

## *A Feather from Stansted*



I spent Columbus Day weekend 2008 visiting my high-school friend, Dennis, who lives in Delaware. When I returned home, I was going through a large stack of mail, and I discovered an envelope with a row of British stamps along the top. It immediately aroused my curiosity, so I turned it over and read the return address. I discovered the letter was from Ria.



I met Ria, during the summer of 2007, in one of the courses I took at the Arthur Findlay College of Mediumship in Stansted, England. Ria was born in the Netherlands, but currently resides in Switzerland. She was fluent in English, and there seemed to be an almost instant bond between us.



In one of our class exercises, we were grouped in threes, and had to give a reading to one of the other two people. Ria read for me, and she linked up with one of my great-grandfathers. His name was Herman Teper, and his wife's name was Malka. They had three children, Willie, Ida, and my grandfather, Joseph. Herman owned a small grocery store in Jaworowa, Poland, where they lived.



**Herman & Malka Teper**

Ria began describing my great-grandfather's store, and his wife and children. Suddenly, she became more emotional and agitated as she was speaking. Ria began describing in detail, as if she were watching a movie, how the Nazis came into my great-grandfather's store, took him, Malka, Willie and Ida (my Grandfather was older and living elsewhere at the time), out side of the store, and shot them dead, one by one. Their only crime was that they were Jews. This obviously was a very moving reading, although I was a bit puzzled as to why this information was suddenly coming from the Spirit World. I had never had any contact with Herman and his family before. Later I discovered that Ria is social worker, and has many clients who were holocaust survivors. I then understood why my great-grandfather was drawn to Ria, to give me proof his survival in the Spirit World.



**Ria & Sid**

After this exercise, Ria and I spent quite a bit of time together, talking about mediumship and we became friends. When she learned that I had written *My First Encounter with an Angel*, she eagerly purchased a copy from the bookshop, and had me autograph it.

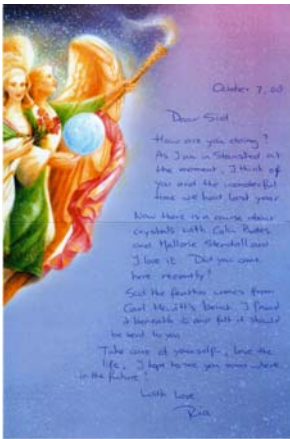
## *A Feather from Stansted*



When I was driving home from Delaware, along the boring New Jersey Turnpike, Ria popped into my mind several times. I decided that I needed to send her an email, since we had not corresponded in several months. Therefore, I chuckled when I realized that Ria had sent me a letter, because I realized that I had psychically picked up on her letter. I used a letter opener to carefully open the envelope.

Inside as a beautiful card, with two angels on it. When I opened the card, much to my surprise I found a feather! Stunned, and a bit confused as to why there was a feather in the card, I began reading the message:

*October 7, '08*



*Dear Sid,*

*How are you doing? As I am in Stansted [the Arthur Findlay College] at the moment. I think of you and the wonderful time we had last year.*

*Now there is a course about crystals with Collin Bates and Mallory Stendall and I love it. Did you come here recently?*

*Sid the feather comes from Carl Hewitt's bench. I found it beneath it and felt it should be sent to you.*

*Take care of yourself. Love the life. I hope to see you some where in the future!*

*With Love,  
Ria*



Now I was utterly amazed. My first trip to the Arthur Findlay College was a very profound experience for me. I was extremely impressed with the quality of the mediumship, and the training to develop mediumship. I thoroughly regretted that Carl had never visited the college during his lifetime. He would have loved the college as much as I do.



The College had magnificent gardens. All along the large enclosed gardens there were benches dedicated to loved ones. Therefore, on my second trip to the college I brought funds with me to purchase a memorial bench in Carl's name. I felt this would be a very fitting memorial to him.

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



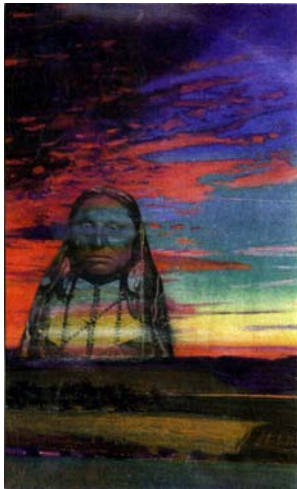
After my next trip to the college I photographed the bench, and made a presentation about this memorial to our church members. It was only then that one member reminded me of Carl's wish. Carl wanted to be buried alone, on top of a hill. He wanted a bench near the grave, for people to be able to sit and visit with him. I had completely forgotten this.



Carl was buried alone, in Mount Pleasant Memorial Gardens, in Mount Pleasant, South Carolina (which is very flat terrain, but the town's name gives the illusion of elevation). There was no room for bench in the cemetery. Ironically, Carl now had his bench, but it was 6000 miles away from his grave.



I looked at the feather that came from England. I shook my head in disbelief. Carl had sent me another feather.



In 1985, Carl and I visited Camp Chesterfield, a Spiritualist camp in Chesterfield, Indiana. It is a community of gifted mediums. It was on our first trip there, that I learned that I had a Native American guide named Black Hawk, who helps protect me. I also had an opportunity to speak directly with Black Hawk, in a trumpet séance. In fact, I have spoken with Black Hawk through four different trumpet mediums, and his voice always sounds exactly the same, just like the voice of someone you might know would be the same, despite what telephone the person called you from, or the location of the telephone.



Some time afterwards, Carl and I were walking through the woods, that was adjacent to his house in Connecticut.



Suddenly, Carl swooped down and picked up a rather large black feather. He spun around and presented the feather to me. "Here, this is for you. It is from Black Hawk!" I was rather surprised by this, but took the feather. I keep this feather in a Native American vase that has feathers on it.

## *A Feather from Stansted*



I placed the feather from Stansted in the vase with the feather from Black Hawk. I then began to think how difficult it must be, for Carl, or any Spirit to arrange this type of event. How did a bird manage to leave a feather under his bench, at the very time that Ria, who lives in Switzerland, would be in England, at the College, to find it? How difficult was it to give her the psychic impression to think of me and mail the feather to me.



Carl & Sid — 1989

As I was pondering this, I suddenly had a chill go up my spine. A further revelation ... another layer of meaning of this message, that some may consider a coincident. It was Columbus Day weekend! It was an anniversary. For on Columbus Day weekend 1975, thirty-three years before, was when I had my very first reading with a medium, whose name was Carl R. Hewitt! What an intricate chain of events to orchestrate, from another dimension, with impeccable timing, to remember that anniversary. What powerful proof to demonstrate Carl is still alive and well in the Spirit World!