

# Psychic Deli

## Swimming in Consciousness

I was 18. It was July – hot and muggy. I went to the lake where I would probably see my friends. The water was cold and it took a few minutes for my body to get used to it. I swam out to the raft where kids were diving.



As I was swimming out to the raft, suddenly I was hit on the side of my head by some kind of object. The impact, so hard and with such force, sent me from swimming and feeling the even breathing and movement of my body, to drowning! Disoriented and uneven breathing. I was drowning and I didn't know what had happened. But I was drowning. I went down once, twice, and then everything slowed down. When I was about to go down for the third and final (I believe) time, I looked up and there on the shore was a giant screen.

Huge. Like the screens used at drive-in movies. And to my great shock and surprise, the movie was about me! The movie featured my parents and siblings – even my dog. Then it showed me that I was drowning ... and with that image I called out for help. Far from me, someone yelled, "Reach for the anchor rope." I could hear what seemed like hundreds of people talking in the congested setting, and then I had one of the ropes that held the raft platform stable. I heard a scattered clapping but I wasn't sure if it was for or about me.

I slowly walked back to the shore. My experience had been witnessed, but since I didn't drown, I was not interfered with. I later

learned, when after sitting on the shore for a few minutes a stranger stopped by asking if I was

okay, what had happened to me. The stranger told me that when I was swimming, my head had been hit with a rope that had a huge, heavy knot at the end, that had been thrown from the very platform I was swimming towards. They had been unaware that I was there.

What really struck me was the part about "seeing" my life movie. I later learned that "movie" is called the life review ... up to the minute of death. In my case, up to seeing myself drowning. Like most, if not all, of my experiences in the somewhat mystical, I was impressed and tried to understand. Gradually the impact of both the near-drowning and of seeing my life on a huge screen faded away until I could barely remember the event.

However, now I understand that I didn't have just one event. I had many, many events in my life that were trying to awaken me. This one actually did awaken me at that point in time ... to the extent of actually saving my life!

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## Holiday Season

For those in the U.S., Thanksgiving is almost here, and for those of several religions, holidays are coming up in December. For those times when you're sitting around with friends and relatives and getting bored with the football games, how about introducing those friends to me with a reading? I can hear you now: "Why, what a great idea, David" you're saying. And for a unique gift for that hard to buy for person in your life ... treat them to a psychic reading. (I'll try to go easy on them!)

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I did not – absolute did not! – believe in past lives. The whole subject was just too confusing, but then ... gradually ... over the years ... exposure to the concept led me to begin to accept the possibility. My wife found a script which when used would take me back to my past lives. Since my years of meditation have led me to be easily hypnotized, we decided to try it with her reading the script to take me backwards in time.

At a certain point, almost at the very end of the script, she would ask, “What would you like to see?” I would respond with something specific and then she would say “When your feet touch the ground you will be in a new life.” In this particular case I had responded with “I would like to see myself as a man of wisdom.”

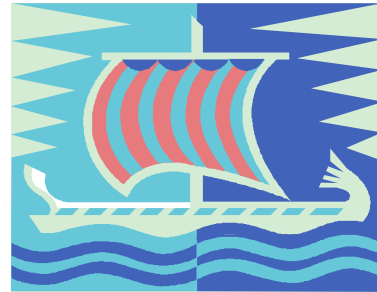
After a few moments of silence she inquired as to where I was. I had no idea, but it felt like a wild west town, like Dodge City, where the balance between peace and disorder were maintained by a marshal, who wore a gun and a star. I was that marshal. I was keenly aware that my authority could be the difference between the peace and disorder.

Cowboys who worked long hard trail drives needed to work off some steam. It was my decision when to make an issue of something and when to handle it with humor. One misstep and chaos could envelop the town, with people all too ready and eager to prove they knew how to use firearms! There was dust and dirt everywhere, the streets were not paved and the horses ... well they went everywhere!

When the cowboys hit town there would suddenly be problems everywhere. I could feel the strength to understand what problems could be dealt with and which ones should be ignored,

and when NOT to compromise. There was a feeling of excitement as I walked the wooden sidewalks. I was respected, not only for what I was, but for the fact that I was the thin line between chaos and stability. I had wanted to see myself as a man of wisdom, expecting to be taken back to life as an advisor to a king in some ancient land ... not a marshal in a western early-American land! What a surprise.

We did this experiment several more times and I just loved going back in my lives. And it wasn't unusual to have this same experience of thinking I was going to see myself one way but getting something entirely different. Another time when my feet touched the ground I was in some kind of village. The people were related and wore animal skins. They were warriors. I was raiding a village! I was a Viking warrior. Several times my wife tried to bring me back and each time I didn't want to come back. Finally after several minutes I agreed and came back. When asked what I remembered, I responded that there was a smell – an earthy, wood smell. There was a feeling of not only excitement but acceptance, love and support. I also felt an energy directed at the enemy which adrenalized me. It was, quite frankly, thrilling! I also felt that I was psychically strong. Okay ... I really enjoyed being a Viking.



It won't strike you as unusual then for me to tell you that for many years – from childhood – I had been fascinated by the Vikings and their way of life. Over the years, having read much and seen movies about them, I hadn't known what fed my interest about them so much ... until that day when my wife said, “When your feet touch the ground you'll be in a new life” and I discovered myself as a Viking.

**How do you feel about the possibility of past lives/reincarnation?** Are there things in this lifetime that thrill you ... that move you to

tears ... that bring on strong emotions even when there seems to be no reason for them to do so? Well, I'm not an expert in this area, and I can't say what is or isn't "true", but I'm open to possibilities. Life is so much more interesting that way!