

# Psychic Deli

## New Name

Thanks for all the great name suggestions for the newsletter! It took awhile to decide, especially as I was torn between *Psychic Deli* and one other that strongly appealed to me. But I like the whimsy of this one, as well as the suggestion that a reader can pick and choose, both what articles to read and/or which articles to accept or reject!

## Next Assignment

If you have any general questions about what I do (or don't do) as a psychic, please feel free to send them to me to answer in the newsletter.

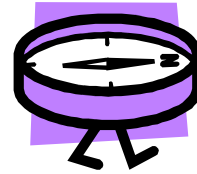
## Questions & Answers

**Question:** Can you do a reading for me by e-mail?

**Answer:** Nope! No way! Okay, if I know you really, really well ... if you have called often over a long period of time ... I might be able to "tune in" and give you a quick answer to a question dealing with something I'm familiar with. But remember what I've said before about not remembering details about readings once I finish? The fact that I almost always forget the readings after they're done is a great protection for me ... and for my energy levels. I just can't carry around people's problems with me. Sometimes it IS embarrassing when I talk to a regular client and can't remember previous topics, but you should be glad about this. It is only when feeling the energy that I get impressions. Getting back to the question, though, I just can't get the feeling of energy from an e-mail. [People also sometimes send me all their birth (horoscope) information and think I can do a reading from that. Like Tarot cards, I don't do horoscopes, so there's no point in giving me that information either.] So just call if you want a reading ... those phone lines just open up the communication channels for me for some reason ... I actually prefer phone readings to doing readings in person.

## Advice: Getting Directions

I've been lost plenty of times ... how does a psychic get lost? Simple, I'm a psychic with no sense of direction! Seriously, I haven't always known enough to rely on psychic instincts to get me where I need to go, but I have become much better about that. That instinct and Map Quest are great helps these days.



However as I was saying, I've been lost plenty. This is just a piece of advice for finding your way when you've gone out without those written directions:

At first I used to ask just about anyone, but gradually I came to see that for one reason or another very few people can give accurate directions. I discovered that when I asked directions from a young man working at a gas station, almost all of the time the directions were wrong. When I approached police or postal workers – mixed results. Sometimes good; sometimes not so good. When I asked directions from women with children, the directions were almost always accurate, but the best directions ... the most consistently accurate directions ... were from grandmothers. This is not a scientific study – just observations from my own experiences. But I definitely found that when you needed to know where to go (and how to get there) a grandmother would always tell you where to go. (And she'll smile and wave you on your way, to boot!)

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To call for a reading: 1-877-702-8598

To e-mail: [Readingsbydavid@verizon.net](mailto:Readingsbydavid@verizon.net)  
Website: <http://www.Davidchampion.com>

## **“My First Reading” Submission**

Here’s a story sent by one of the newsletter readers, answering the question about what his first psychic reading experience was like:

My first reading was done when I was 16, by a psychic housewife somebody told me about. "You HAVE to see her..." So I went. I knew that psychic abilities were a fact and my own grandmother was psychic, but it was the psychic housewife herself I found odd. She was a middle aged woman, moderately overweight and wearing a singularly unflattering muumuu in a splashy floral print, her perm accented by pointy "cat eye" glasses. She had me sit at a table covered with a practical plastic tablecloth and after a brief prayer; she did an equally brief reading. "You...are a diamond in the rough," she said, in her strange, unusually slow, high-pitched voice, "You are psychic. You will do readings." That was pretty much it.

Not too long later, at her insistence, I attended a psychic religious service where I was told to stand up and give somebody a reading by just telling her whatever I felt or saw while I concentrated on her. I felt silly because everyone was looking at me, but did it anyway. That was my introduction to getting readings and doing them.

W.

### **What’s Cooking?**

Well, not all my childhood experiences had to do with psychic abilities ... or miraculously having my life saved (although I seem to have more than my fair share of those !) ... some of them were just your normal, run-of-the-mill boyhood adventures. I think I was about 14 or so when I had found this really big bullfrog at a pond near my house. I caught it and took it home, but no one was at home when I got there, so I looked around for a place to keep it so it wouldn’t get away.

I thought it might be kind of funny if I put the bullfrog in one of my mother’s pots, and I put it in there with a lid on it so the frog

couldn’t escape. A few minutes later my mother returned home with groceries. After quickly putting everything away, she started supper. I was having a conversation with her when she reached down – picked up the pot with a lid on. She said, “That’s strange,” and she began lifting the lid off as she moved to the sink to fill the pot with water. As the lid came off, out jumped the largest bullfrog she had ever seen. With the frog mid-air, my poor mother gave out with a colossal scream, then stopped, and just looked at me. Could it have been my wild laughter that made her stop mid-scream?

That’s it ... no moral to the story. My laughter left no doubt in my mother’s mind how the frog got in the pot, but the only thing that was different after that was that for years my mother always checked her pots and pans VERY carefully before beginning to prepare a meal.

### **The Postponed Sleepover**

The oldest (as in longest ago) of my personal experience with “unusual” stories that I remember involved the family of a friend of mine. We were just kids when this happened. My friend Eddie told me his sister had been trying to have a sleepover at her friend’s, but it had, for one reason or another, been postponed. Finally a new date was set and she went to her friend’s house for the night.

That night there was a tremendous lightning storm in our neighborhood and a bolt of lightning hit Eddie’s house. The ceiling collapsed right onto his sister’s bed. If she had been home she’d have been asleep in that bed and most likely would have been killed. “Weird, huh?” he asked. I remember retelling the story to my family when I got home and they were also shocked by the close call.

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If for any reason you do not wish to receive this newsletter, just e-mail me and your address will be removed from the mailing list.

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