

Our Journey to Salon-de-Provence

Carl and I decided to take a trip to Spain. We were to fly into Madrid, rent a car and drive to Barcelona, which was where we would depart Spain to return home. We were to leave on a Friday night, and this was to take place during my February vacation.

That morning, as I was working in the library, an idea flashed through my mind. I was curious how far away Provence would be from Barcelona. Salon-de-Provence was the birthplace of Nostradamus, one of the most famous clairvoyants in history. So many of Nostradamus predictions had come true. There were many books written about Nostradamus predictions. I had even purchased one for our school library. I went to the atlas case and pulled out a large oversized atlas. I was surprised to see that Provence did not look that far away from Barcelona. Furthermore, we would also be near Béziers, a town, where the Catholic Church officials rounded up the population of the town, in 1209, put them in the cathedral, and then proceeded to burn the building, with the people in it. Church officials claimed that the people of Béziers were heretics. I took the atlas upstairs to the school office and photocopied the map. Then I took the book about Nostradamus off the shelf, and thumbed through it. It contained exactly what I needed, a picture of Nostradamus' house.

My vocabulary in French was limited to about 30 words. My plan was to point to the picture and hopefully we could get directions to where Nostradamus lived nearly 500 years ago. So many people think the French are rude and abrupt to Americans. In actuality it is our abruptness which angers the French. Years ago, I accompanied our French teacher and her mother, a native Parisian, on one of their many trips to France. I listened to the mother when she went into a shop. She did not conduct business immediately. First she asked how the clerk was doing, and engaged in a conversation. Eventually, the conversation led to the business that needed to be conducted. I had learned to mimic that technique. Despite the fact that the clerk knew instantly that my French was horrible, I was always treated very well, because of my limited French conversation, asking the clerk how they were doing instead of just conducting business.

When I met Carl at the airport, we went to the desk to check our baggage. We were flying with TWA and we both had frequent flyer accounts. The clerk behind the desk asked me a question that shocked me. "Would you like to fly first class?" We jumped at the opportunity, and enjoyed first class seating on our trip to Madrid. While we were waiting for the flight, I showed Carl the xeroxed map and the book about Nostradamus. He became very enthused, and said, "Let's do it."

We enjoyed a few days in the bustling city of Madrid. Carl became quite excited with we suddenly came across a house where Miguel de Cervantes had lived. Cervantes wrote



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the book *Don Quixote*, which was the inspiration for the play *Man of La Mancha*. Carl had seen *Man of La Mancha* in the Goodspeed Opera House at East Haddam, CT, before it made its way to New York City. Next we picked up a rental car and drove through the countryside (La Mancha) towards Barcelona. At the edge of the city, Carl was picking up some negative energy. "Why don't we just skip Barcelona, and go directly to France?" Carl asked.

"Fine, by me," I replied. I was not enthused with Spain, and I really enjoyed being in France. That evening we stayed in the Catalonia section of Spain. We had dinner at the restaurant where we were staying. We had ordered some soup, and we both were thoroughly shocked, to see an egg in the soup. Apparently, the chef had dropped a raw egg into the soup, and it was partially cooked in the hot broth. Neither Carl nor I found it appetizing, and we both would talk about having an egg in our soup for

many years.

The next morning, we got up early and hit the road. We crossed the border into France, without even having to show our passports, and we drove directly to the town of Salon-de-Provence. Once we arrived in the town, we looked for a parking space for our rental car. Then I saw a woman walking down the street. I greeted the woman, in my limited French, and opened the book and pointed to the picture of Nostradamus' house. An immediate look of recognition registered on her face. Somehow she gave us directions, and we began to follow them. We walked several blocks, but it seemed as if we had ran out of steam without finding the house.

I was about to go into a store to ask for directions again. Suddenly, Carl said, "Stop." There was a major pause, and then he continued, "There is a man here [Carl was referring to a Spirit person, because I didn't see anyone] who is speaking French, he is pointing to this building [we were standing right beside it]. The building was surrounded with scaffolding. It turned out that Nostradamus' house, which was in the middle of being renovated. I was able to get a picture of the sign, which said, Nostradamus' house.



We went into the shop across the street; Carl bought a few presents. He was shocked as the clerk put poupori on each gift before she wrapped it in cellophane and tied it in a

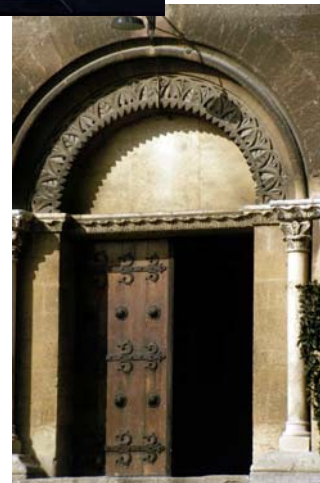
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bow. I am sure it took about 20 minutes to wrap the three gifts. The pace of French life was on a much slower rate than American life.

After our shopping, we stopped at a restaurant, and had a delicious lunch, at a restaurant whose name in English would be *Table of the King*. Again the service was top notch, and so was the food. I asked the waitress how to get to



the Cathedral where Nostaradamus was buried. She asked some of the staff, and then came back with directions. It was a bit of a walk, but we finally found the cathedral. [The picture to the right shows the Cathedral.]



I had decided to walk to the side of the building to photograph the cathedral (the picture above on the left). When I returned Carl asked me with a very annoyed tone in his voice, "Where were you?" I replied that I was just on the other side of the building. Carl continued, "You will not believe what happened. As I approached the doors to the Cathedral, they flew open. I examined the doorway; there is no electric eye. Spirit people

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opened the door for me!" Carl exclaimed. "Wow" I said. I had no idea that much more phenomena would happen.

As I walked into the cathedral, my eye glimpsed at a desk by the front door, however, my eyes were drawn to the scaffolding within the cathedral. Apparently the cathedral was undergoing renovation too.

I quickly spotted Nostradamous, tomb. There was some additional lighting from the scaffolding which help to illuminate the words carved into the wall. I took many pictures of the writing, along with pictures of Carl examininating the writing.



Then I decided to go up to the front of the Church, to the altar. There on the left side of the altar was a statue of *Joan of Arc*. I was busy focusing my camera, to take a picture of this statue, with my flash, when suddenly I felt that a fist was boring into the back of my head. I was very curious about what caused this strange feeling, however, I decided it was more important to take my picture. So I snapped the shutter and then turned around. I found Carl making faces and pointing to another person who was now in the Cathedral. The person was a priest and he was not happy that we were taking pictures of his church. We quickly exited the building, and as I did, I noticed a sign reading: *gendarme*, police at the front desk. Apparently, there was supposed to be a security guard at this cathedral, who would not permit anyone to take pictures. Yet, we had no problem getting the images we needed. We quickly exited the cathedral.



I truly marveled that Spirit could arrange for us to time our visit so that we could get the pictures that we wanted, and even welcome us in such a grand fashion.

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We had a similar situation in the Cathedral in Nabbonne. There the Cathedral's security guards would not allow us to take any photograph. We found an archway that had faces as ornaments. There were two types of faces, which alternated along this archway. One was the face of a baby, the other of a skeleton. We felt sure that this was to teach the parishioners that *the road to hell was paved with the skulls of unbaptized babies*.

When we went to Béziers, we became very disoriented. We had to park our car in a garage, and we went to the cathedral. We could barely get anyone to discuss how people died in the cathedral on July 22, 1209, despite the fact that some signs did exist outside the cathedral, which acknowledged what happened. When we left to get our car, we got very lost, and even search the entire garage, not finding our car, only to discover we were in the wrong garage. I believe the negative energy of events of 1209 permeated to the present day, and disoriented us.

On the way back to Barcelona, we decided to stay overnight at a Spanish seaside resort of Sitges. It was off-season, so it was easy to find an inexpensive hotel. While we were resting we turned on the TV. We were both shocked to see an old Van Johnson movie, entitled *The Pied Pier of Hamelin*. Carl retold the story when he was the pied pier when he was in the second grade. We thought this was quite interesting, since neither one of us believe in coincidences. *The Pied Pier of Hamelin* was made in 1957. What is even more interesting was that I was in second grade in 1957 when this movie was made! Van Johnson played the part of Truson/the Pied Piper



The story takes place in the year 1376, in Brunswick County, near famous Hanover City. Hamelin is a little village next to the great Weser River.

Again it is fascinating that Carl was born in Shallotte, which is in *Brunswick County*, North Carolina. Furthermore, when Carl bought his house in Charleston, SC, he lived on Geddes Ave. As you traveled on Geddes Ave, it curved to the left and became *Piper Lane*



Pied Pier pictures from:

<http://www.kgordonmurray.com/f12.html>

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Again it is fascinating to find this last picture of the Pied Pier on the clock tower. For if it had been a church instead of town hall, the piper would be standing where the medium belonged. This refers to a teaching that Awan gave about the origin of church steeples.



The Pied Piper stands majestically on the Hamelin clock tower, and waves goodbye; his spiritual mission to reeducate these simple folk is done.

AWAN: When the new religion of Christianity formed; the Christians' new God was the great teacher who was executed on the cross. The priests of this new religion wanted the people to gather in large buildings to commune with God, instead of the tents or caves, where people gathered to commune with God through mediums. At first, the people refused to gather inside these buildings, because they did not resemble the original tent, or the cave, or the cabinet.

[A Cabinet is a small enclosed space, which is usually required for certain types to occur. Trumpet mediumship usually requires the medium to be in the cabinet. The medium goes into a trance state, and ectoplasm, the outer stiffer portion of ectoplasm is withdrawn from the medium's body, molded into a voice box and put into a trumpet (an metal cone which acts as an amplifier or megaphone.)]

The priests needed a strategy that would entice people into the brand new assembly halls. To make the people feel more comfortable, the priests decided to incorporate the ancient psychic practices into their new buildings. Therefore, they built a cubicle, or cabinet, and put it on the roof of the large building. Then they went out and preached to the people, they proclaimed, "We have invented a method for all of you to commune with God, rather than one person at a time. We have taken your sacred building, the cabinet, and put it up on the roof of our new Church. Now you can all gather in the big hall, under the cabinet, to commune with God." This is the reason your churches have steeples.

SID: Wow, that is fascinating. Why did they put the cones on top of the steeples?

AWAN: As you have witnessed, my scribe, the trumpet was often associated with the cabinet.¹ It was usually placed outside the cabinet, where the person seeking advice would see and hear it. After forming a voice box of ectoplasm (stiffer cytoplasm of cells)

¹ Schwartz, Sidney. *My First Encounter with an Angel: Revelations of Ancient Wisdom*. Blue Hill, ME. Medicine Bear Publishing, 1999. p. 171-192.

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from the medium's body. Spirit would pick up the trumpet, and a voice would speak through the trumpet. At first, the people would not accept the new churches, even though the cabinet was sitting atop of the building. They mistrusted the new churches because they could not figure out how they could hear the voice of Spirit (God) through the trumpet, when they could not see it from down on the ground. Therefore, the priests decided to place the trumpet on the top of the cabinet. This way the people could see both the trumpet, and the cabinet, from the ground. Then the priests began to preach, "We will have a medium climb up and sit inside of the cabinet on the roof. The voice of God will then speak through the trumpet, and all of you will hear that voice because you will sit underneath the trumpet." Sadly, the gullible people believed the priests. They began to gather into the building, which became the Church. Once the people were inside the Church, the priests would not allow them to leave unless they made an offering of coins or gold. That was the beginning of tithing, donating a certain percentage of your income to the Church.

