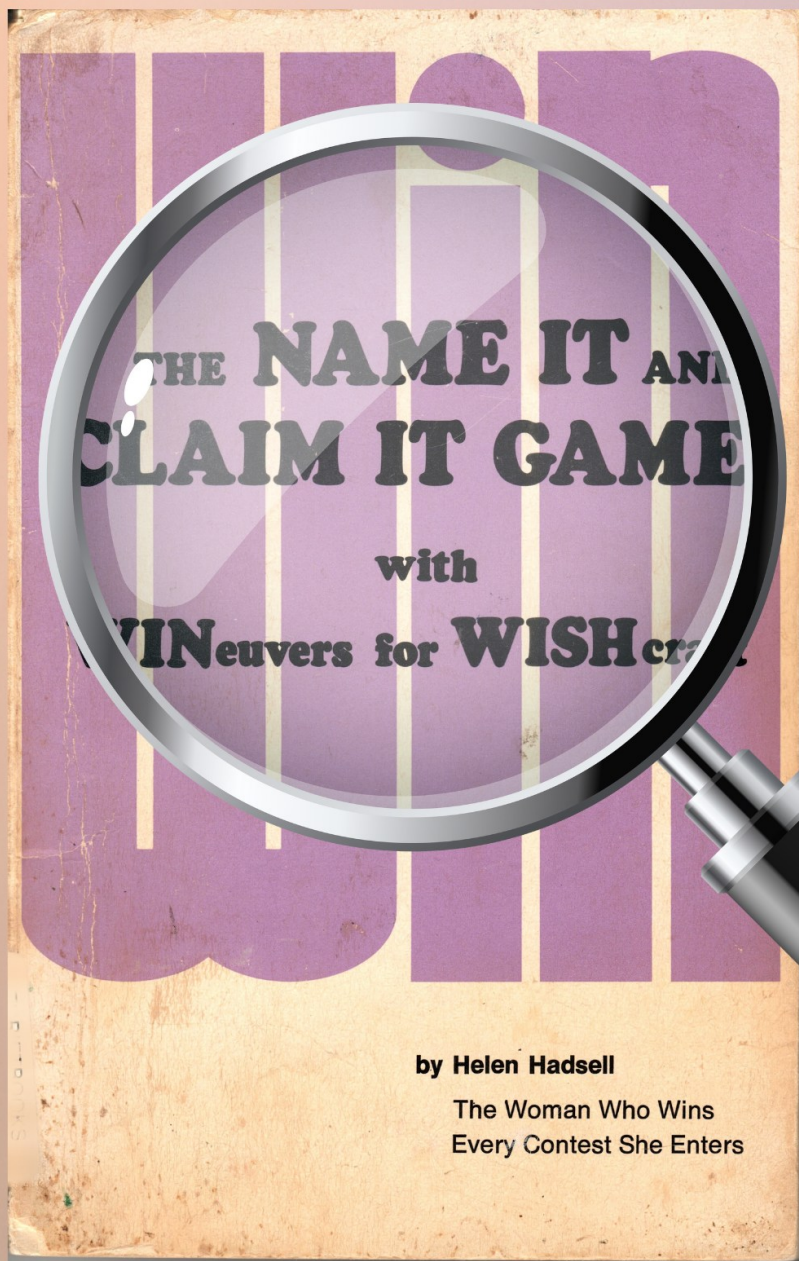


# The Mystery of the Missing Chapter



**THE NAME IT AND  
CLAIM IT GAME**

with

**WINeuvers for WISHcr...**

by **Helen Hadsell**

The Woman Who Wins  
Every Contest She Enters

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# BOOKS & WORKSHOPS

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To read articles and stories from Helene Hadsell's archives, along with other adventures, audio programs, and videos, all for FREE, visit [www.WordsForWinning.com](http://www.WordsForWinning.com)

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Confessions of an 83-Year-Old Sage

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## **ONLINE WORKSHOPS**

WINeuvers for WISHcraft 2.0

Sweepstakes for Beginners

How to Win Giveaways on Social Media

RoboForm 101

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# DEDICATION

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To Helene and all the great sweepstakes teachers that came before me. Not only did they make the hobby better, but they also changed countless lives.

**Helene Hadsell**

June 1, 1924—October 30, 2010

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# AFFIRMATION

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Helene liked to repeat a simple phrase whenever she lectured, wrote, or counseled people:

*“Let me be a channel to help people help themselves.”*

As she isn't here to state this phrase, may each of us reading these words affirm her prayer.

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# THE MISSING CHAPTER

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It was only upon recording the Audible edition and having to make edits to the print edition to match that I discovered a missing chapter.

In 2019 when I received Helene's books from Dike Hadsell to begin the updating and republishing journey, I discovered Helene never stopped writing or teaching. I had a 1988 and a 2003 of *The Name It & Claim It Game*, but I discovered Helene had kept updating the book until 2010. The year she passed away.

As I updated the book I worked from the 2010 digital edition and cross-referenced the 1998 and 2003 editions adding in stories she wrote, plus articles she sent me.

In 2020 I was lucky enough to find a used copy of her 1971 first edition. Then in 2023, as I recorded the Audible book, we needed to reference the print editions. As I was flipping through her first book I noticed a chapter title I didn't recognize *What's Taking You So Long?*

Some of it was new, but some of it was very familiar. Most of the 'missing' chapter can be found in her second book *In Contact With Other Realms*. I assume it was left out of her second 1988 edition for good reason. Therefore, I decided not to re-edit *The Name It & Claim It Game*, and instead create this free PDF download for you.

# WHAT'S TAKING YOU SO LONG?

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Tuesday evening, May 25, 1971, Maya Perez, the well-known Psychic from Balboa, California, was in Dallas, Texas, to give a lecture on Reincarnation and Visualization. Maya is a noted lecturer as well as a psychic.

Jess Stern's book *Door to the Future* relates some of Maya's impressions and predictions

After a most interesting lecture, a question and answer session followed; during this portion of the program, Maya beckoned me from the audience to come on stage and share with the audience some of the impressions she was picking up about me. I was seated in the front row at the program. (Maya claims she picks up information about a person while being in a person's vibrations.)

Well, here we go ... It seems the expression 'nothing is hidden that shall not be revealed' comes home to me more and more as I meet with unusual psychic people.

One of the first things Maya commented on was the fact that I was in the process of losing a great deal of weight. She said I had the discipline to control the tendency to be a compulsive eater when I am frustrated.

"You accomplish nothing by continuing to blame your present obesity on emotional frustration," she stressed. "Within several months you will have a slim trim figure." She had no way of knowing I had already begun my program of diet to lose 25 pounds quickly before a trip I was planning to take in August.

# WHAT'S TAKING YOU SO LONG?

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But of course, I would lose the weight by trip time, and I was really pleased to hear her confirm my convictions.

For the reader who has a weight problem ... might I share a technique that probably is the one most beneficial factor in my dieting program.

I have ... or should I say 'had' an insatiable appetite for sweets. I did fine for several days on cheese, meat, and vegetables, but sometimes the urge for candy became so strong that I made a trip to the candy counter for chocolate-covered peanuts and ate, ate, ate until I was satisfied. That of course blew my diet. So I'm admitting I am immature and somehow need to be reminded that I am in control of the body and that the body does not control me.

The technique that reminded me I was in control of all eating goes like this: First I made a list of all the foods that tempt me. The high-calorie items such as chocolate-covered peanuts, ice cream, nut brownies, and caramel sauces happened to appeal to my taste buds. Second, I closed my eyes and mentally imagined I saw myself rejecting all the calorie-packed goodies that were not included on my diet program. Three, rather than deprive myself and not eat when I had a craving for sweets, I mentally replaced the high-calorie items with crisp cool carrot sticks, cool thin cucumber slices, and sweet wedges of cantaloupe. I imagined the low-calorie items were much tastier than the high-calorie items. In other words, I was connin' myself for a calorie count down. I did this mental exercise during the day or

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whenever I felt tempted to those no-no calorie counters. May I say that this technique is so effective that I'm able to resist successfully all the foods I once craved. Today, two weeks later, I've lost 10 pounds by following my diet program. (Might I suggest that you program yourself with this technique often because what you are actually doing is replacing one habit with another and it takes repeated practice to incorporate it into your consciousness.)

There are many diets and hundreds of books written on the subject. But whatever program you happened to follow and you have a hang-up on the sweet bit as I did ... you better believe that this technique works.

Getting on with Maya's other impressions as she 'tuned in' on me, I found this statement to be the most interesting. She said I was to be a great spiritual writer ... in fact that it was my purpose this lifetime. (As I mentioned earlier she believes in reincarnation.) Fact is ... I am presently writing a book (the one you are now reading) about my personal experiences. I found this statement doubly interesting because this is not the first time I was told I would be writing. I must share an experience that could have been responsible for planting a seed in my subconscious many years ago ... and I'm now acting upon that suggestion.

When I was 16 years old I was confined in bed for three months due to rheumatic fever that wracked my body with pain. At that time, 1940 medical science had little offer person that had this serious and sometimes fatal

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disease. Two of my classmates also had the malady at the same time I was confined. One died of the disease, and the other boy lived five years before he, too, died of heart valve damage. At that time, only bed rest and painkilling drugs were the treatment to keep the fever down and to dull the pain.

I was brought up in a very religious church-oriented environment in fact for eight years I attended a parochial school taught by nuns. I went to mass every morning, I went to confession every Friday, and was taught we live in sin. If we ate meat on Friday or if we missed Mass on Sunday or in a church holy day of obligation, we committed a mortal sin. I was made aware of purgatory (where one might burn in fire until all one sins were cleansed ... or worse and that ... I could go to hell if I died with a mortal sin on my soul). Of course, I swallowed all this hook ... line, and thinker. You see I didn't know any better.

I prayed, prayed, and prayed to get well as I lay in bed. But there was no change. I had a perfect horror of dying because I wasn't sure about having a clean bill of thoughts to make it to Heaven and just the idea that I might have a mortal sin and the possibility of going to Hell or purgatory sent me into hysterics.

After three months of pain and little or no improvement, one morning I overheard the family doctor (he made two house calls a week to look in on me) tell my mother that my heart was indicating damage and he could do very little more for me. That

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night I mustered up all the courage a 16-year-old frightened girl can gather, and I decided I wanted to die. I gave it serious thought for I was weary of constant pain and tired of the bed. Why even if I did have to go to purgatory for a spell and get burned for a bit I could still get into heaven eventually I told myself. Anything would be better than continuing in this situation with the outlook of death from this disease. Anyway, that is what I told myself, that following morning I wanted to die. I just mentally set up the idea. I thought about it all night long, and I didn't change my mind with the light of morning appeared. That morning I verbally uttered out loud, "OK if there is a God or an angel near I want you to know I'm now ready to die. I'm tired of being in pain and not getting any better ... so there's only one thing left, to die ... and I don't want you to drag this out any longer. I want to die ... do you hear me?"

Well, what do you know ... somebody heard me, or so it seemed. For as soon as I made the demand to die, there appeared a rather young, serene-looking man. At first, I thought, "WOW, what fast service. Somebody is already here to pick me up." Heavens no, it wasn't I wasn't in heaven and the cool, calm, collected young man wasn't Jesus, of that I was positive. The figure did have a rather bright yellow glow about him. He reminded me of one of those holy pictures of saints I was given by the nuns when I made good grades in school. The young man standing at the foot of my bed had such an air of peace and love radiating from him that I was startled for a moment. But I do recall that I

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had no fear of his presence (a man in my bedroom bit). What do you know ... he was not there to take me away. He merely said, "What makes you think you are going to die little girl ... you have too much to live for and too much to do."

He was real, or so it seemed to my mind's eye, so I started a conversation with him. I was still determined to die, for I remember asking, "Just what can I do tied to this bed?" He then smiled and replied, "You are healed, and you will return to your studies. Later in life, you will be inspired to write about your many experiences so that many will learn from you. This is the purpose for your life and you will be guided when that time comes." He then seemed to fade away as if disappearing through the wall. Well, you better believe I was one excited teenager. I yelled for my mother to come quickly.

After I related the experience and insisted that a man was here and said I was healed, she came to the bedside table, opened up the drawer, and took out the thermometer to take my temperature. It appeared to be normal. She then looked rather strangely at me and made me promise not to tell anyone, for it sounded crazy, and it was only a dream. Thinking back at the incident she may have been concerned my mind was being affected by the illness.

The following morning my feet touched the floor for the first time in three months. Within the week, I joined the family at the dinner table, and the following week, I was

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back in school. I pushed the incident to the back of my mind and told no one. In the following years, I never thought of the experience again. If I did I probably promptly dismissed it.

The first of this year, 1971, I had a strong impression to write a book about my contest-winning experiences, hoping it might in some way clue people in that we all have the ability to use WISHcraft. My intentions were to keep the book serious, sometimes silly and occasionally sermonettish, for that is how I express myself. I like to be sunny and punny, for as far as I'm concerned, there's enough hum-glum, Doomsville U.S.A. mental energy around.

As I sat at the typewriter in my study, typing my experiences for the book, I kept looking at the blank wall in front of me so I could capture the appropriate words to express my thoughts

One evening, my eyes seemed to be playing tricks, for I saw what appeared to be a young man. A gentle, calm, serene expression with outstretched arms and eyes turned toward the sky. He seemed to be emanating a feeling of being pleased about something. As if the floodgates were opened, the memory and recognition of this vision rushed towards my conscious mind.

There is so much we do not yet know about the mind, memory, and imagination, so at this time, I have no logical explanation for what brought this about. Some might say I was hallucinating; others might think I'm illuminated and might declare me a saint. 'Tis all still a

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big question mark as to what actually happened. I will continue to seek answers to many of the questions that arise daily.

The following evening, I had a repeat visit of the vision, and this time, I hurriedly sketched my impression of the figure on a sheet of paper. The following morning, I found myself at the lumberyard buying a sheet of plywood 3 by 5 feet in size. I then stopped at the art supply shop to buy four tubes of oil paint. White, yellow, black, and tan were the only colors I felt impressed to buy. I certainly am not an artist, but I had a very strong urge to try my hand at painting a study of my visitor. I got the idea to fold a double sheet of newspaper lengthwise. Taking scissors, I began cutting (sort of as I did as a child, cutting out half paper dolls, then unfolding the sheet to complete the figure). The result in this instance was a silhouette of a man, halo and all. I then traced the paper figure on the board and was quite pleased with the results, for it was a very good likeness of my visitor. Then the thought occurred ... what about details such as expression of eyes, background, etc.? It will come ... it will come, I kept thinking. It came.

For in three nights I had completed the painting. I even sketched in impressions of other figures I had imagined I'd seen at various times in my dreams

*Teachers in the Classroom of Learning* seemed to be the appropriate title for the painting. I now try to analyze if perhaps I'd seen a similar picture in one of

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in one of the many museums I visited while in Europe. That might be a logical explanation of how I came about painting the picture. I do so wish I had more answers, for I'm sure some of you may have had similar experiences and, too, have the question. Hopefully, as time passes I might be enlightened on much of what is happening

The most interesting incident occurred after I hung the picture. I have displayed it in a very prominent place in my home. We had guests one evening, and a gentleman commented on the painting.

“Helen, no man is perfect. Yet I'm intrigued as to how perfectly you have both sides of this figure.” (He didn't know about my cut-out technique).

I uttered the first thought that came, perhaps in defense for I said, “What makes you think this man is in a physical body? He is perfect only to me for that's the way I saw him. Are we not all striving for perfection and balance? Perhaps if we can acquire balance and maintain it, we too can possess a perfect physical body.” You know ... that's a good thing to strive for ... isn't it?

'Tis interesting when Maya commented on the fact I would be doing spiritual writing. I certainly can't call this book spiritual, perhaps ‘spirited’ might be a better word.

Maya also claimed that in one lifetime she and I were sisters. Also that we have the same knowledge of truth.

Another interesting observation I feel I must share with

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you. While Maya was talking she kept stressing visualization and repeated many of the concepts I lecture on in my series of positive thinking programs.

One last comment she made. "You will be going to Egypt within several years. There you will meet two persons, I must refer to them as masters, for you will be given many answers by these masters to enable you to better understand. After meeting with the masters you will start writing in earnest with a sincere dedicated purpose."

This comment I found most interesting, for several years ago, I announced to my husband that I wanted to visit Egypt and India. I even set a trip date of August 1972 to make the trip.

Now, isn't life exciting when you have a vivid imagination?

In closing this chapter I must repeat ... anything I can do you can do better. I firmly believe it.

I recall reading, that Jesus was said to have uttered, "All these things I do ... you can do and more." It is said that he walked on water, healed the sick, mastered bi-location and was most proficient in the practice of precipitation. (Multiplying the loaves and fishes, changing water into wine). Gads, what a challenge we are facing.

I have only one question at this time ... what is taking us so long?