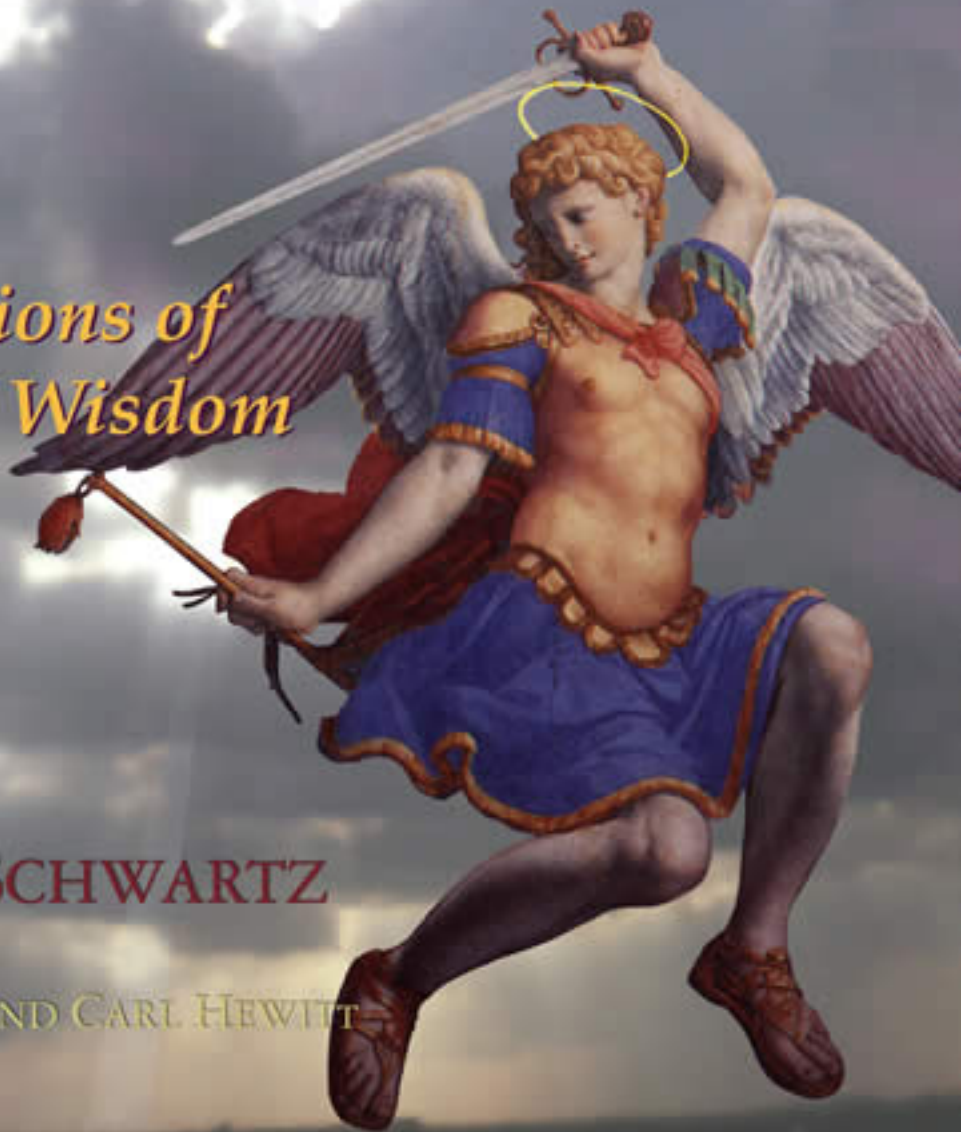


*My First Encounter*  
*with an*  
**ANGEL**

*Revelations of  
Ancient Wisdom*

**SIDNEY SCHWARTZ**

WITH REVEREND CARL HEWITT



# SIXTEEN

## My Father Speaks through the Trumpet

**M**onday morning, Carl and our group had an appointment with Bill English for a trumpet séance at 9:00 a.m. Needless to say, I was filled with anticipation. As we walked into the séance room, I was unaware that I still had much to learn about trumpet mediumship. This séance would become very significant in my education. Bill had built this séance room as an addition to his house. It had a separate entrance, so it didn't disturb his living quarters. It was a rather large, rectangular room, without any inside dividers or columns to hold up the roof. There were no windows in the room—when the lights were turned off it would be pitch black. The extreme darkness allowed Bill to work without the use of a cabinet. In effect, his whole séance room was his cabinet. There were many high, straight-backed wooden chairs, lining the perimeter of the walls. There was multi-colored wall to wall carpeting on the floor, and a rather ornately carved wooden chair to one side. The only furnishing in the room, was a very small round table. There were two items on the table—a bottle of ink and a stack of white polyester cloth, each piece cut to the same size.

I was unaware that Carl was trying to conceal his identity as a medium from Bill. Carl and Bill English quipped. I had no idea that Carl's purpose was to mentally control the light around his body. The aura around a medium is unique, making it easy for one clairvoyant to recognize another. Carl later explained to me that he had only been able to hide his identity from Bill for a few minutes. I remember Bill saying, "Oh no, I have to deal with another medium."

Carl and Bill English shared other qualities besides mediumship. Bill had a very easy-going personality. He was a rather tall, slim, middle-aged man. His wavy black hair did not reveal his age, nor did his eyeglasses conceal the twinkle in his eyes. Bill welcomed us, and asked us to take a seat anywhere we wished.

As soon as all fifteen people had arrived, Bill started to explain what would happen during the séance. He would lock the room and turn out the lights. We would be sitting in a pitch-black room, a requirement for trumpet mediumship. Bill picked up one of his three trumpets. They were about thirty-six inches tall. They looked like giant funnels, or perhaps a more accurate description would be giant, aluminum ice-cream cones. Bill had applied three strips of phosphorus tape, which glows in the dark, around each of the trumpets. As he was explaining all this to us, he held up each trumpet, one at a time, to the illuminated light bulb. He explained that he was charging the phosphorus. After the house lights were turned off, the Spirits would lift the trumpets off the ground and move them around. We would be

able to keep track of where the trumpets were in the room because of the glow from the phosphorus tape.

Bill would sit in his chair and go into a deep trance state, allowing his Spirit to leave his body. Then Spirit would extract ectoplasm from his body and form a voice box to put inside one of the trumpets. A specific spirit, Dr. Louis, would come through the trumpet first. He would serve as the master of ceremonies for the séance, greet us, and announce who would receive the next message. We would then see the trumpet traveling over to the person receiving the message. When that Spirit finished his message, he would step back, or disconnect from the trumpet. Dr. Louis would announce the next Spirit to speak through the trumpet.

When Bill had finished charging the phosphorus bands on the three trumpets, he turned off the lights. It was time for the séance to begin! After a few moments, the three trumpets began to float off the ground. It was a remarkable sight. Then the trumpets began moving around the room. They moved in such a way that if Bill had been trying to fake this séance, he would have needed three hands to control the trumpets. The trumpets moved independently of each other in three distinct patterns. There was no way anyone could have faked this!

Slowly, two of the trumpets drifted to the ground. A voice came through the remaining trumpet, suspended in midair. It was Dr. Louis, who welcomed us. Then he asked us to cooperate with him and sing the song, "You are my Sunshine." We all sang the song in the dark room.

*[This puzzled me, so when I had the chance, I asked Awan why Dr. Louis had asked us to sing at this séance. Awan told me that singing causes the people in the room to harmonize their vibrational rate. It also provides energy that Spirit needs. Spirit accumulates the sound waves that the singers produce, and manipulates this energy to energize the voice in the trumpet. Even in ancient times, when people went to a medium, they would sing songs or chant. The sole purpose was to build up energy in the room, thus making it easier for the medium and the spirit to communicate. This is why Christians included singing hymns during their church services. This is simply a carry over from ancient times, when the Gifts of the Spirit were practiced.]*

After our poor, out of tune rendition of the song, Dr. Louis thanked us for our cooperation. Then he asked if there was a Ellen in the room. Ellen responded by saying that she was present. The trumpet glided over to Sally, and remained in midair. Dr. Louis announced that a relative of hers wanted to speak with her. Within moments the voice came through the trumpet, and the two of them began reminiscing about their time together.

I was a bit puzzled, as Ellen's relative's voice was similar to Dr. Louis's voice. Yet, for the moment, my wonder eclipsed my puzzlement. I just sat and listened.

During the séance, Carl's father spoke to him. Later my grandfather, who had died when I was ten years old, came to talk to me. It was difficult for me to remember his voice. All the voices sounded very much alike.

When the séance concluded, we walked towards the car. Although Carl was a medium himself, nothing pleased him more than finding another genuine medium. Carl's face seemed to light up as he watched another medium demonstrate the Gifts of the Spirit. Often when Carl discovered an outstanding medium, he would invite

that medium to work at his church. Since I first met Carl, he had constantly pointed out the real mediums from the people trying to fake it. When we were in Lilly Dale, Carl sat next to me and discussed the quality of the messages each medium gave. Because of his tutelage, I was learning to determine if a person was faking it. Carl said to me, "Well how do you feel this time?"

"That wasn't the real thing, was it?" I asked.

"What do you mean," Carl said, with much agitation in his voice, "Of course that was the real thing."

"But the voices didn't sound different from one another." I exclaimed.

"I can't explain this at the moment, but I assure you that Bill English is a fantastic trumpet medium. In fact he is the best one I have ever seen!" said Carl.

I felt robbed. Again I should have been riding high from this séance, yet I wasn't. I was still disturbed. I hoped that tomorrow, when we had a second séance with Bill, I would feel differently—which is exactly what happened. Tuesday morning's séance was a very special moment in my life.

The Tuesday morning séance was a different type. It was called a precipitation séance. We were each given a 9 inch square piece of white polyester cloth. Bill told us we were to hold this cloth tautly by the sides. He then uncapped a bottle of India Ink and placed it on a table at the side of the room. During this séance, Spirit would take bits of ink and draw pictures on our cloth. Again Bill charged up the phosphorus on the trumpets, and the séance began.

As on the previous day, we sang to build up the energy. Although I had seen it the day before, my heart skipped a beat as the trumpets levitated up off the floor and sailed into the air. As they swirled around our heads I was filled with anticipation. Dr. Louis began speaking through one of the trumpets. He announced who would receive the first message. The trumpet went to the person. The voice started speaking. A bolt of electricity ran through my body. Today the voices all sounded different from each other!

Trumpet mediumship is a type of physical mediumship. Physical mediumship means that the Spirits move objects, or manipulate objects. Spirits physically make themselves known to the sitters of the séance. Physical mediumship is much more taxing and strenuous on the medium's body. There are many more variables than in mental mediumship. This was the reason the voices hadn't changed the day before. Conditions were not perfect. Perhaps there were too many skeptical people sitting in the séance. Their negative thoughts would be a drain on the psychic energy. That drain of energy might be enough to cause the voices to sound the same. In any event, there was no doubt at this séance. All the voices that came through the trumpet sounded different.

About mid-way through the séance, Dr. Louis sounded a bit concerned. "Oh, oh," he said, "we have a Native American here." The trumpet went silent, then suddenly there was a tremendous thundering **BOOM** that blasted through the trumpet. The sound just reverberated though the room. It was like an atomic explosion. I was so startled that I jumped out of my seat. The trumpet slowly began spinning around, almost like a majorette's baton in slow motion, or as if a person were dancing around a campfire. A Native American chant was coming from the

trumpet. "Ah ye ya ha you he yaa." This lasted about a minute, then the Native spoke.

"My name is Lone Eagle, and I wish to speak to my beloved medium." It was Carl's Spirit guide, coming to communicate with Carl.

"I am here, Lone Eagle." Carl replied.

An exchange followed. Carl had heard that voice all his life. It had become very familiar to him. But until this point, he had only heard the Chief's voice clairaudiently. This was the first time that Carl had heard the sound of Lone Eagle's voice. I don't remember the entire conversation. I do remember Carl sliding forward in his chair. He said, "I feel that I want to get down on my knees before you."

The Chief replied, "No, that will not be necessary, I do not wish you to do that."

The conversation lasted for a few more minutes. Then Lone Eagle said to Carl, "You have much work ahead of you. You are to be a spiritual farmer, planting spiritual seeds of truth. Do not let anyone's criticism or negativity prevent you from teaching the Gifts of the Spirit."

Lone Eagle's words sent shivers down my spine. At dinner the night before, Carl had told me of an experience he had had when he was nine years old. He was working on his father's farm, hoeing corn. An entity appeared to him and said, "You will not be this type of farmer in the future. You will become a spiritual farmer planting spiritual seeds in the minds of people."<sup>288</sup> Now Lone Eagle was giving Carl the same message.

Lone Eagle withdrew, allowing another Spirit to use the trumpet. A few more people, including the other two members of our group communicated with guides or loved ones. Suddenly Carl whispered to me, "I see your father. He is with his two brothers."

My father and his two brothers were in the Spirit World.

Carl continued, "I see them running from house to house, looking in at the mediums at work. Your father is shaking his head. He cannot accept that this is happening. Now I see him coming into this séance room. He is being hooked up to the trumpet."

Dr. Louis said, "I have someone here who wishes to talk to a man in the room, I believe his name is Sidney."

"Hello," I said.

Carl continued, "They are telling him to speak as if he were talking on the telephone."

"Hello," said the voice through the trumpet.

The voice startled me. That hello was exactly the way my father said hello.

"Hello," I said.

I don't remember all the details of that conversation. I wished it could have been taped, but that was against the rules of the camp. I remember my father discussed my mother, and the fact that I loved to travel. He thought that was a good opportunity to learn about other people and places.

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<sup>288</sup> This refers to parables in Matthew 13.

I cannot say that the voice through the trumpet sounded exactly like my father's voice. It did not. Today there is such a thing as a voiceprint. It is like the fingerprint of a voice. If it were possible to make a comparison of the voiceprints of my father's voice and the voice of the trumpet, I know it would not have been an exact match. Although the voice was coming out of an ectoplasmic voice box, instead of the medium's voice box, some of the medium's qualities blend with the voices from Spirit. However, I *know* it was my father speaking through the trumpet. I know this because of his choice of words, the expressions that he used, the grammar that he used, and the enunciation of his words. And finally, no one said hello to me the way my father did.

There is one fragment of our conversation that I clearly remember. No matter how hard I had tried, I could not convince my father when he was alive, that he would live on after he died. This is why the mediumship at Camp Chesterfield flabbergasted my father and his brothers. My father considered mediumship to be a bunch of hogwash.

"Well, Dad, you used to say that when you are dead, you are dead. Have you changed your mind yet?" I asked.

Without a moment's hesitation, my father said, "Some people say you have to live to learn, in my case I had to die to learn."

I suddenly remembered sitting in the synagogue, nearly two years before, listening to the rabbi say that the only way for a Jewish person to have a conversation with a deceased relative was through the *Yiskor* service. He had wanted me to give a donation to the synagogue to speak with my father. If I had, I certainly would not have heard my father's voice, as I just had. In the synagogue, I might have imagined his voice in my mind. In the séance room I heard his voice with my ears. And the rabbi was expecting far more than the \$15 donation I gave to Bill English.

My conversation was the last one of the séance. After Dr. Louis finished saying good-bye to us, the séance ended. Bill English came out of his deep trance. He gave us specific instructions on what to do with the cloth before he turned on the lights.

Then he turned on the lights. I was amazed. There were four pictures on the cloth. They looked like photographs! I didn't recognize any of the faces. However, other people attending the séance did recognize their loved ones.

This séance was the most remarkable experience of my life. I had spoken with my father, who had died two years before. No one could tell me that there is no afterlife, I had more than enough proof to know that we live after we die.

Carl and I went to the cafeteria to have some lunch. As we were sitting at a table, I received more interesting information.

"Your grandmother is here," Carl said.

"She is, where?" I replied.

"She's by the door, she just entered the building. Apparently she doesn't know that she can walk right through the door, because she waited for that man to open the door to walk in. She has been watching what we've been doing in the past few days, and has learned a lot. [Pause] This is strange. Did your grandmother have a window in her kitchen?" Carl asked.

"Yes, she did." I replied.

"And did it face a brick wall?" Carl asked.

"The apartment house she lived in was in the shape of a U. There was a brick wall about ten yards from her kitchen window."

"This is very strange indeed," Carl continued. "I see her throwing her dishes and pots and pans out her kitchen window. They are smashing against the brick wall. Apparently she's furious. She's just discovered that all the man-made rules of keeping kosher aren't worth a pile of beans. She has learned that she has been lied to."

I certainly empathized with my grandmother, for I also felt that I had been lied to. That's why I was so outraged a few nights ago. My experiences at Camp Chesterfield did more than shake me up. They shook up "the Jewish side of heaven."

Carl and I left the camp for a few days to do some research in Chicago. We returned late Saturday afternoon, in time to attend the Saturday night Cathedral service.

The first medium on the Cathedral program would be Bill English. He would conduct a card writing séance. Card writing is a modern version of slate writing. Years ago, when I attended Carl's psychic development classes, Carl had taught me about slate writing, which took place in the late 1800's and early 1900's.

The people who gathered for a séance would sit in a circle. The medium was part of that circle. One of the people would act as the assistant, and take a small slate and put it inside a box with a few pieces of chalk. The box would be sealed, so that no light could get into it. Then the séance began. After a few moments, the medium would go into a trance, and if Spirit were going to write messages to the people in the circle, there would be the scratching sounds of the chalk writing on the black board. These sounds would continue for a few minutes, then the pings of chalk being dropped would be heard. Then there was silence.

A few moments later, the medium would come out of the trance. The assistant would usually ask another person to open the box, take out the slate and read it. In most cases, there were messages for everyone in the circle written on the slate.

The card writing we were about to witness in Chesterfield was a modern version of slate writing. Instead of a slate, Bill placed a sealed cellophane package of 3x5 index cards into a basket. Then, he put a handful of different colored felt-tipped markers with their caps still on into the basket. The basket was covered with a thick cloth so that the inside of the box was in absolute darkness. In effect, Bill created a cabinet where the phenomena would take place. He then went into a trance and, seconds afterwards, noise emanated from the basket. It sounded as if a couple of kittens were rambunctiously playing. Suddenly, Bill began speaking. He was announcing the names of the Spirit people who were present. I was astounded to hear the names of my uncles, father, and grandparents mentioned. I turned to Carl and said, "I wonder if those names belong to me?"

About 10 minutes later, the noise from the basket stopped, and Bill came out of his trance. It was then that two of the ladies from the audience were asked to come up and remove the black cloth from the basket.

One of the ladies picked up the sealed package of cards and opened the cellophane. The first few cards were still blank. Then a card had writing on it, including the name of a person in the audience. The woman announced the person's name, who immediately came to the stage to receive her card. About three or four cards later, my name was called. I eagerly left my seat to pick up my card.

I was amazed. The card had a vase of flowers drawn on it. Along the sides were the names Ben and Abe, who were my uncles; Harry, who was my father; and Joseph and Sylvia, who were my grandparents.

For people who are skeptical, and think that perhaps Bill English remembered my father's and grandfather's name from the trumpet séance, I had never mentioned any of my family's names to him. He had no way of knowing that Ben and Abe were my father's brothers.

We had one last appointment for a trumpet séance with Gilbert Burke, another one of Camp Chesterfield's respected mediums. There were seven people signed up to attend this séance. Although it was early on a Sunday morning, it was a dark, gloomy day. There was a gray cast to the air, as if a storm were approaching.

The other three people did not arrive for the séance. So the medium, Carl, and our group were the only people there. Unfortunately this séance is not very clear in my mind. I do remember that the voices changed for each Spirit that came through. But there was one indelible impression that I did have of this séance. I remember vividly the loud claps of thunder that occurred as the voices were speaking through the trumpet. The irony made me chuckle, as a little voice in my head dramatically started reciting the Bible.

**And it came to pass on the third day in the morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount and the voice of the trumpet exceedingly loud; so that all the people that were in the camp trembled.<sup>289</sup>**

**And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice.<sup>290</sup>**

This demonstrated exactly what Carl had said so many times. What happened in Biblical times, can still happen today. Three thousand four hundred years ago, high on a mountaintop, a voice came though an ancient trumpet and gave the Hebrews the Ten Commandments. We have a record of that famous séance in the Bible. Now, millenniums later, I was witnessing the same "trumpet" phenomena.

I am very grateful to have had the opportunity to expand my horizons far beyond the realm of my parents and grandparents. Somehow I know that I am helping all of my family, those still here and those in the Spirit World, come to a new level of spiritual awareness. I have a much greater appreciation for the Bible. As I

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<sup>289</sup> Exodus 19:16 [KJV].

<sup>290</sup> Exodus 19:19 [KJV].

research more and more Bible verses, and converse with Awan — The Angel Without A Name—my thirst for knowledge of ancient teachings and wisdom increases. As I continue to uncover the truth about psychic experiences, I will likely find many more answers deep in the pages of the Old Testament, and in the “cabinets” or sanctuaries of credible mediums and Spiritualists around the world. I invite you to join me on this great adventure of truth seeking.