

ONE

A Sense of Foreboding

Dawn had silently birthed a new day, yet the subtle shift between night and day seemed imperceptible. The sun's first rays were streaming into the windows of *Hilltop House*, directly into the good Reverend's bedroom. The sunlight bounced off his closed eyelids, and gently pulled the Reverend's consciousness, into the brand new day. As he opened his eyes, he felt the energy of the warm sunlight, touching his skin. It energized him, as if he were a solar panel, storing energy that would be needed later in the day. Ironically, the Reverend would need as much energy as possible on what would become a highly unusual day. Yet, despite his reputation, the Reverend did not yet have the slightest inkling of just how unusual this day would be.

Suddenly, the Reverend's mood altered as an uneasy feeling, like a foreboding shadow crossed his mind. He shuttered. "I have to get beyond this feeling," the Reverend said aloud. He rolled out of bed, and immediately lay on the floor, and began his daily regimen of 50 sit-ups and 50 push-ups, to "get his blood pumping."

As he went into his bathroom for his morning shower, he gazed out the window and watched the bright sun, as it crested over the tall trees, adjacent to *Hilltop House*. As automatic as his exercise routine, he began to focus in as to what would be happening that day. Despite the clear crisp morning that he saw outside his bedroom window, he could only see a dark gray cloudy mist, when he focused on the day. It reminded the Reverend of so many of his boyhood mornings, when the fog was so thick, that he could not see the inland-waterway that was only forty yards from his boyhood home. That dreadful shade of gray, weighed heavy upon the Reverend, who could find no escape from the amorphous sense of foreboding, that encompassed him. The same thought began to repeat in the Reverend's mind, as if it were a never-ending mantra: "What disaster could possibly happened on such a bright cheerful morning?"

The hot steamy shower, which usually invigorated the Reverend, seemed to be unsuccessful this morning. Throughout the rest of the Reverend's morning routine he could not shake off this sense of doom. As the Reverend got into his car for the 20-minute drive to his office, his mind wandered over the events of his life, providing a few minutes of diversion from that gray depressing fog.

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"I need my solitude," was the only thought racing through the boy's mind, as he scampered up the large thick limbs of the live oak tree, as easily as if he were a squirrel. Once up on the higher tree branches, Carl finally reached his safe haven. No one would find him this morning, because of the thick fog. He felt safe from everyone's judgments. No schoolmate, teacher, minister, or family member could taunt him when the thick leaves of that wonderful tree hid him.

"Why doesn't anyone understand me?" he said aloud.

"There will come a time in your life, when people will understand you."

"Who are you? And how did you get up here? I didn't see or hear you climb up this tree?"

"Does it really matter who I am?" the stranger answered.

Carl noticed the boy sitting on another limb of the tree, had a dark complexion, as if he were a Native American. "I supposed it doesn't," Carl replied.

This was the first of many such meetings that these two boys would have in that live oak tree, along the inland waterway. The Native American boy always seemed to be able to comfort and nurture Carl, the **only** nurturing force in his otherwise very hostile environment.

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"Mama, Mama, Mama, Mama" Little three year old Carl was screaming at the top of his lungs.

"Whatever is the matter with you child?" Goldie, Carl's mother asked with genuine concern in her voice.

"Mama, Annie is dead! Annie is dead!"

Annie, Carl's half sister, was 18 years older than Carl. Alvie (Carl's father's) first wife had died during an influenza epidemic along with Erbin, Carl's oldest half-brother. Carl was the youngest of Alvie's eleven children, and Goldie's third child.

Enraged, Goldie raised her hand and began to soundly spank Carl. "How could you say such an terrible thing. You are very bad boy, Carl."

Carl just cried even harder. Once he escaped his mother's clutches he ran off. He stayed away for about 15 or 20 minutes. As he came back into the yard, his half-brother, Dewey, ran into the yard.

"Miss Goldie, you are never going to believe me, but Annie is dead. She died about 20 minutes ago."

Goldie's mouth fell open, as she heard the shocking news. It was indiscernible whether she was more shocked about Annie's death, or the fact that Carl had accurately announced the death, the moment it happened.

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Alvie was busy hoeing the peanuts he had planted a few weeks earlier. Suddenly, a truck drove into the driveway. Alvie dropped the hoe on the ground and went to greet the stranger.

Little four-year old Carl ran to greet the stranger. He circled the truck but he could not see the fish, packed in ice, in the back of the truck, because he was too short.

"Howdy," Alvie said, "What can I do for you?"

"How are you Sir?" the stranger replied. "Would you be interested in buying some fresh fish?"

Carl kept looking at the back of the truck. His curiosity got the better of him. Before Alvie could reply, Carl reached up and tugged on the stranger's pants leg to get his attention.

"Hey Mister," Carl asked, "How many jars of white lightning do you have packed in the ice under the fish?"

Immediately, the stranger jumped into the truck and rode off at lightening speed.

Alvie upset that his son made such a rude remark to a stranger began chasing Carl to give him a whipping. However, Carl's swift legs were no match for Alvie's, who never was able to catch him.

About three hours later, another visitor arrived at the Hewitt's house. This visitor was a friend of Alvie's.

"Hey, Alvie, did you hear the news?"

"No, what happened?" Alvie asked.

"There was this stranger riding around in a Ford pickup truck trying to sell fresh fish."

"Yeah, I know, he stopped by here earlier today," Alvie replied.

"Well, the police just arrested the guy, because under the ice that kept the fish cool, were 60 mason jars of home-made whiskey."

Alvie's mouth dropped, as a bewildered look came over his face. He stared at his son, Carl, and wondered how his son knew about the white lightning. However, his strict Baptist belief system prevented him from discussing this with his son. He was afraid to hear Carl's answer. Therefore, he never spoke a word about this event.

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The Reverend drove into the parking lot of his office. He got out of his car, closed the door, and walked through his office door. As he passed through the office door, he glanced at the small, modest, weather-beaten sign on the stockade fence, which read:



He thought, "I really need to get a new sign."

Remembering his earliest predictions did little to raise his spirits this morning. His childhood was as gloomy as the foreboding feelings he was experiencing. Rev. Carl Hewitt grew up in vicinity of Shallotte, the coastal southeastern corner of North Carolina. The many mediumistic events that occurred in his early life were met by the extreme hostility, by the predominately fundamentalist Bible-belt Baptists. They believed that mediumship was the work of the devil, therefore, Carl found himself ostracized by most members of his community. Even his parents would not discuss certain subjects with him, and continuously ignored Carl's questions from his natural curiosity, as if he did not exist.

Carl's father often sat his family down, and read from the Bible. As Carl listened to his father read aloud, Spirit told Carl an important message. Just as Abraham, Isaac, Moses, Elijah, Elisha, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and many others had heard the voice of Spirit, Carl had the same ability. This confused Carl since everyone in the neighborhood thought his voices were demonic. Carl was 15 years old, when he could no longer tolerate his living conditions. He was desperate to discover the reason he heard voices, and conversed with Spirit people that other physical people could not hear or see. Carl hitchhiked throughout the southeastern states, taking odd jobs to support himself. Often when his money ran out he slept on park benches or railroad stations. In each town he would visit churches of all denominations, seeking an answer as to why he heard voices, just as the Biblical prophets did, but to no avail.

Finally, while he was living in the state of Florida, Carl met a family who was very understanding. They offered Carl a job in their family business in Connecticut. Carl jumped at the opportunity.

Carl was 23 years old and living in Connecticut, when he finally discovered the answer, he was seeking, from his first encounter with another medium. He had taken a friend to a meeting, where Rev. Catherine Margiotti, a woman from New Jersey, was speaking. Carl thought it unusual; when Catherine came to the podium, she closed her eyes, and was silent for a few

moments. Then she began delivering a truly wonderful speech, still keeping her eyes closed. Carl did not understand that Catherine was called a medium, but he became extremely excited, because so much of the information Catherine said was identical to what the invisible voices had taught him throughout his life.

After the lecture, Catherine sat down. Five minutes later, she returned to the podium, this time to “give messages,” information from the Spirit World, for specific individuals attending the meeting. After finishing the fourth or fifth message the voice through Catherine said, “I want to go over to a young man, sitting in the back.” Her hand made an unusual up and over motion. “If my medium had her eyes open, she would not be able to see him.”

Several of the people around Carl whispered to him, “Speak up, she is talking to you. If you don’t answer soon, you will not connect with the Spirit who wishes to speak with you.”

Carl leaned around the heavy-set woman sitting in front of him and said, “Are you talking to me?”

“Yes, young man.” The Spirit began by describing the events in Carl’s life, which led him to that very night. Then Spirit explained to Carl that he was also a medium and one-day soon, he too would be standing in front of audiences delivering Spirit messages. The Spirit also said that someday books would be written about him.

Carl was extremely baffled. Catherine had accurately told him “*everything he ever did*,” just as Jesus described all the events of the Samaritan woman’s life.¹ However, Carl could not envision her predictions about his future. How could he deliver Spirit messages? Who would ever write a book about him? It didn’t make sense.

Yet, that night, a spark was kindled within him. The very next day, Carl decided he wanted to learn more about mediumship and psychic phenomena. He visited the closest and largest bookstore in Hartford, Connecticut. When he walked into the shop, there were several other people browsing the bookshelves. Carl not wanting to be conspicuous also began looking for books. He went up and down the many aisles between the high book stacks, but was not finding a single book on mediumship.

Eventually, the bookstore owner, an older gentlemen, with dignified horn rimmed glasses, came up to him, and said, “May I help you find what you are looking for?”

Carl replied, “No, I am just looking.”

The bookstore owner simply turned and walked to the front of the store. Eventually, the other customers left the bookstore, and only Carl and the bookstore owner remained. Again, the bookstore owner approached Carl. “Are you absolutely sure that I cannot be of some assistance to you, young man?”

Carl sheepishly responded, “I am looking for some books on psychic phenomena, or mediumship.”

The bookstore owner smiled and only motioned with his index finger to follow him. He led Carl to the front of the store to the rather long counter where the cash register was located. “Come around this way,” the bookstore owner said, and he led Carl to where he stood behind the cash register.

Hidden behind the long main counter were bookshelves, filled with hundreds of books about psychic phenomena and mediumship. The bookstore owner explained, “I have to keep these books hidden, young man. Certain people, like the ones who were just here, come in to my store

¹ John 4:29.

every two or three days. If they were to see any books on this subject, they buy them immediately. They do not read these books— they burn them. The religious organization they work for, does not wish the public to understand this subject.”

Carl sat on the floor in a lotus fashion, and browsed through all the books. He eventually selected about a dozen books, and wrote out a check for \$109.00.

Through his reading, and other encounters with mediums, Carl discovered that he possessed several Gifts of the Spirit. He began to understand that the Bible is the history of a thousand years of psychic events. Most of the major personalities of the Bible demonstrated some psychic gift. It was then that Carl pursued studying to become an ordained minister. Eventually, he followed Spirit’s instructions and founded a religion called Gift of the Spirit. His church taught the psychic history behind Biblical events, a topic of which other religions do not want the public to be knowledgeable. Rev. Hewitt also gave psychic readings, where he acted as the medium between the two dimensions (heaven and earth), like Jesus did with the Samaritan woman,² and the medium of Endor did with Saul.³

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As he entered his office’s waiting room, Rev. Hewitt went to the desk to check his appointment book. He had had two readings booked, but for some reason, the second one called and canceled late yesterday afternoon.

Rick Matthews would be Rev. Hewitt’s only appointment for the morning. About 10 minutes later, Rick arrived. He was a handsome man, standing 6’3” tall, dark brown hair and eyes, and appeared to be around twenty-one years old. Immediately, Rev. Hewitt saw the identical dark gray color surrounding Rick’s body that he had been seeing all morning. “Oh, Oh,” Carl thought to himself, “This man is in some kind of deep trouble. I hope I will be able to help him out.”

Carl stepped forward, smiled and extended his hand out to Rick, “Good morning, Rick,” Carl said warmly, “it is a pleasure to meet you.”

As they shook hands, Rick’s expression momentarily changed. A sheepish grin came across his face, and there was a small twinkle in his eye. “Thanks,” he said, “but the pleasure is really mine.” As rapidly as they appeared, the twinkle and grin faded, replaced by Rick’s gloomy aura.

“Why don’t we step into my office,” Carl said, as he pointed to the door with the neatly labeled sign, “Reading Room.” As they entered the small room, Carl pointed to a white whicker couch and small end table with a lamp on it and said, “Please take a seat here.” Then Carl proceeded to be seated behind his desk, so that he was sitting directly opposite from Rick.

Rick studied the reading room carefully. It was a small square room, whose walls were lined with bookcases. “There must be over a thousand books in here,” Rick thought to himself. As he

² John 4.

³ 1 Samuel 28.

studied the bookshelves, Rick noticed the books seemed to be arranged in categories. There was a section that dealt with healing, psychic phenomena, ancient history and mythology. However, what surprised Rick the most was the large collections of different versions of the Bible.

Carl sat still for a moment, waiting to hear some instructions from Chief Lone Eagle, his Spirit Control. Lone Eagle, was the Native American boy, who grew up with Carl, and conversed with him for countless hours, at the top of their live oak tree. One day, when Carl was around 12 years old, Lone Eagle told Carl he was not a physical person, but a materialized spirit, who had lowered his frequency to appear as solid as any other human. Lone Eagle explained to Carl, that he had used the identical process to materialize as the three Angels, who visited with Abraham.⁴ Carl refused to believe Lone Eagle, because it did not make sense to him at the time. However, Rev. Catherine Margiotti had also explained that Lone Eagle had materialized, during Carl's initial reading with her. Now Carl understood that Lone Eagle's job as Spirit Control, was to be a life-long guardian for him, and to screen the Spirits who could have access to speak through him.

Carl nodded his head, a sign to all those who knew him well that he was hearing the voice of Spirit. Carl turned his swivel chair slightly, and reached for a bottle of water and two plastic cups. He filled two cups with water and handed one to Rick.

"Please drink some water," Carl said. Rick reached over and raised his glass in a toasting gesture, and drank the entire glass.

When they finished the water, Carl decided he would follow Chief Lone Eagle's instructions, despite the fact that it seemed risky, and that Carl's stomach was "tied in knots." Carl took a deep breath, to relax, and said:



[Carl] Rick, I have been doing this kind of counseling work for over forty years. I am most eager to assist and help you, whatever way I can.



[Rick] I appreciate that, Rev. Hewitt.



"First off, please call me Carl, instead of Rev. Hewitt. I don't feel too revved up yet anyway."



[Rick chuckles]. Oh, OK, Carl.



Now Rick, if you want me to try and help you this morning, I insist that you take the gun out of your pocket, and put it on my desk. I give you my word, that I will return it to you, at the end of the session, if you still want it back.

⁴ Genesis 18.

Rick's mouth dropped open. He looked as shocked as if he had seen a ghost. He did not move and sat as still as if he had turned to stone.



I mean it Rick, I must insist. Put your gun on my desk, **NOW!**