

Chapter 9

One More Clue is Revealed

December 2000

Don't be afraid to ask God for your heart's desire. Just be grateful today for what you are about to receive tomorrow.

In December, I had another angel reading with Jacquelyne. This time I wanted to find out about my two children and who they were to me. By now, after reading several more spiritual books, I had learned that we pick our parents and the situation into which we are born.

I had two sons, Mark and Jeff. Mark had remarried his first wife, DJ, and they were living in Providence, Rhode Island, where they were expecting their first child in August 2001. Then, there was my youngest son Jeff. He was born in 1981. Jeff was born a healthy, happy baby. In fact, he was ahead of other babies his age. By the age of five months, he was already crawling on his hands and knees. I was so amazed at his development that I thought he would someday become quite an athlete.

Then tragedy struck. On June 21, 1982, when Jeff was only ten months old, my two sons and I were involved in a head-on collision with another car. My sons escaped injury, but I wasn't so lucky. I was thrown into the windshield. It had happened so fast that my only reaction was to instinctively throw my right arm up to shield my face. We were only going 45 mph, but the force of the impact was horrific. My wrist took all of the impact and it was broken in several places.

Within a couple of years after the accident and by the time Jeff was three years old, he was diagnosed with ADD/ADHD and dyslexia processing. Oddly, we also noticed that after the accident, he had lost most of his motor skills and coordination, but we could never link this to the car accident. Jeff didn't walk until he was three and later on was never coordinated enough to play sports or even ride a bicycle.

My father always said, but couldn't prove it, that Jeff's learning disabilities were caused by the car accident, but Jeff escaped the accident unscathed. He was belted into a child's car seat and didn't get thrown forward. However, the accident was definitely a terrible trauma for all three of us.

At the age of three, Jeff started attending special school full-time. Then, for the next 16 years, I blamed myself for his disabilities. Somehow, I believed I was responsible for what had happened to him. I was haunted by the thoughts that maybe I had done something during my pregnancy which caused all of his problems.

So, at the time of my reading in December, Jeff was 19 years old and still in school. Also, Jeff did not have much of a social life, because he was shy and fully aware that he was different from other kids. From an early age, he was sensitive to other children making fun of him. This bothered him immensely, because even though he was learning disabled, he was still very smart.

When Jeff was not in school, he sat in his bedroom and watched TV or played video games. By this time, I had accepted the fact that Jeff would probably be with me for the rest of his life.

During the summer of 2000, Jeff had gotten a summer job at a local hospital as a baker's assistant. He was a good worker and loved his job. His co-workers took a liking to him, too. In fact, his boss liked his work so much that he offered Jeff a full-time job at the end of summer. But I wouldn't let Jeff take it, because I wanted him to stay in school until he was 21. I must admit I was greedy and wanted to collect child support from his father.

Now that you know some of Jeff's history, back to my reading with Jacquelyne and my question regarding my children.

Jacquelyne said that this was the first time they (my sons) had incarnated with me. She told me that Jeff was very private and his soul would not reveal whom he had been in past lives. All Jeff's soul would say was that he had been an office holder in past lives, and he felt as if he had never gotten anything accomplished. Jeff was also working off a karmic debt from a past life, by learning how it feels to be "different."

Then Jacquelyne caught me completely by surprise. Everything was going along smoothly, until suddenly Jacquelyne stopped. Sounding confused, she asked, "How old is Jeff? I see him riding in a school bus. I also see a boy watching TV in a bedroom and looking out the window." Suddenly, I froze. Feeling "caught" I was too embarrassed to answer her, so I didn't. Then Jacquelyne said, "They (meaning my angels) are telling me to tell you to get him out.....to get him out in the world!!" I can't even begin to express how guilty and embarrassed I was. Here, Jacquelyne had described Jeff to a "T."

After the reading was over, I immediately started the ball rolling by doing exactly what my angels had requested me to do—to get Jeff out in the world. That same week, I contacted the hospital where he had worked during the summer and had them mail us a job application. Then, within two months, Jeff graduated from high school and was working full-time as a baker’s assistant.

Now, by February 2001, everything seemed to be going smoothly at home. Jeff was happy with his new job, and my oldest son Mark and his wife DJ were still expecting their first child. Although I still had no idea what the future had in store for me, I did get one more clue of what was to come.

It happened when I was at work and least expecting it. I needed to talk to Jim, a co-worker. Walking over to his cubicle, I entered it and could see that he was busy talking on the phone. He then motioned for me to sit down and wait, and, as I was about to sit down on a chair, I noticed that there was a magazine on it. Without even thinking, I picked it up, sat down on the chair, and put the magazine on my lap. As if by magic, it fell open to an article about AIDS in Africa. Curious, I started glancing at the pages. Sadly, there were ten pages in all and each page’s picture depicted the woeful plight of the AIDS victims, especially the AIDS orphans. Suddenly, I started getting goose bumps all over, and I knew immediately that this was either a signal from my angels to get my attention or they wanted to give me a confirmation. Silently I asked God, “Am I going to have something to do with AIDS in Africa?” Of course, I was clueless and had no idea what could possibly get me over there.

Just then, Jim got off the phone. He was a good friend and never made fun of me or judged me. I told him what had just happened and showed him the magazine article. “Jim, I’m getting the feeling that someday I’m going to have something to do with AIDS in Africa.” But neither one of us could think of a logical explanation.

