

Psychic Messages

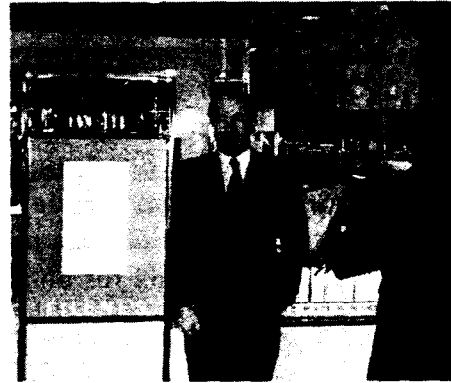
By Wendy Donnell

INsite introduces psychic George Ministeri. Mr. Ministeri will be giving readers the opportunity to ask questions about career direction, marriage, health, and any personal issues that weigh on our minds. Mr. Ministeri brings to this paper over thirty years of counseling, meditation, and psychic reading experience. We can now bring the psychic to you through correspondence. Just send your letters to: INsite Magazine 358 Chestnut Hill Ave. Suite 204B Brookline, MA 02146 attn: psychic, or by e-mail at insitebos@aol.com

George Ministeri is a psychic who can study an individual by journeying into the "soul of their eyes." He says he can even touch items from a client and still feel psychic energy.

I recently interviewed Mr. Ministeri in his Braintree residence. I was welcomed with a handshake, and I was motioned to sit in a loveseat. George Ministeri sat on the couch barefoot. His attire consisted of a lived in tan t-shirt and shorts, and smoke circled the area in which he sat. A wizard-type statue decorated the table lamp. The walls were covered with framed museum prints. I admit I had a mental image of a room filled with fancy goulash decor. I was wrong. There were no crystal balls. Not a single scented candle was flickering shadows on the walls. There was no ouiji board, and I didn't even hear my dead aunt's voice. No tables or spirits moaning. It was like any other apartment.

Except for George Ministeri, the psychic guru. His deep voice and staring eyes set the mood. He is some-



George Ministeri.

what on the short side but in no way meek. He has had this psychic power since childhood and he knows that he is special. Mr. Ministeri is only aware of your psychic energy and he made me aware that I was there to be examined, not him.

After the chit chat was over, Mr. Ministeri said that he was going to stare into my eyes for a few minutes. So he did. And the session began.

He said that my son Brian, who is five years old, should have been signed up for an extra counseling language class and not for the karate class. One week prior to this meeting, I had registered and paid for a karate class for Brian. I did ask my husband if he thought Brian would be interested in a French class for kindergarten children. This is specific. He knew that the language class was what I really wanted to sign my son up for, not karate. It was on my mind and he knew.

I found it humorous when Mr. Ministeri mentioned that I was like a rocket, always taking off. He pointed his finger up and made a funny missile-like sound. Then up went a full dark eyebrow and Mr. Ministeri said, "You still move your furniture around, huh?" I've got to tell you folks, I felt like I was going to scream. YES, YES, How the hell did you know that? I did not want to validate his statement, so I tried not to show any emotion. I just sat nonchalantly and

smiled. Then, as if to say 'you can't fool me,' he said, "Really, don't be so worried. There's nothing wrong — you just get bored with sameness." He sincerely seemed to care and said, "There is nothing wrong with you; it keeps you grounded."

He began to talk about my husband Dave, and once again floored me when he said, "Oh, tell your husband that the lower back

pain he is experiencing now is due to stress, not a back problem. Well, if I did not spend time massaging a terrible lower back pain the previous Saturday, my name is not Wendy.

Mr. Ministeri continued by talking about my eighty year old mother-in-law. He said he could get no reading at all from her. He said that she was "blocked." Only one thing was clear to him — she was miserable. "Your mother-in-law is in a terrible emotional state." "A very unhappy lady," he said. He said that he only read that she was unhappy where she was living now. I was definitely convinced that Mr. Ministeri was able to zone into several real issues that concerned me and my family. My mother-in-law had to move out of her Brighton rent-controlled apartment

after forty years. She has been miserable. He knew that. That is her main focus lately. How the hell was he able to pick that up? Folks, without hesitation, I say he was direct and specific.

A whirlwind of facts continued. Mr. Ministeri entertained me with possible career avenues that complimented my character. "I see you doing some creative writing and some sort of teaching and down the road...uh...script writing...too far in the future to be exact but you are going to have several careers.

He was confident that my estranged brother of ten years and I would reconcile within three years. He said that my other brother was doing something he loved for the first time in his life. This is true. My brother Richard sold his furniture, stored his treasures, and headed off to Prague, to a cozy, warm, country home. Richard's painting involves the subconscious mind working with a paintbrush. He is a surrealist painter. In the six months he has been living in Prague he has had several gallery showings. I miss him terribly, but I'm thrilled for his happiness. "He is living his passion and he is content." Mr. Ministeri smiled as if to comfort me.

Now I was hungry for more. At one point, I even sat closer to the psychic, hoping to send all my secrets and inner vibrations to him. I wanted to know about specific details. Should I continue aspiring to write or should I center on my childhood desire to study religion and become a minister? Maybe I should join the peace corps. Will I stay married? Should I have a lover on the side? Is there a chance I will change my social circle? I wanted to know it all. Inside, I felt anxious. I thought of literally shaking Mr. Ministeri for details. What yellow brick road should I follow for personal success?

I am eager to learn, but I'm not a person who believes everything I hear. Drawn to the odd and peculiar, I am, yet, not easily lured away from social conformity. I make the most of my decisions by the effect of the consequences. If the outcome does no harm, then I may be tempted.

My psychic adventure with Mr. Ministeri was interesting. I was impressed by the particular facts that he pinpointed. He reveals certain things about you and your family. The details that are specific will, if nothing else, entertain you. You may be provided with some information that will surprise even the most skeptical among you.

P.S. On Wednesday the 24th, I was rushing around, tripped, and tore the ligaments in my ankle. Mr. Ministeri did tell me to "stop rushing around, slow down!" I should have followed his psychic advice.

