

Psychic Deli

Once Upon a Time ...

... two next-door neighbors were pregnant, with due dates about the same time, and with plans to deliver in the same hospital. The first child born was named Sam. A few days later, the second woman had a boy and his name was Sam also. The first father arrived at the hospital with flowers for his wife and the second father arrived with armfuls of gear – football, baseball, and other sports equipment.

The second Sam was told, at around the age he was standing and walking, that he needed to “be a man”. So when the first Sam would come out to play, the second Sam would dramatically push the second one back, knocking him off his feet, so that he landed sitting on the ground. The first Sam acted shocked ... sort of a “what just happened?” look. But then he would shake himself off and get up. They played together pretty well most of the time, except for these occasional episodes.

All the while, the second Sam’s father’s mantra of “be a man” would echo in the background, while his mother would scold Sam and sometime send him back in the house. The first Sam’s parents would give a hug and, as he was never physically hurt, Sam seemed to just brush off the incidents as if they didn’t matter. But one day ... second Sam did his usual shove and first Sam didn’t fall down. He wobbled a bit, steadied himself and with a mighty coordinated push, he reciprocated and this time second Sam fell down hard on his behind. (First Sam had apparently decided this was how second Sam liked to “play.”)

Second Sam was startled, but then started to cry – louder, and louder, and LOUDER. Both dads had witnessed this and second Sam’s mom came rushing out and asked what happened. Second Sam said, “He pushed me down!” His mom said, “Good. Now you know how it feels. That’s not a nice thing to do to your friend, is it?” And second Sam’s dad got

a (loud) glare from his wife who had been telling him to knock off the “be a man” bit. And,

by the way, second Sam never pushed first Sam down again.

So much from this incident is about fathers ... trying to raise boys who will be great at sports. Fathers who send the message ... “be a man,” but end up sending other messages. Fatherhood is a pretty powerful situation. In this story I am the father of first Sam. I have always thought it more important to be honest and loving than to pretend my values have anything to do with sports. If my boys were interested in sports, that’s fine. If not, also fine. The real measure of a man is not how many people he pushes down either in sports or in life. The real measure (to me) is his capacity to love and be loved. I personally have known far too many tough guys who were unloving, angry, wounded beasts who inspired fear in others. If you were to meet either of my two sons, you would know they are real men. And I’m proud they are Champions!

The Little Things

Just seconds after I turned the light off a bug dropped from who knows where onto my head. I jumped up and quickly ran my hands through my hair and knocked the bug onto my bed. I got a sock, grabbed him, and dropped him into the toilet. Good riddance.



Several hours passed and I came awake, not sure what had awakened me. Nature then called and I saw the bug floating frantically around the toilet. I reasoned that if it had lasted several hours swimming around, he was meant

to live. I went from wanting him to be flushed away to feeling sorry for him. So I got the cap from my shaving crème container and scooped him up. I put him on the toilet paper. He seemed stunned. I watched as he shook himself off. I went back to sleep, safe in the knowledge that I hadn't let a little thing bug me!

Follow-up from March/April Newsletter

Back in the March/April issue of Psychic Deli, I had an article from one of my readers about his first experience in talking to a psychic. (This was, I believe, the second response to a question I'd put out to you to tell me of your first experiences.) At that time I printed only the first part of his story and said I'd put in some of the questions and answers he'd gotten in that reading if there was interest. I did get several people asking for the rest of the story and apologize for it taking me awhile to get back to it. I'll pick up with the last couple sentences of his article and then go forward:

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. I will name a few examples of the predictions, which all came true:

The position as a nature conservation officer I was interested in became mine.

My military training was a success and I became a commissioned officer.

I had a close call in combat that the psychic pre-warned me about.

I was warned to drive carefully and had a car accident a couple years later that could have been fatal.

He advised me to take calcium because my hair was falling out and my nails were brittle. True. Also to drink more water to help the kidneys. True -- even as a marathon runner I drank very little water at that time.

The following prediction took me by surprise and I actually doubted his accuracy until this materialized. He said I was going to travel abroad and study. At that time I hated school studies and had neither money nor good enough grades to be accepted at any college. He said I would study in a field that had much to do

with drawings and that I would become successful in my career. The area I would study and work in he saw consisted of mainly dark skinned people.

This all came true and was never planned by me in any way. Six years after this reading I visited South Texas on a vacation which then turned into a working vacation and then into attending college. I studied building construction and ended becoming a teacher at the same college. (Blueprint reading being the drawings he was referring to.) The main population in South Texas is Hispanic, therefore the darker skin tone as mentioned by the psychic.

Mr. van der Merwe also predicted I would marry someone who draws a lot. We would have two children, as he could see two kids with blond hair playing in the backyard. My wife is an artist (painter) and we have two boys with blond hair.

Years later I called the same psychic, wanting to know in which country I will actually settle. He mentioned that I would be traveling much between the two countries and thought I would eventually return to the country of my origin. I am excited to say that we are in the process of making arrangements for this big move.

Another comforting thought is that the psychic predicted I would live a long life. With his astounding accuracy on foreseeing the future, the thought of longevity is welcome, but I won't tempt fate!

The whereabouts of this psychic has been unknown for at least 10 years and I suspect he is no longer with us.

J.S.

Note from David: If you're a new reader and would like to read the first part of this story, just e-mail me and I'll send you that issue of the newsletter.

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