



A Reading to Remember

IN DECEMBER 2007, MY FRIEND LOREE insisted that I join her for a reading with a Tucson medium, Tina Powers. This is the story of my initial visit with Tina, who I've referenced elsewhere in the book. Loree saw Tina for the first time six months earlier and was so impressed that she felt compelled to book a second session. She was vague about her reasons for taking me along, stating only that she "felt a strong pull from spirit" to get me there.

When we arrived Tina looked surprised to see me, as she was only expecting Loree, and I had come along unannounced. Tina had a soft, welcoming disposition and was a lover of pets. Her dogs seemed quite excited to see us, so she soon moved them into an adjacent room, allowing us to conduct the reading without interruption.

Then we sat down, and Tina said a brief prayer, asking for God's guidance and protection, and for the communication to be facilitated "for only the highest good." Following that, Tina said just a few words to Loree about her work situation and then turned her attention to me. She apologized to my friend but explained that she had "people there who wanted to talk to me."

"Why are they showing you on the road?" Tina asked.

It was funny because I'd been wondering if it would be worth my

while to make the two-hour drive from Phoenix to be part of this, and Tina immediately pointed out my commute. I then confirmed that I'd been on the highway, driving.

"Were you sending out prayers on the way down here?" she asked. "Because they want me to tell you that you were heard."

How interesting—this was exactly what I'd done. During the drive to Tucson, I mentally relayed requests to my father and my son, asking them to communicate clearly and strongly during the session. I didn't know if I'd receive any messages because it was Loree's reading, but I was holding out hope that I'd hear something. I then told Tina "yes" without elaborating.

Tina continued, "Now I'm picking up a male energy on the other side for you. It feels like I'm getting your father's energy. And I'm seeing a piece of paper. Did you take care of some paperwork for your father? Sorting out something? Are there piles of it? I'm seeing piles."

"Yeah, it's everywhere," I said, while thinking of the huge volume of documents I'd inherited after my father's passing—ranging from a manuscript he'd written on psychic development, to ten volumes of trance-session transcripts, as well as other miscellaneous writings dating back to 1960.

She continued, "Did he write at all? I feel like there are all these unfinished books. Have you thought about picking any of these up and going forward with them?"

"I'm way down the road with that."

"I'm getting a thumbs up with this, so he's working with you on it. And he says '*This is going to be big, but don't worry because you have my support with this.*' I think you know this [is going to happen], but he says that he is excited to tell you from this vantage point in time."

I thought this was interesting, as I was working on my first book at this time—seeking a publisher while simultaneously trying to figure out how and when to pursue publication of my father's materials, especially his book on psychic development. Other mediums had also told me that I was working on something that would be very big.

Tina resumed, “There’s a ‘*sorry*’ here for you. Because things weren’t clear and you have been left to make decisions. He apologizes to you for not taking care of things.” This was true, as my father was great at starting things but not always so good at finishing them—that was my specialty. Tina continued, “He is around you while you’re doing this. But it’s like there is a lump in his throat. And I’m hearing that song, ‘Cat’s in the Cradle.’”

Tina then shared a message directly from my father, in his own voice, “*Tell my son first of all that I regret that we didn’t bond more—that is my error. It was never a question of love, but I was selfish.*” Reverting to her perspective and interpretation, Tina clarified, “He says ‘*selfish without realizing so.*’ Now he gets an opportunity to look at his life and he sees the error that he made. You need to know how proud he is of you because he wasn’t always able to verbalize this.”

This has been a recurring topic in almost all of my good readings. My father was not around much when I was growing up, primarily because of his work and travel. It was also interesting that she made mention of him being “proud” of me because that was the very last thing he said to me when we were together just days before he died. I don’t ever recall him saying that phrase before this visit.

Tina resumed, “I’m hearing the word ‘*enterprising*’—he had a lot of dreams that weren’t fulfilled—he wants me to communicate that to you. He was a visionary. I’m picking up an extremely intelligent individual, who is very multifaceted but couldn’t quite deal with the common sense of everyday life. And there are some messages here about how he handled his life that he wants to speak to you about.”

My father was a visionary. He had big dreams and ideas, but he wasn’t very practical, and his follow-through skills were mixed, so many of his ideas went unfulfilled.

“Did your father do the same work as me? I just heard that. I get the sense that he was a medium and pulled through information from the other side to help people.”

I was really surprised that Tina had zeroed in on my father like this. Frankly, I was stunned.

“But he didn’t work on his own issues,” she went on. “Part of him wants to cry, because he could see for everyone else—he was this visionary—but he couldn’t deal well with everyday life.”

I piped in, “He lacked balance.”

Tina’s hit here was pretty remarkable. Few mediums have been able to identify the fact that my father was a psychic-medium, not to mention the related information about his ability to help others but failure to work on his own issues.

Tina resumed, “He’s telling me *Moments of extreme clarity and then moments of almost not being here.*’ He regrets this; he was very vacant.”

She then touched on a sore spot: “I don’t know if he drank. He’s showing me this cloudedness. It was like an escape.” It had been a problem for him. Like many empathetic people, especially psychics and mediums, my father had issues with alcohol. It can turn down their sensitivity for a while but when consumed excessively can become a habit that is detrimental to the person’s well-being.

Tina’s comment made me reflect on how alcohol affected my father’s life. On one hand, it seemed to contribute to his habitual tardiness, as well as severe health problems. But on the other hand, it seemed to make him spontaneous and carefree—relaxed and fun to be around. When not drinking he would become very serious. It was an interesting dichotomy. But on the whole, alcohol was a negative factor in his life, and he would have been better off without it.

Tina followed, “I just want to tell you I understand how that could happen while doing this work. It was his way of grounding and escaping. Because I feel like he was very, very good at what he did; many people were pulling on him and that he couldn’t say no. He’s telling me that he had a really hard time with boundaries. He let himself be spread thin for everyone else. It’s like that physician who takes really good care of everyone else except his own family.”

I understood. My father was a tremendous psychic and medium,

and he had been relentlessly hounded by troubled people who sought to latch on. He felt great empathy for all people and never turned anyone away.

Tina changed course. “You have his abilities. Now we always have choices, you know what I mean. Part of the block is that you saw what it did to him, and you want your own space and privacy.”

I’ve been told by numerous mediums that I have some latent psychic ability. It has manifested at times, but not with great consistency. Similarly, Tina indicated that my ability was there under the surface but had not yet kicked in.

Returning to the topic of writing, Tina stated, “There’s more than one book. Are these the piles? There’s your own material too. It’s not just about him.”

“Right. There’s my own stuff and then there’s his stuff, and I’ve got to figure out how to pull his material together.”

Tina said, “This [psychic] block may be why it might be hard for you to get this book out. Is it taking a while to do?” With this statement, she identified that I had my own book—the writing was not exclusively about my father or his work. Continuing on the topic of getting this work of my own published, Tina mentioned, “Your dad’s showing me a brick wall. He’s *‘not meaning to pressure you,’* he just said.”

I was putting a lot of pressure on myself but did feel like I was trudging through mud on the publishing front at this time. In hindsight I may have been better off seeking publication of my father’s book on psychic development along with some of his other materials prior to trying to publish my own book. Both have since been published, so it’s now a moot point.

Tina switched subjects. “He wants to talk about his brother all of a sudden. His brother is over there too. And he laughingly said, *‘My brother also had the curse.’*” It now appeared that my father was turning over the reins as Tina said, “Your uncle is now here to say hello. And why are they showing me—I’m across the country, I’m across the world—is it Ireland? I’m in Ireland.”

I volunteered, “Probably so you could get my last name, which is Ireland.”

Tina resumed, “Yeah, I’m in Ireland. *It’s a wonderful way to be able to talk with you,*’ your uncle says. He loves you very much and he is also sending love to the family. Is there a church? I have visions of a church.”

“Yes, they both had churches. My father founded the University of Life church in Phoenix, and my uncle founded *Y-our* Church in Tucson.”

Tina then said, “They are having a great time and are glad you made it here today. There was a question as to whether you would make it. You know . . . another medium, another reading.”

When I’d walked in the door Tina probably thought I was the last person in the world who would have seen a medium before, initially assuming I was a skeptic. Now she was onto the fact that I’d met with *many* of them. And it wasn’t a sure thing that I would be able to make it to this reading, because it required a four-hour round trip on a workday.

Tina moved on. “They just showed me a dog; whose dog is that? Did anybody have a little dog? I’m seeing a little dog running around that has crossed over. I don’t know if it’s theirs or yours.”

Responding coyly, with Brandon in mind, I said, “This could be leading to something I’ve been told before—about another male who is on the other side. I wonder if they’re using this as—”

Tina finished my sentence, “As a way to get me to say that? Maybe so because they definitely want me to say the word ‘*dog*.’”

I was prodding Tina in hopes she’d reveal more. While this is not something I can prove as being *true*, it was the fourth time that a “dog in spirit” had been mentioned during a reading. In each preceding instance it was specifically noted that this was a “small dog,” and it was suggested that it belonged to my son—although I didn’t immediately volunteer this.

Tina indicated that the dog didn’t belong to me. I then volunteered, “Then this dog belongs to some other male that’s close to me, at least based on the feedback I’ve had.”

“Yeah, I’ve got a green light. Is this person someone who died suddenly?”

“It was pretty quick.”

“I just feel like it’s very quick when they cross.”

I was champing at the bit. “I’ll just tell you—it’s my son.”

“Oh, goodness.”

“I don’t know if that’s the same person you’re getting.”

“Oh, so if you’re getting that [about the small dog] a third or fourth time, that’s pretty cool,” Tina said.

This reference to my son “having a small dog on the other side” was previously mentioned by Allison Dubois, Laurie Campbell, and Jamie Clark—all accomplished mediums.

Tina then looked at me with a sense of deep empathy as tears welled in her eyes and she continued, “And I’m hearing that song ‘Amazing Grace.’ I hear that *‘there’s been a grace for you, Dad.’* You’re also doing something for him—there’s this writing about your son. He acknowledges this; it’s his story. This is to help people and to help parents cope with this. He’s writing this with you. That almost makes me want to cry and I’m not a good messenger when I cry. You were also talking to him in the car, and he says he was right there on the drive down.”

At this point I don’t know if I was more stunned by the detailed nature of what Tina shared or touched by it. I was barely able to keep from sobbing. Brandon’s story was the cornerstone of my book, *Soul Shift: Finding Where the Dead Go*. In the time that has passed since the book was released, thousands of copies have been sold and I’ve been contacted by countless people, most of whom were bereaved parents. Almost invariably, they tell me that the book was invaluable to them in their healing process after losing a child. Some went so far as to say that the book helped them more than any other single thing, even preventing them from taking their own life in some cases.

Tina resumed, “Did you also start some sort of foundation for him, or are you thinking of doing it? He’s just showing me that it would use his name and it helps others.”

“It’s been a thought.”

“He thinks it’s a good idea and you should go for it.”

A number of mediums have actually brought this up, suggesting exactly the same thing. And today, many years after this reading, in partnership with a woman named Elizabeth Boisson, I cofounded an organization to assist people who have lost children called Helping Parents Heal (which I mentioned earlier). The organization doesn’t feature Brandon’s name, but it is a 501(c)3 nonprofit foundation with 25,000 members and over 100 affiliate chapters worldwide. In August 2022, we hosted our second conference, and there were over 800 registered attendees.

Moving on, Tina asked, “Was there ever a tree planted for him? He wants me to talk about the tree.”

I replied, “His school planted a tree for him as a memorial.” The tree featured a metal sculpture in front of a bass guitar.

Tina then delivered another hit: “What is it about angels? He just showed me an angel. Somehow you’re going to get an angel, whether somebody gives it to you, but it’s from him from the other realm. Does Mom call him her angel? He won’t let me let go of the word *‘angel.’* He most certainly was not an angel, he’s saying. There’s some way he’s going to get an angel to you, so you’ll have this object to laugh at and hold onto.”

At the time of Tina’s statement, I saw no relevance other than the fact that my wife had occasionally referred to Brandon as “her angel.” After returning home and telling my wife about this, she showed me an angel figurine with Brandon’s name engraved on it—given to us by friends after his passing. The figurine was exactly as described, fitting into the palm of my hand. Somehow the figurine had been displayed in the same spot in our kitchen, in plain view for four years since Brandon’s passing, yet I’d never noticed it.

Tina asked me if I’d ever done counseling for other parents.

“I’ve been doing it recently, but not officially.” In saying this I was just acknowledging that I am not a licensed counselor.

She elaborated, “He says that you’re doing this. You’re being called in to help certain individuals. It’s like you’re able to drop everything just because you know what it is to go through this, and you go. It’s like a vocation.”

“I’m not employed that way, but I feel it’s very worthwhile.”

“Your son says that you’re able to go to that moment with them. And he’s with you when you are doing this counseling. Also, when you do this counseling, he is with the person who crossed, on the other side. So it’s like you are with the family, and he is with their loved one.”

Continued Tina, “Now he’s showing me a candle associated with some sort of ceremony. I feel like I’m in a church. I don’t necessarily get the feeling that you’re religious but more spiritual. Is your wife’s family more religious?”

I’m not big on church, but I am definitely a believer. My wife was raised in a much more conventional religious tradition, and her family regularly attended Lutheran church. I feel that the essence of church resides within me and has nothing to do with brick and mortar. I am presented with opportunities to minister to people every day, in every imaginable setting—that is my church.

Tina went on, “I feel like I’m at a church service and somebody lit candles for him. He’s just showing me these candles and wants to say, ‘*thank you,*’ but I feel it’s on Mom’s side.”

This stirred a memory and I responded, “There was a Christmas Eve service we attended at my wife’s church. My son and I sat side by side and everyone lit candles.” This service left an indelible memory for me; it occurred just three weeks before Brandon passed. I sat next to Brandon at that particular service and shared the flame of my candle in order to light his and then he used his flame to light Susie’s candle and so on. Everyone in the congregation held a lit candle as we sang “Silent Night.”

Tina concluded, “That’s where he was trying to get me. It definitely felt like holidays—either a Midnight Mass or Christmas celebration. I’m also hearing, ‘*Light a candle for me, Dad.*’”

Twelve days later, in recognition of Brandon’s request made

through Tina, I lit two candles on Christmas Eve, 2007. Right after that I received an email from my medium friend Jamie Clark, who said, “Brandon says, *‘Thanks for lighting the candles.’*” Jamie knew nothing about Tina’s statement.

Tina resumed, “You know, he’s really an evolved soul. He is using the word *‘teacher,’* so he’s doing teaching on the other side.” This is obviously not something that can be proven, but I have been told in virtually every reading prior to this one that Brandon is an “old soul” or “spiritually advanced.”

Tina then moved on to something that is too sensitive to share in totality here, as it would likely hurt the feelings of the person mentioned. But since it was so impactful, I will share what I can. Tina asked if I’d done some work with a woman and identified her occupation. She then asked if the woman had a “harsher” energy, further solidifying my knowledge of who was being discussed. Tina explained the exact nature of my problem with the woman and—while assuming my son’s voice—proceeded to say, *“She didn’t get it, Dad.”* Tina delivered this phrase in the *exact* manner that Brandon would have. In fact, it felt like I was talking directly with him. This was the most emotionally touching part of the entire reading.

Speaking of my story—the crux of my book—Tina said, “There’s a chance that this may turn into a movie to help people heal. So don’t be surprised if that comes knocking—more movies like this are needed to help people heal. As your world expands, don’t be afraid. Expand with it because there’s a very private part of you [that sometimes wants to avoid the attention associated with all of this]. *‘We’re all doing it together’* is what I’m to tell you.”

This was interesting because some students from Arizona State University’s Cronkite School of Journalism subsequently taped a documentary, *The Inner Light*, featuring my story. It can be found on YouTube and via a link on my website (markirelandauthor.com). Whether Tina was referencing this film or a larger commercial effort still to come is not yet known.

Tina switched subjects again. “I’ve got your father here. Did he do readings on a platform?”

“Yes,” I said.

“He says that he’s going to help me because I’ve done it a few times, but I really don’t like it. And I’m also seeing a blindfold. Is it the blindfold billet stuff? Who did this? Is this your uncle?”

Flabbergasted, I replied, “Both my father and my uncle did it.”

Tina was furnishing some amazing details, the likes of which I’d never received before in any prior reading. She has been the only medium to identify that my father worked from a platform and that he did blindfold billet demonstrations.

“I feel like it was their forte. So they could definitely pull spirit through, but they were also very psychic.”

I replied, “Yeah, big time,” knowing that blindfold billet was certainly my father’s and uncle’s strong suit.

“Did people study them? There’s an Edgar Cayce sort of feeling here. I don’t know if there’s a library yet or some sort of foundation for them.”

“Well, I’m trying to dig up research information from where my dad was supposed to have been tested years and years ago, but it’s been hard for me to get my hands on any of this.”

“I feel like it’s real obscure. That’s what I’m getting. The word spread about your family, or *‘the brothers,’* I’m hearing. And I’m also back east somewhere. There’s some sort of institute I’m seeing that has some work on them. I feel like I’m pulled across the country, definitely. Yeah, there’s a huge documentary in the making here on everyone—on the family.”

Throwing out a guess, I asked, “I don’t know, but Duke University is in North Carolina. Was it Duke?”

Tina responded, “I just heard the song ‘Duke of Earl,’ so I believe there is a lead there. I’m hearing that testing also occurred at other places that were obscure.”

Tina’s mention of “obscure places” rang true. I’d located a docu-

ment written in 1962 by a P. H. Waldraff, Ph.D., who observed my father's abilities during a California Parapsychology event hosted by Kay Sterner, president of the organization. In fact, this document was apparently written in order to be sent to J. B. Rhine at the Duke University parapsychology lab.

Recounting other places my father was supposed to have been tested, I shared, "Vienna is one that I've heard of."

"You will find something there. You may make a trip to Vienna. I see you walking around there." And I did visit Vienna in 2018, while on a trip visiting a number of European cities. But prior to that trip, well after my reading with Tina, I contacted Professor Peter Mulacz because he had been conducting research with the Austrian Society for Parapsychology in Vienna since 1966.

I was encouraged by the fact that Mulacz recognized my father's name and by his indication that my father may well have been tested there. To help him narrow the scope of his search, I explained that testing would most likely have occurred sometime in the 1960s. Mulacz told me that the Austrian Society for Parapsychology was located at the Technical University of Vienna from 1964 until 2000, when it moved to Vienna University. He said that there was one professor at the University of Innsbruck–Tyrol, Hubert Josef Urban, who'd been heavily involved in psi research around the time my father most likely would have been there. Mulacz also speculated that in another possible scenario, tests may have been carried out by one professor on his own initiative. Overall, he didn't seem too optimistic about the chances of finding any related documents at this point but said that he would put feelers out.

Tina confirmed, "And they're saying, '*Duke University*.' There will be something there but very obscure—like it's tucked away in a box somewhere. So you may have to go there [to North Carolina]. They're showing your father's papers [mixed in] with many other papers in this room. I'm seeing that you may very well have to go through them."

A week after the reading, I contacted my father's friend Jerry, who knew Sally Rhine-Feather, the daughter of J. B. Rhine. Shortly afterward,

Jerry, Sally, and I had a three-way conference call. I was stunned to hear Sally say that the Rhine Institute had hundreds of boxes of documents stored in their North Carolina warehouse. She noted that the materials were poorly cataloged in boxes or stacked onto skids, making it difficult to locate any specific documents. With that said, she did indicate that we were welcome to come to the warehouse and go through the boxes. I found this amazing, seeing that it precisely matched Tina's depiction of the situation. Sally also indicated that all materials prior to 1965 were housed by Duke University, instead of her facility. I was able to meet Sally in 2012, when I attended a memorial for parapsychologist William (Bill) Roll in Durham, North Carolina. And it was after the reading with Tina that I discovered the previously mentioned 1972 article from the *Tuscaloosa News* in which J. B. Rhine's right-hand man, Helmut Schmidt, explained how he had tested my father by writing a three-digit number on a piece of paper, sealing it in an envelope, and delivering it to my father, who psychically perceived the number (see p. 47).

Tina changed subjects. "Is there film of him doing what he does? I feel like I'm looking at video of him."

"Yes, I'll get you a copy of it," I said, recognizing the reference to my father's 1971 appearance on *The Steve Allen Show*.

"There may be interest in this from some research organization—I see some sort of video story that somebody puts together. People would be very interested in the brothers and piecing together something. You're not one to brag, are you? It's hard for you to promote this because it's so close to your heart. You want to put it out there, but it's almost like you need a mouthpiece to run around and to generate some interest."

"It's not the SPR, is it?"

"I feel like they might have some interest, but they also feel very bogged down today—like they don't have enough people, or something."

After the reading I reached out to Guy Lyon Playfair of the Society for Psychical Research in London, and he told me that this description was exactly right. The organization is spread thin today and resources are limited.

“I’m seeing a TV excerpt on them. They are showing me that there’s so much on your plate that it can get very frustrating to you. Just know that this is all going somewhere; they’re showing me this bouquet of flowers. So it does bloom; it does come to fruition. It’s just not always in the timeframe we would like. I’m seeing this funny visual of people in stands. It’s like you have a cheering section over there and you need to know that they are helping and that there is higher work to all of it.”

Switching gears, I asked, “Do you have anything from my son for his brother?”

Tina told me that Brandon was showing her a guitar. “Your younger son says, *‘Tell him that I hear the music.’* Has his brother actually recorded some music?”

“He has a good friend, someone like a brother, who recorded some music recently.” In saying this I was referring to Stu, Brandon’s best friend. And I was aware that my older son Steven had contributed a melodic line to one of the songs recorded by Stu and his band.

Tina continued, “Somehow, your son [Brandon] has a hand in this—if that makes sense. Now I’m also seeing it looks like a CD or DVD.”

“Yeah, it was Stu, who was my son’s best friend and almost like a brother. Stu and some friends were able to get studio time and recorded a CD.” One of the songs recorded, “See through Disguise,” was written and practiced by Brandon and Stu before Brandon’s death—it was also the title track on the album.

Tina responded, “The recording is important, and somehow he knows about it. But I also feel like I’m to talk about music for you—music that you listen to that brings you back to him. He says he, *‘comes through the music,’* meaning his energy comes through. So he’s with you when you are listening to this.”

What Tina was describing had multiple meanings for me. First, when I hear Pink Floyd’s songs “Wish You Were Here” and “Comfortably Numb,” they remind me of Brandon. And when I hear or play songs on my guitar that we used to play together, it reminds me of Brandon as

well. Perhaps more to the point, the song called “The Other Side” is one that we believe was channeled from Brandon through James Linton. (See chapter 2.)

Tina resumed, “There is this big banner that just got unraveled and it says, ‘I love you. And I’m right here, right beside you.’ It’s to the left of you often.”

It was interesting that Tina specifically said the words “right beside you.” The song “The Other Side” includes the words “forevermore by your side.” Also, about a year after Brandon’s passing, I experienced something I would describe as “supernatural” when I observed bright flashing white lights to my left while sitting idly in my den.

“I also see a guitar pick.”

“I play too,” I said, “but I’ve not done much since he’s been gone because we used to jam together.”

“Did you write a song? He says that there’s a song about him. He also says the word *‘together.’* Did you write a song together?”

While I had not written a song with Brandon while he was physically on the Earth, I later wrote a song where I felt inspired and guided by Brandon. You can hear the song, “A Change in Me,” on Spotify and other music platforms, under the band Rocktonic. And in December 2022, I recorded a track called, “What You Can’t See,” which I felt was spiritually inspired by Brandon. This song was released under the band name The Mark Ireland Experiment and can be heard on all music streaming platforms. He may also have been referring to a song he had cowritten with Stu before his passing, “See through Disguise.”

“*Dad, take up the guitar, I’ll be right there,*” he’s telling me,” Tina said. “He’ll be right there beside you. He says that music was really important to him; it was a big part of his life. He enjoyed this and had dreams of being in a rock band on tour. He says, *‘when you’re ready, you should pull out the guitar and he will help you write a song.’*”

I later got confirmation that if not for his passing Brandon may have ended up playing in a band and touring with his former instructor, Todd Hogan.

“I’m just getting this really beautiful holiday picture. Especially close right now, during this December timeframe. Exceptionally close. I’m hearing the word ‘*family*.’ So I don’t know if it’s a family photo taken at Christmas time or if it’s a Christmas card. It’s beautiful, and it looks like family around the holiday.”

I shared, “That was the last picture we ever had taken with him. It was of the four of us together at Christmas time.” The photo is a fixture in our home to this day and was used for our Christmas cards in 2004.

“Oh, he loves this picture. And I feel like it’s up—you can view it; other people can view it.”

“It’s on a table in our family room.”

“They are saying, ‘*You have a lot of support over here—just know that. God bless you.*’”

That was the end of our reading. Four days later Tina called to share one additional message, which she said had come from my father.

“Please tell my son that I am ever so grateful for his interest in my life and preserving for history what is possible for the human mind.”

The statement definitely sounded like my father.

Ultimately, what made this reading most convincing to me was the fact that Tina furnished a significant number of highly specific hits, far beyond what could have been possible even if she had known my identity. These validations came in the form of detailed information known only to me. And again, I was a complete stranger to Tina when I walked in her door.