

Psychic Deli

Happy New Year!

I hope that you all are enjoying the start of a wonderful year. I hope also that you've each had a few quiet moments to envision what you see happening for yourself in this new calendar year. Envision what you believe is for the best for you, and if it involves changes in your life, then live and act as if those changes have already taken place.

Praying --- or Something

Prayer has always been an important part of my daily life, as it is for numerous people. But this is a story about an old friend of mine and his prayers ... or something.

Many years ago I went to my friend Bob's house for breakfast. He had married a woman with several young children ... he was of one faith and she of another. At breakfast his wife told me how happy they were. He smiled adoringly, and then left the table to take a phone call. The children had all left the table by this time and Jill looked at me and then said, almost whispering, "Bob is so..." She paused. "Pious. He is not afraid to pray before the congregation. Everyone thinks he is so pious. That's so great. He's really something!"

I then asked her what had made her marry him. "Oh," she gushed, "if the entire town were destroyed and the sidewalks were ripped up by an earthquake, Bob would be the only person who landed on the only spot that did not erupt. He's the luckiest person I know. When I met and married him, I just thought he was the nicest guy who was incredibly lucky." She could hear him returning, smiled at me, and then turned to him and asked him how he enjoyed going to church with his new family. Bob warmly responded that he enjoyed being there near the family.

Later, Bob and I were talking and I looked at him and said, "Look, I've known you for a long time. There are many things I could call you, but never PIOUS." He smiled, then stood up and looked around to see if anyone was nearby. He smirked. "I'm not." "But Jill told me everyone thinks you're pious."

"Yes, and I'm humble too. Okay, here's the deal. I hate going to church ... hate it! But I promised and at first I sat in the pew and tried to

stay awake. But I'd start to nod off. Then one day I came across a great idea. I had looked up and there were tiles on the ceiling, tiles on the walls, tiles all around the windows. So I started counting ceiling tiles, and all the time I'm counting, I'm looking up. When I came to an end of an area I would bring my head forward, and soon people started coming up to me and telling me how impressed they were that I was so pious. Me? David, I was simply counting ceiling tiles!"

Is there a moral to that story? Probably not. I just always thought, knowing Bob as I did, that it was funny. But there was an element of deceit there also. Talking with so many people as I do, dealing with relationship problems, I've often wondered if that marriage lasted and ... if so ... if he's still counting those tiles! Still, he was also trying in a way that worked for him to make his wife happy and to live up to a promise to attend church with her. But I guess if the story has to have a moral (and not all of them do) it would be the old one about things not always being what they seem. A reminder, perhaps, that we need to look at situations from several different angles to understand what's what ... and also that we can't judge others in choices they make.

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Healing Hands

I once took a very short course in the technique commonly known as laying on of hands. When I arrived home I wanted to show what I'd learned, so I called my son (aged about 9 at the time) to demonstrate on him. I did as I had been instructed and then put my hands on my son's chest.

"Dad! Dad! That's hot - it burns!" Of course it hadn't really burned him or hurt him, but I was startled and amazed that this was such an immediately usable technique. Naturally it should only be done where and when it is needed, but just think how great it would be if

everyone could use this ancient method of healing on one another for those daily aches and pains. If you ever get the opportunity to learn it and feel so inclined, definitely go for it!

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It was a long time ago. No one who is alive now was alive then. It was before the internet, or electric lights, or phones, or railroads, or even credit cards! A time out of time.

This is the tale of a king who had a problem. There was no one to replace him. He had no male heir. He did have a beautiful daughter, however and, talking to his wizard he realized that what he needed was a contest for his daughter's hand in marriage ... and for the kingdom.



At first he thought, "We shall have a jousting tournament," but the daughter said, "If I am to be part of the prize, the contest must be unique." Various types of combat were considered, but the princess said no to each one of them. Finally the king suggested that any contestant who could completely fill a room with one type of something would win the princess' hand, the kingship and the great estate. The princess agreed that this was indeed a unique contest.

So, messengers were sent out all over the kingdom and soon, as far as the eye could see, there was a steady flow of hopeful contestants arriving. The first had goose feathers. Bag after bag of feathers were opened into the empty room, but not even a quarter of the room filled up. Next a potential suitor brought wagon upon wagon of coal which was unloaded into the large room. Dust was everywhere and after the dust and coal had settled, it was only $\frac{3}{4}$ full. Not enough.

Others brought stone, sod, thatch, and so on. As the princess looked out at the long line of

wagons brought by men ready to try the task, she noticed one young man walking along with no wagon. He walked confidently, yet he had no one with him to help. She wondered what he was doing in line. She pointed him out to her father and the king had an attendant bring the man to him.

"Where," asked the king, "is your wagon?" "I do not have a wagon. Everything I need is in this sack." "Then go ahead. I wish you well," the king said. "But without something that will fill the room, you will not win." The man smiled and thanked the king. He then walked into the dark room, accompanied by one of the king's servants carrying a torch. When they reached the center of the room the man said to the servant, "Now go back and get the king and his daughter."

Some time later the king, his daughter, and members of the court came into the large empty room. "So what is it you have filled this room with?" the king inquired. The man told the king to have all the torches left outside of the room. He then asked that the entrance door into the room be closed. These things were done and they all stood there quietly. Then the young man said into the dark, "If the contest is to fill this room with one thing, then I will do that." Taking an object from the bag he had brought into the room, he went outside the room and lit his object ... a candle ... and came back into the room, closing the door behind him once again. He then said, "You can see that I have filled this room with light from this candle."



While his name is lost to history, he was remembered as the man who brought light into the dark and therefore became king. You see, if you have light, you have hope. May this year bring light to your life and hope to your soul. May this be a bright, beautiful year for you.

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A new offer for this month: If you refer just one person to me for a reading (and that person has and pays for at least a half hour reading) you'll

receive a free half hour reading. Be sure to tell the caller to mention your name.

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

To e-mail: Readingsbydavid@verizon.net

Website: <http://www.Davidchampion.com>