

Time for His Heart to Heal

Good News Magazine by Nancy Matz

Farrell's Ice Cream Parlor Airplane Crash

September 24, 1972 - 3:30 PM:

"Get myself together, must hurry to meet Grandma with son at the air show. I can just see him running around the vintage airplane show, and wearing Grandma out. Where are my sunglasses? Darn - left them at Mom's after stopping by to find out where to meet Grandma at the airport. Being only a half block away from Mom's, I'll go back to get my sunglasses." Bruce's thoughts were of his son and Grandma as he drove to meet them.

He had happy thoughts of seeing them at the air show and then going across the street to the ice cream parlor. Bruce was driving east on 35th Ave and came to the railroad crossing at the sewage treatment plant. Within a split second, Bruce saw an older Saber jet skid across the intersection, shearing off a fire hydrant. The Saber had failed its take off, crossing the street at the end of the runway. His eyes then froze upon the scene ahead of him, watching the plane crash into Farrell's Ice Cream Parlor - the time was 4:00 PM.

Bruce could only react - he drove his car into the parking lot and hurriedly parked. Bruce was the second person at the accident scene; the first was an airport firefighter. Together they broke out the parlor's front window; assisting the pilot (who climbed out of his jet) and walked over the tables to safety outside. Time seemed to freeze as Bruce helped the injured to safety.

Unknown to Bruce was a birthday party to be held at the parlor that day. He later found out that a buddy of his was to be there with his family. Among the injured was his friend's badly burned wife, and with the dead - their two children.

His life completely changed that moment.

Present day:

Bruce's life has been full; he married, raised two children, and has managed a couple of successful businesses. He can say he has had only a few life regrets. However - when reflecting back to this accident, this strong, assertive businessman softens his demure voice and with a sense of some invisible guilt says, "I wish I could have done more."

September 1997:

Often a client becomes a friend and refers their friends to have a session with me. Lynn accepted this offer and made an appointment with me. She enjoyed our session together and purchased my book, "Two Worlds". She quickly read my book and was moved

She took the book to work and told her boss (Bruce) that she enjoyed it and offered it to him to read. She told Bruce that I was a psychic, and with an uncertain look of "curiosity" said "Her book? I'll read it". He read the preface and called within a few days. Hesitantly he said, "Your first story, you were almost involved with an airplane crash. That story has brought up so many feelings, I really need to meet you. To have found someone else who was there, can we talk?"

I said that I did psychic counseling - was his interest to have a session or to just visit? I needed to know how to arrange my calendar. (I can only do a few hours a day of psychic reading.) He said he had never talked to anyone like me and was interested in both. We spend the next fifteen minutes attempting to coordinate my calendar and his. We finally settled on Wednesday at 4:00 PM the next week.

On Wednesday at 4:00 PM, we talked of his family, business and friends, and I sensed he enjoyed his first psychic reading. Then we talked about the "accident." I remembered that day 20+ years ago and my reaction after receiving our ice cream at the parlor and within a couple of bites knowing I had to leave. My daughter was strongly protesting us leaving. My sister saying it was probably my being pregnant making me nuts. I told him that my daughter was in the back seat of the 63 VW I was driving and approximately three blocks from the parlor my daughter called out and said there was a "big bang and lots of smoke" visible from the back window. Then I admitted, "I wish I could have known why I needed to leave. I have had a feeling of guilt for so long." I went on, "I have come to believe that the saddest of all events are part of a master plan." We parted that day, our spirits connected by a special event from the past.

On Friday, while at the office, I was reviewing the clients coming that day and Sunday. I reflected back to my session with Bruce and the day we chose to meet and was startled. On Sunday, I collected myself and made a call to Bruce. To his answering machine I said, "Sorry to have missed you. I need to tell you something. The appointment you set with me to talk about the airplane accident was September 24, at 4:00 PM, twenty-five years to the day and hour of the Farrell's accident. I think your angels want you to know they are taking care of you and feel ***it is time for your heart to heal.***

The best to you, Bruce."