

Hello, Everyone, and welcome back to an old guy who knows shit. Stluhdog here with another Story from Life. This is

Episode 10

Tarot

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[1230]

It was probably the third year I was in New York. I had become friends with a producer/tech guy who we'll call Ben, who had gotten together a showcase I was acting in. His girlfriend was a tall, lovely redhead we'll call Joan, and she was a searcher like me, so we had a lot to talk about. We double-dated a lot. Joan and my girlfriend who we'll call Margie really hit it off, so it was perfect. But sometimes Joan and I would get into these discussions of life energy, and alternative religions, and eastern philosophy, and Ben and Margie would just roll their eyes and laugh. But Joan and I understood each other, and knew that we each had something going on at some other level.

Well, she had been experimenting with Tarot. She was “studying” with a reader, and had I think she told me maybe three sessions with this woman. But she took it seriously, and had studied the cards, so she asked me if she could do a practice session with me. Well. Duh. Of course.

So one night after a rehearsal, I think we had been dismissed and were waiting for Ben to finish notes, so we go into the back, behind the seats, and sit down on an open space of floor, and she pulls out a raggedy looking burlap sack and out of that she pulls a very old, dog-eared Tarot deck. She explained that someone her mentor knew had died and her mentor had given her the cards to use and maybe keep if they worked for her. So she gives me the deck to handle and shuffle. I remember thinking that the cards felt strangely hot without actually being hot, but then I dismissed that because, well, it just seemed silly, and handed them back to her. I don't remember the full layout exactly. It was the one where you put a card down that you never turn over, then on top of that you put the card that is the readee. Well, my card was a king of something. We laughed, but at the same time both sort of got a chill. She put the deck down, and talked about the personality and traits of that particular king. Well, it fit. Then you make a circle of four cards, each one representing different people, from the past through the present and into the future, and each time she would lay down a card, she would put down the deck and talk about that card and what its traits were and how it's traits related to people in my life. So the card controlling my past - or relative to the past, I don't know the correct lingo - the past card is a ten, I don't remember which but she said it was a significant of 10, seems to me it might have related to my missing father, something like that. Whatever it meant, it worked for my past. Then the card relative to the present was a queen. Suddenly the air was charged. Something was definitely happening here. That

queen had to be my girlfriend, from whom I was getting a lot of pressure to marry. The personality traits were exactly her.

Then the card for the future influence was a different queen. Neither of them was the good queen, the queen of hearts, nor the bad queen, the queen of spades. They were the more complicated queens. Again, I do not recall the details, but Margie was definitely complicated, and complicated in exactly the same way Joan described how this particular queen was complicated.

The second queen was very exciting, because it was a clearly understandable prediction. You didn't have to do any reading-in or interpreting or nothing. Bang. There it was. A different queen will come into your life. So, at this point, we were getting REALLY excited because this really felt like it was really fucking working.

My cards were all face cards, with that one ten. The sex of all of the face cards corresponded to the person in my life they represented, and the traits that card represented corresponded precisely with that person in my life. The past had been spot on and the present had been spot on and now this was a clear prediction of something quite specific happening. I confessed to my first unspoken doubts about the relationship, and this suddenly seemed eminently possible, if not probable. It was amazing, and very cool, and we were just beside ourselves with excitement.

So there's one more card, the card that is the most influential on your future. She picked up the deck. We looked at each other with excited grins. What's it gonna be? What's it gonna be? – and she turns it over. And it's Death.

I remember one of us said "oh, my God." And then we just sat and looked at it. And then I got up and looked at it. Walked around and looked at it from all different angles. After a few minutes she looked up with tears in her eyes, and she said "I don't know what to say." "It speaks for itself, doesn't it?" And she said "I'm so sorry." And even though I told her it wasn't her fault, she insisted that it was, that she didn't know enough to know what she was dealing with, that she never should have asked me, all that. I tried to reassure her that it wasn't her fault. It was me and the cards. All she was was the Medium. Literally and figuratively. So then she started explaining how the Death card doesn't have to refer to the readee, it might refer to someone close to the readee. Then we kind of laughed at how much comfort THAT was. We hugged. We stopped talking and just looked at it. We walked around it, looked at it, and hugged some more. Finally, they finished their rehearsal or whatever it was, and we had to go. So with great reluctance, and with a feeling like we were destroying something sacred, I helped her pick up the cards and she put them in their little coarse, brown bag. Even then we couldn't leave. It felt like that little six square feet of floor in the back of that theatre had become sacred ground, like somehow we had consecrated it, and no one else would know, but it would never be the same again. To this day my memory of the rest of that theatre is very murky. And I did

a show there. My memories of it are fragmented, snapshots of people in rehearsal and moments during performances. But that six square feet of black floor are crystal clear in my memory. Right down to the seam in the linoleum that passed through the card layout.

Well, the end of this story is that the cards had indeed been correct. Just weeks later I learned that my mother had stage 4 cancer, and two very long and agonizing years after that she was gone. It took me those two years of vacillating back and forth before I did finally actually break up with Margie, and on one of our last nights out together we ran into a woman I had known in another city six years before when we had both been married to other people. She became mother to my son and my wife of thirty-plus years.

And while she has proven to be the complicated queen the cards said she would be, there is no one I'd rather be quarantined with to this day.

I feel like I have to mention, before I let this story go, that I have never asked anyone to read my cards, nor spent any time on it since then. I was what I think you might understandably call gun shy. But one healer, whom I still see occasionally, offered the cards once, and when I was clearly hesitant to go for it, she suggested "just one card?" So I simply held the deck, shuffled once and pulled one card, the general significance of which she described as objectively as she could, allowing me to make any connections. After that, based on the accuracy and clarity of what I needed to hear at the moment, there have been a couple of times since then when a decision had to be made or I felt like I needed guidance of some sort and I said what have I got to lose let's hear what the card says - and each of those times that one card has provided important insight that has turned out each time, in the long run, to have been insight I needed to hear. So... I'm just sayin'...

On the other hand, I can't let this story go without an alert for shysters because I would never pay anybody to do this for me even as I have said before, shutting off my brain, because first of all filthy lucre reins it. Yeah it does it's filthy and its lucre because it destroys the magic. I want to mention that I do not believe that it is ever a good idea to make life decisions based on cards. Those few times I consulted the cards it never a prediction, it was never a do this, it was always a think about things from this perspective. that's what i got from those cards that were beneficial to me.

This is an old guy who knows shit signing off till next time.