

Scarred For Life

Many of Carl's childhood experiences scarred him for life. I suppose that many people can make that claim, however, in Carl's case, it was entirely justified. Many of Carl's childhood experiences would be considered emotional child abuse today. Furthermore, the people in Carl's life caused most of these scars, because they along with Carl himself totally misunderstood his mediumship.

Almost from the moment of his conception, Alvie, Carl's father, was afraid of his son Carl. Since Alvie thought that Carl was possessed with the devil, he *never* touched Carl! Can anyone imagine not being held, hugged, or caressed by one's own parent! Not even a pat on the head, or even a hand shake!

Alvie did whatever he could to "help" his son get rid of the devil. Carl used to tell me that in the 1930's there were always traveling preachers who would travel from town to town, preaching their "brand" of Christianity, to whoever would listen, and give them a dollar or two. Carl said that frequently, people who were released from jail would get their hands on a Bible, and that qualified them to call themselves a preacher. Alvie sought out every traveling preacher he could, and invited them to dinner. Afterwards, these preachers were invited to spend the night in the Hewett house. Alvie believed that if a preacher slept in the same bed with Carl it would drive the devil out of his son. Carl used to tell me of the many foul-smelling men that would spend the night with him. One of these preachers had a terrific problem with flatulence, and Carl said that most nights that he had to endure the presence of these preachers he spent the night sleeping on the floor, under the bed. It became obvious that this technique had no effect on Carl's mediumistic abilities.

Then there was the normal sibling rivalry. Carl's half-brother Dewey was particularly cruel to Carl. Dewey was nineteen years older than Carl. Dewey would be smoking a cigarette; grab Carl and blow the cigarette smoke in his face in such a way that Carl would choke on the smoke. Young Carl did not have the physical strength to escape Dewey's grip. I am sure that Dewey did other cruel things to Carl, but Carl never mentioned anything else, other than the fact that Dewey had a shrimp boat, and never allowed Carl to go out on the water with him. After Dewey died, he returned to speak through a trance medium, to ask for Carl's forgiveness. That story will be found later in this diary.

Throughout his life Carl had an innate curiosity, constantly asking questions from how things were made, to why religions had certain rituals or rites. Carl often told me that he asked his brother and sisters why he was the only one of his ten siblings not to be born in their ancestral home. No one would answer the question. They ignored him as if he were invisible.

Carl's total ignorance of the Gifts of the Spirit distorted his self-perception. People often sought Carl out, to ask them questions about their futures. Carl would always tell these people what he had heard clairaudiently. Yet, in Carl's young mind, he could not separate the Spirit voices from his own mind. He used to say that he thought that God favored him, because when he would tell people "these lies" God would make them happen, so that Carl would not be considered a liar. This one statement demonstrates how confused Carl was about his own gifts. This was his motivation that upon learning the truth about the Gifts of the Spirit, he dedicated the rest of his life educating people

Carl the Healer

about mediumship. "I will not have you ignorant of the Gifts of the Spirit," [1 Corinthians 12:1] became his mantra, which he tried to instill into everyone he met.

Carl was extremely sensitive, which enhanced his mediumship. When his family continuously ignored Carl's questions, this had a profound effect upon his life. I found that Carl would strongly react to the slightest suggestion of being ignored. His sense that people would reject him was a very profound theme in his life. That emotional hurt of being rejected would flare up and consume Carl from just the slightest stimulus.

These scars ran very deep. Carl hated Christmas. I was a close friend of Carl's from 1978 until he died in 2005. I spent almost every Christmas with him. During this time period Carl had only one Christmas tree. He shunned the holiday, not only because of the commercialism, but also because of what happened during his childhood. His family was very poor, which was compounded by the fact that Carl grew up during the depression. He said that on some Christmases his only gift was an orange. As an adult in his fifties and sixties, I could hear in his voice, the severe disappointment of not having a bicycle as a child or a little red wagon. These were things he wanted so badly as a child and never had.

At one point, Carl was given a pig. His parents told Carl that the pig was his. Having so little, Carl became attached to the animal as a pet. One day Carl returned from school, only to discover that his pig, had been slaughtered, and was going to be dinner. The little boy felt betrayed, once again by his parents.



Another of Carl's scars was being stared at. If someone looked at Carl too long, or too intensely, it immediately brought him back to horrible experiences during his childhood. People would often stare at Carl when he was a child, because he was so unusual. Here was this little boy, who had this odd ability to tell people what would happen in their future or know the deep secrets of their past. People wondered how he was able to do this. Furthermore, when Carl spoke, he had the voice of a girl. Carl said that he often refused to speak to people. When he thought visitors were coming to the house, he would run away, and hide up in those live oak trees. He would climb up into the top limbs of those huge trees, and from there he would be invisible to everyone who was looking for him. He spent hours up there alone, his only respite from the harshness of his daily life, and the way people treated him.

What Carl understood during the last two decades of his life was the fact that most male mediums were

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crossovers. This means that inside their male bodies reside souls that are feminine. This not only will cause most male mediums to be homosexual, but also to demonstrate many female traits. Imagine how damaging it was to Carl's psychic, to be constant thought of as a freak, and/or the instrument of the Devil.

I find it truly amazing that Carl found a way to cope with all of this on his own. He never sought therapy. Perhaps the Spirit people who surrounded Carl worked with him concerning these issues. Carl never spoke to me of how he overcame all of this to become such a public figure. He was the most giving person I ever knew. People constantly sought him out for his advice and council, which he always gave. One could easily think that he would have found a profession where he didn't have to deal with people. However, that was never the case, from selling the first television models, to hairdressing, to being a professional psychic/medium and founder and pastor of his own church, Carl thrived on being around people. He thrived in all these roles, but yet just barely under the surface, were these scars, which from time to time raised their ugly heads in Carl's life.