

Hello Daria!

I wanted to tell you about my visit to psychic Suzanne. First off, I have to tell you that I am a skeptic. Not a skeptic of alternate senses, but of frauds pulling details from your attitude, nodding, internet...in general, I am sure these people have talent in sociability but not in the actually art of psychic/psychometric as they claim.

A friend and I went in together and I waited while she had her reading and then I went in, dressed casually in jeans and an old sweater. I did that on purpose not to "trick" her but not to give clues about my life or career. I picked a focal point on the floor crossed my legs and stubbornly gave no reaction as she started to speak about me as she'd known me for years. In the course of the reading she told me about my relationship with my mother (spot on, eerily so as my mom is bat-shit fruity) my sweet boyfriend and that I would have 3 children, not knowing that I had 2 already, twins.

The thing above all else that raised the hair on my arms and made me stifle hot tears was about my dad. My father passed away 14 years ago as of November 4th. We, as a family, took wonderful vacations to the mountains and to the ocean to camp. He was in both the Vietnam and Korean wars and was exposed to chemical testing with Agent Orange. My dad had a beloved retire police dog that I don't remember well, but that he loved so much that even after he died, not my mom nor I have the heart to remove the 8x10 photo of the dog off the wall in the house.

Suzanne told me this about my dad after I only gave her his birthdate and name: "He passed away because of cancer, colon cancer. He says it's not something you have to worry about as you will never come in contact with the environment that caused it. He is happy to be out of his old body and is with a big dog down by the lake...."

Holy Psychic, Batman!

If I wasn't sold before (which I was) I would CERTAINLY be sold then.

Now don't get me wrong, I'm not some sort of namby pamby bike riding, granola crunching hippy. I like my meat rare, my cheese melted, my jokes dirty and my shampoo not in powdered form, but when I left there I felt like I had just gotten some sort of Karmic hug. It was surreal and fantastic and wonderful and when I went through the whole experience later that night alone I was left in tears.

Thank you for introducing her to my world.