

# Psychic Deli

## Could the Chain Be Broken?

I am 60 now. Throughout my entire life my father shared almost nothing about his life. He did talk, but his communications with me were addressed to three basic topics: what was wrong with the world; what was wrong with our community; and what was wrong with me! (It's okay ... I can laugh as I write this.)

Gradually, culminating in getting the full story about 5-10 years ago, I began to learn about my great-grandfather, a mean, angry man who whipped and beat his son, my grandfather. My grandfather was a quiet, sad man, but his two sons got his full attention. One got his business and blessing and the other got whipped, beaten and humiliated. The one who told me all this was my uncle, the one who got the business and the blessing and could do no wrong in his father's eyes. The other, the one who was beaten daily, was my father.

As a child I was "spanked" for every little infraction under the sun. I couldn't seem to do anything right. It was difficult, to say the least.

Then – I became a parent. One day my older son did something and I spanked him. I saw the red impression of my hand on his butt and stopped – stopped cold! "Never again," I thought, and indeed I never again spanked him. A few years later during a visit to my 80 year old uncle, who knew of that incident, he said that he was proud of my because "You broke the chain. Your children and their children will thank you."

I hadn't actually thought stopping spanking was such a big deal, although I did know it was important. It was just something I did so my son would not feel he had no power, no hope. But since my family had never spoken of this but now acknowledged what I had done, I felt my little act (like a rudder on a boat) will have profound impact in the future. The fact that at least three generations passed down this kind of treatment to me and I simply stopped, does mean something. Breaking the chain. Breaking the chain!

Does your family have chains that need to be broken?

## My First Experience with a Psychic

A reader has sent in his story of his first experience in talking to a psychic:

It was during 1975 (in Africa) when I was 18 years old and fresh out of high school. At the time I worked as a research technician for a Government Institution and was not happy with the work environment. Within 6 months I would be drafted into the South African military to do one year compulsory training, including active duty fighting terrorism on the Angolan border.

At this stage in my life I was impatient and had many questions and wondered what the future held for me. Two of my elder sisters had called a psychic and were very impressed with his accuracy and led me to call him.

The psychic was in his fifties and blind. A person had to mail him a small amount of cash (about 6 dollars' worth at that time) before he would speak with you. In my case he made an exception, knowing that I would be honest enough to mail him payment afterwards.

I had 5 questions for him. As soon as I introduced myself, he gave me a physical description of myself and my work environment and was 100% accurate. From here onwards I was amazed at his predictions. He spoke fast and uninterrupted, giving me a load of information. He then continued to answer the 5 questions in the same order I had written them down. This was without me asking any questions!

The reading went beyond my initial questions and the news was very good. At the time I was 18 years old and today at 49 some of his predictions are still coming true.

J.S.

(Note: Mr. J.S. also included some of the questions and answers from that first reading many years ago. If there is interest, I will include those specifics in a later newsletter.)

### The Caring Interviewer?

Before my days of doing psychic work, (but not necessarily before I was psychic **J**), I produced and hosted a weekly public service radio show. I went to the station for one hour a week, for eight years. There are several interviews that have stayed vivid in my memory all these years and one of those was done with a woman who was promoting a health advocacy agency.

She was very kind, as I remember, in her 40's, and very soft-spoken and professional. We went into the booth, a small closet-like structure where two people can sit. Usually I had my own microphone and the guest would have a separate one. This day, however, the station engineer who monitored the taping of the show notified me that only one microphone was working. "No problem," I thought, as I explained to my guest that we were going to have to share one microphone. The engineer cued me and the intro had aired ... I was on. I introduced myself and my guest and went right to my first question. She answered well and then, after having given her answer, she let out a deep breath in my direction.

The smell was that of garlic ... and it definitely made my eyes water! After each response she gave, she would breathe on me. I'm sure she was unaware she was doing this, and even more unaware that her breath smelled so strongly. As we went on, the deep, strong smell of all the garlic in this small closed-in space continued to cause me to tear up. As far as a guest interviewee, however, she had done an excellent job, and I did compliment her on that once we finished.

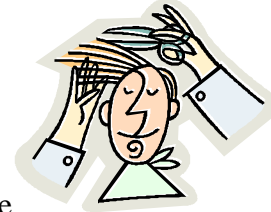
She then told me, "David, I've done many, many interviews, but no one ever, ever showed such feeling and caring as you. I could," she continued, "see you tear up." I smiled and thanked her again. She never knew that I actually spent the entire interview pre-occupied with the wind across my face due to the content

of her stomach. I was crying, that was true, for I couldn't move and, once we began taping, I couldn't say a thing, not even a "Would you like a mint?!"

### Building Bridges

While I deeply believe in one person's ability to create change, the dramatic events where most people will have an impact is in the lives of the people they see in their daily routines. People who need a word of encouragement. A student who is called to the principal's office expecting the worst – only to find out he was selected as Citizen of the Week.

I was getting a haircut and kidded the



stylist that she had cut all the gray out ... she didn't laugh. Okay, so she was a little new to the job and not ready to handle both the cutting and the joking, but then, when she asked me if the haircut was okay, I said it wasn't finished. She seemed puzzled and called her manager over. The manager, a grandmotherly type woman, came over and looked at the haircut and supported her employee: "Hmmm, you did an excellent job ... maybe we could just take a little bit more off here though." She was tentative, kind, thoughtful and non-judgmental to her employee, but then followed up with a suggestion that maybe she could do just a little more.

The young woman went away not crying or yelling, but understanding. The manager was a true mentor and I was impressed. But like many who leave a positive mark on others, she was humble; when I later expressed appreciation for what she had done, she didn't recognize exactly what that was. When I especially pointed out how kind and supportive she had been to her employee (while still satisfying me – the customer!) she seemed truly surprised. That is the mark ... the mark of service, the mark of greatness ... thinking of others before yourself.

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### **What month is this?**

As you can see, this is a combined March and April newsletter. The March one was actually half ready when tax time intervened and everything got pushed aside. Sorry about that!

### **An Idea for a Local Charity ... or?**

Do you ever have a “great idea” hit you, and you just have to find someone to implement it? Well, this happens to me (a lot!) and some of those “great ideas” work and some of them don’t, but often they’re for companies or agencies and I just love to call and pass the ideas along. Those experiences alone could make a looooooong article as I’ve been acting on these urges for many years! However this is about one particular incident.

My idea was for a local charity. I had called them one other time, some months ago, and they had expressed very warm and sincere appreciation for my suggestions at that time ... so I decided to try again with this new idea! I just had a very strong feeling that I wanted to call them, but I had to talk myself into it, because it wasn’t as if they had sought me out for further ideas even though I’d left my contact information. But I did think this idea was good, so I went ahead and called.

The person who had so professionally taken my ideas many months before was not available, so I spoke with the operator and she offered to review the suggestions and pass them along. I gave my ideas and she made notes. Then I found myself saying, “I’m a psychic.” She was thrilled! Before I knew it I was looking at her life and her long-term marriage about which she was concerned.

I could see – and she acknowledged – that they were heading in the direction of divorce, but she didn’t really want one. After the long call was over, I finally realized why I’d had

the need to call that charity “**Right Now**” ... it was to talk to her and give her some insight on her marriage, not to give a couple of ideas to the organization. (She thanked me for the insight that inspired her to review her options. There were no major/dramatic issues in the marriage, just a situation where they had become bored with one another.)

### **Which brings up a question ...**



As most of you know, because I’ve mentioned this before and you may have encountered it yourself in calls to me, I don’t keep in my mind all the details of your lives after a call is over. Sometimes, if a person has called me several times, I will begin to remember a situation, but even then I may need to be reminded. Actually, I most often just need a minute or two to begin “tuning in” to you and your situation and then may recall previous conversations. This is, I believe, good for me (so as not to carry about with me the problems of many) and good for you (your privacy is protected because I usually forget specifics).

But every now and then, a person’s name (most likely a person I’ve talked to often) will pop up in my mind and I’ll feel that I need to speak with him/her. Sometimes that’s just one of those premonitions that occur right before he/she actually calls me. But sometimes it’s not, and I’ve often debated whether to go to a past phone call and look up someone’s phone number to call. Most often when this happens, it’s nothing specific. It’s not like I feel a need to call someone and say, “Don’t drive your car on Tuesday or you’ll have an accident.” Nothing like that. It’s more a feeling that something’s going on in the person’s life that they may need to talk about. But as often as I debate it with myself, I don’t do that. I feel that it would be the equivalent of the unpleasant stereotype of a lawyer as an “ambulance chaser”.

What do you think about this? I know of psychics who call their clients, but have never thought that was ethical. Would you ever want me to call you under those rather vague circumstances, of feeling like there’s something you need to talk about? I think the answer

would be “no” and my inclination is still not to call. (In fact I can think of more reasons **not** to do it ... it might not be a good time for you to get a call, there might be others around you at the time, and – worse yet – I have a tendency to forget about the difference in time zones!)

That’s all for March and April - see you in May!