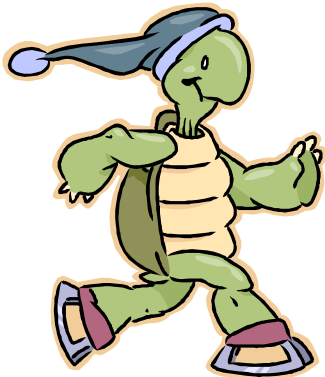


Psychic Deli

Another Close One?

I have two sisters, both younger than I. Several years ago my wife and I were visiting my relatives and the younger of my two sisters took me for a drive. The country roads were narrow and winding and she was going quite fast. I had reached the point of non-speech, and she kept telling me of her latest adventures as we raced up one incline and down the next. Suddenly, without warning, she jammed on the brakes! I was never so thankful that I didn't have false teeth; I smacked the windshield even though I was wearing a safety belt. My neck hurt from the whiplash.

She smiled the kindest, gentlest smile. Jumping out and running to the front of the car, she said, "Oh thank God ... I thought I had killed it" I actually thought she meant me. No, she didn't. She bent down and picked up a turtle. "It's lucky," she said, "that I was paying attention and could stop in time." She smiled. "Isn't he cute?"



Still suffering from post-near-collision shock, I could not speak. She looked over at me and said, "You're kind of quiet." I nodded. Having your entire body thrust into the windshield and snapped back will hold back the talking. When we got back to the house she raced up the walkway to my dad, showing him the turtle. It was some minutes before I could join everyone.

In my sister's mind she thought she had done a great and noble thing, saving this hapless turtle, but I'm sorry she thought that. I too was grateful to be alive and appreciated her driving

so much that I let her drive turtles now and have never ridden with her again!

Time and Direction

When I was a small child, getting up in the morning was very difficult. Over the years I have used a wide variety of methods to wake me, from alarm clocks ... to radio alarms that use music ... to leaving the window open in the winter. That one sometimes backfired I'd be up but with a stiff neck! When I was traveling, I would often leave the curtain open so the light would gently wake me in the morning. Then I'd be up at 6:00 a.m. rather than 7:30 or 8:00. Unless it was a seriously overcast day of course. And there was always leaving a wake-up call at a hotel desk and waking to the shrill ringing of a phone. Currently, however, all I have to do is repeat something a few times right before I go to sleep, such as: "It's 1:30 a.m. I need to be up at 7:00 a.m." Bingo! I'm up at the right time. Have you ever tried that one?

So the time thing is under control, but what about direction? Some people say that what I do is give direction to them. This is interesting and descriptive terminology for me since I personally have absolutely no sense of direction! I get lost in parking lots. Occasionally. Okay – more often than that. Do you remember that Star Trek movie where they go back in time and land in San Francisco to rescue the whales? When they land the ship and it's cloaked so no one will see it, they turn around and say, "Everyone remember where we parked." That's become something of a family joke for us ... but one that has actually helped as we use it pretty much anytime we're parking in a big lot. (My wife has an uncanny way of always finding the direct path to where we're going ... and long has been nicknamed Sacajawea by me for that reason.)

But finding physical direction is not the same as "giving direction" to someone psychically. I'm grateful that many of you have been helped by my advice, directed towards what you were perhaps already aware of as the

direction you needed to go. While I'm not 100% (no psychic can be!) many who resist what I see often call back later - months, and in one recent case, a couple of years - to tell me I had been correct! This is confirmation that I appreciate hearing.

A Story about a Stroller

It was a Saturday – a beautiful fall day at a flea market. A mother pushing a cloth-seated stroller with a child of about 1 ½-2 years old fast asleep. The mother gently parked the stroller where she could see it and slowly moved from display to display, booth to booth. She was a good distance away, maybe 2-3 car lengths, when the child awoke. He called out to his mother. He was starting to move and she had to do something quickly, so she yelled, “Sit down!” The child stood up and she yelled, louder, “Sit down!” Nothing. Worried that he would begin moving and flip the stroller, she called out desperately, “Sit down! Sit down or I won't love you!”

Like a bullet hitting the target, the child sank into the cloth seat. The mother rushed forward, knelt down beside the child whose eyes had glazed over, and asked “Honey, would you like to get some ice cream?” She hugged him and wheeled him away, leaving those of us who had seen and heard the demonstration bewildered.

I have often wondered what happened to that little boy. Sometimes I think he has achieved great and wonderful things, pushed on by his mother. Other times when I read something about people not feeling loved and who disconnect, I think of him. Perhaps the kid is fine ... no one knows. But I don't believe you can love a person with an IF. If you cut the grass, clean your room, get good grades I will love you. You love someone because you do.

I love chocolate, but chocolate doesn't even know me. Love for another is like that. You just like – and then love – the person because you do. Not because of any situation or condition. This is the question everyone wants the answer to. The questions I hear most often: “Does _____ love me?” “I love _____. Does he/she love me back?” Love means unconditionally accepting a person, just because you do!

As I write this I am reminded that my dad (now 85) called me once in the late 1960's and told me that I was no longer his son. My crime? I was campaigning for someone for elected office whom he did not believe in. I was stunned. Approximately four months later I got another call after my candidate had been eliminated from the running. All cheery, he said, “Hello, son, how are you?” He was happy that I could rejoin the family. I had not moved. To my great sadness I recognized that if I behave, I will be loved. Behaving meant doing, believing, achieving as he would have me do. The carrot at the end of the stick always “if you're good, I will love you.”

As a psychic I daily see relationships based not on mutual connection as much as needs ... if you fulfill my narcissistic needs, then I will love you. Love is liking, appreciating, understanding another, and wanting the best for them.

Reading Animals

I was asked recently whether I can “read” animals or not. Not my specialty, certainly, but I have actually given information on four animals so far: two dogs, one cat and a horse.

Have I ever mentioned my cat to you, though? His name is Caesar Pharaoh. Yes, he definitely rules! I grew up with dogs as pets, and never had a cat. More than 20 years ago we took in a stray my wife found in downtown Norfolk. He was a sadly bedraggled cat who had suffered many traumas, but we got him well and he enjoyed about a year with us before becoming very ill and dying. Then Caesar Pharaoh, a stray from our neighborhood, worked his way into our lives and into our home. Once inside, that was pretty much it and he's been with us about 5 years now. But the amazing thing is that he's really become MY cat. He has this special knack of wandering into my office while I'm doing my morning meditations (relaxed and with my eyes shut), and JUMPING up on my chest and rubbing his head up under my chin. Then he settles down and rests there. I think he likes being a psychic's cat.

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