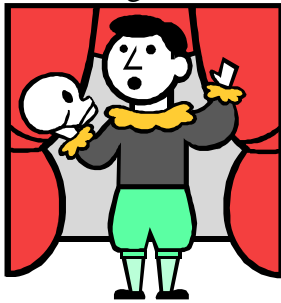


Psychic Deli

What's it like ... being psychic?

This is a question I've been asked many times, and I can answer it in many ways ... depending on what may be going on in my life at the time. However, one of the problems – or challenges – of being psychic is recognizing when I'm having a “psychic moment.” What I mean is that in my “regular” life ... i.e., when I'm not doing psychic readings but just going about my normal business of living, I'm sometimes blissfully unaware of my psychicness ... and even forget about it for awhile. Well, I was just thinking about an incident I encountered a number of years ago that demonstrates this type of thing.

I had been listed with a talent agency, getting mostly non-speaking one day commercials. It's not that I, or my agent, ever thought I was the next great Lawrence Olivier



but I loved the experience ... the camaraderie and the energy. I was a graduate student at the time and I appreciated the break it gave me from my routine ... it was serious fun!

Anyway, the wonderful woman who had run her own talent agency retired, and I also moved on in my business career. But there came a day a few years later when I thought ... why not do some more commercial work in between things? I found a phone listing for an agency I'd never heard of, called, and set up an appointment. This was in another city and I had to travel a ways to meet with them, but – again – I just thought it would be fun to do some of these things again.

The obscure address was very difficult to find, which I thought was curious since many people would be searching for it. But I managed to locate it and even arrived about 20 minutes early. It was quiet. The unsettling quiet of a

funeral home. Just to set the picture: my previous agent had had a bustling office with

several employees, gigantic rolodexes on every employee's desk, and phones ringing constantly. The place had really jumped! Here I was the only person in the waiting room and the phone never rang once.

After I filled out a form the secretary went over it very slowly and carefully. Something felt wrong when she was greatly impressed with my very meager and casual background! I paused in my interviewing process, looked at this woman and joked, “What's going on here? Is this a front for something?” She asked why I would say such a thing, and I just told her what I was observing. Her expression indicated a problem and she, getting upset, repeatedly denied my “accusation”, which had certainly been offered in a joking manner.

She went and got “Mr. Smith” and we proceeded to have a strange sort of interview where he went on and on about his business, talking about being a businessman, and finally saying that he didn't think they'd be able to use me. End of story. I drove home.

Well, not quite the end of the story. I drove home and told my wife the whole story about my day's adventure. When I got to the part about saying, “Is this a front for something?” my wife looked at me and said, “What is WRONG with you?!? Are you CRAZY?!?”

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Happy Halloween ... the 37th anniversary of when my wife and I met!



Did I Miss Anything Mom?

Remember the raspberry tea story last month from one of my clients? Well here's – as she put it – “another mom story” from another reader. I think you'll like this one too:

My mother and I had not physically seen each other for many, many years, but we talked on the phone and I felt like we were as close as possible for her to be to anyone. (She had issues, what can I say?)

Suddenly one night she went to the ER, and died a short time later. I was able to talk to her before she passed, but it was devastating. I flew to Michigan the next day to bury my mom and clear out her house. For 3 days I worked endlessly to keep myself from grieving, while working through a lot of memories. On Halloween night no less, I was finished, the entire house was emptied out, packed up, sorted, cleaned, and ready to sell.

I walked out onto the driveway and said out loud, "Did I miss anything Mom?" Immediately, a large wind chime in a tree in the front yard began to sound. There was no wind, none, but it was ringing like a bell. A very nice chime I had given her for a birthday years before. She didn't want me to leave it behind.... :) I got the ladder and got it down, and told her thanks for showing me where it was, or I would have missed it.

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A Special Birthday Gift



Over the years I have seen many birthday parties. Think about the parties you've been to, the ripping of the paper, the tossing away of each gift as the next one is grabbed for, the almost total ignoring of the person waiting to see if their gift is appreciated. With children's parties I've noticed that gift opening in front of others can be especially awkward, and adults often pass judgment on a young excited child

who's been waiting for this moment – for his or her time to shine. It's actually quite stressful ... but I carry with me always the vivid picture of a birthday boy who taught all the adults present a lesson.

It was a party for a six year old boy, and on the warm fall day the party moved outdoors. After some games and races, it was time to open presents. I watched as the boy opened several presents and was very enthusiastic, happy and grateful with each one. Then he received his big gift for the day (from his parents) and everyone waited while he unwrapped the large box. He was thrilled! But then the thing no one could have anticipated ... after finishing enthusing over the main gift of the day he was handed one of the smallest gifts in the pile. I noticed the boy who had given it to him, appearing somewhat stiff, and I realized he was afraid his gift wouldn't be appreciated. He stood in front, waiting as the gift was opened. I felt trapped – I wanted to somehow warn the birthday boy ... but there was nothing I could do.

The gift was opened and it was not only one of the smallest gifts, but it was a duplicate of one he'd received from another friend earlier! And then ... the child demonstrated the same energy and enthusiasm to all of us that he had been showing previously, crying out in delight, as he actually jumped up and down, “Oh, thank you – thank you! I've always wanted one of these and now I have two! That's so great ... now I can mix them together (it had detachable parts) ... I can't believe I have two!!” He went on with such joy that it was infectious and everyone was cheering the wondrous luck of having 2 of that particular toy.

The little boy who had given it to him flashed the most amazing smile and I watched him as he enjoyed the rest of the party. The adults present learned something that day ... I among them ... about the power of being sensitive to others in a genuine and loving way and about joy of life. The gift we received was seeing in action a noble spirit in the body of a 6 year old child, who taught us and who gave us a real gift of joy. Would that we all could hang onto his pure enthusiasm and joy for all the gifts we receive in our lives.

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