

Psychic Deli

A Joke Gift?

One year my family gave me a rain stick as a gift for my birthday. I guess my wife and sons had seen me playing with them in stores and thought it would be a funny thing to give me. If you've never seen one, it's a stick like the kind shamans used to use to create rain. You shake it and it has seeds inside that make noise. Of course I'm sure a real shaman also had certain chants that went with the activity. I've never gone into a past life remission that indicates I was a shaman, but I wouldn't be surprised if I had been. I would take the stick and enjoy it so much as I made up my own chants.

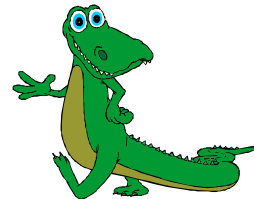
Well, sure enough, one summer day during one of the many years we were on water restrictions in Virginia Beach, it hadn't rained in quite awhile. It was just so unbearably hot (and humid) and nothing was happening. I don't remember who suggested it, but the next thing I remember is that my sons and I (they were maybe 6 and 10, or somewhere around that) were running around the cul-de-sac in front of the house evoking the Great Spirit to bring us rain. We were doing our own chants that we made up. Around and around we went. Tapping the stick on the ground periodically and shaking it in the air as I went, you could hear the great sound of the cascading seeds. They actually sound like a rainfall. Reversing the stick and shaking it continuously we had these great sounds and the three of us really threw ourselves into the whole event.

My wife, watching from inside the front door of the house, had a front row view of us when the boom of thunder struck as if right over our heads. There was just the slightest of hesitations as the three of us were momentarily stunned before we began running for the house. The rains – out of a clear sky – began before we even made it to the house. I recall that the three of us ran around thanking the Great Spirit, but my wife remembers differently ... that we all ran straight into the house! Now I know there's probably a perfectly good explanation of why

the rain hit just then, and that the rain stick didn't cause it ...but

A Dragon Goes to the Hospital

A friend of mine had a heart attack and was recovering nicely in a local hospital. I decided to visit, so I took along my dragon costume (doesn't everyone have one?!?) and asked what room my friend was in. When I got to his floor, I went to the nurses' station and asked if it would be alright if I put my costume on. All of the nurses thought that was a great idea so I returned a few minutes later in full dragon dress (head, body, tail, feet, hands). They loved it. One volunteered to take me to my friend's room. She walked in the room and said, "Bob, you have a visitor." And then I walked in. He took one look at me and started to laugh. "Out! Out!" He knew it was me and was laughing so hard, he added, "Get out or I'll have another heart attack!" He wife enjoyed it too, but I left after a short time, not wanting to tire him.



In the hall I took the dragon head off so I could breathe again and I thought that had been a lot of effort for such a short visit. Then a nurse stopped me as I was heading for the elevator and asked if I would go to visit some of the kids on two other floors. Some were waiting for or recovering from operations and some had no family nearby. She led me to the first room and everyone was stunned when I walked in. There were 4 children and a couple parents in that first room. I started my "routine", telling children's stories. After about 15 minutes the mood in the room had changed and I moved on to other rooms. Again and again and again and again. For three hours.

Everyone stared at me in the lobby and I went into the restroom and took the costume off. A guard stopped me to ask who I'd been visiting

so I explained what I'd been doing. On the drive home I thought about the nurses, Bob and his wife, all the children and their families and decided that hadn't been a bad day's work ... for a dragon! Sometimes a psychic just needs a hobby I guess.

The following is a submission from one of my readers. I hope you enjoy it.

The Raspberry Tea Experience

I am Sarah, a motherless daughter. My mother passed away when I was 30. Needless to say, I was overwhelmed with her sickness and almost relieved by her death. My mom had cancer and fought it for about 14 years. You know the cancer game - if you get diagnosed and get treatment it may go away or into a remission, but it sometimes comes back. My dad stayed right by her side the entire time and was the absolute best husband possible.

During the chemotherapy treatments a cancer patient experiences many unpleasant side-effects such as nausea, loss of energy, loss of appetite, loss of the ability to taste, and the list goes on and on. During one of the endless bouts of vomiting and just plain ol' nausea we discovered that brewed raspberry tea soothed and would remedy the nausea. After this discovery raspberry tea became our drink of choice. We drank it hot, iced, and even frozen and slushy.

On the first anniversary of her death I quietly sat and drank a huge mug of raspberry tea and reflected on the long journey of life I had with my mom. I sat and cried about the horrible times and giggled about funny times. I left the cup on the kitchen counter and went to bed. The following morning I woke up and started my day. I went in to the kitchen and picked up the mug to put it in the dishwasher. I casually glanced down and saw a heart, a dried raspberry tea heart, in the bottom of the mug. I just stopped and stared. After a few moments I just closed my eyes and said out loud, "I love you too mom and I miss you too."

Since this raspberry heart, other unmistakably "Mom" occurrences have happened. If you have lost someone close to

you, please know in your heart of hearts that they are still with you and they appreciate everything you have done for them or are doing for them.

Don't pass off things as coincidence. Trust me - it's not a coincidence. They have limited ways to communicate, so don't ignore them when they happen.

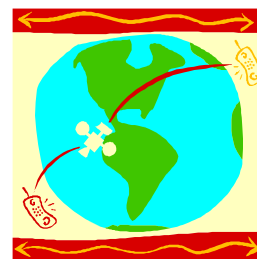
Mediumship

I may have mentioned this before, but while I do mediumship, it's not my strongest psychic ability. If you ever have a question for someone who's on the other side, you can ask me about it in the course of a reading. Some people do come right through, but sometimes not. I'm not sure if that's me ... that I just haven't worked on that ability as much ... or if it's because the spirit we're trying to contact has other things to do right then! J

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As I mentioned last month, if you ever have trouble getting through on my toll-free numbers because of where you're calling from, or if you want to use your own calling card, or just pay for the phone charges yourself, you may call my direct number: 757/463-7424.

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