

# Psychic Deli

## How the year has sped by ....

Again, with major holidays approaching this month, I invite you to consider giving the gift of a reading to those “hard to buy for” folks on your list! Just call me ahead of time, give me the person’s name and how long a reading you want to give them, and pay for the reading for them. You can either specify a day and even a time for the reading, or you can just give them the information and have them call me at their convenience.

And what if the person doesn’t “redeem” the reading? Let’s say that the reading needs to be redeemed by the end of February ... if not used by then, I’ll let you know and you can either call to remind the person, or you may use the time for yourself.

## And happy holidays!



Best wishes for the happiest of holidays to all my clients celebrating later this month.



## Uncle Jack and My Dad

This time of year I remember past family get-togethers and I recall the time I witnessed an interesting interchange between my Uncle Jack and my father. (Uncle Jack was my father’s uncle.) My Dad is now 85 years old; at the time this happened he was probably in his 40’s and Uncle Jack was in his 70’s and paying us a rare visit.

Uncle Jack was quite an impressive man. He was well-educated – a retired teacher – who was divorced and had one grown son. He lived in a remote wilderness area, living almost as a hermit. My dad had never completed college

and held a “suspicious” attitude toward college and educated people. (And me – well, I was a

teenager and therefore knew everything at that time in my life! But I digress ....)

It was a Sunday morning. My uncle came into the room and asked my father, “What are you doing?!?” My dad looked up. “I’m reading the comics in the Sunday paper.”

“Only morons and idiots read those!” My father, who was so sensitive about his lack of formal education, did not respond in kind. He said, “Here, I’m reading Little Orphan Annie,



Sad Sack, and Dick Tracy.” But my uncle continued putting down people who read the comics. My dad then turned, (not in anger as I expected) and said, “Jack, you can learn from everything. He then sat next to Uncle Jack and began reading him a strip or two.

Unmoved, and rudely, my uncle tried to tell my father, “This isn’t literature!” My father looked at this annoying man, just smiled, and then said, “Jack – relax! It’s funny ... that’s why we call them the funny papers!” My uncle finally got it and laughed, making a joke about being so uptight.

I remember this event for two reasons. The first reason this stands out in my memories is that my father was not normally so reasonable! Secondly, as you’ve probably gathered from my mentions of him in other stories, he seldom exhibited this open and loving side. This was a rare moment that I witnessed.

## Contacting me:

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

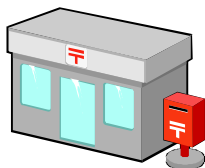
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### A Call

And this holiday season, if you're one of the unlucky ones to end up standing in a long line at the post office, I hope you'll be smiling as you think of this one:



At the very end of a long, long, loooooonng line waiting for postal service was ... me! I had several packages to mail and as the line moved slowly, I slid my packages along the floor in front of me. The lobby was very hot, and all I had to entertain me were the snatches of conversations around me. Annoyed tones of parents losing their tempers, snapping a few words in anger, and then the siren of crying led to bartering with the children were common. One mother bent down and negotiated with her child. She took his jacket off and talked softly to him, and he calmed down, so people turned away from that back to watching the slowly moving line. Overall, the feeling I had was that this was hot and boring! The clerks seemed to be working in slow motion.

At long last I was getting close to the beginning of the line. Then I saw it ... the sign that read: "Wait to be called." When I made it to the front and the clerk called out "Next!" I repeated, "NEXT?! I've been called! I've been waiting my whole life to be called!" For a second everyone was quiet and then someone laughed. Then everyone started laughing. I walked to the window, sliding the packages. The clerks were grinning too and my clerk laughed along, "You've been called!" and laughed again. As I walked out everyone seemed happier, and every time I end up in a long line I remember the time I was called!

### A Sweet Storytelling Experience

In my dragon character I used to do many school programs for elementary school children. One day someone asked if I would consider doing a birthday party. I was hesitant at first, but then agreed to do it. When I arrived at the house on the appointed day, the party was well underway. I could hear the screams of excitement when the mother of the birthday girl announced that "The dragon is here!" Dragons are supposed to be scary, but when I heard the sheer volumes of energy I asked myself, "Myself," (I asked,) "what you have gotten yourself into!?!?" I was definitely the scared one. There was no stage to separate me from the screaming hordes at this party!

The mother introduced me to the group and I took the parents aside and asked if they had fed the kids candy or sugar. "Not at all. We remembered what you said. No candy or sugar until after the program." I walked into the living room and the kids greeted me with great enthusiasm. Once they settled down I began my stories and one by one the mouths popped open and their eyes widened as I wove story after story.

I was thinking that I just might get out of this experience alive when I was stopped ... dead in my tracks! I could not imagine what I was caught on and turned around to see what had snagged my long tail. Nothing I could see. (My vision was seriously hampered because I couldn't really see much except what was directly in front of me.) As I turned further a gleeful laugh came from the audience. Then I heard the sound that any person wearing a heavy dragon costume dreads ... the sound of my tail ripping! The kids seemed to love this new event even more than the stories.

I managed to get out of the room and into the kitchen. The parents commented that the kids seemed to like what I was doing. I agreed, but said, "There is one child I would appreciate you holding until I'm done." "Not a problem," they said. I added that this one child seemed as if she'd had lots of sugar. We went through the door and they asked, "Which one is it?" I pointed out the girl, who waved to her mother and father. "That's our darling birthday girl, Heather!" Then the mother added in a discrete aside, "We did let her have a little something." "Candy?" "Well, we couldn't help

ourselves ... she's the birthday girl after



all!"