

Psychic Deli

A Word (or several words) of Explanation

As you read my personal stories in these newsletters, you will notice that in my life I've had many different jobs. Most of these jobs that I talk about were part times ones ... starting back when I was in high school, then in college and even continuing a few years into my marriage when I went back to school to earn a graduate degree. After that I simply went to work for myself, first giving marketing advice to clients, then marketing myself as a speaker and human resources trainer, hosting and producing a local radio show, and finally – after accepting the gift – as a psychic. I look back sometimes on this over-abundance of jobs of such a wide range of work experiences as a hardship But then again I have also come to look back on it as an enriching experience, from which I can often draw things with which to identify with some of my clients and from which I can also draw so many analogies to illustrate points. If I were an actor ... and used method acting ... I'd never lack for experiences to draw from! Now ... back to our regularly scheduled newsletter

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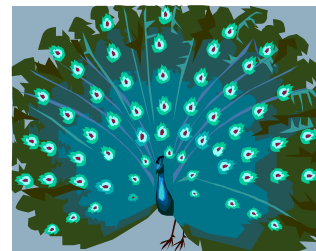
Validation

I have found one of the most difficult steps in becoming a psychic was wrestling with the dilemma of: Did I read it right? Did I interpret it correctly? If I say he does not love her, one series of actions take place. If I say he does, another takes place. There are no notes. No clues. No memory. Each time you read a person you focus on their questions. People call on psychics for a wide range of problems and I wanted not only to get it right, but to make sure I didn't hurt anyone. Gradually I came to understand that the greatest service I could give was to deliver – simply and clearly – what I understood to be the truth, to the very best of my ability. So ... slowly and painstakingly I became comfortable with hearing situations and feelings and knowing what was behind them --- knowing what is what and seeing it clearly. When I finish talking with a person it's not

unusual to have them say something like “That’s exactly what I thought!” That’s validation , and that’s exactly why many people call ... to get that validation of what they believed or, at least, suspected. When I hear that, I know with certainty that I was on the right track with that reading.

A Neighbor in Need

We had just moved into our house and were beginning to get used to the routine in our new job as house parents. And then one night we heard a cry for help. It had awakened us both ... it was persistent and terrible ... some poor soul was in serious trouble. Fully awake now, we went out on the large front porch to try to locate the person calling for help. The sky was dotted with stars ... a clear night ... but humid during this, our first June in Virginia. Then we heard something else. There was something familiar in the “helphelphelp” and listening closely now it became clearer. Finally we recognized the sound. It was coming from the zoo just two blocks away. No one was in trouble. The “cry for help” was really a peacock. If you've ever heard a peacock crying for “help” at night, then you know how eerie it is. We went back to sleep to a sound we would learn to sleep through over the next months.



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Whatever holiday you celebrate, if you are indeed celebrating a holiday during this month, best wishes for a joyous one. Merry Christmas, Happy Chanukah, Happy Kwanzaa and, for everyone, Happy New Year! Call me if you need me. Call me just for fun. Have your mother-father-sister-brother-spouse, etc., etc. call me. Even give

me as a gift! For whatever reason you may call, I look forward to talking with you.

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or

Karma in This Lifetime?

I met my friend at a small private school I attended from 1962 until graduation in 1966. My family had sent me there because I was not succeeding in regular school, although no one could figure out why. At any rate, this new friend lived near the town and, although he stayed in the dorms, he also went home often. His father owned a grocery store and whenever he went home he'd come back to school with soda, candy, cigarettes by the carton, and sometimes beer and magazines. He had been born both deaf and blind, although with advances in technologies ... with strong hearing aids and equally strong glasses, he could hear and see. But, with his problems, he was often the butt of cruel jokes at this all boys' boarding school.

I felt he was my friend and I often worked overtime at keeping him out of trouble, and getting him out of the pranks being played on him, often involving his hearing problems. But because he was my friend, I felt he was being taken advantage of, and that his over-generosity in giving things from his father's store was an attempt to win friends. So I never took anything from him. Never. Not anything. He also had another problem ... he told incredibly unbelievable stories, usually making himself the center of them and involving famous people. He would start with a statement which had one or two true statements and then cleverly weave a story about a famous person, or about being on a secret mission, or even about knowing something in national or international events that no one else knew. No one believed him and most of the stories were indeed fabrications. Again, and not surprisingly, he was made fun of a great deal for this, but I stood by him, trying to protect him from the worst of the teasing. But he wanted their approval so much that he continued to give these kids anything they asked for from his dad's store. I continued hanging in there with him, still refusing the gifts he gave to all the false friends.

A year after graduation, when I had withdrawn from college and returned home disappointed and began taking some of those numerous jobs I mentioned earlier, I met my old friend. He couldn't understand why I had bailed out of college, telling me that I was "too smart to be stupid". Then he began weaving another of his tales, telling me how he was personal friends with the head of Special Education for the entire state. He was sure this man would be able to figure out what my problem was and wanted to introduce me to him. Finally, I'd had it! I decided to call his bluff and said, "Sure, let's meet him." I knew with certainty that he didn't know this person and wondered what fantastic story he'd come up with to have to cancel the meeting. And I even told him I didn't believe him, putting a strain in the long friendship. The first time of the meeting passed ... nothing. Then he showed up again, and insisted the meeting was re-scheduled.

Well, to my great surprise, this was a true one. Because of his disabilities, he'd worked in summer camps with children with various disabilities and had actually met the head of special ed. for the state. This meeting changed my life. The man talked with us awhile, and then gave me something to read. After I'd read it, he asked me what it said. I did my usual song and dance, as I had through school, trying to fake it. He asked me to take another look at it. This time I tried harder, but when questioned, I still couldn't tell him what I'd read. He smiled and said, "Son, you're perceptually handicapped." Me: "I'm perpetually handicapped?!?" He diagnosed me on the spot as a dyslexic and sent me for emergency reading services, 5 days a week for about 9 months. And when, after that, I decided to return to college, I found I qualified for financial assistance from the state's special education department.

For years I've told this story to people, but it's only recently that I've really come to see it in a new light. I see now that this was a reward to me ... karma in the same lifetime ... for all those times of advocating for and standing up for my friend. He may not have acknowledged it, nor did I expect him to, but I have come to believe now that this was a reward ... to have this same friend become the source of the life-altering discovery of my dyslexia.

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