

TOWARDS WHOLENESS

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NEWS

Quaker Spiritual Healers 'Training' Courses:

Mon-Fri 4th/8th October led by *Leonora Dobson* and *Tony Steel-Cox*
 Mon-Fri 7th/11th March 2005 led by *Leonora Dobson* and *Rosalind Smith* – both these courses are at Claridge House.

Mon-Fri 9th/13th May at Lattendales
 led by *Leonora Dobson* and *Rosalind Smith*.

(see programmes on centre pages of TW for further details)

QSH Support Weekends:

Claridge House 17/19 Sept. 2004 – led by *Geoffrey Martin* and *Tony Steel-Cox*.

WEB-SITE... The Friends Fellowship of Healing now has its own web-site, which includes links to the Quaker Spiritual Healers, Claridge House and Lattendales, also to other Quaker Houses, and to the British Alliance of Healing Associations.

Please visit www.quaker-healing.org.uk

A REMINDER... that a bursary fund is available for those FFH members who would like to attend any FFH gatherings, courses, or short stays, at both Claridge House and Lattendales. Reductions on the prices of these events are discretionary taking into account the individual circumstances of each person.

Applications need to be made through an overseer of your Meeting, which should then be forwarded (either by post or phone) to the Treasurer of the FFH (name and address, etc. on the inside back cover of TW).

If anyone has any greetings cards that would recycle – especially with pictures of flowers/birds/scenes, etc. – they can used to boost the funds of Claridge House. Please send them to *Joanna Harris, 18 Dale Rd, Dunstable, Beds. LU5 4PY*.

Please note changes of address for the Clerk of FFH, the Treasurer, and the Editor of *Towards Wholeness* (see inside back cover).

A list of the **FFH publications** will appear in the Autumn issue of TW. Meanwhile these are still available from Alan Pearce, 15 East Street, Bluntisham, Huntingdon, Cambs. PE28 3LS Tel: 01487 741400.



The light for which the world longs is already shining.

Thomas Kelly



DELIGHT IN HEALING

David Lazell

'There is a land of pure delight, where saints celestial reign...' The repertoire of hymns is not short of references to joy, delight, the blessings awaiting those who worship aright – with their lives, not merely with their lips. Yet delight is hardly the environment of much formal religious activity, and joy is presumed postponed until the life beyond this present travail. A possible reason for this 'disciplined absence of cheerfulness' is the oft-mentioned lack of laughter in the Bible. I am not sure this assertion is borne out in study: even Isaiah, the statesman prophet, must have had some sense of joy, apart from the awesomeness he felt, on receiving his divine assignment (*Isaiah, ch.6*). So often these days, people feel despair because they sense a lack of purpose in their lives; awe brings a new perception of the individual's role, albeit as faithful servant rather than as master of one's destiny. As for Jesus, the 'Man of Sorrows', was not this Master Healer accused of spending time with outcasts, sinners, and 'wine bibbers', not so much drunks, (as we would use the word today) but men enjoying some momentary merriment around wine. In any case, the gift of humour that the Jews have long brought to the human race has been that of irony, which at times – and in our modern world – has particular point. In the first book of Samuel, chapter 8, there is a reflection of divine irony when Samuel complains that he has been rejected by the people who demand a king. The divine response: 'they have not so much rejected you, Samuel, as rejected Me' (*verse 7*). We have to place our inevitable rejection experiences in the right spiritual pigeon-hole.

Therapists have long realised that self-absorption is a component of spiritual frailty. I recognise the symptom in myself, and though one can attribute the origins to childhood nurture – in my case, two wartime evacuations and other uncertainties – the encouragement of humour modifies the self-doubt that can result. Merriment is perhaps a better word than humour, in its sense of heartfelt experience, that lightness that sometimes accompanies religious conversion. There is so much in the recorded sayings of Jesus that suggests this merriment: the mere wild flowers, hardly noticed as one walks, are in reality more glorious than the gorgeous attire of an eastern monarch, even one as grand as Solomon. How outrageous, how merry, this must have sounded at the time; one could imagine Hans Christian Andersen using the idea for a story given to children. Jesus' healing utterances go beyond the miracles or signs in their elevation of the ordinary to the remarkable. People are, on the whole, ordinary, and thus they are, in the regard of the Almighty, remarkable.

This topsy-turvy approach to what is called common sense or convention is especially found among older people. Indeed, in a BBC Radio 4 contest, at Christmas 2003, when listeners were invited to nominate legislation, one proposed encouragement of eccentrics, since their input into our national

well-being had been so wholesome. A first step in healing may well be that of encouraging self-acceptance. Most of us tend to go through life, convinced that we are slightly disguised failures. In my own working life, I sometimes gave up jobs, convinced that I was about to be 'found out', and in similar vein struggled for years to stifle my spontaneity, convinced that this was not appropriate for a Christian. I'm not sure where these hurtful ideas come from, but thoughtful preachers (and no doubt Friends in counselling roles) have often met them. An ebullient yet deeply spiritual preacher of past generations, Rev. John McNeill, used to despair of congregations in which no sense of joyfulness was present. It was characteristic of John McNeill to stop in his expositions and cry, 'If you really believed what I'm saying, you'd be turning round and congratulating each other, and wanting to rush out and tell the first person you met.'

Even sturdy expositors like Dr. F.B. Meyer (of Melbourne Hall, Leicester and later Christ Church in Westminster Road, London) thought a sense of humour essential to a preacher's work. 'I was not born with a sense of humour,' he declared, 'but developed one as a spiritual discipline.' There were times to weep with other people, but time to laugh with them, too.

Merriment, reflected in pagan festivity, came into suspicion with the Puritans, though their reported aversion to music does not seem to be borne out by the facts. One might almost say that to convey the Good News is invariably to bring happiness. Merriment cannot be squeezed out of the divine equation, even if theology sometimes gives the impression of massive brainpower and no laughter. In researching afresh the life of a preacher and humourist, Herbert Silverwood – whom I knew when I lived in Bristol – I have found many examples of spirituality blending with merriment. There was perhaps no better example than Samuel Chadwick, the principal of Cliff College and author of books like *The Path to Pentecost*. Was this true of Friends, too? Records suggest that they were suspicious of mere levity, and few could blame them for that. In hazardous times, there was little enough cause for trivial comment. Yet it is hard to imagine even as sturdy a fellow as George Fox denying the warmth of fellowship that he found in his travels around England, sometimes discovering groups who were following the same path – and who had done so without hearing of his example. Healing has this in common with the encounter with a stranger: a building up of the relationship to an encouragement that helps the aspiring pilgrim.

Laughter undoubtedly has a therapeutic effect, and one regrets the lack of opportunities enjoyed by former generations, able to sit in a cheap seat at some downtown cinema, and in common with hundreds of others, lose oneself in the humour of Laurel and Hardy, W.C. Fields, the Marx Brothers, all of whom were masters of nonsense. Some would argue that the person truly endowed with the gift of merriment is akin to a prophet, for he or she too regards humanity as an observer, with an awareness of a more genuine purpose behind

the passing scene. The humourist cannot believe from that wise perspective what he is seeing, that people would be so foolish in their acts, or, to quote Scripture, so wise in their conceits.

I was fortunate enough to have a grandmother, deaf since early married life, whose laughter was a benediction, and, given her modest circumstances, it was the best gift she could have shared with a nervous child. My mother, in her last years, used to say 'God gives us back our memories in old age'. My grandmother (her mother) showed that God gives us every encouragement to laugh. For laughter is a sort of self-acceptance, and a reminder that taking oneself too seriously will not much help us survive the knocks of life. Taking it to extremes, it may become a sort of idolatry, apt warning in an age of celebrity.

Relaxation is another aspect of this healing insight. Perhaps we would be wiser to find some cause for laughter before we prepare for bed, rather than gaze at the troublous events and turmoil presented for our attention on the television screen. Anxious people may need escape – which laughter may help secure – and yet also focus on their real selves, which in another sense laughter may assist. When I worked in the pharmaceutical industry, research often confirmed that the placebo (non active) drug sometimes had beneficial outcomes. Most conditions presented to physicians and to therapists have an element of uncertainty, and whilst one must always give precedence to scientifically proven treatments, the final outcome may rest on the recipient's sense of perspective. Laughter is a component of recovery. There is no better joke than keeping treasure in earthen vessels! ☺



*One inch of joy surmounts of grief a span,
Because to laugh is proper to the man.*

Rabelais



Clerk's Corner

Joolz Saunders

"...those that have ears to hear..." One thing I have learned over 40 years of deafness is that you have to be ready to deal with the unexpected at very short notice! Suddenly you can be plunged into a world of silence and it's very disconcerting! And so it was last weekend after attending a beautiful Quaker wedding: on the way back to our hosts my hearing aid went dead. Neither a hair dryer (for any possible condensation) nor new batteries helped this time so I gave up and yielded to my silent world.

At breakfast everyone spoke in such a way that I could lip-read and was included in all conversations. There were lots of smiley faces, too. We then left

for Meeting.

During Meeting for Worship David wrote down the ministry and I was struck how it seemed significant and just for ME. Towards the end a Friend rose to minister. Then he offered these words: "Silence is symbolic of the spiritual life. It can seem empty and vacuous but it is the means of becoming calm and still: the lake of silence reflects the light above".

From the previous evening and throughout Meeting, I felt a calmness and stillness – not at all like previous occasions when I had panicked, then ranted and wrestled with the silence which had suddenly enveloped me. This Friend 'spoke to my condition' and I thanked him most warmly afterwards – his words were meant for me.

At the AGM during Yearly Meeting I informed Friends of my difficult decision to be released from the Clerkship of FFH. I will be handing over to my successor at the end of December. I am so thankful that I have had the opportunity to Clerk the Fellowship and wish it well for the future. I hope to remain active as a Quaker Spiritual Healer.



CRUCIFIXION AND RESURRECTION

Judy Clinton

The crematorium was full. All seats were taken and more people stood against the walls or perched wherever they could. It was the day of my sister-in-law's funeral. There had been a longer than usual time between Mary's death and the funeral which had given my brother extra time to arrange it all in a way which not only reflected who Mary had been and his relationship to her, but also integrated a number of different traditions and approaches. It had not been easy. I had watched Peter overcome one obstacle after another in the same level-headed and self-aware manner in which he had charted his way through the harrowing 5 years of Mary's diminishment to Alzheimer's Disease. This was the last material act in which he could show his whole-hearted and deeply committed love to his wife.

Peter sings and he had decided early on that he would do so at the funeral. I feared for him, knowing myself how choking a funeral of a close one can be but there was a determination about him that told me that he would carry it through. I was not prepared however for quite how magnificently he did it – all the more remarkable when I later learnt that he had been in tears only moments before he stood before everyone and sang his heart out, for Mary. Peter had chosen two Schubert love songs which are in themselves a glorious blend of joy and sorrow but I have never heard them sung like that before. He was inspired. There he stood, concentrated, apparently composed – the only slight sign of the inevitable tension within him being a gentle sporadic tugging on the cuff of his shirt. Between verses he closed his eyes, drawing on

all his resources and moved into the next verse. Tears poured down my face at the sheer guts of him as he gave of his very best at a time when most people would not have dared to expose themselves to the possibility of failure in front of so many. But more than that my tears fell at the nature of love itself as it was being ministered through him then.

Love can and is delightful, fun, satisfying and joyful as it had been for Peter and Mary for many years. It can be easy, free-flowing and life-giving at such times, but it can easily be confused with mutual gratification which dies quickly when the novelty has worn off and life's difficulties present themselves. Real love can be exacting, tough and relentlessly demanding. It can call for heroism – not usually a dramatic headline that makes big news – but the relentless doing of 'right' by the other person even when there is no return for effort, or even unintended maltreatment. So it had been for years for Peter as Mary became less and less able to communicate, function or in any way act like the person he had married. This was unconditional love in action. There were times when Peter wanted to walk away from it all, even at times will her death nearer through the sheer exhaustion and frustration that dementia brings. But he didn't give up caring and doing everything within his powers to get the most appropriate help for her. This is love that crucifies. It is also the love that can bring with it amazing gifts of a profound spiritual nature. When pushed to the limits of human capacity there is a breaking open that allows, begs for help from an unknown source. Help does come and continues to come and in that resurrection occurs.

I have lived it within myself and now I have witnessed it in my brother. Only by daring to be exposed and to risk failure as we follow the light of love within us do we learn this for ourselves. ☺



Writing for Peace

My son, my son, take off that belt.
You have no need to kill yourself
or all the others who will die
if you pull the cord – or even try
to change the way we're living here.
Let go that belt – just see my fear
if you and others go this way
to kill or maim as others play.

the way for peace is not through war
and – what are YOU dying for?
Will blowing up the one I love
bring peace for Allah up above?
No son, let's talk – and find a way –
let's sit in quietness while we pray
for wisdom, courage, and a place
where we can live – a 'settled race'.

My son, my son, take off that belt.
You're brainwashed now – I've really felt

Oh son, my son, take off that belt –
These words, I hope – your heart will melt.

Phyllis Lee

Reprinted, with permission, from Poems for Peace, Mary Ward Centre, 2003.

INTERCESSION

Kitty Grave

Part 1 of a leaflet published many years ago by the FFH.

"For those whose experiences carry them beyond the well-worn grooves of religious thought, praying is both a problem and a challenge." So said the late Dr. Stewart Carter, one-time minister of the Unitarian church in Cambridge. Why should prayer be a problem? I think we find an answer in the unsatisfactoriness of so many set prayers – their formality, their beseechings, the unworthy sentiments expressed in some of them, and the idea that seems to be prevalent amongst some people that by praying we may persuade God to give us what we want. And why should prayer be a challenge? Having seen into the unworthiness of much that passes for prayer, the challenge lies for us in making it worthy, and in trying to find out what communion means – communion not with a God 'out there', apart from us, but with a spiritual power eternally within us and within creation, incomprehensible, but waiting to be found.

Much has been said and written on the subject of prayer, and we know that one aspect of it – one which we as members of the Friends' Fellowship of Healing are particularly concerned with – is intercession. Now, I do not care for this word, and find it inappropriate for what we are trying to do. If we consult the dictionaries we find that to intercede is to act as peacemaker between two, to interpose on behalf of another, to plead with one person for another, none of which gives the right idea, I feel, if we think of the power we approach as one of love towards all. Probably we do not think of intercession in these dictionary terms, and we must put our own interpretation and understanding into the word, and use it for want of a better one.

What are the requirements for our prayer and intercession? I think that there are three main ones: quiet; humility; love and concern. Which comes first? Perhaps love and concern, otherwise we shouldn't bother. We are aware of other people's difficulties, or sickness or distress, and we feel that we want to help. Fred Tritton once said that prayer is not a substitute for action; and where action is called for we should be prepared to give it, but often we are not called upon to be directly involved in another's trouble, and then our concern will probably find expression in our prayer.

Then humility. Humility can be, at times, an unwillingness to take responsibility, ("Oh no, I can't do that; I don't know how to; I'm not good enough"), but we do feel some sort of responsibility towards those who are suffering or in need, and our humility must not be over-diffident, but even quietly confident.

Then quiet. We cannot always plunge into a state of quietness as we can plunge into a swimming pool or the sea, and we must be prepared to take time to become quiet and to enter into silence. This is not necessarily an absence of noise (though this helps), but getting beyond the clamour of our own thoughts. Stephen Leacock describes a character called Sir Ronald who "flung

himself upon his horse and rode madly off in all directions"! How like our thoughts sometimes when we are trying to still them!

Different people have different ways of reaching the place of stillness within – quietly counting one's breaths; fixing the attention on some word or words of deep meaning; visualising a place or a scene of peace; imagining that one is going down, down into quietness, into the secret place of the Most High; or following the path from the outer rim of a circle to the middle, like the continuous groove of a gramophone record, taking one ever nearer to the centre where one comes eventually to rest. We have to find our own ways inwards, but we can often be helped by what others have experienced or discovered. Having reached perhaps a degree of inner stillness and quiet, what next? I would say rest there for a while, just being aware of the Divine Presence. Words can be useful in prayer, but prayer can, and should eventually, reach a place where they are unnecessary. You probably know the story of the peasant in church after the service was over: the priest, wanting to lock up, came to him and said, "The service is finished; what are you waiting for?", and received the reply, "I am looking at Him and He is looking at me". Perhaps that peasant knew more about prayer than the priest did!

Then we become aware of those needing prayer-help. I suppose we all have our individual ideas and ways of bringing them to the Most High; your way may not be mine, nor mine yours, but I would like to offer some of my own thoughts in the hope that they may perhaps be of some use to you or suggest other ways for you to follow. Bishop John Robinson has said, "To open oneself to another unconditionally in love is to be with him in the presence of God, and there is the heart of intercession" – and I believe that we must in thought *be with* those for whom we pray. We cannot know what is the real need of another, or, for that matter, what our own deepest need may be, but we want to come ourselves and to help bring others 'Towards Wholeness'.

I may mentally take A and B by the hand and bring them up a hill through woods where the going is difficult and we cannot see very far, and at the top we come out into sunshine, fresh air, wide views, and we find that (in the words of Chandogya Upanishad) "There is a Spirit that is mind and life, and light and truth and vast spaces... He enfolds the whole universe and in silence is loving to all". Or I may take them to the edge of a pool, descend with them into the healing waters, and come out on the other side, not weak and bedraggled, but cleansed and strengthened. Whether we have been on the hill-top or through the waters, we give thanks, and then they must go on their way and I on mine, but I have committed them to the healing Spirit.

These are two visualisations which I have found helpful, taken very slowly, with concentration. One other is to gather A and B and C and D all together within a circle of light, praying and believing that the God of light, or the light of God will penetrate to the innermost being of each of them. And for one

who is confused, worried, or mentally disturbed, I may use Whittier's words slowly, with that person at the centre of them:

Drop thy still dew of quietness
Till all our strivings cease.
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

In our prayer let us not forget that gratitude is an important part. Doubtless we all know some people who like to talk about their ailments and adversities and to make much of them, and others who keep quiet about their troubles and always seem to be more interested in other people than themselves. I remember once visiting an invalid friend and asking her how she was, and receiving the reply, "Quite well, thank you dear". When I queried this, knowing something of the pain and difficulties she had, she said, "Oh it is easiest to say that: it saves trouble!" – and she changed the subject. I think that to cultivate a habitually thankful attitude, dwelling on the good things of life and not on the sad and the bad, will help us to face the ups and downs more courageously, more serenely, and more positively. ☺

(Part II will appear in the next issue of Towards Wholeness.)

LATE-BREAKING NEWS FROM LATTENDALES

Lattendales Trustees have been greatly saddened to learn that for reasons of health the Wardens, John and Vivien Cran, have had to resign their post. Groups and individual guests have been indebted to them for the friendliness, the restfulness, and the unobtrusive tender loving care that they have provided. We are most appreciative for all that John and Vivien have done for Lattendales. We are making arrangements to keep Lattendales running as normal after they leave, and offers of volunteer assistance for the time until a new appointment can be made have already started to come in. WE ASK ALL WHO READ THIS to think whether they might put their name forward or whether anybody they know might be interested to do so. Many skills are needed, including administration, catering, gardening, general handiwork, general housekeeping, listening skills, and marketing and fund-raising. Volunteers offering any of these skills might be taken on for a few days, or several weeks. For people from outside the area we have some accommodation available. Also we are still seeking to employ a cook and an assistant cook, the former with experience in vegetarian cookery. Please contact the Clerk of Trustees, Fran Woolgrove, 55 Kendal Green, Kendal LA9 5PT, 01539 737715 (fran@woolgrove.org). For over thirty years Lattendales has been supported by the prayers and the actions of countless Friends and others, and we trust that this support will continue now.

TAKE WHAT YOU WANT... BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO CARRY IT.

Rosalind Smith

This is an expression which has been returning to my mind, at intervals, ever since it was used in ministry at a Meeting for Worship some while ago. The person who used it told of how she and her husband were packing to go on holiday, but, at the time, he was suffering with a bad back. When she mentioned to him the various items she intended taking, his response was, "Take what you want, but remember, you'll have to carry it."

A very practical reply to a reasonably mundane statement and yet it had stayed with her and opened the way for some profound ministry.

Unfortunately so much time has gone by since then that the actual ministry has escaped me, and was, most probably, a personal reflection, one which only she could deliver.

However, the frequent return of this otherwise forgotten sentence, has prompted me into another line of thought, somewhat different, I believe, to what was spoken at the time.

Recently, re-reading *a Testament of Devotion* by Thomas Kelly, I was stirred into considering more deeply the things of value in life as compared with those of lesser or little worth. The advice 'Lay not up treasures on earth, where moth and rust doth consume them and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven... For where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also' (Matthew 6 vv19-21) comes very much to mind. There are beautiful things on this earth which those with the requisite amount of money might acquire: antiques, paintings, books, jewellery, expensive clothes and furniture – but when we leave our earthly bodies behind, we can't take these items with us. The old song, 'If I can't take it with me when I go, then I just ain't gonna go!' is just a humorous way of putting across the love of material things. Many of these things *are* beautiful, and are treasures of this world – but it must be the *love* of *beauty* that we cultivate – for that is something that we *can* take with us.

There is much to be said for the simple life, and there often comes a time when the impulse to have a good 'clear out' of material things that we may have accumulated becomes very apparent. So it's good to de-clutter our lives of non-essentials. But this can also mean a putting aside of unnecessary involvements – even hobbies and interests if they make too many demands upon the spiritual life, good though these things may be in themselves.

A love of beauty, a love of music, a love of good literature and poetry, a love of life, all this can be carried – all the way through our lives and then on further. It may be that we take the remembrance of all these with us – indeed, I do believe that we do, as all artistic inspiration comes from the Spirit. But we can't take the actual paintings, the CD's, the books, etc. If we value what these things express we shall have 'the treasure', but their physical embodiment is

unnecessary.

If we hold fast to our own spiritual qualities – those of love for others, self-respect, honesty in our dealings, and, in the words of Thomas Kelly, "Utter dedication of will to God", these are what we shall carry, all the way through this life and also the one to come. Anything which builds up our soul – love, honesty, integrity, compassion, hope and joy – all these will be qualities and treasures which we can take with us. These are what we should be building and hoarding, along with the greatest treasure, the knowledge of the Inner Light within each one of us.

George Fox writes to his groups, "Dear Friends, keep close to that which is pure within you, which leads you up to God". ☺



A Quaker Spiritual Healers' Training Course

A very select group of eight met at Lattendales in May for the fifteenth QSH Training Course. Some, unfortunately, had to cancel owing to illness.

Ros and I led them through all the subjects they need in order, these days, to become accredited so that they can be insured to practise healing on the public. There was much laughter as we all got to know each other, and by the time we were ready to leave, we felt a real bond between us all.

Some will go away to think about it and decide where it will lead them, while others feel this is the way they should go and sign up at once to become probationer healers. Yet others just enjoyed the few days and benefited from the healing and fellowship.

Before they left, in the warm May sunshine, three members of the group did a final dance on the lawn. I couldn't resist taking this picture.

Leonora Dobson



After the
Healing
Course

VISIT TO NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA

Ruth Martin

In January and February I visited my daughter in New Zealand and friends in Australia. I arrived in New Zealand about a week before the Triennial was due to start and attended Meeting for Worship at Mount Eden Meeting, Auckland. Many delegates had already arrived from all around the world and it took about 25 minutes to go round the large Meeting Room so that everyone could introduce themselves.

Later, on my travels around New Zealand I found myself staying opposite a Healing Centre and my hostess very kindly took us over to look around. A wide variety of groups meet there for residential events, the accommodation being in small rooms with bunk beds and a communal dining hall. There are also large and small halls for meetings, a library and a beautiful outside building where silence is the rule. Floor to ceiling windows seemed to allow the beautiful countryside into the room and it was natural to sit down and drop into an impromptu Meeting for Worship.

After six weeks of touring New Zealand and a few adventures with sharks and seals I moved on to Perth, W. Australia to stay with an old Ackworth friend, Geoff Hammond, and his wife Ros. They had arranged for me to speak about FFH to a group of Friends from their Meeting, Mount Lawley, and this I duly did two days later, being received with great friendliness. Then on the Sunday there was Meeting for Worship with a shared lunch and the following day I attended the Mount Lawley Healing Group meeting, again followed by a sumptuous lunch. I felt very much at home with so much eating and friendliness!

I was called upon to give healing on several occasions, once in an airport departure lounge to a complete stranger, and it is good to know that wherever I am I can be of service. Healing truly is a wonderful gift.

I would also like to pay tribute to my husband, Eddie. Not only did he do without me, the provider of his creature comforts, for two months, but he nobly opened all my mail from you and kept it all in order to await my return. He also learnt to use e-mail so that we were in constant touch, and this was no mean feat!



CLARIDGE HOUSE – CELEBRATION

Claridge House this year celebrates the 50th anniversary of its opening as a centre for healing. For the centre to have continued and developed for such a long period without any central funding from the main Society is a real achievement and cause for celebration.

The Fellowship must be very grateful to those Friends who so generously made gifts and loans available to make the purchase possible. In the early days the House was used almost exclusively for those needing rest or convalescence. Guests tended to stay for longer periods than now.

The work has grown and developed. There is more contact healing now and from the experiment of holding a few retreats has blossomed a whole programme of events related directly and indirectly to healing.

At times the House has been through periods of difficulty. On more than one occasion closure has been seriously considered. Although all has not been smooth running, the House has maintained its healing atmosphere upon which so many visitors comment. The greatest joy for hardworking wardens and staff has always been to see guests often leaving the House looking so much better than when they arrived.

Trustees have been remaining open and seeking guidance as to the best way forward now. A new vision is emerging with plans for some enhancement of facilities. Details about the proposals will be announced at the Open Day to be held on Saturday 7th August. This Day will be part of a celebratory weekend. On the morning of the 7th there will be a full hour's Meeting for Worship (9.45) followed by coffee and then at 11.15 a talk by the Clerk to Trustees followed by questions and discussion. In the afternoon the House and grounds will be open generally to visitors. There will be opportunities to book sessions for healing, reflexology and massage. Circle dancing will be included in the programme. The warden, Nick Bagnall, will launch an Appeal Fund. The ever popular cream teas will be served.

Do come and share in this joyful event.

Alan Pearce



The ultimate lesson all of us have to learn is
unconditional love,
which includes not only others but ourselves as well.

Elizabeth Kubler-Ross



CLARIDGE HOUSE PROGRAMME

Weekend Courses £130 per person ~ Midweek Courses £220 per person
(unless otherwise stated)

Bursary assistance available, depending on individual personal circumstances.
Please enquire when booking.

July 23/25 REVITALISE FROM HEAD TO TOE

Raise your energy levels with a combination of head and foot massage, gentle movement and meditation. This is a pamper weekend to recharge body and mind. Help the healing energies to flow through partner work, and benefit from de-stressing through simple self-massage techniques. Please bring a small towel and blanket. *Nic Lance, Indian head masseur, member of the Federation of Holistic Therapists and adult education tutor. Laraine Cooper, reflexologist (IIHHT) and learning centre manager.*

July 30/ Aug 1 'SING A NEW SONG'

Come home to your voice and come home to your well-being. This course is dedicated to making it possible – using simple songs, chants, gentle movement and reflection. Come and free your voice; explore how your whole being – body and soul – sounds and sings. *Mary Benefiel, Quaker and trained singer.*

Aug 2/6 CHINESE BRUSH PAINTING (Mid-week course)

The course is suitable for beginners and improvers, as all aspects of Chinese Brush Painting will be covered, from the basic strokes to compositions of flowers, birds and landscapes. There will be an opportunity to see slides and videos and learn some history of this ancient art. All materials provided. *Maggie Cross, experienced tutor and Chinese brush painter. Cost: £230*

Sat Aug 7 CELEBRATING 50th ANNIVERSARY OF CLARIDGE HOUSE (Please ring for details – 01342 832150)

Aug 13/15 WRITING FOR CHILDREN (Creative Writing)

To write effectively for children, we need to understand and enter their world. This workshop will encourage you to do this, whilst keeping an adult perspective. We shall also explore how enduring story-telling lines can be reconciled with ever-changing values in today's technological and multi-cultural society. *Lily Seibold, qualified and experienced adult education tutor and trained counsellor.*

Aug 20/22 CIRCLE DANCE CELEBRATION

For both beginners and those who have circle danced before; here is an opportunity to start the celebrations of the 50th Anniversary of Claridge House, with circle dancing inside and hopefully outside on the lawn, in wonderful celebration. *Nick Bagnall, Quaker, experienced teacher and warden of Claridge House.*

Aug 23/27 MEDITATION TO QUIETEN THE MIND (Mid-week)

Meditation is an effective way of counteracting stress and increasing the sense of personal well-being. The week is designed for those who have not meditated before, or who have only limited experience. Techniques and concepts come mainly from the Buddhist traditions, but no attempt is made to promote any particular faith. Meditation is of universal relevance. *John Preston, previously an ordained Buddhist monk, experienced teacher, counsellor and social worker.*

Aug 27/29 INTRODUCTION TO BUDDHISM

Buddhism is becoming increasingly well-known in the west today. This introductory workshop covers the key Buddhist concepts. During the weekend we explore the origin of Buddhism, its ethical foundation, and enlightenment – the goal of the Buddhist path. The course will include an opportunity to experience a variety of simple meditative exercises. *John Preston – (see above).*

Aug 30/Sept 10 LATE SUMMER BREAK (£40 per day inc. full board)

Sept 10/12 T'AI-CHI – An Introduction to this gentle art

T'ai-Chi is an ancient form of slow, graceful and flowing exercises. The gentle flowing movements will benefit health, relaxation, harmony and balance. This 'poetry in motion' will gently tone and strengthen the organs and muscles, improve circulation and relax both mind and body. *Sharlene Turczak, Natural Therapist and tutor.*

Sept 17/19 QUAKER SPIRITUAL HEALERS' SUPPORT GROUP

A weekend gathering only for those who are members of the Quaker Spiritual Healers, either full or probationary. An opportunity to continue to develop one's understanding of spiritual healing with others on the same path. *Geoffrey Martin and Jim Pym, both healers, counsellors and experienced facilitators.*

Sept 24/26 EMOTIONAL FREEDOM TECHNIQUE (EFT)

EFT is a Meridian Therapy, developed around 12 years ago, which can be used as a means of personal development or as part of any existing therapy practice. It is a simple to learn, simple to use technique for resolving emotional, physical and spiritual problems and is especially effective for trauma and phobias. *Brian Ackroyd, Quaker, Buddhist and healer, experienced and professional therapist and counsellor.*

For booking details – and other tariff, including daily rates and special breaks – please contact: Nick Bagnall or Keith Marsden, Claridge House, Dormans Road, Lingfield, Surrey RH7 6QH. Tel: 01342 832150. Email: welcome@ClaridgeHouse.freemove.co.uk

LATTENDALES



Fri 16 July - Sun 18 July WRITING THE SPIRIT

Leader: Judy Clinton

Judy is an experienced facilitator offering a week-end of personal and spiritual reflection. Judy will show you now to nurture your inner life through non-structured expressive writing, creative listening and empathetic sharing. The pace will be slow, couched in silence, seeking peace and joy. Suitable for both beginners and more experienced writers.

Cost: £150 including full board

Mon 27 Sept - Fri 1 Oct GATHERING FRUIT FROM A LIFETIME

Leader: Gordon Smith an experienced psychotherapist and counsellor.

This workshop-holiday can make a permanent difference to how you are living your age – whatever the calendar says it is. Realism can be combined with creativity to lead us into deepening joy, even at times in our sorrows.

Cost: £265 including full board

For information on booking, and other tariff, please contact the wardens at:

Lattendales, Berrier Road, Greystoke, Penrith CA11 0UE.

Tel: 01768 483229 Email: mail@lattendales.plus.com

HEALING IN TONGUES

Allan Holmes

I am a retired scientist having worked for thirty five years at the Atomic Energy Research Establishment, Harwell. For the last twenty years I was involved in research on asbestos and its associated diseases.

In 1964, I worshipped at a new Anglican church among the housing estates created for Harwell staff and other workers. Our curate enthused about a book about the healing ministry by Cameron Peddie, *The Forgotten Talent*. Not long afterwards, Fred Smith who was the sergeant of police at Abingdon, came to talk about the healing ministry in which he was involved. He witnessed to some remarkable healings. As a result I went to a cottage near Oxford to a weekly meeting ran by Fred and Joan Steele who owned the cottage. For four years I shared transport with Fred and learnt a lot about his healing ministry and his and Joan's spiritual gifts.

During the third or fourth meeting, Joan said that the Lord had given her an inner picture which she shared with me; would I mind if they laid hands on me? I readily agreed and as they did so two remarkable events occurred. I felt love totally flood my whole being, at the same time, despite being a very quiet and shy person, a very loud language, unknown to me, poured out of my mouth. I knew that it was a language of praise and joy, which at times changed to intercession on behalf of people who came into my mind. This carried on for a long time at the meeting and subsequently on and off for days afterwards. Over the intervening forty years I have constantly used this language which I believe has been given to me by God (a spiritual gift). I use it mainly in my private prayer life, but more and more, with permission, when I give a healing. Once, this spiritual gift operated through me at a conference (details later).

Shortly after these events I was asked to pray for a lady with severe mental problems. It was not until thirty years later that I learnt that she was immediately healed and henceforth led a fruitful life. I expect that I used my new tongue for this healing but I can't remember for sure. I tell this particular story because over the last forty years I have ministered healing to many without seeing any apparent outcome. I have prayed for two very dear close friends and have ministered healing to them, with tongues, many times over a number of years. Anne Marie was diagnosed with breast cancer in 1989 which turned to bone secondaries in 1992. She lived until 2002 when she died of the cancer. During that time she helped create a cancer support group in Eskdale, helping many. Ray was diagnosed with polycythemia in 1993 which developed into myelofibrosis in 1996. Ray has also had healing ministered through his Methodist church. With both of these friends there were many crises. There was no cure for Anne Marie, and so far, none for Ray; however, both have lived much longer than expected and I believe there have been definite steps of healing.

It was my privilege in 1984 to be present with a group of Roman Catholic

friends at a conference "Healing in the Church" led by John Wimber. One of our group was instantly healed of a hearing defect. I had never seen an immediate cure before or such joy as she had on her face as she returned to her seat. I have recently checked and the hearing is still valid. Many of the couple of thousand, of all denominations, at the conference claimed healing. On my return from that week, Mary, another Catholic friend asked me to pray for Jan (not her real name). I remember asking permission to use my God language. Here is Mary's account:

"One day about 18 years ago we were in my kitchen when a mutual friend complained of a trapped nerve in her head and constant discomfort behind her ear. Allan immediately began to pray over this lady and I supported with prayer in my heart. Glory to God Jan was healed! Allan then said: "And if there's any left Lord, let's have it for that baby!" My husband and I had been praying for a baby for several years along with many of our church friends. As Allan spoke those words I felt a tingling all over the top of my head. Soon afterwards I was pregnant although the specialist at the hospital had already said some years before: "It will be a miracle if you get pregnant and an even greater miracle if you keep it!" The miracle came to pass and Rebecca has just finished her GCSE's!"

At a workshop at Lee Abbey (1999) 'Spirit Without Limit' led by David Pytches (retired Bishop of Chile) prayer was made for Graeme, a friend living in Australia who was dying of a brain tumour. This is an example of distant healing. At a ministry session on March 4th, after a time, many were speaking and singing in tongues, encouraged by David. On invitation I went to the front where I was prayed for. Afterwards as I was quietly using my tongue, suddenly and involuntarily I spoke very loudly with my tongue (most unlike me). At the same time thoughts of Graeme, (plus thoughts of Ray, mentioned above), switched into my mind. I knew that something important had happened. Here are extracts from Linda's letter of events which happened on the same day.

"I have to let you know that Graeme is so much better that it is astonishing. The nurse described it as "nothing short of a miracle." He has been taken off the morphine pump today, the steroids have been reduced to minimal, he is eating and drinking again and seems to be getting stronger all the time. On March 3rd, I was told he may not last the next week, as he hadn't eaten for weeks, and had stopped drinking." It was on March 4th that prayer in tongues was made for Graeme at Lee Abbey. He started getting better on that day. He improved beyond all medical expectations. Graeme and the whole family's experience changed from near despair to hope and peace. I don't know if Graeme's cancer will heal – we have been told that it is the worst grade of the worst type in the worst possible part of the brain and have been offered no hope at all. I feel at least, we have been offered some time for some purpose". When I rang Linda on April 16th, Graeme was on holiday. He lived a full life until September when he started getting headaches. On October 27th he was back on morphine

but comfortable. Linda wrote *"I know that healing doesn't mean cure, but you can always hope, although I know that he will die soon. A very significant act of healing occurred and gave us some very special extra months."* Graeme died on November 7th. A significant improvement also occurred for Ray with an arthritic hip which was complicating his health.

At both the Wimber conference and the Pytches Workshop the Holy Spirit seemed to be present in a powerful way. They were also important to me personally.

Quakers are fortunate to have available Fox's journal and other writings from the earliest days of the movement. Clearly Fox's initial revelation, direct from God, (*Quaker Faith and Practice* paras 19.02, 03, 04) was the beginning of his turning point in his spiritual search. We read that he saw visions, for example on Pendle Hill after which a powerful preaching gift developed. He had a healing ministry, a gift of discernment. There is no reference that he had the gift of tongues, but there is a reference to the gift of tongues in *Quaker Faith and Practice* (section 19.20 by Edward Borrough in 1632) *"we spake with new tongues, as the Lord gave us utterance, and his spirit led us"*. I believe these gifts of the Spirit are important for the coming of God's Kingdom, for changing the present world.

An account of the changes possible in the terrible conditions of triads and opium addicts in the late nineteen seventies are recorded in *Chasing the Dragon* by Jackie Pullinger (ref 5). Jackie worked in the then lawless inner walled city of Hong Kong. God gave her the gift of tongues while she was working there. Jackie also describes how addicts were able to kick the opium habit when they were baptised in the Spirit and given the gift of tongues.

I have written these accounts to try to show that there is a living God still at work in the seemingly terrible world in which we live. If God can use Cameron Peddie, Fred Smith, George Fox and the early Quakers, and even me with all our faults, flaws and failings then he can use anyone. The spiritual gifts are available to all. God gives different gifts to different people as He chooses. We have to be willing and open to receive them.



There is a guidance for each of us, and by lowly listening we shall hear the right word... Place yourself in the middle of the stream of power and wisdom which flows into your life. Then, without effort, you are impelled to truth and to perfect contentment.

Ralph Waldo Emerson





LETTERS

From Lesley Butterwick, Coventry

As with all things 'Quaker', *do it your way* must be the guiding principle, and, although not feeling myself to be particularly 'qualified' to be able to introduce the subject of healing to a Children's Meeting, I have found myself in the position of doing it in a small way.

With younger children, I think that it's important that one does something practical to introduce them to the idea of healing and healing energy. In Coventry, we read about Jesus' healing ministry – it was part of a programme themed around the life of Jesus – and talked about how healing can actually be very practical. One person spoke of a charity she supports which has funded a well in a leper colony in India. To begin with the well was hand-operated, so lepers with no hands had to wait for someone else to come along and help them. Eventually it was realised that a battery-operated pump would help the lepers help themselves. It seems to me that this nicely encapsulates our whole experience of healing.

Then I did some yoga practices with the children and the other adults present. We did a 'Salute to the Earth' and a 'Salute to the Sun' and experienced the very different energies these practices evoke. (If one was not familiar with exercises like these, it is likely that there would be someone else in the Meeting who already uses a physical practice to support their spiritual path and who would be happy to help.)

We then gave each other healing. The adults in the group sat down. The children then chose who they wanted to work with, two children to each adult. One stood behind, while one sat in front at the person's feet. I was one of the healers standing behind. We either put our hands on the shoulders of the person receiving healing, or on their feet, and we felt ourselves to be present and willing to offer healing. We stood in a peaceful stillness for a short time. We closed with the healers greeting the person they had worked with and receiving their thanks.

The last part, as with many of our adult healing meetings, was distant healing, led by one of the group. We each privately thought of whoever we knew who could benefit from receiving healing at that time. Everyone has their own way of doing this. It was a very peaceful, gathered time, and the children's attention never wavered. I am sure they know more about it than we do anyway!

At last year's Summer Gathering, another healer and I were able to talk and take questions from a small group of Young Friends who had asked for more information about healing. When answering their questions it proved helpful that we had followed different paths on our own journeys into healing. Between us we were able to weave the practical and the mystical to meet all

needs. I do think we find ourselves in the right place at the right time. We were always able to find answers and the young people learned a lot from listening to each other as well. As before, we arranged a short experience with two people giving healing to one another in the way described before. Afterwards, there was much discussion and sharing about what the experience had been like – much as it would have been with people new to healing in an adult group. And again, we finished with distant healing.

So, do have a go. It doesn't have to be something that evolves into a regular activity, but no doubt some of the children and young people in your Meeting *will* grow up to become healers, so why not give them the benefit of your experience and get them started, if only in a small way? ☒

From Elizabeth Angas, Woolwich, London

Some thoughts on the article on 'Busy head' Syndrome by Dorothy Moir in the Spring issue of TW...

A very effective remedy is Autogenics – a well-researched stress management method. This is quick and easy to learn and to do. Once learnt it becomes a resource to use safely by oneself, for the rest of one's life, whenever needed, for any form of stress; and/or as a westernised way of meditating. For more information: visit the website www.autogenic-therapy.org.uk or write to: The British Autogenic Society, Royal London Homeopathic Hospital, Greenwell Street, London W1W 5BP, Tel: 020 7383 5108. Alternatively you can use the D.I.Y. book – now in its fifth edition – *Autogenic Training* by Dr Kai Kermani, ISBN 0-7225-2616-4.

Readers of *TW* may remember that some time ago I wrote an article describing how I combine being an autogenics therapist with spiritual healing.

And, as a person who tends to multi-track (i.e. do lots of things all at once!) I would like to question Dorothy Moir's first piece of advice. It is sometimes possible to think, feel and do several jobs almost simultaneously, yet remain calm, and in the Spirit. The secret is to be fully consciously aware and intentioned about everything – what Buddhists call 'being mindful'. Mindfulness does not necessarily mean slowly (like a Zen walking meditation). It can also mean 'full speed ahead'.

A book that has helped me to bring this idea into the 21st century, using modern technology (p.c., email etc.) is called *Getting Things Done – how to achieve stress-free productivity* by David Allen, ISBN 0-7499-2264-8. I think this has really been written for high-powered, business people juggling their intense work, social and home commitments. However, as a very busy, so-called retired person, I, too, am finding it very useful, revolutionizing the way I work. One blurb on the cover reads – 'It is possible to have an overwhelming number of things to do yet still function productively with a clear head and a positive sense of relaxed control'. ☒

From Isobel Bracewell, Aberdeen – after reading the letter from Norah Ramsden which was published in the Spring issue of TW.

Nietzsche used to say, "He who has a WHY to live for can bear almost any HOW." Having had several full blown anaphylactic episodes recently due to severe food allergies with 'out of the body experiences' what lessons have been learned from this? This experience is what Keats would perhaps describe as the vale of soul making. A part of my spiritual journey which is what being on earth is about.

No clinical death had occurred, but I was in a state of circulatory collapse and respiratory distress. This happened within 10 seconds of putting food into my mouth to which I was allergic. Immediately I was aware of standing at the side of my bed watching my struggling body with fascination at what it was going through. There were doctors and nurses present. Someone brought my husband in to sit at the other side of the bed. I kept trying to say to him "Look I am here. Don't worry. All is well." It was strange knowing that I could see and hear everything going on but that no-one could see the 'real' me. To them I was invisible. They just thought I was on the bed. That was just my body which I had temporarily left. There was no fear of dying, just a wonderful sense of peace and contentment, although I did not want to leave my husband behind. This separation of the soul from the body was further confirmation of the immortality of the soul, the reassurance that one is whole as an individual spiritual being. This is irrespective of how the crumbling human shell which it occupies can appear to onlookers.

I did not want to go back into my body when suddenly a voice which I am certain was my Guardian Angel said, "Your time has not yet come. You have a lot more ministry to fulfil." Immediately I popped back. This was via my head. A bit like jumping into a dress by its neck. The cold air of the high oxygen levels from the face mask, the nausea, the feeling of being so ill again hit me at once.

This out of body experience was not a hallucination, not was it due to oxygen deprivation. This was a real event in my spiritual journey, not something one finds easy to talk about to others unless they too have been there.

That same day, between 4.30 a.m. and 6.00 a.m. my experience was as if I was floating horizontally all in white inside a circle of family and friends who had previously died. I had been closely involved with each person during their last difficult months on earth. There was such a radiant light surrounding them and behind them. I could hardly bear to look. At first I wondered if they were there to welcome me to the 'other side', but then thought that if this was the case it would not be a closed circle surrounding me. Each person was so full of joy and peace. I felt such healing, strength and encouragement coming from them. I felt then that this was to help me to face whatever further difficulties and challenges I would have to undergo. At the same time I seemed to hear the words of the old hymn 'In the centre of the circle of the will of God I stand'.

What a sense of security and peace. Again, I did not want to return to my earthly body. Suddenly I just seemed to 'jump' back in.

Let me leave you with those wonderful verses from *Intimations of Immortality* by Wordsworth:

The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness...

...Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither...



GLASGOW QUAKER HEALING GROUP

Report on Weekend at Lattendales – 31st Oct/2nd Nov 2003

Was it because of the date? (Hallowe'en). Perhaps an inauspicious time for a group of healers – unless you are a fully paid-up Wiccan or Pagan (and as good modern inter-faith Quakers nothing wrong with that??). But we did seem, some of us, open to the darkness – maybe something we needed to face as part of our spiritual journey? Things didn't quite gel; the usual seamless and gentle facilitation seemed slightly disjointed. I don't think, for one moment, this was the fault of any one individual present and, as in all these things, there are more lessons to be learnt from what didn't go quite right for the future. This in many ways might be better for the group than if we were to become complacent and think we're perfect (not that any of us would – or be allowed to).

We numbered 16 (including one day visitor and one dog) and filled Lattendales just as the House was winding down for its Winter break – the usual mixture of Quakers, non-Quakers and friends. The welcome from the staff was, as ever, warm and friendly, the food and hospitality marvellous.

Perhaps one event that had brought our spirits down was the death of Joe Latham, (a prominent member of Glasgow Meeting) the week previously. We re-scheduled our supper to hold a Memorial Meeting for Worship linking in time and Spirit with our Friends in Glasgow. It was a very moving and fitting occasion and ministry both honest and appreciative of Joe's presence amongst us was expressed both then and at our normal Sunday Meeting. Joe, though never an advocate of the Healing Group's more esoteric leanings came to see the value of our prayer and had good personal relationships with many of our fellowship.

Our usual programme planning meeting was subsequently delayed and though we managed to gather everyone together we had a rather rushed

beginning to our weekend. The programme, however, did come together and we had offerings of healing, Reiki, Do-in, Metamorphic massage, music, poetry and retail therapy and talks/discussion on the Enneagram, 'the meaning of Life' and guided meditations. A new feature was 'Pet Therapy' and here is a brief description by the Master, Buddy.

"Hi! It was great to have your attendance at my 'Pet Therapy' course. Thanks for all your attention. I hope you enjoyed our walks and our little 'heart to heart' chats. I'm hoping to run another weekend soon (whenever that is). I hope that you all, and maybe some other nice people, will be there. I remember and miss you all.

Love, Light 'n Hugs 'n stuff, Buddy"

Derek Read and Jim Harrison (Buddy's Pet Human)

FFH SPRING GATHERING 26-28 March 2004

Twenty-two of us gathered in the congenial setting of Morley Old Rectory in Derbyshire for a weekend exploring the contribution of herbs and dowsing to healing. Morley was a magical setting with carpets of daffodils, bird song, and nut hatches in a tree trunk. The warm welcome from the house and the staff, the excellent food and hospitality all nurtured us throughout our weekend. We had two sessions on herbs. Serene Foster found her way to herbal medicine from orthodox medical research and gave us a down to earth, practical exposition of the principles of herbal medicine. She gave us plenty of tips about which herbs to use for different medical conditions, emphasising all the time that a medical herbalist aims to treat the whole person and not just one particular symptom. Herbal medicine goes back 60,000 years and these days medical herbalists use up to 300 different herbs. The quality of the herbs is most important and good harvesting and processing ensure that their full potency is utilised.

It was therefore very fortuitous that only a few miles away was the herb garden of Weleda UK, the leading supplier of herbal medicines made according to the principles of Rudolph Steiner and grown by bio-dynamic methods. So after lunch on Saturday we set off in convoy for a guided tour with Michael Bates, Weleda's head gardener. It was a rare privilege to hear Michael relate his work to the spiritual philosophy of Rudolph Steiner and explain the bio-dynamic principles by which the herbs are grown and harvested. He and his team of gardeners not only grow all the herbs, they harvest them and then make the various distillations and essences. His presentation and explanation was an object lesson in integrity and wholeness. We were in the presence of a gardener who lived and worked spiritual convictions. Many of us as gardeners were so pleased to see the naturalness of the Weleda herb gardens. This was no perfect neat and orderly show garden but a whole environment in which the earth, the micro-climates within the garden, the birds and animals were respected and valued.

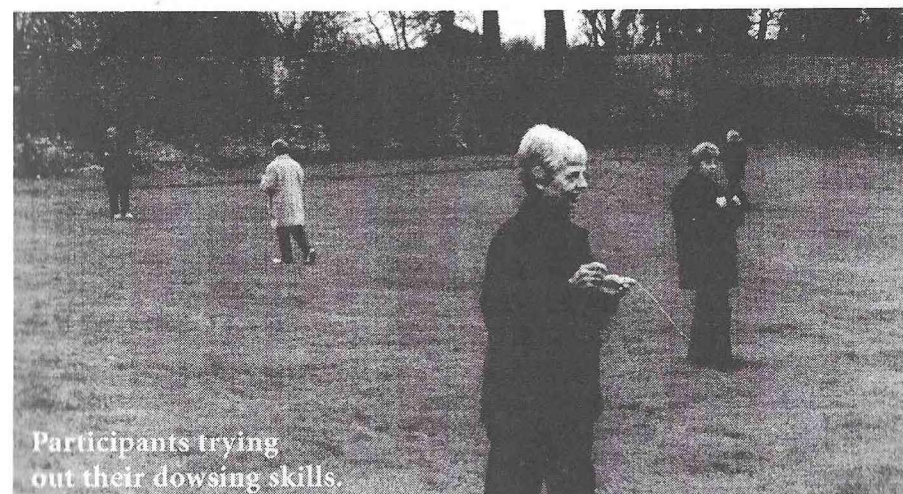
Truly holistic and inspiring.

The other element to the weekend was a quite remarkable exposition of dowsing by Julian Holland, a very experienced and senior member of the British Association of Dowsters. His approach was also down to earth, he 'kept it simple' and encouraged us to question. Dowsing is so much more than searching for water with hazel twigs. After explaining some basic principles he took us outside, handed round sets of dowsing 'rods' made from cut up wire clothes hangers and invited us to try some hands on activity. I shan't forget the look on so many faces as we walked up and down the old walled garden of Morley Rectory and seeing the astonishment as the rods we were holding involuntarily turned through 90 degrees or more. Julian's philosophy is very far reaching. He believes the rods are, through us, responding to forces which can be both positive and negative. He has a lot of experience of being invited to houses and places with negative forces which he has, through dowsing, put back into positive balance.

Back indoors Julian demonstrated the healing power of dowsing by asking the rod, or pendulum, questions, to identify sources of someone's health problems and then accessing through the rod or pendulum a source of healing power. It was clear from the words he used that he believed that the healing power of God the Father could be channelled and harnessed. If not all of us were able to go along with his whole theology, what we could not deny was that we were in the presence of someone who was demonstrably able to connect with a real source of healing power and energy.

All in all an extraordinarily rich weekend including a deeply gathered meeting for worship – and which also had its lighter side when we sang and played games – which expanded our awareness of the depth and range of healing power that is available to us if we have the faith and courage to use it.

David L Saunders



Participants trying
out their dowsing skills.



*Titles marked with an * can be borrowed from the Postal Library. Apply to Tony Steel-Cox (address on back page). (The Postal Library is now quite extensive – a new catalogue can be sent on receipt of an s.a.e.)*

Salvaging the Sacred: Lucy, my Sister. By Marian Partington. Quaker Books. 2004. 31 pp. ISBN 0-85245-353-1. £4.00

This booklet is a tender and deeply moving account of Marian Partington's experience of her sister Lucy's disappearance in December 1973, and the discovery of her bones in March 1994, unearthed in Gloucester, where she had been raped, murdered and hidden for twenty years by Frederick and Rosemary West.

Quaker Books have published this in response to the considerable interest shown when Marian spoke about 'salvaging the sacred' at the 2003 Quaker Summer Gathering in Loughborough.

Marian writes: "From the depth of suffering comes a release and a purification. The reality of Lucy's death rather than the imaginings of twenty years brings a renewal of the preciousness of each moment of life."

Amid the powerful feelings Marian says: "Under the turbulence was a wonderful surprise: a huge lake of warmth and compassion glowing, lapping, gently sustaining."

In her acknowledgements Marian writes: "Thank you, Lucy, your life and death have deepened my knowledge of love. I will try to pass that on."

Marian's work is an inspiration of love.

Maryrose Price

***Dancing with God through the Storm: Mysticism & Mental Illness** by Jennifer Elam. Way Opens Press. Media, Pennsylvania. 2002. 188 pp. ISBN 0-9716525-0-3 \$20.00

Jennifer Elam is a Quaker and, although the book is intended for a diverse audience, she is particularly interested in helping Friends better understand the religious mystical experiences of other Friends. As a psychologist she accepted the paradigm that purports to identify a clear line between what is and is not mental illness. But she knows there is no such line; there are only assessments or judgements made by each of us in relation to the experiences of another. It is Elam's intention not to dishonour the good work of psychiatrists. Although some people with whom she spoke had had negative experiences with psychiatry she is anxious to remember its positive potential for those who have mystical experiences.

Faith communities are urged to provide safe, non-judgemental space for people to speak the deepest experiences of their lives, and there is a delightful section of the book 'Interlude' which consists of a series of paintings by Elam based on the stories she heard of people's experience of God.

This is an inspiring book for anyone who has experienced mental illness or who works with those who have.

John Sheldon

Funerals and Memorial Meetings. Eldership and Oversight Handbooks, vol.2, Quaker Books 1998, 2nd revised ed. 2003. 64 pp. ISBN 0-85245-350-7. £4.00. A very comprehensive and useful guide to all aspects of funerals and memorial meetings, clearly set out in paragraphs and tables, and including an annotated list of publications and one of relevant organisations. No Quaker meetings should be without this!

This is Who I am: Listening with Older Friends. Eldership and Oversight Handbooks, vol.9. Quaker Books. 2003. 57pp. £4.00 ISBN 0-85245-351-5 £4.00 This small and very well produced handbook arose out of concern of some Friends about valuing, celebrating and paying attention to the experience of older people. In particular the little-noticed group of the elderly who are not suffering from ailments such as dementia – in fact those elderly Friends in our meetings who have to adjust to being on the periphery. As one of them expressed it "It's a learning process, this learning to let other people do it." Aspects of this and related issues are sensitively considered in several chapters, followed by a list of further reading and useful addresses. The text is enlivened by some moving and well-chosen photographs.

Review supplied

Do We Survive Death? 2nd edition by David Hodges. Pelegrin Trust 2004. 160 pp. ISBN 0-9546122-0-5. £7.95 plus £1.50 for p&p from the author at 14 Eythorne Close, Kennington, Ashford, Kent TN24 9LP.

I am sure that most readers know that David is a member of our Fellowship, a healer and biological scientist, and was a University lecturer for many years. He gave a good preview of the book in Spring TW, so all I need to say is how much I enjoyed it and want to promote it for outreach. It is certainly an excellent bibliography of some 240 books by well-known scientists, doctors, parapsychologists, mystics, seers, and, of course, healers, which I intend lending to friends with a scientific background and an interest in spiritual things, but who can't as yet believe that some essential part of us lives on after death. Unfortunately orthodox science in the West has become antagonistic to religion, and this is how it is usually taught in most schools even today. Indeed some scientists even studied all the evidence determined to prove that life after death is impossible, yet changed their minds during the study!

It is now a century since Einstein taught us that matter and energy are essentially the same in mathematical terms ($E=MC^2$), and many foremost scientists have realised that the truth is infinitely greater than our present understanding of it. In fact, the Theory of Superstrings demands at least ten or eleven dimensions in space, including the fourth one of time, in order to reconcile the two opposing theories of Gravity and Quantum Mechanics. This

surely leaves plenty of room for heaven and even angels if we have the gift of second sight, or if we can believe the many accounts of those who do. David also gives a few examples of these. I sincerely hope that anyone reading this book with an open mind will accept the evidence for continuing life, which in turn gives much evidence to the truth of the gospel as far as we can understand it today.

Jim Shields

A Journey of Grieving and Growing through Poetry. By Judy Clinton.

Privately published. 2004. 43 pp. Obtainable from the author, Judy Clinton, 80 Green Bank, Brockworth, Gloucester, GL3 4NB. £3.50 inc.p&p.

Judy Clinton has dedicated her book of poems "To all those who grieve and those who travel alongside them." Her son, Robbie, choked to death at the age of 22. Here there is stark simplicity of presentation, and a strict economy of words. She makes no attempt to dress up the experiences of her bereavement with platitudes; there is no self-deception but reality unadorned. Her poetry takes the reader through her agony to the time when 'the Seed of Love' finds expression and begins to grow in the following poems.

Each poem is dated, and it is remarkable that it seems she was not able to write about her son's funeral until four months afterwards. It is as if 'The Day of the Funeral' had to be digested spiritually before it could be put into words.

In these times, when death and bereavement are usually subjects to be avoided, when expressions of grief are not encouraged once the funeral is over and maybe a period of mourning accepted, it is encouraging to know from Judy's poems that sorrow and loss may be shared in this way, enabling her to write 'Afterword'. The final paragraph reads: "I had been on a desperately painful journey in that almost year-long period, with its peaks and troughs so familiar to anyone who has travelled the same harrowing way. Yet, within that time there were also moments of intense joy and a clarity of spiritual seeing that I had not experienced before. Hope did and does spring eternal, only made possible by love – that love from God Himself expressed through so many people and events and the soul of Robbie himself. Thanks be to God."

Anne Smith

Without You

*You are fading
Not memories
For they are as clear as ever,
But you, presence of you
Has travelled somewhere else
Where I have no access.
You don't come to me any more,*

*Suddenly by my side
Like you used to in my greatest need.
You have moved on
To where you have to be
And I am learning to live here
Without you.*

Judy Clinton

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**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."