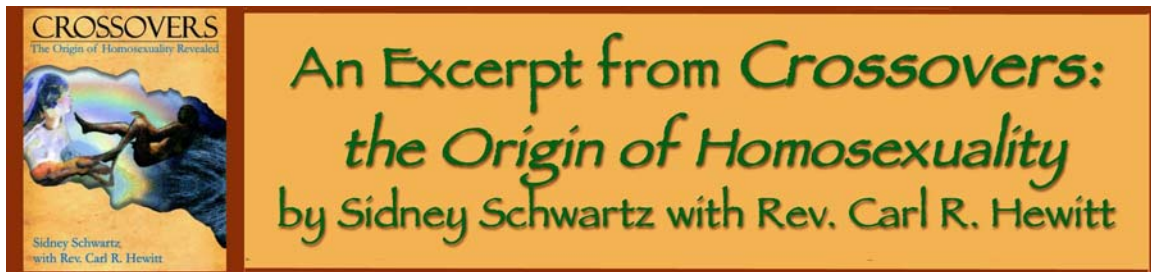


Phone Call from the Dead!



Back in the 1970s so many things happened in Carl's life. Later Carl had wished that he had kept better track of dates and times. Unfortunately, he didn't so we can only estimate when this happened.

This story is highly unusual, because it occurred due to a rare type of psychic phenomena, called "phone calls from the dead." Carl did not understand how it worked. Somehow, Spirit amplified its voice through the phone and talked to a physical person. Several books have been written about it about it. One was called "*Phone Calls from the Dead*" by D. Scott Rogo,¹ a second one was called "*Phone Call from a Ghost: Strange Tales*" by Daniel Cohen.²

In the late 1970s, Carl employed a secretary; one of her responsibilities was to schedule Carl's appointments for private readings. When an individual would phone the office to make an appointment for a reading, he or she would only give Carl's secretary their first name and phone number. She would then schedule the appointment for his/her reading. One day before the appointment, the secretary would call the person to confirm that the client would keep his or her appointment.

One day, Carl's secretary received a phone call. When it was over she stepped into Carl's reading room. He used keep the door to the reading room closed, because people would constantly stop by and ask him questions that they could easily answer themselves. She quietly stepped in and closed the door behind her, but she kept her hand holding the doorknob, as if she were so unbalanced that she needed the support. She also had an extremely puzzled look on her face. "I just had a strange phone call," she hesitantly said.

"What was so strange about it?" Carl asked.

"It didn't sound like a human voice," she replied, "it sounded more like a computer."

At that time, her husband was involved in research with the National Cash Register Company. His company created the barcode system that is now on almost every item that you buy. Therefore, she was somewhat familiar with computers, and the sound they would make.

¹ Rogo, D. Scott. *Phone Calls from the Dead*. Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1979.

² Cohen, Daniel. *Phone Call from a Ghost: Strange Tales*. New York: Putnam's, 1988.

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Carl asked, "What was the phone call about?"

She responded, "Well someone called up and made an appointment for a reading next Friday, a week from today."

"Well that doesn't sound too unusual to me," Carl replied.

The following Thursday, Carl's secretary made her customary call, to confirm the client's appointment for the next day. When she called the phone number that was left by the "strange" voice, a woman answered the phone. Carl's secretary said, "I am calling to confirm Robert's (fictitious name) appointment with Rev. Hewitt for tomorrow at 10:00 o'clock."

The woman replied, "I am sorry, you must have the wrong number, because there is nobody here by that name." There was a long pause, then she continued, "Wait a minute, there is a man here to see my husband. I don't know his name. Perhaps he is the person you are looking for. Hold on while I go to him and ask his name."

She went into the other room where her husband and the visitor were talking. She said, "Excuse me, there is a phone call for a Robert; is that your name?"

The man replied with a curious tone in his voice, "Yes, that is my name, but no one knows that I am over here. How in the world could someone call me here?"

She replied, "I don't know, but please follow me to the phone."

They walked back into the other room. Robert picked up the phone, and said, "Hello?"

"Hello, is this Robert?" Carl's secretary asked.

Robert replied, "Yes, it is."

The secretary continued, "I am calling you to confirm your appointment with Rev. Hewitt, tomorrow at 10:00 a. m. We are just checking to see that you will be here on time."

Surprisingly, Robert responded with just one quick question, "Where is this appointment going to take place?"

The secretary gave Robert the address and directions, and the conversation ended.

The next day at 9:55 a.m. Robert stormed into the outer office. He began firing questions as fast as a machine gun, in a loud bellowing voice. "Who is Rev. Hewitt? Why am I here? How did you know where I would be yesterday? What is going on here anyway?" It was quite evident that Robert was very angered.

Carl was in the reading room, just finishing a reading with a client; they were just chatting a bit, as the client was preparing to leave. Then they heard the loud voice from the outer office. The client said to Carl, "I think I better get out of here!" She quickly opened the reading room door, and scooted out of the building.

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Meanwhile, Carl stepped out into the outer office, and said, "I am Rev. Hewitt. Is there a problem here?"

"Who are you anyway?" bellowed Robert. "I *never* made an appointment with you. Are you in the habit of calling strangers claiming to have appointments with them?"

At that very moment, a Spirit began materializing behind Robert's left shoulder. The Spirit understood that Carl could hear him, and quickly told me his name. Quickly, Carl asked, "Who is Fred?"

Robert responded, "That is my son!" Robert barked back. "You couldn't possibly know him; he is dead and gone. Who are you anyway? Why have you called me here?"

Carl responded, "Do you know what a medium is?"

"No," said Robert.

"Well, why don't you step into my inner office, and I will explain it all to you," Carl replied.

"I want to know who you are?" Robert demanded.

Carl responded, "I am nobody special, please come inside my office and I will answer all of your questions."

The moment Carl said that, he could see on Robert's face that he became anxious to hear the explanation. They both walked into the office. Carl motioned for Robert to sit in the chair where Carl's clients sit, and Carl sat behind his desk.

Carl said, "Before I try to explain all this to you, please allow me to tell you something. There is a young man here, who calls himself Fred. He was almost 20 years old. He insists that I *immediately* tell you that he did *not* commit suicide."

Instantly, Robert broke down and began crying uncontrollably. Then Carl heard Lone Eagle, his Spirit Control, tell Carl to put a tape into the recorder and tape this session. After Robert regained his composure, he said, "My wife and I could never believe that our son would ever commit suicide."

Then Robert began telling Carl what had happened. Robert and his family lived in Groton, Connecticut. His son, Fred, was a gifted athlete, and had been the star quarterback of the high school football team. Fred was very handsome and frequently had his picture published in the *New London Day*, the local newspaper. He was also a top student, with a very outgoing personality. Therefore, it was not surprising when Fred received a full football scholarship to a very prestigious mid-western Catholic university, where Jesuit priests taught the classes.

Then Fred began telling Carl what had happened to him, and how he had died so that Carl could repeat the information to his father. Fred explained that once he arrived in the Spirit World, he learned how to communicate with a medium. He became very excited when he discovered that Carl was a medium, and that Carl's office was very close to where his parents lived. Fred was the one who made the phone call to Carl's secretary, using the amplification of the phone system. He orchestrated this to bring his

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father into Carl's office, so that Fred could inform his parents about the circumstances of his death.

Fred explained the circumstances of his death. Apparently, one of his Jesuit professors was sexually attracted to him. One day the priest kept Fred after class. Despite the fact that Fred had an A average in the class, the priest threatened to fail Fred, unless Fred would consent to having sex with the priest. This happened to Fred in the late '70s. Sexual harassment had not come to the forefront of our society's consciousness, until 1991, during the confirmation hearing of Clarence Thomas' nomination for the Supreme Court. No one would have believed Fred in those days.

Fred understood that if he received a failing grade, he would lose his football scholarship. Therefore, Fred felt trapped, without a choice, and involuntarily engaged in sexual activity with the priest on a very regular basis.

Then during the final week of school semester, Fred went down to the pub on campus to have a couple of beers with his friends. When he slid in the booth with his friends one of them asked him, "Are you going to do anything special this last week of school?"

Fred responded, "Yeah, I have been seriously thinking about blowing the whistle on Father X," (the priest who was sexually abusing him).

The moment he said those words, the guy sitting opposite from Fred, slid out of the booth, and left without saying a word to anyone. Evidently, he went directly to Father X and told him what Fred was planning to do.

The next morning Fred's body was lying on the cement, 8 floors down from his dorm room. There was not one broken bone in Fred's body. The university officials claimed that Fred had committed suicide by jumping from his 8th floor dorm room. Anyone should be able to reason it out that if someone jumped off an eight-story building, and landed on a cement walkway, that the body would have a few broken bones. However this was not the case with Fred.

I gave Robert the tape of our conversation. Chief Lone Eagle told me to tell Robert to take the tape home, and have his wife listen to it. She would understand all of it. It turned out that one of her grandmothers had been a medium. She never told her husband about it, because Robert was a strict Baptist. She didn't want to hear any negative comments about mediumship being the work of the devil.

Robert's wife was very excited after listening to the tape, and wanted to talk directly with Carl. They called Carl and he had them come back to his office three hours later. Carl remembered that the second appointment for 3:30 that afternoon (Friday).

It was then Fred came through and retold the whole story once again. She was glad to hear the truth. Fred told his parents that no matter what would happen, never to allow anyone to have possession of the tape or tape recorder. He asked his parents to go out to the university and to make an appointment with the dean. They should play the tape to him. Fred wanted to have his name cleared, and the priest brought to justice for his murder.

Fred's parents immediately made the travel arrangements, and had a meeting with the dean two days later. Father X was also present. They said the priest kept asking, "Whose voice is this? How does he know this?"

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They responded, "You wouldn't know him."

As the tape kept playing, Father X kept squirming. He slid down in his chair, as if he was trying to dissolve himself, to flee from the words he was hearing. Eventually he slid down so far that his nose was even with the table in front of him.

When the tape had finished playing, the dean said, "Leave the tape here with me and let me listen to it some more."

Robert responded, "No, we are not allowing you to touch this tape or the recorder." Robert and his wife got up, took the tape recorder with them, and said, "We are coming back tomorrow, with a lawyer." They turned and marched out of the dean's office.

When they returned the next day, they found the dean, but they did not find Father X, who was no where to be found. The church helped to hide Father X from the law.

Fred's parents brought a lawsuit against the university, however, it was handled in a way that it was kept out of the public's eye. The church stuck with the story that Fred committed suicide. The Church must have spent a fortune on lawyers, and the university was not held accountable. The priest was never punished for murdering Fred. However, through mediumship, Fred was able to tell his story to his family, and set the record straight with them.

