

Being born aware enables a man to see his life before it happens. He wonders who controls his decisions and questions his existence during multiple encounters.

My Psychic Life by Dai Bach

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I could see the future and didn't like it one bit.

ΜY

PSYCHIC

All in good time, all in God's hands.



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Introduction

I'm always wary when people claim to have some supernatural gift where they see spirits and angels and can speak with those in the afterlife; or even those who declare to have been abducted by aliens, many regularly, and have seen maps to galaxies where these forms assert to be from. I am skeptical. Which is why my story may seem extraordinary, if not unbelievable. It's okay, I understand. You don't have to accept anything I say but keep an open mind because each one of these narratives that describe my experiences is the truth as I know it.

One more detail before I go charging off in all directions. I don't expect you to believe that we each live multiple lives in a holographic projection and we are all involved in a quest to elevate our vibration but that's how I see it. Also, it became evident to me quite early on that life was designed for us to experience hardships, heartache, and pain in many and all degrees. Each case required for insight feeding the spiritual growth factor.

Declare

I am psychic.

I don't know how I'm psychic I just know by what I've experienced throughout my life that I am psychic. When you see something without looking albeit sometimes after any foreseen event it makes you wonder. The realization that you had recognized something before it happened is incredible. In a moment of knowing it's an awareness that must be acknowledged. It's like something slips in the mind then heightens expectation and percolates in preparation of some transparent forewarning. There is beauty in that delicate moment as it pertains to God. When I say God I don't refer to some old bearded bloke sitting on a throne in Heaven telling sinners to go to Hell even if that may be the case. No. My God is an infinite straight line from which we all emanate. Pure energy, light and love on a single note. Deep down you may share this model and thus mitigate any reference to God for its sheer pervasiveness. However, I won't ask forgiveness for constantly mentioning the one entity with whom I have had a lifelong relationship. It goes above and beyond reproach.

That doesn't mean you won't be bored as I tell you how I know what I know by how I know it.

There will be little embellishment to this somewhat esoteric introspective as too many details will foil the simple objective to reveal how my psychic mind resonated what lessons God

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intended for me. God is not to blame for anything so stop trying. Indeed, my life being no exception regarding tribulation by the truckload careening around forever on loopy figures of eight. I had to laugh in each instance going round the bends for their truly illusory orbit. In the state of perfection it seems that as far as God is concerned when weaving the yarn into physical expression nothing really matters.

Forecast

First off, I am at the culmination and everything I predicted is coming true. Belief that I was born into some prodigious end time offset my absolute requirement for balance and stability. apocalypse was promised in some But form: an an armageddon which would affect us all at the same time. It was an end of the world scenario and I didn't like it one bit wondering what I had to do with it. Or more to the point, what did it have to do with me? Yet, as I bounced around life's ping pong training in a world of indifference there was always an element of hope. The idea that everything would be okay in the long run perceived at least as the reason to get out of bed in the morning. As those impressions weighed on my sensibility I wrote it all down. It seemed like gibberish and was virtually illegible but that didn't stop me. My pinpoint in time expanded across all ages as I saw things before they occurred. All on a personal level yet in a universal context.

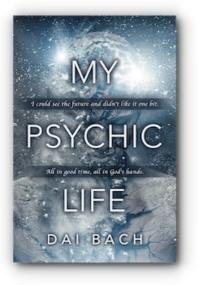
Awakening

Did you know you are psychic?

Being psychic means being born aware in my case. For sure, I was born half past the hour in the middle of the morning, in the middle of the month, in the middle of the year, in the middle of the century. I was to become the middle child. Add to these curiosities all the recessive traits one could bestow on any person including rarest blood, blue eyed, hairless, left handed, half blind and strange according to any observing commentator; you will find all the ingredients required for an intense obssessive compulsive living on my toes. You are probably wondering what this has to do with anything. Stick those traits into a life feeling isolated even when surrounded by family and you find someone with elevated sensibilities and extra sensory possession.

Getaway

Growing up in a small English coastal town proved to be ambiguous in many ways. Childhood routine fluctuated highly regimented educational obligations between and freewheeling episodes with little or no oversight. It wasn't all bad either way and apart from being physically trained in all areas of sport except tennis, the one thing I really wanted to do. I rapidly figured how to fend for myself and to apply the tricks of all trades. I wasn't a fighter but did have to defend myself when the need arose. Avoid conflict but throw the first punch being the best strategy. Three knockouts later and I found myself working three jobs just to pay the rent. Whatever job included hours of mundane activity that left me feeling asphyxiated. How I detested those pangs of being trapped and condemned to a lifetime of service industry labor where even the promise of a gold watch retirement was no longer guaranteed. I just had to get out. Slogging from nine to midnight my shifts, geared to change between retail, catering and ushering, were hard on my feet. This was compounded when while stepping off a bus its wheel ran over my right foot and it swolled up like a balloon. But all travesty aside the dreary weather and my biting at the bit was more than I could bear. Nan always advised to never giving up a job until having another one to go to but four years to a teenager seems like forever and at some point I just had to get up and go.



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