

Psychic Times

Well, here it is, already May 36th but the newsletter is finally done! Sorry for the lateness ... and thanks to those who've asked what happened to May!

The purpose of this newsletter is to share some of my stories, to connect with the people around the world who have found what I do to be helpful, and to answer specific questions that are often raised. I will also share stories that for one reason or another touched my soul ... many of the non-psychic stories were staples in my professional speaking presentations. I would also invite you to e-mail your comments or stories. You can use a pseudonym or not. If for any reason you do not wish to receive this newsletter, just e-mail me and your address will be removed from my mailing list. [I do send each newsletter individually, so others will not see your e-mail address.]

Questions and Answers

No questions this month; therefore, no answers! J

Meeting the In-Laws

One of my favorite stories to tell is the story of how my wife and I met, but that story is on my website, so you've probably already read it! The first time I met my future mother-in-law is another story, however, and one that you probably have not heard

To say I was nervous is a major understatement. I was going to meet the mother of the woman I planned to marry, and I was feeling like a small boy from the planet Krypton ... totally out of my element. There were some pretty big differences here ... I was New England/liberal and she was Midwestern conservative. She was a widow who was a good 20 years older than my own parents, already a grandmother to 8, and I wondered what kind of an impression I would make on her. Would I be accepted as son-in-law material? But as soon as I walked into her house, I felt the most incredible calm and peace ... and soon found this was a very kind, open and gentle woman, who totally accepted me as I was.

Within a few minutes of our arrival, at her daughter's suggestion, she started telling me of some of her psychic experiences as a young girl and as an adult. And the feeling of peace that I had never felt before grew. (At that point in my life I didn't know what to make of my psychic experiences, and thought of it as a problem.)

I then related to her, in detail, all of my stories, which seemed to go for a long time and, again, she accepted and appreciated each one. This was, in my life, a very rare experience ... even now, 35 years later, this has not often been the case when the subject of psychic abilities are discussed. She helped me clarify my own experiences and understand that it was, basically, okay to be the way I was!

* * *

And now here's one of my mother-in-law's stories. She lived in a rural town and one time back in the 50's the people in the small town and surrounding area were concerned because of the disappearance of a farm hand. He was a reliable middle-aged man and no one could figure out where he had gone. But my mother-in-law, who didn't even know the missing man, "saw" him hanging inside the silo on the farm. She told her husband, "He's in the silo. You have to tell someone to look in the silo." Well, my wife's father, while aware of his wife's "abilities", was still not about to go tell people the man was dead and hanging in the silo. He argued that if he told people that, they'd want to know how he – or his wife – could possibly know that. This just wasn't something that was shared with anyone outside the family! But, to pacify her, he went by the farm and, as a concerned businessman in the area, felt he could stop and ask if they'd found any signs of the missing man. Many people were there, involved in the search, so his questioning didn't seem out of place. He asked where they'd searched and they answered with everywhere they'd looked **including the silo!**

So my father-in-law went back home and informed his wife that they had already looked in the silo and the man wasn't there. She

was imagining something that wasn't real. But, "No! He's there. Right up at the top, hanging tight against the wall of the silo." My father-in-law refused to go back and tell the searchers they'd missed something and should check the silo again!

So what happened? You already guessed, right? In re-checking the silo some days later, they found the man exactly where my mother-in-law had "seen" him. It had either been too dark or shadowy or the first search was perhaps just a perfunctionary one, but he was indeed there and had been the entire time.

A Story from a Client:

Years ago when I was a girl of 18 I went off to a small college in Tenn. I found that when I got a certain feeling, I could count the days a letter would take from my home in FL, then go to the college post office and there would be a letter from my Mom or my boy friend. This seemed to work every time.

Then one night I had a very strange dream. I dreamed about a letter written by my boyfriend ... word for word. The next morning I went into my friends' room next door and told them all about the letter ... word for word. Then I counted the days, went to the post office and lo and behold there was my letter from my boyfriend ... and of course it was identical, word for word, as the letter I dreamed about. I took the letter next door to my friends' room and read it to them, and we were all astounded. The postmark proved I had not received it earlier. Wow! Scared me a great deal, and I did everything I could to shut this off in the future. It's strange how these gifts are given to the young -- too young to understand them or do anything with them.

An Offer

Send me two clients who pay for readings and I'll give you a free half-hour reading. Just tell them to mention your name.

Neighbors

I needed to get up extra early the next morning so I went to bed early. Deeply asleep, I was awakened by a noise, but not a loud noise like a bus, nor a crowd noise. The noise that filtered up to my 3rd story walkup apartment sounded like 2-4 friends sitting on a curb telling stories. Then all of a sudden – BOOM – they would start laughing and howling so loudly that I finally, at the risk of offending a possible neighbor, opened my window and yelled, "Shut up! People are trying to sleep!"

The party stopped and I felt righteous. I went back to bed and quickly fell asleep. But slowly, like a tide coming in, the noise level again rose until it reached my apartment. Again I opened the window. "Okay," I yelled, "if you don't shut up, I'm going to call the police." I waited. No sound. I was delighted that I had stumbled on the magic words and as I got back into bed I heard myself saying, "Me. Calling the police." There was a smile on my face at the thought of it as I fell into a deep, well-deserved sleep. My breathing was deep now and the precious sleep had arrived. But ... so had the sound of the 4 or so guys who I was sure were drunk.

No more Mr. Nice Guy! I called the police. Told the dispatcher what was going on. Within a very few minutes two squad cars sped to my defense and I watched as, with guns drawn, the officers approached the corner of my building beyond which I couldn't see from my window. Then I heard ... the yowling of cats!! A sergeant was looking up at my building and I heard him say, "If I ever catch the person who called this in!" Then he yelled at the building, "It was cats! CATS!!! You get it? CATS!"

In my apartment on the 3rd floor I was fully awake now ... and also fully embarrassed. Apparently I didn't know the difference between 3 or 4 drunks having a party and 2 or 3 cats having a party!

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