

Tributes to Carl R. Hewitt
By Deborah Whitaker-Duncklee

**O for a voice like thunder, and a tongue
To drown the throat of war! – When the senses
Are shaken, and the soul is driven to madness,
Who can stand? When the souls of the oppressed
Fight in the troubled air that rages, who can stand?
William Blake**

On the day Carl Hewitt died, a photo fell off a table in my living room by itself. The photo was of a friend's painting of hands held out in the C and E position. Friends were visiting, and we laughed, noting a friend in spirit had come for a visit. We weren't sure who it was, yet we felt jubilant and welcoming.

Three days later, I learned Carl died that day, and instantly I knew Carl was our visitor, coming to say goodbye. In tears, I printed up the obituary with Carl's photo on it and showed it to my daughter. "That's the man in my dream!" she declared, referring to a profound dream she had two weeks earlier when a man she didn't know came to help her with a difficult situation in her life. I smiled, thinking that in the 15 years I've known Carl, Carl only met my daughter once, yet here he was helping her across the dimensions.

I'm a counselor. Every day I help others with their problems, but it was to Carl Hewitt that I often turned for help with mine. Carl helped me more times than I can count, yet there's one moment that stands out from the rest. It was at the end of a long day of listening to other's problems during a time when I had a monumental one of my own. I had been struggling with this problem for weeks, and had no answers. While I had spent the day sharpening tools by which others could hone their lives, when it came to my own, all my psychological blades were dull. I recalled Carl standing at his pulpit, a sword of truth raised (literally), and I wanted to call him and ask for help, but it was 9 p.m. and I didn't want to bother him. I knew how tired he

was at night after doing readings all day. Yet a voice screamed in my head to call him, and so I picked up the phone, convincing myself that it wouldn't bother him if I simply left a message on his answering machine.

Carl answered the phone. When I expressed my surprise, he told me he knew he had to answer. It was as if he had been waiting, or that it had been his voice shouting in my ear to pick up the phone. Instantly, I felt relieved, and I told Carl about my situation. He listened, yet it was as if he already knew all about it. After our brief conversation, I knew exactly what I had to do. Within a moment of speaking with Carl, I had the answer to my problem – a problem for which all my years of psychological training could find no solution.

Many times over the years, Carl gave me this kind of help, and never asked for anything in return. I imagine the same is true of so many others. Yet looking back now, I believe there was one thing he wanted in return, but never spoke of it.

I think all too often, many people didn't stop to think about what Carl really wanted in return. I think many people took what Carl had to give, whether through a reading or through his sermons, and then went about their business. Carl seemed to understand this about others, yet I wonder if he held out hope that someday they would understand what he was saying in his booming silent stares, his eyes ripping the veils of their facades off to communicate directly with their souls.

I think Carl understood this one thing was difficult for many people to do. Over the years, he struggled with it himself, as did (and still do) his most dedicated students. Some convince themselves they are doing it when they're really not, and some don't even try at all. But no matter what other's reaction to his silent burning request, it was impossible to make even the slightest connection with Carl without it branding upon their soul.

What did Carl ask for in return?

To stand. To never sell ones' soul. To speak the truth as he did, no matter what the cost, or who or what it offended. When his reputation, church or even his life was threatened, Carl stood up bravely against oppression. Carl knew the battle of Armageddon was really the battle for

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one's soul against the Antichrist of complacency and compliance, and he can now rest peacefully that he fought a valiant crusade.

There were many gifts of the spirit Carl reminded us about. But to stand - always to stand - is the one gift for which I will always be grateful to Carl. When I become weary or scared, and when everyone else around me sits, I will remember Carl Hewitt standing at his pulpit, sword raised, and give Carl what he wanted in return.

In Carl Hewitt's memory, I will stand.

Deborah Whitaker-Duncklee