

STORY OF A MASTER PSYCHIC

**Adventures, Tales,
Happenings And Tips
For Becoming A
Master Psychic**

DAVID L. GERKE

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Story of a Master Psychic
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Dedication and Special Thanks

TO MY DEAR GOD-THANK YOU

I really want to thank my two daughters Loni Ann and Danielle Laynette who have lovely allowed me to share my life with them and our love. They have carried me along as I have carried them alone in raising these two beautiful daughters of mine. I am most gracious to them for allowing us to share our journeys and sorrows together. I am humbly grateful.

My two son in-laws have helped me with efforts concerning my daughters and myself also. I want to thank them both for their assistance and love. They are very special to me also. They, along with my daughters, have given me advice to which I listen to intently but then decided for myself on which advice, if any, to follow. To my many others that I have met in my life time, I gratefully appreciate the fact that you have allowed me to come into your life briefly and share my story with you.

To the rest of my family and friends, you're finally learning the story of my life and some of the blessings and gifts that I had been given to my God. I trust all you will learn the deep love that I have for my God as I have always placed him first in my life. I have hopes that all of you will follow the deep love and faith for our God who is universal for all universals. I was moved by the aliens, during my conversations with them, that they follow and believe in this universal God also.

It has taken me many years to accomplish what I have alone, with the help of my dear God, accomplished in the writing of this book. Many people have told me they have wanted to write the story of my life but I would not allow them. Who can better tell my story than me? I decided to write this book on myself and hopefully help others in their quest for knowledge and information which is given to all in their search for truth from a master psychic.

To the readers of this book I wish you well in all your efforts and also with understanding and love. The rewards my God has given me a, I hope you will share in them also. The depth of his love and wisdom is humbling and the rewards given by him are awesome for you to receive. I could do no better in life than to have my love for my God and fellow mankind. There is nothing greater to be found anywhere.

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CHAPTER 1

The Start of a life time

It is said that to do a book like this you should start at the beginning. However, how can I? I am a psychic. I have been born a psychic. I have developed into a master psychic. As I reflect on how to begin my story I know that I cannot begin with the stories of the many previous lifetimes that I have lived. So to accurately begin my story, I must start at my current lifetime. The life that I know so well, the start of my present life. 1940.

I have developed to the point of becoming a master psychic; only through the blessing and guidance given to me by my Great God, who I cherish so highly for all my humble abilities. We need his Great Wisdom and Strength. He has and is giving me guidance with the objective of helping you, the reader, to understand where my psychic gifts and abilities come from. This book will help guide you to your possible achievement of your level of psychic abilities and gifts.

I was born with gifts and I did not realize it. It took me many years to realize it and all I can do is tell you about the life that I've been given; the birth that I remember; the birth that I remember so vividly. I will not give you glimpses at this point about my previous lifetimes because I don't know them. I know about them somewhat but I do not know the extent now that I will in the future. All I can do for now is to tell you the story that people know and that I know, intensely about me, David L. Gerke, the author of this book.

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It has indeed been a glorious undertaking to be able to tell others the story of one's life and of my psychic abilities. However, the stories about my previous lifetimes will be told in future and additional writings of mine. All I can do for you, the readers, is tell you the story of me in this lifetime; my progression, my abilities to understand and the creation and love of my God; who has patiently delivered me to this point in my understanding and abilities. I trust that I can tell you with clarity about my gifts and abilities so that you may understand and possibly develop your psychic abilities. We will start this story at the beginning that I know of my human existence which begins in the year of 1940.

I was born in 1940 in Merrill, Wisconsin on September 9th. I was born and raised in a God-fearing and God-raising environment. I can remember the feelings of warmth and security being inside the womb of my mother. I can remember very vividly not the point of conception but after three to four months of growth inside of her and the security and love that was given to me. I can remember very clearly my birth; even my circumcision and other events that happened to me from day one in the hospital throughout my early childhood and into my adulthood.

The first thing that I remember consciously was my love for my God, my utter devotion and trust of my God; incapable of feeling alone when I was alone, because I never was alone. My abilities to feel others around me, unseen forces knowing they were there, always protecting me, guiding me, helping me, and giving me the sense of right and wrong; yet the abilities to decide for myself. I remember thinking that everyone had these feelings; the knowing that things would happen before they happen; the knowing, for example, that the phone would ring before someone called; someone would come down the road before they came down the road; visitors before they visited; happy things, sad things. I grew up thinking everybody knew this. Everybody does not. It was years later that I subtly learned very

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few, if any, humans have these gifts.

From the hospital I was taken by my parents to our apartment in the center of town where we live for a year or so. When I was a year old we moved into a house on Ohio Street on the west end of town owned by my grandparents. It was there in these humble surroundings that early on, I learned my values and trust in my God. This was the start of WWII days and my dad was a logger working in upper Michigan.

These were happy times for me along with remembering the sorrows that also occurred. I can remember my two uncles and my mother's family, the happy days with them working and playing together. I remember my uncle Gust and the happy days while they built a new home for my Grandfather and family. I can remember the family party that was held as most were going to go to war. Uncle Gust had joined the Army. It seemed like only a few days later that everyone was crying as Gust was dead. It turned out he was shot in boot camp training during maneuvers.

He came home in a box and I remember every one crying. The funeral was held at a Lutheran church and the church was packed as he was the first one killed from our town in World War II. We had a funeral for him and he was honored with a twenty-one military gun salute. The flag that was placed on his casket was neatly folded and handed to my Grandmother and his casket was then placed in the ground. I was two years and six weeks of age at this time and I remember it well. The sadness and loss of a loved one remained in our hearts forever. It was shortly after this that my Uncle Carl joined the Army and we had a farewell party for him too. He left the next day on the train and didn't come home until the end of World War II.

It was the winter of 1942–1943 when we moved to upper Michigan to be close to my Dad who was now a trucker, hauling logs in that

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area. I remember the home we rented and lived in and the deep snow drifts. I used to love playing outside and sliding down those snow banks. When the springtime arrived, we moved back to Merrill and lived there happily for years.

We lived on the West end of town near the Wisconsin River. I couldn't understand why people could not fish or swim in the river. It was only later in my young life that I learned the river was polluted with contaminants due to humans, raw sewage from the town's paper mills and things like that. It was in the late 40s and early 50s that the federal government came to our town and state and started the cleanup process.

In the summer of 1943 I learned a valuable lesson that controlled my thinking, thoughts and my rights to express myself at all times. We were sitting in the car, I, a young boy two half years old, with four adults. I was happy because we were going on a trip. I said a few things happily. All the adults turned to me, quietly and disapprovingly stared. It was then I learned that children were never to talk to adults or disturb them in any way. I learned then never to talk or discuss my thoughts, nor the presence of my spiritual forces guiding me, protecting me, helping me or any of the innermost thoughts and feelings that I had. What a horrible feeling inside, taught to me by that one moment from these adults. This one moment between me and these adults changed my life immensely.

The same summer of 1943 my life again changed. I had been sleeping in a baby bed, downstairs, in my mom and dad's bedroom. One Friday night my dad came home and we spent a happy time together. I was put to bed before my Mom and Dad. I still was not asleep when they came in. I heard my Mom whispering to my Dad that I was not asleep and I would hear them. He quietly assured her that I was asleep and they proceeded happily to make funny noises... sounds of making love I learned later. The next morning, my bed

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was moved upstairs to what we called the attic. There I spent many hours, always at dark, at nighttime, alone with my imagination and thoughts. I enjoyed these happy times, alone with my thoughts and the sights of the outlines of spirits. My friends, who I knew so well, from my previous lifetimes, were still with me. I could see them and talk with them, in my mind. It may have been my imagination as I could not see them with my human awareness but I knew then that they were there and always would be throughout this lifetime. What a wonderful, happy feeling this knowledge; always to know, and have inside me.

I can remember praying and talking with my spiritual friends nightly and they were always here. Every night I would talk with them and I could barely make them out or hear them, but they were always there. They were with my Great God too and He is the one who makes this sense of direction and love possible.

Lessons I have learned to this point in my life instilled traits in that I have retained all my life. Not being allowed to talk to adults; that I learned so astutely, followed me through childhood and even today. I remember the happy times upstairs in my new bedroom alone at night. The sights I saw and envisioned at times scared me, but created a wonderment of the spiritual forces that I saw. I learned from early on the knowledge that I was never alone. I learned this fact of my human existence and I knew before being placed in the womb of my mother. Then, in my human form, at that time, upstairs alone I looked for my friends that have guided me before. I could see them, oh so slightly; hiding from everyone else but knowing they were there to help me, protect me, and be with me always.

This even today is a very powerful feeling in me knowing I always have God's Spirit and presence around us, helping us, always. Him, him, him, him, him; my GOD was with me all the time. This is the first time I remember seeing God's angels with me visually. I had

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just a knowing ever since the point of conception that they were with me invisibly.

In time my sister and brother were born and brought home to be with us at our home on Ohio Street. Along about that time my dad decided he would start a construction company. At least, then he would be home and the fighting between them would stop as my mom thought she had won the war between them as now he would be home like other dads were. Little did she realize that was not in him to be home as she thought it should be? This was just the lull before the storm as I later learned. For a time then, they were happy, not fighting and arguing as much as before, but time would change that.

My dad bought a small bulldozer and a Lima dragline. He had his logging truck and other small equipment. He spent a few weeks building up the undercarriage of the Lima dragline. I remember how early we all got up to see him drive this dragline down the street. I remember he drove it throughout Merrill; over bridges, throughout downtown, east to the end of town and still about two miles east, and then headed south. It winds up he traveled over thirty miles, driving this dragline without the ability to haul it on a trailer as most folks would do. I was always proud of my dad for doing what he had to do

Shortly before the end of World War II my dad joined the Coast Guard. We had a going away party for him but he came back soon as WWII ended. Soon afterwards my uncle Carl returned too. Happy family times returned.

I remember when I was about five years of age, a few friends of mine and I got together and went door to door asking for newspapers. We would take these newspapers down and sell them for a cent and a half a pound. We would earn a few cents a day. I remember one time we earned forty-three pennies which we shared. I would save some

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of this money I had but usually we would buy candy.

One time we decided we would buy some cigarettes. We went down to the local bar to buy some cigarettes. I found out that Marvell cigarettes were only \$.11 a pack. I laugh even today thinking what a sight...three kids standing in an old barroom wanting to buy a pack of cigarettes. What a sight it must've been to the bartender at that time and can you imagine what would happen in this day and age? We smoked and had cigarettes for about three days and pretended we were grown up even though we were kind of sick. At least I learned that I could make money at the young age of five years old.

Life continued on for me at this young age. We played games like hide and go seek as most kids did. We learned how to go fishing and wading. We had a good fun young life but it was just a matter of getting older. I couldn't wait until I grew up and experienced the things most adults did. I've seen my spiritual friends every night and could talk with them confidential. They always seem to smile and assured me everything was okay. My dad and mom started fighting again and nothing he could do would please her.

I can remember the iceman coming down the street with his one horse pulling a wagon. He would holler out ice for sale, ice for sale. He came about once a week and the mothers would buy ice. We use to run alongside the ice wagon hoping we could steal small piece of ice. We'd take a cup and drink some of cold water dripping from the wagon. My dad finally bought her an electric refrigerator and soon after that he bought her a wringer wash machine for clothes. It was old Maytag washer but it was the first one in our neighborhood. I was so proud to be so lucky but my mom really wasn't. She still argued with my dad. I was now finally going to start school.

Finally I started school. On the first day of my afternoon kindergarten, my Mom walked me through school and stayed with me until I

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was in the classroom. I was scared as I was so small and all the other kids were big kids. Wow, I was finally in school, to learn, to acquire knowledge. The second day of school I learned a lesson in life that carried me through to this day.

My mom walked me to school and left me standing in the playground telling me to stay there until the bell rang and to wait to go into the school. She left me there waiting. A few minutes later a big kid came and started calling me names and pushing me. I didn't know why he was doing this and I sure was scared. He hit me and I finally hit him back. Again he hit me so I hit him in the face. He tried once more but again I hit this big kid in the face. I didn't know why he was trying to be mean to me but he was. When I hit him the third time he looked at me, started crying and ran away. I didn't even know why he was crying or why he ran away. I was all alone and scared, am I in trouble now? All of a sudden the other kids gathered around me yelling for me saying I did something good. What did I do that was so good and why were their arms around me praising me? That was the day I guess that I made friends in school and but I learned not to let these big kids or any other kids pick on me. So, in school, on my second day, was the start of learning to stand up for my rights. I guess I must've been born with that feeling to always stand up for your rights and do what is just. Do on to others what you would like to have them do to you.

This same young kid tried to do it again to me. I think it was at the start of the fourth grade. This time he rode up to me riding his bicycle. He got off and again started to pick on me. Again I didn't know what to do and this time he tried punching me in the face and all over my body. Again I started in hitting him back hard. He had a beautiful deer skin jacket on which was stained purple in color. I tore some of the frills off on the coat as they got caught in my fist as I hit him in the face hard. Again he ran away crying and stayed away from me and left me alone. Why these kids pick on others I don't know.

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Later that fall I learned another lesson in life. A friend of mine came over and told me to join in with him and another kid, as they were going to break into a house. The owners were gone and no one would know who did it. I asked him why we should do that because it wasn't right. He told me that maybe we could find something that we would like and no one would know. I said okay. We went over there and banged on the storm door, busted it. It broke but we couldn't get in because the main door was too solid for us kids to break. I just went home and no one saw us.

The next day the cops drove up, stopped by the house. They talked to my mom. The next day we had to go down to the police station. My mom put her makeup on and took me down there. We had to walk up to the second story to talk to the police man. He took us into a big room filled with bars and jail cells. He sure talked to me telling me I would have to come and stay there for months and months. There was a man sitting inside a cell. He looked like he was a hobo. The police man told me I would have to stay in their cells with only one piece of dried up hard bread to eat a day and one small bottle of water. He sure scared me when he told me I would be there for a few months. Don't ever do that again he said; he made me promise. I never did it again. He sure did a good job in scaring me into making a promise. Thank you, Mr. Policeman, for that early lesson in my life. I think my Dad had to pay for the damages to the door.

Another year passed, and I started the first grade. This is where we stayed in school all day. There were two things that I remember smiling about, that happened that year. The first was a lesson that carried me through until I was about sixty years old, a single Daddy raising two young daughters.

All the young girls in my first grade were so pretty. They sure didn't talk as rough and vulgar my young friends. They were full of sugar and spice like all young girls I heard about. They didn't make funny

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noises under their arms or any of the other nasty things we young boys did. I admired them as they seemed so honest and clean. They even wore dresses every day. It was many years later, raising two daughters and being a single father that I learned otherwise.

That springtime was a time for Easter. The teacher had us all draw a picture showing what Easter meant for us. I remember I drew Jesus with him on a cross and the blood from his hands and feet running down. I was the only one drawing a picture like that. The other kids all drew pictures of Easter eggs and candy and things like that. The teacher called my mom and had her come in to see my picture. It seems I was the only one who drew a picture about his friend Jesus; all the other kids only draw about goodies I didn't understand why the other kids could not draw a picture of their friend who is Jesus, suffering. Didn't they know and why won't they be loyal and faithful to their friend? Didn't they know that he was alive and that other spiritual followers of him were with me always? They could not see the Angels as I did. I couldn't tell them anything about seeing them daily. I had learned very early that some secrets I had to keep to myself.