

Grandmother Effie



Carl's maternal grandmother's name was Effie. She had a remarkable Gift of Healing. Carl remembers staying overnight at his grandmother's house. When it was dark, when Carl would have been sent to bed, he remembers hearing people coming to the house. Often when he awoke, Carl would find "gifts" on the porch, of a basket of eggs, or apples, or some other homegrown or home-baked item.

Carl remembered that his Grandmother Effie would take Carl out for a walk in the woods. As they walked Effie would gather herbs, and berries as they walked. She explained to Carl that she would make these natural herbs and berries into salves, and teas, which would help to heal the human body. Carl often said, he wished he remembered all that his grandmother told him about the herbs she collected.

Carl vividly remembered one time where a group of men were carrying an injured man to Effie's house. The injured man was bleeding profusely. Effie immediately went into action, and with some herbal salve, which was

already prepared, she stopped the bleeding.

Carl was loved by Grandmother Effie very much. She was the only person in the family who treated Carl lovingly, and was afraid of all the psychic phenomena that was happening around him. Carl hated Effie's husband, because he often would beat Effie. When Effie died no one in Carl's family informed Carl about the funeral. When he returned to Effie's home, there was only one item left in the house—a large white platter. Carl always used that platter when he made his "famous potato salad (see the potato salad chapter).

The Gifts of the Spirit run in families. These wondrous gifts are transmitted genetically, usually though the females of the family. Both Carl's grandmother Effie and his mother Goldie (to a lesser extent) were gifted. This is how Carl received his gifts.



Grandmother Effie



My mother's mother, was a healer, too. The nights that I stayed at my grandmother's house, I would always hear people outside. Sometimes I could hear low whispering but most often people were sobbing and crying.¹

It was only fifteen years ago that I found out that people came to my grandmother's house for healing at night. Because we lived in the Baptist Bible belt, no one openly discussed the healings my grandmother performed. The Christians considered it the work of the Devil. But my grandmother had extensive knowledge of herbs and often mixed up her own "home remedies." When I got up early in the morning, there would always be a bushel basket of fresh vegetables, eggs or a container of milk on the front porch.²

¹ Joslow-Rodewald, Judith and West-Barker, Pat. *Healing Spirits: True Stories from 14 Spiritual Healers*. Freedom, CA: The Crossing Press, 2001. p. 58.

² Joslow-Rodewald, Judith and West-Barker, Pat. *Healing Spirits: True Stories from 14 Spiritual Healers*. Freedom, CA: The Crossing Press, 2001. p. 59.