Press Journal
Tuesday, April 25, 1989

Lifestyle

Psychic Readings May Help Open The Mind

By NANCY DAVIS
Press-Journal Staff Writer

I am here willing someone to read my mind and foretell my future. I am sitting peacefully under the gaze of a self-proclaimed psychic or medium, the Rev. Carl Hewitt, a remarkably youthful 60 and minister of The Gifts of the Spirit Church and Psychic Research Center in Chesterfield, Conn.

Hewitt was in Vero Beach April 11-19 at the request of the Psychic Bookstore and Learning Center's Evelyn Nevill to give readings and workshops.

His eyes are very blue and make me think of water. His voice is as smooth as water rippling over pebbles. Behind him, on a Learning Center mural, trees reach skyward. Everything seems very fluid.

Don't take this seriously, part of my mind tells me.

I can almost hear Watson saying, "Silly idea. What Holmes?"

I can almost hear the voices of dissension claiming J.B. Rhine's 1934 experiments in psychic occurrences at Duke University are flawed because they cannot be successfully duplicated.

I can hear someone saying Sigmund Freud's accounts of patients' psychic experiences are really accounts of sheer coincidence.

And I can hear the voice of a skeptical friend — an atheist — who, when encountering the more than thousands of recorded readings of 1900s psychic Edgar Cayce, whose work, sought by doctors in last-ditch cases, is collected at the Virginia Beach, Va., Center for Research and Enlightenment, remembered a college acquaintance. The acquaintance's hearing had been remarkably restored by following one of Cayce's outlandish reading prescriptions, my friend said.

"The doctor said it was hopeless and referred him to Cayce's readings," my friend told me.

But really, does anything psychic — or a knowing that comes from the soul — exist?

I have walked the Delphic Way in Greece — the path the ancients took to reach the Delphic Oracle — and I have known that a civilization, founded in Socratic logic and reason, relied on its prophet.

I remember my grandfather telling me the story of Joseph and his dreams — seven lean cows and seven hefty heifers — Joseph fortelling the future for the pharaoh of Egypt.

I don't know. I admit it. I open my mind as I'd open a book to the first page. I put everything on hold and I feel my disbelief leaving in a physical form I imagine as a large elephant lumbering off. He can be recalled if I need him. For now, I am with Hewitt, whose voice lulls.

Bodies vibrate at a certain frequency, he tells me. By holding my ring he can "tune in" to my energy field, he says.

I give him my ring and watch him remove his watch and loosen his shirt. The energy needs to flow unobstructed, he explains. Metals and belts interfere, he says.

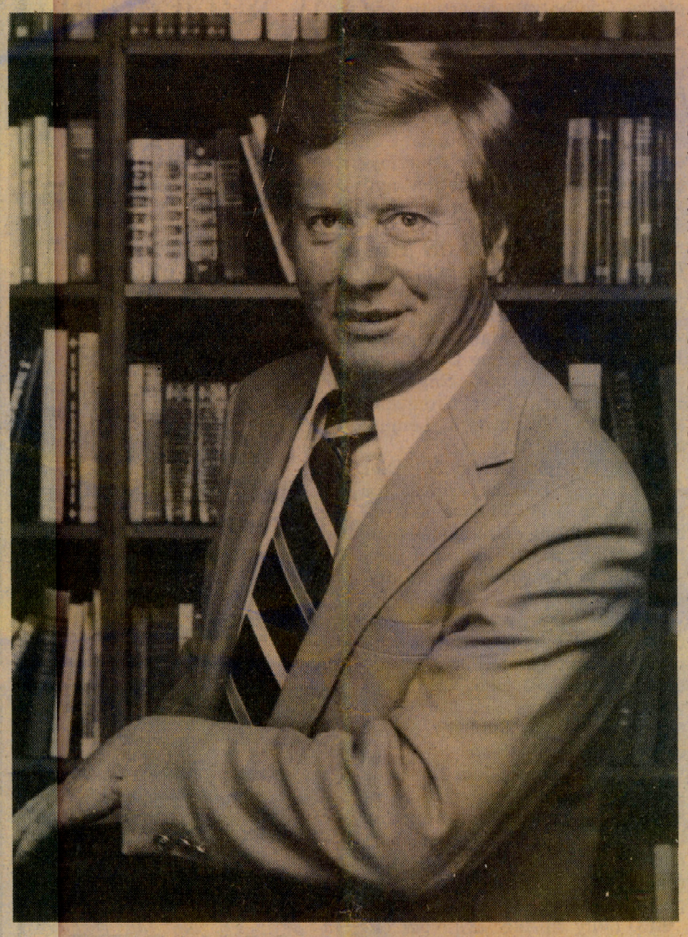
Hewitt turns on the tape recorder. From here on out, he will enter an "altered state," he says. Because he is in another state of consciousness, he will not remember the reading. The recorded account will serve as a record by which I can measure the accuracy of his perception and, should I request a second reading based on information contained in this one, the tape recorded message will be essential for Hewitt, he says.

"Lord, God of my being," he chants, "unto the Father within, come forward this moment, this hour, and let me be the channel, the instrument between this thy child and the world of spirit."

Again I notice how hypnotic his voice seems. I am flooded with a feeling of well-being.

"To start out with, Nancy, I want you to understand that I'm going into the altered state. I may not know where I am. I may be in your past. I may be in your future or present. If there's anything you don't understand and you want me to add, I want you to speak up because you will not break my train of thought," he says.

I nod and watch Hewitt, who seems focused but alert, eyes open. He does not appear to be in an altered state.



The Rev. Carl Hewitt

He sees two spirit figures who are with me, he says. He sees me surrounded in white light, the light coming from my soul, located as is everyone's, he says, behind the breast bone, beside the heart.

One of my spirit companions shows him a vision of a seesaw. Something in my life needs to be balanced, he tells me.

Vague, I think. But Hewitt goes on. There will be two men who enter my life and they will be on opposite ends of the seesaw. They will represent my attempts at balance. I will have trouble making up my mind, he says. The one I am most physically attracted to is not the one. I must make a choice in favor of balance I am seeking in my life, he tells me.

So far, a pleasant fantasy I think — also unlikely at this point. Then Hewitt hits on something a little less vague. An ex-friend from my past who has recently contacted me has not changed, he says. Put up a barrier. Lucky guess? Maybe most of us have ex-friends contacting us on and off.

I try not to nod or let my face show anything. I try to give no outer signals that could guide Hewitt.

This "friend" is from a seven-year cycle of the past, he says. I am now, according to Hewitt, entering a new cycle. Put up a mental gate between the now and the past seven years, he advises me.

Again, he hits on something eerily true. He sees someone in my immediate family who was a victim of diabetes. Avoid sugar, he tells me. The person he is honing in on did not develop diabetes until later in life, however, he says.

My mother wasn't diabetic until she reached her 40s. I am a little shaken.

Job predictions follow. A reference to a friend who now works for a different publication is true, too. Hewitt sees me visiting somewhere — a place like North Carolina, he says — site of my friend's work. Still lulled by Hewitt's voice, I am becoming a little anxious.

Why do so many of us fear the psychic? What is it that makes me anxious?

I suppose Hewitt is telling me events are pre-ordained. I suppose, if he is correct, I dislike the feeling of having less control over my life. I ask him about this.

People can change the events predicted in a reading, he says. The reading is meant as a map, a guide to living well and making better choices based on spiritual truths, he says.

There are many frauds in the field of the psychic, he warns me. I remember Harry Houdini's investigations. Adamant in his search for verification of a life hereafter, Houdini visited many mediums. Everyone he saw he exposed as fraudulent. He died swearing that if there were such a thing as a spirit world he would contact his wife using a special code. Years after his death a medium is said to have given his wife a reading in which the code words, unknown to anyone aside from Houdini's wife, were used.

I also remember that on March 31, 1901, Edgar Cayce gave his first reading in a sleep-like state of trance. Thereafter, he discovered he could place himself in an altered state of consciousness that looked much like sleep at will, and using his extra-sensory perception he could diagnose spiritual and physical ailments of people located hundreds of miles away.

Wesley Ketchum, a doctor, used Cayce extensively, lending scientific credence to his readings. In one case, for example, Ketchum's patient had a fracture of a leg and a displaced knee cap that would leave him crippled, the doctors said. Ketchum consulted Cayce. In a sleep-like state, Cayce told Ketchum to do something totally unorthodox at the time — to drive nails into the kneecap while the leg healed. Several months later the man doctors said would never walk again was up and able. During more than 40 years, Cayce gave more than 14,000 psychic readings.

A devout member of traditional, organized religion, who read the Bible through once each year and did not believe in reincarnation in a waking state, in a trance, Cayce, nevertheless, saw auras or colored fields of energy surrounding his distant clients and often expanded on the theory of reincarnation and karma.

What is real? Today, medicine understands emotions affect our immune systems. Today, once well-respected psychiatrist Brian L. Weiss has become the laughing stock of his colleagues for insisting hypnotic regression to past lives heals his patients of phobias and fears.

I end where I began — on the first page of an open mind. "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,/ Than are dreamt of in your philosophy," William Shakespeare wrote.