

Carl Leaves Home

A few days after Dixie's death, Carl had reached the breaking point. He was only sixteen years old, but he could no longer tolerate being ostracized by everyone in the community. Carl decided it was time to leave home. He walked up to his schoolteachers and returned his textbooks. He walked out of the school building and walked home. His mother was working in the garden. She looked up and saw that Carl was home at an unusual time. She instantly knew what Carl was about to tell her. She said, "Son, I know you feel you must go, and I will not try to stop you, but please keep in touch."

Carl packed a few things and then walked out to the main highway—route 17, where he began hitchhiking. He made his way to Wilmington, NC, and within a few days he got a job at the shipbuilding yard, working on building a battleship. During 1944, the United States was still fighting World War II. The Spirit people encouraged Carl to find a different job. However, Carl continued working in the shipyard, where he was wrapping asbestos around pipes. Years later, Carl discovered that this job had jeopardized his health, since he was diagnosed with asbestosis.

Carl often told me that after he left home, until he moved to Connecticut, he would stop in every building that had a steeple on it. He asked priests, ministers, or preachers if they could explain to him why he heard voices and saw people that no one else could see. Most of these clergymen treated him worse than a dog, and many of these holy leaders simply threw him out of their churches. It would take seven years until he would finally find someone who understood mediumship and could explain it to him.

One Sunday, Carl began hearing a church choir singing. This was unusual since he did not have a radio, and there were no churches on the block on which his rooming house was located. Carl quickly went downstairs and outside and began walking. As he walked the music became louder, as if it was magnetizing him to the correct location. About six blocks from his rooming house, Carl found himself standing in front of an Afro-American church. In those days of segregation, blacks and whites attended separate churches. Carl walked into the church, surprising the congregates, because they did not have many white worshipers.

The people sitting in the front row immediately got up, and motioned to Carl to take their seats. Carl walked up to the front of the church and sat down. Eventually, the minister left the podium, and told Carl these words: "Son, I know that you hear voices, and see visions. I know these are of God. However, I cannot tell you anything more about it."

Immediately, Carl began to cry. These words were precious to him, since it was the first time in his 16 years of life that anyone had a positive comment to make about his psychic gift.

Perhaps these words encouraged Carl to continue seeking a more complete answer as to why he heard voices. All I know is that shortly afterwards, Carl decided to knock on the door of the Catholic seminary to seek his answer. He spoke with one of the seminary students, who invited him into the building. This student explained that there was a priest there who could answer Carl's question, and suggested that Carl have dinner at the seminary.

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After dinner, about seven of the priests and seminary students accompanied Carl into a room. Once inside, these “holy, righteous” men held Carl down, and they each took turns gang-raping Carl. When these so-called “men of God” finished anally assaulting Carl, he was a bloody mess. Next they threatened Carl that worse things would occur if he told anyone what had happened.

I do not know how long Carl remained in Wilmington. I do know that eventually he hitchhiked to Florida. He took a job in the kitchen of a large hotel, where he befriended the chief who taught Carl the secrets of cooking. It was during this time that Carl learned his cooking skills, because Carl’s was famous for his delicious home cooked meals.

Eventually, Carl befriended a man who was visiting Florida, but lived with his family in Connecticut. The man invited Carl to move to Connecticut. This is how Carl moved to the North. I believe he was about twenty years old at the time.



Carl in Florida 1945-46



Carl in Florida July 29, 1948 (Age 20)



Carl’s First Winter in Connecticut