

AMERICA'S INTUITION COACH

JOANNA GARZILLI

*"A wild ride through the heights
of London to the depths of the soul.
I couldn't put it down."*

—Jenna Dewan,

Star of the movie Step Up

UNLEASH THE PSYCHIC IN YOU



How To Trust
Your Intuition
for Successful
Decision Making



The F**ked up Psychic (How I Lost Everything)

“I feel there are two people inside me—me and my intuition. If I go against her, she’ll screw me every time, and if I follow her, we get along quite nicely.” —Kim Basinger

As a successful psychic for years I was terrified that someone would find out about the skeletons in my closet. What would people think if they knew I had stayed in a disastrous relationship for six years and lost everything I owned?

Do you remember how Dorothy, Toto, and their friends went on a challenging journey down the Yellow Brick Road to find the Wizard and when they got there, it turned out the Wizard was a little old man hiding behind a curtain? Let’s pretend the Wizard is a psychic. Yes, that’s me. Let’s take a look backstage, behind my curtain.

For three years I asked myself the following question almost every day and sometimes several times a day: “If I’m such a wonderful psychic, why is my life a bloody mess?” It pained me that I could see so clearly for others, and when it came to my own life I had made a series of awful decisions that resulted in me losing everything. I lost my home, car, and all my money (I had a lot). I fell into \$100,000 of debt. I had gone from being a strong, independent woman who wouldn’t settle for a guy unless he had all the qualities I wanted, to being a severely

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insecure codependent who bought love with loans and gifts to her boyfriend because I feared no better man would love me if he knew who I really was. I stayed in an unhealthy relationship way past it's expiration date.

What happens when you eat something that's expired? It tastes disgusting and can make you ill. My body gave me repeated warning signs that I needed to leave my relationship pronto. One of these was that I put on a lot of weight. I had always easily fit into size 6 clothing. Then one day my mom took me shopping. I remember we went from boutique to boutique because my butt wouldn't fit into anything I tried on. We ended up in a department store where we finally found some pants and shorts that would fit me. They were a size 10. I was an inch away from being a size 12.

"You never used to be like this. What's happened to you?" Mom asked.

"Nothing, I'm fine. I guess they're making the clothes smaller," I said. Now that's denial with a capital "D." I couldn't see my decline. How had I become so blind?

The Other Side

A few weeks before, I was doing a Reiki healing session with a client of mine who was in a hospital. A tumor had just been removed from her brain. When the nurse came in the room to check on her, I kept hearing a Scottish voice clear as a bell. It said, "Oh Maggie, Maggie, Maggie." I ignored the voice, however an intense feeling, like my heart was going to burst if I didn't speak, swept over me as the nurse went to leave the room. I blurted out, "Do you know someone called Maggie?"

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The nurse stopped in her tracks and looked at me suspiciously. “Why do you ask?”

“You’ll think it’s silly if I tell you,” I said. I felt like a total idiot.

“Go on,” she said.

I took a deep breath and spoke with my heart down in my stomach. “I sense a woman around you. She cared for you very much and she keeps saying ‘Oh, Maggie.’ Does this make any sense to you?”

The nurse didn’t respond. I was ridiculously embarrassed. Finally she said, “I’m Maggie.”

“You are?” I said.

“Only my mother called me Maggie. Everyone else calls me Margaret.” Chills shot through me, as tears came to her eyes. I’d gone to the hospital to see my client and here I was acting as a psychic medium for her nurse. This was one of many early medium experiences I had before I was comfortable with my gift. I struggled for a long time to understand the rules of the spirit world. I didn’t know what I was meant to do with this ability.

My boyfriend at the time used me as a psychic like someone drinks water. He became more and more reliant on my guidance. He was almost ten years my senior and yet wouldn’t decide what to have for breakfast without asking me to check in with his spirit guides first. I let him offload all responsibility for his actions onto me. At first it felt good to be consulted. I felt special, loved, and important. But I was on a slippery slope. Yes, my ego f***ked me up. When things went great for him,

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I'd feel wonderful. When they went poorly, my relationship would turn ugly.

People have free will. This means a psychic can only predict a probable future. Things can change. My boyfriend was a control freak and to alleviate his consciousness of causing an undesired outcome, he'd blame me. Here's a typical response from my boyfriend. "You didn't say this would happen. It's your fault that I listened to you."

"Then don't ask," I said.

"You're the psychic," he would reply, almost spitting venom. Ten minutes later he'd ask me to get guidance for him again.

It got to the point where if anything didn't work out in his life he'd dump on me. In his eyes, it was my fault. It took me years to see this was a subtle form of abuse. Sometimes I wish he had hit me because then I would have had bruises as concrete evidence of his abuse and I'd have had a stronger motivation to leave him.

I felt like a golden goose that couldn't lay gold eggs. I allowed my intuition to be abused. Every time I tried to see my next best step, the guidance was distorted because I'd unknowingly shut off my connection to spirit. I thought it would be easier to have no communication with my spirit guides because then my boyfriend would stop asking me what to do every five minutes. But he kept harassing me. In the end I'd say anything to get him off my back. I ate to shut off the pain. My intuitive reservoir was dry. If a drop of water was to be found, my boyfriend drank it.

That's when I began getting severe nosebleeds on a consistent basis. They were another warning sign. I saw a

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correlation between him asking for guidance, me getting upset, and then five minutes later my nose bleeding like crazy. I was terrified. Yet I still couldn't prove that he was making them happen. It took me two more years to realize that I was the one making these nosebleeds happen, by staying with this self-centered man.

Rock Bottom

My turning point happened on a cold January day back in 2004. I remember it so clearly. Mom and I were sitting in her silver Mercedes C230 Kompressor in front of Harrods department store in London. It's a very famous store that sells the most luxurious brands in the world. In contrast, here I was sitting in Mom's car, financially, mentally, emotionally, and spiritually broke. I'd hit bottom. I felt so ashamed as Mom looked at me that I could barely bring my gaze to meet hers. I felt like a wounded animal trapped in a cage for I sensed what she was about to ask. The interrogation was about to begin.

Only when I later gained clarity did I understand that my mother was devastated by who I had become. She had done her best to give me everything a girl could possibly wish for. She always stocked the fridge full of delicious food, bought me beautiful clothes, and acted as a confidante when I was going through boy trouble. And she was most forgiving of my errors. I had thrown all those gifts away. I'd destroyed and dismissed everything she'd previously given me.

“How are you surviving?” Mom said.

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I looked down at my hands and noticed the five-dollar engagement ring I'd bought for myself because my boyfriend, who'd become fiancé, didn't have any money.

"I'm surviving," I said.

"That's never what I wanted your life to be. Where did I go wrong? I gave you everything I could," Mom said.

My heart felt crushed. The deepest sense of remorse I'd ever experienced washed over me and stuck like molasses. "I'm surviving and my fiancé loves me," I said defensively.

"Joanna, you have bills to pay. How are you managing that? How much money do you have?" Mom asked.

I could barely muster enough voice and when I did, it didn't even sound like me. "Thirty pence," I said. (In dollars, that's sixty cents).

Mom scoffed. I could see she was trying to grasp how I'd gone from a hip London party girl who owned her own home (today worth over a million dollars), and had held excellent jobs in entertainment PR and corporate finance.

"How are you going to eat?" Mom said.

"I don't know," I said.

"Joanna, you're over thirty years old. You're approaching middle age."

I sat in silence. I dreaded facing anyone. The thought of my friends seeing me like this made me feel so ashamed.

"I can't help you. You got yourself in this mess. Get yourself out of it. I'm going to Australia for three weeks. If you're still

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living with this loser when I get back, I don't want anything to do with you—and I know Daddy feels the same way. There's nothing more we can do to help you," Mom said.

Mom opened her Louis Vuitton handbag and took out her purse. She handed me five pounds.

"Thank you," I said sheepishly.

This was money to pay for the subway back to the oppressively small, starkly decorated basement apartment of my fiancé's mom. It had no heating or hot water because the thermostat had broken. The woman was away in India and was letting me stay there because she felt awful that her son owed me \$400,000.

I wrestled with the lock to the apartment door for ten minutes before getting in from the cold. I made myself a cup of tea and ate a piece of toast with strawberry jam before sitting down to call the temping agencies for secretarial work. In the past I'd been Executive Assistant to the Managing Director of Saatchi & Saatchi and to the Senior Vice President of Goldman Sachs. One agency out of seven now replied to my résumé. Two days later I was scheduled for only one interview in the West End in central London, except I didn't have enough money for the train or the bus to get there. My only option was to walk to my 10:30 A.M. appointment. I MapQuested the address and saw I'd be walking five miles. I put on sneakers and placed my smarter shoes in a plastic bag. I did my best to remain optimistic as I climbed the three flights of stairs to the temp agency's office. Quickly I changed my shoes and put on my brightest, most confident smile.

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A young woman in her twenties dressed in a conservative suit and heels led me into a small room with a computer for my typing test. I scored 100 percent on my spelling test and had a typing speed of seventy words per minute. I was pleased to see I hadn't lost my skills. I went through the motions of explaining why I'd be a good candidate and gave my credentials to the interviewer. "We'll be in touch," she said.

As I changed back into my sneakers on the street around the corner from the agency, I prayed, "Please God, let me get a job." Ten pounds an hour would feel like winning the lottery. Then it began to rain and rain hard. A voice inside my head said "Don't give up, it's never too late." I felt I had nothing more to lose. What harm would it be to take a detour to Regent's College on the grounds of The Regent's Park?

I had a healing client in Cheltenham, Jules Williams, a fantastic celebrity TV psychic who is now my dear friend. His challenge at the time was to break through his block of canceling a workshop when only three people had registered. He always cancelled it before anyone else could sign up because his limiting belief was, "No one is really interested in my knowledge." Jules didn't know at the time that I had my own crap to deal with or how messed up and insecure I was, because I acted bright and confident.

A few days earlier we'd sat in a little coffee shop together and I'd said, "Jules let's host a workshop together and break this pattern." Now here I was down at Regent's College checking out the venue for this potential live event. I told myself all the reasons not to do the workshop. "If the room's awful, we'll cancel the event." Except the room was wonderful with a view of majestic trees. The space felt peaceful and serene. I phoned

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Jules. “We’ve got to do this psychic development workshop. The venue is amazing.”

As I walked through The Regent’s Park, I felt hopeful for the first time in ages, even though fear lurked beneath. I ignored it and did my best to control my small black umbrella, as it flapped in the driving rain. A glimmer of intuition got my attention for the first time in ages. “Go back to school,” my intuition said. I took that literally. My old school, Francis Holland, was just beyond the grounds of The Regent’s Park.

I turned up without an appointment. My timing was perfect. The teachers were about to take a coffee break. The school secretary led me up to the staff room and my former Italian teacher, Mr. Cicora, handed me a cup of coffee with a cookie. I was surrounded by several of my teachers. They bombarded me with questions. “What have you achieved since you left school? Are you married?”

I explained I was engaged. “Let’s see the ring,” someone chimed.

I tried to deflect the request, because the ring was unimpressive, and racked my brain for an achievement. “I produced a movie that got a nationwide release.”

I wanted to get the focus off of me because I felt like a fraud.

“Well you’d be perfect to judge the school drama competition in three weeks. Tom Stoppard did it last year; his daughter goes to the school. But he’s not available this year. Would you be willing to step in?” the school vice president said.

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Tom Stoppard, the playwright? Are you kidding me? Surely, I would make a complete fool of myself. “Yes, of course, I’d love to,” I said.

Lights, Camera, Action

It was now February and the day of the drama competition had arrived. Mrs. Low, the headmistress of the school, invited me into her office to give me a run-through of events. When I entered the assembly, the entire school was present as I was introduced as the special guest judge in front of 300 people, including all my old teachers. I hid my fear well. I took notes as I watched the plays performed by each class, and all the while Mrs. Low by my side. As the afternoon progressed, I discovered that I was the only judge. There was no panel. What if I made the wrong choices?

The school was delighted with my selection of winners. I was invited up on stage and presented with a beautiful bouquet of flowers and a book certificate. Everyone stood up and applauded me. I was surprised. I’d been beaten down for so long that this felt foreign to me, but it also felt good. It didn’t matter that I hadn’t heard from the temp agency at that moment. I heard a voice say very gently but firmly in my head, “All is well, you will see.” The voice was so reassuring. It stopped me falling any deeper into self-pity when I didn’t hear from the employment agency.

The following weekend, Jules and I hosted our psychic development workshop at Regent’s College for fourteen people. It was a success and the attendees went on to sign up for our next event. Even more importantly, taking this small step to commit to the workshop led to me producing and hosting on TV.

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Before the workshop I remember thinking, “What the hell. I’m just going to call people and let them know about the workshop and they can say no if they want to. But they may say yes.” I called a young woman named Eddy for whom I’d given a psychic reading a year before in a pub in West London. She said, “That’s so weird you should call because I was about to call you. I’m working for a production company and they want to make a psychic TV show.” She continued, “We’ve been interviewing all these psychics and they’re awful. I think you could be perfect for this.”

When you’re attuned to your life purpose everything flows. It’s not weird. It’s what author James Redfield calls synchronicity in *The Celestine Prophecy*.

A couple of days later, I walked down Great Portland Street with greasy hair because I couldn’t face putting my head under a freezing cold shower. I was headed to the TV studio. Once there, the receptionist didn’t direct me to a boardroom. Instead, she sent me to a pub across the street. The person that hired me didn’t even test my psychic skills. He looked at me and said, “You’ll do.” The following week I was given the task of hosting a show and creating ten hours of live psychic television programming a week. It became an international success and went on to make its producers millions of dollars.

In March 2004, my engagement abruptly ended. My ex-fiancé turned up at my friend’s apartment where I was staying unannounced. “Mom’s away and I’ve only got nineteen and a half pence, could you lend me thirty pounds to get the train back to Cheltenham?” he asked. I felt numb. I took forty pounds out of my purse that I’d just earned from doing my TV show and handed it to him. He spent the night. We took the subway to Oxford Circus together the following morning. I was

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headed to the TV studio. He was on his way to approach some commercial agencies for directing jobs. This time, we didn't kiss each other goodbye.

Tune in and trust your own intuition with a copy of
Unleash the Psychic in You
available now at
www.AmericasIntuitionCoach.com



What if you knew how to see the future and you lost everything anyway?

At the age of thirty years old, gifted psychic medium Joanna Garzilli had lost everything she owned. With rock bottom self esteem and a codependent toxic relationship she was resigned to ever having a successful career and meeting her soul mate. She couldn't understand why her gift to successfully help others had become a curse in her own life. She thought because she could see spirit and communicate with those on The Other Side that everything she wanted would land in her lap. Joanna was caught up in psychic sensationalism. The breakthrough to her success was facing her fears and denials, conquering her low self worth and finding the power to act upon her intuition and apply it to her own life. Joanna shares her wisdom in a book that will teach you how to step into a world beyond your eyes and develop your psychic powers. She believes everyone has the gift. She builds certainty in your ability to trust your heart and stop handing your power away when faced with important decisions.

Learning how to trust your intuition is the key to:

- Successful decision making every time
- Meeting your soul mate and marriage partner
- Eliminating debt and creating financial security
- Awakening your clairvoyance and trusting your sixth sense
- Detecting blind spots to turn poor habits into good routines
- Releasing pain and replacing with confidence and inner peace
- Courage to set healthy firm boundaries
- Receiving guidance from your Higher Self to live your life purpose now
- Achieve success beyond what you think is possible

"Joanna guides you to a world beyond your conscious perception that will inspire you to trust your decision making. She gives you the secret ingredient to access your intuition now. Once you read this book you can be confident to follow your inner guidance."—David Neagle, Million Dollar Income Acceleration Coach

Joanna Garzilli is the founder of AmericasIntuitionCoach.com who went from a failed relationship, \$100,000 debt, and low self esteem to happily married, earning an income of \$1,000,000+ per hour and living her life purpose as a TV personality, author and motivational speaker; helping people worldwide to tune in and trust their intuition. She lives with her husband Nick and pets in Los Angeles, California.



To receive her free
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