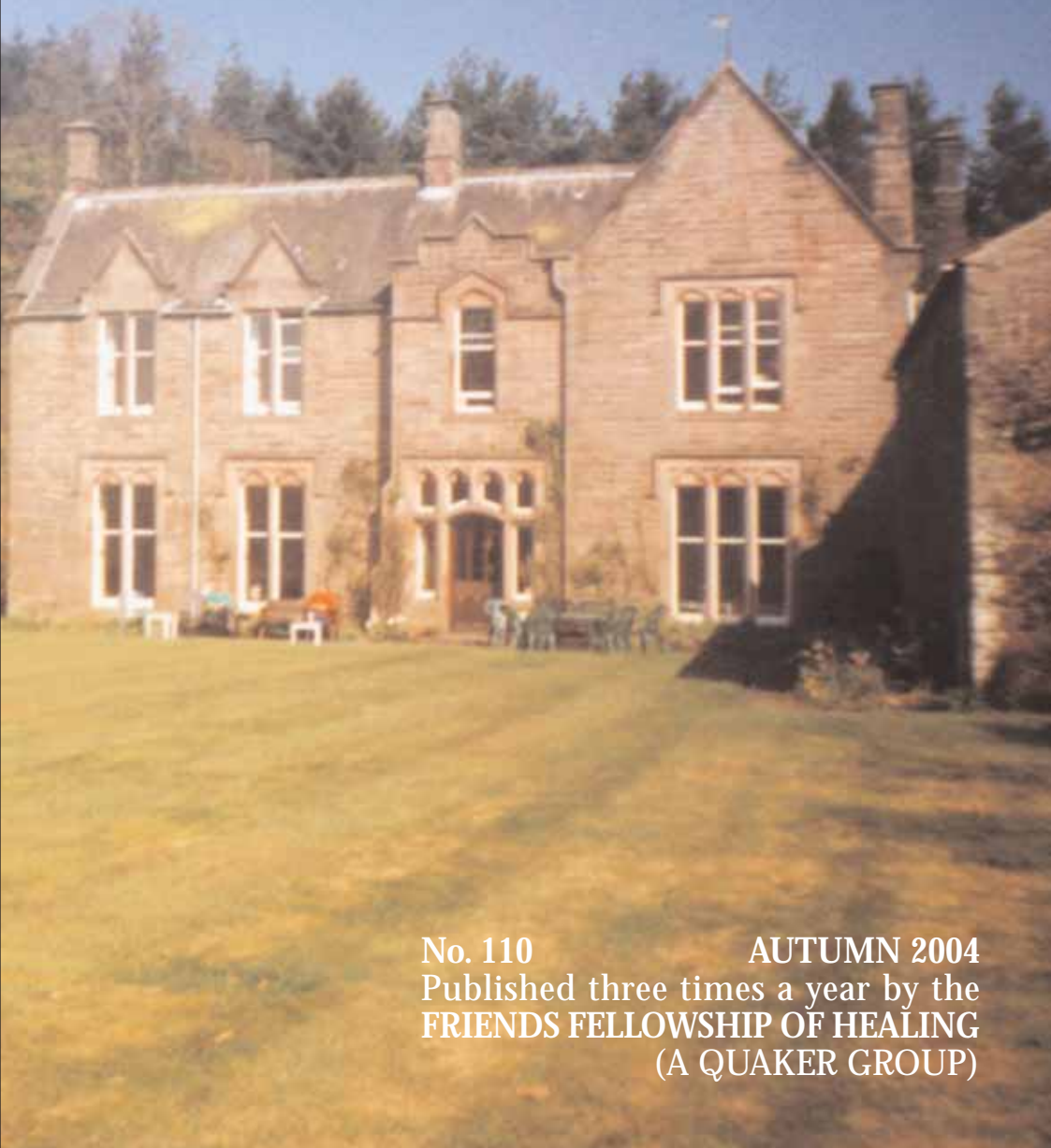


ISSN 1745-0845



# TOWARDS WHOLENESS

£1.50



No. 110

AUTUMN 2004

Published three times a year by the  
FRIENDS FELLOWSHIP OF HEALING  
(A QUAKER GROUP)

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# NEWS

## **Quaker Spiritual Healers 'Training' Courses:**

Mon-Fri 7/11th March 2005 at Claridge House, and Mon-Fri 9/13th May 2005 at Lattendales. Both courses are to be led by *Leonora Dobson* and *Rosalind Smith*.

*(See programmes on centre pages of TW for further details.)*

**FFH Spring Gathering** 15th/17th April 2005 at Claridge House. (Please book directly with Claridge House – 01342 832150.)

**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*).

**The Quaker 1652 Country Game** makes a good Christmas present for children and adults alike. Now only £20 + £5 p&p everywhere. (Europe £6 by airmail). Also available on CD for £12 (which includes p&p). Please make cheques out to Ruth C Martin (address at back of *TW*).

## **Obituary – Imogen Yeomans**

Imogen died in May 2004 and I have never met her. This may sound strange as she was a member of the Immediate Prayer Group for several years as well as a strong supporter of Claridge House.

Many people will have had the delight and comfort of meeting her and Ray; I only had contact by letter or on the phone. These two forms of contact were enough to show me not only her deep, caring concerns for others, but her considerable intellectual ability in thinking of and expressing her deep spiritual thoughts about everyday actions and relationships. Unconditional love and constant prayer were her very existence always showing not only in her active membership of the Immediate Prayer Group, the healing given to all who met her, but more especially in her devotion, care and love for Ray, her husband, to whom we send our love as we continue to hold them both in the Light and Love of our prayers.

*Rosemary Bartlett*

*My imperfections and failures are as much a blessing from God  
as my successes and my talents, and I lay them both at His feet.*

*Mahatma Gandhi*

## **SOME THOUGHTS ON LOSS AND BEREAVEMENT**     *Rosemary Bartlett*

Nothing ever stays the same, so with every change in our life style and in our circumstances we experience gains and losses. Most of the time we do not stop to weigh the gains against the losses as we move through life and its different challenges. We are able to let go fairly easily any material loss, or the end of a friendship; although the latter can cause great unhappiness and a loss of self-esteem.

The death of someone we have heard of or someone we know quite well will always make us pause and contemplate what we remember about them, our relationship with them, conversations, and experiences we had with them. But with the death of someone really close to us we enter a different set of circumstances and experiences altogether.

Maybe this is the right time and place to state where I stand to help with a better understanding of the words I write. My husband died suddenly in 1991 while playing golf. I wasn't with him and although we had often talked about 'when one of us would be left alone' fairly lightly we were not able to say 'goodbye' to each other or 'thank you' for love and companionship. This was very hard to cope with, more so, I suppose, as it was a repeat of the situation when each of my parents died and I was not able to be with either of them. I felt as if I was in a kind of limbo watching myself and others going through the motions and emotions of a stage play.

For each one of us who is experiencing bereavement it will be a similar but very different experience because as no two people are alike we have our own very personal version of our loss and grieving. One fact remains the same for everyone and that is that everything changes, nothing stays the same, nothing happens by chance.

No event or relationship comes from nowhere: all things and events are related because of what has gone before and the effect they will have on the future. Otherwise there is no history and no hope.

Those of us who are in a state of loss and bereavement are frequently told that we will get over it. I would like to suggest that whether we have known the person who has died for a long or short time, 'getting over it' is like denying that they ever existed. Your life with them is a part of you and your history and as such can and should be remembered and referred to because, being human, we can remember.

To recall events in your life and with whom you shared them is all part of



your life now and the life you will share with others in the future. Remember the good times, the bad times, and the in-between times. Say, yes that is how it was, accept the tears and the laughter while you look forward to the next minute, hour, day and whatever is to come. (I know that this statement may not be true of all relationships but I would suggest it is worth considering however dark it is now.)

Because someone has died does not mean the end of their love for you: love is a form of energy and energy cannot be destroyed. The difference is that there is no longer a physical presence you can see or touch.

When mourning relatives who have died, remember that you carry in yourself a part of them through a shared ancestry, especially if the most terrible of all things happens and children die before their parents; they are still part of you. You carry them still in many different ways. No matter how long or how short a time you had together memories cannot and should not be hidden away.

It matters not when and with whom you share your grief; grieve, cry, feel sad when you yourself feel the need to do so. Your actions are to help you get through the day. Being truthful about your feelings may help not only you but may help those you are with to be honest about their emotions. People can then respond in truth to each other, understanding the feelings and needs of others.

### **IDEAS WHICH MAY HELP**

Live a minute at a time. This *will* grow to a day, then a week at a time.

It may sound selfish, but put yourself first.

Learn to say NO (thank you).

Look at the whole of creation of which you are a valuable part of equal worth with all other created things.

Do something you have always wanted to do even since childhood.

Develop a talent you already have.

Live through the sad times, the happy times, and the in-between times.

Laughter is the best medicine. Love and laughter do not suddenly stop, although they seem to do so. This is not an end: we go forward, not backward – we have to think about a re-birth.

Nothing stays the same.

When *you are* ready, invite some people to tea, coffee or a meal.

Music can be very soothing and helpful.

View things, i.e. the past, with detachment.

We don't know where peace lies, its coming and presence will surprise us and may be only momentary and fleeting, but the memory of that peace lasts. We are not alone although sometimes it feels very much like it. We may have the fortune to find a 'soul friend'. This may be a person, or someone to whom we address our prayers, then:

*'Oh! the comfort, the inexpressible  
comfort of feeling safe with a person  
having neither to weigh thoughts nor  
measure words, but pour them all right  
out just as they are, chaff and grain  
together, knowing that a faithful hand  
will take and sift them, keep what is  
worth keeping and then with the breath  
of kindness, blow the rest away.'*

*(author unknown to me)*

## **BOOKS I HAVE FOUND HELPFUL**

<i>Something Understood: an anthology</i>	ISBN 0-34086-124 X
<i>Anam Cara</i> by John O'Donohue	ISBN 0-55350-592-0
<i>Eternal Echoes</i> by John O'Donohue	ISBN 0-59304-493-2
<i>Footprints on the Path</i> by Eileen Caddy	ISBN 0-90524-954-2
<i>The Dawn of Change</i> by Eileen Caddy	ISBN 0-90524-939-9

## **SUGGESTIONS FOR THOSE NOT YET ON THEIR OWN**

Talk to single people you know.

Ask them if they would like to join you and other people to go somewhere.

Offer to pick them up at their home.

Ask them out to a meal with others.

Try not to ask a recently bereaved person to take on extra jobs 'because they have more time', (they are already doing two people's jobs).

Be able to hold someone's hand or give them a hug, (better to ask first).

## **JOTTINGS**

*In the river of tears take time as your friend (time for yourself).*

*Simply say 'yes' to the pain (accept it) and it disappears.*

*All things come to those who find the patience to let things happen.*

*Know that you are loved as all created things are loved by whoever created you. ☺*

## PART OF A BEAUTY BLESSING

*As spring rain softens the earth with surprise  
May your winter places be kissed by light.*

*As the ocean dreams to the joy of dance  
May the grace of change bring you elegance.*

*As clay anchors a tree in light and wind  
May your outer life grow from peace within.*

*As twilight fills night with bright horizons  
May beauty await you at home and beyond.*

*John O'Donohue*



## MARGARET WITH A ROSE

*She holds the world in her hand,  
herself withered, petal-fallen.  
You must not pity her;  
her wheel-chair rounds the garden,  
her hands reach out to caress  
the fruits of paradise  
their textures unforgotten.*

*Now, forcing her hard wheel,  
practised, into the path  
she clips the one full bloom,  
perfect, heart-warm,  
and stays to see it tell  
more than it knows unfurled  
out of its slender birth,  
red as a new-born child,  
her sister out of the earth,  
mirror, welcome.  
Do not pity her:  
Her hands hold the world.*



*Joan Benner*

Unresolved issues after a parent dies can be most difficult and painful. In this writing I record the healing of my relationship with my father several years *after his death*.

As I was told by my mother, my father wanted sons. When their first child was a daughter he fell in love with this lovely child, and forgave her for not being a boy. When I was born two years later in 1937, his disappointment was so great that he did not visit my mother and me for two weeks in the hospital.

My parents had an unhappy marriage, which ended in an acrimonious divorce. While World War II was closing in on us in Sombor, Yugoslavia, my mother and father separated. My father fought for visitation rights for my sister, but not for me.

The war changed our lives forever. My father left to serve in the German army, and my mother, sister, and I became refugees for over two years. In 1946, when my sister was twelve and I was nine, we emigrated to Chicago. Somehow our mother eked out a meagre living for us, working on an assembly line. Of course, my sister and I did well in school because that was expected of us.

During the subsequent years, my mother was very bitter about my father and the many intimate liaisons he had with other women while they were married. I hated him and wanted no part of him. A distant cousin from my father's side was very kind to us, and helped my mother to obtain work in the printing industry. Her new profession provided a good salary; she was smart and industrious. At Christmas time, we received lovely gifts from this cousin. I vaguely remember someone saying that my father wanted to buy his two daughters a necklace and to write to us, but I wanted no part of him. I, being a practical, rational being, knew that we did not need jewelry or worthless letters, rather, we needed help with the rent, food, and to pay our bills. I knew that he did not care for me because of his rejection from the minute I was born. I believed the stories my mother told me.

My sister, on the other hand, had occasional contact with him, but when my mother found out this threw her into a tirade about his faults. However, my sister remained true to him, being secure of his love for her. It seemed to me that she doubted our mother's version of our father. Our little family was not a happy unit at these times.

When my sister entered nursing school, she enjoyed the freedom of an active correspondence with her father without suffering the emotionally dire



consequences from our mother. Sometimes my sister would tell me that he asked about me and that he loved me, but I doubted her and knew that his professed love was not followed by action. His words were meaningless to me. After all, where was he, where was his support in our struggles? Certainly I had no recollection of his ever touching me, much less kissing or hugging me.

When my sister graduated from nursing school his gift to her was a trip to visit him in Germany for several weeks. When she returned home to Chicago from her visit, she was devastated. He had been very critical of her in every possible way: he did not like her religious beliefs as a devout Roman Catholic; thought that her choice of a nursing profession was servile; criticised how she dressed, the style of her hair; she was too tall, and a bit overweight. Inwardly I hated him even more because his treatment of my dearest sister just confirmed all that my mother had been saying.

Life unfolded in its own curious way. I married a young man who had emigrated from Germany. After our marriage, the United States Army drafted him to serve his two years in Germany. Eventually, I followed him and we lived in a small town near Stuttgart.

We made contact with my father, and at one point I spent a week with him by myself. The first evening he confirmed all that my mother had said about him. Yes, he admired my mother, but could not accept her insane jealousy about other women. After all, she was the only woman with his name, and their children would be fortunate to have his name also. He freely shared all the details of my birth and his rejection. Of course, he approved of me now because I was petite, slender, good to look at, and had a German husband. I think he looked at my husband like the son he so desperately wanted.

When my husband's tour of duty ended, we returned to Chicago. I corresponded with my father sporadically, which was quite a labour because my German was really not very good.

Upon returning home, I immediately became pregnant. Several months after my son was born I received a letter from my father in which he expressed great joy at the birth of his grandson. However, he wrote, why did we deny our German heritage by naming him Kenneth and not Joseph after his father, two grandfathers, and great grandfather?

I was furious and wrote several letters to him in my mind, which I never put down on paper. He was my father, I reasoned, but this meant absolutely nothing to me. I stopped writing to him, but my husband corresponded with him in fluent German.

Also during this time my sister rarely corresponded with him because she found his constant meddling in her religious views, marriage, and life in general totally unacceptable.

Somewhere during this turbulent time, I wrote a letter to him. It was the letter that I had spent deliberating most of my life I realize now, and I asked God for guidance to understand what to do. The essence of it was that he had no rights as a father to tell me what to name my son. He gave up those rights long ago for whatever reasons and it was impossible to change the past – it was what it was. As I saw it, at this point forward, it would be best for us to work on our friendship. I invited him to visit us in Chicago. Looking back, I realize that this was an enormous leap for me. Shortly thereafter, my mother died of cancer at the age of 53. I grieved for her and missed her loving and caring and good advice in raising my two children.

About a year later, my sister and I received a letter from an attorney stating that our father had died. His estate was shared with his two daughters. I was surprised and tried to comprehend this turn of events. I could not make sense of the meaning of this whole situation with him. The ending seemed incomplete and a part of me was saddened that the potential of forming a friendship was now impossible. But, my heart was still hardened towards him because I felt that the money was too late. How much I would have appreciated financial support earlier.

The next 30 years seem to have moved in lightning speed, but the close friendship with my sister continued to deepen over the years.

One day she called to tell me that the previous night she had been restless and felt moved to straighten out a chest in her bedroom. On the bottom of the chest she found a bundle of letters from our father. After reading one or two she was very upset with him. We spoke often of him, and the letters, over the next few months. Eventually she decided to burn them as a cleansing ritual to release all the hurtful emotions and memories after so many years. This was to be done during our annual vacation, on the shores of Lake Michigan.

After arriving, and when night was upon us, she said “let’s do the letters now”. I replied, “Don’t you want to burn them?”

“We have to read them before we burn them,” was her reply. I could not believe what I was hearing. She wanted to read this packet of letters written in German so many years ago. I was done with my father and only felt the need to support my sister in ridding her of this painful burden revealed in those letters. I could see that she was adamant, so I took a deep breath and resigned

myself to listening to what was so important to her.

She read the letters out loud deep into the night; stars were shining through the windows against a deep rich velvety black sky. I often stared at those stars to ground myself, to connect with the mysterious universe which I felt that we were so much a part of in this capsule of time. Most of the correspondence was while she was in nursing school. I remember one poignant letter, on the theme of missing my sister, which was repeated many times. After receiving a letter from her, his pillow would be wet with his tears for his love for her. My sister felt that this was an inappropriate way to speak to a child. I, on the other hand, listened as I would have for one of my literature classes and was not personally emotionally affected. He seemed like such a lonely man, who was very depressed; I had such empathy for his pain.

Often he said that the only way he could get through the war years was the thought of his two little girls. He longed to be reunited with his daughters. Each letter he ended with asking about *me* and saying that *he loved me*. Often he encouraged my sister to take care of me because I was such a fragile child.

At first, the remarks about me just peaked my interest. At one point, I thought my sister was making it up and had to look at his handwritten message. After all the letters were read, my sister and I grieved and cried for our father. I could feel my spiritual heart opening and healing with the warm, tender knowledge that *my father loved me*. We both felt as if we were at his funeral and burying him with our tender love as we had our mother. All around and through us was the infinite loving Presence mingled with what was happening in this moment. My sister and I sat down by the shores of Lake Michigan and I felt an impulse to select a sandstone rock as a remembrance of my father. I felt that my hand was guided to a rather skewed squarish rock, which I clutched with both hands in deep gratitude for feeling the love of my father at the age of 64 years.

My sister and I grieved and released pent up healing tears. Eventually we walked back up to the house and started dinner. We both agreed that we had a knowing that there was a change in the link/connection between my mother and father now; there was joy; a peace between them. While setting the china on the table, I had a strong prompting come over me that I had to walk by the shores of the lake. I felt as if I were being pulled.

When I reached the shore I kept my eyes down on the rocks and boulders I was hopping from to avoid injuring myself. All at once I felt my father was walking next to me and within I heard him say, *"Thank you for coming down here. I only have a little time. Thank you for your love. We always worried about*

*you being so weak when you were little, but you are the strongest in our family. I have that which I wanted so much; that I longed for from my daughters.”* I wanted to ask him questions as we continued to walk, but he said that his time was limited with me here and I could feel his urgency about the pressure of time. More was said, but I cannot recall it, except the essence of his message.

All at once, his essence/presence/soul was gone. I stood still and looked around, but nothing had changed. There was an absence of sound; like a vacuum. The clear sky was still with approaching dusk, flocks of seagulls quietly rocked with each swell of the water, and gently repeating waves touched the shore.

Within I heard the white light *“There was a tear in time, a portal for him to experience the love. I am still here with you, as always.”*

Back at home in North Carolina, on my counter top, in my kitchen, rests a skewed, squarish rock; looking at it I feel *my father’s love for me*. It is a miracle. Praise be to God. ☺

*... And into that gate they shall enter, and in that house they shall dwell, where there shall be no cloud nor sun, no darkness nor dazzling, but one equal light; no noise nor silence, but one equal music; no fears nor hopes but one equal possession; no foes nor friends, but one equal communion and identity; no ends nor beginnings but one equal eternity.*

*John Donne*

**SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR 2005...** are due on January 1st.

If you receive a separate reminder with this issue your subscription will be due then, but can be paid before. If there is no separate reminder with your copy this is because you pay by standing order, have already paid in advance, or receive a gift subscription. We will, of course, be pleased to accept donations, which are always very welcome. Prompt payment is much appreciated, as is notification of changes of address.

*Ruth Martin, Membership Secretary*



Some years ago I heard words in ministry which have remained with me ever since. They came from a Friend who was speaking of the two worlds between which we are poised – the world of time and the world of eternity, the world which is temporal and the world which remains permanent. In a memorable phrase he brought both together when he spoke of the need for us to “break the food of eternity on our daily bread boards”.

The world of time provides the framework into which we fit the patterns of our work and domestic duties, the responsibilities we accept and the personal relationships we foster. Their demands upon us all seem so important and urgent that it is difficult to decide which we can ignore. Nor is it easy for us to close our ears to the incessant calls to surround ourselves with a variety of material clutter in order to ‘maintain our standard of living’. And so we struggle – with what that may mean to our health – to pay attention to as many of these calls as possible. As a result we leave little space for the stillness through which comes the most important call of all – the call from the world of eternity. In that world life is lived at a deeper level and pace, and we are made aware of the external pressures which have been controlling our living in the world of time.

Rabindranath Tagore, the great Indian philosopher, poet and musician once wrote:

*“Our true life lies at a great depth within us. Our restlessness and weaknesses are in reality merely stirrings on the surface. That is why we must daily return in silence into the depths of our spirits and experience the real life within us.”*

This regular return to our ‘real life’ does not demand the complete severance of our links with the world of time. Rather, it reminds us that whilst we live of necessity in that world we must also be breathing the air of the other world within us. In his *Testament of Devotion* Thomas Kelly shows how this can be done if we allow prayer to be the essential environment of our living. We can then be permanently immersed in worship whilst remaining busy in the world of daily affairs. Time is transfigured by eternity, and the presence of God is with us in our routine activities as surely as with Brother Lawrence amidst the hubbub of his monastery kitchen.

But for some of us the ‘practice of the Presence’ may not be so easy, and there are times when the Presence is hidden from us altogether. We may need help from friends who have grown more familiar with the marriage of the temporal and the eternal. Brother Lawrence lived in a community with a

disciplined prayer life from which he could expect support. Can we rely on the same sort of prayerful support from the members of our Meeting, even though we gather together far less frequently? May it be fanciful to suggest that our doorkeepers offer a special service in this respect as they welcome us from the outside world into the place of silent worship? Some of us may come filled with joyful anticipation: others, weighed down with anxieties, come looking for love and peace. Can the sensitive way in which we are received provide a helpful, if small, step on our path from the world of time to that of eternity?

As we leave our Meetings may we take with us a sense of the eternal Presence, so that as we break the food of eternity on our daily bread boards we shall receive the spiritual nourishment we need to fit us for whatever is required of us in the world of time.



## POEM

*When I open the gate  
I open the gate of my mind.  
Many figures enter.  
Some I fear, some I love,  
but they pass me by  
and I watch them  
disappear down the garden  
into a silent wood.*

*Betty Blum*

### **A point of concern...**

The Friends Fellowship of Healing has been effective in helping very many people though the years, and this has been brought about by members meeting together in groups, or singly, in order to send out Distant, or Absent, Healing to those in need.

We do need this service to continue, in whatever form the individual groups feel appropriate.

However, the committee feels that the time is now right to mention that no member is insured to carry out ***contact healing*** in the name of the FFH, unless that member is also a paid-up healer or probationer member of the Quaker Spiritual Healers (QSH).

## 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.*

### **Nov 19/21 HOLISITIC VOICE AND MEDITATION**

Releasing your voice can encourage health, well-being and confidence. Breathing and toning together with sacred and folk song will lead to deeper meditation and **enchantment**, which literally means 'enfolded in chant'. Experience singing, the beautiful universal language, with therapeutic healing potential. **Sound good to feel good!** *Barbara Alden, Graduate of Trinity College of Music, NFSH healer and experienced teacher.*

### **Nov 26/28 CIRCLE DANCE**

A rich and varied circle dance weekend experience, with traditional and modern dances drawn from many cultures around the world, including eastern European; with some new choreographies. Join us in a friendly atmosphere in which to relax and enjoy. Some dance experience preferred. *Pat Woods, experienced Circle Dance tutor and workshop facilitator.*

### **Dec 3/5 CREATIVE WRITING – 'Great Expectations'**

It is suggested that in our modern world we are encouraged to believe that anyone can achieve anything. We shall explore and write about this concept in its positive, as well as negative, sense. *Lily Seibold, qualified graduate, experienced tutor and trained counsellor.*

### **Dec 17/19 WINTER SOLSTICE CELEBRATION**

As the sun descends to its annual low, we may go within to our Turning Point, seek new Light and new Revelations and find some Inner Peace. *Nick Bagnall (Warden at Claridge House), who has led celebrations of Solstice since 1984.*

### **Jan 7/9 INSIGHTS OF MARTIN BUBER AND THE MEANING OF 'I' and 'Thou'.**

Martin Buber distinguished between I and thou and I and it relationships. His writings help us to understand ourselves more deeply in our relationship with others and our relationship with the

world around us. In entering an 'I – thou' relationship we address ultimately the deepest thou, the Divine within all. *Roswitha Jarman, experienced retreat leader and member of the QRG Steering Group.*

**Jan 14/16 REIKI 1**

Reiki has become known around the world for its ability to channel healing energy, both to those who practise it and those who are recipients. An introductory weekend course.

*Anna Moore, a Reiki Master and teacher for over eight years.*

**Jan 21/23 PILATES**

At the beginning of the 20th century, Joseph H Pilates published his exercises as a remedy for the effects of what we now call stress and the results of physical neglect. This weekend introduces you to his works, concentrating on strengthening muscles, whilst improving posture and flexibility, enabling the body to function as nature intended.

*Fiona Payne, qualified and experienced adult education tutor.*

**Jan 28/30 LISTENING TO THE INNER VOICE**

For each of us there is an inner plan or pattern which, if recognised and acknowledged, leads to life fulfilment. Often, however, we spend our whole lives never really knowing what our blue-print is. Based loosely on the work of Caroline Myss, we will aim to shed more light on our hidden potential. (Unsuitable for anyone who is receiving treatment for mental health problems.) *Rosalind Smith, experienced facilitator, counsellor, and co-tutor of the Quaker Spiritual Healers.*

**Feb 4/6 'SING YOUR HEART OUT'**

Whether you are an experienced singer, or someone who has been discouraged from singing, this course is for you. We will discuss our attitudes to singing; we will cover breathing and voice production techniques; we will sing together, and there will be an opportunity for solos; we will have fun; you will gain confidence!

*Margaret Frayne, a Quaker who is a professional singer and experienced teacher.*

**Feb 11/13 'AWAY WITH WORDS'**

Get away for the weekend – enjoy words. Send words away – enjoy silence. Find a way with words – enjoy sharing.

*Ted Walter, a poet and creative writing tutor for over 25 years.*



**Feb 18/20 ADVANCED MERIDIAN THERAPIES**

A weekend for those already familiar with EFT. A chance to learn and practise other energy therapies, such as TAPS, Freeway CER, BSFF, etc. It will also be a time for deepening one's ability in EFT, thus improving your skills for both yourself and others.

*Brian Ackroyd, Quaker, Buddhist and healer, experienced and professional therapist and counsellor.*

**Feb 25/27 'AUTHENTICITY OF BEING'**

This course offers an opportunity to connect with the wisdom, love and power of Authentic Being and the multiple benefits that this bestows. The philosophical, psychological, scientific, spiritual and practical approaches offered go beyond the conditioned, fragmented and illusory states commonly accepted as expressions of Authentic Being. *Brian Gill, experienced and professional facilitator, working with individuals and groups in the area of personal development.*

**Mar 4/6 'MEDITATION – TO QUIETEN THE MIND'**

Meditation is an effective way of counteracting stress and increasing the sense of personal well-being. Using primarily Buddhist approaches, the course is designed for those who have not meditated before or who have only limited experience. Sessions include periods of seated practice using ordinary chairs. No special postures are used. *John Preston, previously an ordained Buddhist monk, experienced teacher, counsellor and social worker.*

**Mar 7/11 QUAKER SPIRITUAL HEALERS' 'TRAINING' COURSE**

This is another *mid-week* course in practical healing that gives those who are interested in becoming members of the Quaker Spiritual Healers the opportunity to explore their own potential in the field of healing, in a safe, supportive atmosphere. No experience necessary, only a desire to help. Applicants should be sympathetic to Quaker values and have been attending a Quaker meeting for at least a year. *(This course does not necessarily lead to full membership of QSH.) Leonora Dobson and Rosalind Smith, both experienced facilitators, members of FFH, NSFH and co-tutors of QSH.*

**Mar 11/13 CIRCLE DANCE AND MEDITATION**

We will dance a rich mix of delightful dances from many cultures. The glorious ethnic music, yearning, passionate, playful, serene, and uplifting will kindle our innate expansiveness and open our hearts.

We will intersperse the dancing with meditation, and maybe Chi Kung, to help us relax into the dance. Some experience of Circle Dancing would be useful. *Eve Corrin, experienced teacher of Circle Dance, Alexander Technique and languages, and extensive involvement with meditation and Chi Kung.*

**Mar 18/20 THE POETRY OF PSALMS AND PRAYERS**

A weekend of reading, talking and writing. Many poets (David, Blake, Whittier, Eliot) have explored, through language, the relationship between humankind and God. What is a psalm? Are psalms appropriate to the 21st C? Does language matter in prayer? Bring some favourite spiritual poems. 'And what canst thou say?' Under gentle guidance let's find out. *Gerard Benson, a Quaker poet, who worked for 10 years with patients at a London hospital.*

*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.freeserve.co.uk*

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## **LATTENDALES**

**2005**

**May 9/13 QUAKER SPIRITUAL HEALERS' TRAINING COURSE**

This is another *mid-week* course in practical healing that gives those who are interested in becoming members of the Quaker Spiritual Healers the opportunity to explore their own potential in the field of healing, in a safe, supportive atmosphere. No experience necessary, only a desire to help. Applicants should be sympathetic to Quaker values and have been attending a Quaker meeting for at least a year. *(This course does not necessarily lead to full membership of QSH.)*  
*Leonora Dobson and Rosalind Smith, both experienced facilitators, members of FFH, NSFH and co-tutors of QSH.*

*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*

## NEWS FROM LATTENDALES

Our last report told how our Wardens, John and Vivien Cran, had had to resign through ill health. Nikki Harvey is now Acting Warden, ably supported by Kathy Graham, Gwen Mandale, Mary Marshall and some invaluable volunteers.

Local employment conditions on the edge of this major tourist area have prevented our appointing a chef or other staff to help us through the season. All of this has come at a time when we plan to upgrade some of our facilities and expand what we offer to guests. Trustees picture that in spring 2005 we shall make new appointments in the context of a new staff structure, with a Centre Manager working 9 to 5 and overseeing live-in staff, possibly including a Friend in Residence.

We are planning building work, including the provision of three more disabled-access en-suite bedrooms, before spring 2005. We are also investigating, with a local group of organic food enthusiasts, whether Lattendales can become at least partly self-sufficient in organic garden produce. We see this appealing to a chef who will view Lattendales as a good place to work.

*Trustees of Lattendales*

## REST IN ME

***Rest in Me** – let me soothe your brow  
and take your busy thoughts to their place of resting;  
there they will be sifted,  
given back to you in timelessness,  
touched then with My blessing for Your dreaming.*

***Rest in Me** – your senses to be soothed  
in the scent of My sweetness,  
My gentle touch, My firm holding,  
the music of My love.*

***Rest in Me** – know you are My child;  
none can disturb My heart's longing –  
for you, for all My children,  
whatever the Way of the World.*

***Rest in Me** – come into My Peace.*

*Meg Dixon*

A workshop at our Quaker Meeting House last summer provided training for an interest already in my mind. One Saturday we learnt the art of giving and receiving healing. This is some thing we can all do we were told, something every mother can do for her children, lay on hands to soften a hurt. At the end of the afternoon we each gave and received a healing which was an amazing experience for me. As a result of this day our Meeting began a distant healing group which meets once a month for a short while, and is followed by a bring and share supper.

Talking over lunch one day with some friends I was asked how the healing group came into being. I explained that I had been to the workshop last year and very much enjoyed the day. We learnt how to give hands on healing, which we did in pairs and it was an unforgettable experience for me. At the time I had a sore shoulder, which cleared up in a day or two after the healing.

One of my friends asked, 'I've been looking for someone to give me healing, will you do it for me?' I was a bit nonplussed, but didn't feel I could refuse her the experience I had found so wonderful. I believe that if you have a particular gift or skill you should use it. But I hadn't done any hands on healing since last summer, no one had ever asked. I wondered if I would remember how to do it.

I like to think I live adventurously, but that takes a lot of courage. I have a little prayer I use to get me through sticky moments, when I have little courage and many doubts. It's just four words, 'step out in faith'. I think of them as my comfort blanket. So I said my prayer and agreed to give her a healing. She came on a very grey day at the arranged time and sat down. We had a bit of a chat before I began to explain what I would actually do. I laid my hands on her as I had done in the workshop. I felt nothing except that my fingers, during that first session, tingled throughout. At the end I sat and waited, not knowing what I had given, or if I had had any effect whatsoever.

My friend opened her eyes and said nothing. I thought perhaps I had failed after all, but then she said that as soon as I put my hands near her head she was sure the sun had come out as she felt heat like a shaft of hot sunlight hitting the top of her head. I was so relieved. She walked in sunshine all week, which made her more relaxed and able to sleep better. Every time I give her healing she feels intense heat, while I feel nothing now, not even a tingle. For me it is the most amazing experience. It is awesome to be able to give healing. I imagine myself as a plastic tube through which the power flows. I don't understand and I can't explain what happens. But then in this life there are lots of things that can't be explained. I just accept that something wonderful does happen for us both. ☺



*Part 2 of the leaflet published many years ago by the FFH. Part 1 appeared in the previous issue of TW.*

We go on seeking the Divine Presence within ourselves and within others, and then what do we find may so easily happen? Probably we have all at some time or another had the experience of feeling dried up, having doubts about what we are trying to do or the way we are doing it; we seem to be in a fog, and nobody on our list seems to be getting any better, and we are tempted to think, "I'm in a rut; is it all a waste of time?" How does one deal with this situation? Does one give up for the time being, believing that no prayer is better than bad prayer, and just hope that one day the fog will lift? Or does one go on in one's rut believing that bad prayer is better than no prayer, realising that this is an act of will, not of emotion, maybe finding no joy in prayer, but refusing to neglect it because one must not let others down? Douglas Steere in his book *Dimensions of Prayer*, suggests that "We should do well at this point...to examine ourselves as to whether some unfaced decision, some unyielding barrier, some personal relationship which needs correction, stands back of this blackout in our desire for prayer"; and he quotes an Indian man of prayer who said, "In spite of monsoon or summer heat, the Ganges never stops, so why should I?"

I have been greatly helped by something I read in the letters of Hannah Whitall Smith, an American Quaker, who, in writing to an English friend in 1878, said, "Thy inward dryness and barrenness, which so often trouble thee, are simply after all moods of feeling that may arise from a thousand surrounding causes of health, or weather, or good or bad news of outward things; and they have no more to do with the *real* attitude of thy soul toward God than a headache does, or a fit of indigestion". These times of dryness can be distressing, but like the headache or the indigestion they do pass, and possibly should not be taken too seriously, for they are not the end of everything. Perhaps they can be likened to a disturbance on the surface, hiding for the moment the real attitude of the soul towards God, which we must believe is still there in its beauty and its outreach, and which will break through again and lift us up.

As for the feeling that "no-one I am praying for is getting any better", I would say "How do we know?" How can we tell what is going on in the inmost soul of another? Or how long it may take for the healing power to work through all that may be in the way? How do we know also what forces and helps are being set in motion by our thoughts of love and courage for that person? And let us never feel that we have necessarily failed in our prayer if someone dies. Why is death so often looked upon as a tragedy, something to be

avoided? We cannot avoid it, and the discarding of a sick or worn-out body to enable the soul to be free to progress, if it will, should surely hold some feeling of thankfulness and joy. If the time has come for a person to pass on, we should not try to hold them back; and may not our prayer for the dying help them through the valley? In any case, the results, I feel, are not our responsibility. Our responsibility lies in our faithful remembrance of those committed to our prayer-care. I once heard someone say that the power of our thoughts and prayers goes out to those who are receptive, but if they are not receptive the power is not wasted but is directed by the Spirit to where it is needed. I like to think that this is true and pass it on to you for your consideration. Dr. Martin Israel says, "How this power is used concerns the recipient only: he may accept it or reject it".

This brings me to the matter of acceptance in general. We sometimes hear or read of someone being resigned to his lot, which is not necessarily the same as accepting it. Resignation has a negative ring about it, rather implying sitting down under the adversity, whereas in acceptance we can find something positive, almost a readiness to work with, or within it, and a willingness to try to find out what we can learn and understand from it. Sometimes it is harder to accept for somebody else than for oneself, and here I think we have to remember that other people's lives, how they manage (or mismanage) them, what happens as a result of mistakes made in this life or in past lives, are not really our business. Our part must be to be ready to help where we can, to be available if they want friendship and understanding, but being very chary of criticising or of giving advice (for who are we to know their real needs, or what lies behind their trouble?), and to remember them in prayer, asking only that the divine will may be done in them.

Finally, let us come back to an idea that we considered near the beginning – that of God as a spiritual power eternally within us and within creation. If this is so, then he is with us in our distresses or pain (hard though it may be to realise it); he is in the situations that trouble our friends (though we may not see how); and if he is love, then our thought of love sent into the heart of a certain person, or into the heart of a situation, is our link with him; and however feeble or inadequate we may feel ourselves to be, this is our part, our responsibility, our joy.

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*Perhaps more wonderful still is the way in which beauty breaks through... It must imply behind things a Spirit that enjoys beauty for its own sake and that floods the world everywhere with it.*

**Rufus Jones**

# REPORTS

## GLASGOW GROUP WEEKEND 21/23 May 2004 held at Lattendales.

Twenty Quaker healers bound for Lattendales  
Two went off a-rambling, despite our moans and wails.  
Eighteen Quaker healers, ready for the fray,  
One had a house to sell so couldn't get away.  
Seventeen keen Quakers – one an aging male,  
He became an O.A.P. – obviously too frail!  
Sixteen Quaker healers still would like to roam,  
Two had families needing them and had to stay at home.  
Fourteen Quaker healers, still rarin' to go,  
One had rotas changed at work – there's another "No".  
Thirteen Quaker healers, Lattendales was calling,  
One found course work just too much – that was really galling.  
Twelve Quaker healers, we're thinning out now fast  
One had to be left behind, stuck in a plaster cast.  
Eleven hopeful Quakers (we're down to a room each)  
Two more had a last minute hitch and so they couldn't reach.  
Nine Quaker healers, hoping to assemble  
But one was proper poorly and we left him all a-tremble.  
Eight Quaker healers – oh, we're not finished yet –  
One was burnt out 'cause he is part of the jet set.  
Seven Quaker healers finally got together,  
One had hearing problems so couldn't thole our blether.  
Six sturdy Quakers saw the weekend through  
And as for all the drop-outs, I'll just say  
"You know who you are!"

*Muriel Robertson*

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*The intellect has little to do on the road to discovery. There comes a leap in consciousness, call it intuition or what you will, and the solution comes to you and you don't know how or why.*

*Albert Einstein*

Occasionally I am taken aback at the unexpected actions of my clients: human beings can be fickle and unpredictable especially when going through personal turmoil.

Talking and listening form large component parts of any counselling. However, writing out thoughts and memories which are clogging up an individual's head and impeding their progress to full health and wholeness can be of great benefit. If an individual seems interested in the idea of writing as part of their therapy we talk through how this would work for them, including perhaps buying a special book and pen and then seeing what happens!

There are those who tell me it did not work for them but later admit that they didn't give it a try. There are yet others who give it a go, albeit reluctantly and with some scepticism, only to return telling me they wrote non-stop and now feel a lot better and don't need me anymore! I usually joke and say mine must be one of very few professions when you can say you're glad when you're made redundant.

An agreement is usually made that if writing is undertaken and it is in the form of a letter releasing strong feelings and anger at a particular individual/s it should never be sent nor read by anyone else. This is successful even though sometimes the recipient may be deceased because this is for the benefit of the writer only. It is often destroyed later – burning, shredding, etc. to symbolise completion of the work .

On one never-to-be-forgotten occasion a patient, who had been working hard on past abuse issues came to the decision she would write “the letter you never send”. So she went off in a determined mood and with my usual caution about the ‘golden rule’.

The following week she entered the room all smiles, sat down, looked me straight in the eye and announced: “You know what we talked about last week? – well – I’ve not only written it – I’ve SENT it and I just wanted to see the look on your face when I told you!” (She had sent it to the past abuser who was now a very old man).

Once over my initial shock and dismay we began to laugh about it and it was not long afterwards we agreed counselling was no longer needed.

On reflecting afterwards, I realized that a ‘golden rule’ can and should be broken if the occasion merits it. After all, only she had carried with her continually the horrors of the past abuse; so only she knew what would help



her finally come to terms with it. She learned later that the recipient was apparently shocked but did understand why the letter had been written and sent to him.

For that particular patient, this was the most cathartic action she had ever undertaken; she had finally achieved her goal of closing the last chapter in her book of bad memories. She needed to completely cut the ties that bound her and say a final 'goodbye' on her terms. 🌹

*This above all: to thine own self be true.*

*William Shakespeare*

### **CLARIDGE HOUSE – OPEN DAY – 7th August, 2004**

The Open Day to mark the 50th anniversary of the opening of Claridge House was blessed with brilliant sunshine. The resident guests for the weekend shared in a Meeting for Worship in the morning. This was followed after coffee by a talk by the Clerk of Trustees in which he gave a history of the Centre. He focused on special events that had occurred through the years and recalled some of the many people who had been connected with the House.

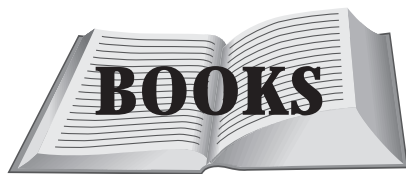
In the afternoon visitors were welcomed. The opportunities to have a session of healing, massage or learn a little about the Alexander Technique were very popular.

Many joined in circle dancing whilst others watched from under the shade of some of the beautiful old trees. Before tea, the Warden (Nick Bagnall) launched the anniversary appeal with a speech that gave a very positive and confident picture of the future.

A particular joy of the event was meeting so many who have been associated with the House.

The public part of the Day ended with worship on the lawn where it was noticed that there were exactly fifty present!

*Alan Pearce*



*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.)*

**\*Five Gold Rings** edited by **Anna Jeffery**, Darton, Longman & Todd, 2003. 161pp. ISBN 0-232-52528-5. £8.95

This would seem like an easy way to put a book together – canvas ‘a number of contemporary luminaries’ as the author describes them in her foreword and ask them to write about the person, the place, the poem and the book which have most inspired them. These are four of the ‘gold rings’ of the title. The fifth is the philosophy of life which the contributor has developed as a result of their influence...a sort of literary Desert Island Discs. It is not a book to read from start to finish: like any anthology it is for dipping in and selecting according to your taste.

I started by picking familiar names in the list of writers then went on to check which poems they had all chosen. Six of the twenty-four had opted for George Herbert’s “Love bade me welcome”, a seventh chose “The Flower” by the same poet. The only other poet to gain more than one mention is Gerard Manley Hopkins and one of the people who chose him also mentioned Herbert’s style.

As to books, two writers came down fair and square in favour of the Bible while two others narrowed it down to the Gospels, but five others said, “Well, really the Bible – but I suppose you want us to say something else”, which they did. In selecting the person who had inspired them, several similarly said, “Of course my wife/husband/parent – but obviously you want some one else” but six of them stuck with a close family member.

It is an ideal bedside book. Read a bit then drift off to sleep while you pick your own Five Gold Rings, the only trouble being it is so difficult to narrow down one’s choices.

*Muriel Robertson*

**\*The Ripple Effect – Finding Inner Peace and Harmony**, by **Anne Jones**. Piatkus. 2003. 268 pp. ISBN 0-7499-2462-4. £10.99.

This book is billed as “a guide to your own personal enlightenment in a complex world”. The author, Anne Jones, runs an international healing organisation. Following a prompt from her “dead” grandmother, she gave up a high-powered business career in computers to become a full-time healer. Here, she shares what she has learnt on her spiritual journey and illustrates her

points with personal experiences.

The book first explores how to find our own spiritual path by looking to the Divine within ourselves. We do not need special places to link with God but can do so anywhere at any time. It is only when we find what is right for us as individuals that we can be most effective in our relationships with others. The “Ripple Effect” refers to the fact that our thoughts and actions can touch the world like ripples on water which in turn can lead others to set off their own “ripple effect”. By following the Light, we can create “ripples” as an influence for good in the world.

Anne Jones looks at the different aspects of love such as compassion, tolerance, and forgiveness, and goes on to explore how we can live in love and harmony in our relationships – with parents, partners, children, grandchildren, friends, with animals and with nature.

The book is full of practical information and advice and includes meditation and other spiritual exercises in every chapter. It covers a wide range of topics, including life after death, guides, angels, healing, chakras and karma. It is a comprehensive introduction for those who are starting to study healing and allied subjects but also provides much food for thought for those who are more familiar with these ideas.

*Cherry Simpkin*

**\*The World in my Heart** by **Jo Farrow**. Quaker Books. 2nd ed. 2004. 175 pp. ISBN 0-85245-359-0. £8.00

When I was asked to review this book by Jo Farrow, I had other things I wanted to do. Then synchronistically, I found it was just what I needed to read to clarify some of my own conflicts as a Quaker.

Jo writes with gentle humour and compassion about her spiritual journey – a journey of coming home to and into herself. As a teenager she began the quest, and being an all-or-nothing person, found her way into the Church by “diving into the deep end” and falling in love with God. It wasn’t the God of St Augustine, which she felt denies us of so much of our humanity. Over time she found the God of Julian of Norwich, a God of unconditional love. Jo constantly questioned the authorised versions of Christianity and as a heretic with a conformist streak became a Deaconess in the Methodist Church. This did not satisfy her own quest to reclaim her spirituality. She found so much that contradicted her concept of God, particularly religious institutions which “seemed to be suffering from a hardening of the oughtaries”.

After a life changing experience, a metaphorical death and a resurrection, a new Jo emerged who could allow her human darkness to see the light of day.

A Jo coming home to herself. At this time she found more answers in humanistic psychology than in formalised religion.

Jo was attracted to many aspects of Quakerism some time before coming to it later in life. When she did, her first Meeting for Worship was a coming home to and into her stillness. In Quaker spirituality she found acceptance of both Inner Light and Inner Darkness. She does find however, that many Quakers whilst comfortable with the light and being good, are averse to exploring their inner darkness. In Quaker worship she found increasingly a way to listen more deeply to herself in the silence. Being Jo, she dived into Quakerism at the deep end with total commitment. She writes vividly of her experience of exploring the mystery of an indefinable yet very real God, beyond words and imagery.

She writes: "Quaker spirituality is about awareness and inward knowing. It is about becoming aware of the real issues of life whether we are thinking about the pollution or nuclear devastation of our planet, about poverty or oppression or about the impoverishment of our inner lives. It is about peace and reconciliation in both our inner and outer worlds. Our social awareness begins with our awareness of dissonance or harmony within. This is the starting point for Friends simply because all that is happening on our planet is the giant shadow of a drama being played out on the inside of our lives."

"George Fox understood this very well when he wrote in his journal in 1647 'And I went back to Nottinghamshire, and the Lord showed me that the natures of those things which were hurtful without, were within'. Most of his contemporaries were busy blaming other people for the social unrest and dislocation in their society but what follows in his journal makes it clear that he had discovered, to his own surprise and horror, that the roots of violence and destructiveness were located in his own heart."

*Tony Steel-Cox*

**A House of Stars, Celebrating Life and Life After Life with Children and Angels.** Compiled by **Anne Smith**, illustrated by **Joy Simpson**. FFH 2004. 34 pp. ISBN 1-873048-83-1. £3.00 (plus £1.00 p&p) obtainable from Anne Smith, 90 Chipperfield Road, Kings Langley, Herts. WD4 9JD and from Alan Pearce, 15 East Street, Bluntisham, Huntingdon, Cambs. PE28 3LS.

Anne Smith is known to many as an active FFH member. She was co-ordinator of the Postal Prayer Group for many years and has written and compiled several booklets for the Fellowship. Now she delights us again with her new publication, another to treasure and return to time and time again, perhaps to draw on when children ask us those awkward questions about life

and death and what happens after. It is full of smiles, tears and extraordinary insights. Children not only ask questions they often supply answers:

*“When you are dead your angel picks you up and puts you back where you started from... You will be able to fly when you get to heaven. God is looking after your wings.”*

It is a book that replaces the logic of grown-up thinking with the logic of childlike thinking. We adults think we have acquired some wisdom but then on listening to children we suddenly realise that they are much closer to the truth. They have been in their bodies of light in the between life state much more recently than we have and sometimes, with a little encouragement, they can remember the experience. The booklet is enchantingly illustrated by Joy Simpson. It will affirm, refresh and stimulate your inner child. Thank you dear Anne and Joy for this labour of love.

*Angela Howard*

**\*Able Lives** by **Fiona Murdoch**. Veritas. 2003. 159 pp. ISBN 1-85390-699-9. £12.95.

This book is ‘a celebration of the abilities and achievements of people with disabilities’. The author is Irish and the main thrust of the book is set in Ireland, where, in 2003, the Special Olympics World Summer Games were held, heralded by an opening ceremony of breath-taking proportions – which included the delivery of the ‘Flame of Hope’, lit nine days earlier in Athens and carried to Bangor, Co. Down, with ‘one and a half million people turning out to watch it pass through their particular town or neighbourhood.’

The first chapter deals with the dedication of disabled athletes and their triumph at the Special Olympics. Subsequent chapters deal with the equal dedication of disabled people in all walks of life: Lughaidh O’Modhrain, blind from birth, sang for Mother Teresa of Calcutta; Samuel Malcolmson who, despite having an IRA bullet lodged in his spine, founded the Disabled Police Officers’ Association; Claire Gallagher, blinded in the Omagh bombing, who played the piano in the White House seven months afterwards.

But the book also pays great tribute to the families and carers of the disabled – those who, behind the scenes, smooth the way and make it possible for others to achieve fulfilment in their lives, sometimes, perhaps, taking a back seat and having to accept great life-changes themselves.

These stories make interesting, sad, yet very encouraging reading; and the book is accompanied by a CD of music by and about disabled people.

*Rosalind Smith*



**FFH PUBLICATIONS** Available from Alan Pearce, 15 East Street, Bluntisham, Huntingdon, Cambs. PE28 3LS. Tel: 01487 741400. Please add postage. Cheques to be made out to the Friends Fellowship of Healing.

- Valerie Cherry – *Grief Experienced* Second edition £1.80
- Joan Fitch – *Handicap and Bereavement* £1.00
- Kitty Grave – *A Pool of Quiet – meditations for a month* £1.20
- Joanna Harris (ed.) – *The Healing Power of Laughter* New edition £1.40
- *Mourn us not* £2.00
- *In Praise of Claridge House* £2.50
- Joanna Harris & Alan Pearce (eds.)
- *Quakers & Healing Today* £2.00
- David Hodges – *George Fox and the Healing Ministry* £3.50
- *Science, Spirituality and Healing* £2.25
- *Seeking to Heal?* £1.20
- Louie Horne – *A Closeness of Living: the spiritual legacy of Louie Horne* £2.00
- Jim Pym – *What kind of God, What kind of Healing?*
- New edition £1.80
- Anne Smith (ed.) – *Friends Find Words...* £2.50
- *In Praise of Lattendales* £2.50
- *A House of Stars: Celebrating Life and Life after Life with Children and Angels* £3.00
- Rosalind Smith – *Simple Healing* £1.00
- *Quakers & the Spiritual/Psychic Dimension* £1.20
- *Meditation and Contemplative Prayer* £1.50
- Elizabeth Stubbs (ed.) – *Coming Through the Darkness* £1.50
- Mavis E. Timms – *Lift Up the Stone* £2.00
- Monica Stafford – *An ordinary woman's journey on the mystical path* 90p

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 back of TW)* – 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.