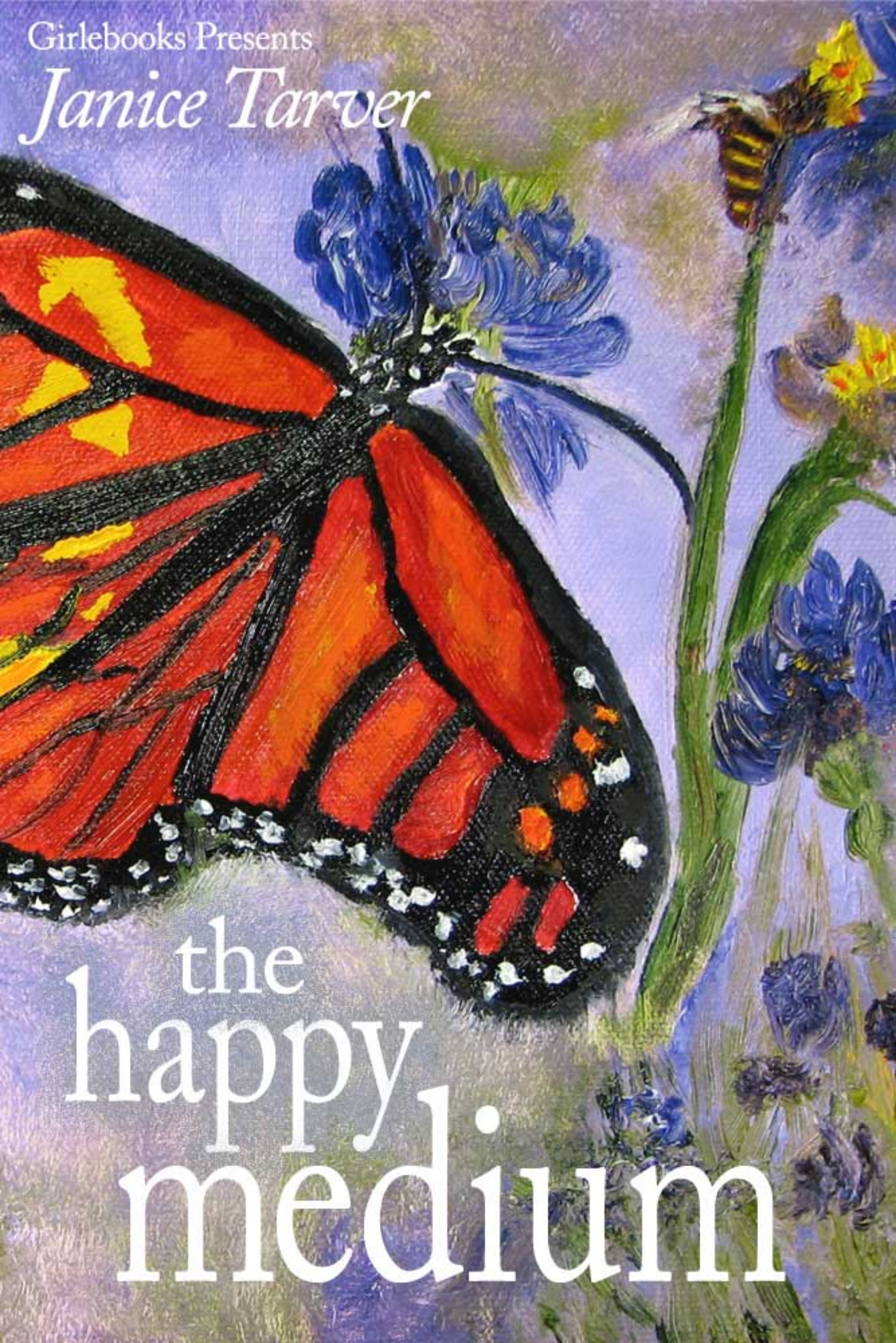


Girlbooks Presents

*Janice Tarver*



the  
happy.  
medium



Girlebooks Presents

# THE HAPPY MEDIUM

BY JANICE TARVER  
AND MARGARET MAGNUS



© Copyright 2010 Janice Tarver  
and Margaret Magnus  
All rights reserved

No part of this publication may be reproduced,  
stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form  
or by any means—electronic, mechanical, photocopy,  
recording, or any other, except for brief quotations in  
printed reviews—without prior permission.

For more ebooks by the gals, please visit:  
<http://girlebooks.com>  
This book is also available in print through  
Librfiles Publishing  
<http://librfiles.com>

Cover Art by Janice Tarver

ISBN 1-452-80880-5

## Table of Contents

Acknowledgments.....	<b>Error! Bookmark not defined.</b>
Foreword .....	<b>Error! Bookmark not defined.</b>
Dear Friend.....	<b>Error! Bookmark not defined.</b>
Prologue .....	<b>Error! Bookmark not defined.</b>
Jan's Story.....	<b>Error! Bookmark not defined.</b>
Janice and Margaret: An Interview On Being Clairvoyant .....	<b>Error! Bookmark not defined.</b>
Avatar® .....	<b>Error! Bookmark not defined.</b>
The Readings.....	<b>Error! Bookmark not defined.</b>
On Learning Clairvoyance..	<b>Error! Bookmark not defined.</b>
Books, Children, Miscellany .....	<b>Error! Bookmark not defined.</b>
<b>defined.</b>	
The Purpose and the Dance	<b>Error! Bookmark not defined.</b>
Six Most Frequently Asked Questions....	<b>Error! Bookmark not defined.</b>
<b>defined.</b>	
Letters from Clients .....	<b>Error! Bookmark not defined.</b>
September 4, 1999 .....	<b>Error! Bookmark not defined.</b>
September 20, 1999 .....	<b>Error! Bookmark not defined.</b>
September 22, 1999 .....	<b>Error! Bookmark not defined.</b>
September 30, 1999 .....	<b>Error! Bookmark not defined.</b>
October 4, 1999 .....	<b>Error! Bookmark not defined.</b>
October 1999 .....	<b>Error! Bookmark not defined.</b>
October 12, 1999 .....	<b>Error! Bookmark not defined.</b>
October 4, 1999 .....	<b>Error! Bookmark not defined.</b>
New Hampshire Note: 10/5/99 .....	<b>Error! Bookmark not defined.</b>
<b>defined.</b>	
November 10, 1999.....	<b>Error! Bookmark not defined.</b>
November 3, 1999.....	<b>Error! Bookmark not defined.</b>
Author's Epilogue.....	<b>Error! Bookmark not defined.</b>

Editor's Epilogue .....	<b>Error! Bookmark not defined.</b>
About the Author .....	<b>Error! Bookmark not defined.</b>

## Acknowledgments

It was a day like any other... I was meeting Margaret for lunch. She had published her book *Gods of the Word* and I guess I felt proud to be sharing time with her. "If I wrote a book, I would call it *The Happy Medium*", I offered. And Margaret replied, 'Well, if the universe has given a name, that means it already exists out there in the ether somewhere, and if you want, I'll write it for you.' 'Don't question. Just go with it,' insisted the voice. And Margaret prompted me to start talking... so I did. Thank you, my spiritual friend.

I'd like to express further appreciation to my grandfather Tom and all of my friends and relatives on the other side... to my parents Robert and Gladys Bland... thank you. And to my sister Bonnie Dorman for her belief and persistent support of me, a big thank you, too. I extend my deepest gratitude also to you John Curtis,

G. G. Swanson, and my Clients... I've learned so much about myself through your life experiences.

To my beautiful son, Kristofor Swanson, no matter what was happening in my life, I could always smile at the thought of you. And lastly, thanks to my husband Billy, for exhibiting such patience, caring and compassion... for having the knowledge to make this project with Margaret possible.

Always,

Janice L. Tarver, 'The Happy Medium'

[www.janicetarver.com](http://www.janicetarver.com)

## Foreword

Janice and I have discussed the creation of a book at infrequent times over the past few years, recognizing, of course, that the task would probably neither be attempted nor be completed.

This text is the product of the love that exists between friends. Margaret Magnus was compelled to provide Janice with a labor of love: that is, to write a book about Janice... using transcripts of their interviews and Janice's experiences as her material sources.

After reading Margaret's original text, Janice felt that the interviews had provided neither sufficient detail nor a completely competent chronology of events. Hence, Janice became motivated (at last) to deliver her story in long hand. At this time, we also concluded that soliciting commentary from her clients might not be such a bad idea either.

It became my task to word process Janice's text and integrate it with Margaret's transcript, the result of which is here.

Enjoy the mystery!

Billy Tarver



## Dear Friend

It is important to play with your comfort zone in life, to feel into it. That has been a big issue for me in choosing the profession of a psychic. I'm learning to not apologize for what I do well. We all have our own unique and natural gifts. I encourage my clients to explore theirs, whether to have patience, or a desire to help others, or a teaching ability or even an artistic endeavor... whatever.

But it is not always so easy to find your place in the world. Many people don't believe in their gifts. They'll say, 'Yes, I'm good at that, but I cannot earn a living doing it.' And with that, the first obstacle to developing their skills has already been put in place. Through my business, I've met many people who were miserable with their professions, but who did their jobs because of family demands. I've met others who chose their walk of life because of an abusive past... who used it as a safe haven from the troubles of world. We all have our reasons for what we do, and we all need a place where we're comfortable. Sometimes it takes great courage to put yourself where you really belong.

It took me a very long time to find my niche in the world. And when I first started to follow my natural path, I was afraid to tell people what I did for a living. People can give you the strangest looks and ask the strangest questions. As it turns out, many people are not comfortable with what I do for a living, but then, they are not me. I've learned to be okay with that, because now finally, I am comfortable with myself and

with what I do. For me it's like breathing... Now at long last, I know the joy of doing something that requires no effort and that is genuinely helpful to others.

My greatest fear since childhood has always been that other people would judge me... I cannot help laughing now when I look at what a ballpark I've manifested to play in—Wow! I'm a medium... A HAPPY MEDIUM. Hopefully this little book will help you find your happy medium too.

Light and love,  
Janice

## Prologue

In late March 1993, I was invited to what for me was an unusual party. My hostess, Gill, had a reading with a clairvoyant woman, Janice Curtis (now Janice Tarver), and had been so impressed by it, that she'd invited Janice to her home to give 15 minute readings for her friends. I finally accepted the invitation, but only after being reassured that this Janice would not come dressed like a gypsy, that she was just an ordinary citizen who happened to be clairvoyant. I found it curious that Gill was so prepared to place her reputation on the line as to invite me -her employer -to this gathering.

I was then married, running a small computer business, very much immersed in the workaday world. My background coming into this was that of a scientist, though I was not what they call a scientific materialist. I felt also then that there must be a great deal more to this world than meets the eye. At the time I met Janice, I believed that I was open-minded about clairvoyance. It seemed to me 'unscientific' to dismiss something just because you personally hadn't experienced it. If that's how we thought, I reasoned, what could a molecule in the middle of a block of granite think about what was possible? On the other hand, I'd never had a Tarot reading or an astrological chart done. I'd never had my palm read. I'd never tried the I Ching.

I'd never been tempted. The main reason I didn't seek out the paranormal was that it seemed to me that what was most important in life was to be true to yourself, to seek understanding, to do justice, to love

mercy and so on and so forth. In fact, naive though it may sound, that's still what I think. So already then, I'd invested a lot of energy into trying to understand things, given what I already had right in front of me.

Furthermore, I perceived several dangers in seeking out the paranormal. For one thing, it seemed to me that if clairvoyance could be readily verified, it would be common knowledge by now, seeing as if it exists at all, it has been around since the dawn of mankind. Despite my many painful personal collisions with the 'mainstream', I still found it very suspect that the paranormal lay outside of it. This was something that should be testable, and if it was testable, why didn't somebody just test it and declare it to be true? One could hardly say that it wasn't interesting or relevant enough to demand attention. What little I had seen in the form of Chinese fortune cookies and the like was either hopelessly vague or just plain wrong. I'm neither sociable nor entertaining, I've never had a full year of good luck in my entire life, and my business most certainly did not assume vast proportions...

A more serious danger seemed to me that the paranormal was seductive. We all probably subconsciously want something fantastical to be true. It's like sex. It adds spice to life, and there's nothing wrong with that in itself. But I'd seen quite some number of people whose entire lives had been devoted to sex and weird phenomena without thereby gaining much of anything beyond a lot of sex and weirdness... or so it seemed to me.

But despite all these concerns, I went to this party. If, as Gill had claimed, this woman really was clairvoyant, it would be a marvelous bit of data that I could stuff in my proverbial pipe and smoke.

\*\*\*

Shortly after the reading, I wrote:

'It's worth actually thinking about why people (myself included) have such an unbalanced view toward such phenomena. Why can't we relate to it like anything else? Many people have never seen, for example, a black tulip. Still there are no great contingencies among the human race for and against black tulips. Clairvoyance is a different matter. What's the big deal? Obviously, clairvoyance is at odds with materialism, but then so is quantum electrodynamics.'

I'll go into some detail concerning my state of mind at the time, because in a way, that's the whole point. As I (and for that matter Janice) see it, the point of engaging a clairvoyant is not to help you decide whether to buy the blue car or the green one, nor is it to discover who Gerald is really sleeping with.

Its purpose is to promote understanding, to reaffirm the truth. And as with all things, you succeed to the extent that you are willing to be open and generous of spirit. I wrote at the time:

'There are other reasons I don't doubt the evidence. The primary reason is actually just the feeling I have about this woman. It would be absurdly paranoid, for example, to think that my uncle or my brother, whom I've known and loved well all my life, are plotting against me. They just have a certain openness and way



about them. They never do that kind of thing. There was the same feeling about her.

She was normal and well adjusted and carries with her the predictable doubts and confusions, hopes and joys of a fully human life. She never pretended to know more than she knew or to be other than what she was.

When I arrived at this party, Janice was seated on the couch. She was very nicely dressed, though not extravagantly. My first impression of her turned out to be correct —she came from a middle class family, and had not particularly cared for school. She was very open toward me, and put me quickly at ease. But she asked me nothing about myself, and I of course didn't offer any information. She withdrew shortly thereafter to the bedroom, and started the readings.

What happened next is hard to describe, because it happened on so many levels. But let me begin with the easy part. I'll just paraphrase what she said based on the notes I took immediately after the reading.

'I see the name Margaret or Martha.'

Well, my name is Margaret, but that statement left me unimpressed, because she probably was told who was coming to the party, or maybe I even introduced myself.

'Is this your mother's or your maternal grandmother's name?'

Yes, both, actually. My mother and grandmother are both Margaret... but she might have lamed this somehow.

'Your grandmother is no longer in this world, but you have the mark that she is watching over you. She

learns from observing how you live your life. Did she care very much for you?'

Yes, in fact, I was one of the many apples of her eye, but even if I hadn't been, how was I supposed to verify that she was watching me, I wondered? And the fact that she was dead was a pretty safe bet... I was, after all, already in my mid-30s. And most granddaughters are the apples of their grandparents' eye, aren't they?

'Your grandmother was a very warm person, very easy to get along with, very caring.' This was actually true.

'Your father has passed away. He suffered a lengthy illness before he died. He comes from another country, a northern country. I see lots of water in and surrounding this country.'

My father was Norwegian born, and died after suffering from dystrophy for over a decade and lymphoma for several years. At this point my belly started feeling a little jelly-like, but Gill may well have known all this about my father, and I didn't really know how well she was acquainted with Janice.

'He didn't let go earlier, because there was one specific person he stayed alive for. In general, your father suffered a great deal also in his youth. Did he have a childhood illness?'

He was laid up in bed for three years from age 9 to age 12 with epilepsy. He was in the Norwegian underground in W.W.II, and barely missed being captured by the Nazis. His best friend was not so fortunate. His father died when he was 9 of cancer, and his elder brother died in an avalanche while skiing. His

mother was unable to support the family thereafter. I couldn't remember ever saying any of this to any of my employees.? Maybe my husband did?

'Did he have a great love of nature?'

Yes, in fact, he was up hiking or cross-country skiing almost every week-end. He insisted on buying a cabin in the mountains, so we could spend as much time in the wild as possible, and he said he only regretted that you could drive up to the door. He wished it were accessible only on foot. He especially loved

Nordmarka, which is the forest surrounding the city of Oslo where he grew up. He said that the Colorado climate was a Little too dry for him.

'I feel he wants you to visit to his homeland to share with you something in the nature there that he never fully shared with you when he was alive. I see the name Joseph. Your father had a friend called Joseph, a sculptor? No?'

This was simply false. My father didn't know any artists or any Josephs in the States. I would have heard of them. And there are no people named Joseph in the old country. It's just not a Norwegian name. It's also not one of the Christian/Hebrew names that Norwegians tend to borrow. I told her as much.

'No... the name I see is Joseph... Your father has a namesake?'

My cousin who lived in Oslo at the time. I saw or heard very little of him.

'He was recently divorced?'

True.

'You're a reader. There are a lot of books in your house?'

Well, that's no mystery. Anyone who looks at me for a few seconds senses I'm rather bookish. But by now I confess I was wondering what was going on.

'Your mother has had a dear friend since her youth named Martha? She still maintains contact with Martha?'

Why. yes. One of her best old friends is Martha. I doubt even my husband knew that.

'Is Martha unwell? I see an illness.'

As far as I know, Martha has been as healthy as a horse since the time of the reading.

'I see study. You are returning to the university to study? I see your study opening many doors for you. I see you have doubts about pursuing this? You should put aside your doubts.'

In the process of doing my work, I had just observed an interesting fact about language, and I was considering writing a second dissertation and approaching my former advisor with it. But the topic was not 'mainstream' and I was afraid I would just get laughed at and waste a lot of time to no end. In a manner of speaking, that's what happened. I wrote the dissertation, submitted it, and no one read it. I got no degrees and certainly landed no jobs thanks to that investment of time. But on another level, I do consider it a success, because it's my 'best thing'. It left me feeling I had not quite lived in vain. Just recently a book came out which I wrote about my research, and a different university has offered me a degree.

'And you've just taken on a lot of responsibility at work? You see this as conflicting with your studies?'

I'd just officially accepted the position of CEO of the business. It demanded a lot of time, and so I'd decided to put off the dissertation idea.

'Is your husband in the military?'

Certainly not.

'Is someone in your immediate family in the military?'

Certainly not.

'Then this symbol means that you feel terribly trapped in your current circumstance. Sometimes this happens in a marriage.'

It was true, but I was not at that time prepared to admit it, even to myself, so I denied it.

'You should write about your freedom and your imprisonment.'

I did indeed write several poems entitled 'My Freedom and my Imprisonment', and these served as a catalyst which led to many changes for me.

'Your husband is climbing the ladder of success and you are getting in his way with your fear.'

This was true.

'Your husband underestimates his good qualities, and this makes him feel insecure. You should be aware of this.'

This was true.

'Your husband will soon invite you on a trip... to New York perhaps.'

He had just invited me to NY the day before.



'I see a move. You'll not move far from where you live now. Do you plan to sell your house?'

This didn't make any sense to me whatsoever at the time. There were no such plans. I was intending to live in that house until I died. And if I ever did move, it would be to distant shores. But a few months thereafter, my husband very unexpectedly (to me) did ask for a divorce, and I did move... close by. I asked her if she saw more children. She hesitated. 'I see one more child... sort of.'

I'll probably never have more children, but my ex-husband did later have a daughter by another woman. I asked her what she saw in connection with several names:

Anthony: 'Either a child or like a child. Always creating new projects -finding something new to do. Spontaneous.'

He's a master programmer, always building companies, very charming. He's also very childlike in a lot of ways... impulsive and creative, also stubborn and prone to tantrums at times.

Brandon: 'I see creative writing, stories, books.'

There are two Brandons in my life, but the one I was thinking of was a rather Puritanical attorney. Her description didn't match at all. I've never known the other Brandon in my life to write anything either, though he does like to read science fiction and fantasy. I recently asked him if he'd ever thought of writing, and he said he had in fact had been evolving a story in his mind for years and had long considered writing it down.

James: 'What a beautiful soul, a warm, good person. Very energetic and active.'

He's a very energetic, creative and competent pilot, programmer, guitarist, traveler, inventor who had been a true friend for a number of years.

John: 'Merry-go-round. He's like a child also, very creative. In the process of juggling jobs. Not settled anywhere.'

John is a childlike, good-natured and brilliant linguist, who wears brightly colored clothes. He was literally a juggler and he was very much hanging in the air professionally.

Ethel: 'Your aunt or someone's aunt, a teacher.'

She's my mother's paternal aunt, She taught at a private girl's high school.

Julien: 'Feel nothing.'

I'd met him only briefly the day before and never met him again.

Andrew: 'A name associated with a lot of trouble, illness, a difficult life.'

This is the name of my father, my first cousin (his namesake who died just last year at the age of 49 and had in many ways a difficult time of it) and my son (who they say has a learning disability, which several specialists have classified as autism, though I think labels are stupid).

Ruth: 'Willful, generous, strong, intelligent about how things are in the world, sometimes unhappy when things don't go her way.'

Ruth is a very strong, intense, energetic, hard-working, intelligent and spontaneous girl with a lot of

common sense. She is also something of a perfectionist, and can get quite upset with herself when things she does don't come out as she hoped, or when she feels treated unfairly.

Well, despite the misses, it was all too specific and too accurate for me to dismiss. And in retrospect, I guess I hadn't really been open to the possibility of clairvoyance, because about 3 hours after that reading my mind just went blank. I felt like I had nothing left to hold onto. The wheels started spinning, and wouldn't slow down for some time.

I'm embarrassed to admit that the first thought that came to my mind as she finished up was, 'What does a person charge for irrevocably altering your world view?' It was one thing to read accounts in books, but this was my life, a life that I knew very intimately. I was at the time very heavy into the business world, licensing software to large corporations for price tags in the tens or hundreds of thousands of dollars. And I vaguely sensed that what I had just received may be worth a good deal more than that... So how do you evaluate it? Ah ha; I thought, maybe she charges a large amount of money and just hires a private detective. I decided I wasn't going to pay her a cent over \$500, because beyond that, she could just hire somebody to scope me out.

I finally asked her what she charged for this service. She said that if I felt so inclined, she would accept a donation of \$15. 'Say what?' I asked. Though clairvoyant, she clearly wasn't a mind-reader, because in response to the shocked expression on my face, she

hastened to add that was only if I cared to offer a donation, and only if I thought the reading really merited the full \$15. If so, I could put the donation in a little pouch she had placed discretely... I made a donation, of course, but considered it still a karmic debt. Now through this book, the opportunity has finally arisen to return the favor in a way that makes sense.

For approximately two weeks after that reading, I drove in a 10 mile loop around and around my house. I didn't even bother to change my route to take in some new scenery. It was as if by driving in circles, I might be able to get my mind to stop whirling around in my head. I found myself again and again thinking through what I might have told Gill. I found myself asking my husband what he might have told Gill about my family. And I of course asked Gill what she had said to Janice. Gill naturally told me that she may have given her my name, but certainly nothing else. And though I still suspected at the time that wasn't quite true, in retrospect I now know, of course, that it was.

As I was driving in circles consumed by these doubts, in came the clincher. I had written to my Norwegian aunt and uncle—my father's brother and sister—about this momentous event in my life. I have always been very close with them and gladly shared with them whatever came my way. I told them about Janice... her hits as well as her misses, like this supposed friend of my father's named Joseph... I did not mention his alleged profession in the letters. But I did mention that just to make perfectly sure, I had asked my mother, and

she had confirmed that there were no Josephs. About 3 weeks later, I received a letter from my aunt and then another from my uncle. It was true, they said, that there were very few Josephs in Norway, but strangely enough, my father had in fact known a Joseph prior to the war. Due to the various trials of wartime, they had broken contact. But Joseph had gone on to become quite a prominent sculptor in Oslo.

Well whatever vestiges of my poor mind had remained sort of rooted in my old way of life were transformed to Jell-O by this unshakable and very specific fact that not even I—not even my mother—had known about. And no, my relations confirmed, that no undercover agent that they were aware of had traveled to Norway on my \$15 donation to determine the names of my father's lost childhood friends and acquaintances.

There was nothing to do for it but to reconcile myself to the existence of clairvoyance among the human race. This was not as easy for me as it may sound.

It didn't turn out to be like laming other facts. You know: the capital of Angora is Luanda, Newt Gingrich was born in 1943, Arthur Meighen was prime minister of Canada.... If I were to acknowledge and accept this fact truly, a whole lot of things around me would have to change. I was raised to be too rational to just leave one glaring anomaly hanging there without integrating it into my entire world view. 'Joshua fit the battle of Jericho...' And then the walls came tumbling down, as the saying goes. There was virtually nothing in my life



that wasn't touched by this one little fact that I did indeed have to put in my pipe and smoke.

The question remained open regarding Martha, who's still healthy as a horse. I asked Janice back then about errors, and she said that she didn't doubt when she was reading. When she doubted, nothing came through. I got the impression that the essence of the process was freedom from doubt, and I can believe that easily enough. Error, she said, happened when she tried to interpret. I know for myself, it's not an easily skill just to learn to speak and not to interpret. She said that she just saw and felt things and had no idea what they meant concretely, but she would convey them, and the person receiving the reading would have to fill in the gaps.

In any case, I of course wanted another reading, that afternoon if possible, but she insisted I wait to come see her for at least another 6 months. And when I came the second time, the reading perhaps didn't have the overwhelming effect of the first reading, but she did nevertheless tell me many useful things. She said, for example, that most of the people working for me were too creative to stay put anyone place for long, and that they would leave, which turned out to be true. She repeated that I would be moving shortly, which still seemed out of the question. And this time I brought a photo in a manila envelope of someone that I'd had a very upsetting encounter with.

I expected her to open the envelope and tell me about this person, but she left the envelope closed, held it in her hands and told me a great deal about him. I

found it very comforting that she could describe him so precisely without in any way judging him or me. I came out with the healing feeling that I wasn't nuts after all, and that everything had worked out for the best.

When I saw her a third time another 6 months later, relatively little was coming through. It seemed to me that she could read much more compellingly and precisely for people who really needed to be there. It also seemed that if I didn't ask her questions, but just let her talk to me, then the reading had much more power and relevance. She told me to keep my money, and said that she really felt that she had shared with me what she had for me... that perhaps I needed to see someone else, or more likely, I needed to pursue the abilities on my own.

She suggested rather that we meet for lunch in a couple of weeks, which we did. In that way, I got to know her personally. And when she married wild Mr. Billy Tarver, I got to know him a little too.

\*\*\*

I keep asking myself: Why did I find the verification of this particular phenomenon so upsetting? And why was there such a huge difference for me between leaving the possibility for clairvoyance open and actually having it verified? I was far from being an atheist or even an agnostic when I came to see her. So what was the big deal? I guess the answer to that is that it brought the reality of something right up close and in my face.

Prior to that I had been able to dismiss a great many things... I didn't have to figure on them day to day.

Now I had to figure on the fact that I was being watched over all the time, and my thoughts were being read. I didn't feel I'd lived a particularly nasty life, but nevertheless, I wasn't sure I wanted my grandmother and whoever else to be reading all my thoughts, to have them aware of all my most intimate feelings. I mentioned this to her, and she said that people on the other side were enlightened in a certain way... they weren't judgmental of my conduct. When they watched, it was only to lend support or to learn.

And I came to terms with the fact that I would have some kind of existence after death. It seemed likely that I would be held responsible for every little iota. I wasn't scared of that so much... I'd been doing my best. I think everybody does ultimately. And though I certainly had made a lot of mistakes, I felt they had been mistakes, and were not intended to harm. But it nonetheless raised the stakes on my conduct. I was somehow now responsible on a different level. So perhaps it affected me most, in that I found myself questioning all the aspects of my life... my involvement in the business, my marriage, my relationship to my children. I was looking at it all in new light.

As the months passed, I became much more preoccupied with the metaphysical in general. I found myself withdrawing from the world for several years to pause and read and reconsider everything. And now as I work on this little book, I feel myself a much different person than when it all began 6 years ago... I'm more solitary, more willing to take risks and to face fear,

more insistent that my activities have meaning, more clear about what I want, more at peace with myself.

## Jan's Story

In order to tell my story, I need to go way back to the time before there was ever a thought of me. My grandfather, Thomas Hadfield, immigrated from England and settled with his wife Elizabeth and their child Annie in Methuen, Massachusetts. Thomas was a trade worker in various woolen mills of the Merrimack River Valley. The family was settled within walking distance of the Spiritualist Church of Methuen. This was to be the church where they attended Sunday services. Upon establishing their presence in the Methuen community, Thomas and Elizabeth's family grew with the birth of three more children: Allen, Joseph and Gladys (my mom).

A Spiritualist church service is similar, I believe, to most Protestant services with the exception that the minister performs the function of a medium. After the sermon, messages from departed members or friends from the 'other side of life' would be delivered to members of the congregation. It was said that Thomas 'had the gift' (of clairvoyance) but he kept it to himself.

One day at work in the course of busying himself with his daily duties, he pulled a large cloth over a machine. Suddenly a vision appeared on the cloth of children at play in the Spicket River in Methuen. Thomas recognized one of the children as his own twelve-year-old son, Allen. As the vision progressed, Allen began to show signs of drowning... he was frantically moving his arms and legs and screaming.

The other children scattered from the ominous scene until Allen was gone and the water was still.

Since he was a conscientious worker, Thomas remained at work, but found himself unable to rid himself of the vision. Upon returning home that evening, he was informed that Allen had indeed drowned in the Spicket River.

What it must have felt like to see this and yet have no power to change it? To possibly spend a lifetime revisiting that vision? Thomas Hadfield passed away during the Christmas season of 1946.

My spirit chose to come into this reality on January 6th, 1947, two weeks after my Grandfather Thomas' death. From an early age, I loved to sing and dance and entertain my family. Everyone seemed to think I would become an actress, and I felt myself to be a happy child without any real fears or cares. Almost anyone can remember back to that time when they felt free. Life was a never-ending adventure and exploration. I can still remember my first grade teacher, Miss Hart. She was the embodiment of her name. One exercise in penmanship, I remember, was based on the following poem:

To and fro sway the trees  
Bending in the passing breeze

How would you like to go up in the air?  
Up in the air so blue!

Oh, I do think it's the nicest thing,  
Ever a child should do.

But though I loved the poem, my letters were not legible. When my papers came home, my parents would hold them up to a mirror, and only then could they read them. Today that disorder is called dyslexia, but no one seemed to know what it was back then... instead they called me 'mildly retarded'. All I remember from that time was how my universe got smaller and smaller—a rose in full bloom closed itself up into a bud, and I started protecting myself.

I do believe that the ability was with me back then, but that no one was interested. I was told it was my vivid imagination and that I should get rid of it. I was in enough trouble, without having to discuss seeing and hearing things. Tests troubled me more than anything...

There was the 'A' Class, the 'B' Class, the 'C' Class, the 'D' Class and the 'F' Class reserved for failing students like me. Everyone seemed to be laughing, 'Oh, Janice, you're in the Dummy Group.' And like any other child, I of course found it difficult to hold my head up in the face of their taunting. My school years were mostly uneventful. I had some friends, got asked to the proms and got by.

While in my formative years, I heard stories of the paranormal. Often the tales were whispered among the adults so as not to upset us children. My dad told a story about when he was six or seven years of age and encountered his departed grandmother. His mother, Mini, had invited company to stay at their home over a weekend. He gave up his bedroom to the guests and slept on the sofa in the living room. During the night,

he felt someone kiss him and upon awakening this next morning, he discovered his mother hurriedly moving the furniture around. During the night a spirit had moved the kitchen furniture into the living room and the living room furniture into the kitchen. My father felt sure that he had been kissed by his departed grandmother, and that it was she who had moved the furniture.

Other stories were told of a Sunday schoolteacher at the Spiritualist church, who went into trances and spoke in foreign languages. She'd come out of her trances with no recollection of anything that happened during the trance state. My grandfather Thomas' spirit was said to be seen in the church upon occasion sweeping. (In life, he was the church custodian.) But I always felt that he was making way for another-and that other was me.

But I actually had a lot of resistance to my current profession from the start. My mother chose to raise my sister and me as Protestants. In that time and place, one was either Catholic or Protestant... certainly not Spiritualist. Mom's teachers had laughed at her when she was asked about her religion, so we only visited the Spiritualist church when fund-raising functions such as suppers or fairs were given. On one occasion, there were four mediums that had donated time for readings. My mother gave me a ticket and I sat with a scary looking woman in the church basement boiler room away from the noise and crowds. I do not recall what was said at this reading, but I do remember saying to myself that there was no way that I would look or smell or be like



this person. My great aunts and uncles rented an ocean-side cottage for six weeks every summer. Gypsies would stop by and for a nickel would do palm readings. We were told that if we weren't good, we'd be sold to the gypsies.

It so funny to look back on it now. There's no doubt about it: 'what you resist persists.'

At any rate, things were relatively quiet until I turned twenty six or twenty seven years of age. And then it was just like the horror movie: 'They're back'... Actually, it felt like this energy had decided, 'Okay, we've been patient enough. Twenty years is plenty of time.'

I had been married for five years and was in an adoption program through Catholic Charities of Maine -so many interviews, so long to wait. I had a job doing statistical work at a visiting nurse's association, and one day I heard a voice say, 'At 12:15 p.m. today your great aunt left this world.' 'Who said that!?' I asked. It answered, 'Oh, you know who it is.' I thought, 'No, no... I don't know and I don't want to know... Buzz off!'

Just like Grandfather, I tried to put my attention somewhere else. After all, if my great aunt were sick, my mom would have phoned me... my rational mind startled to take over. I half wanted that call, but when it didn't come at that moment, I dismissed this voice as my imagination... I remember thinking how easily imagination could play tricks on you. But the phone call did come that evening announcing that my sweet aunt who had been more like a second grandmother to me was now gone. When we arrived at the funeral

home, I asked the time of death and sure enough: she had died at 12:15 p.m. exactly. 'If I'm going to receive nothing but bad news, then no thank you,' I whispered to this voice. 'Not interested, just leave me alone.'

The next strange event occurred one evening shortly thereafter. I awoke to see three people standing by the bed. They had smiles on their faces, but I could see right through them. I let out a scream that could have shattered glass. (I probably frightened them as much as I frightened myself, not to mention a husband who came running ready to do battle.) And we both, of course, told ourselves that it must have been a dream. I was like Ebenezer Scrooge after seeing his partner, Jacob Marley, for the first time saying, 'A piece of bad meat, indigestion...' Right...

These voices became more prevalent. We finally got the call that our new baby could be picked up the following day and when asked if I cared to guess the sex of the child the voice said, 'It's a boy.' I answered the caller that it was a boy, and the social worker confirmed. But I remember thinking that the social worker apparently could not hear the voice.

I got a beautiful child... God moves in mysterious ways. I felt that I knew this little person, that we'd been together before. I cannot explain it. It is like a Far Memory. I've come to recognize more people besides my son who have carried that Far Memory feeling for me. It is the feeling that you have known one another forever... and yet, you've only just met. I'm sure most people can relate to this. My belief now is that we've incarnated enough to retain these Far Memories of

people and places. I so deeply enjoyed this little boy... the spirit bond was so strong. At the same time, my husband had begun traveling a lot, and he and I began to drift apart. We moved several times, but my attention always remained focused on Kristofor, our son.

One afternoon when Kris was yet an infant, I put him down for his nap and decided that wasn't a bad idea for me, too. I lay down on the sofa in our den and immediately fell into light sleep. I was awakened by breathing coming from the hallway between my room and the baby's. I wanted to get up to investigate (thinking to fight off an intruder), but found that I was unable to move a single muscle in my body. My inability to protect the baby caused me to panic.

Then I heard the voice say quite calmly, 'That's you in the hallway... you're safe and so is the baby. You'll hook up with yourself in a moment. Relax.' Oh sure, I was going to relax! Can one trust a voice that no one else hears? What if the voice is wrong? I seemed to have no choice, so I tried to relax, but I still heard the breathing behind me. And it was coming closer! I felt a strange sensation in my forehead and then I returned to my body... I could move again. I ran to the baby's room, and thanks be to God, he was still sleeping.

This was a partial out of body experience, and it was as frightening to me as seeing the transparent beings at the end of my bed. 'Do I really want to enter this twilight zone life style?' I thought. 'Maybe I'll just pass! But do I have a choice? This voice has such a sense of peace and knowingness. Is it a part of me?'

'How exciting to be you!' people would say. 'I want what you have!' Would that I could give it to them saying, 'Here you go! It's all yours! Take it by all means! I'll go play somewhere else!'

What was this preparing me for? I had so many questions... and always very little patience.

One day, my sister passed me a book entitled *Thavis is Here*. It's so remarkable how such a small book can be the catalyst for a life shifting experience. It was about a man who fell into automatic writing. In automatic writing, you clear your mind and allow energy to write messages through you. I couldn't put the book down. I wondered if an entity would write to me too. Was it possible? I whispered a prayer of protection and barely put the pen to the paper. In a very shaky handwriting the words, 'I'm here' came out, and the signature... 'Gerry'.

I sat in disbelief... tears of joy and pain and disbelief began to fall. Gerry had been a high school friend who in his early thirties had died of cancer. We were Far Memory friends. He had been in love with me while we were growing up, but to me he was more like a brother than a lover. I shared this event with my husband who got angry at me. He said that I was getting emotional over someone who hadn't been in my life for many years.

Could this contact happen again, I wondered? Well, the connection grew to the point where I could feel Gerry on a telepathic level. I no longer had to write everything down on paper. 'Oh, God! I was

communicating with a dead friend!' I thought... 'I'm losing it!'

I finally phoned my mother and confided in her that I thought that I was losing my mind—auntie's death, seeing transparent people, and now writing to myself in some other person's hand using some other person's signature. Don't they lock people up for this? 'Not if you keep quiet,' I thought. 'Be careful who you talk to.'

I finally called Gerry's Mom. As delicately as I could, I told her that I felt that I was in contact with her son. I asked if we could meet and if she would be willing to look at the handwriting to see if there was any similarity. I drove from Portland, Maine down to Salem, New Hampshire, and we met. She had letters she had saved... the signatures were identical. I told her that I no longer needed to write, that I got the messages in my mind. We decided to test this. I had not gone to Gerry's funeral, so we decided to see if I could find his grave by asking directions from him.

We drove to the cemetery gate. I said, 'He's under a big tree.' She replied, 'Yes.' I proceeded left, then made a right turn and a left turn, and stopped the car. I said, 'He says he's not in a normal grave... its different.' She was crying at this point. She pointed to my left and I looked at a huge granite rock that displayed a bronze plaque with the last name 'Davies' Gerry's grave... it was different. She told me, 'I didn't want a regular gravestone. I wanted something more natural. The tree seemed to protect this beautiful marker.' We both cried tears of disbelief, of joy and of sadness-- so many emotions.

However, it also has to be admitted that all of the answers I received to the questions that I posed of this energy were not accurate. For that reason, my quest continued. My mom had suggested I visit Grandfathers Spiritualist church because she felt that the people she still knew there were trustworthy and would be helpful. We started going to development classes on Saturday evenings. I would drive down from Maine and Mom and I would go to the Spiritualist Church in Methuen, MA.

There were usually ten people present, all wanting to be psychics. I didn't want that, but I did want to know where in the hell this voice and these people were coming from and what I was supposed to do with it all. The medium was a frightening woman with a Ruth Buzzi hair-do who looked Native American. Yep, she had the hair net with the dot on the seam in the middle of the forehead, just like from Laugh-In. I felt like I was in the twilight zone. She would go into a trance and start talking like a man of Native American descent and proceed to give people messages. She kept telling me that I would one day be doing what she was doing. I would smile politely and say to myself, 'Well, I don't think so.' I was told that I was experiencing spirit guides who had come to help me and that in turn, I would then help other people... Well, I certainly didn't believe that! I stopped wanting to give up my Saturdays to this. But I was patient, and time passed.

One day, my sister who lived in Waterville, Maine called to say that she had read an article about a man in town named Richard Veilleux. He had appeared on the

television program, 'In Search Of.. .' hosted by Leonard Nimoy. Mr. Veilleux, his father and his brother were 'Psychic Photographers' and for thirteen years had traveled all over taking pictures with a Polaroid camera of what seemed to be blank walls. Yet things would appear on film once it was exposed.

Their vehicle of communication was a OUIJA board. Mr. Veilleux was prominent in the parapsychology field and had traveled to England and many other places with his photographs. One photo was of a young girl about thirteen years of age. One day, upon walking into a bar out in the American West, he spoiled the same picture on the wall. He asked who the girl was and was told it was Annie Oakley as a child. He pulled out his photo which he had catalogued a year earlier, and there she was—same dress, same smile, same everything.

My sister made a call to this man and asked if he would see me to try to help me understand this new aspect of my life, and he agreed. Needless to say, my husband resisted this, but I was told I could explore it in an effort to put it all to rest, the quicker the better... On the appointed day, we went up the long driveway to a very ordinary looking house and were greeted by Richard, who looked to me like a very normal person. But for me, time stood still. I in fact brought to mind the old movie 'The Day the Earth Stood Still.' I was mesmerized and enthralled by this man's life and explorations.

He was full of grace and humility. He said he felt it was important that he maintain his privacy in order to pursue his passion-the study of the paranormal. We

talked of the automatic writing, but I explained that because I had to hold a pen, I didn't feel fully comfortable with it. Was there another way to explore the voices and the awareness? He handed me a flag and said to me, 'Whatever comes to your mind, say it.'

I began talking about a man who had hurt himself trying to hop onto a moving train, about a broken leg and on and on. After about 15 minutes I looked up, amazed at myself. He told me that I had been about 85% accurate. The flag had been draped over his uncle's coffin, who had indeed tried to jump a train. We visited this extraordinary man until finally this new game called psychometry had come to an end. It was time to go home.

I had the need to purchase a gift for him, so my sister Bonnie and I went to the downtown area and wandered among the gift shops. I noticed a glass box with an etching of a clipper ship on it, and decided that this was the right gift for him. Bonnie delivered it for me, and I headed back home to Portland. I was so excited, but also very sad. It had been such a magical place. I felt like I was leaving OZ and the wizard to return to Kansas. A week passed and a letter arrived in the mail from the wizard. I couldn't wait to tear into it and feel the magic again.

He began by thanking me for the gift, and he wrote that oddly enough he had seen that very box, had picked it up and thought it looked just like the handkerchief boxes that his mother had made. He had passed up the opportunity to buy the box and was very



surprised to see it again on his doorstep. The magic seemed to pass over me.

I immediately wrote back telling him I could probably never do what I did again. After all, it was his energy, and not mine that had made this possible. He sent back a sealed, black envelope with instructions not to open it, but only to identify the contents and return it. I had taken Kristofor bowling and can remember as if it were just yesterday sitting in the car, as Kris played his game, and hanging on to the black envelope. I kept seeing the color purple and feeling flowers that had to be on a table. Then I returned the unopened envelope to Mr. Veilleux.

By this time, it was 1980 and we were then living in Concord, New Hampshire. Every day I would race to the mailbox, waiting for the all important yea or nay or as he called it, 'a hit'. Finally the day came. I was terrified of opening the pink envelope with the message that I had been waiting for. It was 'a hit', he said. The black envelope had contained a piece of purple fabric which he was instructed to use as a covering for a chair in the séance room. He had also been instructed to have flowers on the table for the spirit world saw them as light. I felt like I had hit a million dollar lottery. I was on such an emotional high. What a dance with life! He said that I lacked confidence, but that with practice, my confidence would increase.

I did psychometry for neighbors and friends alike. My sister was ushering everyone she knew to me so that I could practice on them. One Sunday while visiting my parents, my mom and I decided to go for a reading at

the Spiritualist Church. The services were now being conducted at her cousin's house, since the church itself had been burglarized. My mom's cousin, Tom Hadfield (same name as my grandfather), and his wife, Marion, were an elderly couple who had been pillars of the church for many years. They had graciously opened their home to people to come and explore their faith.

There were a half dozen people waiting for the medium, when the phone call announced that she was ill and would not attend this evening gathering. They began the service with singing and the collection and then Tom looked over at me and asked that I try reading for everyone... 'for we know that you've been exploring this work.' I froze.

But then something inside of me urged me on: 'Do it!' it said. 'Its okay.' I told the congregation that I'd be more comfortable if I could take people individually in another room and they agreed. I read for six people that day. They all said that I had been accurate, perhaps more so than any other medium they had experienced. At the time I was in the midst of a divorce and my personal life was very touchy. The phone started ringing every other week asking me to become the medium at the church service. I used to feel sick-I wasn't sure where this information was coming from. They told me they thought it came from a spirit guide, and I kept thinking, 'what happens if this guide decides to go to lunch and leave me there with these people waiting for my pearls of wisdom?'

I had received beliefs that limited me then-I was limited by the fact that I thought in terms of a single

energy that was sending this information across time and space. I was also told that if I charged money for this service, I'd lose the ability. Still, the church paid a stipend to the mediums. And since this wasn't considered to be going to go too far, I decided it couldn't be a real concern after all.

'Grandfather Thomas, are you watching me? Here I am, in your church doing what you could do, but chose not to. How strange it is to find myself here.' My mom told me on occasion that she felt that she should have been the one to receive 'the gift' rather than me. So I asked her if she would have done something with it, if she would gone public with it. She said she thought not. And so here I am, I guess. What started with six to eight people at the church grew to fifty on the weeks when it was announced that I'd attend. I chose not to do sermons. Someone else took that position and I provided the readings.

At about this time, I experienced two encounters with deceased people... both in the early 1980s, and both were close together in time. I had gone to a Christmas party with a friend and I knew none of the other attendees... they were acquainted through their health club.

I had done a mini-reading for my friend prior to attending the party, and he decided he wanted to explore the phenomenon further at the party. He would point his finger at one of his friends or at an acquaintance, and then he would ask me 'what do they do for a living?' or 'just tell me about them.'

We were standing together in the corner of the room and the guests were moving about with their drinks and hors d'oeuvres forming small circles of conversation. I pointed out that one was 'a doctor' (not thrilled with his profession and would have been more content with his hobbies) and another man worked with 'cars and trucks.' 'Yes,' my friend would say... 'the doctor is a dentist and the other man owns a large automobile dealership.' This went on and on, my friend was having fun exploring his friends from such a different perspective.

A couple that was close enough to us to overhear what we were saying asked if I would be willing to listen to a story. They asked if we could go to a more private place, for they were reluctant to share their story with other friends in attendance at the party. They began their story by telling me of their purchase of an older home and their intention to tear it down and rebuild it on the existing foundation. After completing the project, they happily moved into their new home with their two small children. After a short period of time, very unusual events occurred... the TV going on and off by itself, their automobile and house doors intermittently refused to open or start as if someone were holding them shut... yet the doors had no locks. The whole family was frightened and the parents were seriously considering selling the property and moving elsewhere.

They asked if I'd go over to their home and see what impressions I had and whether I could be of some help in some way. I agreed, but I told them that I was

unfamiliar with such phenomena. I suggested that they check with neighbors and the local town hall to see what information they could gather about the previous owner. We set a date and returned to the festivities of the evening.

On the appointed day, we drove to this home. As we were standing in the driveway, I could feel this being, and that it was now outside the house. It had known I was coming and it had moved outside of the house. As we toured the house, I started getting impressions of a man with tools in his hands, of great anger and much confusion. When we reached the master bedroom, it was extremely cold, much more so than the rest of the house. I could easily see why these people didn't want to move, for it was such a lovely home.

I asked for some time to be alone in this room, because I could see in my mind's eye that the man was getting ready to hang himself... he seemed to be reconsidering, but then it was too late and somehow he didn't realize that it was over. 'Earthbound' is a term that I've heard used for this experience. He was caught between two realities. He still considered this his house, and these people were intruders that he was trying to be rid of.

I shared what I had felt with the homeowners. They validated the information about the man... his name and the fact that he had hung himself. What should they do?

How should they free the house? Over coffee, I suggested that when the lights started going off and on, the family should sit at the dining room table and

Speak to him, as if he were sitting as a guest at the table. They were to tell him that he was frightening the children and that this was no longer his home. They were to tell him that he was deceased, that the family would pray for his spirit and that he was to look for the light of the others on the other side of life, that they would assist him.

The family thought these suggestions were silly but reluctantly agreed to try... after all, what was there to lose? They had to either do that or put the house on the market. We heard from them two weeks later. They had tried what I had suggested and they were no longer bothered.

God Grant Us Peace.

After my divorce, I returned to Methuen, Massachusetts. My son and I moved into an old, single family, Victorian style house that had been subdivided into three apartments. We lived on the first floor and I just loved it. There were beautiful hardwood floors, a dining room separated from the living room by sliding doors built into the walls, French doors everywhere else and a bath tub with claw feet.

Loving antiques as I do, I was in heaven! From the rear porch, I could see the house where my father was born. It was perfect. It was the same street where my mother received her 1st kiss from my dad. It certainly had memories for my folks and I loved thinking about these things.

My dad's sister told me of the original single family owners... two sisters who had never married had lived there with their father. Their servants had lived on the

third floor. Eventually, all of the family had passed away except for one sister. After she was placed in a nursing home, the home had been boarded up and shuttered for fourteen years. She had refused to sell the property and had said many times that she would return to the house someday.

You know, of course, what is to come... we started seeing things. My son saw a young girl dressed in Victorian clothing several times. I saw hazy images. One day the fire alarms in the basement sounded off. I went down to investigate. The dirt floor was unpleasant. I'd hear a beep in one corner, then I'd hear it in the opposite corner. I couldn't find the detectors and after running from one end of the basement to the other I grew tired. I simply shouted, 'I hope you're having fun, I'm going upstairs, please stop.' It did.

On another occasion, I had sent my son off on a camping trip, because I was scheduled for surgery and wanted a few days to myself for my recovery. On the evening before going to the hospital, I went to bed feeling that it would be difficult to sleep. Then I heard piano music... it seemed to be coming from my neighbors apartment upstairs. The music was angelic. I listened for a short while and got the feeling that I would be fine, that I should not worry. As much as I wanted to stay awake and experience this music, I fell into a deep sleep.

Upon my return home from the hospital, I was greeted by

my upstairs neighbor. He said, 'I've missed you and your beautiful piano music. How long have you been

playing?' I replied, 'I don't own a piano and I thought the music was coming from your apartment.' 'No,' he said, 'it sounded as if the music was coming from your apartment on the first floor.' I asked my aunt (my dad's sister) if she could recall a piano having been in the house and she replied that she could. I decided that the energy of this inhabitant was so delightful, I did not want to ask it to leave.

About this time, I met a wonderful man seventeen years my senior. I believed at the time that older men were wiser, and I felt very protected in his tall, strong presence. His three daughters were close to my age and very uninterested in me. He and I decided to live together and were eventually married in 1986. Kristofor was happy in school and seemed to love John. He saw his father on weekends and life was reasonably good. The church continued calling. I was so nervous before the readings that I'd throw-up, still not understanding how, where and why all this was happening.

Then people started asking to come to my house. The time at church was limited with so many to read for, so we decided that one night a week, I'd read for the public. I had a regular job in a high-tech company's inventory control department. But one night a week, my identity would shift to something out of the norm (or so I felt at the time). I was fearful of taking money, so people asked what I would like instead. I told them to bring house plants. Well, on pretty short order, our apartment was looking like a botanical garden. I found myself just killing off these exotic gifts. The plants and their care finally became such a burden, that my hus-



band, John, felt that perhaps it was time to ask for a 'whatever it's worth to you' donation. Fearing the prophecy that I would lose the ability, I took the money, but then rushed to give it away to Kris, to John, to charities... And I found the whole ordeal fairly uncomfortable. But at the same time, more and more calls were coming in.

In the meantime, John sold a different house that he owned and decided that we were going to travel. At first, he thought we should go to China. But I told him that the most wonderful thing I could do for anyone would be to take my sister to Egypt. She had encouraged me so much in this new endeavor, and even as a child she had a longing to see Egypt. 'That's it: he said, and before we knew it, we were headed for Egypt. I recall as I boarded the plane that the voice said, 'Your life is going to change.' And it sure did!

The energy in Egypt was amazing. It was as if the whole country was a museum. Did I need to feel this power? Was I creating this power? Or has it always been there because everything was so incredibly old? But nothing out of the ordinary occurred there, and we returned home.

My Dad, as it turned out, was very happy that we had returned. He said that he hadn't been feeling at all well. Some medical tests had shown that he had cancer of the liver, and within three months he was in a coma and dying. We had been back and forth to the hospital so much, that even though I wasn't doing much, I was feeling exhausted all of the time.

I went to bed early one evening, and the voice awakened me from a sound sleep announcing that I 'had to help my dad leave his body.' I asked in my mind, 'Do we drive to the hospital?' 'No,' the voice replied, 'we can do it right here.' It was as natural as breathing for me to sit in the middle of my bed and say, 'Okay, Dad, that body's no good anymore. It's time to lift out. We'll be fine, but it's your time to leave—up, up, up get up and out.' This went on for about five minutes And then... words cannot describe the amazing flood of peace that followed—an experience of sheer freedom... I knew he had left. I didn't cry. One ear listened for the phone to ring with the news, but sleep soon overtook me, and I fell off still filled with that amazingly blissful feeling. The phone rang only several hours later. Someone from the hospital was saying that at any time now, my father would be leaving, so would we please come to the hospital.

We met my mom and sister in the parking lot. I didn't say a word. I was confused. What had happened that night? Had I dreamt it? Was I imagining all that had happened? We went straight to his room and upon entering, my sister said, 'He's not there!' I replied, 'No, he left several hours ago, but I guess the body has not shut down yet.'

His body left within the hour. He was cremated with no services. He had wished for that so that things would be easier for my mother. If I had to say what my dad's mission in life was, it would have been to make things good for his wife. His life has taught me much, but oddly, what stands out most is the understanding

of how to die, for from the time that the doctor told him of the cancer, he never resisted... I could feel him slowly pulling away from this reality and awaiting the next.

And my mind went back to the voice that came to me before boarding the aircraft bound for Egypt... 'Your life is going to change.' I began exploring that free space on the evening when I assisted Dad in leaving his body behind -'expansive' and 'never ending' are the words that come to mind.

Shortly after his death, I wondered about communicating with Dad. I asked for a sign from him and waited... Nothing happened. However, I soon found myself on the road to Dover, New Hampshire, and a truck passed me. On the side panel of the van were the words, 'We're the Problem Solvers.' 'Okay,'

I thought. 'Is this a message from Dad?' The next truck to pass me belonged to a company called Faith, and its slogan was 'Have Faith.'

Several miles further on, a Nissan Bakery truck was headed in the opposite direction, and of course its message was 'We're Near You.' I've seen trucks with Robert (my father's name) prominently displayed. I was worried about money one day, and a truck with a cornucopia displayed on its panels passed by... I smile when I see these messages.

I had shared this story with a client from New York that was visiting New Hampshire. Previously, I had told her that her grandmother was her guardian. She was happy to know this and she reported that when she had been traveling back to New York she had

encountered a terrible rain storm, so heavy that she could barely see out the window. She then asked if I recalled telling her the truck story. 'Yes,' I replied.

Well, she had prayed to her grandmother for she was fearful of the storm and had little money, so pulling off the highway was out of the question and don't you know that the next thing she encountered was a Nissan Bakery truck with the 'We're Near You' message! She said she immediately knew all would be well, and the rain recanted shortly thereafter to a mere drizzle.

Meanwhile, the pressure associated with the readings was mounting. Finally, in frustration, I threw up a prayer to the guide and said, 'Okay, if I'm meant to continue doing this, then I want to keep the money. And if someone is not happy, I will give them their money back.' But I also wanted someone to offer me a space to do this work professionally. If such a person showed up, I decided to take it as a sign. I would quit my job and do readings full time. I heard the voice reply within the recesses of my mind that it had accepted my terms. John had been encouraging me to explore this and said that we should be able to manage it fine.

One evening not long after making that request, a manicurist from Dover, New Hampshire, dropped by and asked that I take space in her shop. She wanted to offer my services to her clients three evenings a week. The church people were still providing a small stipend, and so I decided that this was the answer to my call... and that I would somehow manage.

I quit my high-tech job, bought some wicker furniture, moved into the salon and started my business. I gave my business the name, 'Somewhere In Time' after a movie I had seen by that name that was all about time travel and the paranormal. Some of us, I believe, are here to learn patience, and I'm certainly one of those. The number of people who came to Dover was extremely small. I would have to drive an hour up and an hour back whether I was seeing four people or just one, and sometimes no one at all would show up.

The manicurist was discouraged, and the traveling was discouraging to me as well. Finally, my husband suggested that we find an office closer to home. He was tired of having people in our home. Sometimes if a group came, he'd have to entertain them or serve food. If he wanted to eat, he always felt he should offer the clients something as well.

The trips to Dover in inclement weather were worrisome and the lack of professionalism was also a concern. We found a wonderful office with a waiting room and receptionist service, if it turned out that I needed it. I was nervous about telling the owner the nature of my business, but thankfully, it was well received. My mind was stuck on coming to grips with being a teacher or a nurse or an office worker, but a professional psychic? My son Kris certainly didn't want me telling any of his friends what my business was. t knew what a snail at the ocean side must feel like... 'very small and in protection mode.'

I decided to have the phone set up in our apartment. I would make the appointments and then fulfill them

at the office. I can remember many times checking to see if there was still a dial tone on the phone. I'd say to John, 'If I'm so great, then why isn't the phone ringing?' I'd have starved if I had been on my own. 'Patience,' he'd reply.

I took jobs cleaning the houses of friends in order to pay my office rent. I felt more productive that way. The Catholic Charities counseling agency was down the hall from my office. One day, the receptionist and a counselor had readings from me and soon they were sending some of their clients to me. Some of the ecclesiastical officers of the church heard of this and discouraged it, but it nevertheless turned out to be the break that I needed in order to build my confidence.

And I started feeling that I was ready for another wizard to appear in my life...another trip to OZ. I still didn't understand where the information was coming from or what its purpose was. For a while, I thought that it was coming from my clients, but with time, I found myself saying things to them that they didn't know themselves.

They in turn, would call back and validate the information that I had provided after consulting their family histories. I had read books on the subject of clairvoyance and I could relate to the knowledge.

But on another level, how was I to integrate all of this information into my own life? Does one size fit all? It was Richard Bach, Jane Roberts, Wayne Dyer, Dan Millman, Stuart Wilde and others like them who helped me through this process... How do I get there? I prayed for another master like what Richard Veilleux had been

for me in the 1970s... After all, this was already the 1990s.

About this time, I was invited to join a women's club called LEADS. Women would meet weekly and talk about their businesses. If during the week you met someone who could use the services of someone from LEADS, you'd pass on their name and number to LEADS at the next meeting.

I attended a few meetings, and was very shy about talking about myself. On one occasion, the club president announced a special item on the agenda for the meeting. One of the members had petitioned for the group to ask me to leave because of the nature of my business.

I could feel myself blushing all over... All eyes were on me, searching out my reaction. I sat motionless. After everyone listened to the protesting member, it was put to a vote, and I was allowed stay. The protester got up and stalked out vowing never to return. But I decided to leave LEADS. Not surprisingly, I didn't feel too comfortable there any more.

But before I left that last day, a business card was passed to me which contained a man's name followed by the word 'Master'. My intuition told me that this was what I had prayed for. I very much wanted to contact this Master. He agreed to come to my office and present the initial part of a self-empowerment course.

He mailed me a book in advance that I should read in order to get acquainted with the materials and concepts that he taught.

Your beliefs determine your reality! God. I'd read this in all those hundreds of self help books but now, it was presented experientially. The Course would include exercises which enabled you to feel better into what was going on. I recall encountering the question, 'What is the difference between reading what an apple tastes like and biting into the apple?' The voice said, 'This is it' and 'You're it,' just like in a child's game of tag.

Finally, the day came and a master appeared in my office. He was tall and nice-looking, and he had a British accent. 'England,' I thought. 'Why am I not surprised?'

After his introduction, he announced the price for the next two sections of the course. It sounded to me like quite a challenge, but I knew that it was what I was looking for. And my husband, John, offered to help me out. I felt like I had been in a dark basement with the lights off, no windows... no light at all—pitch black. And then, someone hit the switch.

Awareness!

All of my questions about where, why and how were answered. But it was the guru within me that provided the answers. This master expected me to reach and explore all of it and to make all of the decisions on my own. Were the answers there all along? I'd been listening and looking everywhere but within me. It's as if God said, 'Let's hide it inside; they'll never find it there! It's too easy!'

1992 was certainly one of my years of awakening. My marriage to John was suffering, for he had become disabled and angry at life. He appeared depressed



because his children hadn't been seeing him for a long time. He suggested that I do the master level training so that I would become licensed to deliver the Course if I chose to do so. We also looked into buying a house. He decided that if he could work a little, he'd become a handyman. He needed a home with a workshop. We also talked of a house that could be used for my business in order to save the rental fees. We found the perfect house in New Hampshire. In order to locate a business within a residence, we were told that we'd have to secure a variance through the town meeting process. The road was zoned as a business thoroughfare, so the realtor felt that as long as a sign was soon posted that announced the business, securing the variance would be a piece of cake.

What happened next was reminiscent of the witch trials in 17th century Salem, Massachusetts. This meeting and something out of the past were in total alignment. For more than an hour and a half, the neighbors got up individually and protested. One woman even got up, pointed at me and screamed, 'She talks to the dead!' Finally, when all had stated their objections, one of the board members looked at me and asked, 'Do you have anything to say in your behalf?' With my knees knocking, I replied, 'These people have the right to their beliefs and I'm not here to change them. But I have a right to have my business in my home for those people who were willing to hear what I have to say.'

Then I sat myself down.

That night, the board of selectmen unanimously voted in my favor on the grounds that the neighbors' objections were based on religious convictions, and that this vote concerned a business issue. At the end of the meeting once the vote had been passed, some of the people who had just been protesting my presence in the neighborhood came to welcome me. It seemed like they were now afraid and wanted to present a better side of themselves.

Of course, we would never have guessed that on the day of the closing, the owners would refuse to leave the house. The attorney said that we could sue or we could just find another house. We were out the next day and found another property and decided that the business should remain where it was. No more witch trials!

Kris entered college. John became more withdrawn and never attempted the workshop. I put most of my attention on the business. John's Workmen's Compensation wanted to settle. The sum was insufficient to pay off the mortgage and continue to live where we were. He began exploring bankruptcy and other avenues of financial relief. My salary still was not large enough to manage and we were amazed to get a loan for the house, because he was over sixty years of age, and I was a psychic. The bank officer wanted to know if I declared income tax! 'Yes,' I replied. 'Okay,' he said, 'but highly unusual.' We were dreadfully unhappy. John's disabilities placed a heavy cloud over us both.

Kris was away at college, so we at least had the space not to pretend. We had decided that a legal separation was in order. We cared enough for one another to part

as friends, but we could not live as husband and wife. We were in the process of putting the house up for sale and I was looking for an apartment for myself and also for John. One day the business phone rang and the caller left a message, 'Hi, Janice. This is Bill Tarver-a voice from your past. Give me a call.' I told John that he was a man that I had worked with years before when I was in high-tech industry. 'He must be looking for a reading concerning employment or something,' I said. I returned the phone call and the first words out of Bill's mouth were, 'I'm divorced and you're not!' 'A strange thing to say,' I thought. I told him that John and I were actually legally separating, and he replied that he'd be at my office the following day.

I recalled my years in inventory control at a high-tech company and some of the subjects women will discuss... men in particular.. I could remember saying to a co-worker, 'There are about 4,000 people at work here and there is only one man that I could see myself with.' It was Bill Tarver. We had never had a long conversation... just an occasional 'hello' or 'is your boss available today?' He seemed so polite and interested in everyone.. an OK guy, one that you felt was trustworthy.

Well, there he was standing in my office... and magic was bouncing off the walls. I had decided that until John and I formalized the separation, Bill and I could only do coffee. I went home and told John that when I moved out, I wanted to see this man. John replied, 'Why don't you start seeing him now?' So we did start meeting each other, and one day, John suggested, 'See if

he will move in here and share the house and expenses. Then I'll move to an apartment, and... oh, yes... I'd like to meet him.' I kept thinking, 'This is for Ripley's Believe it or Not.' They finally did meet. John had a gun under the pillow of his chair, which I hadn't noticed, but Bill had. They talked at quite some length, and I sat there feeling like an outsider. John pointed out to Bill that he'd never interfere with our life, and that as long as he could visit me, he'd be content. Bill offered friendship and that's the way it has been for six years now. How strange it was, and yet, how perfect... another chapter of life unfolding.

John bought my wedding dress and gave us the money for our honeymoon. John also paid for my Avatar® course. He really gave me the tools to live life comfortably. And I'm not even sure he realizes it. During one period, John was really unable to take care of himself, and he even lived with us for a month or two.

I believe that our spirit knows the script telling how and when our lives will unfold and who will come along next, and just how they will contribute to our life lesson. And so I believe that these two first husbands graciously contributed something to my journey and vice versa. If we would only ask ourselves, 'What did

I learn?' or 'What life lesson has this person offered me?' I feel that we would be able to move ahead with much less effort. But instead, we struggle asking ourselves 'why' these things happen, and in that way we keep ourselves within a space that is unnecessarily painful. It has been my experience that the more I

change myself, the more life changes around me. We're always making choices here. I can choose to believe that this is part of my process. Life changes. I must flow and change too. I am life!

Boy, I must really have changed because this new person in my life seemed to me a foreigner. His background was so very different from my own. He's very well educated, yet for the most part, I don't feel inadequate because of this, for I too have studied and worked hard to become who I am. We are always wanting to become 'someone' and when we are there, we aren't aware of it. My clients want to become more spiritual, but they are all already of course 'spiritual beings just having a human experience.'

Peoples' ideas about what it 'is' keeps them away from 'it.' We think, 'Maybe I should do 'yoga' or 'meditation' or 'tai chi' or read more self help books perhaps.' The lists go on and on.

Tag, you're it!

There is something mysterious about discovering others in your life. I'm fortunate to meet several new people every week... We're all like planets bumping into each other, looking at the differences and hopefully, admiring and appreciating the differences, even if the time that we spend with one another is short.

So this has been quite a process. I wish that I could say that I've enjoyed it all, but I resisted quite a bit. Some people believe that a near death experience introduces one to the world of becoming a psychic. I'm not too sure how I feel about that. I believe that we are

all psychic. In the beginning, I mentioned my uncle Allen, who died at age twelve in the Spicket River.

Well, when I was twelve, I was out playing with a friend on the ice. I came upon a hole and wondered how deep the water might be. Before I knew what had happened, I had fallen through and found myself beneath the ice.

Now a twelve year old hasn't managed to do much that they feel guilty for, but in a flash, everything that I had done, said or was ashamed of came into my consciousness. 'I took a pen that didn't belong to me,' I thought. 'And I had mean thoughts about certain people, too.' There it all was. 'Oh, God,' I thought. 'I'm going to die and carry all of this with me to hell.' I remember trying to come up to the hole that I had fallen through, but I kept hitting solid ice. I finally gave in and just surrendered. Something or someone pushed me to the hole in the ice; the voice said, 'Get up!' And I did.

My friend was gone. I was soaked. And I was terrified to go home and tell my mom what a foolish thing I'd done. So I instead walked to my cousin's house to be rescued and dried off.. I had to go to bed when I got home, but it was okay, for unlike Allen, I had decided to stay in this world.

Sometimes I wonder if he and I are aspects of the same energy. He was twelve years old when the accident happened, just as I was. He was slow mentally, just as was I. Is it possible to know someone that left twenty years prior to your own birth? A Far Memory, perhaps? I've met people through my business that

have felt close to their deceased grandparents that they never met. Sure. I think anything's possible. We do tend to get too serious. Seriousness is like glue; it holds us fixed for far too long in unpleasantness....And I've learned to take the word 'coincidence' out of my vocabulary long ago. I'd prefer to call it 'magic.'

We could all use more magic in our lives.

Janice and Margaret:  
An Interview On Being Clairvoyant

Margaret: Do you have any sense for why you have this peculiar position in this lifetime, why you're a clairvoyant?

Janice: Is it a peculiar position? Maybe. Maybe not. I've read of a Vedic culture that taught people about 'experiencing life' and 'feeling' instead of 'thinking' and 'interpreting'. Perhaps it was lost and now we are coming back to awareness. Is it peculiar that you are 'scientific?' Maybe to some it might be. Perhaps it's a part of my life lesson, for if you asked 'What is your greatest fear in life?' then my answer would have to be 'other people's judgment of me—not feeling worthy!' This fits through a lot of people's windows. So look at what I've manifested... a huge arena for a peculiar vocation.

Margaret: Did you ever go through a revolution with it yourself like the one you put me through? Where you suddenly realized ...

Janice: Well...my story attests to that--the resistance and the doubt and the hesitation I felt in believing that it was real. I was a skeptic just like you.

Margaret: I expect with a business like this, you had some unpleasant experiences?

Janice: Understand that I recognized that it was I that attached the unpleasantness to me... because of my fear of judgment. It's about recognizing and choosing to grow from the unpleasantness. We've all experienced disappointment. I doubt that it's much different for



anyone else—my reaction and choices have the power to attract or repel goodness or unpleasantness. Usually, the good outweighs the bad. It was a conscious decision to create the business and my intention was and still is to be supportive to others as well as to learn about myself.

Perhaps we can't expect to please everyone but by pleasing myself and honoring and respecting what I do and not lowering my head when asked, 'What do you do for a living?' I am contributing to a more peaceful future. My intention was never to change a person's beliefs, but rather to have them notice the ideas that are in the way of their becoming what they choose to be or do.

It's really more fun to focus on the joy that I've shared with so many and to learn to let the rest of it go. I've received cards, small gifts, plants, handiwork, food, and phone messages... These are the affirmations I need to keep going and to do the best that I can.

I don't choose to feel like a victim because of the profession that I've chosen.

Margaret: How does Billy feel about your profession?

Janice: I think he likes telling people what I do for a profession and waiting to see what their response is. There's an eccentric in Billy.

Margaret: There's a considerable eccentric in Billy.

Janice: Yes... He likes to be outside the norm. We don't really discuss my work a lot. I don't like to bring it home. Sometimes I'll say, 'Boy, I had an interesting insight today,' but for the most part I just leave it there.

When you feel you have to explain something or someone... it dilutes the experience.

Billy: (Upon reading the draft of this book Billy felt he was better able to speak for himself): I feel great pride in her accomplishments, I'm proud of the fact that Janice has never willfully or knowingly done or said anything hurtful to anyone, not her clients and also not me.... I cannot say the same for myself.

Otherwise, I think its grand that even though there's an 8 to 5 office job just waiting for her somewhere, she has successfully managed to stay on a path of her own creation.

Margaret: Do you enjoy doing the readings?

Janice: I am happy to contribute to the empowerment of my clients—the tears, the hugs and the many thank yous... all of it makes a difference to me and keeps me going. The referrals, the invitations to publicly speak and to attend weddings and christenings of clients and the interest that my clients take in my life give me a great deal of encouragement.

If we love doing something, people will feel it and will want to participate in the experience as well. We become magnets and attract our likenesses. Or if we hate what we do, then we will attract toward ourselves more people or reasons to hate.

I've received little of the latter. I am really blessed. I choose to meet with only a limited number of people each day, for I don't want it to feel like its either a mechanical or an assembly line process.

It's important that my clients feel that they have my full attention. In the past, I did home gatherings (like

the one where I met you), but I finally got off the visitation road. I feel more comfortable in my own surroundings.

Margaret: What percentage of your clients do you think come in already aware that this really does work, and what percentage come in like I did, thinking they're open to it, but sort of floored when it really works?

Janice: I'd say about 80% believe that it's there. A lot of them are still floored because of the accuracy, and some of them will be gracious enough to say so. Some will sit and cry and get very emotional about the experience, and some will call up the next day and say, 'I want to see you next week.' But it doesn't work like that. It seems to me that the second or the third or the fourth reading usually does not have the impact that the initial one does. Eventually it's something that they have to go off and explore themselves. I'm a temporary vehicle that invites people to understand that there's more here than what we're all perceiving.

I always try to give the readings a professional atmosphere. I make a point of dressing professionally. It blows my mind to have PhDs standing across from me hanging on my every word. Me! Who barely made it through high school! Psychiatrists started sending their patients to me. I finally asked them, 'Why not give me an office in your suite?' I guess it was too early for that, but I see it coming. I think it won't be too long now before my profession is legitimized. It may even happen in my lifetime.

There are also people who love just to sit in my waiting room. I guess it's peaceful there. They're giving themselves the idea that they can come and be themselves and work through their stuff. I suppose I've created a space that makes that easier.

Margaret: I don't know if you still do, but you used to call your business 'Somewhere in Time'?

Janice: I still do. I took it from the movie. It was a beautiful love story. He went back in time to be with her. There was a pocket watch that was symbolic in the movie, so I put that on my business card. The only thing I own of my grandfather's is a pocket watch. I figured that people might not remember my name, and my God, it has changed a couple times, but they remember the name of the business. And that has worked out so well.

Margaret: Does the name have anything to do with your business?

Janice: Not other than that I enter the realm where the past, present and future are all going on at the same time. I do believe that we travel back and forward in time.

Margaret: I've wondered when you, for example, say that a person's deceased grandmother walks with her, how does that appear to you inwardly? Do you see an image? A ghost?

Janice: I can feel a presence. The people from the mother's side of the family show up on the person's left side. Anybody that's on the father's side of the family comes in from their right. And I can feel that. Then I

start getting the names that these images were associated with, how they passed over, etc..

Sometimes I can actually feel, for example, cancer or heart attacks like a sticky sensation from the top of my head all the way down to my feet. So my emotions and bodily sensations are used to receive messages for the person who's sitting across from me. I'm just repeating what the images are telling me. If I don't get it out quickly enough, it's gone. So I seem to talk very fast when I'm doing readings.

But I'm not actually seeing them with my eyes. I have, as I mentioned, had experiences of waking up at night and seeing transparent people at the end of my bed.

That frightened me, and I think because it frightened me, they come to me in a way that is more through my emotions. I'm feeling their presence, and I can describe them. They'll tell me either what they look like or who they were, so I can relay it to the person I'm reading for. I also have to bear in mind that the future, present and past are all happening at the same time, and I can't necessarily tell the difference.

So sometimes I'll name people that they don't know, and then these people will show up later in their lives. Sometimes they'll call me back and ask, 'What do I do about this?' and I'll have to say, 'I have no idea. Enjoy it, I guess,' because I don't remember a thing I said. I'm just repeating what I'm told, and I have no context that could help me remember it.

I was afraid to see this new movie, *The Sixth Sense*, but my sister told me it was okay. It's a great movie.

You have to see it. I was afraid it was going to be spooky. I have such an aversion to spooky movies, and yet everybody thinks I'm spooky. It's pretty funny.

Margaret: I'm interested in symbols. You mentioned a long time ago very briefly that when you see lace, it feels fragile.

Janice: Fragility, yes.

Margaret: I wondered how many symbols like this do you have and how much do you rely on symbols.

Janice: I'm seeing them in my mind's eye, so I'm not looking out there and seeing them.

Margaret: Like in a dream?

Janice: Yes. I've learned not to interpret the symbols. It's like exploring a dream. Water represents peace or tranquility. It can also mean that they have desire to live by the water. I see needlework sometimes, especially associated with women. Sometimes it means that they used to do a lot of needlework, because the client will say she was a seamstress. But it can also have a symbolic meaning beyond that: that they're mending the fabric of their families back together. Sometimes I'll see someone sweeping, and that will mean they are clearing away the old to make room for new opportunities in their life. I can also hear, 'My brother is out in left field.' Being out in left field usually means that they've lost their concept about what life is really about. They are more into material things, and they've forgotten the importance of compassion, you know. I hear these sayings, and I'll spit them out and people relate to them.

Margaret: Is there any way to tell whether the symbol is to be interpreted literally or symbolically?

Janice: No, I just give it to them either way and let them make a choice, because I don't know why I'm saying the things that I am to my clients, so I just have to have the faith that they're going to be able to interpret it. Besides, all my clients are psychics too, you know? I've just maybe been playing with it longer than they have, and maybe not even that. Maybe I just chose it. And like I said, I think I chose it because I had a resistance to it.

Margaret: Would you say that your own freedom from judging helps you see more clearly?

Janice: Absolutely. The more comfortable I become in doing readings, the less I judge, the more information I get. I used to be so nervous to do readings. Sometimes I didn't even know why I was doing them, where the information was coming from--understanding that is a comfort.

Margaret: Can clients block you from seeing things about them?

Janice: There are some that have a huge resistance, yes. But in most cases, no. Some of them are not ready for what I have to say, and I've had some who go running out of the office and say, 'You scare me.' You know, they'd be mad at me if I were terrible. Sometimes you just can't win, I guess. There was one woman who said that my reading wasn't accurate. So I offered her money back. A year later she came back and said, 'I have to apologize to you.' And I said, 'What for?' She told me that I had given her money back, but that

when she had left, everything I had said had come to pass... all the names, everything. There was another woman like that today who called to say she'd thought I was crazy when I told her in April she'd be working with teenagers in their homes, and today she just got offered the job. I always used to apologize. Now I don't any more. Besides, I never profess to be 100% accurate. The thing is that I only get messages, and I have no idea what they mean or how they relate to the life of the person in front of me. I can only relay what I see, and they have to interpret it and place it in their own life. I can't interpret any of it myself, because I'm wrong when I do.

Margaret: Do you get a lot of clients who think this is nonsense?

Janice: No, not usually. Most of my clients have heard about me through their friends, and they want the experience too, so most of them will come with an open mind. A lot of people have a wall of protection around themselves that says 'No Trespassing'. We do it because we've been hurt in relationships, because we're afraid that our feelings are going to get hurt or that our hopes and expectations will be dashed.

After awhile you can usually feel them mellowing, feel their guard coming down. I've had more extreme cases of, for example, a lawyer who came in and sat there like... 'Go ahead, bitch, make my day.' And of course, I could feel that from him. It took me a few minutes to get over that feeling to find my own comfort zone and be able to go on, because I get nervous too. In order to start getting the information, I



have to keep my attention off of myself and on them. But if I can break through that, I can often pick them up off the floor and help them to the door by the end of the session. Demeanors change radically... sometimes.

Margaret: On the way here, I drove past some kind of psychic studio with an ad in neon flashing lights, and somehow I don't trust it.

Janice: I can't speak for others and how they may choose to conduct their business, but I've heard that there are places that will ask for \$5000 in cash to get rid of bad auras around you. I do believe that can be found in every walk of life. My business is all referrals. I don't have to advertise. And I only see people once a year, twice tops, so it's got to be new people all the time. Now after 10 years or better, I am seeing also the old people on a once a year basis, and that's keeping it going too. And my telephone business is starting to really blossom. I just tell them to mail me a check to reserve an appointment, and as long as the check is there on the day of the appointment, I'll read over the phone. If they don't like the reading, I mail them the check back. But I don't want a 900 number or a credit card business. I don't want an assembly line feeling—its very intimate to be in someone else's space. It requires reverence.

Margaret: I have friends who are afraid of readings. They don't want you to see their extramarital love affairs or private vindictive thoughts.

Janice: But I don't see it in the way that they think I do. I feel whether that love affair is blissful, or I can tell

whether that love affair is a mess. I can only read to the extent that I'm not judging. So I'm feeling the joy or the unhappiness of whatever they're sitting in, but I'm not seeing the scenes of their intimacy that they should be concerned about.

Margaret: Other people have said to me that they don't believe me, and I answer, 'Well, you've known me a long time and you know I don't make stuff up.' And then they say, 'Well, then I don't want to go to somebody who can read my credit card number!'

Janice: (laughing). It doesn't work that way. I don't know. I can't get 'Tippy' the dog's name. And people who have lost something, will ask me where it is in the house, and I'll reply that I have no idea. I pray for more accuracy, because there's just so much that could come through that doesn't.

But really the purpose of it is to wake people up to a possibility. The information that comes through is for that purpose and is pertinent to what they are sitting in. A battered relationship or a hateful job, unforgiving family members perhaps are more important than naming 'Tippy' the dog.

The information is a private and sensitive message that they need to hear from life beyond or perhaps, that which is happening now... it's the baby that they're afraid that they won't have or the job or the business that they want to start or the closure to the past or the encouragement for the future... it's an affirmation of some kind, perhaps a statement that we don't die.

Margaret: So you can't just answer any random piece of information. If I ask you what my childhood teddy bear's name was...

Janice: No, no... There are times when I come up with names, but only, I feel, to reassure my clients that someone still exists, or that the readings are valid. And for a lot of them, that's all they're looking for. It's not a test. I'd prefer not to feel like I'm being tested. You were open when we first met, you allowed whatever I had to say to enter. .. but did you have the need to ask your teddy bear's name? I think not.

Margaret: I remember I wanted to see you immediately again and just get into it and understand what it was all about it. I remember you saying that I should wait 6 months. Why can't you see people more frequently?

Janice: If I see people too frequently, there's a danger that they can try to make me the source of their life. It frightens me to have a person rely too much on me. I don't want that feeling that I'm helping them make all their decisions in life. I don't feel that this is what this is about. This is a wake-up call, to have people recognize that they are not alone, and that we are more empowered than we realize—to show them how to use that to motivate themselves. Billy would say that people need to get past the words in the reading. It's hopefulness for many—proof that there is light at the end of the tunnel.

Margaret: Can you read just as well for children as for adults?

Janice: There's no difference. I mean, they have full lives just like we do, and maybe what's important to them is different, but it's still important to them. I really feel that the children that are being born now are 'older' than we are in spirit years. They just seem to me more advanced. Some little kids come in talking and quoting things that I just discovered recently, you know, and they've really got it. So I love being with them. The youngest I've read for is a five-year-old. I don't read for children under 13 without a parent, because I'm afraid that they'll misinterpret something.

Margaret: Who asks for the reading, the parent or the children?

Janice: Usually the parent comes and the child is with them, and then it turns out that the child wants a reading too. So then the parent will call up and ask, 'Do you do children?' There was a psychic in Lawrence who would only do women. I don't know why. But I never felt a difference. Men, children, we're all human beings—there is no difference.

Most children I've seen in my office under the age of five or so have past life memory. Parents have come in, because the children have said something unusual to them, and they've not known how to deal with it.

I really feel that they're not so indoctrinated any more, so they retain a lot of the information.

Also teenagers interest me. Their lives are just as busy if not busier than ours. I had one in the office a few weeks ago. I said to him, 'You have big issues with your father.' And he broke into tears. He told me, 'I feel like I can't do anything. I have aspirin in my drawer for my

headaches because my father makes me so nervous. My father asked me if I was selling the aspirin as drugs.' He went on and on like this. Finally I said, 'Close your eyes and feel your father.' So he did. And I said, 'What does your father feel like?' And he said, 'Fear.' And I said, 'Right. So that's where your father is coming from. Your father is afraid.' And then he started telling me all the things that his father was afraid of. And finally this young man said, 'And I'm afraid myself to tell him I don't believe what he believes. I don't believe that God is a fearful God.' He had come to the point that his friends were concerned that he was going to commit suicide, so I kept him there until I felt that he could walk out the door feeling a little good about himself. I'd really like to work with teenagers. I just haven't found the vehicle yet. They're such worrywarts. At such a young age, they're so worried about everything. Maybe I was too, and just forgot.

Margaret: Well, I worried a lot as a teenager. It's scary to go into the transition into adulthood, to assume responsibility.

Janice: Maybe we have to redefine our ideas of responsibility. I heard someone saying that the educators are trying to put stuff in our children, and they should really be pulling stuff out of them, not jamming it down their throats.

Margaret: What do you do when you see a tragedy? A car accident or cancer?

Janice: It's funny... I sometimes see tragedies for the people who are around my clients. But I've rarely seen one for my clients. The only exception I can think of

off hand was a woman client whose son was an amputee. She asked me if he was going to the hospital. And what came out of my mouth was, 'No, he has another path to follow.' He died. But it was put to her in such a way that she didn't know what I meant by it, and for that matter, neither did I. I saw her months later and I held her hand as she was telling me about her son dying. Then I said to her, 'Do you have a heart problem?' She responded, 'Yes. I just discovered it recently, and I'm seeing the doctor Monday.' Well, they took her out in an ambulance that afternoon. She didn't live but a couple months more. But so far I haven't seen death for my clients. Perhaps because I'm dealing with their emotions and spirit, I never feel death... after all, it's only the physical shell that shuts down... in my belief system anyway.

Margaret: You mentioned that you saw that my marriage wouldn't work, but you didn't say so to me directly.

Janice: No, I only skimmed it. But when you said that everything was all right, I let it be. Again I don't want to put something there that isn't there already. You don't want to plant a seed that can develop into something that's uncomfortable. There are all kinds of safety nets there that I'm only partially aware of. I did the same thing for the doctor who sends me a lot of his clients. I could feel his relationship wasn't going to last. I could remember specifically asking, 'What's wrong with your relationship?' and he said, 'Nothing.'

Six months later, he and his wife separated over control issues. I knew that was going to happen. But I

wasn't going to say, 'No, I insist that it's going to go down the drain.' I didn't feel that was my right. He should be given the space to change the course of events. So I have to do the reading from a space that allows for change. This is about encouragement, not discouragement. And it's also about choice.

Margaret: Well, isn't that seeing bad news for your clients?

Janice: A lot of what seems like very bad news to people isn't bad news at all. They just need time to learn to look at it from the right perspective. When they feel that this is the worst thing they've ever experienced, I'll say, 'Oh, this is delightful, because you weren't happy in that anyway. And now you have a huge space to put something there that you love.' And because of the accuracy of the reading, they believe. We tend to look on the negative side instead of the sunny side and we can, of course, be our own worst enemies. The relationship was possibly limiting, perhaps controlling... and now you or others have created the space of taking back the control that was previously surrendered. It's about sharing life, not surrendering it.

Margaret: You also lecture sometimes?

Janice: Yes, the Rotary and charities and so forth. I never dreamed that I'd talk so much. I was always such a quiet person. For some reason I almost never refuse. Once they asked me to do a radio show to promote some restaurant... that one, I refused. I find another energy takes over when I'm lecturing. It says to me, 'you, go sit over there. I'll pick you up on the way out.'

Billy tells me that I march around like a general with a six-shooter on my hip. 'Bang, bang bang!' We all have multiple personalities, lots of different identities. So I say to myself, 'Oh, they want me to be like that... Okay. No problem.' We all have different identities... mothers, peacekeepers, cooks, chauffeurs, laundresses... some feel good, others don't.

Usually, I feel that there is one person in that audience that needs to hear something and I'm grateful to be the messenger. They usually book an appointment and that helps my business also. So I can feel the fear and book the speaking invitation anyway!

### Avatar®

Margaret: I know that the Avatar® course was really important to you. Can you summarize what the most important things you learned from it were?

Janice: Yes. Relax and let life flow! It taught me to be comfortable with myself, that I was okay. And it taught me to recognize that my beliefs determine my reality. It can be frightening to take responsibility for your own 'stuff... but when you do, you can then change what you don't like.

It really had me take notice of what my resistances were in life, because whatever I resisted, I attracted to me. I had a resistance to divorce. I've had two of them in my life. And I had a resistance to criticism and authority figures. Look what I create for a business! And when I allowed myself to explore where these resistances were coming from, I found it was usually



coming from somewhere in my past. It seems like they are experiences that I've not wanted to feel, because they involved people. And when things involve people, we superimpose a lot of judgments on them. We're experiencing the judgment and not the being anymore. It's the judgment that creates the reaction within us... sometimes good, and sometimes not so good.

I've had clients who were abandoned by their fathers, and as a result, all of their relationships have abandonment issues. With the help of the Course, I can say to them, 'Forgive your father, and you break the chain.' And when they do, they create a whole different mood in their lives-one that is trusting.

We get indoctrinated by things that people in our past have said to us. For example, as concerns relationships say with men, your mother may have said to you, 'Just when you need them most, or just when things get good, they'll leave you.' A child takes that on and then starts running with it through their life.

We're foretelling our own prophecy, and that's scary in a way. It's scary for me to tell people that that's what's going on: You're creating this with your attitude. Your emotions are attracting and repelling situations. That's perhaps the most important thing I learned in this Course, but there was also much more. Avatar® has also helped me substantially in my work as a medium. Before the Course, I didn't know where the information was coming from. I used to think, 'If it's a guide, I hope he or she never goes out to lunch.'

The Course helped me realize that I'm just a reflection of my clients, and whatever they're sitting in

just gets reflected back to them through me—their feelings, their emotions, their desires. That really took the weight of the world off me. After that everything started accelerating. I felt more and more comfortable with the work, and as I felt more comfortable, I got more business. I had been preventing a lot of opportunities due to my fear. I still have issues with money, to be sure. In fact, I sense that a lot of us are here to explore the energy called 'money'. What does having money imply? For me, it's freedom. I want to feel more free—the more I feel free, more money comes into my life.

The Course is all experiential. There was very little reading. For example, you do exercises with judgments and labels, so that you recognize how tiring that can get, and how much effort there is to it, and how you're really not experiencing the person that you're applying the label to at all. You're experiencing the label. If I experience something, I really know it and can live from it. But if I've just read it in a book or label it, I may have some theoretical understanding of it, but I won't be able to manifest it in my life.

Margaret: You've on occasion mentioned to me that you're an Avatar® Master.

Janice: Yes, that's just a person that's licensed to deliver the Course.

Margaret: And you've mentioned that often you'd rather do that than do readings.

Janice: Well, you know, it has been a wonderful balance. When I deliver the Course, I'm spending nine days with someone and seeing them wake up to what

they've done in their life. I offer them the tools to change it. I watch them change their reality before my eyes. It's just so exciting to behold. I've seen so many people go through this metamorphosis. The wrinkles come off their face. The heaviness comes off. They're doing a lovely dance with life that they weren't doing before. Some readings have had that same effect as well... just in less time. A half hour visit feels very different from a nine-day seminar.

The husband of one of the last students I had was trying to commit suicide. She kept on saying to me, 'If I hadn't taken the Course, I'd have fallen apart. But now I have the tools to manage this.' So whether she took it for that specific reason, I don't know. What allows changes like this to occur is a shift in your belief system. Once you have done that, you can manifest your dreams. It feels like magic, and it is magic. But it takes place here on earth. We don't have to die in order to feel empowered, enlightened and peaceful. My student would appreciate the experience but not feel guilt and therefore could manage her life more easily. And you know, whether I ever taught anybody the Course, it doesn't matter, because I myself have changed so much. It was just such a huge wake-up call for me. I'm not saying that Avatar® is for everybody. There are many other vehicles out there. But this was the right vehicle for me.

I would recommend the journey for anyone who wants to know themselves better and to manage life with less effort.

## The Readings

Margaret: Can you offer some examples of the readings themselves?

Janice: Oh, I've had all kinds of clients: nuns, musicians, university faculty, psychiatrists, psychiatric referrals, children, people from all walks of life. I don't really want this book to be a collection of my readings, though. That's not the point. And I feel I should protect my clients' privacy.

Margaret: But perhaps some examples would give us a better sense for what the purpose of this is?

Janice: Yes, I guess... Let's see... Often I think the readings are used to put people's minds to rest. On one occasion, I asked a woman, 'Why is there a hole in your child's head?' She said her child was born with a hole in its brain, and I said, 'Well, whatever is wrong is going to close itself up in just a small amount of time.' Later one of the family members called me and told me that the hole in the baby's brain had closed right up.

Recently a whole family came in, 4 girls and a mother, and they asked to sit together. I just sat them in the waiting room and locked the door. I started with the mother, and right away I said, 'You lost a child.' And she said, 'Yes.' And I said, 'Well, it was a boy child, and he says he left you a teddy bear.' She just fell apart at that point and all the girls did too... I didn't know why I said that. It turned out that she went to his grave at some point, and there was a package there. She wasn't sure whether to bring the package home or not, but finally she decided to do that. When she opened it, there was a teddy bear in the box. Now I believe that

her son might have encouraged a friend, perhaps given them the thought of leaving the bear at the grave. I felt it was his way of offering his mother some kind of reassurance. It was a love offering to his mother for the grieving that she was experiencing. To one of his sisters, he said something about her wearing his baseball cap. I said, there's an awful lot of laughter around this stupid baseball cap, and she said, 'I was forever giving him hell, because he never washed the damn thing. We were always arguing about it, and

I was forever threatening to throw it away.' Then she said, 'Now I wear it.' So, you know, if you can bring them enough specific information, they walk out with a sense of peace, with a sense that they haven't lost their loved ones. A dead person remains near those that person has loved during his or her lifetime. I've had very many experiences of parents that have passed over and who have apologized to their children, saying they weren't the encouraging parent they had wanted to be.

When I say that, people fall right apart. It sets them free. It's a closure especially for those who have been abused. It's a closure even from beyond the grave. Because I provide enough information to validate that I have really experienced this person, they can then often put that behind them.

There's always a part of me that says, 'Oh, you're not going to say that to them, are you?' And then another part says, 'Yes, we have to.' And then the other part says, 'Okay, go right ahead. Make an jerk out of yourself.' So there are these different identities in me that argue: 'Uh oh. Are you really going to go there?'

And the other part says, 'Yup... Gotta go there.' I don't know why I'm saying the things that I am, but once I say it, it's usually right, and they can relate to it. So you just sit back, fasten your seat belts, and enjoy the ride, and whatever comes out has meaning. I've found myself cursing like a sailor, and then I've had clients say 'they used to say that all the time.'

Margaret: Yes, a lot of the transition for me involved just acknowledging that there was something to these random thoughts that flit through my brain, these little coincidences... that the significance I felt wasn't just made up out of nowhere. Can you give any other examples?

Janice: There was a person who came in with cancer. It was her second or third bout with cancer. She was only a young girl. And it was so important for her to hear that her deceased mother walks with her deceased sister. And she said, 'I thought they left me.' I could say, 'They never leave.' You could just feel her whole demeanor change. So whether she chooses to end the cancer, or whether she chooses to ride it out on this reality knowing that those women are with her, it was something that she needed to know. She left my office so much more at ease.

I had a man come in the other night, and I said, 'Your father's responsible for people right up to his neck, and he can't stand it any more.' I of course didn't know why I was saying this to him. But after the reading, I learned that his father was the Mayor of a nearby city. Readings like that are more to validate that clairvoyance exists. He was concerned about his dad's

health. I believe that those on the other side are concerned also.

There was one woman who came once who had heard wonderful things about me. Sometimes I wish people wouldn't say how wonderful I am, because after I'd finished the reading, she said, 'I thought you were going to talk like my grandfather.' Well, I'd given her grandfather's name and told her all about the man, but I couldn't imitate his voice, so she was disappointed. I confess I thought to myself, 'Well, what do you want for \$15?' though I didn't say it to her. Still that's a pretty common theme. You didn't do or say one particular thing, so all of a sudden you aren't that wonderful. The focus should not be on how grand or terrible I am but rather, the reading is about my clients... many clients are not aware of this fact.

I had a man the other day sobbing. His girlfriend had left him, taken his money, and he'd severed his ties with his children in order to please her. It reminded me of the movie 'The Egyptian'... in which a man gives his woman everything he has and then she turns on him. He'd tried counseling and yoga. I asked him, 'Did you try anger? You won't shoot this person. so it's okay to be angry. I mean, that's what normal people feel when they get screwed over like that.'

People don't give themselves permission to feel. Often there's no sense asking why something happens. You just have to move on. He felt that if he allowed himself to feel angry, it would mean he was a bad person, and that no one would like him. Anger is a

feeling just like love is a feeling—just jump right in and feel it.

Several of my clients have had multiple personalities. One woman came in and said she had 20, and that she was very fearful that one of them was going to come out, and that she then wouldn't remember what the reading was all about. So I reminded her that she had one spirit, and all these personalities were aspects of that one spirit that I was addressing, and we worked through that fine. Another one came in recently.

She had made the appointment as Anne, but when she came in, I said, "Who's Miriam?" And she said, 'I'm Miriam.' And so I said, 'Well then who is Anne?' And she said. 'Oh. That's my other personality. She made the call. She's very bubbly, and she's the happiest person, so I like being Anne.' I told her that it felt to me like both Anne and Miriam were pretty unhappy.

I asked her how she felt, and she said she agreed. So I suggested she integrate them to become that one spirit that I could feel, and she said she would. But what people do with their lives after they leave my office is up to them, of course.

I'm not here to fix them; they're not broken. It's a life lesson that they have chosen. I've seen a number of people, doctors included, from the counseling profession. Their lives were as confusing, if not more so, than the clients that they were supposed to serve. My head says, 'If you're a role model, then you should be getting your stuff under control before helping another'... but this is a judgment and it's not necessarily true. I've met doctors who hate what they are doing-



they felt forced into the profession by their parents. And I think, 'God, don't let me see one of them in an emergency room!'

Sometimes the readings clear my own doubts. Once I saw a rabbit on top of a woman's bed, and I was so scared to tell her what I was seeing, because I thought, 'Surely there's some mistake.' Finally I gave in and asked, 'Why is there a rabbit over your bed?' And she said, 'Oh, that's Fluffy. He was a pet rabbit of mine. I had him stuffed, and now I keep him on my bed.'

### On Learning Clairvoyance

Margaret: You'd say that everyone is clairvoyant on some level, right?

Janice: Yes. There are just some who practice it more than others, some have played with it more than others, some are more interested in it than others, but all are not supposed to walk the same paths. And to people who want to practice it or develop it, what would you suggest?

Janice: To feel life instead of thinking it. People find that very difficult. When I'm thinking, my mind is moving a million miles an hour and I'm rationalizing and interpreting everything. When I'm feeling something, my situation or whatever, I'm experiencing it directly, so I know how things are.

It's the difference between reading about what an apple tastes like and biting into the apple. Most of us are rationalizing and interpreting everything. We're going through life and recognizing that 'this is a glass.'

Well, that's just because somebody labeled it that way. Everything is labeled here. But the essence of reading is feeling what's happening, what's really going on. I can't tell you how it is to touch someone's heart.

And I think a lot of times we are not really aware of how these messages come to us. They do come to us on books that stand out in the bookstore or on signs we pass on the highway or a sentence we hear in passing. So many people will say, 'That's your imagination. That has no significance.' But my God, the truth is that we're receiving messages all the time, and we just ignore them.

And on another level, it's just practice like anything else. The more I do it, the more accuracy I experience. Like playing the piano, for example, some people are more into it than others, but no matter who you are, the more you practice, the better you get at it. I didn't hear the names of people at the beginning of my readings. Now I begin to get much more precision.

I can remember your coming here. At one point I said, 'You don't need to come here any more. You have it all inside of you. I don't feel I can do any more for you.' And I felt honest about that. Do you remember that?

Margaret: I sure do!

Janice: I think a lot of the children coming into the world now have heightened abilities. I went to visit a friend of mine, a client. She had lost two children. She also had one new baby and a toddler who was healthy as a horse, but they're labeling him CF, cystic fibrosis. There hasn't been a cure for that yet. It weakens the

immune system, and they're terrified that he'll catch a cold and expire. Anyway, she said to me, 'He's 2 1/2 years old, and he starts telling me that the new baby was his wife in another lifetime, and that my husband and I were with him also. He didn't say what our relationship was, but he said that we worked on a fire truck.' So I guess he remembers at least the last lifetime.

### Books, Children, Miscellany

Margaret: Do you like to read? I mean books?

Janice: Yes. I do a lot of reading. Mostly the Dan Millmans and the Seth materials and all of the metaphysical stuff. They're all saying the same thing, but I still enjoy reading it and marveling at how people word things in such beautiful and varying ways. And I love reading the works of people who lived long ago. They had such a profound way of looking at life. And now we're remembering. I can recall years ago, I would have to go to Salem, MA to get any metaphysical books, and now Barnes and Noble has it all. It has been so delightful to witness that change. We've experienced so much change in such a small amount of time. Now I'm seeing Catholic nuns, and I'm being invited by Catholic charities to speak. If you had said to me years ago, 'A Catholic nun is going to come and see you for a reading,' I would have said you were out of your mind. I'm delighted. People are people. A nun's fears and desires are no different than anyone else's. It's what excites me and incites me to continue.

It's the mystery of what might happen next.

Right now, I'm reading *The Value In The Valley* by Iyanla Vanzant. She's wonderful. Everything I want to say to the world, she's already said. I'm not finished with this one yet. It's a book specifically for black women. I didn't think there was any difference between a black woman's problem and a white woman's problem. As far as I can tell, they're working through the same shit we are. She says in her book here something like, 'Now I live in this \$250,000 house. I'm silting in my Jacuzzi, and my \$1000 dog comes in and shits on the floor. That's what life is all about, picking up the poop, whether you're in the ghetto or the somewhere else. As long as you're smiling, picking up life's poop isn't so bad.'

Margaret: What are you most afraid of?

Janice: Not being able to see and experience certain goals. But my fears come from the physical idea of me... the emotional and spiritual sides of me are better known, and I know that I will experience what I am meant to experience.

Margaret: Do you have a sense for what the next step for you is?

Janice: Whatever it is, it will make itself known. I'm learning to stay in the moment. I believe that if I'm happy in this moment I'm paving the way for my being joyful tomorrow. We come into each other's lives whether it's for the purpose of getting a book written or just friendship. Does it matter? We've touched and made a connection in each other's lives... Isn't that wonderful? It's continuing my process and it unfolds

nicely each day... I trust that it will continue to unfold for a very long time.

Margaret: How did you get into painting?

Janice: I met a retired art teacher through my business, and she said she could teach anybody to paint. And I said, 'Well, my father said that I didn't possess an artist's qualities and that I drew stick people.' I told her that my dad was an architectural draftsman, so here again was the authority, and I figured he must know whether I have talent or not. So I believed him.

And she insisted, 'Well, I can teach you to paint.' So I started taking lessons. Once a week I'd go to her house. She was a delightful woman. I went there for about 2 years. And then I decided I was 100 dependent on her, so I started doing it on my own. I give a lot away. I enjoy doing that. And I throw a lot away that I don't like! But that's okay too. Maybe in another lifetime, I'll be another John Singer Sargent! I don't know. It's a form of meditation for me—we each choose something, like gardening or cooking and I'll bet Billy wishes that cooking was my form of meditation!

Margaret: What does your son do?

Janice: He's a network engineer.

Margaret: He's a computer person?

Janice: Yes, he's a real brain. He's a diagnostician for the computer network. He's way out there in that world, and I'm way over here. I have no idea what he's doing... but he probably feels the same about me. When he was young, he didn't want his friends to know about my profession. It's OK now, though.

Margaret: I think part of the reason I got to know you has to do with my son, who is labeled 'autistic'. He too has a learning disability, they say.

Janice: He's so happy. He's a very happy kid. I can feel him through you. He's thinking, 'I don't know what the hell their problem is. I'm okay.'

Margaret: Yes. He is that way.

Janice: He has something luckily I didn't have. Because I began to question myself when everybody was saying something was wrong with me. I got frightened. He's not that way. He's very content. I trust he stays there.

Margaret: But I'm not sure he's aware that people are labeling him.

Janice: Good. He chose you as his mom. He chose what he's sitting in as part of his journey. Could we say what a peculiar situation? Is it good or bad? It's neither. It's just as it is. He'll probably be an artist.

### The Purpose and the Dance

Margaret: So what's in it for you? Why do you do this?

Janice: I guess I feel I've built this business, this occupation, in order to heal my own spirit. That's an enlightening realization. In the process, I apparently have contributed to others too. I've been like a wake up call. People that I am attracting into my life are people who are offering their life as a vehicle so that I can be supportive of them, and in the same process, they're supportive of me.

They're helping me stretch and grow. I feel, 'Practice what you preach.' I'm out there preaching to everybody, but I always ask myself, 'What did I learn from this lesson?' I've been spending more and more time going back into my past, all of the unsettling things I explored back there, and asking myself what

I learned from it. I can feel better when I have some sense of what the purpose or lesson might have been about.

And when somebody calls and says, 'You said that at the perfect time. I just needed to hear that,' or 'I thought you were a crazy woman, but now I just have to thank you,' or 'You changed my life radically, and I want you to know that I'm so much happier now.' That's it! What more is there? I'm walking with the angels at that point.

Margaret: Do you believe in past lives?

Janice: Yes, I've experienced past life dreams which were so real, and yet the places I was in, I didn't know about in this lifetime. Billy is a history buff and often knows about things. In one dream, for example, I was on a merry-go-round just for women. It was propelled by water. I could hear the thumping of the water, as all of us were going around. The men were outside in bleachers watching the women going around on this merry-go-round. I remember laughing to the woman next to me and saying, 'Why are they looking at us so intently? With all this bustle in our dresses, they can't see our rear ends anyway!' We were laughing and having a hell of a time.

When I woke up, I told Billy of my dream, and he said, 'They used to have rides like that in Tivoli Gardens! I've seen it in National Geographic magazine.' I found myself going on trains from one Alp to another Alp, and I'd ask, 'Can you get from the French Alps to the Italian Alps on one train, because that's where I was last night?' It's just so real that I know that it happened. It's a reality somewhere.

Margaret: So what's the meaning of life? Why do you think you are here in a body?

Janice: Life just is. It's an experience. It's about feeling something or avoiding feeling something. It is my belief that on some level of consciousness, my spirit chose this space in time to explore what has occurred thus far: the people, the profession and all of the life experiences... everything flows very well when I allow things to enter and leave at will. But when I resist experience, I feel out of control. Have you felt the difference?

You have to dance with life. Maybe you don't know how to rumba or fox-trot, but that's okay. I read once somewhere that we are not human beings having a spiritual experience, but spiritual beings having a human experience, and that is very true for me.

Life is also creating a ripple effect in mass consciousness. Some people feel like it has to be a big contribution. They'll say, 'I want to be spiritual like you.'

Well, what is spiritual, I wanna know? Or rather what could possibly be unspiritual? I really perceive that it's about laughter. It's about being joyful. It's



about dancing and feeling really high on life and being compassionate to others. I overheard Billy say to someone that his marriage was wonderful and that we offered each other the space in which to change. He said, 'She doesn't try to fix me' That is beautiful.

I think it has everything to do with just experiencing experiences. And I think we have to go through hundreds of lifetimes before we can get to that place where we are experiencing all that is. So it's to have a short lifetime. It's to have a long lifetime. It's to be prosperous. It's not to be prosperous. I do feel that we're multidimensional. I feel we have other lifetimes at the same time as we're sitting in what we're sitting in now. Because I do have experiences of hearing other conversations going on as I'm either talking to somebody, or just before I fall to sleep. This concept might not be comfortable for everyone, but its right for me.

I was invited to Franklin Pierce College to talk about Avatar®, and I made this statement, 'Your beliefs determine your reality.' The professor jumped right up, and he said, 'Mrs. Tarver, are you telling me that I was responsible for being held at knife point one evening, that I manifested that myself?' And I just said, 'Yes.' I could see him getting very red. And he didn't choose to say anything to me as I walked out the door other than, 'Thank you.' But one of the students called me the next day, and said, 'I'm curious about what you felt from my professor.' And I said, 'Well, I think your professor has the belief that the world is a dangerous place.' And he said, 'You're right. He's forever telling us that, because

he has a part time job in a prison, and he works with convicts. Some months later, he was attacked and hit over the head and he is unable to teach now-Do I think that I was there to deliver a message to him? .. Yes, indeed.

Margaret: There's also something like ethnic karma.· I was married to a Jew for 10 years. My father was in W.W.II. On the one hand, I acknowledge as you say that we are fully responsible for how we go through what we go through. On the other hand, I can't possibly swallow that in 1941, all Jews simultaneously got incredibly unenlightened and decided to suffer in concentration camps, and that in 1945, the few who remained all simultaneously got re-enlightened and decided to live more normal lives again. That's not how it is either.

And so I wonder how that all hangs together? When Jews get the hair up on their back over responsibility for a tragedy, they're always, of course, thinking, 'Yeah, right... You're going to tell me that the holocaust was all my fault. Not your responsibility, not the Nazi's responsibility... my responsibility for being open to being victimized. Talk about adding unspeakable insult to unspeakable injury.' There's a similar issue in the American black community. If you say that circumstance is totally determined by your mind set, then you would have to conclude that the victims of the holocaust or the American slaves were inherently worse in some respect than the other ethnic groups who didn't get victimized. I'll never buy that.

Janice: No... of course not. But just because you choose to experience something uncomfortable, it doesn't mean you're inferior... to the contrary.

World War II was a huge mass consciousness lesson to all of us, as to what one insane man's belief can in fact change or bring to pass... I believe that we are reincarnating, and that if we are aware of that, we aren't that worried about losing our lives and coming back again.

Look at Princess Diana and JFK, Jr.. That too was a mass experience. Anything like that where lots of people are aware of it... Their money didn't save them and their body guards didn't save them. Did she offer her life to give people an awakening to really learn to appreciate their life with or without money? With or without fame? What do you feel?

Margaret: Is that how you would understand the holocaust?

Janice: Yes, I think it was a conscious plan, a decision they made to participate in before they even came here. At the point when they were without a body, they could see that the spirit lives forever and it was only the body that was being destroyed. When we came into a body, we don't recognize all that any more. You don't have memory of everything.

My God, if we had memory of everything we ever did or said or experienced, it would drive us nuts. It seems to answer questions as to why children die, why the good die young' is a saying we hear a lot. What I'm learning is perhaps not to envy another, but maybe to

appreciate life more... for there are so many gifts, if we are willing to explore.

If you have to experience all that is, you're not going to come back as a healthy, happy camper all the time. You're going to choose situations to help you to grow, to help those around you to grow, to help them learn what that's all about. So I feel it's really like a game we're all playing: 'You go down there and be the jerk this time and I'll be the good guy. And we'll play that out. And the next time we'll switch the roles, and I'll be the jerk and you be the good guy.' I feel that's what's happening. It doesn't make sense for us to be enlightened all the time, but on some level, we're always enlightened,

And it makes sense to me that we're choosing people in our life that maybe are ugly or saying nasty things to us, If we have happy, joyful people in our presence all the time, we're not going to learn anything. So I pay close attention to the people that are not what I prefer to be with, because there's a life lesson in them. I grew up with that myself, And now I ask myself, 'Well, what was the purpose of that?' I learned not to do that to people. It's a matter of re-languaging, so instead of saying, 'This is a problem,' you say 'This is a challenge that I've manifested.' You even try to choose your words more carefully. You're always giving yourself suggestions, so you don't want to go around saying, 'I'm sick and tired,' or 'I've had enough of this.' Say instead, 'I'm choosing to feel tired today. I'm choosing to teach myself that I have to go back and relax more.' I read once that people are like works of art, some look like a

Picasso and some look like a Rembrandt. You might prefer one over the other, but all are of value.

Perhaps the most outrageous person out there—the one that upsets everybody—is the most enlightened, because he or she is making me stretch. People like that are making me surrender judgment, that is, if I don't want to hurt myself. That's what we're doing when we judge things. We're feeling the response. So by surrendering the judgment, we're free and we can be whatever we want to be. We need to learn to allow them to be whatever they choose to be and to appreciate the magnificent works of art that they are.

Margaret: Nor is it about changing ourselves.

Janice: Right. It's also not about changing me in order to please everybody else. When you start living your life to please others, you then expect them to live their lives in order to please you. This is how we get confused and hurt and lost. And that's something that I really had to get straight for myself. A lot of us spent lifetimes trying to do that. I have so many clients who are like that in relationships. Their posture toward their boyfriend is, 'You tell me what you want. I'll be that and you'll be happy and I'll be okay.' And then when the relationship breaks up, they're upset, and I say, 'Well, you played a role that really wasn't you. You put on a costume that wasn't your costume.'

And so now just be yourself, and let them love you for who you are.' We're always trying to reassure ourselves that we're okay. So I'll fix everybody or I'll help everybody, as if that means that I'm a good person. But that's not the point. Every one of us is a

wonderful person. We don't have to prove it to anybody, but we're trying to validate ourselves.

Margaret: Do you have any sense for where the planet as a whole is heading?

Janice: Well, I don't feel it's going to destroy itself, like a lot of people seem to think. It's all about 'Know thyself. We're not finished using this planet as a place in which to awaken. We're also evolving to a point that we don't have to create disaster in order to wake up.

We used to believe that we had to go through a disaster in order to evolve and change our ways. We're just creating different vehicles in order to wake ourselves up. People create me in their lives for that purpose. Waking up means recognizing that we are doing these things to ourselves. Nobody's doing it to us. On a mass consciousness level, this is occurring... I'm just one contributor; we're all contributing when we are at peace.

And all these books are coming out now... the mass consciousness is creating this.

Jane Roberts talks of sleepers. I once read in Deepak Chopra, that we are the wish, the wisher and the fulfillment of the wish... we're playing all of the roles... how delightful.

Margaret: What do you think is the purpose of doing a reading?

Janice: Its meaningfulness. Whatever I say, they seem to need to hear. People do such a disservice to themselves by carrying around stuff that is hurtful to them. And I can feel the lightness when they walk out of the office. They say that they feel like the weight has

been taken off of them in just 15 minutes. And it makes me feel lighter to know that I've helped them.

A PhD in psychiatry once said, 'Mr. X has spent thousands of dollars on therapy and then he sees you for a half hour and now he's OK. I'm not sure what you said or did, but please don't stop.' I shifted a viewpoint. That's all—we tend to make things too difficult. It's comments like this that really encourage me. We all should feel encouraged. We need to encourage ourselves and become our own best friends.

I see so many people that are unhappy in their careers. They have hobbies—things they love to do. And I tell them, 'Then do that, if that's what you love.' It's trusting that the money will come. That's the barrier. I've come to recognize that when people hear from my mouth what it is they want to manifest, they get rid of their second thoughts, and they step right into that knowing space where they can pull it off.

And I want people to understand that they can do this themselves. I want them to see what the possibilities are also for them. I'm learning right along with them.

This is a natural domain for me. But it took me so many years to be happy with myself. It was a matter of finding the space in myself, a place of appreciation, where there's no desire and no resistance... just a nice dance with life. There's a happy medium in all of us, a balance. I'm here to help people find that happy medium in themselves.

So really when I say 'medium' in the title of the book, I don't really mean 'psychic'. It's finding that

peace in yourself that appreciation, that state of no desire and no resistance. I always thought it would be a catchy title for a book, huh?

Margaret: Definitely.



## Six Most Frequently Asked Questions

**Where and when did you know that you possessed this ability?**

In childhood. It went away on request, but returned in my late 20s.

**When you're out with your friends do you use your abilities?**

No. I'm not in their presence like I am with my clients. For if they were like my clients, I would feel that it would be an invasion of their privacy. The difference is that my clients are giving me permission because of the dollar exchange. Besides, I choose to have fun and enjoy shared space.

**Can and do you read for your family?**

I prefer not to. I'm emotionally attached to my family, so judgment enters into that space. What affects them, affects me. I believe that we all have the right answers to our questions, if we'd just look within. On occasion, my son will call and say, 'I don't want to talk with my mom, I want to talk to the psychic.'

I smile, because there is no difference. It's a part of me, I usually can't part from it. Some of what I've told him has been validated by another psychic. But I get, 'Oh, you're my mom. You love me, so you'd say that anyway.'

I know my family well. The effect is different. The impact is not as great with someone I know well. Luckily, I'm not called upon very often. It's not that I don't care or that I'm not willing, but I'd prefer that they look within or seek some other unbiased vehicle.

**Can you do this all day? Or do you become mentally drained?**

I could choose not to. I will see a block of people in the morning and if the number isn't great, I'll see another block in the evening. I desire to continue to feel the joy and harmony of the extreme intimacy with a client. Time stands still, and as Margaret pointed out, it feels like its happening on many levels of consciousness.

I chose this with a clear intent to be a contributor to my clients 'and students' growth. One client I went to lunch with recently made the comment that 'if you were to do two extra readings a day you would still not be able to buy a house on the French Riviera.' He's right, so why should I overload my schedule, deprive myself of my free time and lose the joy of really appreciating my clients?

**What are you most proud of? Is it your business?**

No. My greatest pride has been raising my son and seeing what a wonderful person he has become. My marriage is next, then my business.

**Do you go to a psychic for your needs?**

I create my reality.

## Letters from Clients

September 4, 1999

I went to see Janice Tarver this morning. I had previously made an appointment for September 7th at 6:30 p.m., because I wanted to see what 'Great' things she had to say about my new love of my life. But six days before that, it had begun to sour and my emotions were on an unstoppable roller coaster ride. I felt I needed direction and guidance. I called Janice and pleaded for an early appointment. So it was now September 4th at 9:30 a.m., two weeks from the day I met my new relationship. I sat in the chair in front of Janice and felt a rush of emotion as she began to sift through my energies. She discussed a few things with me first... that the situations going on with me in life were not punishment, but rather a learning experience. To see them as such would allow me peace and growth for the future.

I was glad to have her say that, because I had asked the gods to bring lessons to me yet to be learned, so that they could bring my soul-mate and lifetime partner to me. I had felt that this singleness was no longer becoming of me and that it was indeed time for a partner... which I had met (but was in turbulence over).

Janice assured me that the relationship I was in was not over, even though I had been acting it out that way. She told me that my partner had commitment

issues that were based on a lack of trust due to previous family and partner relationships (I could understand that). She had also said exactly what I feel, which was that the connection we fell together made him realize that happiness with someone was very close. But instead of embracing as I wanted to, he ran.

I was sitting across from Janice crying because all of my hurt is out there for her to see. But I still felt this overwhelming calm, listening to her go on. She told me that I deserve the best, something I believe that everyone knows, but usually needs reminding of. She said to me that this partner has potential to be 'the best', but only he can go inside his feelings to realize that I am where he wants to be. She also assured me that even though there is a distance, he cares deeply for me. (I can feel that this is true.)

Janice said that they want her to tell me ('they' meaning my or her spirit guides, I guess) that I am OK. This is a lesson of life. I need to feel good about myself, be good to myself and remember that if this man cannot find his way out of his self-made, emotional prison, then there is love around the corner... because I deserve the best.

I left Somewhere In Time with a renewed sense of hope in this newly created relationship and its possibility for growth. I also felt reassurance in my own self... my worth, my image and that felt good. For days, I had made myself sick with worry and I gained an inner peace with the help of Janice's intuitive counsel.

Ms. SO New Hampshire

PS. Thank you for the insight... he has since contacted me and explained his reasons for the distance, and also expressed his desire to put that in the past and move forward into the future as a partner of mine and for us to grow into whatever we create.

September 20, 1999

My journey with Janice began in 1991. It was during that time that my husband and I were going through the effects of the recession. It was a horrific time for us. There was the monetary loss, the death of my mother, and hospitalization for clinical depression. I was in great emotional pain. In short, I was in very bad shape.

Janice's role in my life was that of a guide and eventually a dear friend. I grew to realize that I was the one who had the power to remove the rubble in my life in order to see and achieve my full potential. Her psychic abilities empowered me to explore and seek my inner self. I gradually realized that adversity is an opportunity for growth and joy is the celebration of my spirit. Janice helped me not to give up in the bleakest time of my life. Her readings gave me the comfort and the direction to stay here and discover my purpose on this earth.

I believe that we are all here for a reason. Psychics and psychologists are intertwined. Each of these entities tries to help you understand your inner self and to change the negative garble that prevents you from reaching your best. There are some psychics out there who are sincere in aspiring to help us get it together. I

am fortunate (or is it the course of my journey?) to know this delightful and courageous spirit. It is not an easy gift that she has been given. I stand in absolute awe and admiration as she too travels her unknown road here with us.

Ms. SB

South Carolina

September 22, 1999

I had a reading from Janice in February of this year. I was skeptical and curious about meeting her; but went with a friend for fun. Janice mentioned during her reading that my brother 'on the other side' was throwing a life preserver to my older brother (•she named both brothers!) who was drowning.

I dismissed this observation, but it kept entering my mind and nagging at me. Many years of drug and alcohol abuse had driven my brother and me apart. I started thinking more about him that following spring and summer after meeting with Janice. I decided to see how my brother was living and was very distressed with what I had learned. I immediately began arranging an intervention and have recently gotten him into a Drug and Alcohol Rehabilitation Center. I am so grateful to have been given the opportunity to save him for our entire family.

Ms. ES Massachusetts

September 30, 1999

I was very comfortable with Janice. She touched on events in my life that were very real to me. Her insight was so accurate that it was as if I were giving the reading myself. It has set me off into a new direction. A real eye opener.

Ms. D New Hampshire

October 4, 1999

Dear Janice;

My experience was very illuminating. This was my second reading and I found it to coincide exactly with the events happening in my life. Janice has a calming personality and works in a peaceful atmosphere. She reminds you that you are in control and we, as individuals... choose our own destiny. I encourage everyone to open their minds for they will discover an astonishing experience.

Ms. HL New Hampshire

October 1999

I've had several readings with Janice. All have been enlightening... and most came into fruition. My mom's brother, my uncle Mike, became very ill and had major surgery 3 months after Janice had read it in a reading.

My son was on medication and had been diagnosed by a top doctor at the Children's Hospital in Boston. I had a belief that he was going to be on this medication

for life. Janice suggested not. And one year later, he is no longer taking those medications.

Every reading encouraged me to open my mind to changes and to trust myself, instead of sweeping problems under the carpet. I was in denial and had a great resistance to all possible opportunities until a year ago. My life has changed and continues to make 180 degree turns for the better. Old hang-ups seem to have slid off my shoulders and life has purpose. I have created a wonderful adventure-if not for Janice, I would not have entertained the vision.

I had a great resistance to moving West—Janice told my husband and me that a job opportunity was coming his way... out west, but not in California. Within six months, my husband's job had turned miserable and I was willing to move anywhere. A job came up in California and I told him to take it. He gave his notice and we put the house up for sale. One month later, his new boss changed his mind about my husband's new job and asked if he would mind moving to Colorado!

Ms. RAO Colorado

October 12, 1999

Dear Janice

Thank you so much for your loving, helpful assistance as I move through these challenges life keeps presenting.

I would like to know your secret—that is, how can I raise my vibration to your level so that I can 'see' without becoming enveloped by circumstances??????



I do appreciate the fact that you keep your 'services' affordable also.

Much appreciation,

Peggy

October 4, 1999

My experience ...was incredible to say the least. This was my second visit with Janice. Both visits were enlightening. I came away feeling like she knew me most of my life. I went both times with my best friend of 25 years and she has told people that Jan knew almost as much about me as she does. Example of how astounding my second visit was: Jan saw a mother figure with a healing hand on her chest, she wasn't clear on whether it was heart or respiratory. Jan saw the hand was heavy, very heavy. In fact my mother has a history of heart problems. At the present time however she is suffering from a lung disease, and unknown to me at the time, the night before I saw Jan my mom was rushed to the doctors because she was having a very hard time breathing. Jan told me things that did my heart good concerning members of my family that have past on and left questions in my mind about their well being. I can't say enough good things about Jan and her work. I think she could make a believer of the strongest disbelieve. She is wonderful.

Ms. KT

New Hampshire Note: 10/5/99

I just wanted to add that after I wrote this yesterday within the hour I received a phone call from my dad. My mom was admitted into the ICU for severe chest pains. The doctors think she had a heart attack. Just another example of Jan's ability.

November 10, 1999

My first meeting with Janice was July 8, 1986. It was my mother's birthday. My mother passed away on December 17, 1985. Janice told me my mother had roses all around her. My mother was buried with a silk rose rosary around her. She also told me things that only my mother and I shared. In 1995, on another visit... she did see that my husband had cardiac problems, which he had corrected.

Eight years ago my friend Gloria went to see Janice. She knew Gloria's mother's name. She asked Gloria if she had a problem with her stomach... she said 'no.' Two years later, Gloria died due to pancreatic cancer.

Ms. FM

November 3, 1999

Dear Janice,

I am writing to express how deeply my session with you has effected me.

I was up from Florida visiting my sister-in-law. She had previously had a reading by you. I had recently experienced several unnerving events that caused me to

have severe anxiety attacks... which were not part of my nature.

I had never had a reading before, although open minded, I knew there were a lot of charlatans out there. I figured there was nothing to lose and perhaps some amusement to be obtained.

Foremost on my mind when we had made the appointment with you was to see if you could somehow contact my father who had passed away 30 years ago of lung cancer.

I was only 14 years old. His death has haunted me ever since. I had been very close to him and not at all with my mother. He was an outstanding human being who had an abused childhood and in return only did positive things for people. When he passed on, he had been well known in the county and hundreds of people came to give their respects. I could go on and on about what he had to endure in life and what he gave to others of himself, I just want to get across that I was angry at God for taking someone so good and leaving so many unworthy people here to live on. I also never got to say goodbye and tell him how much I loved him. The summer that he died, I was sent to live with my grandparents, five hours away.

Before I entered your office I meditated on my father; feeling my arms around him as I had done as a child. The memory was so real I could almost smell him. I decided not to say anything to you and see what you had to say.

To my amazement, you brought up an experience I had that caused the greatest anxiety in the last month.

The experience was with my ex-husband whom I had been in an abusive relationship with for 14 years. I thought I had buried the incident because it was too painful to deal with. You told me that this encounter was meant to happen because I was not dealing with it and needed to move on and have some closure, which was exactly right on the nose. Next, you leaned forward and asked if my father had passed on. I lost it. You spoke for him and said he was sorry for all the grief that I had been through and that he felt that it was his fault for not preparing me better. At this point, it sounded like he had a counselor advise him on what he could have done better while in his physical state. He then mentioned an episode with my brother that had happened recently that had upset me and said that my brother had a chip on his shoulder like he had as a young man and that to be patient he would soon come around just give him some space. My brother had left a message the next night and made an apology. You mentioned that my dad kept repeating the name Jack his name was John and his mother and cousins who we barely saw called him Jack. The name was never on my mind when referring to him but solidified that he was speaking to me.

The meeting with you gave me closure and a calming peace of mind that was lacking most of my life. You made other statements when reading my energy that were better than any counselor could give, seeing things I had stuffed and needed to contend with. I felt like I had just finished twenty years of counseling in twenty minutes.

Thank you again, you are truly gifted.  
Best Wishes, Ms. BM

## Author's Epilogue

So what do I want to say to the readers of this book...I am no different than anyone else—many of my clients seem to think that I have more power or am more enlightened, but power and enlightenment are ideas.

If you believe that you are powerful, you will experience that power. If you believe either that you have none or that someone else has more power than you do, then that's just what you will experience. Like a boomerang, it always comes back to what you believe.

If we could stop efforting long enough to quiet our minds, our universe would expand and our consciousness would expand. We're creating ever bigger spaces in which to play. I have followed a long road to come to where I am now. I wish that I could say that I have enjoyed the ride all the way, but just like anyone else, I too have resistances.

And that too has been a good lesson. It has taught me that no one is doing it to me, but rather that I was always doing it to myself, even when I was swept away, overwhelmed with the feeling that I was no longer in control.

Why do we hurt ourselves? Why can't we just become our own best friends? I recall a quote I once read somewhere: 'The only mistake I ever made was when I thought I was mistaken, I was wrong.' I've framed this quote and hung it in my wailing room...

I've efforted half a lifetime trying to live up the expectations of others and I always fall short. My path

was not the obvious path trod by millions. Only now at last, am I learning to walk my own path, and through my business, I'm sharing my insights with my clients. If they don't learn from me or if I fail to learn from them, someone else will come into our lives and offer us the message again. It's all a matter of trust and faith... not success or failure. And we're always given a second chance.

This book has established for me a recommitment to the love of the Almighty and to His or Her children, to the part that I play within the ripples of reality.

Love and Light,

Janice, 'The Happy Medium'

## Editor's Epilogue

The following is an interview with Janice conducted by editor Joyce McDonald.

Joyce: Could you describe your vision of reincarnation?

Janice: Spiritual beings make a conscious choice of where and who they will become in the next life. You may not be aware of it, but that spiritual being that became you made that choice and selected your lot in life as his or her chosen experience.

Joyce: You mentioned in your book that beings choose the type of body and lifestyle that they want to inhabit next. Is this an informed decision, or do the spiritual beings just take a chance, the way we do when we embark on a new adventure?

Janice: Beings do not choose bad situations as such but they choose life lessons that they want to learn. Perhaps it's a disability or a short life or a painful life. In this way, they educate not only themselves but also the beings around them. Who has not been uplifted by someone with a disability who has overcome that disability because of their own resilience and the resilience of those who helped them?

Joyce: A lot of people confuse the concepts of clairvoyance and omniscience. Can you clarify the difference between these two concepts?

Janice: Clairvoyance is not all-knowing or all powerful. A clairvoyant is just a mirror that can see your feelings now, in the past and even in the future.



But with free will, you can change your lot in life, so that future is not a set direction but just a suggestion.

Joyce: You mentioned that our loved ones will be waiting for us when we cross over. How is this reconciled with your vision of reincarnation?

Janice: Spiritual beings have all the time in the world, so they are not in any hurry to be reincarnated. Your loved ones will be waiting for you.

Joyce: You recommend being aware of signs, especially when one has lost a loved one, that signs sometimes mean that our loved one is sending a message. Where should we look for these signs?

Only the awareness of signs is important. If we start explaining things we dilute the meaning. Just be aware. You'll know when you see one.

Joyce: Have you seen the movie "Signs" (with Mel Gibson and Joaquin Phoenix) and if so, do you agree with its message?

Janice: Yes, I have seen it, and yes, I agree. Some events or burdens in our lives are put there for a purpose, and we have to be patient and wait watch. What we discover is that a burden may be a blessing in disguise. This was well depicted in "Signs."

Joyce: You seemed to take in stride what many people stumble over. For example, you were here with me when I was coming to terms with the death of my cat, Grendel. Most people say "It's just a pet. Get over it." You accepted the fact that Grendel's death was possibly the worst tragedy I had ever faced and treated this event accordingly. Do you believe that pets stand

on an equal basis with humans when it comes to relationships?

Janice: Pets are special and are especially mourned because they offer unconditional love. Very seldom do we find relationships where this type of love exists, so the mourning can be just as severe as with the loss of a human loved one.

Joyce: What is your take on suicide?

Janice: In the fact that the being, prior to life, chose that situation to experience, it is no different from other deaths. However, the being is aware of how this action hurts the loved ones and does spend some post-life time trying to make it easier on them.

Joyce: Many religious people are bothered by the commercialism of Christmas and let the world know it. How do you feel about this attitude?

Janice: It is the experience that counts. If it makes us happy, why question it?

Joyce: What is your religious view of life?

Janice: Inhale; exhale; don't analyze; just accept.

Joyce: What is your response to religious sects that claim to be the only true path to the divine?

Janice: Everyone has a right to what they want to believe, but sometimes we don't question whether it's our belief or someone else's. It can limit us to what we can become. We need to try on some of these ideas and truly decide if they fit in our lives.

Joyce: Is there a certain kind of music that feeds the soul?

Janice: Our tai chi music fills my soul, Enya fills my soul but I can get into rock. Michael Jackson, Elvis--

they all make my soul sing. It depends what I'm doing at the time, as to what I want to hear.

Joyce: You do a lot of grief counseling. Do you follow the stages of grieving according to Dr. Elizabeth Kubler-Ross?

Janice: I've read her books but I don't follow the stages. I get to the core of my clients hurt and confirm that and go from there. It's natural to grieve. Grief, like life, is a process. Certainly, no one should tell anyone to "get over it" or "you're taking too long to grieve." Some recover quicker than others so the time that it takes is what it is.

Joyce: Everyone sees a different version of God. What do you see in your God?

Janice: God is "all that is." He is universal energy, the air we inhale. We can't part from it. It flows, it's in everything that is living, the trees, flowers, sky, earth, animals it's the space between me and you. Feel it.

Joyce: Do you have any views on Alzheimer's or mental illness as it relates to the spiritual?

Janice: As there is a reason for everything in life Alzheimer's and mental illness is a life experience a soul chose to experience on some level of consciousness. It hurts the family but it's a lesson for them as well. The soul didn't go away, it changed, life changes it doesn't stay the same forever, we wouldn't learn if everything stayed the same. Interestingly, people with Alzheimer's don't worry anymore, no fear... how wonderful...maybe that is a blessing to face the end of one's life that way, fearless... how wonderful.

Joyce: Do you meditate? If so, does this enhance your ability to do readings?

Janice: Yes, but not the way most do, I feel objects, the trees the grass, the flowers and become what I put my attention on, Its like if you go to the ocean and just sit for a long time and watch the waves, you notice nothing is going on in your head, you're one with what your attention is on. I feel this way while I'm doing readings.

Joyce: Are there any shows, books or movies that come close to your vision of the spiritual life?

Janice: There are many books on this subject, but there words on a page, it's the experience that is the lesson: don't think, feel. Books can describe wonderful places, we can imagine, but its being there that counts. When we watched Sept 11th on TV we cried but it was very different for those that were actually there on the ground, truly experiencing it. To experience life is to feel it, thinking is resisting something. Its the difference of reading what an apple tastes like or biting into the apple. To experience is to feel life, to think it, is to resist something, we're in our heads rationalizing it, mulling it over, we're not feeling at all. Stay out of your head...

## About the Author

Janice Tarver lives in San Antonio, Texas. Her business, Janice L. Tarver's Somewhere-In-Time, has been a significant part of her life for more than twenty five years. As a believer in 'giving back' she participates in charitable fund raisers, most notably an annual event at Harbor Homes, Inc. of Nashua, New Hampshire.

An avid painter who works mostly in both brush and pallet knife formats, Jan's works have been sold on the internet. Most recently, she has enjoyed her association with the fine folks at Girlebooks by contributing to select books with new cover art.

For more information contact:

Janice L. Tarver

Somewhere In Time

[www.janicetarver.com](http://www.janicetarver.com)

[tarverjl@yahoo](mailto:tarverjl@yahoo)

210-520-0332

## Other Publications by Girlebooks

### **Nachtsturm Castle by Emily C.A. Snyder**

Catherine Tilney had settled in for a quiet, respectable, distinctly non-Gothic English life in the countryside with her husband, the Reverend Henry Tilney.

Unfortunately, a quiet, respectable, distinctly non-Gothic life had not settled itself for her. An original sequel to Jane Austen's *Northanger Abbey*, *Nachtsturm Castle* whisks the reader and its heroine away to the border countries in the Austrian Alps.

### **Alaskan Healing by Lana Voynich**

Fans of the television show "Deadliest Catch" will recognize the setting of this novel. Drake Richards is a commercial fisherman who doesn't trust women.

Shawn Nilsen is a strong-willed woman who has just been jilted by her fiancé. Shawn flees to Alaska and is hired by Drake's father to work on a crab fishing boat. There's plenty of tension as Drake and Shawn come to terms with their preconceived notions of one another.

### **Radium Halos by Shelley Stout**

*Radium Halos* is historical fiction based on the true events of the Radium Dial Painters, a group of female factory workers who, in the early 1920s, contracted radiation poisoning from painting luminous watch dials with radium paint. Narrator Helen, a 65-year-old mental patient who worked at the factory when she was

16, tells us her story through flashbacks, slowly revealing her past, the loved ones she's lost, and the dangerous secrets she's kept all these years.

See all ebook and pbook publications at

<http://girlebooks.com>

<http://librfiles.com>