

The Calling

Excerpt

On a sweltering midsummer night in 1966, when I was ten years old, seven young women were brutally raped and murdered in their dormitory by a lone assailant. The savagery of the crime inspired the biggest manhunt in the history of Chicago. Although the perpetrator was captured three days later, people never again felt as safe in their own homes.

When my frightened parents told me that we were, suddenly, going to start locking our front door at night, adding, “you’re not old enough to know why,” they didn’t realize, *and couldn’t know*, that I had already seen—firsthand—what the reason was. Because I had been a witness to the crime...in a psychic dream.

Unbeknown to them, my parents had triggered the onset of the terrifying psychic dreams that I was to endure throughout my childhood. The dreams always involved real life events that took me to the scene of violent crimes, forcing me to become an unwilling spectator to events so unspeakable that they still haunt me.

My guardian angels were a vivid part of my childhood, too, providing tangible support and encouragement. But even they could not help erase the violent images that tormented me while I slept. In my mid-teens I began to wish, with all my heart, that my psychic ability would shut down and disappear so that I could be left in peace.

Miraculously, the psychic images came to an abrupt halt. Suddenly, I began to enjoy untroubled sleep. The terrible psychic images slowly began to fade—as did the tangible presence of my angels. I no longer had spiritual friends conversing with me. I did not miss the terrible

nightmares, and I did not miss the presence of my angels. Quite frankly, I simply felt relieved.

By the time I was in my early thirties, I had created a life so dysfunctional that I didn't know where to turn. I had just gone through a very painful, demoralizing divorce. I was in a business with my ex-husband that was going bankrupt. I had no money, and a mountain of debt. I had no friends. I believed that I had nowhere to turn. In a moment of sheer desperation, I called out to God for help. I was shocked when help quickly arrived...in the form of John Reid, one of my childhood guardian angels.

Although I had begged for assistance, I responded to the angel's presence with disbelief and resistance. But he refused to give up on me. Through his patient guidance, I discovered how I could develop my psychic ability and use it to help others in a life's work that I had only dreamed about, how to take a leap of faith, how to fully trust, how to face my issues, how to create abundance, and how to navigate the winding road that was to ultimately lead to my soul mate and my children. I was about to discover my true destiny.

Chapter One

The Calm Before the Storm

1966 was a different time. In the Chicago suburbs, people left their front doors open at night. Summertime brought everyone outdoors to celebrate the warm temperatures after a long, snowy winter. Children of all ages played outside and safely roamed the streets on brightly colored bicycles. Neighbors waved to one another and exchanged heartfelt pleasantries. Laundry hung to dry, caressed by a summer breeze sweetened with the captivating scent of sunshine, new-mown grass, and blooming flowers. Under an endless blue sky, kids in bathing suits frolicked through sprinklers that automatically fanned back and forth on lush green lawns.

We drank milk, Tab, Coke, and Tang. Water was considered a beverage with which to take an

aspirin, make Jell-O, or stir into powdered Cool Aide. If you wanted a cup of coffee, you made it in your own kitchen—for pennies—from a large can of ground Folgers. If you happened to see someone jogging, they were trying to catch a bus. Grownups exclaimed over the latest technological advancement...the color TV, and all of our friends hoped they would be the first to own one.

That summer, our apple tree produced fruit so tart that it was inedible...but I nibbled anyway because it was *our* tree. Sporting brand new Keds, my brother David and I dug up huge, squirming earthworms; captured monarch butterflies, climbed trees, played kick the can, read comic books, consumed endless boxes of root beer popsicles, and watched the fireflies work their on-and-off incandescent magic every night at dusk. In our suburb northwest of the city, the captivating smell of sizzling hamburgers and hotdogs regularly perfumed the neighborhood from backyard barbeque grills...even on weeknights.

Lyndon Johnson was President. Gas was 32 cents a gallon. Everybody smoked, including our doctor, who kept a metal ashtray on his desk. Radios were tuned to the Beach Boys, the Monkees, or the Cubs if they were playing a home game. While my brother teased me, I danced along to American Bandstand on TV, and developed a secret crush on Davey Jones. I endlessly nagged my mother to buy me the latest fashion direct from London. At ten years old, I argued, I was certainly grown up enough to wear the miniskirt!

Unbeknownst to me, that innocent time was going to come to a fateful conclusion by two life-changing events that I would witness in the course of a single midsummer night. First, I saw my father try to strangle my mother. When I succumbed to an exhausted, terrified stupor that night, I found myself—in my sleep—at the scene of what Chicago Tribune reporters had dubbed The Crime of the Century. I watched in horror as a lone assailant brutally raped and then slaughtered seven young women. My psychic destiny had ignited, flared and caught fire. It was only the beginning of my journey.

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