

Dreaming of Potato Salad

One evening, a great idea just popped into my head. I quickly phoned Tina. Hoyt Robinette was going to conduct a trumpet séance for us. Ten people would be coming to Carl's house for this séance. I thought it would be nice if we could hold the séance early in the afternoon, and then have a buffet dinner party afterwards. It would provide us a good opportunity to socialize.

Tina was enthusiastic about the idea, but clearly stated, that she was not up for cooking. I responded that I wasn't interested in cooking either, but felt confident that we could find the food we wanted ready made. So our decision was made and we ended our conversation. Or so we thought.

Apparently Carl was not too pleased with our decision. He loved to entertain, and was an excellent cook. He thoroughly enjoyed making delicious dinners, all from scratch. He rarely brought pre-made foods, when he entertained.

I had been experiencing problems with insomnia, having difficulty in falling asleep. At 1:00 a.m. and I still had not been able to fall asleep. I must have finally drifted to sleep. The next thing I remember is a VERY vivid dream. I was looking at a large platter of potato salad. I was watching Carl prepare the salad. This dream was so vivid that I was more awake than asleep. So I opened my eyes and discovered that it was only 3:30 a.m. Needless to say I was very annoyed with Carl for waking me up with a dream about potato salad.

I was too annoyed to try to go back to sleep. I began remembering how Carl's potato salad was his signature piece. He often made potato salad during the summertime, when he entertained. I remembered him peeling and boiling potatoes and then placing the cooked boiled potatoes on a large pizza pan. Then he would always take the platter outside so the potatoes would cool.

I didn't really remember much more about how Carl made his potato salad, except that he put Dijon mustard in it.

As I kept thinking about all of this I started considering making his potato salad and cooking more of the buffet myself.

The next day I called Jim. Sometimes when I talked with Jim, Carl would visit him, and give messages to me. I told Jim that the previous evening I wished I could speed up the frequencies of my hands, so I could strangle Carl, for waking me up. Jim was rather puzzled by my statement. I then told Jim I had trouble falling asleep, and then Carl work me up with a dream of potato salad. Jim immediately started to laugh.

Carl then came through, and he started telling Jim all the ingredients of the potato salad. I quickly wrote them down. The only instruction that Carl gave was cut everything into small pieces.

Needless to say, I made Carl's "channeled" potato salad and almost every dish I served for the buffet. I felt a bit intimidated making the potato salad. I peeled and boiled the potatoes. After they finished cooking, I took out Carl's pizza pan and put the potatoes on it to cool. I remember saying, "Sorry, Carl, these potatoes are cooling here in

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the kitchen, I am not taking them outside. I began cutting the rest of the ingredients into small pieces. The potatoes were now cool, and I thought now how do I mix in the mayonnaise? Suddenly this idea flashed into my head, I knew it had to be from Carl I took a metal bowl and poured the apple cider and the rest of the seasonings into the bowl I added the mayonnaise. I found a whisk and beat all the ingredients together. I poured it over the potatoes which were now in a large bowl, and began mixing it with two spatchlas, just the way Carl used to.

I tasted the potato salad, and much to my amazement, it was almost as good as Carl's!

I put the potato salad into a very large plastic container, and refrigerated it. It would be another day and a half before the buffet.

Meanwhile, I decided that I should find some radishes to garnish the salad, the way Carl always did. The morning of the buffet, I took the radishes out and cleaned them. Then I looked at them and said, "Now how did Carl do this?"

I picked up a knife and began carving the red out skin. I finished one, and thought, "This doesn't look right, in fact this looks terrible."

I am not clear what happened next. I remember I had to go to one of the bedrooms, which is where the séance would take place in a couple of hours. Upon my return to the kitchen, I picked up the knife, and without a thought began cutting the radish, making about 6 cuts before I realized what I was doing. I looked down and studied the radish. To my amazement, it resembled the radishes Carl used to carve. I finished the radish using this newly found technique. The radish rose was complete! I finished cutting the radish roses, and put them in a container.

I served the potato salad on the same platter that Carl used to use. It had belonged to his beloved Grandmother Effie, and was the only possession of hers that he had. I put the rose radishes around the salad. The potato salad of my dreams had materialized

A few days after the trumpet séance, I was having a private trumpet séance through Hoyt. I felt fortunate to be able to have this opportunity, and hoped that Carl would be the main speaker. I was fortunate to have a forty minute conversation with him, during which he said that my potatoes salad was almost as good as his. Then he added, and I like the way you cut the radishes. I replied, "yeah right, you were the one to cut them." I knew that it was Carl's influence, which suddenly allowed me to cut the radishes "the proper way." Carl also confirmed that he spoke through me at his funeral service. I told him that he upset his niece and that she walked out of the service. Carl's response was one of his favorites. "Well if you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen."



Carl's "Channeled" Potato Salad

Boiled potatoes

Celery

Red pepper

Green pepper

Olives (?)

Sweet pickles

Onion salt

Cider vinegar (tablespoon)

Mustard (Dijon)

Hellmann's Mayonnaise

Dash garlic salt

Cut everything in small pieces

**Whisk vinegar mayonnaise and other
spices together, fold into potatoes and
vegetables**

This was the first attempt at making Carl's "channeled" potato salad. It was served on August 29, 2005, after a trumpet séance, held at Carl's house in Charleston, SC. The platter that the potato salad is on belonged to Carl's maternal grandmother Effie. It was the only possession of hers that Carl had. Effie was an herbalist and healer.

