

Our First Trip to Mexico

Carl and I decided that we to take a trip to Mexico. We were interested in visiting Mexico's famous pyramids. We were to fly to Mexico City, the capital of Mexico. We would spend a few days there, where we would explore the city and also see *Teotihuacán*, where the pyramids were. Then we were taking a tour that went to several small cities, on the way to *Acapulco*, where we would spend several days then fly home.

I remember that I was not too impressed when Carl and I visited *Teotihuacán*. I do remember that this visit occurred before Awan taught us about pyramids, and schools of Ancient Wisdom. I also do not remember Carl picking up too much information about the history of this site. So our visit was rather uneventful.



I do remember Carl being impressed with *Diego Rivera*, a famous Mexican artist. Carl seemed to feel that he was mediumistic, and that Spirit influenced his artwork. Rivera had painted many public murals, which were found in many locations in Mexico City.



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I remember that we had to wait quite a long time for the bus to arrive, when it did it had a large bright hot pink strip across it. Almost immediately after Carl laid eyes on the bus he turned and said to me, "What do you think we will do when the bus gets a flat tire." For some reason I did not take Carl seriously. We began our bus ride. We visited a town called *Oaxaca*, which was famous for silver. We saw many items, such as chess sets, carved animals, wing glasses; tables all made from different shades of stone including onyx. We bought several items.



We then boarded the bus to continue our ride. Carl remarked about the cemeteries we passed. It seemed like the local custom was to bring food to the graves. Then suddenly there was a loud explosion, as a tire exploded! We ended up having the flat tire Carl had predicted!

We were told it would take several hours for the tire to be fixed, so we took a walk and visited a cemetery.

We also visited a few other very small towns. It was very evident that the people were very poor, and lived in rather flimsy housing. Yet, when we visited the local Church, there was a tremendously tall altar that was ornately carved, and covered in gold!



We enjoyed our stay in *Acapulco*. Carl was always adventurous, and when he had the opportunity to go parasailing, he jumped at the opportunity. You began on water skis, and when you went fast enough, you launched your parachute and you would be pulled up, high into the air. I always had a fear of falling, (which was due to a past life experience, according to Carl), and was afraid to do it. Carl thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

The Diary of a Medium: Psychic Events in the Life of Rev. Carl R. Hewitt

