



Natal Chart Reading

Interpretation - Page 1

(original email)

'Dear Betty,

I am attaching a scanned photo of your natal chart, in case you would like to follow along with some of the broader aspects of your chart. It is a very interesting one to read. I enjoyed it immensely. Now I hope I can have it make sense to you, in that I usually do this thing with the person present. We will see!

If I had to show you anything, straight away - it would be for you to take a look at the differing sizes of houses you possess in your natal chart. Each and every person holds all of the zodiac signs within their chart. All of them. You however have given a lot of space away in many of them - and decidedly placed that energy within the 12th and the 6th houses. These are the houses of confinement, karma, inner life (12th) and service, health issues, and work (6th). The houses are huge compared to the other 8. Also within these houses you have an intercepted house, a zodiac sign that is 'trapped', if you will. These are built-in challenges that have caused delays - but given your spirit of determination (and down right stubbornness), they availed much success in the long haul.

The two houses that were intercepted dealt with the aspect of who you are (Aries) - as other's see you - the personality you present, and the face you put on to the world - all this is 'placed' in the harsher 12th house of 'service to humanity'. The other was your ability to create and maintain

relationships (Libra), this was surrounded by the house of health and work - again to others. These two parcels of yourself were honed by challenges in this lifetime, and in many instances were not permitted full expression.

I was excited to read (and see) that you have the major aspects for your obvious career history, some roads taken - some not. You have MANY psychic attributes in your chart, and your gift for music is quite evident. It also lends you toward literary talents (as we all know). A rich and expansive imagination is present too. It is also necessary to explain that each planet has two sides to it - energy wise as well. The same planet that lends you your rich imagination, your expansive psychic aptitude (Neptune in the 5th), also plays a major role in denying you a clear vision of who is best for a lifetime partner. It is written right in there that there would be deceptions. Also mentions that a karmic situation develops with your children - in that the closeness isn't there once they go on their own. Much mentioning of potential adoption or of foster children too. Again, these aspects give a more cerebral love, a coolness and distance to family members.

On the other hand, it reinforces (as Neptune is your planetary ruler of Pisces), to Jupiter (12th house, the benevolent giver) and to Saturn (9th house, the great teacher and time) a beautiful trine of energy. This ease in your lifetime gives you the access to the expansive knowledge of the higher mind (9th), and the secrets of the inner self from the 12th. It also clearly states that the harshest of years were the early ones. It is part of this aspect that gives you the status of a great teacher and published author.

While you are born a Pisces, your rising sign (the sign on your first

house of personality - even though your true house of personality is contained within the confines of the 12th) is that of Taurus, the Bull. This makes for a loyal, deep personality. You possess (and always had) a unique way of assessing people, that often made people feel disconcerted (does she like me or not?). Your feelings run very deep, and it is doubtful that anyone can say that they truly know you and your mind... concerning anything.

You are an intensely private person....you need time alone - to survive actually! It would be a drain not to go inward, even in the early years when you hadn't practiced the meditation of today. Your mind knew it's proper path.

Speaking of mind, let's talk a bit about it - and this large house of Pisces (12th). Something unusual is present. You have an extension of lifetimes, a chain effect here. There are three to be specific. I do not mean to get away from the interpretation phase of reading your chart - but I want to make mention.

My first astrology teacher taught me the mathematics of casting charts, the second elaborated on the interpretation. In doing this, she devised a way to count the degrees backward from the ascendant to the planets involved. Here she would use a math formula to calculate the year(s) involved, and then used this information during hypnotic regression.

The same planets that give (or take) in your present chart - also are apertures to past full lifetimes! There are three right off the bat, connected with your present lifetime. So close. Let's touch on them.

The first was a very expansive, loving personality - living to an older age, and quite educated. His work took him (feeling a him) to many

different shores. He also had to do with bettering situations through learning and distributing that same knowledge. He is connected with the land. The dates were a 64 year span from 1785 - 1889. This same lifetime brings so much richness into your present one. This is also the marking associated with a 'guardian angel' effect - for in as much as any enemy (open or hidden) would try, they simply cannot assail anyone born under this type of aspect. It is a mark of someone who has earned a tremendous increment in their spiritual bankbook.

The second in the chain was a dynamic lifetime, one in which you played a significant but brief part in a rebellion of sorts. He was quite the character and planner, and it was something to do with a foreign government or religious institution imposing on your freedom. The date was around 1593, according to the formula. What this brings into your life now, is that rebellious spirit - and the tenacity to hold on too...until it is corrected, any unjust deed.

You have deep within a freedom that is indescribable. We all have that spirit, but with the way yours is positioned - it is inwardly alive, strongly set in opinions, and independent.

The third in the chain was your solar position (sun in the 12th). Here my feeling came into a sense of reconstruction, regeneration after a calamity of some sort. She was a person who re-established order from a chaotic time. The year was about 1441. Here lies a great foundation that your mediumistic skills stand on today, and your distain for violence in any way, shape, or form.

You see your mind is even more expansive, taking all this into consideration! You know, I have often felt that some people work on a single life, sort of like a youth in an elementary school. When the person

matures, and approaches the last years of college - they take on multiple courses to expedite their graduation. I feel in the growth of the soul, it would follow that simultaneous incarnations - even temporally aligned - is indeed an option. You also have something of a 'thread' going on here, it has the feel of a 'project' to me. Think about it.

When it comes to love relations, there is a tendency in others (as mentioned before) that you can not easily see. Plus the fact that you consider your time to be an investment of sorts, and tend to linger on longer in hopes of it turning itself around. There is also a friendship factor here to - lovers tend to flow over into friendship feelings. What hurts the most is in break ups, real estate is often thrown in a tumult - and you sorely need a place to call home to feel secure.

You have also tremendous energy aspects, those in which anything but an higher evolved mind would find hard to handle. Your Sun is squaring Mars (this is a bit weaker than the one below). This aspect in your second house of property and possessions tends to disburse and scatter your belongings (whenever a transit occurs). It also is no good for anyone with this aspect to be near any firearm (since when is it EVER). Personal areas of targeted disruption would be headaches, throat ailments, inner emotions and feelings. Impersonal targets are bank balance, stock, securities, penalties and fines.

Another of the same dynamic energy is Uranus squaring Mars. These are the accident prone people of the Zodiac. Also there is a living energy around them. My second teacher was born under this aspect - and made sure to mark the calendar when a transit would make aspect to it. On one such day she was outside, when something reminded her that it was 'one of those days' - and a electric transformer literally exploded above her, at

that moment. This aspect pours energy into the individual. You being a wonderful healer, are able to 'pool' this effect into a reservoir of transmuted, helpful energy. Most people find it hard to manage, or downright hazardous.

The beautiful part of your chart is that in most cases where the tides between planets have friction (red lines), there is an underflow of support (green and blue lines). It is just 'a knowing' of which part of the whole personality to put into play, depending on the situation. It takes poise, and great patience to learn how to calm and center oneself - with all the flow in your chart, and you have done much in your life to bring this about. Also I might add, that nothing gets your attention more or you could have a stronger reaction too; than acts of love, beauty, and the natural world all around us. Anyone or anything that exhibits these traits, has your attention much more easily.

Other years of potential incarnations were 1153-1225, 817, 537, 143 B. C., 487 B.C., 623 B.C., and 903 B.C.

I did find one significant fixed star that was in conjunction with your Neptune. Neptune is in an higher octave in your chart, and trining Jupiter and Saturn. This fixed star, Regulus (or called the 'Heart of the Lion' in the constellation of Leo), is interpreted to influence the person born under it as giving the individual the chance to rise to high positions in their life. It often means that the person would far exceed the environment they were born to. Prominent leaders, lawgivers, influential friends....these are all part and parcel of your Neptune, the psychic, visionary side of yourself.

Your chart indicates someone who will have a global impact, but for an ideal - not power. It is in there!

I also what to go over my feelings, and what is presenting itself more or less, now in your life. A natal chart is a snapshot of what the person brings in with them, but it is always alive with planetary movement.

Here are some of them that come into mind:

For things to manifest, you often need to wait around long enough. Some things come so easily, others are often blocked. The blockage can be conditioning, simple doubt, or indecision - it can also be something that would not serve for the current situation. There can be a lot of nostalgia and pleasant memories, but often enough when this happens - it signals a return of a higher spiral of the same situation, past.

I am feeling that there are relationship issues in your present life, and they can mix with property and other physical things. It is a time to take others with you, if you chose to privately retreat. Don't go alone. You may also arrange for a meeting, and people will travel a distance to show up. I feel that there is a man, it could be your publisher in that he is in the 9th house that rules writings, higher mind, courts, distant lands (hence the travel). He is playing a role in your life, and it goes backward as well as forward. I can see that the end result is your goal of happiness, but there may be a stir up in and around before you get to that accomplishment. Major decisions are in the months ahead. You may be considering a partnership of some kind, or even a major launch or move on your own part.

As the public sees you, your reception is very good. There may also be an assistant in your workplace, she is showing up as a financial advisor of sorts. You know it could be an alliance in writing, but you swore off that one!

When I try focusing on career choices for additional income (because it shows concern), I pick up a lot of people contributing, and then a strong and definitive thrust forward. I also sense a strong protection about the whole of the situation, and a feeling that things need to be cleared away before the new can take hold. Some plans precipitated by others will make a project in the making - fall through. There is definitely another project ahead, but it doesn't 'stand alone', is connected with all that has gone before.

The key players in your near future are Capricornian type (earthy, logical, grounded) people. They are foremost in your life, when you need their expertise. You may question your ability to take on a new project, but a big part of your hope and wishes lies ahead still - keep pressing forward to meet it!

Well, I think I better close for now. Please do let me know if I can clarify anything at all for you. When you are with a person there is SO much more in dynamics. I feel and can offer more in guidance, support, and humor. It is how things are 'said' that enters realms beyond what is written...except of course for YOUR writings (laughing).

Take care Betty, I look forward to hearing your thoughts.

With love,

Mike Zitaglio'

Betty's Response

(original email)

'Dear Mike•

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You are quite unbelievable!!! As I read through all the many pages it was as though the whole of my life - came back to life. Images and pictures of the past impressed themselves on my mind as I went through it. You extracted every single thing about me and my life - there is nothing more you could•
have said - it was all so 'spot on'.

The part about fostering or adopting from myself was not correct - it was the other way about - the children I healed all adopted me! There were hundreds of them. I think you will like that angle.

It certainly has given me more of an insight into why my life has turned out as it has. Mediums are notoriously idle at thinking about themselves as we are always being asked to give. It is so wonderful to have someone give back in this way.

All I can say is thank you so very much - and give you a big e-mail hug.

If you would like to use my chart and findings, plus my remarks to you, on your website and the Betty Shine one, of course, please do. People are always interested in the charts of others who have made a success of their chosen career, and I think a medium's chart is always fascinating. Also, it will show people how good you are.

With Love

Betty Shine'

How I Found My Own 'Mind Magic'...

Many people have emailed me, and inquired how I got to know Betty Shine. I would like to touch on some of the events that led up to, and changed my life afterwards - concerning Betty Shine and her writings. First off, I volunteer my time to help Betty Shine - I am not an acquaintance or personal confidant to Betty. I have not yet met her, or spoke to her over the phone. Although I welcome the exchange, as I know it wouldn't be anything else than a wonderful chat with a friend. I have noticed we are all given that special feeling throughout her writings, the one where you feel that you know her so well - and this is amazing if you consider how private a person she is inside. Another thing that I felt in common with all the people that emailed me, (and Betty - through the 'Ask Betty Shine Forum') - was that everyone feels as though Betty knows *them* - really knows them through an incredible internal connection. I felt that bond too.

In my youth - years before I knew of Betty Shine, I had always been connected in a way that others did not understand. I have always had a special voice to help me make decisions, and help others if asked. I thought this was a part of my own make-up, an over developed conscience - if you will. That was until I picked up a Betty Shine book that a dear friend had lent me.

In 1997, Kathy Betts had just arrived from Kenya, and I hired her to help in my store. Seeing the stress I was under, she spoke about Betty Shine's exercises - I believe they were located in 'Mind to Mind'. She later

brought the book in for me to read at my leisure.

I took the book home, and it sat on the dining room table for a week, or so. I was 'busy', and didn't feel like taking anyone's advice about stress relief. When I picked the book up to return it, I happened to open the book up to the last few chapters - quite by chance (or guilt - in that I could say that I read some of it). I was hooked. The text not only fitted me and my current situation, it *felt* good.

That book, and all the ones that followed literally changed my life. Not only inwardly, but outwardly. I was taken from a dull awareness of who I was, into the clouds of spiritual inspiration - immediately. Doors flung open in my mind, pieces all of a sudden fit in the puzzles of my whole life. I had someone else who felt things that I had known, but didn't know what to call them.

A flowing spiritual cocoon seemed to spiral itself around me, it was so tangible to me. My demeanor changed completely. I had people coming in off the street and asking me what was so pleasant as to have a smile on my face day after day. I had a spiritual healing from that book, and my physical body was starting to follow.

My first thought was to write to Betty Shine, and thank her personally for all she had done for me. I am sure that my early letters didn't make the most of sense to Betty, then again - I know for a fact that her books have brought about spiritual awakening in other people too.

Our letter exchanges were the beginning of Spirit becoming involved in the matter directly, as you will read next.

My Father's Healing...

When I had first written Betty Shine, I wanted to thank her primarily, but also wanted to ask for healing for my father. He had undergone cataract surgery, and his sight was afflicted by constant tearing. This went on for months, without a clue as to it's source. It was debilitating, in that he would sooner take himself to bed, than fight the irritation of staying up to a decent hour. I also wanted to find out if Betty could offer me clairvoyance, in my own spiritual work ahead.

I received a letter back, basically it was a form letter - where Betty had written into a few of the lines. She modestly thanked me for all the kind words, and said that she would start healing on my Dad's eyes. As for my personal request, she told me that 'healing will lead the way'. Well, I didn't know what to make of that, as if I needed healing to proceed, or I should start practicing healing as much as I could. It certainly became apparent in my life that it was the former, that I needed the healing. We all wear down, and my spiritual journey was just beginning.

In a short time, my Father made his yearly check-up with his eye surgeon. He made the common complaint of constant irritation. The doctor once again did a thorough examination - but in this case, the results were to be different. When he examined the tissue connecting beneath the eyelid, to the eye - a stitch appeared, then another. It seemed that these were supposed to dissolve on their own, but they hadn't! Once removed, the eyes gradually returned to normal tears.

I believe it was Betty's intercession, that moved those buried stitches outward, to be found.

Another time where Betty's advice, and my Father's health were to meet - is when we were faxing each other concerning internet information for an autistic child. When Betty was returning a fax, spirit told her to tell me that my Dad has a worn disk in his back. This was about to spell trouble for him, and that she would send healing if I validated this

information.

I went down from the office, and asked him how his back has been, and if there was any pain. He said none whatsoever. Being I was adopted, I felt that maybe Betty was picking up on my original parent, so I wrote - trying to get a validation for Betty. All was fine there too, and they didn't like the question as they were Christian, and thought badly about 'that sort of thing'.

I came up empty - until - two weeks (or so) later, my present father actually DID come down with a terrible back ache. It took over a month for the pain to subside. I faxed Betty about his situation, and was amazed in that I just witnessed precognition, on Betty's part. She set me straight, in that it may *seem* that way, but she actually saw into my Dad's energy counterpart - and saw the disease coming! It usually takes a few weeks for it to appear in the physical body.

Betty has reassured us that she will take time to 'check-up' on us in the future, and take appropriate action. I couldn't thank her enough for that! The next story is an amazing one, which concerns communication - spirit style!

The Letter and the Fax...

As I had mentioned before, my mind was literally taken from mundane - to spiritually aware. It was as though I carried all the right pieces around, all jumbled in my pocket, and Betty's book supplied the actual puzzle framework for them all to come together in a easily viewable picture. Once assembled, that picture gave me soul knowledge of myself, and an

understanding of the spirit world that was beyond description.

Early on, in communication with Betty, she answered one of my letters - and dropped it into the post. It took over a month to arrive here, but it was delivered to my door eventually. That letter went through two different countries, countless postal divisions and cities, then ultimately carried by my personal carrier.

It had no postage paid on it whatsoever, and none was required (or even marked for) on this end. The letter was simply pushed on by Spirit.

I found this so incredible, and mailed the envelope back to Betty to show her proof. She was equally amazed! Here is another example of how Spirit doesn't want information to go astray.

During a quiet time, a voice told me that I was to build Betty Shine a website. I responded with, 'Yeah - right...'. It was persistent, and encouraging all at the same time. I was very concerned how the Site would be perceived, and if I was good enough to make it look professional. I did not doubt that this was from a true messenger, it was not in my own mind to do this type of thing for notoriety or attention.

I worked on the Site over a period of time, and when it was finally posted, it was in the month of December. I sent Betty a Christmas card, with the URL. I received a card back; with a fax number, and deepest gratitude for bringing her books to the attention of many people. She offered me a choice of her books, to fax the order over - and she would put them in the mail for me.

This I gladly did, and turned in for the night. Early in the morning I heard the office fax going, so I got up to check on the transmission. It

was either Betty or Janet, and they were quite thrilled. It seemed that the number on the card was misprinted in some way (or I made the call in error) - my fax should have gone to someone in Britain, that much was certain. The someone in Britain was a close friend of Janet's! The communication once again found a fabulous way back to it's intended recipient.

Yet another time I was on the computer (working online), but I had only one phone line. My computer monitor started turning the craziest colors, I was terribly concerned and immediately disengaged the modem to power-down the system. That moment, the very instant I did this - an important fax rolled out of the telephone machine, from Betty Shine.

It is quite evident that it wasn't so much either party, but it was Spirit working to facilitate information. I also believe that it was a way for me to understand, and rely on the things I was being asked to do. I was experiencing all these miracles first hand, and it was helping me to learn about myself - and my path ahead.

Finally I would like to add, that my original request to Betty - the one where I asked her what 'I was' in terms of my life's work. Her answer came to me after reading the Natal Chart I had done for her. By that time I had already known. I have been a medium in my own right - all along, and there is still so much work ahead for me.

The 'Betty Shine - Online!' website is doing well, and becoming better with everything I learn. Betty just wrote to me the other day saying how so many people are writing to her, and mentioning the Site. I am so thrilled.

Thank you for reading 'Passages', I would like to hear from you with any

comments, suggestions, or future ideas. Until next time....

With love,

[Mike Zitaglio](#)

There are new chapters just added to 'Passages'! Written next are more of the spiritual events that have been happening in our lives. I hope you enjoy the additional free chapters. Just use the arrow below to begin reading the first entry in my 'Paranormal Diary'.

A Continuing Paranormal Diary of Michael J. Zitaglio

The following events have really sparked wonder in my life, and I would like to share them with you. I am adding these events to 'Passages', as an addendum to the two chapters I previously wrote, of spiritual phenomena happening in my life.

I hope these recollections inspire you. Perhaps you can relate to some of these very things in your own life. They include events in my life that are both before and after my spiritual wake-up call, four years ago.

. The Turning Point

After I had moved from Vermont, to Florida; and around the age of 35 – I became exceedingly depressed. I didn't like Florida at all, and my life and health seemed to spiral out of control. Like so many people moving

from their 20's to mid 30's there seems to be a point where you realize that your body has changed. I neglected it with hardly any medical exams, or dental work. I rode the youth-wave to the very end, and found my physical resources completely washed out. My immune system was depleted, and I suffered from a despair that ran right through the core of me.

My habits were horrendous. I smoked, and it was not unusual to start with the rum and coke as early as 11:00 am; I felt trapped by what my body needed to numb my state of mind. To make things worse, the doctor I ended up with, prescribed medications that made things worse. It took months, if not a year to get myself off all of them.

It was during this dark time, a special thing happened.

My partner was not home at the time, I remember sitting in the kitchen on a stool; very depressed, and just staring into space.

I felt a warm sensation fill the whole of my back, the room actually got lighter. I then felt a powerful presence behind me. It was like a picture in my mind opened, as I knew better than to turn around. The enveloping energy was very bright and warm, it gave me such feelings of being held and supported.

Out of the light a person impressed Herself on my mind, I recognized that person to be what others see as the Virgin Mary. I now know the person who was there, as Mother God.

I am not religious, I am certainly not Catholic.

She said, 'do you want money, or healing?' My partner was in need of a

financial breakthrough, things were very rough. I said (mentally), 'my friend can use financial help – I could use the healing'. She said 'You shall have both'.

The room slowly returned to normal. I knew I had a very special visit, and my mind had trouble soaking it all in.

Within two weeks my partner had received a check for about \$74,000. A real estate deal that had totally fell apart - miraculously turned itself around. My healing was to begin, but take me through so many physical changes. It took years to build myself back up from decades of neglect. The healing is still going on.

Gradually all the habits were dropped, but not without a significant effort on my part to want to be well.

Once during this time, I was in the shower and as I turned around I noticed two letters fingered in over the condensation on the shower curtain. They were the letter 'E', that looked more like a reversed '3', and an 'O' - with a line intersecting horizontally through the middle. To this day I keep these on my monthly calendar in the hopes of finding out their meaning, in relation to me.

From time to time, and on one occasion with another person able to sense it too – a section of the room will fill with the scent of roses. It is just a small area that you can walk through – and can tell where the smell begins and ends. Which leads to the next manifestation.

The Meditation Garden

I promised Mother God that I would build her a garden. It would take years, and two moves – before I made good on the promise. In the current home we are in, there was an area out back that was cleared out. It had black plastic over the ground to prevent weeds, and wood chips covering the small area. I thought the area would be perfect for the small flower garden. When I broke through the plastic, and started turning over the sandy soil to install the fountain, I ran into cement pieces that must have been left over from the construction of the home. We were pulling out the brick, cement, and coquina rock when I noticed a square piece of cement. I loosened the soil around it and tugged at it. Out came a very old cement statue of the Virgin Mary – buried upside down!

We were dumbfounded. We finished the garden, and now a statue of her sits on top of the garden fountain, with roses around the base.

This was amazing enough, but this spring a remarkable phenomenon occurred in the garden. The spring brought the roses to bloom for the first time. We had three bushes of different varieties and colors planted around the fountain base. Each bloomed in profusion at the same time, however around the base of each bush a circle of white roses opened up. Each bush had a profusion of white blooms around the base of the plant! I then thought that perhaps a frost had done something to the bushes, but within a few days the center top of each plant had beautiful natural color blooms, native to the rose we planted originally.

The blooms lasted about a week, and one morning a few days later, I took our dogs out for a walk and there was one more touch. There are on the tile below the statue, in front of the roses – was a small headless

snake.

I felt that this was a sign for my partner, who IS a Catholic – and it did resemble the statue he has in his room.

Overnight the blooms disappeared, as well as the snake's body. We never asked the lawn worker if he had removed it. All the roses are now abundant – but natural in color to each bush.

The Invisible Visitors

My maternal grandmother was a physical medium, I believe I inherited this gift too. My nights are anything from boring, however it does come and go in intensity.

Most of the time I get someone at the foot of the bed, putting a knee to it in the middle of the night. I first thought I was dreaming this, but often times I would use the wakeful occasion to visit the bathroom. Upon my return I got back into bed, cuddled up the covers – and just close my eyes...and it happened again - with more gusto! This was the beginning of a phenomenon that happens to me to this day.

When I first moved into our present home, I had a feeling of a presence. This was confirmed one evening when my friend was on a business trip; and it was my turn to stay in the master bedroom to night-sit the two dogs. Early morning, still quite dark – I awoke with a start. This is often the case with I sense trouble or change around me. There in the doorway - looking in, was an older woman. I should add that one of the dogs were

quite alert and staring at the general area, growling lowly.

She eventually moved off to the other bedroom through the wall, and she was gone. I have never seen her since, as I feel the energy brought into the home through my work has reached her. She has moved on. However a while later another thing would happen, if you own small dogs – you will know what I am describing next.

Picture yourself lying half asleep and you feel something at the side of the bed, it starts to scratch the mattress. Half dozing you lean over to grab the front legs and pull them up. My problem was that there is never anything there! Just last month I asked a neighbor about the former owner, and she verified that they had a small dog with them the whole time before she died, and she most likely past away in the home. I think now that she has gone over, perhaps the dog gets a little lonely. I also have to sometimes correct my balance coming up and down the stairs (and I have seen my partner do the same), for a brief second you think you are going to step on something.

I had thought that the bed shaking would have stopped with the house being cleared. I misunderstood the phenomenon totally.

We had bought a second home that was a good 500 miles away from the Florida home. I thought to myself that this would be a place to test my theory, if not to get a full night's sleep. This was not to be, as the bed shaking intensified, and a new thing started happening. I would awake to loud booms, cracks, and thuds. I thought at one point something hit the roof! The strange thing was that the two dogs, and my friend sleeping a doorway down, heard absolutely nothing.

It has been my experience that the person needs to be near me for the event to happen to them too. I came to the conclusion by the following two experiments:

Noise may happen not only when I am resting, but when I sit down to meditate. On one occasion I picked up my small dog, and held him on

my lap. In a matter of minutes a pronounced crack came from the dresser bureau. You never seen ears perk up so fast, and the little head moving side to side so inquisitively. Ordinarily he would be a few yards away in the master bedroom, and not hear a thing!

The other experience was recently when we went on a Caribbean cruise. I have come to trust that distance is of no hindrance to spiritual workings. We were thousands of miles away from my little bedroom in the States, and we shared the same bed in our cabin. He was fully aware of the home events, for we share all that happens to us. I was wondering myself if he would share the experience now that we were put together for the night.

As it turned out, he was not rested come morning – and he swore that someone else was in the room. Besides being in a strange place, he felt like someone was present – as well as having someone sit on the foot of the bed from time to time. I had consequently felt nothing, trying to adjust myself to the swaying of the ship, my mind was not focused on things that were close to being nightly happenings.

I never really got to understand who is behind it, and why – but in a recent discussion with Betty Shine, she knows that spirit often does things like this, just to let you know that they are there, and watching over you.

Betty Shine and Savannah

There is nothing as amazing as seeing a medical miracle, through healing energy. This has happened twice with our little dog, Savannah. Savannah is thirteen years old, blind, and partially deaf. She was having seizures that puzzled our local vet. Fortunately we were at the country

home when they intensified to a frightening pace. We took her to a vet in North Carolina, and a seizure occurred on the examining table. It was clear that the diagnosis of epilepsy was far from the mark, Savannah's heart was stopping, and restarting over and over again.

We drove through the evening, and much of the night to bring her to the University of Tennessee, a first rate veterinary hospital. They examined Savannah, and said that the only viable solution would be a pacemaker. We agreed to the operation, as the alternative was death.

Savannah was not in good shape, especially with continuing heart failures and a strenuous operation that needed to be done as soon as possible. I contacted Betty Shine the next day.

The trouble continued as they only had a pacemaker that was sized for a human. The idea was to try to stabilize her by connecting her to it, until they could fit the smaller version in place. It proved too difficult. The vet called me, and told me it didn't look good.

Now for the miracle.

During the pre-op, and entire operation (without the assistance of a human pacemaker) – Savannah held her own, in fact – her heartbeat evened out to such an extent it amazed the doctors. She didn't suffer one seizure during the whole time. The implant was a total success, and her recovery was quick and without complication. This was the first healing. This past April we had another upsetting time with Savannah. She would not stop drinking water, it came upon her so suddenly, and the impulse to drink was insatiable. The problem was made worse in that she couldn't retain fluids, or assimilate them into her system. The more she drank the more dehydrated she became. After many phone calls and trips to the local vet; she became listless, confused, and was finally put on an IV drip, until we could get her to a specialist in Orlando.

I again asked Betty Shine if she could help, she gladly agreed – and said that she would make it top priority.

The next day we drove out to Orlando where they did a comprehensive examination. The original diagnosis of Addison's disease was disproved, it was the opposite malady that they now suspected to be the underlying cause. They did a hormone blood test to prove Cushing's syndrome, and we waited the good part of a week for the test results to arrive. In the meantime, after contacting Betty Shine – and the initial IV treatment to restore her body fluids, Savannah was back to her normal self.

It was day and night, and by the time the test results were known – we were both convinced that she was totally healed.

When I did speak with the specialist, her very words were; 'there is nothing wrong with this dog, I wouldn't treat her for anything!'. This was the same Vet that wanted to start the terrible treatment for this disease promptly – only a few days before!

Savannah is doing well, and enjoying her life here at home. I believe this is all due to Betty's healing love and superb spiritual team, Savannah's will to live, and God's grace.

My First Time Giving Survival Evidence

We all have a first time for everything, and giving survival evidence is one of them on the spiritual path for a medium. I have to be totally honest in that if I had my way – it wouldn't have happened at all! The recipient was rude, demanding – and it was my day off from work! The work of course is the video store we owned. It was a very demanding job, and to make schedules even worse, we opened an antique store right beside it. When I wasn't renting videos, I was sitting in the antique store. There was only one day a week that I had the luxury

of not going in (except to open or close).

Anyone who knows about antique stores, knows that it is a lonely job. I decided to put a sign in the window, and on certain days that I was there – I would do free readings for those who were so inclined. The readings were done using Tarot cards, I had no clue it was going to change for my next client.

I was sitting home, catching up on bookwork in the comfort of my living room, when the phone rang. On the other end was a highly agitated individual. He was on his cell phone, standing in front of the locked door of the antique store, staring at the little sign I had made for Tarot readings. He wanted to know where I was, as the store was closed. I tried to explain to him about it being my day off – but he just would not let it go.

I was upset in that it was my day off, the service was free – and I should at least have a say about it.

He was persistent, and I finally conceded to meet with him in an hour or so.

He was as big and gruff as his voice led me to believe. He had a crude manner about him, and was not at all like people that typically seek out the services of psychics. In fact, upon questioning he hadn't been to *any* psychic in the past – and he really didn't know why he wanted it now. He just felt he must have it.

We sat down at a makeshift table arrangement, and he shuffled the cards. I started the reading, and at some point I felt a sensation all over my back. I felt/heard/sensed – all at once, a woman saying 'Tell him he has got to WANT to live'.

I looked at him; and I do not know, to this day, how he perceived my voice or mannerisms – and said, 'but you have to -WANT- to live...'

This big, grown man was fighting back tears at this point. It was his wife that was coming through. She had recently died from a long and painful

struggle with cancer. This man was hours away from taking his own life. His wife knew it. The matter of having a gun around the home came up later in the conversation – as well as he was just on his way out of town, when the little sign on the closed antique store's door stood out to him. I shutter to think of the results, if I insisted on keeping my day off. This man would have left the area, and God knows what would have happened to him.

He called me a few times afterwards, and a couple of the times – his wife came through in my mind, but only a presence, no message. I tried to get him off the idea of contacting her through me, as I couldn't figure out how it happened, let alone recreate it.

That one little sentence, with the emphasis on the word -WANT-, changed his life. He started dating, and getting out more. He also got rid of the gun. 'You have to -WANT- to live', was my first message in giving survival evidence.

A Story of Rape

I had a friend who came to me for a reading. She was worried over her family.

One of her children was in the middle of a dreadful divorce, and she was concerned for his future. I don't remember what came up in the reading so much, but it was later that evening that I had a single word come through.

I was home for the night, my mind was busy getting dinner ready. It was very unexpected, but the word 'rape' and her son's name popped into my mind. I stopped what I was doing, and listened again. The message reaffirmed itself in my mind.

I started to think the worst. Perhaps the young man was the reason for

the breakup, maybe he was abusive to women? How would I tell my friend about her son, without it sounding exactly how I was mentally interpreting it?

I learned so much from this episode. For one thing you don't interpret anything.

When I next saw her, I pulled her aside to talk with her. I let her know exactly what was given, and how it was given. It was open for interpretation, because it was basically one word, 'rape' and the name of her son. She looked very concerned, but thanked me very much for the information.

More than a month or two went by, when it so happened that she and her son needed to take a long car ride together. Over the course of the ride, the conversation turned to his past relationship and the pending divorce. He started to share with his mother, and he began to cry.

What had happened was that there was a mutual separation, and he had started to get his life back together. She then came back into his life for a single night. She seduced, raped, and humiliated him. She vengefully wanted to shake his world back up, and not only succeeded in doing that – but left him scarred as well.

He cried, as he confided to his mom, 'but mum - she *raped* me!'.

It all made sense when she relayed the events of that car ride, to me. I was also aware of my own stereo-typical response to the word 'rape'. Men do experience this terrible act of violence too.

Sevens

This is as recent as this week, and I hesitated to include it until I spoke with my friend last night. It seems that we are both dreaming around the

same subject.

Dreams can be vague, but it was the circumstances around the dream that makes me wonder – so I will enter it as a paranormal experience too.

It began with me having a dream. I found myself in a very large Victorian home. It had 12 floors to it, and I was on the 12th. There are many particulars I will omit, as it will be a lengthy chapter, but the important incidences are all included.

The inside of the home was turn of the 19th century, the walls were covered with red velvet wallpaper. Accents were done in dark woods of brown or black. The home was decorated at all twelve stairwells for Christmas. I was with someone who felt very familiar to me, and he said he was a spiritual guide. We were laughing over something when a call came out that everyone was to meet on the first floor to eat.

The guide disappeared from the dream, as I hurried down two flights of stairs to get to the first floor. When I reached the landing on the 10th floor, I was blocked by a very obnoxious woman. I didn't want to get involved, and I saw an elevator to the side. I pushed the button and the doors opened.

Once inside I looked for the floor buttons, but the only single button there was for the 7th floor. I figured I would ride the elevator there, then proceed down from that point. I pushed the button and the doors closed.

The carriage started it's downward movement, then something peculiar happened. It felt and appeared that it started first on a 45 degree angle, then shifting to another more sharp turn. The wall elongated, and the front became a picture screen with all sorts of events appearing and

moving quickly into another set of moving pictures. Images of quick moving aircraft, and healthy looking young people lying ill on city streets. The events jumbled over each other.

I remember waking up from it all, on my back. The shredded metal of the elevator cage sprawled around me. There was no home, just a huge dump. Garbage was everywhere, there was sickness and disease. People were dying of a food toxin. Everything was polluted, and not one person wasn't affected in some way by all the garbage that surrounded them. I had the impression that there wasn't a place on Earth that wasn't untouched by this. Everything on the planet had been recycled more than once.

I met people who were trying to find a cure for the food microbe. I was shown its origins too. I was so shocked, that I woke up immediately. The clock in my room read 7:00 am.

In discussing this with my friend, I learned that he too had a dream. It was the night before mine. He dreamt that his deceased grandmother was calling to him, asking him to 'wake up – it is seven o'clock, you will be late for work'. He replied in his dream that it would be fine, just a few more minutes. Then the dream repeated itself, she said 'wake up, it is after seven – you will be late for work'. At this point he awoke with a start, realizing that it was all a dream. His watch read a little past 7:00 am.

So what does the 7 mean? You be the judge.

The 'Other' Video Store

The Movie Showroom, a video store, was my first business. I was learning as each new challenge presented itself. I had been fortunate enough to have worked with the former owners for the prior two years. The husband passed away, and we bought it from the wife. During the last six months before the husband's death, there was much confusion in the traditional business practices, to put it plainly – the service could have been much more customer-oriented!

About four months into the business, a client came in to give me some news. Apparently a man who had a problem with the former establishment decided to open a video store in the area. He put the word out that he was going to put me out of business.

With an aggressive business approach he opened a video store in the very next strip mall north of us! I felt the area was big enough for two stores, but two stores almost side by side? This didn't go well with me.

I will be the first person to tell you that I am not a cutthroat businessperson. My customers thrived on attention and detail. My products were welcomed into the hearts and homes of so many people. Why couldn't people be reasonable and amicable - even in business?

I took this whole issue to spirit one afternoon, at home. I let it all out, and got pretty emotional over his business plan and practice. I didn't think it to be the least honorable or fair. I really railed against this situation up the street from me.

That night, and throughout the next day, a freak storm whipped itself off

the ocean, and converging winds did damage in the area. It was some windstorm indeed! Out of all the places in our area, his video store was hit the worse. The whole roof was peeled away in such a fashion, that the spiral appearance gave it the look of an opened can of sardines.

He did reopen, and suffered setback after setback, my customer base was not much affected by his presence. If only it was around one third, and that was the people who caused most problems. I know for sure that like is attracted to like – it happened in our store. I had so many positive and upbeat people!

I met some wonderful neighbors during the time I kept the business, but I did not like the tension brought by that type of work. We sold the Movie Showroom in 1998, and I really do not miss it. Both businesses are still open, but the one up the street is vacant or closed during much of the workweek.

What I do miss is the people, and the feel of a community family that filled the store during the short time we had it.

The Hole in the Roof

On June 26, 2001; we had a prospective buyer come through our home. He was not your ordinary buyer, he made time to stick his head in every nook and cranny of the home. No attic or crawl space was safe from his

prying eyes. This was to be fortunate for us!

When he went up to the small attic pocket near the roof, he asked for a ladder. The Realtor promptly fetched him one, and he slid open the wood panel.

There in front of him was a softball size hole in the roof. He was thrilled at his discovery, the Realtor was mortified, and we were surprised to say the least!

After they left we called the insurance company, and went about to get a roofer over here to just patch things up in case of rain.

When the roofer arrived, he looked at the damage and concluded that it must have been a meteorite. There was so much force behind it, to shatter the thick Spanish tiles in that fashion. It traveled through a main cross beam, and in and out of so many layers of air conditioning ductwork.

The strange thing is that there lacked any sign of heat. No burn marks were evident around the hole. We soon fixed the external damage, and the air conditioning people arrived a few days later to restore the air channels. He searched high and low, but could not come up with any remnants from the meteorite.

I included all the strange events (and the odds of it all happening) to Betty Shine in an email. She got quite a laugh out of it (in the nicest of ways), being that these type of odd things happen all the time at her home! She also reminded me that she has been sending energy my way, and suggested the hole could even be connected with that.

We both agreed on the fact that it wasn't time to sell the home, and that particular event did prove instrumental in breaking the pending real estate deal, with that buyer.

Creating Through Thought

The events I am about to describe are extremely factual. There is no exaggeration. When I first studied Wicca (an earthed-based belief system) years ago, many mind exercises were common to the teachings. Back then I called it 'thought forming', now I know it to be the natural and free flow of one's mind energy.

I noticed it even earlier than this, in my life. It seemed that whenever I would get absolutely involved in a great book. Parts of the book would literally come to life in some way. It was a bit unnerving at first, seeing a building with exact signage in real life - only to have read about the same place in a fictional story two days before? What's the odds of that? There were many more instances, but just to let you know - I stopped reading Stephen King, and Anne Rice!

The Koala Bear

I decided to try and bring a stuffed animal to life. Why not, right? In the early days of my new learning experience with Wicca, I was very optimistic and full of wonder.

I asked my roommate to help me, and must admit he did warm up to the idea and have fun with it. I placed the koala bear in a spot where it would be visible to me much of the time I was in the apartment. I made it a point to talk about the bear with my friend at least twice a day.

I would comment that I thought he was playing on the back hillside. I pondered on what he was eating, or feeling. I gave so much thought to this little stuffed koala bear.

About a week later, if not less, there came a knock on our screen door. We had an apartment off a unpaved road, and up a flight of steps in the rear of the building. It was very hard to locate if you didn't have specific directions.

A tall blonde man was at the door, as I opened it. He apologized for the intrusion, and I immediately picked up an Australian accent. I said it was no bother, and invited him in.

He sat down, and he started in about how he had a very strong feeling about the home, and specifically about the back area. He saw the steps, and thought to come up and ask about the place.

During the conversation I could tell he wasn't really sure of what he really needed to ask - so we started to talk about ourselves.

As it turned out he was indeed from Australia, I believe he was visiting at the time. He ran a construction business, and the name of the business was 'Koala'.

We had a nice visit, and I never saw him after that. I really was surprised

how that koala came to life, but I knew that it certainly had.

The Train

Something was steering me to Vermont. At the time I had a successful cleaning company on the tip of Cape Cod; in Provincetown, Massachusetts. I felt so strongly at one point in June 1987, that I called my friend up in Florida and arranged for him to come up all the way, for a trip to Vermont.

We did a big tour of Vermont from Burlington across the top and back down through the northeast kingdom. Ending the day very late, we were sitting in a real estate office on Caspian Lake - and had come up empty on our search. I was sure I was led to Vermont for a purpose that day.

Someone had glanced up at a bulletin board, covered with pictures of listings- and there was a view of a lake that was breath-taking. We jumped in the car, and drove another half an hour or so - and pulled up to the property that was soon to be our new home!

It was situated about a third of a mile on a steep dirt road, above Crystal Lake, Vermont. Running between the road on the bottom and the home on the top, was an active railroad. Whenever the train would come by (twice a day), the home would rumble and shake a bit - then the whistle would blow twice for the car-crossing half way up our driveway. I didn't mind it as I was in rapture over the home with the view.

Going back home to Cape Cod, my friend drove all night, as I started my shift in the early morning hours to clean the places before they opened. That evening we invited a couple people over, perhaps five in all (including myself), and we avidly talked about our fantastic find. I was

so very, very happy - and took great detail in going over every aspect of the property.

About an hour into our lively discussion the beach cottage started to rumble, a few things shook - and two train whistles were heard by everyone in the group. It was identical to what my friend and I heard in Vermont.

However, there are no trains in Provincetown, Massachusetts. The existing tracks that were left there, had been abandoned since the early 1900's. The nearest active line was an hour's drive in Hyannis. All we had ever heard before was buoys and fog horns.

It never happened again, and the following autumn we closed on the home, and made the move north.

The Buffalo Nickel

The first summer I spent in Vermont, I applied for - and received a concession license for a state park, that was nearby. In fact it was on the very lake that my home overlooked. The friend that actually helped me to locate the property became a joint owner in it - along with the opportunity to flip burgers and boil hotdogs all summer long.

One summer afternoon I was explaining to him about how thoughts can become things, and he was skeptical. He asked me to make him a believer. I turned the suggestion back on him, I asked him to choose the manner that would best convince himself.

He had in his hand a buffalo nickel, that evidently someone had paid out in change at the concession that day. He looked at the Indian on the back

of the coin, and said 'very well then, bring the Indian to life'.

I agreed. At that time I instructed him to relax with the project, and have fun with it. I somehow already knew in my mind that it was going to happen in a big way - without all the effort I first put into the koala bear.

About three days later, on our way to the concession stand - we passed a tall Indian, dressed in contemporary style - walking up the main road in the direction of our home.

Each day afterward we would see the Indian a bit closer to our home. We would get a better look at his features, and they were quite like the facial outline on the coin. We would never see the Indian anywhere in town, at the concession or park - or even on the ride back toward our home.

Finally we pulled out of our driveway, and barely started down the main road, and there he was - less than a half a mile from the home. I looked over to my friend and he was quite pale. I said to him, 'It is only a day or so before we have that person at our door'.

He was quite shaken. He said that he would like it to stop, and stop right now! I agreed, and told him not to worry about it.

Sure enough, the next day - and the days to follow - there wasn't a sign of the person. My friend regained his composure and complained to me, 'there were no feathers, how could you have an Indian without a feathered headdress?' 'The Indian on the coin had feathers!'

He was trying to turn all the events back around to his point of view, and that the man on the road could be put down as a fluke of some sort.

I said, 'okay'.

The very next day when we went to open the concession, there was going to be a surprise for us.

I might add, the only access was by a single large wooden door. We had a key, along with the park ranger...that was it. We also opened and closed the concession together, and everything was cleaned up nightly, from that day's business.

We opened the door, and there - all over the floor, where scattered white and black quill-like feathers. I examined any windows for damage, none was found. I called the park ranger in, he couldn't explain it either. There was no blood, just feathers.

I looked at my friend and said, 'There are your feathers!' I might add he became a believer too.

Tips on Getting a Girlfriend

My psychic ability was heightened, not only by the mountain air and beautiful views - but by the very fact I was truly happy in Vermont.

I soon developed clientele from all over the area. I also had people who came for some instruction. One of the people who I had met was to be a very close friend in the years to come. He lived about a half an hour's drive away from me, and we spent many hours together talking and laughing.

At one point he confided in me that he was lonely. He was divorced, and hadn't been in any type of relationship for years. I suggested that we

should create himself a girlfriend right then and there!

It was impulsive, but also proved to be inspirational. We sat down at the dinner table, and I pulled out a blank astrology chart that I use for natal readings. I explained that there were different ways to use astrology, some astrologers use birth information - others use an horary method.

How it basically works is that a person asks a question of the astrologer, and using the time, date, place of when the question was asked (the present moment) - they can glean information that is beneficial for their client.

We sat down together, and I focused on all the houses - and the planetary places of the moment. I related them all into what a person would most look like, where they would live, what their tastes would be...that sort of thing.

I described the hair and eye color, the mannerism - I even told my friend that they would meet at a celebration of some sort. I told him that she would be foreign born, and many more details.

As we ended the afternoon, I gave the chart to him. We had a wonderful day together, and I wished him a goodnight.

About two weeks later the phone rang, it was my friend. I had to ask him to calm down, and start from the beginning - as he wasn't making sense.

He was invited to a birthday party for one of his close family members. There was also a stranger that was visiting the country, in attendance. She looked and acted exactly as we had talked about that afternoon. She even came from the country we speculated on. She was magnetically

drawn to my friend, and the feeling was mutual. It really shook him completely.

I asked if he made any headway with the pending relationship - and he responded that he got out of there as fast as was politely possible. He was worried that she would disappear, or worse - that she was only there because of some sort of spell.

I told him he just blew a great chance to get to know a perfectly ordinary person.

Perhaps it was the fact that we used astrological data that was only two weeks old, and she was a whole lot more mature than that. What I do know now, is by drawing the chart I used it as a focus - and saw something of the sort coming for my friend.

It was a bit too late to convince him, and he often laughs about it to this day - but he has never asked to do it again!

Mental Souvenirs

I know this will not be the last entry in my paranormal diary, if only just for now. This phenomenon started early in my life, as a child. It happens very sporadically, and possibly only around three to four times so far - in my present life.

The phenomena is having a dream; and carrying some substance from the dream state, over into the waking reality. Another aspect is to dream something, and have it actually have an effect on my physical body - upon awaking. This is much more common than the first.

The first time this occurred to me, I was dreaming I was eating the most delicious Cadbury Easter egg. You know the kind that only comes out around Easter, they are chocolate with a sugar filling that resembles the white and yellow yolk. They are also foil wrapped in all the Easter pastels that the season brings.

This was not at Easter time, this was most likely in the autumn. Still the dream was so vivid, and I tasted the candy with such clarity. When I awoke from the dream, it was morning. I got out of bed, and turned to make it for the day. In fluffing the pillow, I noticed something shiny beneath it.

I pulled out a complete wrapper from a Cadbury Easter Egg. It was flattened out perfectly, like it had been ironed. There was no trace of chocolate however. I couldn't figure out how it got there, let alone how it was so completely flat and perfectly intact.

Other times I remember crawling through underbrush in my dreams, I would wake up the next morning to have some pine needles in my bed. The long needles were not from any tree presently around the home. I would also have the scratch marks on my arms and legs one would expect to get doing that sort of activity.

The last time it occurred was about three months ago, I had a dream where I was flying over wooded areas - but not quite over the trees. Many times in the dreams I would hit the tips of branches, and the twigs would break off and scatter throughout the air.

I woke up with a cracked twig in my bed - and I have it sitting on my work desk to this day.

Each state of mind is a true reality; somehow, somewhere - there is a bridge that moves things back and forth, with consistency.