

## Chapter 3

# Wake Up Sleepy Head!

April 2000

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*Some people light up a room when they leave it, and then there are those who light up a room when they enter it.*

For the next several years, life went on. But, in the year 2000, when I was approaching the age of 50, my life became stressful. I had just ended a relationship with a live-in boyfriend of twelve years and now found myself in a dilemma. He wanted me back, but I didn't share his sentiment. Persistent and not taking "no" for an answer, he just wouldn't give up.

When we broke up in the fall of 1999, he had abruptly packed up his belongings and moved to Plano, Texas, where he bought our "dream" home. Then, after realizing I wasn't going to take the bait and move to Texas, he decided to move back to St. Louis instead. Now for the first time in 12 years, he was proposing marriage to persuade me to change my mind.

Matters only worsened when my oldest son moved back home that same year after his own divorce. Now the situation really became strained. My oldest son and my ex-boyfriend couldn't possibly live under the same roof, because they absolutely hated each other! Now, stuck in the middle, I became so stressed out that I ballooned up to 215 pounds and had to have my gall bladder taken out.

In my entire life, I had never stood up to anyone and didn't know how to do it now. Instead, I thought of a way to stall my ex-boyfriend and keep him in Texas. After telling him he couldn't move back until he sold his house, he immediately put it up for sale. Lucky for me, he couldn't find a buyer, even though he was asking \$20,000 less than he had originally paid for it. Now it was the spring of 2000, and we were keeping our relationship going through the phone lines.

Every morning at work I listened to my favorite radio show, *Phillips and Company*, on Y98 FM. On one particular morning in early April 2000, Guy Phillips announced he had an extraordinary guest on the program by the name of Judy Goodman. She was on the show to promote her lecture that coming Friday night entitled "The

Spirit World.” She turned out to be one of the most fascinating guests I had ever listened to on the radio. She was introduced as a psychic who lived in “both worlds” just like the boy in *Sixth Sense*, but she described herself as a “teacher of teachers.” She absolutely intrigued me. I had never heard of a psychic like Judy. In fact, I was skeptical of ALL psychics, because of my religious background. I had been taught to not trust them and that they were associated with the Devil or witchcraft.

During the radio show, many listeners called in to get readings. Amazingly, Judy only had to ask for the caller’s name and then was able to give each of them an accurate reading. Spellbound, I listened as each caller verified that she was right on the money. In my entire life, I had never heard of or seen anyone like Judy. At that moment, I decided I had to go to her Friday night lecture and see her in person.

After getting home from work that night, I called my boyfriend in Texas and told him what I had heard on Y98 that morning. Excited, I told him I was planning to attend Judy Goodman’s lecture that coming Friday night. He, too, seemed interested and asked me to call him after the lecture and tell him all about it.

When Friday night finally rolled around, I was so anxious to get a good seat, that I arrived at the lecture 45 minutes early. In my mind, I thought there would be hundreds, maybe thousands of people waiting in line to see Judy. However, my expectations fell short, because she was up against some pretty tough competition. On that same night there was a Blues hockey playoff, and the Cardinals were playing their season opener. Actually, only around 20 people attended the lecture, which turned out to be perfect! Being part of a small audience meant I could ask lots of questions.

The lecture was to begin at 7:00 and Judy arrived at 6:30. When Judy walked in, there were only three other people there, including me. Immediately, Judy walked up to me and introduced herself. I must admit I was very nervous as I shook her hand. To my surprise, she asked if she could have someone take a picture of us together. Of course, I was very flattered and said yes.

Right on time, the lecture started at seven o’clock. Early on, I had requested to sit in the front row so I could see Judy close up and ask questions. However, telling me no at first, the sponsor in charge told me that the front row seats were reserved for the other sponsors. Persistent and not taking no for an answer, I finally got my way and sat

in the front row. It turned out that they (the sponsors) enjoyed sitting in the back to observe people's reactions to Judy.

When Judy began her lecture, her words were like beautiful music to my ears. I knew in my heart that what she was saying was the truth I had been searching for my entire life. She mentioned topics I had been reading about and had watched on TV. Everything she said made perfect sense to me.

One of the subjects Judy talked about was old souls. She began by saying, "Mother Theresa is an old soul, and the Pope is an old soul." Then she stopped and, pointing to me, said, "And you're a 'notable,' and one day you will be a great teacher." Caught completely by surprise and somewhat embarrassed to be singled out by Judy, I was speechless yet at the same time flattered. Unfortunately, I didn't get to stop her and ask her, "What's a notable?" But now my curiosity was aroused. As I sat there, I wondered, "What's a notable?" At that moment, I figured out a notable must be someone in history whose name we would all recognize.

As the night wore on, I asked Judy many questions. Again, I'm the type of person who asks questions and only accepts something if it feels "right" for me. Judy was very patient, though, and provided sound, logical explanations to all of my questions.

Judy strongly emphasized that we should not get our information from just one source. She encouraged us to seek our own truth and added what might be right for one person, may not be right for another. She also advised us that if any information we heard that night did not agree with us, to just discard it. By the end of the evening, I was sold on this new concept of "spirituality" and decided to sign up and attend her all-day seminar the next day.

When I got home that night, I felt as if I were floating on a cloud. At last I had found MY truth—what I had been searching for. I recalled the lecture and the moment she had singled me out. I was right about a notable. Someone at the lecture had told me that a notable was a person in history whom we all would recognize by name. Now I was curious as to whom I had been in a past life.

Trying to think, I recalled a favorite childhood Bible movie of mine. "Could I have been the person in that story?" When I was a small child, I watched this movie whenever it came on TV. Then, when I was in my thirties, I became obsessed with it. I purchased the movie through a mail order company and watched it at least once a

week for the next ten years. Now God (through Judy) had planted a seed. “Could I be this person?” I asked myself.

That night I talked with my boyfriend in Texas. He, too, seemed interested as to what had happened at the lecture. I told him I had signed up for the seminar the next day and that I would call him when I got home the next evening.

Besides wanting to learn more about the spirit world, I attended Saturday’s seminar to get answers about my current situation. Hoping to get lucky, I thought maybe I would get a “freebie” and receive a mini-reading from Judy. Amazed by what I had been told by the other attendees, I had learned that Judy had direct access to God.

It was also a “no-brainer” that I was at a major crossroad in my life, and I had to make a decision, but I was a coward. Again, I had never stood up for myself in the past and had never been forced to make a “big” decision on my own. Others had always done that for me.

Compounding the situation was my oldest son Mark. He and I were going through rough times. He was still angry with me over the divorce from his father 14 years earlier. He also blamed me for everything that had happened to him since. It was a hopeless situation, and we were experiencing a total breakdown in communication.

(It’s very important to stop here and add that I was never able to talk privately with Judy. She was always surrounded by people, and the opportunity never popped up. Obviously, Judy never knew why I had attended her lecture or her seminar. As I write these words, I now realize that God must have “drawn” me there, and it was time for me to “wake up.”)

The Saturday seminar was great. Only eight people were there, including me. At lunch we all sat around a long oblong table, and I was in luck! Judy was sitting right across from me! Now I only had to wait for an opportunity to ask a question. I didn’t have to wait long either. Again, I knew she had direct access to God, as I asked her, “Will my son and I ever get back together?” Without any hesitation, she answered, “You and your son will have to work on it, but you need to tie off that ‘loose end’ first.” Pausing, as if to collect her thoughts, she continued, “If you DO decide to tie off that loose end, there will be great turmoil for a short period of time, and then it will be over.”

Again, it was impossible for Judy to have known what that “loose end” was, but I did. I believed God was telling me that “loose end” was my ex-boyfriend in Texas. (Much later, I found out that God never

tells us what to do. God leaves the choices up to us to make. That is why Judy used the words, “*If* you decide....”)

Nearing the end of lunch, something else happened. We had covered many spiritual topics, but now Judy brought up a totally different subject by asking (the group), “Don’t you just love to watch Bible movies?” At that moment, I thought she had (for a split second) made eye contact with me just as she was beginning the question. So, of course, I immediately wondered, “Could God (through Judy) be telling me that I AM that person in the Bible I thought I was?”

By the end of the seminar, my brain had absorbed so much new material that I was in complete overload. Although our time was up, I still had many unanswered questions. But it was now too late. It was five o’clock and the seminar was over.

Judy went home in a plane and I went home in a daze.

