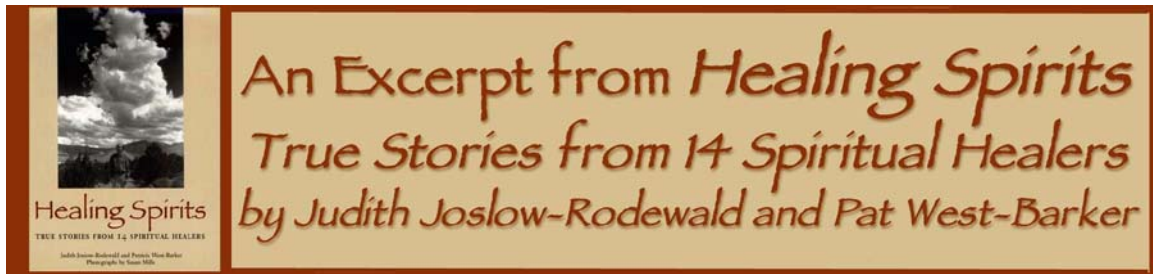


Carl the Healer



Healing Vision

I [Carl] once worked with a five or six-year-old girl whose eyesight was so bad that she couldn't see at all unless she wore glasses with thick lenses. Doctors gave her no hope for improvement. She started coming to our healing services with her family every week. Then, one day, her mother noticed that the child hadn't put on her glasses. The mother watched the child run around, doing everything that she normally did with her glasses on. The mother said, "Honey, don't you want your glasses?" And the child said,

"No, I don't need them."

The girl's vision continued to improve. After a checkup, the family's doctor wrote me a letter. He said that he didn't believe in miracles, but there was no other word to describe what he had seen. The child's eyes were getting better. Today, that girl is twenty-six years old. She's married and has a child-and she doesn't wear glasses at all.

A Laying on of Hands

I feel that we healers are instruments, like batteries. All we need to do to help activate healing is use our hands as jumper cables.

When I owned the beauty salon, my manager's neighbor had an eighteen-year-old son. The boy was born with no lining in his stomach; he could only eat baby food and was nothing but skin and bones. He had finished high school and worked at Pratt-Whitney Aircraft. But now he was out on sick leave.

One morning the boy's mother brought him to the salon. I think Dorothy, my manager, had something to do with that because she wanted to see this boy healed.

We went into my office, and I moved the chairs back because the boy said he felt so weak he wanted to lie on the floor.

When he was lying on the floor, I sat down in a lotus fashion. I sat there for quite some time before I ever touched his body, putting myself in an altered state of consciousness, and asking to be used as the instrument of healing. Then I asked him to tell me what it was that bothered him. He said, "Right here; my stomach."

I said, "I want you to close your eyes, listen to me, and follow all my instructions. I'm going to slowly place my hands on your stomach. If you feel heat, then I want you to understand that you are feeling the healing energy coming from the unseen."

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I placed my hands, palms down, over his stomach. After about seven or eight minutes, he said, "Please remove your hands; you're burning my flesh." I said, "Please allow me to continue this way; picture that you're being healed." I don't know how long it took, but eventually I felt the energy change and then I slowly removed my hands. My hand prints were on his stomach. It was as if my hands had turned into heating elements and burned my prints into his flesh.

I said, "This is what I want you to do: Go home and go right to bed; lay on your back, close your eyes and visualize what happened here today. Let your body relax and go to sleep. He said, 'I will do it, Mr. Hewitt, I will do it.'"

He went home and laid on his bed, just as I told him. Later, as his mother was putting dinner on the table, the boy came bouncing down the stairs. He sat at the table and began eating dinner. He had a voracious appetite. (Remember, he had only been eating baby food until then.) He ate spaghetti, meatballs, sausage, everything that was in sight. His parents sat there in shock.

When I came to work the next morning, there was a Sunoco tanker truck parked in front of this building. The trucker headed toward me. He said, "Mr. Hewitt, I want to thank you for helping my son. He was here yesterday morning and you won't believe what happened. I still don't believe it; I'm in absolute shock." He then proceeded to tell me of his son's appetite.

About six months or seven months later, we were having a service and a kid with a beard came in. He said, "Don't you remember when my mother brought me here? And Daddy came down the next morning driving the Sunoco truck?" I said, "Oh, my God, you gained weight; you look fantastic."

Closing a Hole

Another couple who attended the services here had a daughter named Jean. One winter, as she was driving in her jeep, she hit a patch of ice. Her car skidded, flipped over, and came to rest on an enormous pile of rocks. Jean had a hole jabbed in her back so deep that you could actually see her spine. The doctors could not decide how to treat her because they were afraid that she could become totally paralyzed. Immediately, her family called me and I went down to the hospital.

When I saw the problem, I said, "Oh, God. I need more help now than I've ever needed in my entire life." Then I went back to the waiting room, and told her father that I wanted him to come and help me. I asked the rest of the family to stay in the waiting room and concentrate on Jean. "No talking," I said. "Concentrate on what she looks like, and visualize that you are directing healing energy from yourself to her."

Then her father and I went into the room. I had her father sit on one side of her while I sat on the other. I held one of her hands and put my other hand on her side. I asked her father to do exactly the same thing. The energy was coming through both of us. It was as if it were coming down, splitting, and moving through both of us.

It was about that time that he and I saw the light. I remember him looking up to see where it came from. And I remember saying to him, "You won't find it up there."

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

The light was like a pendulum. You could see it swinging back and forth over her body, from her head to her toes. As the light expanded, it got softer and softer until it was covering her whole body, just swinging back and forth, back and forth. Then it stopped in the middle and faded out.

I released my hands, and motioned to the father to do the same thing. When he got up from Jean's bedside, he was a little bit wobbly himself. I said, "Your daughter's going to be fine. She's going to be fine. Just let her rest. The healing will continue to take place even after I leave."

They never had to do a bit of surgery on that girl. Her wound healed, and there's not one thing wrong with her. Talk about miracles. To this day, I don't really understand it. I've seen wonderful things happen, but it's not me who does it. I'm only the instrument.

Spiritualism and Healing

The energy that I use for psychic readings is the same energy I use for healings. It feels different only in that healing takes much more energy than reading.

Sometimes, when I'm in a deep trance, many spirits in the other dimension use my body and my chemistry to heal the people who come to me. A good example is a psychic development class I once held at the church. That night, I was teaching different techniques of healing. At the end of class, I was tired and ready to go home. But the voice of Spirit said, "Now we have to demonstrate healing." (Before, we were just discussing it.)

Nine different people came up to the chair, one at a time, to be healed. And for every person that came to the chair, a different entity superimposed its features over me.

The people in the class were standing back there with their mouths open. They could not believe it. At one point, they told me, a black man, very tall in build, took over my body. They said that I looked almost a foot taller.

My understanding is that these entities were healers in the other dimension; on this occasion, a different one came forward to heal each person.