

## THE DREAMVISIONER– CHAPTER FIVE

By S. Leigh Young

After her father's last phone call, Carey lay back on the sofa while she waited for his arrival. She was worried about him. All those long hours of work; the frustration with that huge project; and now, a strange phone call that bothered him enough to call his weekend short. Something was up, but she didn't know what it was. He was acting strangely and lately he seemed more irritable than usual. Then an idea entered her mind. Quickly, she dialed Mike's house and his mother answered.

"Hi Carey! What's up?" Mrs. Harvey asked.

"It's about my dad. I know you're a – a --", Carey stuttered.

"Psychic?"

"Yeah," she replied. "I was hoping -- well, I was hoping you could help him. I don't think he's gotten over my mother's death and I'm worried about him."

Mrs. Harvey offered to see Jake in person and Carey wasn't sure her father would go along with a psychic reading, but Dee explained it would be necessary in order to help him.

"What's involved in a reading?" Carey asked.

"Well, it's kind of involved," Mrs. Harvey replied. "With some people I get these insights about them. Sometimes information comes through and I can see what's going on in their lives. Then I can ask for help to assist them. Does that sound like something you had in mind?"

Carey hesitated, wondering if this was a good idea or not. She didn't think her father believed in that sort of thing.

"Carey?"

"Uh, yeah -- I guess so. I'm not very knowledgeable about this stuff. I just know that he's under a lot of stress and he has a hard time talking about my mom's death. I don't think we've discussed it more than a couple of times."

Mrs. Harvey asked if Jake had seen a counselor and Carey replied he had. "He went for about a month, right after she died, but he quit going. Said he didn't need it, but I'm not so sure about that. Isn't there a grieving process that people are supposed to go through? I know I sure went through it. I cried and screamed and got so angry, I thought I was going to explode for a while. After I got all that grief out, I felt a lot better. But I don't think he's ever gone through that."

Mrs. Harvey fully understood and told Carey it was not uncommon, especially for men. They are not always in touch with their emotions like females usually are. Some are even afraid of emotions, she explained. "Do you think this applies to your dad?"

"Maybe. He's a very affectionate person but he has no social life at all. He's lost contact with his old friends. All he does is work. That's not good for a person, is it?"

"No, it isn't. It sounds like he needs help. I'm not sure if I'm the one to provide that help, but all I can do is try."

"Thanks, Mrs. Harvey. Maybe if he could be convinced that there's something -- you know -- some sort of life after we die, maybe it would make him feel better about mom."

"Yes, that can help in some cases. I've seen it happen. Can you bring him over for dinner this Wednesday at about 7 o'clock?"

“I think I can get him to come. I’ll let you know,” Carey replied. “And thank you again. I really appreciate this.”

“No problem, Carey. It’s what I love to do.”

Dee Harvey was one of those people that everyone immediately adored. Her demeanor was one of undisguised compassion and generosity. Kindness seemed to flow from every part of her being and she had an ability to quickly put people at ease. It was a gift that was very helpful in her vocation. Her psychic abilities had come relatively late in life. She had learned to get in touch with a higher source of intelligence and to see through the illusions. She liked to call it the universal mind but, in reality, she thought it was probably much more than that.

Coupled with her involvement in metaphysics and extra sensory perception, she was also an avid student of the latest discoveries in the science of quantum physics. Her life’s project was centered around her journal that recorded her research and insights into the commonalities between the spiritual and quantum worlds. Some day, perhaps after her death, she hoped it would be published. She wanted very much to help humanity learn its true identity – to realize the vital role it plays in the continuation and quality of existence in the physical realm, and to know there is no such thing as death. She truly believed it could transform the world.

She had faith that one day humans would scientifically prove the connection between the energy of which all things are made and the infinite and obvious love behind it. She hoped to contribute to that understanding and wanted it to happen sooner rather than later. The world was so very much in need of this type of healing.

She and her husband Bill had planned their lives to be in the service of others. Each held a deep faith in the ability of the mind to heal the body and they both understood how powerful the mind is. In his practice of chiropractic medicine Bill also offered massage therapy and hypnosis and Dee was also available if a patient needed further help. However, most of her time was directed toward research and teaching. She was president of the local metaphysical organization and often attended regional

meetings and spoke to large and small groups on various occasions. She loved teaching and helping others.

Carey's phone call was not an unusual one. Dee had received many similar calls for help, especially over the past few years as the economy continued to degrade and so many people were hurting. With this rather collectively bleak outlook in the world, it wasn't difficult to lose one's perspective. Minds were easily confused and this often resulted in harmful decisions. It was always helpful to seek the assistance of someone who had learned to tap into the loving insight offered beyond the illusion. Most people didn't realize it was something they could do on their own – their lives were too full of conflict and stress. Often, it seemed impossible to take a few minutes each day to center oneself and clear the mind of all the mixed messages. She considered it an honor to be of assistance in any way she could, to anyone who was ready to receive her help.

She gathered, from what Carey said, that her father was not exactly open to this and he was probably either an agnostic or very angry with God. The world had become so hectic that most had forgotten about the need to nourish their souls. Many people would go to church every Sunday and spend an hour or so listening to someone else preach to them. But listening to sermons was often not enough to heal past wounds and change harmful ways of thinking. She considered this to be her life's purpose -- to help others see the ways in which their thinking patterns and attitudes were causing unhappiness and illness.

Realizing that teaching was only one way of serving this purpose, she also knew the best way was to live it herself – to be an example to others. This is why she had chosen not to have a mainstream career. She and Bill had decided she could best serve others by taking the necessary time each day to move her thoughts away from the conflicting vibrations of the physical world and focus more on the spiritual side. Each night, before going to sleep Dee and Bill would spend about thirty minutes discussing the day's events. She would explain each new insight while he would share with her the physical and emotional ailments he had confronted in his patients. Bill often learned from Dee and her ability to see things from a different perspective. This, along with his sense of dedication, made him one of the most successful health professionals in the city.

They were also well aware of the tremendous problems in government. Knowing that Carey's father worked for a senator, she decided to use that subject to open up a discussion with him about the welfare of the people. Perhaps this would put him at ease and help him feel more comfortable with her. She knew human nature all too well and, being an extremely intelligent person, she had learned the best ways to approach others who were somewhat skeptical. She could think of only two occasions when she had failed and those had occurred many years earlier before she had gained some of the skills she now possessed.

After talking with Carey, she wanted to prepare herself for the upcoming meeting with her father so she went into her meditation room and closed the door. After a few minutes of deep breathing, she allowed the mental clutter of the day to fade away until she reached a point of complete relaxation. Slowly, she began to receive some information about Jake's life and by the time her meditation was complete she knew more about him than probably anyone else at that point. Of course, having never met him, she couldn't be certain the information was entirely correct, but she knew it would be easy to verify once she met him. The moment she touched his hand she would know.

What she received about Jake was a combination of deep emotional turmoil and confusion about his wife's death. She felt he was trying very hard to avoid dealing with the pain by attempting to cover it up with too much work. There was also a deep sense of denial that came through, as if he refused to fully acknowledge how her death had impacted his life. She felt he was a somewhat stubborn person with a great resolve to be strong for his daughter whom he loved dearly. This was very clear. He had a tendency to worry too much about Carey because he feared what would happen to him if he should lose her too. Dee was certain that Jake was harboring a deep fear of death and felt hopeful she could help him overcome it, if he was willing to accept the help. She also sensed a vague feeling of impending danger around him. It was possible that his fears may be drawing something into his life – something not very pleasant.

Few were aware that, at that moment, a dark blue car was parked near the Spencer residence across the street. A redhaired man was sitting in the passenger seat watching

the house. About an hour later the man saw a light green SUV pulling into the driveway. A tall black man got out, grabbed a suitcase from the back, shut the door and walked toward the house. Quickly, the redhaired man jotted down the license plate number of the SUV. As the front door opened, he could see a teenage girl running up to greet the man. He figured the black guy was Jake Spencer and the girl must be his daughter. It was good to know that Spencer had a family, aware of how simple it can be to use a person's loved ones as leverage, if necessary. Outright threats weren't needed – just the implication. That was usually all that was required to convince someone to cooperate.

Brashear started the engine and drove away, making mental notes of what he'd learned about Mr. Jacob Thomas Spencer. As he sped from the middleclass neighborhood, he dialed MacAbee's private cell phone.

"He's got a daughter. She's about seventeen, tall like him. Nice looking kid," Brashear reported.

"Anything else?"

"I have a make on his car and I know where he lives. He must have been gone for the weekend because he took a suitcase out of the car. I guess he left his daughter home alone. I didn't see anyone else inside."

"Fine. What else have you got?" asked MacAbee.

Brashear reported what he's learned – "no criminal record, clean as a whistle. His wife died about two years earlier from ovarian cancer. Since then, he works all the time – not much of a social life."

"Then he's probably sexually frustrated," MacAbee said, chuckling. "Let's see what we can do to help the poor guy with that."

Brashear laughed. "No problem. Sweet Regina is just what he needs."

“Yeah, she’s sweet all right -- wouldn’t mind spending some time with her myself. “

“Down boy. She has to save her strength for Mr. Spencer, remember?”

“Oh, yeah. Right,” replied MacAbee. “So how are you going to arrange a meeting between little miss “great ass” and Mr. Spencer?”

“That’s being arranged as we speak. Regina’s a very good actress. On Wednesday, just as Mr. Spencer is leaving his office, he’s going to have a minor car accident.”

“Ah. And, of course, Regina will be the driver of the other car,” MacAbee said.

“Of course. Nothing serious, just a little bumper damage.”

MacAbee chuckled. “And a few heart palpitations when he gets a load of Regina!”

“No doubt. Don’t worry about a thing,” Brashear assured him.

“Okay. Good work. Call me on Thursday.”

“Will do,” replied Brashear.

When Brashear arrived back at his apartment Regina was waiting for him. She was a voluptuous beauty of Jamaican heritage, tall with long dark hair that shimmered when she moved her head. Not only was she strikingly beautiful, she was also extremely bright. After a few minutes reading over the instructions that Brashear gave her, she understood exactly what he wanted her to do. It contained the travel route that Jake always used when he left the office along with specific instructions about what to do at the scene of the “accident”.

He wasn't sure exactly what time Jake would leave his office so Regina was instructed to be ready by 4 o'clock in case he left earlier than usual. There was a narrow street leading from the parking lot to the main avenue and Jake had to drive his car in that direction. She was to park parallel to the street next to the curb. Brashear would watch for him to come out of the building and then call Regina and give her a heads up. She was to start her car engine and check the rearview mirror, watching for the light green SUV. Just as Jake's car was adjacent to the back door of hers, she was to pull out and run her bumper into his. It would be a minor incident because he would only be traveling about 20 miles an hour on the narrow street. With this type of event the police were never involved. It was too minor. The parties involved would simply exchange information and be on their way. But in this case Brashear would rely on Regina's extraordinary talent to make sure the "chance encounter" didn't end so quickly.

"Got any questions, baby?"

"It sounds pretty simple," Regina replied.

"Make a big fuss, okay? Tell him you feel horrible and you want to buy him a drink."

"What if he says he can't?"

"Then tell him you'll give him a call," Brashear replied. "You know what to do after that."