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TOWARDS WHOLENESS

No. 135 SPRING 2013

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FRIENDS FELLOWSHIP OF HEALING
(A QUAKER GROUP)

The Friends Fellowship of Healing is an informal group of the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers). (*Registered Charity number 284459.*)

Since its foundation in 1935, it has sought to uphold the cause of a healing ministry, and seeks to be a channel to help people towards health and harmony of body, mind and spirit, which it believes is God's purpose for everyone.

It has prayer groups attached to many Meetings, and also postal groups to enable isolated people, and those who may be unable to join a local group, to co-operate with others in the service of healing prayer.

The Fellowship holds conferences, retreats and workshops held either in its residential centre (*Claridge House, Dormans Road, Dormansland, Lingfield, Surrey RH7 6QH*) or elsewhere.

All members annually receive three issues of *Towards Wholeness*, the journal of the Fellowship, published in March, July and November.

The minimum subscription is £10 per calendar year for UK. For Europe and all overseas countries £15 (Sterling only). Cheques, payable to Friends Fellowship of Healing, should be sent to The FFH Membership Secretary, 6 Ferris Place, Bournemouth BH8 0AU.

Letters, articles, news items and other contributions for *Towards Wholeness* should be sent to the editor, Rosalind Smith, 4 The Walks, Stanton, Nr. Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk IP31 2BX
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Deadlines: February 1st, June 1st and October 1st.

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Donations for the work of the Fellowship are most welcome.

The Fellowship is a registered charity (number 284459).

FFH / QSH website: www.quaker-healing.org.uk

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The AGM of the FFH will be held at 3pm on Saturday 27th April 2013, at Friends House. *(Please note change of date from that advertised previously.)*

FFH/QFAS combined Autumn Weekend Gathering

Please see page 19 for further details.

PLEASE NOTE:

SOME MEMBERS WILL FIND A REMINDER NOTE ENCLOSED THAT THEIR SUBSCRIPTION FOR 2013 IS STILL DUE.

Currently the minimum subscription is still set at £10.00 – though it helps greatly if members can contribute a little more.

Also, please note that on the reverse of the letter there is a standing order form which it is hoped you will make use of – (returning it to the new membership secretary, details on inside back cover of this issue).

If we do not hear from you your membership will cease, and this will be your final copy of *Towards Wholeness*.

With thanks.

Stephen Feltham – Membership Secretary.

INTRODUCING...

OUR NEW MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY: STEPHEN FELTHAM

We are so grateful to Stephen Feltham for agreeing to take over the position of Membership Secretary of the Friends Fellowship of Healing. He is a long-term FFH member, and also a tutor for the Quaker Spiritual Healers – and he brings a great deal of enthusiasm to both roles. His contact details are on the inside back cover of *TW*.



ALSO... OUR NEW TREASURER: ANNE BRENNAN



Anne is also a long-term FFH member and a tutor for the Quaker Spiritual Healers. She is taking over the position from John Smith who has been our treasurer for about 14 years, which included a short break when Elliot Mitchell kindly took over for a while. Our thanks go to all of them.

LOVE MELTS THE FROZEN PATH

*With you I use no words,
I am dumb.
You reply with high-pitched tones.
I offer you harvest of summer –
seeds of sunflower
and water from the tap.
They come packaged inside my house.
Will you find and peck at them,
you robins who know the flowing stream
and kernels from the source?*

Carolyn Appleby

TROUBLE VALLEY: THE DOOR OF HOPE

Diana Lampen

(This is the first part of a talk given at the 60th anniversary of FFH – June 1995, and republished with permission.)

Most Friends are familiar with the last words James Naylor wrote in 1660, “There is a spirit which I feel that delights to do no evil, nor to revenge any wrong, but delights to endure all things, in hope to enjoy its own in the end.” Often the quotation leaves out the words, “I found it alone, being forsaken”. The time of darkness, emptiness and stripping was what Naylor had to go through before he could discover this spirit. We can suddenly find we no longer know how to pray and feel lost, empty, afraid. Maybe all we can do at such times is cry out as a three year old child once did in Meeting for Worship, “Help me Mummy, it’s hard! Help me, help me, it’s hard!”

This experience of being vulnerable, lost and lonely is also part of the journey of faith; but very few people dare talk about it. When a Friend tried to describe, in the Irish Quaker journal, her terror and isolation when she went through what she said was the worst desert experience of her life, she told me later that only three people dared to respond. I too have found that people are afraid or embarrassed if I cry for help or show my weakness. We are all frail people, vulnerable and wounded. Maybe some of us are better at hiding it than others. Fourteen years of boarding school certainly gave me plenty of practice. Let us not expect so much of each other that we cannot allow each other to show our vulnerability or to cry for help. Maybe the too frequently heard, “Quakers are too good for me to join”, is not something to be proud of. We are ordinary members of the human race in all its weakness and all its contradictions. Maybe a reason why so many of our children do not take up membership is because they feel there is an impossibly high expectation. I wonder if we would help them more if we could talk about our struggles, weaknesses, doubts and fears?

For years my prayer life was a getting to know God, often with a strong sense of his presence. Only gradually did I come to loving God. I know we are supposed to love God; but love is not something we can do to order, as though the Red Queen in *Alice through the Looking Glass* had ordered us to believe so many impossible things before breakfast. Love has to grow. Just when this love was strong and joyful, my well suddenly ran dry. God seemed to have gone away. In Meeting for Worship or in my private prayers, I was in the desert. It has been helpful to realise how universal this experience is. For when we are in the desert it feels as though no-one else knows what this is like. Moses, Paul and Jesus himself all went into the desert by choice to prepare themselves for ministry. Mark even says Jesus was “driven by the spirit” into the wilderness. The cry of the psalmist in Psalm 10, verse 1, has a familiar ring for me: “Why are you so far away, O Lord? Why do you hide yourself when I am in trouble?”

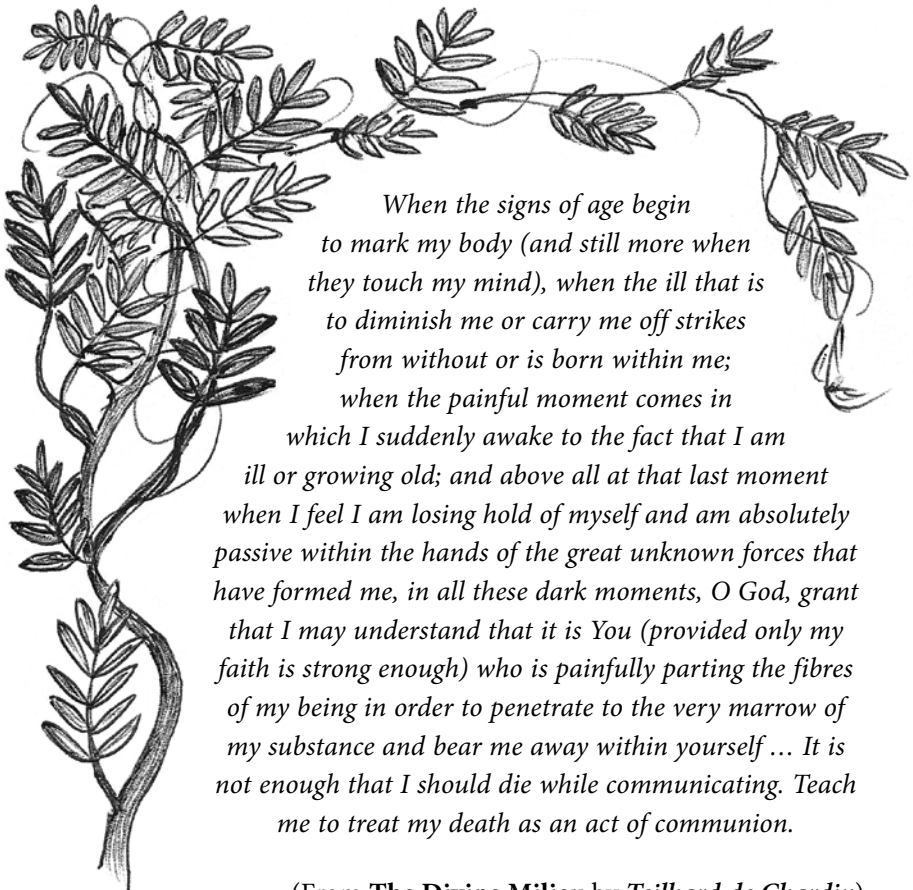
Jacob, on his way to be reconciled to Esau, had to wrestle all night with God, be wounded and only then be blessed. Next he had to cross the river Jabbok. The translation of this name is “emptiness”. So we too have to go through emptiness to discover that beautiful feelings are only a bonus which is not guaranteed, and that God is no longer confined by our images of him. The experience of dryness teaches us that we cannot make God’s presence felt ourselves. In fact he seems absent when we want him most. Teresa of Avila said it was no wonder God had so few friends when he treated them so badly! (Incidentally, I don’t wish to offend by referring to God as ‘he’. Since I learnt from a Jewish Rabbi that in Aramaic and Hebrew the word Father, which is the word Jesus chose to use, is masculine in the singular and feminine in the plural, I have no difficulty as the word was inclusive all along.)

Just as God seems absent when we want him most, so he can seem suddenly present when we least expect it. So we learn slowly that he, not we, controls the relationship. A few weeks before he died a Friend wrote to me, “I have come to see that the purpose of life is to gradually move from being self-centred to being God-centred.” I have come to see that the times of dryness and emptiness are as much part of this process as the times when all is going well for us. In the times of dryness all we can do is hold on. What happens is a deep, deep longing. In the psalms this longing is compared to a deer longing for water or a dry desert for the rain. One of the Taizé chants in translation goes like this: “Through the darkness we will go to the source; all we have to guide us is our thirst.”

When things go well it is all too easy to become complacent and think we are in charge of our lives expecting God to be there for us. But Jesus himself said, “I cannot do anything of myself.” Someone once joked, “If you want to make God laugh, tell her your plans”! So the challenge is to accept the dryness and darkness as beyond our control, resisting the temptation to try to do anything; but allowing some thing to be done in us. Listen to what the Quaker writer Job Scott wrote over a hundred years ago: “After some time ... a hope was kindled in me, that now I should go forward without meeting with such besetments, and withdrawals of light as heretofore; for though the Lord still at times withdrew from me, yet as his return was not long after, and as his presence was much more constantly with me, I was ready to conclude it would continue with increasing brightness, till I should be wholly and continually swallowed up in his love. I, not clearly understanding, was apt to wish it for my constant condition; not then seeing as I have since seen, that it was far from being best for me to enjoy a constancy of sunshine and fair weather.”

The experience, however, is agonising. It seems unending. It is tempting to give up. But the aching longing is there. Even when there is no sense of God this

longing draws us onwards. St Augustine says, in the first letter of John, “Simply by making us wait he increases our desire, which in turn enlarges the capacity of our soul, making it able to receive what is to be given to us.” We cannot long for what is not there, so I have come to trust this longing and to trust what is happening even when it seems that nothing is happening. The author of *The Cloud of Unknowing* writes, “How wonderfully is a man’s love transformed by the interior experience of this nothingness and this nowhere...he who patiently abides in this darkness will be comforted and feel again a confidence about his destiny... the pain continues, yet he knows it will end.” My title is taken from the book of Hosea, chapter 2, verses 14 and 15; “I am going to take her into the desert again; there I will win her back with words of love. I will give back to her the vineyards she had and make Trouble Valley a door of hope.”



*When the signs of age begin
to mark my body (and still more when
they touch my mind), when the ill that is
to diminish me or carry me off strikes
from without or is born within me;
when the painful moment comes in
which I suddenly awake to the fact that I am
ill or growing old; and above all at that last moment
when I feel I am losing hold of myself and am absolutely
passive within the hands of the great unknown forces that
have formed me, in all these dark moments, O God, grant
that I may understand that it is You (provided only my
faith is strong enough) who is painfully parting the fibres
of my being in order to penetrate to the very marrow of
my substance and bear me away within yourself... It is
not enough that I should die while communicating. Teach
me to treat my death as an act of communion.*

(From *The Divine Milieu* by Teilhard de Chardin)

'Listen' is an anagram of 'Silent'. So started a radio discussion programme, several months ago, on the nature and importance of silence in poetry and music. In our Silent Meetings for Worship what are we listening for? Are we aware of that which is holy as we become still and centred and enter the sacred silence within? This is our sanctuary, the deep levels of existence where we can have insights about the eternal and communion with our Creator. This cannot be forced. Sometimes we are aware of a sense of the Divine whilst at other times our prayer experiences can feel barren.

We can pray aloud or silently anytime, anywhere during the day or night. We don't need a special place or specific words. We should pray from an attitude of gratitude and reverence for all life. When our prayer practice is more about being than doing then our life becomes a prayer.

Many times during his ministry Jesus would stop and pray for others. He knew the power of the spoken word and the effect that faith has on the spirit, mind and body. When we pray for others, whether this is for healing, guidance, safety or any other reason, we should see each person we are upholding with love and encouragement filled with divine light. We tap into our spiritual connection that joins us heart and mind as we become more aware of Christ's Presence within. The outcome we entrust to God.

Prayers are powerful as we pray for peace, wholeness and love for all people everywhere. It is important that we give thanks in prayer for all kindnesses received, opportunities we have been given, our friendships and the people we have loved. We should give thanks for life's challenges, also the times of crisis which have strengthened us as we were sustained through these events by God within. It is important that we give thanks for our successes and pray that our errors will make us humble. Let us continue to be grateful for each new experience as every day of our life is part of our spiritual journey on earth.

Prayer helps us achieve and maintain a higher view. The more we are aware of the presence of God within, the more we will live from our spiritual centre, rather than from our ego. Then we will be guided by our life's purpose and meaning as we pray for ongoing guidance and understanding. I am surprised at the way our prayers are answered if we listen with heart and mind. Some answers come by flashes of insight through the day: a friend will mention a helpful book, a conversation, a radio programme. When we ask we receive. May we always give thanks for divine life, love and light that sustains us through every experience.

A CELTIC PRAYER FOR PROTECTION

‘The light of God surrounds me.
The love of God enfolds me. The power of God protects me.
The presence of God watches over me.
Wherever I am God is,
and all is well.’

SOME FURTHER THOUGHTS ON PRAYER

Betty Curtayme

There is silent prayer as we gather in Meeting. For some there will be movement towards imageless prayer as we try to centre down. For others there will be silent affirmation of familiar words and texts, images of God which the most orthodox believers would recognise. When we reach a deep level words and phrases and symbols have no power to separate us. And I think such silent communion, rightly understood, includes all aspects of prayer. We pray not to change God’s will but to bring our wills into correspondence with his.

There are occasions in Meeting where a specific need is mentioned. We may be asked to unite with people in trouble or pain and the phrase most likely to be used is ‘Let us hold them in the Light’.

This attitude is expressed in a poem by *R.S.Thomas*:

‘...if you will purge yourself
Of desire and present yourself with
Your need only and the simple offering
Of your faith, green as a leaf.’

Psalm 123 says: ‘...as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress, so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God’.

And again a sentence from *Kirkegaard*: ‘The true man of prayer only attends.’



LETTERS

The article in the winter issue (Towards Wholeness 134) has prompted Judith Wright, from Petersfield to send in the following letter:

Over forty years ago, in Hong Kong, my family was able to spend holidays in the mountain cabins built on a ridge on Lantau Island. These cabins were originally built for missionary families to take their children away from the heat and pollution of crowded cities to this healthy atmosphere for a break.

The only way to get there was to walk with all your food for the holiday up a narrow mountain path, which took anything from an hour and a half to about three hours, or more if you had a young child with you. But for a week or two in the summer a helicopter would take food up so that all the cabin tenants could share a communal midday meal in the central community hall. These were very happy holidays. Lots of children, visits to other cabins on the steep stony paths, home-made activities, often indoors because of the mists, outdoor games and treks, even a swimming pool – though someone found a snake in it, (no chlorine or anything like that of course).

At lunchtime each group would take a turn to say grace and it was expected to be interesting. My favourite was ‘Johnny Appleseed’ but I’ve forgotten now how it goes. Very aware that we were privileged to be there, grace was a time for reflection, so I made up my own, and it goes like this:

‘How can we thank you, Father, for such a lovely day?
We’ve plenty to eat, fresh air to breathe
And so much space to play.

Our thanks must be in loving you
Believing in your power.
Working in your ways Lord –
Enjoying every hour.

(I have tried to find the words of the Johnny Appleseed grace by searching the internet. There is a great deal about this person, whose real name was John Chapman. He was a missionary, but he earned his nickname because he gathered apple seeds from all the cider factories he visited on his travels across the mid-west of USA. His idea was to plant so many apple trees that no-one would ever go hungry. Perhaps one of our readers knows the words to this grace? Editor.)

THE CLOCK STOOD STILL

Peter Horsfield

Our beloved aunt recently passed away, aged 97, the last few months of her life clouded by a painful fight against rapidly-spreading cancer. A lady of indomitable courage, she retained a cheerful and positive outlook right through all the suffering and challenges of advancing age, and remained mentally agile and sharp right to the last, always with compassion and concern for other people. She had lived in her bungalow in Caerleon, South Wales, since 1958, alone for the last 29 years since the death of her husband. Not having children of her own, she had followed closely the lives of her nephews and nieces as they matured.

So it was that my sister, Judy, and I went to her funeral, and experienced the mixed emotions of sadness at her loss, relief that she was now a free spirit at peace, and joy in celebrating the memories of her long and fulfilled life. Particularly poignant, once all the proceedings were over, was the visit to her house: Judy, and our cousin Trish, being executors of her will, were faced with the unenviable task of sorting out all her belongings, and making endless decisions about which items might be suitable for family members to receive, before handing over the ultimate house clearance to the professionals, so that the proceeds could go to the specified charities. Inevitably, it was a difficult and emotionally charged time.

The light and spacious living room emanated a heavy and palpable silence. Through the large windows on two sides we looked out on to the luxurious and immaculate garden which Gwen had always so loved. After sitting in contemplation for a little while, we scanned the furniture and items in the room, and my sister asked me if there was anything I would like to have. I had not even felt like considering this question, and needed some prompting. 'How about that clock?', she said, pointing to the top of the attractive wooden bureau in the corner. I looked at a medium-sized brass coloured clock, housed in a transparent plastic dome, about ten inches high, shaped like a bell-jar. Its white face, four inches in diameter, with Roman numerals, and the word *Emperor* written in black italic script just above the centre, stood on two slender posts, with a third vertical rod suspended from the back of the mechanism, between and behind them. This did not reach the base, and had what looked like a spiral groove cut into its length. Four small balls were attached at right angles to the bottom of it. The clock was motionless and silent, without a flicker of life, the hands frozen in time at eleven o'clock, and it seemed to reflect the aura of the room, and our dark thoughts. (It was around eleven that Gwen had passed away peacefully on that Saturday evening, nearly three weeks before.) I assented, and we bundled the clock into a large jiffy bag.

When I returned home to Surrey a couple of days later, I examined the clock. Not being sure whether it still worked, I experimented by fitting a new battery. To my delight, there was immediate movement. Past memories now began to come back. The clock's mechanism is unique, quite unlike anything else I have seen. Achieving the same end result as a pendulum, the four balls twist round horizontally, describing two complete circles before briefly coming to a halt, and then turning back in the reverse direction. (Each phase, I discovered, lasts for exactly six seconds, so the balls turn backwards and forwards five times per minute.) There is no second hand, and a very faint regular tick, with a slightly louder "clunk" which happens half way through each cycle. I have no idea what was the origin of this clock, or how long Gwen had owned it, but I do remember noticing it on the occasions when I used to take Mum (Gwen's younger sister) from her home in Clevedon, Somerset, to visit Gwen. (Sadly these visits came to an end about four years ago, Mum having become too frail to cope with the travelling.) The clock's motion has a meditative, almost mesmeric quality, and while the two sisters were chatting away, I would stare into it, allowing my thoughts to wander.

This clock has now become a treasured item on top of my piano, and forms an enduring link with Auntie. Though its motion seems to be superficially smooth and continuous, there is a motionless instant just before the balls reverse direction, when it can truly be said "the clock stood still." There is stillness within motion, and motion that comes out of stillness, which resonates with the never-ending cycle of life and death, and the natural order of things.



At the still point of the turning world ... at the still point, there the dance is.

*T.S. Eliot (from *The Four Quartets*)*

Silence is sometimes defined as 'the condition of no sound'. Solitude, on the other hand, is a deeper, richer experience. ... I can have silence without solitude, but I cannot have solitude without being silent on some level. It is a necessary prerequisite. Most people are uncomfortable with silence, and subconsciously avoid it. But those who long for a state of solitude when they pray must first become accustomed to silence.

Mark Thibodeaux

When I first became a healer I thought that giving hands on healing was the loveliest thing I could do as a healer. Since then I have rather changed my mind or perhaps I should say broadened it to include other things.

Most Wednesdays I do my weekly shop in Sainsbury's. I used to meet a couple, husband and wife who I knew very well. The wife has MS, but you would never have known it as for years she was mobile and active. One week I met her husband in the store on his own. I enquired where Jean was and he told me that her legs had given up and she could no longer walk.

This meant that they had to sell their house and move into an apartment where all the rooms were wheelchair friendly and on one level. Luckily the sale of their little house went through very quickly and easily and within a very few weeks they were installed in their new apartment. John continued to shop weekly and we met occasionally.

I don't know quite when I started to meet John weekly and drink coffee with him after shopping, but it has now become a firm habit. He is older than his wife Jean, by probably ten years or more and becoming Jean's main carer has been really hard for him. He's not particularly well himself and terribly worried he's developing Parkinsons. He's lost so much freedom. I got really involved when he told me he couldn't go away for a weekend to a jazz festival as they couldn't afford for Jean to go into a nursing home as well.

My husband, who works for social services, supplied a telephone number to get them into the system, and we both hoped that something concrete would come out of it by way of respite care. Nothing positive did come out of the contact and John wasn't able to get away to his jazz festival this year.

Through the months I listened to John every week talking about his situation. I think he was very depressed. Each week I greeted him joyfully; he's become a really good friend. And each time we met I knew he was low, until one week he was different. He said who knew what would happen in two years or five years time? I felt he had turned the corner of his depression. He even sympathised with another friend of mine who has cancer on her tongue and is undergoing chemo and radiotherapy. He said it put things into proportion for him. His situation wasn't as bad as hers as she was relatively young. Last week it was his wedding anniversary. He had bought Jean a card, but she hadn't got one for him. He said cheerfully that it was all right. He said, 'just tell me you love me and thank me for being your carer.'

They have now been assessed by a charity which will provide respite care for a few hours for free. John would like to go to a local restaurant and have lunch with his daughters, a very small desire for a bit of freedom and it looks as though that might be achievable now. I certainly hope so. I also gave him the recent article written by Stephen Feltham about care, (*TW* 132, Spring 2012) and downloaded some things from the internet which I thought might be of use. As an afterthought I added in a list of twenty tips for a low mood compiled by other carers in the same situation. This has been one of the best things I ever did for John. He talked about it for weeks telling me that it was a comfort to know other people felt just like he did.

So what sort of healing did I offer John? The best for him was that I listened very carefully. Every week I listened to the same worries and problems, over and over. But he had no-one else who would listen for an hour each week, one to one. It was a different sort of healing, but just as valuable.



A Celtic Blessing

May the light of your soul guide you.
May the light of your soul bless the work that you do
with the secret love and warmth of your heart.
May you see in what you do the beauty of your own soul.
May the sacredness of your work bring healing, light
and renewal to those who work with you
and to those who see and receive your work.
May your work never weary you.
May it release within you wellsprings of
refreshment, inspiration and excitement.
May you be present in what you do.
May you never become lost in bland absences.
May the day never burden.
May dawn find you awake and alert,
approaching your new day with dreams, possibilities and promises.
May evening find you gracious and fulfilled.
May you go into the night blessed, sheltered and protected.
May your soul calm, console and renew you.

Anon

WHY TILLING SOIL IS GOOD THERAPY

1. **It's an escape from work problems.** It also offers a diversion from the more predictable aspects of domestic routine: gardening may be exhausting but destroying weeds is not stressful.
2. **Regression to childhood.** When did you last have permission to get dirty? If you are female, probably when you were about five – if you are male perhaps when you played rugby.
3. **Emotional satisfaction.** Gardens are secure places because they don't challenge you in the pointed or personal way that work or family can. Surrounded by plants you have nurtured, you feel valued.
4. **Physical exercise.** Who needs to play squash when you can dig in manure or cut back the rampaging forsythia? Exercise calms the mind, and you also get fresh air (if you live outside London).
5. **It's sensual.** Think of the colours, the scents, the textures of plants.
6. **You are in control (almost).** Wild or clipped, anarchic or repressed, it's your decision, you make the rules.
7. **It's creative.** You design it and choose the colours.
8. **Retail therapy.** Garden centre shopping is just as satisfying as buying clothes, and easier to justify.
9. **It's your territory.** Gardens are not shared with televisions, irritating radio stations, mobile phones or computer games. Peace and freedom beckon.
10. **You can grow your own vegetables.** No GM, no chemicals, delicious flavours, and impressive at dinner parties.

(Adapted from a piece by Jane Owen and published in The Times, July 2001.)

Lord, make us mindful of the little things that grow and blossom in these days to make the world beautiful for us.

W E B Du Bois

A Meditation for the Lonely

While we cannot change the reasons, or causes of loneliness, we can do two things:

We can project the warmth of our innermost thoughts to warm and embrace the lonely and help their pain become tolerable –

And we can bring the lonely into the Light and bathe them in its restoring power.

So – please become comfortable, balanced, and let your hands, arms and shoulders become loose and let the tension drain away. Let any tightness melt away from your neck and your head. Your legs feel heavy and you feel the floor pressing upward under your feet.

Now, imagine that you are looking at the front door of a small house.

Think of all your family, or friends, and colleagues...and choose one person to open the door for all the rest to file into the house, turning, smiling and waving to you as they do so. The last person holding the door, smiles at you, waves and enters the house, closing the door behind them.

You now have no-one who can cause you to have any burden, any obligation, or any responsibility toward them.

Keep the door closed and let all these people, and their calls upon you be, for a while, outside your thoughts. Let yourself now just exist in a state of stillness and freedom.

We become aware of a pool of Light bathing us and adding to our stillness... Light which gently greets, pulses, soothes and enters every part of our being and for a moment shuts out the world...

Light which is love, which is the power of healing...

As we offer our own needs for healing to the Light we are enveloped in its love and feel its restoring presence...

And as the Light gives us the power of discernment let us hold those who are lonely in its peace and healing...

.....

If we choose we can return to that little house, and open the door and greet our family and friends – as we do so holding each one in the power of the Light. Then we gently stretch our limbs and return to the present.

CLARIDGE HOUSE PROGRAMME

Bursary assistance available, depending on individual personal circumstances. Please enquire when booking. For booking details – and other tariff, including daily rates and special breaks – please contact David Huxley, Claridge House, Dormans Road, Lingfield, Surrey RH7 6QH. Email: welcome@claridgehousequaker.org.uk Website: www.claridgehousequaker.org.uk Tel: 01342 832150.



FIRST WEDNESDAY RETREATS

On the **first Wednesday** of the month there will be a Led Day Retreat –
cost £35

April 3rd **W. H. Auden**
Led by *Richard Wadey, Tim James and Geraldine McCaulder*

May 1st **Labyrinth Meditation**
Led by *Lina Newstead*

June 5th **Quaker Spirituality**
Led by *Cherry Simpkin*

March 22nd - 24th **LIVING WITH LOSS** (£190)
A gentle, nurturing time for anyone who has lost a loved one, not necessarily by death. We will look at the grief process and explore the paradox of letting go while staying connected. Is it possible to forge continuing bonds?
Frances Crampton, bereavement counsellor and healer.

March 29th - April 1st **EASTER BREAK** (£210)

April 5th-7th **HAIKU – the holistic approach** (£190)
A friendly inclusive course to find out what makes a haiku poem. We'll look at how our experiences, both external and spiritual, can become haiku, and act as important records of our life. We'll check out the new yotsumonos derived from Chinese puzzle-poems for fun and finish the course with the ever popular linked verse renga.
Alan Summers, a Japan Times award-winning writer for haiku and renku, and awarded a Ritsumeikan University of Kyoto Peace Museum Award for haiku.

April 8th-12th **YOGA RETREAT – reconnect with your essential self** (£320)
Using yoga postures, breath work, deep relaxation techniques and meditation we

will aim to reconnect with body and mind in a beautiful, peaceful setting.

Lina Newstead, a British Wheel of Yoga teacher who runs private classes, retreats and Yoga teacher training courses.

April 12th-14th MINDFULNESS – TRUE LOVE (£190)

Love is the peaceful conqueror, the magical healer, our true nature. This weekend is an opportunity for us to cultivate loving kindness, mindfulness and wisdom to help us to heal and to create harmony within ourselves and with others. Essential reading: True Love by the Zen Master, Thich Nhat Hanh.

Lotus Nguyen, Mindfulness trainer and coach.

April 26th-28th CHINESE BRUSH PAINTING – a welcome to Spring (£190)

The main theme of this course will be Spring. Learn the magical techniques of Chinese flower painting and, in addition, birds, and a landscape. The course will also take us through the history of this fascinating art form and its traditions. All levels, including beginners, welcome.

Pauline Molesworth, a Chinese Brush Painting teacher who has studied with Chinese masters.

May 3rd-5th TAO TEH CHING – the way of life (£190)

For more than 2000 years the Tao Teh Ching has been a guide for meditation, healing and a harmonious way of life. This course will examine how this can still be the case today. Participants are invited to read and/or bring with them, one or more of the 100 plus available English translations.

Jim Pym, a healer and teacher of meditation who has lived with the guidance of the Tao Teh Ching for over 40 years. He is currently working on a book about his experiences with it.

May 17th-19th CELTIC SPIRITUALITY (£190)

A weekend of reflection on some of the Celtic themes and ideas contained in the book 'Anam Cara' by John O Donohue, as an aid to our own spiritual journey.

We will spend the weekend exploring some of these themes from the book by the use of prose, poetry, music and reflection.

Kenneth Boyd Browne, BACP Senior Accredited Counsellor and Psychotherapist, qualified Spiritual Companion.

May 24th-26th DEEPEN THE CONNECTION TO YOUR VOICE (£190)

Learn to love your voice and your own unique expression. Connect your singing voice to your inner voice of intuition, wisdom, peace and centredness. We will also work with mantras and movement meditation as well as exploring our ability to sing freely. All welcome, no singing ability required!

Narayani, Kirtan singer and Voicework facilitator.

May 31st-June 2nd YOGA AND AYURVEDA (€190)

An opportunity to explore the wisdom and healing benefits of Yoga and its sister science Ayurveda. Sessions will include physical Yoga, working with the breath, relaxation, pranayama, mudras, healing sounds and meditation, plus talks on the basic principles of Ayurveda, establishing your constitution and an appropriate lifestyle routine.

Bill and Gill Feeney, experienced Yoga teachers (ex-Yoga for Health Foundation). Bill has been a student of Ayurvedic Practitioner and teacher Dr. Vasant Lad for over eighteen years.

June 7th-9th INTRODUCTION TO SHIATSU (€190)

An informal, informative, fun way to learn new skills while improving relaxation and poise. Learn about the nature of energy within the body, Qigong to develop relaxation, calm mind, physical flexibility and sensitivity. Learn how to give friends and family treatments. Therapists can learn to work effortlessly by directing energies effectively.

Debbie Collins, Principal, Shiatsu College Brighton, and Annie Cryar, Principal, Shiatsu College Hastings.

June 10th-14th VOLUNTEER MAINTENANCE WEEK (€110)

Enjoy the fellowship of working, relaxing and of shared Quiet Times, whilst helping the House. Please phone us for details on 01342 832 150.

June 14th-16th ZEN BUDDHISM – the gateless gate (€190)

An introduction to principles, history, different forms and culture of Buddhism will be given and an outline of Zen leading into meditation practice. After considering texts and art forms connected to Zen, the final focus will be on the text Mumonkan – the Gateless Gate, to explain its aims of transformation.

Gordon Tyrrell, an appointed Buddhist teacher (dharma holder), part time Buddhist prison chaplain and professional folk musician.

June 21st-23rd A PASSION FOR POETRY? (€190)

Come and enjoy a summer weekend at Claridge House, writing in free verse and forms with Dennis Evans, poet, teacher, publisher. The course is suitable for those who have a desire to write poetry, and those already writing.

Dennis Evans, who has performed his poetry widely, including: The Poetry Society and in Brazil, for the street children.

(For information on further courses please contact Claridge House directly.)

BODY LANGUAGE

Where can a man get a cap for his knee,
Or a key for a lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an 'Academy'
Because he has pupils there?
On the crown of his head what jewels are found?
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
If he wants to shingle the roof of his mouth
Can he use the nails on his toes?
Can he sit in the shade of the palm of his hand,
Or play on the drum of his ear?
Can the calf of his leg eat the corn on his toes?
Then why not grow corn on his ear?
Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?
If so, what did he do?
How can he sharpen his shoulder blades?
On the tip of his tongue... I dunno!

Anon

A little girl was sitting on her grandfather's lap as he read her a bedtime story. From time to time, she would take her eyes off the book and reach up to touch his wrinkled cheek. She was alternately stroking her own cheek, then his again. Finally she spoke up, "Grandpa, did God make you?"
"Yes, sweetheart," he answered, "God made me a long time ago."
"Oh," she paused, "Grandpa, did God make me too?"
"Yes, indeed, honey," he said, "God made you just a little while ago."
Feeling their respective faces again, she observed,
"God's getting better at it, isn't he?"

QUAKER SPIRITUAL HEALERS EVENTS

QSH 'TRAINING COURSES': (Monday - Friday)

Claridge House – October 14-18, 2013

£280

Facilitated by *Anne Brennan* and *Kay Horsfield*.

These training courses provide a safe and friendly opportunity for those who feel themselves drawn towards the field of spiritual healing, to experience their own potential. If appropriate they can then go on to become fully insured probationer healers, and eventually full healer members of QSH. All courses are facilitated by tutors from the QSH team of tutors.

(Please note: the QSH training course previously arranged at Woodbrooke in April 2013, has had to be cancelled.)

(Please ring Ros Smith on 01359 252248 for details of course content. To make a booking for this event please ring Claridge House directly on 01342 832150)

QSH SUPPORT WEEKEND –

Glenthorne – July 5-7 2013

£155

To be facilitated by *Allan Holmes* and *Carol Curtis*.

Open to both full and probationer members of QSH.

(Please book directly with Glenthorne for this weekend. Tel: 01539 435389.)

FFH/QFAS WEEKEND GATHERING at Woodbrooke Sept 20-22, 2013

Aspects of Healing.

£175

Organised jointly by Friends' Fellowship of Healing and Quaker Fellowship for Afterlife Studies primarily for their members, but open to all who are interested. This is a weekend for sharing insights and methods. How can visualisation, colour and sound be used in healing? Can negative past life experiences be healed? Can healing assist the soul at death? How does a belief in an afterlife help in bereavement?

Bookings and further information:
please contact Angela Howard Tel: 01371 850423
or email: angela1@webbscottage.co.uk



AN OPEN-AIR MEETING FOR WORSHIP FOR HEALING

Stephen Feltham

One Saturday last September, a party of Bournemouth F(f)riends met at Knowlton Rings not far from Cranborne. The purpose of the meeting was one of Worship for Healing. We gathered in the Quaker manner whilst a family with children played happily nearby, and another group of folk also, but in their own manner, connected with Gaia or Mother Earth or the divine in the way that was meaningful for them.

Knowlton Rings is a henge. It is a pre-historic earthwork comprising a bank and a ditch about 100 yards in diameter. In the middle is a ruined Anglo-Saxon church now in the care of English Heritage. The site is peaceful and somehow very special, if not mystical. People had gathered here for about 4000 years, so to scoff or hold lightly that a deep meaning is associated with the place would perhaps be an ill-considered move. There is an energy here that is difficult to describe but perhaps it is sufficient to say "it can just be felt, or if not that, at least the ambience of the place leads one to reflect that others may be able to tune in to the place even if one is denied that sensitivity oneself."

Our party had gathered first at a local inn for a light libation prior to gathering at the henge. When we arrived at Knowlton some of us set about to try a little attuning to the energy here. In other words, we did a little dowsing and some of us were successful in identifying points that were, at least, very meaningful to us as individuals. It was interesting to note that a family picnicking nearby were also encouraging their children to dowse. It lent an air of normality to the practice that otherwise some may have been less comfy with.

Although there was a mild programme for our worship this was not followed. We just gathered at our worship spot nearby the church and ascended into stillness in the balmy autumn air with just a mild breeze creating a little movement now and again. The worship came upon us in a very gentle manner and it seemed to me that a blissful state was experienced by all. A prayer for healing was spontaneously given by one of our group and distant healing was offered by the speaking of names and surrendering all else to the Spirit and the releasing of our will and desire for any outcome. Healing is God's work.

Our worship was undisturbed but it was perhaps complemented by the noise of the family group and children that were at play nearby. Further atmosphere was added by the Indian drumming and smell of incense coming from the 'Gaia Group' assembled just outside the end of the ruined church.

The day of our worship, 22-09-2012, was chosen because it was the day of the Autumn Equinox, when daytime hours equal night-time hours. We felt that this was an attunement with our Quaker testimony to equality, in that it is not just men and women, and those of property and those without, that are all equal before God, but all living things and all things under and within the heavens. (For without equality of all things there can only be discord and lack of harmony and such conditions are disruptive to our spiritual journeys.) The equinox occurred at 2:49pm and our Meeting for Worship for Healing finished some little while later having lasted a while over half an hour.

There was a patent air of peacefulness and relaxation on the countenance of all following the meeting. The fresh air and caressing sunshine no doubt, had made its contribution but more than that, there was a general feeling amongst us all that something very special had been shared between us and we gave thanks to God for the experience.

But humankind has its physical needs as well as its spiritual ones and the day was rounded off in a most enjoyable manner by a good few of us descending upon the tea shop at a local garden centre for a cream tea. A refreshing repast for our bodies that rounded off the day with good companionship and warm Friendship.

FFH GROUPS – JANUARY 2013

- BANGOR** Jenifer Gibson, Cum Ty Coid, Menai Bridge, Anglesey LL59 5LA
BATH Rene Aldcroft, 701 Wellsway, Bath BA2 2TZ
BARNSTAPLE Janet Richards, 5 Taw Court, Litchdon Street, Barnstaple EX32 8NN
BEDFORD Geoffrey Martin, 24 Kingsley Road, Bedford MK40 3SF
BEWDLEY Margaret Shaddock, 19 Bow Patch Road, Arely Kings,
Stourport-on-Severn DY13 0ND
BLACKHEATH Cherry Simpkin, 78 Courtlands Avenue, Lee, London SE12 8JA
BOURNEMOUTH Stephen Feltham, 6 Ferris Place, Bournemouth BH8 0AU
BRADFORD Edna Woodhouse, 1 Beamsley House, Bradford Rd, Shipley,
W. Yorks BD18 3BL
BRIGHTON Magda Cross, 41 Preston Grange, Orange Close, Brighton BN1 6BH
BURY ST EDMUNDS Rosalind Smith, 4 The Walks, Stanton, Suffolk IP31 2BX
CAMBRIDGE Pat Revell, 12 Rustat Road, Cambridge CB1 3QT
CARDIFF Ken Timmins, FMH, 43 Charles Street, Cardiff CF10 2GB
CHESTER Hazel Goynes, 4 Whitton Drive, Chester CH2 1HF
CLACTON Mary Farquhar, 5 Colne Road, Brightlingsea, Colchester, Essex CO7 0DL
CLARIDGE HOUSE Peter Horsfield, Claridge House, Dormansland, Surrey RH7 6QH

CROYDON Croydon PM c/o Joyce Trotman, FMH, 60 Park Lane, Croydon CR0 1JE
DERBY Emmaline O'Dowd, 54 Ravenscroft Drive, Chaddesden, Derby DE21 6NX
DISLEY Leonora Dobson, Moor Edge, Birch Vale, High Peak, Derbyshire SK22 1BX
DISS Jacqueline Rowe, 10 Frenze Road, Diss, Norfolk IP22 4PA
DITCHLING Valerie Lodge, Lentridge Farm Cottage East, Station Road, Plumpton Green, East Sussex BN7 3DE
DORCHESTER Charlotte Seymour-Smith, 9 Mansell House, Bridport Road, & **WEYMOUTH** Dorchester, Dorset DT1 3TS
DORKING Lesley Hunka, 68 Stevens Lane, Claygate, Surrey KT10 0TT
ECCLES David P. Jones, 26 Moss Lane, Sale, Cheshire M33 6GD
ESHER Betty Sear, Tara, Irene Road, Blundel Lane, Stoke-d'Abernon, Cobham KT11 2SR
EXETER Bridget Oliver, 10 Second Ave., Heavitree, Exeter EX1 2PN
FINCHLEY Elizabeth Brown, 3 Hobbs Green, East Finchley, London N2 0TG
FOREST OF DEAN *for venue and times please contact either* Mike Green, T. 01452 762082 *or* Joy Simpson, T. 01594 841800
GLASGOW Muriel A Robertson, 51 Highmains Avenue, Dumbarton G82 2PT
GREAT AYTON Carole Avison, 4 The Avenue, Stokesley, Middlesborough TS9 5ET
HALL GREEN Joy Aldworth & Trevor Barker, 5 Velsheda Road, Shirley, Solihull B90 2JL
HARLOW Elizabeth Wilson, 111 Rectory Wood, Harlow, Essex CM20 1RD
HARROW Ann Taylor, 79 Hawthorne Avenue, Ruislip, HA4 8SR *and* David Crick, 104 Northview, Eastcote, Pinner, HA5 1PF
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Anne Smith, Margaret House, Parsonage Close, Kings Langley WD5 0BQ
HEREFORD Pam Newman, 82 Bridle Road, Hereford HR4 0PW
HULL *Acting Convenor:* Margaret Pamely, 20 Brimington Road, Willerby, Hull HU10 6JD
ILMINSTER & CHARD Eve Northey, Little Bethany, 44 Silver St, Ilminster TA19 0DR
ISLE OF MAN Ruth Robson, 8 Farrant Park, Castleton, Isle of Man IM9 1NG
KESWICK Allan Holmes, 1 Fern Villas, South St, Cockermouth, Cumbria CA13 9RD
KETTERING Alan Tustin, 8 Lumbertubs Lane, Boothville, Northampton NN3 6AH,
LEIGH ON SEA Tony Burden, 25 Fernleigh Drive, Leigh on Sea, Essex SS9 1LG
LLANIDLOES Gwen Prince, Glanafon, Glan Y Nant, Llanidloes SY18 6PQ
LONG SUTTON Annette Price, 29 Middle Leigh, Street, Somerset BA16 0LD
MARAZION Heather Bray, Blue Waters, Market Place, Marazion, Cornwall TR17 0AR
NEWTON ABBOT Valerie Huish, 13 Brimley Vale, Bovey Tracey, Nr. Newton Abbot, Devon TQ13 9DA
NOTTINGHAM Mary Brimelow, 30 Private Road, Sherwood, Nottingham NG5 4DB
OAKHAM Anna Findlay, 44 Well Street, Langham, Rutland LE15 7JS
OSWESTRY Humphrey Gibson, 14 West Street, Llangollen LL20 8RG
OXFORD Mary Fear, Homelea, Glebe Road, Cumnor, Oxford OX2 9QJ
OXTED Pat Pique, 17 Altamont, Westview Road, Warlingham CR6 9JD

POOLE & WIMBORNE Jeremy Deane, 17 Cedar Avenue, St. Leonard's, Ringwood BH24 2QG
and Peter Wilson, The Old Stable, Levets Lane, Poole BH15 1LW

PURLEY Robert & Veronica Aldous, 7a Downs Court Road, Purley CR8 1BE

READING Jenny Cuff, 62 Redhatch Drive, Earley, Reading RG6 5QR

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Dorset SP7 8NT

SHEFFIELD Anne Marples, 55 Mona Road, Crookes, Sheffield S10 1NG

SIDCOT Joint Convenors: – Christine Brown, 7 Sewell House, Belmont Road,
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and Peter G. Alletson, 4 Brae Road, Winscombe BS25 1LN

SOUTH AUSTRALIA REGIONAL MEETING Enid L. Robertson,
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STOCKPORT Marjory Rossant, 1 Thornfield Court, Heaton Close, Heaton Moor,
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STREATHAM Isobella Stewart, 15 Lexton Gardens, London SW12 0AY

SUTTON COLDFIELD Linda Pegler, 15 Wakefield Close, Sutton Coldfield,
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TELFORD Val Robinson *and* Anne Harding, 11 Arundel Close, Telford TF3 2LX

THAXTED Anthea Lee, 24 Lea Close, Bishops Stortford CM23 5EA

TOTTENHAM Nigel Norrie, 65 Friern Barnet Lane, London N11 3LL

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WATFORD Ruth Shadwell, 9 Denmark Street, Watford WD17 4YA

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WESTON-SUPER-MARE Hazel Hather, 43 Uphill Road South, Weston-super-mare
BS23 4ST

WINCHESTER Andrew F Rutter, 1 St. Johns Road, Winchester SO23 0HQ

WITNEY Mahalla Mason, 5 Larch Lane, Witney OX28 1AG

WORCESTER & MALVERN Hazel Court, 50 Clarence Road, Malvern WR14 3EQ
and Mary Callaway, 7 Red Earl Lane, Malvern WR14 2ST

WORTHING Don Jameson, 26 Wilmington Court, Bath Road, Worthing BN11 3QN

YEALAND Hazel Nowell, Well House Farm, Wyresdale Road, Lancaster LA1 3JL

IMMEDIATE PRAYER GROUP
Rosemary Bartlett, 10 Cavendish Mews, Wilmslow, Cheshire SK9 1PW
and Joy Simpson, 14 School Cres., Primrose Hill, Lydney, Glos. GL15 5TA

URGENT PRAYER GROUP Anne Brennan, 28 Westbrook Road, Evercreech, Shepton
Mallet BA4 6LR *and* Margaret Western, 2 Orchard Rise, Crewkerne, TA18 8EH

MOTHER & HER UNBORN CHILD Mina Tilt, 185 Robin Hood Ln, Hall Green B28 0JE

POSTAL GROUPS Muriel Robertson, 51 Highmains Avenue, Dumbarton G82 2PT
and Elliot Mitchell, 87 Ravelston Road, Bearsden, Glasgow G61 1AZ

As I wrote my Christmas cards last year, I began thinking about friends. I have a large circle of friends, in fact, I have several circles and they don't all overlap.

There are a group of old friends who meet at my house each month to eat a bring-and-share lunch together. Then I have a circle of correspondents with whom I share a gardening interest, along with lots of other things common to us, reading, hobbies etc. Then there are a small group of email friends. There are family friends, people who write notes inside their Christmas cards to update me about their activities throughout the previous year.

Several of the books I have read this year share the theme of friendship. One morning on Radio 4, there was an item about Eric Lomax who has recently died. He was a prisoner of war in the Far East and suffered very badly at the hands of the Japanese. His book was mentioned, *The Railway Man*, and I got it out of the library to read. Yes, it was harrowing, but so hopeful too. After having enormous help from the charity founded by Helen Bamber to help victims of torture, he made the trip back to the Burma Siam railway to meet the interpreter who interrogated him, saying throughout, 'you will tell us, Lomax', when he was questioned about how he built a radio. He never cracked, and was punished severely for it. He imagined he would meet this man with hate in his heart, but in reality, they met as friends. The interpreter had felt such shame after the war was over he had made a gift of a temple to be built alongside the railway.

An old friend was telling me last week about the book she was giving her husband for Christmas. This is the story of four men held in a prisoner of war camp who passed the time by watching birds and making records and drawings of all the birds in and around the camp. When they were discharged, they created the RSPB.

I reflected on the strength of friendships and how true friends can be so supportive to each other. I was describing an incident on the telephone to an old friend and she immediately sprang to my defence, although I am perfectly able to sort the problem myself. But that's what good friends do! And I certainly value all my friends.

My neighbour knocked on my door at 2.30 am this morning – would you believe that, 2.30 am! Luckily for him I was still up playing my bagpipes.

In thinking about the influence that the arts and works of art have had on my personal life and well-being, I realise that there is a macro aspect where music, poetry, sculpture, paintings and drama have been an enriching influence throughout the whole of my life. For me, the essence of true art is that it can transform the ordinary by giving it an extra dimension, which helps us to look afresh at something we may previously have thought of as mundane. Often the artist's delight in his subject communicates itself, and I have sometimes found that in walking round a gallery, one or two paintings will sing out and glow in a special way for me. The delight I experience from these works of art stays with me and I can draw strength from conjuring them up again in my mind's eye.

However, art is complex and sometimes a painting is like a person whom you gradually learn to know better, and your feelings deepen as you become more familiar with each other. Sometimes instant appeal may result in a speedier tiring of a work of art as there may not be enough depth in it to enrich the spirit or enhance our understanding of the subject. Once, when I came into a small sum of money, I wanted to buy a painting that I could have in my living room, and I chose one of Winchester Cathedral by Michael Cadman, and I love it because for me it has the perfect balance between realism and imagination. The cathedral is painted in an abstract form, as are some of the surrounding buildings, and yet the line is clear enough to define the salient structures. It is a painting that allows my imagination to work in conjunction with it, and as a result I will never tire of its beauty.

I believe that we are not just passive recipients of art, but that we should try to be open to new forms. As I write there has been a lot of emotion generated by a sculpture that has been placed in the local park. Opinion is divided as to its merit but many people can see neither meaning nor beauty in it, and I certainly find it to be extraordinary. Yet it has been pointed out that the sculptures we have on one of our larger buildings that were the work of Barbara Hepworth met with similar reactions when they were first put in place. Artists must follow their vision and will often be too far ahead for us to be able to appreciate what they are trying to say. A visit to the Rodin Exhibition in Paris was one of the most uplifting experiences of my life, yet what part did my familiarity with the work, having frequently seen photographs of it prior to going there, play in my enjoyment and appreciation of it, I wonder? I went prepared for a wonderful experience, knowing I was seeing the work of a man acknowledged as a great artist.

There are parallels in other forms of art. My husband used to play a record which I didn't like. Then some while later when he played it I asked him what that wonderful record was, and thereafter I loved it and played it frequently and also went to a concert by the same composer. Because at first my mind and ear weren't attuned to the complex harmonies, the music made no sense to me, but gradually, as my subconscious tuned into it, it became accessible and a source of delight.

When I was in my early teens I used to be taken to the Promenade Concerts at the Albert Hall and I found the experience difficult. I was not able to appreciate the beauty of the music, possibly because it was too powerful for me to cope with at that time. However, I recognised its quality. Perhaps it is a good thing to be presented with something that is somewhat beyond us. Much of life and art will no doubt always be partially incomprehensible to us and we have the choice as to whether we try to grow towards greater joy in it by making our own efforts towards understanding and relating to what is offered.

Poetry and drama appear to be easier as they use the medium of words, but as Quakers know, between the spoken word and the ear of the hearer there is the chasm of interpretation. I love literature, poetry, drama and film. I find my knowledge of people and their worlds immeasurably extended by drama and the written word, and experience real pleasure in the talent shown by writers in their descriptive powers, their lucidity, and their ability to describe shared experiences to us: to reassure, inform and, even, sometimes alarm us. Writers skilfully put into books situations that are our perceived observations, and help us to see them more clearly and lucidly. We can then discuss the dilemmas faced by the characters in a non-threatening way, knowing that they are fictional. And they may have lessons for us which we recognise. We may find ourselves quoting sayings of the characters in our ordinary conversations, and a society's shared wisdom is often built on numerous well-known quotations which we have heard from childhood. Many odd lines from poems that I learnt as a child run through my head when some event triggers them. The greatest poetry encapsulates something we experience but for which we are unable to find the right words. It makes us realise that others have perceived or felt as we perceive or feel. I think that of all the art forms literature and poetry have contributed more to my own well-being than any other.

Having written of the large canvas that the various arts have been throughout my life, I would like to offer a brief mention of what could perhaps be termed the more micro aspects. Our home is often flooded with beautiful music as my husband is a very talented singer and guitarist. We have friends who are musicians and it is a great joy to have live music in the house as well as that

which is recorded. I do play the piano, and though I have gone for long periods without touching the instrument, I am now back in the habit of playing for a short while each day. I used to particularly enjoy accompanying others, playing the organ in church, and rehearsing weekly with the choir when we joined together to 'make a joyful noise'.

I will end by recounting an experience we had in Wales a couple of years ago. We happened to pass a chapel that, though usually deserted, now had very many parked cars outside. A man was hurrying down the road so my husband asked him what was happening, and we were told that it was a farewell to a choir conductor, and that although it was crowded we were very welcome to come in. Though the place was packed they found a seat for me in the corner of a balcony, and one for my husband in the aisle downstairs. Everyone was dressed in their best attire, while we felt windswept in our holiday clothes. And everything was in Welsh which we didn't speak. Six choirs were singing together that evening in their farewell to their conductor and words cannot describe the power and beauty of that music. They sang from the depth of their souls and the glorious voices swelled up to produce a sound we will never forget. We were later told by the people we were staying with that in Wales it is a common sight to see children walking down the road singing at the top of their voices. How wonderful!

It was said by Yehudi Menuhin that we should all sing once each day.

A musician must make music, an artist must paint, a poet must write if he is ultimately to be at peace with himself. What one can be, one must be.

Abraham Maslow

FEEL BETTER OUTSIDE – FEEL BETTER INSIDE

Relax in your local park: You're never far from a public park and green spaces can give you some well-needed peace and quiet.

1. Simply sitting in the park, surrounded by trees, can be a great way to relax and get some breathing space.
2. When you're feeling low, a gentle stroll can be just enough to lift your mood.
3. If your local park has a pond, bring some food for the ducks. Simple activities can relieve the pressure and clear your mind.
4. Bring the children and a picnic. Kicking a ball or playing on the swings together can improve your sense of well-being and is an easy way to build connections with your family. *(From www.mind.org.uk/ecominds)*



The Other side of Chaos – Breaking through when life is breaking down by *Margaret Silf*. Darton-Longman-Todd 2011 ISBN 078-0-232-52891-6 £10.99
We most of us have had upheaval and experienced intense emotional pain in our lives and then found that eventually we have come through. We may be scarred and in a different place only to find that the new place is often better than the place we occupied before the trauma. It is the in between state, the transition, that is so difficult. Margaret Silf describes this insecure and painful time beautifully when she says “Transition is the bridge which leads us from the ‘no longer’ to the ‘not yet’”. And then she goes on to say “The truth is that once you have broken an egg, all you can do is make an omelette ... unless the egg hasn’t just broken but has *hatched*.”

This very positive book is based on the Christian faith and asks us to trust in the future – to trust that there is a bridge from the ‘no longer’ to the ‘not yet’ and that it is an opportunity to ‘set ourselves free’. Margaret Silf tells many stories and gives many examples of breakdown but also lots of practical down-to-earth advice.

Geoffrey Martin

No Oil in the Lamp: Fuel, Faith & the Energy Crisis. By *Andy Mellen* and *Neil Hollow*. Darton-Longman-Todd. 2012. 226pp. ISBN 978 0 232 529449 £12.99.
If you have never heard of “Peak Oil” you soon will.

Whilst this book does not introduce the concept, it does illustrate it and explain how important these two words are. Firstly therefore, I should explain what Peak Oil is: ‘peak oil’ is that moment in time when the earth’s resources of fossil fuels have reached their peak and what is left to extract (as time goes on), becomes a lesser and lesser proportion of all the fossil fuels that the planet has ever held.

The authors make the point that they are talking of capacity and not timelines. Oil has been extracted commercially during the last 150 years in ever increasing amounts and so there can be no safe extrapolation of when the oil will run out, except to confidently predict that a finite resource will, one day, come to an end and, in all probability, in a lot less time than it took to reach Peak Oil. They also make the point that the expression is a little misleading because it refers to all fossil fuels and not just oil.

This book is not primarily another Christian book about the environment, climate change and the effects of fossil fuels (although the authors fully accept the importance of these topics); this book is about the other half of the fossil fuel equation, not the ‘cannot live with it’ argument, but the ‘cannot live without it’ one. Therefore this is a very thought provoking 215 pages covering coal, gas, nuclear and renewable energy, food, the Bible, what Churches can do, and what are the

consequences of ‘just carrying on?’

Having written lucidly and in every-day language the authors pose in the final chapter “Where do we go from here?” and as an appendix provide some further very good questions to ponder based upon each chapter of the book such as “What is the problem?”, “What about renewable energy?”, “Does the Bible have anything to say here?”. There are fourteen sets of questions, and for book clubs and reading circles and even for concerned members of Quaker Meetings these questions, I feel, would form the basis of an excellent day’s workshop.

The book is completed by an excellent but short glossary of terms common to the subject.

Stephen Feltham

The Power of Change Visual Remedies: Powerful Images and Inspiring Words set in a context of Evolving Consciousness

Towards Wholeness – not just a magazine for Quaker healers! *Towards Wholeness* visual remedy cards (no connection with FFH/*Towards Wholeness* – other than their healing intention) form 46 of a series of 71 images specifically created for personal and spiritual growth and the expansion of awareness so necessary for our journey towards greater integration both within ourselves and between ourselves and the wider environment, which is of course what healing is! The *Towards Wholeness* range covers the spiritual journey from beginning to recognise that there actually is one, to help with major issues that may present as we become more fully engaged with this universal process.

The other cards in the series cover ‘Knowing Yourself’, 12 cards looking at relationship issues such as ‘control’ and feeling ‘martyred’; *Towards Group Consciousness*, moving from individual to group awareness is part of our evolutionary pathway and these 6 cards help us to see where we are and where we are moving towards. Finally, based in the work of Alice Bailey, the 7 Rays in their more and less inclusive aspects are depicted, to help strengthen their virtues in our lives and minimise the ‘glamours’.

Useful in personal work, energy work with others, counselling etc. they can bring profound insights, enabling changes to be made with relative ease. The accompanying 240-page book contains clear instructions for a number of ways of using them and a written piece to go with each remedy card. The words, often quite poetic in nature, offer a more left brain access to the information to accompany the direct access to the unconscious mind facilitated by the images themselves. Beautifully presented, this set of cards is an invaluable tool for anyone involved in healing work of any kind. Cost £45 including postage.

For a sample please email annbanks101@gmail.com or ring 01706 816662.

Ann Banks

FFH PUBLICATIONS

Available from The Manager, Claridge House, Dormans Road, Dormansland, Lingfield, Surrey RH7 6QH. Tel: 01342 832150. Please add postage. Cheques to be made out to 'Claridge House'.

Valerie Cherry	– <i>Grief Experienced</i> Second edition	£1.80
Joan Fitch	– <i>Handicap and Bereavement</i>	£1.00
Sue Glover Frykman	– <i>'Rite' from the Spirit</i>	£2.00
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Joanna Harris & Alan Pearce (eds.)	– <i>Quakers and Healing Today</i>	£2.00
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The Postal and Phone Link Groups give prayer support to people seeking reassurance and healing. Some members have joined these groups because they are physically isolated by handicap, age or geography. Others may already belong to a local healing group and are able to give additional commitment by also belonging to one of the postal or phone link groups, or are simply committed to the power of prayer.

All are welcome to join. If you would like to help in this way, please write to one of the Postal Co-ordinators (*Elliot Mitchell* and *Muriel Robertson* – addresses on inside back cover) with a few details about yourself. Your letter will be passed on to one of the group secretaries who will then contact you direct and give you the names of two or three people to uphold in prayer regularly.

Friends Fellowship of Healing application form for new members

We are very pleased if you are currently borrowing *Towards Wholeness* from another Friend, perhaps before passing it to another person. But, *we would like to invite you* to become a member of FFH yourself. This would help us greatly to keep on top of the costs of continuing the work of the Fellowship and producing the journal.

The minimum subscription for a year is £10.00, (overseas £15.00), and we do value the support of our members. If you feel you would like to become part of this Quaker group then please send a cheque, made out to the *Friends Fellowship of Healing*, to the address below.

Also, if you would like to consider making your payment by standing order – which, again, is greatly appreciated by us – there is a S/O mandate on the reverse of this application form.

With thanks,
and In Friendship,

The Committee of the Friends Fellowship of Healing.

I would like to become a member of the Friends Fellowship of Healing and either:

I enclose a cheque for £ to cover my membership for 2013

or

I have completed the Standing Order form (overleaf)

(please delete as appropriate)

I am/am not a taxpayer. *(please delete as appropriate)*

Please send to: Stephen Feltham,
FFH Membership Secretary,
6 Ferris Place,
Bournemouth BH8 0AU



FRIENDS' FELLOWSHIP of HEALING
(Registered Charity No. 284459)
Annual Standing Order Mandate

Bank

Sort Code

Branch Address

..... Post-code

Please pay to **The Friends' Fellowship of Healing**, Co-operative Bank plc
Salford, M5 2QP. Sort Code: 08 92 50; Account No: 65033106

The sum of £

Amount in words

annually on the day of 2013.....

until further notice, and debit my account no:

Refce: (leave for completion by the treasurer)

Member's Name

Address

.....

..... Post-code

Signed Date

Please send to: Stephen Feltham,
FFH Membership Secretary,
6 Ferris Place,
Bournemouth BH8 0AU



FFH/QSH Web-site: www.quaker-healing.org.uk

Clerk: Hilary Painter, 2 Gunhild Close, Cambridge CB1 8RD

Email: paintermarden@ntlworld.com

Tel: 01223 243452

Assistant Clerk: Cherry Simpkin, 78 Courtlands Ave, Lee, London SE12 8JA

Email: cherrysim@btinternet.com

Tel: 020 8852 6735

FFH Membership Secretary: Stephen Feltham, 6 Ferris Place,

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Bearsden, Glasgow G61 1AZ Email: elliotjames43@btinternet.com

Tel: 07772 248411 and Muriel Robertson, 51 Highmains Avenue,

Dumbarton G82 2PT

Email: murielQ@blueyonder.co.uk

Tel: 01389 763963

Immediate Prayer Group: Rosemary Bartlett, 10 Cavendish Mews, Wilmslow,

Cheshire SK9 1PW Tel: 01625 526067, – or Joy Simpson Tel: 01594 841800

Urgent Prayer Group: Anne Brennan, 28 Westbrook Road, Evercreech,

Shepton Mallet BA4 6LR Email: anne.ffh@live.co.uk

Tel: 07840 674156

and Margaret Western, 2 Orchard Rise, Crewkerne TA18 8EH

wynardspatch@yahoo.co.uk Tel: 01460 74182

Prayer Group for the Mother and her Unborn Child: Mina Tilt,

185 Robin Hood Lane, Hall Green, Birmingham B28 0JE

Email: theminatree@blueyonder.co.uk

Tel: 0121 778 6778

Quaker Spiritual Healers Membership Secretary: Kay Horsfield, 25 Valley

Rise, Watford WD25 7EY Email: horsfield.k@gmail.com Tel: 01923 675671

Claridge House, Dormans Road, Dormansland, Lingfield, Surrey RH7 6QH

Manager: David Huxley

Website: www.claridgehousequaker.org.uk

Email: welcome@claridgehousequaker.org.uk

Tel: 01342 832150

IF YOU ARE THINKING OF MAKING A WILL...

Have you considered leaving something to the FFH?

A specimen form of words could be:

“I give and bequeath (*state what...*) to the Friends Fellowship of Healing (being a Charity registered under the Charities Act, No. 284459), to the registered address of the Charity as recorded with the Charity Commission at the time that this bequest comes into effect, AND I DECLARE that the receipt of this legacy by the then proper officer for the Fellowship, shall be a complete discharge to my Trustee(s) for that legacy.”

