

Psychic Deli

First, an announcement ...



I won't be available for readings for 5 days at the end of November - beginning of December. If you want or need a reading anytime soon, please call between now and November 28th. I will be unavailable Nov. 29th and 30th as well as December 1st through 3rd. I should be taking calls again on December 4th.

What Would You Say?

People think the handicapped are different. They believe they can't hear or see or understand. As houseparents to mildly and moderately retarded individuals, my wife and I often had to deal with these sometimes well-meaning, but often cruel, people. They would walk up to us and begin conversations which completely ignored the fact that our guys could hear them and understand everything being said about them. They would ask questions about them as if they weren't there. Our consistent response to something like this was, "He has a name and can answer for himself." But when I say "cruel" I mean that sometimes the conversations would begin right off with, "These people are disgusting. They're making me sick. You need to leave." And to that one, the answer was generally: "If you're sick then you - not us - should probably leave." This happened over and over again. One can only hope, as this was 30 years ago, that people have become more understanding.

The incident that recently came to mind, however, involved a younger boy whom we oversaw. He had an unusual affliction ... webbed fingers. He was 11 years old and I had to take him to sign him up for a new school. I drove him to the school and found the office jammed with standing room only. I knew he

was scared, so I brought him over to stand in front of the office while I went in to get some of

the preliminaries out of the way. (His paperwork had been sent ahead.) I assured him I would be right back and he smiled nervously and agreed to wait. After a few minutes I was able to get back to him with his room assignment for him.

There were several little girls standing near him and one of the girls abruptly grabbed Andy's hand and asked me, "Why does he have webbed fingers? What's wrong with him?"

What would you do or say in this situation? I couldn't ask Andy to go wait somewhere else again while I talked to the girls. But I also couldn't separate him from the curious girls of about his age. So I squatted down in front of them and took a deep breath. I asked, "Do you believe in God?" The three little girls nodded yes. Then I said, "The same God who made you, made Andy and," I added, "with God there are no mistakes." The girls looked at Andy again with a look of "AHA!" and then waved to him and left.

Andy had heard it all in his short years ... that he was a freak, that he was retarded. This was a new approach for him also, and he just looked at me. He said nothing but the smile on his face and the light in his eyes said it all! (And I still thank God for giving me the right words at the right time that day.)

* * * *

And now a submission from one of my readers:

IT'S ALL IN THE ASKING

What you focus on comes to life

It was now fifty three years, one marriage and three children later. I lived a half block off the beach in a very nice high rise studio apartment. However, the tiny apartment refrigerator, tucked neatly beneath the kitchen counter, continuously tried my patience. Whenever I needed to retrieve something from this dated little ice box, I had to squat down on the floor and twist my neck in unearthly patterns to see into the darkened hole. Each time I played this "twist a body" game, I heard myself saying

with a great deal of abandon and force, "all I want is a refrigerator taller than me." I felt a little stupid each time I made this request because I knew that on my salary as a secretary, I was unable to afford much more than what I had. Therefore, my request appeared to be no more than an exercise in venting steam.

On the following St. Patrick's Day, I realized that the man I had been seeing really didn't have my best interest at heart. As I hung up the phone, freshly enlightened as to how he really felt about our relationship, I got up from my chair and started to walk across the room to fix myself a cup of tea to calm my jittery spirits. The phone rang again. I hesitated. I feared to pick it up because it might be him again. Then, something totally outside of my body seemed to move my arm and before I knew what I was doing, I picked up the phone and, to my relief, on the other end of the line was an old dear friend. We began to commiserate on our lousy luck with recent relationships and decided it was time to meet for a cup of coffee and trash them all. Two weeks later, he invited me to move in.

Stepping through the back door of his beautiful turn of the century home, I leisurely glanced around the well appointed kitchen. My eyes feasted on the spacious natural wood cabinets, the fireplace, the hardwood floors, and the red tiled kitchen island and finally came to rest upon the biggest, tallest, most beautiful refrigerator it had ever been my pleasure to meet. I was stunned. The Universe had graciously and kindly fulfilled my request.

I had, literally on hands and knees, put my plea out to the Universe many times, not really expecting an answer. However, I had unknowingly followed every step necessary for manifesting what I felt I needed. I never dreamed it would be possible to achieve these goals in the traditional way so I attached no manipulative energy to my desires. My refrigerator intentions were pure and real. I was asking for nothing more than what I truly felt I needed to keep my sanity going for awhile and the Universe complied, following its truth that what we focus on springs to life. I said a heartfelt amen to my need and I felt the cool moist air of certainty and success swirling about me and I grinned from ear to cosmic ear while deep within I said a silent thank you and the Universe smiled with me.

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No Lectures!

So I did what any dad would do ... well, any dad who is psychic anyway. I asked my spirit guide about my sons and how to best deal with them. Almost immediately I got the clear message: "They're fine – it's you!"



What!?!?

"You are to give no lectures to them. NO LECTURES." I heard it. No lectures. But in day to day living I would sometimes, regrettably, forget. So I decided to make a small, discrete sign for myself that would remind me not to lecture. The intention was good, but the execution ... well, that was another story.

Since I noticed that our biggest discussions often occurred while in the car going here and there, I placed a little sign on the bottom half of the passenger door in the car, in a spot where it wouldn't generally be in view. One day my sons got in the car with me and – of course - one of them immediately asked what the sign was. "Nothing," I said. "No lectures. What does that mean?" Finally, embarrassed, I told them exactly what it was for. Everything seemed okay and the embarrassing situation passed. Later during the trip, we were talking and I had just said something, when one of them asked, "Is this a lecture?" I said, "No, it's not a lecture." They looked at each other and replied that, "It sounds like a lecture. You're not supposed to lecture us, remember? Your spirit guide said so."

After a few days they stopped teasing me with "no lectures" every time I tried to tell them something, I pulled the no lecture sign out of the car, and I really tried to simply learn to listen to them ... with no lectures!

Footnote: The boys are now 23 and 27 and most of the conversations these days are by phone ... and I'm still trying to remember this lesson!

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