

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. Have you always been psychic?

A. I've certainly had psychic experiences for many years ... going back to my childhood when I would often know who was calling on the phone. But ... I never thought of myself as psychic during those years. It took me many years before I put a name to it and many more years after that to accept it and begin to understand it. Though I still couldn't tell you that I really understand it to this day!

And now a question for you

I'm still hoping to find a new name for this newsletter. The only suggestions I got were to keep the name I have ... "Psychic Times" or "Spare Time." But I'd still like to hear any ideas you may have!

Feelings

In the early days of discovering and trying to understand my psychic skills, my wife and I might go to a local mall, and as people would pass us I could feel their lives. I could both hear words ... "I love her" or "She drives me crazy" as a couple walked past, and feel the pain coming from these and other people. In those early days, when I was not used to feeling others' energies, I felt like I was made of sugar

and that the longer I stayed around so many people, I was melting.

Gradually, I learned that my chakras were too open and, being so open, I attracted this energy. I learned this ability is called being an empath. Each of us, from time to time, has had a friend or someone close who was going through some kind of experience, be it the death of someone or a joyous event, and at that time you can feel the pain or the joy of that person because of your emotional connection. I too can do that, but I can also feel the pain of strangers ... total strangers.

Knowing all this information overwhelmed me at first, and then gradually I developed a regimen to protect myself. Now, years later, I tend to be more open and thus continue to feel the energy (pain, joy, worries, etc.) of people and only shut it down when it becomes too intense.

I sometimes think that if more people could feel what others feel, our world would be a more sensitive place – a more caring, loving and hopeful place. For if everyone were empathic/empathetic, words and body language would provide only part of the picture. The rest would come from our feeling of the person's energy. Imagine a parent taking a moment to get the real feel of the energy of an angry child and deciding wisely to be gentle and supportive, rather than cold and authoritative. I could go on ... but that's enough of that for today!

Offer

A few of you have taken advantage of my previous offers and I want to give it again this month. If you recommend two new clients who call and have paid readings of at least half an hour each, I will then contact you and let you know that you have a free half-hour reading! Just be sure they tell me that you recommended them so I can make note of it!

Also, encourage those friends to ask to be put on the newsletter mailing list when they call.

My Wife Was Not in Her Right Mind!

During readings, which often involve relationships, people will sometimes ask about my wife ... things like, "How does your wife stand living with A PSYCHIC?" or "Does your wife like your singing?" or even more insulting, "Does your wife laugh at your jokes?"! (The answer to the last one is "no".) Well, she apparently has an explanation as to how she ended up married to me, and I thought it would be best if she told the story herself. But first, let me point out that we will soon be celebrating our 35th anniversary, so I couldn't be all that difficult to live with! Anyway, here she is:

To set the stage, David was living in the Boston area and I was in NYC when we decided to get married. About one month before the wedding, I took the train to Boston and we spent the weekend looking for an apartment, which we found and rented. David planned to move in immediately and I went back to my job in NYC.

Two weeks later, just two weeks before the wedding, I rented a station wagon, packed up all my belongings except for clothing and drove up to the new apartment. Once we got everything unloaded we went to his parents' house where we planned to spend the weekend looking through their attic for any furniture not being used, spare dressers, chairs, etc. and moving them to the apartment.

I was downstairs with David's mother when he started calling for me to "Get up here quick ... you've got to see this!" (It turned out he had indeed found a nice dresser in the back of the attic.) I ran up the stairs and into the attic ... nope! Their attic door was lower than normal. (I'm only 5'2" but I would have to duck to go through it.) But I forgot to duck and the blow to my head could be heard downstairs, causing my future mother-in-law to also come running up the stairs. (Apparently everyone in the family had done this at least once, so she knew exactly what had happened.) The collision actually knocked me backwards off my feet and I sat on the floor wondering what had happened.

So, to make a long story a little bit shorter, David's mother made me stay an extra day while she treated me as if I had a

concussion. With me insisting I didn't have to go to a doctor or hospital, she reluctantly let me take the train back to NYC a couple days later, but my head really didn't feel quite right. In retrospect I know that I DID have a concussion, but at that time I was just concerned about getting back to work and about all the preparations for the wedding that had to be done. For the next week and a half, however, I walked around with my head in a fog. What it felt like, precisely, was as if the top part of my head had been detached and it was floating above an empty space between it and the part of the head still attached to my body.

About 3 days before the wedding, there was a kind of SNAP! as the two parts of my head went back together, so I was fine for the wedding, but I have since implied (sometimes, insisted!) that I was "not in my right mind" in the days leading up to the wedding, or I might have changed my mind about the marriage. But then again, maybe God knew I had to be knocked senseless to make sure I went through with it!



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Another Request

For those who would like to send a story, here's an assignment: I'd like to hear about your first experience in having a psychic reading! This would be with whomever you had a first reading ... not necessarily your first reading with me. Was it surprising? Was it effective? Did anything change in your life because of it?

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