

Psychic Times

Questions and Answers

Q. What are some of the toughest questions you get during readings.

Well, one question I get asked a lot during readings is “Am I pregnant?” And that always seemed like a tough one for me ... at first it unnerved me to be asked to give information that life-changing. Which is funny, really, because much of the information I pass along could be considered life-changing, but that one always worried me. Initially I told people I couldn’t answer that. However, with time, I have learned to simply trust that this information that comes to me is valid and I can tell people what I see.

I’ve also chosen, for the most part, not to become involved with crime solving. I see enough of people’s lives and problems and have chosen, for now at least, not to open myself to seeing crimes.

Newsletter Name

Thank you for the responses from last month’s request for new names! I now have several to consider and will most likely choose one by the next newsletter issue.

For the Want of a Donut

The streets were deserted as I drove down a steep incline late one winter night – after midnight – in 1969. My late model white convertible slid from the road into a large drainage ditch. No sooner than I had stopped moving, I heard the sound of a caravan of large trucks with blowers shooting the snow 20 or so yards away in a large ark of wet snow. One truck passed by and then the sound of crashing snow being shot out of the blower from the second truck came. As soon as there was a pause, just for a moment, along came the third and final truck. The sound of the snow being

shot through the blower and landing on my canvas roof was not unlike the sound of a tightly wrapped drum being pounded. The second one had been more muffled, and the third was very distant. I knew I was trapped under a lot of packed snow and I also knew that I had to do something.

My motor was off because I knew if I started the engine while buried under all the snow, I would die of carbon monoxide poisoning. So I decided to try signaling using Morse Code with my car horn. I honked the code but nothing happened. Again and again I tried. The feeling that this might be the last experience I had crossed my mind, so I kept trying over and over. It seemed like half an hour and it was getting pretty cold.

On the top of the incline at that very moment was a sergeant in the area police force. He had pulled over to take a donut and coffee break. He heard the Morse code’s SOS and called for a tow truck. I kept sending the signal: SOS ... SOS ... SOS. Then at long last I felt the movement of a weight shift as the snow was removed from the top of the vehicle. Finally I heard several voices and someone came by my window and told me, “We’re going to get you out.”

A few minutes later a giant tow truck slowly and gently pulled me from the snow tomb where I had been trapped. After my car was up on the street, the sergeant came over to me and said, “I was eating at the top of the hill and I saw this white blimp go by so fast. Then before I could see it again there was a caravan of snow plows. Since it was snowing and blowing badly, I dismissed the blimp as my imagination. But then I heard your horn.” He smiled. “You’re really lucky I was here.”

I thanked him again and again. He explained, “Well, I stopped to have a cup of coffee and a couple of donuts ... and if I hadn’t wanted those donuts ... this story may have ended much differently.” I smiled at him and replied, “For the want of a donut, my life was saved.” He waved and warned, “Have a good

night and drive carefully. The streets are slippery.” He drove off into the night. A knight whose quest for donuts and coffee had saved my life!

My First Psychic Reading

Long before I was a psychic, or even really aware of psychic experiences that I’d been having, I took a bus trip. There was a 2-hour layover and the clerk at the bus station suggested I go get a reading. I was 19 and had never had the experience of having a psychic reading, so I thought, “Sure, why not?”

I walked over to where the lockers were, but all the lockers were taken, so I trudged down the sidewalk with my suitcase ... two long city blocks to the place where the clerk had said the readings were given. I got to the building and looked up at the long flight of stairs. I paused with the suitcase in one hand and a notebook in the other, and then climbed the stairs.

It was a tea room. They briefly explained that I would order a cup of tea and a brownie, at a price of \$7.50. I remember thinking that seemed like an awful lot of money, but I did it and waited for the reader to come around to me. “Hello,” said the woman in her mid-40’s to early 50’s. She was wearing a dress made of a large flower design on a fabric that had a sheen – like silk.

She looked at me and told me to drink the tea. “Didn’t the attendant tell you?” I started to talk to her. “Just drink!” she said abruptly.



I drank all the tea and she then emptied the loose tea leaves onto the plate. She moved them around mysteriously. [My mind wandered: Does she know all my secrets? The name of my dog? How Marty and I became blood brothers? That I played short stop on our makeshift baseball team?]

Suddenly she announced, “I understand! You are going on a long trip.” I was spellbound! How did she know that? She looked at me as if she knew something quite profound. She said, “You are a writer,” she paused, “or want to be a

writer.” “Wow!” I responded. I don’t remember anything else she said. She thanked me, I tipped her, and she moved on to the next table.

I took my suitcase and notebook and slowly navigated down the long stairway. It was easier going up than down and a couple of times I slipped and bumped down several stairs, but grabbed the railing and stopped myself. At last I reached the very bottom and then I realized she had said I was going on a long journey ... I had a large heavy suitcase; she said I was a writer, or at least wanted to be one ... I was carrying a notebook. Now, at the foot of the stairs I realized it was ... obvious? Not psychic. Suitcase = travel; notebook = writer. When I boarded my bus I was smiling at the thought of my first psychic reading.

What was your first psychic reading like?

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[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.]

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To any of my clients who may live in the Gulf Coast area, or have family in that area, I hope that all were able to leave before the hurricane and find shelter inland. Our thoughts and prayers are with all those affected by this storm.

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