

How good psychic readings can help you learn, grow, and heal

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Introduction by Susan K. Morrow (the Psychic Medium)

My husband, Don, came up with an idea to share with the world what our woo-woo stuff is all about. For the uninitiated, "woo-woo" refers to spiritual, supernatural, metaphysical, and/or spooky stuff.

Being very interested in my work (and you'll see why in the foreword), Don got really excited about us working together on a book that would show you how he, a non-religious and very regular (and cuddly) person, became aware of the Afterlife and what it means to him to know what Heaven is about.

One important thing for you to know about me is that my first husband died when I was 31 and had two small daughters to raise. I had had a premonition about his death six years before, and I knew it would be when our older daughter was seven years old, although I did not know exactly when. This happened before I discovered my abilities as a psychic, and the premonition itself, along with its bearing-out, helped to inform my present career.

What you are about to read is an account of Don's and my continuing enlightenment, not only about the Spirit world, but also about life, energy, and the Universe as a whole. He and I both continue to be astounded by new revelations from the late loved

ones or "RIPs" of my clients, our own "RIPs", and my ongoing conferences with my angels and guides. You'll find out just how you fit into the intricate and integral tapestry that is the woven universe of Spirit.

Foreword by Don Johnson (the Muse)

A Need to Know

I was 52 years old at the time of my son's death. I am the father of four children. At that time, I lived with my youngest daughter in a three-bedroom house. My eldest daughter lived by herself and worked for the public school system as a special education teacher. My two sons were both in the military.

I had worked at my job for the State as an auditor for the past 15 years. Our lives were progressing in the normal ways. My oldest daughter had finished her studies at the University and was pursuing a career as a special education teacher. My eldest son had completed his six-year tour of duty in the Navy. The youngest son was embarking on his career in the Coast Guard. My youngest daughter was happily making tips as a waitress and enjoying the happy life away from school.

I had been divorced for six years. My youngest daughter lived with me and my other children would come to visit from time to time. My ex-wife, and the mother of our four children, lived in town and worked at the University. We all got along fine and would get together when the kids were in town. Things were going along smoothly and we all had happy lives.

My life changed in the blink of an eye. The story begins in August, when everyone was home for a visit. Drew had been home for the past seven months from the Navy. He lived with me again. He was enrolled at the Junior College and would begin classes on Monday. He had been discharged from the Navy in January. He had spent the summer enjoying his friends and freedom from duty. Tommy, my younger son, was home for a visit from the Coast Guard. Rachael was visiting her mother. Molly was working at the restaurant. It was a happy time and we were all together again.

It was a night when everyone was going to visit with friends. I was feeling lonely and urged Drew to stay home that evening. He told me that he was just having fun and wanted to be with his friends. When we were talking, there was a praying mantis on the windowsill in the kitchen. As he was leaving, he said, "Take care of my praying mantis. He lives in the kitchen." I said I would, and off he went. This was not an unusual occurrence for him to go out with friends, but it was unusual for me to persist and request that he stay home that night. For some

unknown reason, I wanted him to stay home with me. After he left, I thought it was odd for me to do make the requests. I spent the evening reading a book and I went to bed early.

From a sound sleep, I was awoken by loud banging on the door of my house. The knock was loud enough to sound like authority. As I walked to the front door, I saw two policemen. They told me that Drew was at the hospital and I was to come right away. When I asked them what happened, they said that that was all they knew. I grabbed my keys and phone and noticed that I had missed several text messages from Molly. I was the last to arrive at the hospital. I was met by my children and family plus doctors and a hospital Chaplain.

A car accident had left Drew with severe brain trauma and internal bleeding within his brain. To shorten the story, he died before 8 o'clock the next morning. Everything in my life was changed forever. The loss of Drew created a kind of self-reflection in my mind. I began to feel a sense of regret while I reviewed images of my life. I was assessing whether I have done the right thing and how I treated the people in my life. I reviewed the images of my son. I wanted to, I wished I was, I should have been a better father and a better friend to him. I wasn't a bad person. I have lived a good life. But my judgment was working against me and it made me

fall short in my own eyes. I continued with this line of thinking and feelings and it moved on to other aspects of my life. I was very unhappy. I put myself into my work, trying to escape my feelings.

At this point, I think it is important state that I am not a religious man. It is not through ignorance that I am not religious. I was raised in the Lutheran school and church as a boy. I have spent countless hours of time reading philosophy and studying other religions. I was never satisfied with the concept of faith. I have never had any type of experience where faith could fulfill my needs. Faith was not good enough. I want to *know*!!! How can this be possible?

This is where the story of "KNOWING" begins.

The praying mantis showed up a couple of weeks later in my living room. Guests were visiting and it was late. As I am walking my guests to the door, my friend saw the praying mantis on the wall. With surprise, she notified us all to its presence. Within seconds, it flew from the wall and landed on my shoulder. I remembered the last time I saw this creature and I remained still. The praying mantis crawled across my shoulder and up my neck and on to the top of my head! It remained perched on my head while my guests exited the house, smiling.

The Thorn

My friend Ingrid learned of my son's death. She came by my home to comfort me. She was a good and kind friend. I did not know she had psychic abilities. That day she said to me, "Your son is talking to me. He has a message for you." I told Ingrid that I wanted to hear the message. She said, "He is holding a pure white rose that is bathed in white light and he is offering it to you." I thanked Ingrid as she was about to leave in her car. I did not think much of what she had said to me. It just seemed like a comforting thought. I was thankful to Ingrid because she cared. She backed to the end of the driveway, stopped, and then drove back to me. She said, "He will not leave me alone. He keeps telling me that I must tell you one more thing. He knows how you are. He knows you do not believe me. He knows this one thing will allow you to believe me. Drew says, 'The white rose he is handing you has a thorn that is sticking into the finger of that hand." I thanked her and she left.

Over a period of days, I thought about my conversation with Ingrid. It ran through my mind over and over. It was not a clear and direct meaning. It was noteworthy enough that I could not let go of these thoughts. All of a sudden, I made a connection. I recalled an experience I had had a few weeks back. On that day, as I walked from the house

to my car, a thorny branch stuck to the cuff my pants. I reached down to remove it and my finger was stuck by a thorn. It went in deep and broke off. Removing that thorn was a real problem. It was also very painful. This tiny branch was left over from a bush that I had cut down the last year. I never told anyone about my finger being injured by that thorn. When I made the connection between Ingrid's message from Drew and my finger, I felt a tingle running through my body like electricity. It felt like the electricity was an affirmation. Drew had made contact with me. He knew about the thorn in my finger and no one else did. To me, all of the fluff about the rose and white light was just some fluff to add to the story.

The Shoe

One day in late summer, I was having a conversation with my daughter. She told me that her mother had been talking to a psychic. I was very interested and started to ask questions. There was a message that said, "I found the shoe". This was included with other things that her mother was told. This particular message remained in the back of my mind.

My hobby is sailing. At that time, my friends and I liked to race against other sailors at the yacht club.

During a race that summer, our boat had capsized in heavy winds. Everything in the boat was cast into the water. That day I was wearing the sandals that had belonged to my son Drew. The sandals were lost into the water. My friend Ben, who owed the boat, told me that his search produced one of the sandals. The other sandal lost.

A week or two went by and I received a call from my friend Ben. He told me that the second sandal was found in his boat. I was delighted. I went to his house to get the sandal. The two sandals were once again united. This may seem like an obvious story. When you are experiencing these events in order, you do not see the whole picture.

One day, I was in the shower, thinking about the message about the shoe that was related to me by my daughter. I thought, "What an odd message". Then I said out loud, "I found the shoe". Instantly, I realized the message was for me. The missing sandal was the shoe that was found. Next moment, I was filled with laughter and delight. The connection between the message and the realization that the sandal was found hit me. Electricity was present again for me.

The Monseigneur

At the age of 58, I was looking at women on a computer dating website. I had been here before but felt out of place. I sent a complicated message to Susan that said "Hi". She responded by asking if I was buying the coffee? I said, yes. We started dating.

Before our first date, I found Susan's website, where she is identified as a medium. I read everything on her page in one sitting. With my history, I could not wait to meet her. My biggest fear was that she could read minds. We discussed many things on our date. We discovered how compatible we were to each other. We shared so many things in common. We dated for two and a half years. Now we are married. She still claims that she cannot read my mind. I remain skeptical about this.

During a group reading which Susan was conducting, she asked if anyone knew a priest. No one answered her question. I thought I was just a visitor during the reading, so I remained silent. Susan looked at me and said, do *you* know a priest?

I told Susan about the priest I knew who married my first wife and me. I told her about his personality and what I knew about his life. She dismissed me and said I was not the person the priest was looking for. Later on during the session, she asked me again to

talk about the priest. I repeated what I knew while trying to make my explanation more informative. She said, "This message is for you. The message is 'defrock'". I asked is there anything else? She said, "No".

The priest told Susan that he was having fun playing golf with his best friend. He identified the friend by name. There is no doubt in my mind who he is. He is enjoying his life. At this point, I started asking many questions. I know from what the priest told Susan that it was the Monseigneur. At this point, my familiarity with a contact such as this makes me ask a lot of questions. I am hungry to hear all they will give me. Susan became tired of my questions and she told me to let my mind rest a while. Sometimes these things are not obvious. And then it may be nothing at all.

My mind was racing. We left the reading and went back to the hotel. Of course, I had more questions to ask. But Susan was done and asked me to give it a rest again. I went to the dictionary and looked up "frock". This has two meanings. One is a military advancement in rank. The other is a priest accepting his yows

I ran some things through my mind and thought about the Monseigneur. He's not a priest anymore. He plays golf with his friend now. I guess you could I thought about vows. I took vows when I married my ex-wife some 30 years ago. The Monseigneur gave us our vows and we affirmed them in the remember when he conducted church. instruction class before the marriage. I remember telling him a joke at the wedding reception after the marriage. I told him that baseball was in the book of Genesis in the first chapter. He told me that he knows the book well and does not recollect baseball being mentioned. I affirmed that it was implied when the Lord said "In the Big Inning". He returned the favor when I became a stockbroker. He asked me about a company that melted nuclear waste and mixed it into molten glass. The company would be worth millions and billions because the waste became safe when it was suspended in the glass. I searched and searched for this company until I realized that he was playing a joke on me.

At the time of this reading, I had been divorced for 15 years. I was filled with humor and laughter when I realized what his message meant. This is a man who is dead and gone for 30 years. He comes through the veil between our worlds and tells me he is releasing me from my vows of marriage, or "defrocking" me. His humor and his intelligence are just as sharp and fantastic as the day I knew him as a priest. His

wonderful joke made me laugh a long time. Thanks, Monseigneur.

To End My Story

What can I take away from these experiences? Can anyone appreciate what I have learned? In my mind and in my heart, I know these are personal experiences. They are for me and only me. Their transference to others is limited. The only people in my life who can appreciate my experience, are the people who love me and trust me and believe in me. Even then, my story appears as misguided, delusional or maybe hopeful. An outsider to my life can only scrutinize these events to the level of their mistrust or skepticism. At best, I am only on shaky ground. Why should I write this and how can you benefit from my story?

Well, I'm glad you asked. I believe that we all are capable of having these experiences. If this is true, you too can learn what I have learned. I believe that I have received my "KNOWING".

What do I know? I know that the people that I love in my life who have died are with me. They are close by and watching. They are happy, healthy and concerned about my welfare. I know that my ending in this plane is nothing to fear. How is that for a gift?

Our Meet-Cute

by Susan K. Morrow-Johnson (the Psychic Medium)*

Well, I don't know how cute it really was, but we met online. Yeah. That actually sounds pretty boring to me. But there was a lot that led up to our meeting, and we both believe that we met at the perfect time, that we needed to go through all the experiences we had before we met, so that we would be ready for each other.

After the break-up of my seven-year relationship in 2006, I did a tremendous amount of what I call "processing". I dissected that relationship and studied it under a microscope. For the most part, I was looking for the answer to "What could I have done differently that would have proved (to myself and the Universe) that I believed I had value?"

There were many opportunities over those seven years for me to love myself more. I loved the guy just fine. I loved him very well and much more than he loved me. But I didn't love myself nearly enough. I allowed myself to be put in the position of proving my value to *him* all the time. And I must have failed, because he dumped me. Right?

Once I was out of the relationship, I could experience it objectively. I figured out how to love and value myself, and I decided how I would behave in my next relationship. I also determined what I really wanted. I made a pages-long list of the qualities and characteristics I would require in my next mate.

*The remainder of the book is by Susan K. Morrow-Johnson

The Prophecy of Husbands had been issued during my second marriage, that is, after my first marriage ended when death did us part. I don't actually remember receiving it, I only remember telling someone about it: "I'll have four husbands, or maybe five, depending on how you look at it, because the third one might be a long-term serious relationship that doesn't become a marriage."

I completely forgot about the Prophecy of Husbands until the long-term serious relationship ended. Thus, I knew I would be married again eventually. I just didn't know when. (See the section on Destiny vs. Free Will for more about that.) After a few years, during a purge of old things, I tore up the list and threw it away. And no, that didn't bring my next husband into the picture.

Then, in 2012, I posted on Facebook about some characteristics I would have liked to have in a mate. And a mere year and a half later, look who appeared in my life!

Don. In case you didn't realize where I was going with that. Did he fit the lists? He did. And he does. Being interested in my work was a big one, and he is very interested. He got me to write this book for you, after all.

Don had been receiving messages from his late son through other sensitive women in his life, none of whom were meant to live out their life with him.

We met for coffee before I went to work one day. ("About that coffee—you buyin'?" I had asked on the dating website. He liked that.) I had seen his picture, of course, but when I looked him in the eye and I saw his smile, I knew. I was afraid to believe that *This Was The One* I had been waiting for, but I did know he was. Our love blossomed, deepened, expanded, and continues to grow. He tells me, "I'm not done falling in love with you."

Did I attract him with Law of Attraction and my lists? Or was our love meant to be?

Does it matter?

The Wow Factor and That Healing Thing

Until I met Don in 2014, I never considered what I did to be healing work. And I didn't ever think about the "Wow Factor", even though it was always there.

All my readings include at least one moment or item or set of words that produce an awed response—from both the client and myself. I have always brought information through from the Other Side (RIPs) and/or from the client's angels and guides that I have no way of knowing.

It's that "How did she know that?" that constitutes the Wow Factor. Don pointed this out after listening to me give readings for about a year. He recognized that there was this moment, usually close to the beginning of a reading or event, when I produced some bit of information that struck the listener as impossible, as important to my credibility.

Real-life examples include:

A pink coffin and a gap in the front teeth – Who gets buried in a pink coffin? The client's aunt did, and she had a gap between her front teeth.

A rainbow fright wig and a cheerleader's uniform on a young man — The client wept with relief to know

that her late step-brother, a class clown who once dressed as a cheerleader in a rainbow fright wig as a gag, was okay.

The words "purple flower with a face" that turned out to be a plush flower bearing a smiley face that the client's late wife had left him, which he had hung on the wall and looked at every day — His late wife and his angels conveyed this info to me by using the word "pansy", knowing I would describe it to him as "a purple flower with a face".

A Christmas wreath on a young man's head, reminding me of Santa Lucia – The client later sent me the photo from her refrigerator, a picture of her late son with a wreath on his head.

References to a man's grandmother named Bea and then having a small bee figurine stick to my skirt – Bea's grandson could not deny that she was there!

A scar on the client's knee that I had no way of knowing was there — she was really shocked and asked, "How did you know that?"

Granted, some Wow moments are more subtle, maybe a hint that the client's grandmother had a special nickname or an image in my mind of someone's childhood home. But there is always something that gets the client's attention, that sit-upstraight, chills-up-the-spine feeling—and I get it too!

When Don called this to my attention, I started noticing and remembering all of the Wow Factors. Occasionally, there is a delay in the Wow. This is usually due to some kind of interference, especially in a group setting.

Now, the Group Effect, as I call it, means two different things: one is that everyone in a group will get something out of most or all of the others' readings. The other is that there can be some crossed wires now and then. In other words, I think I am reading for Janie, but it turns out that the information is for Jim, sitting next to her or even across the room.

In one Psychic Party, I was looking at Linda, and said, "I am supposed to ask you about work. What do you do?" She told me and I asked, "Are you in charge of hiring people? And now you have hired someone that you need to un-hire?" Linda looked blank.

Then, the woman sitting on my other side said, "That sounds like me." (I had explained the Group Effect to the crowd, so she knew to speak up.) I turned to her and confirmed the discussion about "un-hiring" someone. I told her what to expect from the whole process and she was relieved that she could move forward with her plans.

Having taken care of both the other woman and the guidance I had been getting about "un-hiring", I turned back to Linda: "You are having a problem with sexism in the workplace."

Linda's eyes filled with tears (this was her Wow Factor). "I just don't know what to do," Linda said. "Should I leave? I don't really want to."

"I do my best to tell you what you will do, instead of what you should do," I told her. "You know that you can leave if you choose to, your husband makes enough that he'll take care of your family. [Her husband, sitting next to her, nodded.] He's very supportive of your situation."

"Yes," Linda sniffed, "he says I shouldn't worry and that I should quit my job if it's that bad."

Ultimately, I told Linda that she was going to stay a while longer in her present job, in spite of the problems she was having, and that a different job was coming along soon, at which point she would make the leap.

In this case, the delay of the Wow Factor was due to someone else needing my attention before Linda, so when I first went to read for her, she was not wowed. But as soon as I finished up with the other lady and turned back to her, I hit the nail squarely on the head. Her quick tears were proof of that.

Delays can also be due simply to the client not recognizing or remembering what I am talking about. Sometimes medium work is like that. I actually never miss, but the clients sometimes do! Psychics call this "psychic amnesia", when the client swears he never had a teddy bear named Ralph—until his wife puts a gentle hand on his knee and says, "Isn't that the stuffed animal you just handed down to our grandson?" Really. It's the phenomenon in which the client insists that he's never heard of this item or symbol or event, only to remember moments or sometimes days later that yes, Grandpa did have a double-barrel shotgun over the back door or Mother always carried a lace hanky. It happens often enough that I always write down whatever I get, so that the client can refer to my notes later and confirm for him/herself what I said. In groups, I tell them to write it down and assure them "it will mean something later."

Sometimes, there is a delay because the client doesn't know whatever it is yet. For example, I told Dee that her late son was teasing his sister, saying "Go ahead and make the Hamburger Helper." Dee said that her daughter was a gourmet cook, unlikely to serve Hamburger Helper. But a few days later, her

daughter told Dee that she came home to find a box of the dinner sitting on the counter, and her husband told her that he didn't even know why he bought it with the rest of the groceries! Other times, the client has to check in with her mom or other friend or relative to confirm the Wow.

The healing part of what I do was a little harder for me to understand. As I said, I never really thought of myself as a healer, until Don helped me to see it. In my early years working as a psychic medium, I saw the medium part of talking to spirits as more entertaining than anything. It was an easy way to impress people—"Wow, how did she know that?"—but I thought it was only about letting them know that their loved ones were still around. It didn't occur to me that even this simple fact, that they are still around, could be very comforting and healing.

I mentioned above that a woman was greatly relieved to know that her late step-brother was all right. She was afraid that his "wild" lifestyle might have taken him "below". I am still surprised when someone is worried about hell. I always assure them that there is no hell. In spite of what they may have been taught in religion, I remind them that they were also taught that God is everywhere, so how can there be a place where God is not? And I share with them that, in the thousands of readings I have given, not one person has ever shown up in a scary afterlife.

Every single one of them is in Heaven. Every. Single. One. (More on Heaven later.)

But the one that finally made the idea of healing sink in for me was this one: Claire's father had died suddenly of a brain aneurysm. He was alone at home when it happened. Claire asked me what he thought and how he felt when his death approached. I listened and her father told me, "I had a sense of surprise, but not one of fear." Sharing this with Claire, I saw relief in her eyes. Then she said, "My mom has felt so bad that she wasn't there with him. She feels so guilty because she is afraid that he was scared and she wasn't there to comfort him."

It was in that moment that I finally recognized the healing part of what I do. Bringing through their late loved ones is not only entertaining, not only wowing, but it is healing. The living feel sorrow, regret, guilt, anger, grief, and so many negative and difficult feelings following the death of a loved one. Many people grieve for years, even all their lives, over a death. Knowing that their loved one is safe in Heaven, that he or she didn't suffer, that they are loved and forgiven by those who have passed—it is beyond powerful.

My awareness of these two factors, "Wow" and "Healing", has led me to be better at what I do. I am

now conscious of offering healing where people need it so desperately. When I add those to the rest of the equation, which is all about the Big Four (Love Life, Health, Work, Money), I offer a complete package of healing, comfort, reassurance, and direction for the future.

My mini-bio is, "Amazeballs psychic medium foretells your future, explains your past, talks to your dead folks." And my tagline is, "Your RIPs. Your Future. Your Life."

This is the life of a psychic medium, conveying the cosmic messages and divine healing that my clients need.

What is heaven like?

Isn't that an age-old question? What do you think it's like? Streets paved with gold? Or "my house is a house of many mansions"? Angels with harps? Lolling about on clouds all day and wishing you had a good book to read?

Or maybe you are more of a non-believer (although why you would read this if you are is beyond me). Maybe you think there is nothingness after death. Maybe you believe the consciousness does not survive the physical body. And maybe you are right, but I don't and can't believe that with you. Because I have seen it and experienced it, not by dying myself, but by talking to those who have died.

First, let me tell you what the Afterlife is not. It is not hell. It is not pain or suffering. It is not nothingness. It is not Limbo or Purgatory. And there are no "karmic debts" to be repaid.

I have communicated with literally thousands of Late Loved Ones, RIPs, or people who have passed away—or *died*. And to a person—to a soul—they are happy and safe and peaceful and loving. Yes, they retain their personality and their memories, but they do not suffer or feel angry.

The human encumbrances of sorrow, regret, guilt, fear, anger—all of that is left behind in the earthly plane and replaced by joy and peace.

And those streets paved with gold? Well, not exactly. Most of the RIPs who talk about or show me what their Heaven is like indicate that it is "all that I hoped it would be". I have seen them in images like:

A garden filled with flowers

A quiet ranch with open spaces, copses, and a creek

A front porch with white railings, looking out over a farm

A bright white light with mist (that was a Christian minister)

A place like their favorite place in life

Many people on the Other Side are taking or teaching classes, going to meetings, or playing bridge or golf! Now, that last bit, the physical, human kinds of activities—I can't confirm or deny that. I usually consider that they mean they are communing with other souls in some kind of heavenly leisure activity, but I don't know if they actually play games like we do! Many times, that kind of pastime is confirmed by their living loved one as something they enjoyed in life. One teacher told me that she was now able to

teach what she had always wanted to teach in life. And she was really happy about that!

Don's late son, Drew, was "absent" once when I was tuning in to talk to him and some of my other "Friends of Distinction" (I'll explain that later), and someone said he was away in "training for special ops". Now, first of all, when Drew was alive, he had actually trained to be a Navy Seal, so that sounds like something that was held over from his earthly life. But at the same time, it also sounds like something he would be doing in Heaven. Why? Because Drew is a real powerhouse on the Other Side. He is frequently putting people together, just as he helped me and Don get together and asked us to work together. And he seems to be working with several of his living loved ones to guide them in their lives. In short, he's busy.

Not everyone on the Other Side is busy. They check in, though. They all take a look at their loved ones, briefly or otherwise. When you think that your mom is patting you on the shoulder or your dad is sending you his favorite song on the radio—that's really them! It happens all the time. Not that the frequency in any way diminishes the impact of the message.

I brought through one young man's grandma, an awesome woman who reiterated her approval of

him, something that was so important for him to hear. He was Latino and gay, so his Catholic grandma's love and utter acceptance were paramount. "Oh!" I said next, as I felt her touch me on top of my head, "She touches you on top of your head, doesn't she? That's her! You know she's with you!" He smiled and nodded. "All the time," he confirmed.

Tim and the Ladybug

Before I go any further, I want to share a quick personal story about my late husband, Tim.

I was only 31 when Tim died, with two young daughters to raise. He was out of town when he passed, in a hotel room and alone. I had talked to him before bed, and he was missing being at home with us, but we were going to see each other again the next evening. He died shortly after that phone call.

Blissfully ignorant, the children and I left next morning for daycare and work, as usual. I had awakened in an extraordinarily good mood. I mean, I am a pretty cheerful person by nature, but I feel joyful, buoyant even.* That's when I heard that message, "At least I have funeral clothes." I shrugged that off, thinking that maybe one of my grandfathers had died and I would worry about that later. My lovely mood continued awhile longer.

Tim's employer came to my work to give me the news. I won't go into that long story, but to say it ruined my ebullient mood would be an understatement.

In the days that followed, friends and family poured into our small rent house to comfort and soothe. Sitting under the live oak tree in the front yard, talking with loved ones, someone noticed an orange ladybug had landed on me. It was on my sleeve, and we all said, "Oh, isn't that good luck or something?" I mentally connected the ladybug to Tim, as the little insect disappeared and reappeared on the table, then in my hair, on my shirt again, and so on.

Later that night, when I finally went to bed, there was an orange ladybug on Tim's pillow. Yes, I do think of him any time I see one, even more than 20 years after his death. They are my messengers from him.

^{*}To learn more about that special joy I felt, please see the video I made about it here:

http://www.susankmorrow.com/2013/12/joy-upon-passing/

The Pink Coffin and the Tooth Gap

Carmen was a lovely woman for whom I had read briefly at a showcase, a brief group reading that is intended to give examples of what I do, more than actually do the work. In the showcase, I had picked up on a pink coffin, but I was talking about it to the lady next to Carmen. That lady didn't know what that was about, but eventually Carmen spoke up and said her aunt was buried in a pink coffin.

Her grandmother also came through and regaled me with scenes of her humble but happy home and a yard full of family. Then I saw the aunt and described her to Carmen. In particular, I noticed a gap between her two front teeth. Carmen had no such gap, but said that she used to have one and had had it fixed. She marveled at how I could possibly have known that. Later, she brought me a picture of her aunt to show me the lady I had already seen in spirit. I found that both amusing and endearing.

In the pre-reading mediation for Carmen's private reading, I saw the family reunion again and, because I see a lot of spirits and read for a lot of people, I had to stop and think for a moment if that was Carmen's family or not. *Oh, yes, okay, there's the aunt with the gap in her teeth.*

Then I saw a man. An old man, he sat holding a cane or walking stick in front of him, resting both hands on it. He wore a black hat with a bright white hatband. I immediately thought "Grandpa" and I heard "Howard". I kept hearing "Howard" over and over.

So here sat Carmen at my table. We chatted a bit and I started my instruction about the chakras and began reading them. Every time I stopped talking to listen to Carmen, I heard "Howard" in the back of my head. So I told Carmen about what I had received in the meditation and said, "I keep hearing 'Howard' every time I stop talking. Is there a Howard in your family?" She said, "Yes, that's a last name."

"On your mother's side? Is there a Grandpa Howard?"

Carmen confirmed that her great-grandfather on her mother's side was Grandpa Howard. Then he came through for us loud and clear. I described him with his cane, and Carmen explained that he was blind in his old age, which is why he showed me the cane so prominently.

There were numerous other references which were meaningful to Carmen, such as an image of her with the great-grandpa when she was little and they went to church together. I told her he was fond of her, which she didn't recall, being that she was young when he passed.

There were several images of railroad tracks, which Carmen said was about property that the greatgrandpa had owned that was near the tracks. It was now valuable and the heirs were arguing over it.

Later, when we were mostly finished with the reading, I wondered about having heard from only one spirit this time and I immediately heard from a little girl—well, you understand that it was the spirit of a girl who had died young. I heard "Aunt Leesha" or something like that, Alicia, Lisa, etc.

(Names often do that when I hear them—in fact, I thought at first that "Howard," as strong as it was, could have been "Herman". I try to be open to possibilities with names because of this odd function of my ability.)

Carmen confirmed that one of her aunts had passed in infancy, but she didn't know her name. I suggested she find out.

Carmen was surprised throughout her reading by the things I told her. She said that she got so much more out of it than she ever expected. She had never been

to any psychic before and used to pooh-pooh such things, until I read for her in the showcase. The gap in her aunt's teeth was what got her!

It's very gratifying for me to have such clients who respond in wide-eyed wonderment at the inner workings of their spirits, wonderment that matches my own.

Crossed Wires

Lucy and DeAnne were in a Psychic salon group, the ones I do in front of an audience, in which I bring through as much communication from spirits as possible. This reading was a showcase, and I only had about 20 minutes. I skipped a lot of my usual instruction about speaking up if you think it's for you and about not stretching too hard, just because you want so much to hear from your loved ones. So what happened was really my fault—I can't expect people to read my mind, right?

During the showcase, one woman chose not to speak up because she had just been speaking. Unfortunately, that meant that the rest of the room, myself included, didn't know who the spirit was for or even that he was for real.

Lucy and DeAnne were sitting right next to one another. I looked at Lucy first. "Did you lose a brother?" She shook her head, no. "Or maybe a cousin? Someone in the same generation." Lucy said, "I lost my husband."

This was a little unusual, that a husband would make me think he was a brother, but I went with it. I described what I saw and most of it fit pretty well. One thing that was iffy, though, was seeing the spirit of what we believed was her husband wearing a fright wig or having curly hair. This didn't seem to fit completely, although Lucy said her husband was funny, which might make the clown reference fit.

The only thing Lucy really could not identify was the "V" I was seeing around the man's neck. It was a V-shaped something with a medallion or crest at the point. I was thinking it looked like a church choir collar or a pastor's stole, or maybe the things that honored graduates and PhD's wear at commencements. There was definitely a crest or something at the point of the V. Maybe it was an Olympic medal, or some sort of athlete's medal?

Lucy was lost. In the interest of brevity, I suggested that it might occur to her later and I continued with the other readings.

Here's a medium's aside: This brings to mind the idea that the process of death and dying is similar for a lot of people. If someone dies from cancer, for example, as Lucy's husband had, his death and dying days might be similar to someone who dies from Hepatitis C. There are long weeks in the hospital, there might be surgery, there could be hospice care, etc. So when I described what I thought were Lucy's husband's last

days, I was actually covering someone else, but neither of us realized it.

And this is what makes the group readings so special. There may be messages that are for someone else, but you can get meaning from them too.

Specifically, the spirit I thought was Lucy's husband was giving me the idea of being in the hospital for a time that someone felt was a waste. It can seem that way sometimes, that if someone is dying, it's a waste of resources, time, and emotions for him to be in the hospital for days or weeks on end. But I told Lucy that there was a reason, and it may have been for her, that he lived those last two or three weeks. Lucy didn't question any of that.

And here's where DeAnne comes in. DeAnne, bless her, called two different people after that showcase to get my phone number. I happened to be talking to one of them when she called—yes, this was immediately after the event had ended and DeAnne had left. I got on my friend's phone and she said, "I think you were talking about my brother, not her husband. I am so sorry, but I was so emotional and I had just been talking to you before you went to her, and I couldn't speak up, I just couldn't. I need to have a private reading with you as soon as possible."

I gave her the very next opening on my schedule. In my pre-reading meditation for DeAnne's private reading, I was shown a marching band, especially focusing on girls in cheerleader skirts, with the colored inverted pleats. I usually don't get color very well, unless it's very specific, and this was one—the uniforms were white with burgundy or maroon and possibly some gold trim. These girls were marching with the band and I kept seeing the skirts.

I also got the fright wig again, so I knew we had the right guy. Sure enough, when DeAnne arrived, her late brother, Buddy, not Lucy's husband, appeared very definitely on the scene. She told me that Buddy was such a kidder and class clown—he once dressed up as a cheerleader for a pep rally in high school, and he wore a fright wig with the cheerleader uniform. The school's colors? Maroon and white.

Did you just have a Wow moment? Yeah. I did, too.

Buddy showed me the "V" on his chest again, with the medallion or crest at the point. I kept gesturing, illustrating the "V" with my hands and describing it, until DeAnne said, "Oh, he got an award once. It was like an Olympic medal. My daughter has it now." More wow.

And the end of Buddy's life was borne out, as well. He was in the hospital for about two weeks before he died, and he hung on for DeAnne and others to arrive to say their good-byes.

But DeAnne's main concern was whether Buddy was okay. She had heard a medium on TV talking about some spirits "coming up from below," implying hell. This is where I got on my soapbox.

First, I assured her that Buddy was definitely fine, happy, and wonderful! Then I went off on people who threaten others with hell. When we shed our humanness and go into the next life, we are reunited with God and Universe. There is nothing but joy and love there. All the human garbage that drags us down—fear, anger, sorrow, disappointment, pain—is gone. That's why a spirit might not indicate regret or sorrow for his actions as a human. He knows it doesn't matter. All that matters is love and being happy.

So here is your spiritual message from Buddy and my Friends of Distinction on the Other Side: If there is a devil, it's fear. And if there is a sin, it is only refusing to try for happiness. Trust me, your loved ones on the Other Side are well and happy.

My Friends of Distinction

What do you think of if someone like me tells you to "follow your guidance"? Or if you meditate or feel inspired, where does the information you receive come from?

For me, there are several sources. I start with my Angels and Guides. Before I became a professional medium, and before I learned more about spirituality, I used to say I received "Messages from the Cosmos". These messages were (and remain) typically very clear, like a voice in my head, my inner voice, and said things like, "You'll never be in another car wreck" and "At least I have funeral clothes". That last one was the clear message I heard when I was driving to work, an hour or so before I received the news that my first husband had died the night before while out of town on business.

This voice I have come to know as my Angels and Guides. As I have explored, meditated, asked for information, and received messages while both awake and asleep, it has been made clear that these Angels and Guides are many. Everyone has a different set of angels, just for them, and they're all different. You might have five or twelve or 22. I have been told that I have thousands, but I usually see

them in my mind's eye as a couple hundred or so. If I squint my mind's eye, I can see the multitudes.

The A&Gs are the main guidance that I have from day to day. I typically meet with them in the shower every morning, during the time I call "Spraying and Praying". Sometimes, it's a long in-depth talk, sometimes there are a few words from them to me, sometimes there is a litany of gripes from me to them, and sometimes, there's not much besides thanks that I share with them. I also like to sit down with pen and paper and invite them to confer with me, asking questions and recording their answers.

You can definitely claim that the A&Gs are my subconscious. Or God or the Holy Spirit. Or anything you want to call them—but they are clearly something good. They are here to guide me to what I came into this life to do.

Now. Years ago, a coach taught me about his Advisory Board. This is different from the A&Gs. The Advisory Board is a group that you assemble yourself, from spirits of people who have passed, whether you knew them or not. For example, you might ask your late Aunt Frieda and Abraham Lincoln to join your Board. You can also add the Higher Selves of living people, again known by you or not.

The Advisory Board is brought together for a purpose: to solve a problem you have. The coach told me to give them the problem before I fell asleep and ask them to provide the solution in the morning.

Many years ago, when my daughter, Mimi, was about eight years old, she fell in love with a dresser at an antique shop in Salado, about 50 miles north of Austin, where we lived. I wanted to get that dresser for her for Christmas. The trick was transporting it back to Austin. I asked my neighbor if I could store it in his garage until Christmas, so she would be surprised on Christmas morning. That was no problem—he was happy to help. But he drove a small sports car and I didn't know anyone who had a truck who could help me.

I was recently divorced, but my ex-husband loved my children (although they weren't his)—and he had a pick-up truck—so I asked him to pick up the dresser for Mimi. He refused. He did offer to allow me to borrow his truck, but—oh, dear, such a long story why—I didn't ever want to see that truck again.

I was stuck. That night, I assembled an advisory board. I don't remember now who they were, exactly. Maybe I chose Abraham Lincoln, Dudley Moore, Sarah Bernhardt (got a thing for actors), the Higher Self of that coach who taught me about

Advisory Boards, and some stragglers of this or that ilk. I instructed them, "I need to get this piece of furniture from Salado to the neighbor's garage before Christmas. Your job is to figure out how I can do that and give me your answer in the morning."

Upon waking... Yes, I had my answer. At that time, I was working my first business, in project management for facilities. Among my tasks was coordinating corporate moves. I worked with movers a *lot*. There was one in particular—I'll call him Steven—who was always helpful to me and gave me free advice and often referred me to new clients, just as I referred him or hired him for my clients.

I called Steven to ask what he would charge me for a man and a truck to help me go get this dresser. Without hesitation, he said he would send two men and a truck, I did not need to meet them in Salado, and there would be no charge. And he did it. It was done. Just like that. (Mimi was thrilled when she saw that Santa had brought her that dresser!)

The Advisory Board has evolved. Not long ago, I assembled a crew and dubbed the collective The Wisdom Club. On it sat the Professor (Albert Einstein), Dr. Albert Schweitzer, Governor Ann Richards, Don's late son Drew, Leonard Nimoy (I know—told you I have a thing for actors; Star Trek

too), my high school friend David, and later, Geoffrey Holder (look him up, he's cool) and Nancy Reagan. There were a few others who came and went, some serving part-time. At some point, they informed me that they preferred to be called "The Intelligentsia".

The Intelligentsia was a permanent board. I would go to them somewhat frequently, much like I depended on my A&Gs. After a couple of years, though, the Professor told me that, "You have everything you need, and you don't need us anymore." When I objected, the Professor assured me he would still be around any time I asked. (We've been friends a long time. Maybe I'll get around to that story here in a bit.)

Don was disappointed at the disbanding of the Intelligentsia. He liked to give me queries to put to them, and now they were going away. I explained to him where they originally came from, and assured him that I could still put together a mean Advisory Board any time we wanted.

In addition to my A&Gs and the Intelligentsia, there is another group of advisors on whom I depend for spiritual support: The Friends of Distinction. The FoDs include my own late loved ones, such as my first husband, my father-in-law, and my grandparents; Don's son Drew and his father, whom I call "Doc",

neither of whom I met when they were alive; and spirits I've met through their living loved ones, including one young man I became particularly fond of after reading for his mother several times and a client's late husband, who is always very kind toward me. Not everyone I meet in a reading becomes a Friend of Distinction, just the ones I have the pleasure to get to know through several readings and who seem interested to be friends with me.

This is the platform of guidance from which I work and live. When I read for a client, I refer to her A&Gs, sometimes calling them "Spirit" as a general source of guidance or "Source" or even "God", if that is the language that suits the client.

Once, Don watched a video about a man who talked about space aliens and some of how the Universe works. He talked about "Dark Lords" and their "control" over human life. Immediately, my guidance let me know that there are "resources", such as the A&Gs, but no one has "control" over our journeys here, except ourselves. And forget about "Dark" anything---pish. You know what I think about that. No devil, no hell. Relax!

Purple Flower with a Face

This one is a great example of "psychic amnesia." Art's wife had passed away shortly before our session. During my pre-reading meditation, I heard the word "pansy". I didn't know if this was the flower or the name—or maybe it was even "Patsy".

When Art arrived for his reading, I immediately told him about "pansy or Patsy". He shook his head, obviously searching his brain for some meaning to this. I started focusing more on "pansy" and then I translated for him, "It's the purple flower that looks like a face. You know? Those flowers? They look like they have a face?"

Nothing.

By this time, I was seeing gardens full of pansies. "Purple flower with a face!" I repeated, insistently. Sorry, Art said.

I decided I had to move on. I had several other images and words and messages from his wife and also from his grandparents. I was taken on a tour of his grandparents' house and discovered that his grandmother was not a cook, a fact that I also had to

drag out of the client. "Why is the kitchen full of dirty dishes?" I asked.

"Oh, no, the kitchen was always clean," he protested.

"Then why is your grandmother showing me a sink full of dirty dishes?" I demanded.

"I don't know. She wasn't even in there—my grandfather did the cooking." We were both baffled.

Finally, I asked, "Did he leave the dishes for her to do?"

"Oh." We both realized that, to his grandmother, the kitchen was always full of dirty dishes that she had to clean up!

His grandma also told me, "That's not his real name. He's just kidding around."

Art smiled. "That's true. My real name is Robert, but I never liked it. I changed my last name too."

And now, back to the pansy. Toward the end of our two-hour reading, I asked again about the "purple

flower with a face". Suddenly, something started to dawn on my gentle client.

said, "A purple Art with a face? flower Well. there was something next to my wife's bed, something her employer had sent over to the hospital. It like stuffed was а animal, but shaped like



a flower. And it has a smiley face on it. And it's purple...

"It hangs on the wall in my bedroom and when I see it every day, I think of my wife. It reminds me of her."

Bless his heart.

Sometimes, I Get Wowed Too

Why this one got to me, I don't really know. But I think the feeling was more "overflow"—joy and wonder—than one of sorrow.

What happened first was an everyday occurrence for me, a mini-reading at a Home Event. Dee had about 15 minutes with me, during which time I gave her a lot of info from spirits on the Other Side. One of the images I received was from her son, Merrill. He showed me a wreath and I thought "Christmas", but he showed it to me on his head, so I added that maybe it was a laurel wreath? But it made me think of St. Lucia. I gestured that this was worn on the head and asked if any of this meant anything. Dee wasn't sure.

More psychic amnesia, I thought. Later, I found out that Dee had a hearing problem and hadn't fully understood what I was saying about Merrill.

But back to my bewreathed man. Several days later, I received a large envelope in the mail. Dee had written me a lovely letter, explaining what happened as she reviewed the notes I had given her from her mini-reading. She saw that I had written "wreath – head" and suddenly she got it! She enclosed for my edification a photo of her son, Merrill. The original

photo is on her refrigerator, where she sees it every day. And in it—ta da!—Merrill is wearing a Christmas wreath on his head!

Dee went on to explain how the wreath came to be on Merrill's head and told me a little bit about his personality. She was utterly delighted with the minireading, as was I.

As I sat there in my car, with the letter and picture in my lap, I started to cry. There weren't a lot of tears, just some sobbing kind of breaths. I thanked Merrill for coming through so clearly and in a way that was meaningful to his mother, for allowing me to do this for both of them. And once again, I thanked the Universe for my gifts.

Later, Dee made an appointment for a private reading. Of course, she hoped to hear from Merrill again. Merrill was in his 20's when he passed away from complications from AIDS. He came through easily and we talked quite a bit about his passing, because Dee had some question marks around the timing and the exact events.

Then Merrill had something for his sister. He wouldn't leave me alone until I told Dee, "Merrill is saying to tell his sister Susan to go ahead and make the Hamburger Helper." I explained that he seemed

to be teasing and I asked if this meant anything to Dee.

She looked a bit puzzled. "I don't think they eat Hamburger Helper, maybe they used to when the kids were little, but I will tell her."

About a week later, Dee called with the surprising event about "Hamburger Helper". It seemed that Susan and her husband were gourmet cooks and enjoyed food as an art more than simple sustenance. Thus, the idea that Hamburger Helper would enter into their lives was at the very least a little unlikely.

When Dee talked to Susan after her reading with me, she said she felt that Merrill was urging her, "Tell her, Mama, tell her about the Hamburger Helper!" So Dee gave Susan the message I had given her from her brother.

Susan said, "I have no idea what that means. We haven't even had that in the house for years!"

That evening, when Susan arrived home from work, she saw that her husband had been to the grocery store. Sitting on the counter was a box of—you guessed it—Hamburger Helper!

And Susan's husband didn't even know why he had bought it. "I don't know, I just saw it and I bought it!"

Happily, Merrill has since become a familiar friend from the Other Side. When I received a reading from a fellow medium, she said that many people from the Other Side were grateful to me, but there was one young man in particular who expressed gratitude for how I had helped his mother.

Thank you, Merrill!

Destiny vs. Free Will

"We are not permitted to choose the frame of our destiny. But what we put into it is ours."~~Dag Hammarskjold

I ran across this quote from the UN Secretary-General of the '50s, and it made me start ruminatin' yet again about destiny vs. free will. This is not a religious question for me, but a philosophical one: Is it all preordained or do we have a choice about our lives? If it is not preordained, how can I see events that will happen in the future? And, for people who are not psychic, is the question less—or more—important or difficult? And lastly, what did Dag know that the rest of us don't?

I have meditated, read, and thought quite a bit about this. I was raised Presbyterian, where preordination is the prescribed belief. God plans it all out for us, according to the Presbys. Even though I left the church long ago and am not religious, this belief informs my thoughts and feelings today.

I have read other teachers' works which claim that our souls plan everything ahead of time, before we are even conceived. I find that can be comforting, especially in difficulty. To believe that you had a good reason for planning whatever tragedy has befallen you can be somewhat soothing. But then I think, isn't that the same thing as saying, "It's God's will"? And "It's God's will" always pisses me off, because why would God want you to suffer? (One reason I am not religious is that I don't believe in a God who allows, wants, or causes suffering.)

But if you have chosen your path yourself, and you assume you had a good reason, does that help? "Why in the world would I want to lose [this person I love] at this stage in my life?" And we don't know.

The other side of this coin is that everything may be random. Stuff just happens, and you can make things happen or not happen if you think and try and plan and work hard enough, Law of Attraction and all that good stuff. It's "free will"—another religious thing I don't like, as if we are actually programmed one way, but then "God" gives us freedom from that programming so we can be free to sin and screw up for Him. Pfffft.

After working with clients for over ten years, and making accurate predictions for them all, one day I finally determined that our lives are a *combination* of Destiny and Free Will. It seems that there are events I call "Destiny Points" that will happen no matter what you do.

Examples are the person you'll marry and the children you will (or won't) have, a car wreck, a job or career, that kind of thing. The choice part comes in how fast or slow you get to those points (unless they are tied to a specific age, which seems possible) and how happy you are getting there.

This worked for me pretty well. But I kept coming back to the idea of, if I can predict it accurately, doesn't that mean it is already in motion? Already a plan? Already happening in a future time? And I predict all manner of random things, not only big "Destiny Points", that turn out to be true. I've had premonitions of things that were not connected to readings or clients, such as my husband's death and September 11—how is that possible, if they were not already going to happen?

My theory that we have Destiny Points and our choice of happiness and speed between them matches Hammarskjold's quote fairly well. What do you think?

My 9/11 Premonition

I'm on the 90th floor of a very tall building. Looking out of the windows surrounding the cubicles of my office, I can see a lot of other buildings, but only one nearby that is close to the height of this one. About three blocks away, there's water, sparkling brilliantly in the bright sunshine. The sky is clear and blue. Inside, my coworkers and I are carrying on business as usual. I'm standing, as if I am a supervisor, talking to someone who is sitting in a cubicle. I'm a woman, but I'm not Susan.

Suddenly, there is a loud noise. Outside, two aircraft fly toward one another in front of our windows. One of them has a ball on the front instead of a nose cone. It looks alien, foreign, frightening. The two aircraft pause and seem to confer, then turn and fly off and out of my line of sight.

Then there is another terrible noise. Louder than anything I've ever heard, and I imagine that must be what a bomb sounds like. The building shudders in a hard tremor, and everyone in the room starts to run. I'm running too, and all I can think of is getting home to my children. I am panicking. I have to get home to my children. I'm crying and gasping for breath.

I wake up. I'm sitting up—"bolt upright", as they say—in my bed in Austin, Texas. Still panting and crying, I get my bearings. It is August 27, 2001. A terrible nightmare. Worst I have ever had. Where was it? Tall building, big city, water three blocks away... Chicago? On a clear day?

I collect myself and try to go back to sleep.

Two weeks later, I am watching the horrific news on TV... and it dawns on me where I had been... and when... The "how" still escapes me.

How Can I Help You?

You have read how I have helped others, helped them to find peace, understanding, and healing. Besides helping people with their "RIPs", I also foretell their futures and explain their relationships. I tell them what is going to happen at their jobs. One long-time client has an irrational fear of being fired, but I am always happy to assure her that she will have that job as long as she wants it. I have been telling her that for about seven years!

I am especially good at looking into relationships, specifically "feeling" someone you know, usually with the help of a first name and sometimes their age, and telling you what they feel, where they are coming from, and what they plan to do. This is very helpful with your primary romantic relationship or marriage, as well as with your children.

I also talk to my clients about their health, and the health of their loved ones. One day, I was reading for a woman whose mother was in the ICU of the hospital. She asked about her mother's prognosis and, before I even knew what I was saying, out of my mouth popped these words: "I am not allowed to tell you when anyone will die, even if I know, which I don't." It seemed as though my angels had said that

on my behalf, and I adopted "no death predictions" into my own code of ethics.

In truth, I seldom receive what you would consider "bad news". If you are going to die and that is that, I probably won't even receive the information. I would get a "no answer" or "blank" even if I asked. But if you are going to have a heart attack and I can warn you of that, then it's not bad news. If I can say, "You need to see a doctor about your heart before next week," that is good news—a warning you can do something with. And you will do it, because, again, if you are meant to die, I won't even get the information.

That being said, I don't think I have predicted any heart attacks. But I did warn a woman once that her grandfather was worried about her getting hit by a bus. And she did! Well, wait, before you freak out, it wasn't like that. She was side-swiped by a school bus when she was in her car. No one was injured. But her grandpa's warning may have helped her get the side-swipe instead of a head-on collision.

Another time, I interpreted an angel card that said "windfall" to mean that the client would receive an inheritance. I kept tapping the card and saying, "It's a lump sum, like an inheritance." She was startled, "I don't want anyone to die!"

I frowned. "No, no one is going to die, but I can't stop feeling that it's an inheritance, or I guess a gift from your parents or grandparents."

Later, she emailed me to say that her mom called her just after the reading, and said, "Your dad and I want to pay off your car for you." Definitely good news!

And of course, I talk with my clients about money. No, I can't give you the winning lottery numbers! But I can tell you what's coming. I can tell you where in your energy money is—meaning that your ability to make money may be in something other than what you're expecting. For example, you may be a teacher and I would tell you that you're going to be promoted to administration or that you will go back to school and become an orthodontist. Or I might say that you'll receive a windfall and no one will die, but your car will be paid off!

So how can I help you? My door is open.

Love, & Kisses, Susan K.



Susan K. Morrow-Johnson is an amazeballs psychic medium who will foretell your future, explain your past, and talk to your dead folks. Based in Houston, Texas, and married to her "muse", Don Johnson, Susan loves to give readings, read books, watch movies, enjoy her family and friends, torment her Maine Coon cat, Blue, and guzzle decaf triple grande soy no-whip mochas from Starbucks.

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