

My name is Betty A. Darlene is my friend and having a psychic as a good friend has helped me several times. These are a few of her successes with my problems.

The first time Darlene used her abilities to help me was when I was preparing for a camping trip. I called her after finding my tent but not the poles. She described the location as “a pile of my things that I had in storage, left side, under something dark.” That didn’t make sense to me because it was away from the area of my tent. When I looked on the left side, under a tarp, I had found my tent poles.

One time I was nearing the conclusion of a murder-mystery novel and recommended it to Darlene. I was on page 350 and still didn’t know who “did it”. She said, “Out of five possibilities, it was the person whose name started with the letter H.” I thought she was wrong. It couldn’t be the one. It turned out that Aunt Helen was the killer, Darlene was correct.

While driving in Utah with a girlfriend, her car died. When I called Darlene, she indicated it was the battery. My girlfriend’s husband thought the battery was fine because he had already had it tested with a battery testing machine and it tested fine, but when it was taken to the repair shop they found that the battery was indeed the problem.

While in Mexico and driving a friend’s sand rail (a type of elongated dune buggy), we had problems and couldn’t get it to run. Three men checked it out and worked on it but could not solve the problem. I called Darlene and the first thing she asked was, “Is it a Volkswagen?” I told Darlene that my friend had a white VW nearby but that the sand rail also had a VW engine. She asked if it was yellow like a spider of some kind. I told her that it was and she asked me to stand in front of it. She accurately described three wires sticking out of the front part of the car that were bound with black tape and leading to the back of the vehicle. She said it was the middle wire that had a short where it connected to a black box. Sure enough, that was the problem.

I called Darlene from my hospital bed in Hawaii and asked her if everything would be okay following a heart attack. She gave me a physical description of a flap-like blockage in my artery that later matched the description given by the doctor. She also told me there would be peach colored pills. Right after surgery, they handed me eight peach colored pills and said I would be taking more of these daily for a very long time.