

Psychic Times

[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

Q. Do you take notes when you talk to me?

A. No. None. I keep a record of the date of your call, the kind of credit card used and the amount (but not the credit card number!) as well as a phone number in case I ever have to contact you about the charges. And sometimes, as some of you know, I may ask your birthdate ... not because I do astrology, but just because I may want to wish you a happy birthday! But no notes on the call itself. In fact, once I finish a call and the reading is done, it's all gone. If you call me back in a week or a month I may not even remember having talked with you! I know that sometimes people are surprised when I don't remember them or their situation, and sometimes people are actually insulted by this, but no insult is intended ... it's just the way it works! So if you call me again, it will take me a minute or two to feel the energy and begin the new reading. Again, I use no notes to do readings ... only what I feel psychically at the time I'm speaking with you.

And now a question for you

I need a new name for this newsletter. Something other than "Psychic Times." Any suggestions?

How I Got a Job

Going back to college years ago, I ran into a financial snafu ... state funding rules had changed and I no longer had the complete funding I needed. If I wanted to continue in the classes I'd enrolled in ... and manage to eat also ... I needed a job -- and I needed it now! I was walking through a public park, it was 7 pm or so - a dark and foggy evening. I didn't know what I was going to do ... so I prayed ... for immediate help. Out of the fog and darkness I saw a word lit up in front of me and that word was "PRAY."

I didn't have the faintest idea what I was doing, but I felt strongly to follow the word PRAY down the street. It was hard to tell how far away the sign was in the fog, but I followed what turned out to be a neon sign on a building. It seemed to be some kind of store. I went in and got into an elevator and took it to the 7th floor marked "personnel."

As I got off the elevator, a woman approached me. "Can I help you?" "Yes," I said, "I'm here about the job." "The job." "Yes, I'm here about the job." "Oh," she replied, "you must have seen the ad in the newspaper." Then she stopped herself. "That ad doesn't come out until tomorrow morning." She looked puzzled. "How did you say you knew there was a job?"

"I - uh - prayed, and saw your sign." "My sign?" "I saw the sign lit up through the fog and darkness; it said 'PRAY'." She smiled indulgently. "Our sign reads: John H. Prays & Son - Furniture." "Well," I said, "the only word lit up was PRAY." She thought a moment and then hired me. After I filled out the forms she walked me to the elevator and said, "I believe your story, but I'm not sure others would understand ... let's not share how you got here." I agreed. As I left the building I looked up at the sign and "John H. Prays & Son - Furniture" was entirely lit up.

A Story from a Client: The Day The Wheel Fell Off

My family and I were returning home from church one very cool Sunday morning. My husband and I sat in the front seat of our late model Eagle station wagon. Our 11 year old son and 8 year old daughter sat in the back seat. They were talking, laughing and picking at each other as usual.

Without warning, all of a sudden I knew without doubt ... as if I had received a phone message that had no voice ... I knew that the back wheel was soon to fall off the car!!! We were approaching a busy intersection. I simply told my husband that he should "slow down now because the wheel is going to fall off the car". My husband turned to me, smiled as if to say "say what?" and slowed down. The children laughed louder and joked to each other about Mom's stupid request. Within seconds of my request and only within a few feet of the approaching intersection, we felt a strange wiggle as the back right corner of the car fell to the ground with a thud.

All of us were very quiet. The car was so still. The back axel had actually broken and sent the tire rolling to the curb. Thank God we weren't in the middle of the intersection or somewhere else. The whole family stared at me and then the children actually looked at each other and exclaimed ... "Ouuuuuuuu".

My husband and I said, "Thank you, God, for whatever happened to make us aware of the moment". Now our son is 31 and our daughter is 28. We all still laugh and recall the day when the wheel fell off. I believe that one incident was a very big family lesson. We can think about a higher power who is so attuned to our daily needs that our little family received help that we didn't even know we needed that particular day.

V.B., Kentucky

Neighbors: What Do You Want to Do?

Another story about a neighbor, but this time it's a real neighbor ... not noisy cats waking me up! For 2 ½ years we had lived just a few dunes away from the Chesapeake Bay and a beautiful beach. One of our neighbors was a man who was retired and, although we had the

beach ... he hated the beach! But I'd often see him walking and walking on that beach. He'd retired from the railroad and his wife had died. One of his sons lived with him and the other had a family. He just seemed bored – lost.

One day as I was heading out to begin my day, we chatted for awhile and then I asked him, "If you could do anything, what would you do?" He looked puzzled. "Anything?" "Anything."

He thought for awhile and then smiled and said, "Well, Dave, if I could do anything with my life, I'd build me a three story garage with storage areas, and a workshop, and space big enough for my five vehicles. A garage that would have two huge doors." Then he stopped, looked at me, and smiled.

Now, normally every morning when I saw him I'd say, "Hey, John, have a good day!" But the very next morning, I said, "Have you started your garage yet?" He smiled and called back, "Not yet." This continued the next day and every single day for 1 ½ years until the morning when I called out greetings and then said, "I've got to get going." John said, "Don't you have something to ask me?" "No." I hopped in my car, but then, quickly remembering, I jumped back out and said, "Yes, I do. "When are you going to start your garage?" And with that I headed back to my car.

But John smiled and said, "Today! I'm starting to build my garage today." I ran over and gave him a big hug.

It did indeed turn out to be one gigantic garage and we'd often hear him out there at night hammering or working with various tools in the workshop area. After he died a few years later, his son told me that what had started out as a joke led to what became one of the happiest periods in his life.

Now, what do you want to do?

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