dream of meeting God, when he showed himself to me in the vision.

The next day I finally decided to file bankruptcy. I didn’t know where the money was going to come from to pay him, but in 2010 we had given the attorney $1500 as a retainer, so I knew it was enough to get started. He asked me what took so long for us to finally file, and I told him what had just happened. He looked at me, said go home, and to wait to hear from him.

On October 1st, I will never forget. I was sitting on my porch, squinting my eyes looking at the sun praying to God, wishing that I could see him again, when my phone rang. It was Mike, he said simply “Go get your things back, you owe them nothing,” and he hung up. I was stunned, truthfully, I fell to my knees in total disbelief; things like this don’t happen to me. I cried, “God hears me, me of all people!” But there was more to come; on that very day, our bankruptcy was filed, and we are completely out of debt, we are debt free. No one can ever come after us for anything ever again!

And Ron, since October, I have made over $87,000, in cash, flipping real estate, with more coming.

I have since read almost the whole Bible. I now know the Gospel so well I tell myself the story throughout the night, it helps me sleep, and when I wake up I continue where I left off. Early this past Sunday morning I awoke at around 3am, started praying again, and as I looked up there was a golden cross on the wall above the bed. It has never been there before, and it wasn’t there last night. I tried to wake Jill, but she wouldn’t wake up, and I asked her if she had ever seen it before, she says it was there because God has blessed me. Honestly, God has saved my life.

Ron, I'm telling you this because, not only did you show me how, but you helped me to never, never, never, never ever give up!

So thanks Ron, I can’t wait to see you and thank you in person, hopefully at the paper power!

Your Friend, D.L.

D.L. Cote

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