

Psychic Deli

School Days

School for me, as a child, was not usually a happy place. But luckily at a very early age I discovered “Mr. C.”, our janitor, whom I remember now with gratitude.

Mr. C. worked in a magic boiler room. I, and one or more other kids, would sit on the metal stairs leading straight down into the kingdom of the boiler room. It had an open door to the furnace, in which the fire made loud belching and hissing sounds as Mr. C. added blocks of coal as big as bricks. The fire eagerly licked the bricks of coal and talked to other flames. It was just so exciting to watch, and the minutes spent there seemed so safe – so peaceful.

But after awhile Mr. C. would wipe his face and tell us it was time to go. As some of us were leaving, a few more runaways from reality would show up and begin to sit on the stairs and watch him. And so it went, day after day.

I’ve talked to many people over the years and it seems that many have had similar experiences with school janitors ... where they often were the only ones who seemed to accept and understand the real needs of those young souls in the schools’ care – just to have someone give them a few minutes of respite. Thank you Mr. C.

And Speaking of Education ...

Every so often I send loving thoughts to my two driver education teachers! Do you know who lives the longest? Former presidents, postal workers, and college professors. The list of professions for those who live the longest does not include driving instructors.

The event that changed one of their lives happened as he was riding with me. As we were driving he yelled, “Brake! Brake!! Brake!!!” and then he slammed on HIS brake. I was somewhat annoyed and asked him why he did

that. “Because,” came the angry response, “of the tree.”

“What tree?” I asked.

To that response, he screamed, “The one that’s in front of this car!”

“Where?”

“That’s it. You’re not driving with me until you have your eyes checked!”

“Why?”

“Get out and you’ll find out why.”

I got out and walked to the front of the car where, magically, there was a giant – huge – great big tree. “Oh, that tree.”



I did not drive with him again until I was wearing my first pair of glasses.

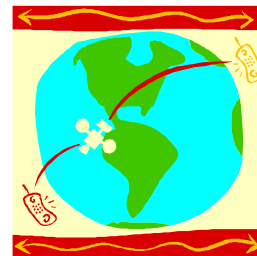
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A recent new client told me she had had trouble using my toll-free numbers (a complaint I’ve heard from others occasionally) and she wondered if she could use a direct number. Because she had a calling card which made the call very inexpensive, she wanted to try using that to call me on my direct line. The answer from me was – and is - “yes” so I wanted to let everyone else know that also.

If you do have trouble getting through on my toll-free numbers because of where you're calling from, and if you want to use a calling card, or just pay for the phone charges yourself, you may call my direct number: 757/463-7424.

Follow-up

I received a very thoughtful response to my story last month and have asked permission to print some of that response. I tried editing the e-mail for length, but it had been done with such sincerity and understanding that I found it difficult to leave very much of it out:

“Your article on the two Sams was one that touched me very deeply because of my own family. My ex-husband was very hard on our son as he was growing up, including some physical abuse between ages 3 and 15.

“I think it's confusing for all men raising their sons in a society that gives the mixed message about what values should count. [I believe that the] parents' job is to deeply understand the nature and gifts of their children, to then nurture and support them toward their unique life path and soul's purpose.

“I see the trade off that men must make between these personalities in our world, and I know it's complicated, especially here in the United States. The ones who have been fortunate enough to grow up in ... a loving, supportive, and accepting environment, I am convinced, will have the greatest flexibility, however, for handling the pressures of this society and the larger world. They are also the ones who will be best equipped to truly love a woman, their own children, and provide wise leadership to those with whom they work or relate within their communities.

“Today my son knows the depth and commitment of my love for him as his mother. More and more lately, I get small thanks from him for the supportive and loving things I did for him as he was growing up. Sometimes children do have to suffer the immature souls of one of their family members. But other family members and friends who see this interaction can have a positive impact on the child and

should NEVER forget this, no matter how showy or strong a 'bully' the inappropriate parent is.

“Love is the most powerful thing in life. When it is consistently and freely given, it will prevail. I would tell families who are struggling with any kind of abuse now or in the past, keep loving your children and, equally as important, love yourself for not giving up in your beliefs about being supportive and loving, even in the darkest moments. Peace and blessings to them and to you, David.”

C.

A Memory in Time

My friends and I used to play around and climb over a place we called “Rocky Mountain.” This was what was left after the dynamiting for a new highway. It was a tall, wide, rock surface which made climbing really fun. On the west side of the mountain there were railroad tracks and directly in front of it, 2/3 of the way up the “mountain” I discovered a natural chair. Sitting in that chair carved from the stone, I felt like a king. As I looked out over the huge expanse of (imaginary) desert, I declared, “This is a kingmaker day!”

To this day I am still puzzled by where that phrase came from. I can still see myself as a boy pretending to sit on a throne on a rock mountain. In my memory I know I didn't see the railroad tracks in front of the mountain or the extensive wooded forest just beyond the tracks. Instead I saw vast open desert wilderness which, I should add, always have a lot of camels wandering on it.



I've always had this great love of camels, but this probably would not be the time to sing you my camel song. That's a tale for another time!

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If anyone has a story to share, please send it in. We have one for next month called

“Raspberry Tea” that I know you’re going to love!

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