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# TOWARDS WHOLENESS

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

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

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

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

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

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*Donations for the work of the Fellowship are most welcome.*

FFH / QSH website: [www.quaker-healing.org.uk](http://www.quaker-healing.org.uk)

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**Cover photo: 'Becalmed together'** – taken in the Baltic Sea at the start of the Tall Ship Race in 2013 from Arrhus in Denmark to Helsinki. From Tony Franklin.

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Life in 17th century England was a deeply chaotic and disturbing experience – probably analogous to what is happening in some Middle Eastern countries nowadays. George Fox's life encompassed the reigns of five different sovereigns, one of whom was beheaded; also the plague, the Fire of London and the Civil War, where a greater percentage of the population died than more recently in the First World War. All the religious changes over the previous 100 years had ripped away the anchors and spiritual comforts from people's lives and made them frightened, and confused. The poet Milton wrote, at the time, "The hungry sheep look up and are not fed." George Fox, born on 13th January 1624, was one of these hungry sheep, but out of his desperation, as we know, came an inner inspiration, a direct experience of Christ, that caused him to spend the rest of his life encouraging people to value experience over dogma and look inward for their inspiration and source of strength.

One of the better things that Henry VIII had done in the previous century was to install a Bible in English in every church and eventually allow ordinary people to purchase their own copies, but paradoxically this provoked violent arguments and gave rise to all sorts of warring sects and groups who argued, fought and distributed violent, inflammatory pamphlets and tracts in attempts to assert their individual ideas of what it all meant and find securely based beliefs. The law of the land dictated that all citizens had to attend church, where they were treated as miserable sinners and forced to listen to hell-fire sermons that could last for three hours and more. No wonder that 17th century people in general, especially Quakers, avoided going to church if they could, but if the authorities found out, they were often imprisoned, had their goods confiscated or were made homeless.

George Fox seemed to go to church only to argue with the incumbent and this got him into a lot of trouble, but he read the Bible avidly and practically knew it backwards. In fact a Dutch historian wrote that if the Bible were lost, it could be found again in the mouth of George Fox! His whole life was spent trying to follow the example of Jesus Christ, who was a healer and who had made it very clear that the power to heal the sick was not his own but that it came from his father, God. Fox realised that he too could become a channel for grace and transmit loving energy to help others who were ill or in need.

Jesus had told his disciples to go forth and heal the sick, and in the early days of Christianity healing was one of the charisms that any Christian might have. It was only later when various Holy Roman Emperors used Christianity as a sort of controlling glue to keep their empires together that healing became exclusively the province of priests.

The many records of Fox's healing gifts show that he was unusually willing for his time to help the sick and wounded and, given that he was a healer trying to follow the pattern of Jesus Christ, it's not surprising that spiritual healing has many affinities with Quakerism. It's difficult to describe: it's facilitated by what we call the Inner Light and it can only be properly understood by experiencing it. You could say that there are as many ways of being a healer as there are of being a Quaker. We are all capable of healing in some way or another.

The majority of Fox's healing acts were of physical disease but there were also instances of mental or psychological problems being addressed. These were recorded at the time as people "moping, possessed or in troubled states of mind." Chapter 2.18 in *Quaker Faith and Practice* records Fox's advice to Lady Claypole, Cromwell's daughter, who seems to have been depressed; perhaps the consequence of having a father like Cromwell!

Extensive evidence of Fox's acts of healing is contained in his journal and is also catalogued in a book called *Fox's Book of Miracles*. However, despite the fact that Fox left a sum of money for this book to continue to be published after his death, it was not included amongst his publications, and over the centuries diary entries about his healing acts were also removed. So eventually this aspect of his ministry was played down because people were terrified of being accused of witchcraft or blasphemy, for which there were appalling penalties. James Naylor had a B branded on his forehead and his tongue pierced!

A panel of the Quaker tapestry shows Fox at Ulverston, having been ejected from a local church. He's surrounded by an angry mob, one of whom had just paralysed his arm with a violent blow! Fox is looking at his outstretched arm and saying in wonderment: "I looked at it in the grace of God and the Lord's power sprang through me and through my hand."

The man who had struck him apologised and offered Fox his sword so that he could defend himself but in keeping with his pacifist principles Fox refused and walked calmly back into Ulverston, where no-one attacked him.

We have not all been tested like George Fox and we have not necessarily felt or witnessed "the Lord's power" in action in the way he did, but if we have taken part in a truly and deeply gathered Quaker meeting for worship we can begin to understand the power of the Spirit and what spiritual healing is all about. In our meetings, "under God", as used to be said, we can safely expand our consciousness and come into a kind of focus together in the Inner Light, which allows healing energy to flow freely amongst us, affording us flashes of insight, glimpses of the mystery of what in other churches is called holy communion. Sometimes we are the ones whose words and attitudes open the door to the



transforming power of love; sometimes we are warmed by the love flowing through the heart of another Friend.

The same collaborative situation exists between a healer and people offering themselves for healing.

Robert Barclay wrote about the spread of spiritual energy in a Quaker meeting and the effect it had upon him, a latecomer: “As soon as that person retires inwardly, the power, which has been raised in good measure by the whole meeting, will suddenly lay hold of a person’s spirit. In a wonderful way it will help to raise up the good in him or her and will give birth to the same power. It will melt and warm their hearts in the same way that a person who feels cold feels warm when they approach a stove or a flame: or when a flame takes hold in some small combustible material which is nearby.”

Healing is not about praying for a cure, rather it is drawing people into a loving atmosphere so that it’s easier for them to experience the Light.

Spiritual healing is love in action and no matter how depressed or disturbed we may be in mind, body, emotions or spirit it can penetrate our distress and pain and bring warmth, better health and enlightenment to us and, most importantly, help our own healing processes to begin to operate properly. Healing is a gift of the Spirit. Fox only healed when, as he said, “the power of the Lord was over all” and didn’t claim any success for himself. Neither do present day healers. Members of the Friends Fellowship of Healing call themselves healers because no-one can think of a better epithet but we know that we are merely channels. Hildegard of Bingen called healers aqueducts.

A Meeting for Worship for Healing can be both a group or an individual experience. I like to think that the first Meetings for Sufferings were not just about organising practical help for Friends made penniless or homeless or ill because of state persecution but also Meetings for Worship for Healing – distant healing – for those Friends who were suffering the horrible privations and cruelty of prison life in those days. Fox was imprisoned on more than six occasions, once for a whole year, and he had three serious illnesses because of the strictures of prison life. It has been suggested that these malaises were partly brought on because of his enormous compassion for his fellow prisoners. From his own experience he understood their suffering and wanted to transmit love to help them bear it and indeed survive it, as he had done.

Quakerism is a very broad church. No-one is turned away because they refuse to endorse a form of words or a dogmatic statement. There is plenty of informative material available for newcomers, who feel the need for

instruction, but essentially it is not taught but “caught” by a kind of osmosis, by small personal developments of the mind, body and spirit, a process of continual evolution. Understanding spiritual healing is exactly the same. We often speak of “holding people in the Light” but there are different degrees of understanding of what the phrase means. When Karl Gustav Jung was asked if he believed in God he said “I don’t believe, I know.” Rather than a belief, he had, like George Fox, an inner conviction. Quakerism and spiritual healing have to do with what the Inner Light reveals to us, what we come to know in our heart to be true. It seems to me that we Quakers are on a life-long pilgrimage to find out what love requires of us – how we can make the world a better place. Quakerism is inspirational, experimental and goes through developments from age to age, as we seek a deeper understanding or a newly minted way forward.

Hugh Maw, writing last January in *The Friend*, bemoaned the fact that so many references to healing, mentioned in *Christian Faith and Practice* have been removed from *Quaker Faith and Practice*. It must have seemed to the editors that healing was no longer relevant and indeed, a good proportion of present day Quakers have never felt the need to acquire an understanding of spiritual healing, but those who have benefited from it have said things like “I felt really comforted”; “I feel at peace with myself!”; “The pain has gone”; or “I was aware of being held in the Light during my illness or my time in hospital”. Spiritual healing or compassion in action is part of our Quaker heritage and many of us have cause to be grateful for the fact that since 1935, when the Friends Fellowship of Healing (FFH) was inaugurated, its members have been gathering regularly in groups all over the UK to send distant healing to all those who ask for it or who are felt to be in need.

*(This article is based on a talk given at BYMG. August 2014)*

People may forget what you do or say,  
but not how you make them feel.

Life is short, break the rules,  
**Forgive** quickly,  
Kiss slowly,  
Love truly,  
Laugh uncontrollably,  
And never regret anything that made you smile.  
Life may not be the party we hoped for, but while we’re here we should dance.

*Found on the internet*

To write about forgiveness is daunting; it is a topic both vast and complex, and yet it is vital to the healthy flow of our relationships. The word ‘forgiveness’ when used in the New Testament is a translation of the Greek word ‘aphesis’ which means *letting go*. I have found this image to be very helpful in reflecting upon forgiveness. Imagine a boat tied to its moorings and then untied to float freely with no constrictions. Here is an image of being freed to be who one truly is. This is at the heart of my understanding of forgiveness. Forgiveness is intimately connected to freedom: freedom to receive and give love, and freedom to enter into life in all its fullness.

I want to look at two aspects of the topic, which have interested me. The first is the nature of forgiveness and the possible consequences of an unforgiving spirit. Secondly the question, how can we tell if we have not forgiven someone – are there tell-tale signs which might give an indication?

Being willing to forgive someone does not mean minimising or denying the pain or wrong-doing, not does it mean we have to trust the person again or that all the inflicted pain will disappear. There are often lasting consequences which may have to be faced for years to come.

Forgiveness is often a process over a period of time, which may start with a simple decision of the will to want to forgive. That in itself can be a milestone. Forgiveness demands an honest recognition of genuine hurts inflicted. When I was working through the consequences of a difficult parental relationship, I was led to forgive at a deeper level each time some new insight about the effects of the relationship came to light.

I suspect that we should keep the word ‘forgiveness’ for the larger issues of life, not the minor irritations which perhaps rather demand a graciousness and generosity of spirit – or even a sense of humour!

Forgiveness can mean revising the way we see someone else. We may need to work at seeing them in a broader, more positive light than through the narrowed lens of our grievance, which can so readily corrupt our view of them. We forgive the actions and behaviour of others: it is hardly ours to forgive them for who they are.

The consequences of un-forgiveness can first and foremost affect our own well-being. It can imprison us behind a barrier of resentment and bitterness, or within our own negative views of ourselves or of others. It can even affect our health.



To work at forgiveness of someone can therefore liberate our own souls to live more freely and with greater joy.

So how do we know when we have forgiven someone, who may have had a negative impact on us over a period of time? I have found the following thoughts and questions a helpful general yardstick.

Do I constantly revisit the issue or dwell on the pain? Do I feel free to 'play' or am I inwardly bound by resentment? If I can pray for the other person and feel a degree of compassion for them, then I suspect I am being given the grace to forgive. It is surely a supernatural gift that enables us to forgive from the heart.

True forgiveness seems to enable a change of behaviour even in the most difficult situation. I was very moved to read of the work of a Palestinian doctor, who lost three daughters and a niece when tank fire hit his home in 2009. Other family members were gravely injured. And yet this doctor now writes and works with a passion for peace and reconciliation between Israel and Palestine. He says 'Forgiveness relieves you of hate, anger – and leaves me stronger to seek justice for these innocent girls.' He has turned this tragedy into a powerful force to seek peace and justice. For him justice is about reconciliation not revenge.

We may not have experienced such severe personal loss at the hands of others, nor may we find ourselves in such stressful political environments, yet few of us have lived unscathed lives, or have not been deeply affected by the shortcomings of others. Yet, in letting go of our resentment, letting go of our own pride, letting go of our self-protective patterns of behaviour, we open ourselves to the all-embracing offer of Divine Love and thus be able to receive forgiveness within our own souls.

What a platform this may then create for extending this forgiveness to others! It is like opening the gated barriers of a river lock. The waters of life are free to flow!

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The Hamblin Trust (Nov/Dec 2012) and is republished with permission.  
[www.thehamblintrustorg.uk](http://www.thehamblintrustorg.uk)*

## ON A SUNNY WINTER'S AFTERNOON WALK

*The dead are so silent  
They breathe not  
They speak not  
They move not  
But in my silence  
They return in memory  
Bringing comfort  
In their absence*

*Feast on the hills  
Feast on the air in your face  
Feast on movement  
With all of your senses  
With all of your power  
With all of your love  
Until it is gone  
Forever*

*Judy Clinton*

### THE HEALING HELPLINE

A new healing website, developed with a Quaker Spiritual Healer ethos, has been developed. The website **[www.healinghelpline.eu](http://www.healinghelpline.eu)** has just been launched. Its purpose is to provide a Healing Circle / prayer group for the 'on-line' community and it is a very simple thing to engage with.

Requests are made for healing at the web site by anyone. The request is moderated for inappropriate content and when approved is put on an immediate or a daily or a weekly distribution list. The distribution list with the healing requests is sent to everyone who has joined the Healing Circle. Those in the Healing Circle will then send distance healing / prayers either individually or collectively when they next go to their healing groups or Meeting for Worship for Healing.

It is a simple process and other than physical intervention for moderating the requests, all the distribution of e-mails, etc. is done automatically by the web site. There is built in security so no e-mail addresses are published and there is no marketing or collecting of names or data for commercial purposes.

You are invited to visit the web site, to join the Healing Circle and to extend the healing ministry.

This summer my husband and I decided that we would take a battlefield tour of the First World War sites in Flanders. Our day trip started on a glorious July morning.

We drove first to the German cemetery. In my ignorance I had no idea German soldiers were buried in Flanders. The Germans were not allowed to use white head stones so to me it was as if we were punishing them all over again. It was a very dark place, the headstones were all in black granite and most were mass graves. There was a set of four black bronze statues depicting each of the forces, army, navy and air force and medical men. There was an enormous mass grave in the centre and high blocks of granite with hundreds of names incised on the sides. The graveyard was planted with tall straight oaks and surrounded by a low wall. The gatehouse through which you had to pass was panelled in oak with thousands of names of the fallen carved into it.

We then moved on to the largest of the cemeteries, Tyne Cop at Passchendaele. This is a huge place filled with ranks of headstones in white, beautifully maintained by the War Graves Commission and each headstone planted up with perennial plants and roses. Around the outside is a long curved wall bearing the names of many soldiers of all ranks.

I have no family connections with the First World War, but I felt keenly the sorrow of those who have. All those mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, wives and girlfriends waiting for news of their young men who signed up so bravely, who went off to war believing it would all be over by Christmas, only to die among the shells, bullets, grenades, guns and mud. Hundreds drowned in the mud. All the villages around have been rebuilt from the rubble using reclaimed bricks from the ruins. Even so they are still very new looking.

One of the ways in which the Belgians impeded the progress of the German army was to open the sea gates to the North Sea and flood the land. This they did twice. I was curious to know how they managed to return the land to fertility. Apparently they used vast quantities of chalk and sea shells and after fifteen years took the first crop. Now you would never know the land had ever been anything but fertile. The fields are lush and green. Birds sing overhead. The land has healed. Shell holes still dot the landscape, now softened by trees and new growth. Now they are pretty ponds.

We were shown into a farmer's garage with its horrific store of the remains of old shell casings, grenades, twisted guns, bullets, pieces of shrapnel which have been dug out of the fields. Sadly, in the area, bodies and bullets are still being

uncovered and their discovery is sometimes fatal even now. After uncovering a shell a local farmer was killed and his companions were injured just a few months ago.

We didn't see all of the cemeteries, there are over two hundred in the area, many dotted along the roadsides. There is a big memorial to the Canadians which we did see. Our guide told us that everything for this memorial had been brought from Canada, the soil, the plants, the stones. There is another large memorial to the Americans alongside a road. And on one roundabout a piece of sculpture showing a skull to commemorate the youngest soldier of the war, just thirteen years old.

We then progressed to the Passchendaele Museum where you can have a 'dugout tunnel experience'. For this you descend many steps into the bowels of the earth or so it seems. The dugout is boarded and has several rooms off the main passageway, a sleeping place, a first aid station and a cooking area. For someone who feels claustrophobic, like me, it wasn't a pleasant experience, but then in reality it wasn't ever going to be that for anyone. In the museum you could have a taste, or rather smell, of all the different gases used by both the enemy and by the British with varying success. Often the wind changed direction and they ended up gassing their own troops, either British or German. Gas masks were primitive and largely ineffective.

Outside there is a trench experience, but it's too clean and dry underfoot to be truly convincing.

We saw all the areas I've read about in stories over the years, Hill 60, Hill 62, the Menin Road, the hills of Flanders, Mount Kemmel, Messines Ridge, the Menin Gate in Ypres, the cloth hall and the city centre. We had lunch in Ypres and then looked at the new exhibition called 'In Flanders Fields' in the cloth hall, a rebuilt medieval hall where cloth was bought and sold. In my opinion this exhibition wasn't as good as the Passchendaele museum. It was interactive, but many of the interactive parts didn't seem to work very well. The Menin Gate has hundreds of thousands of names carved into the stone and forms a huge and impressive entry to Ypres.

Our final visit that day was to a beautiful lake. It was calm and quiet and there were waterlilies growing in the water. But this piece of landscape has been man made. The British soldiers tunnelled beneath the German trenches and hung a bird cage of explosives at intervals along the length. The enormous explosion when it was triggered could be heard in London. It changed the shape of the landscape creating this wonderfully pretty lake.

My lasting impressions of the day are of deep sadness and poignancy. It was supposed to be the war that ended all wars, and yet just in just over twenty years it was all happening again. Looking at the graves of all these young men, most in their twenties, I couldn't help feeling it was all such a waste. The front line was so small an area to fight over. I heard a guide talking to a group of children in Tyne Cot telling them that the soldiers set off from where their hotel is now sited to take the hill in front of them. It should have taken them just a few hours, instead it took them one hundred days. He showed them photos of the shattered landscape, and the same place three months later. It hadn't altered, it was a sea of mud and scarred remains of trees.

For those of you wanting to have this battlefield experience go to [www.visitbruges.org](http://www.visitbruges.org)

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### WHICH WAY?

*There's a train pulling slowly into the station –  
an engine and seven long carriages all with names.*

*The first one is called*

*'Unforgiveness',*

*the second is*

*'Anger',*

*the third*

*'Revenge'.*

*Then come 'Jealousy', 'Guilt' and 'Poor Me'.*

*The first class carriage is at the rear; its name is*

*'Power and Control'.*

*The engine, massive and black, has its name painted  
large and in blood red letters that spell out the word*

*'FEAR'.*

*It stops;*

*doors open.*

*No one alights but the platform of people push  
and shove their way into crowded carriages –  
standing room only of course.*

*Now the engine, squealing and grinding and groaning,  
strives to heave its heaviness back into motion.*

*I step aside and let it pass.*

*I will wait for a train on a different track.*

*Carolyn Fletcher*

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## REPORTS

### REPORT ON THE HEALING MINISTRY AT BYMG AT BATH UNIVERSITY: AUGUST 2014.

There were 3 healers at BYMG. Allan Holmes and Anthea Lee were there for the whole week and we were delighted that Stephen Feltham managed to take some time off from his extraordinarily full schedule to attend on the Monday and Tuesday, bringing a splendid banner for our stall and all the literature, which included 100 copies of *TW*, 50 application packs, 200 information packs, 2 posters and “The healing ministry” explanation sheets. Most of these, including some CH brochures, were distributed during the week. Allan provided and distributed copies of various articles on healing, including one he had had published in *The Friend* called “Witnessing miracles.”

Anthea had previously arranged with the principal (lady) chaplain at the university that we could use the ‘prayer corner’ in the chaplaincy for healing and this had a lovely atmosphere. We also gave on-the-spot healing behind the scenes in the Big Top, where the fairs were held. We had a lot of clients and the general attitude to healing was kindly, open and appreciative. One person (the only one!) actually asked if she could send a donation to FFH. A short film was made of BYMG activities and our stall featured in it.

The talk, initially focusing on George Fox’s healing ministry and also including information and comments on FFH’s contemporary work, was well received and there were many questions. 45 Friends were present. Celia Beeson (see her article in *TW* No.139, Summer 2014) had agreed to give a demonstration of Tibetan singing bowls but she was unfortunately prevented at the last minute because of a family problem. However a chance remark in the kitchen of the flat where Anthea was staying, revealed that a Friend had a beautiful, round, wooden stringed instrument that she was willing to play for us and this was a lovely, tranquilizing experience.

We had some complaints that Friends who had completed the FFH training course still had no mentor. We hope that, with the new information compiled by Steve, this matter can be addressed.

*Anthea Lee*

A sign on the lawn at a drug rehab centre said:  
**‘KEEP OFF THE GRASS’.**



During a recent visit to Kuala Lumpur my host took me to the national Mosque. It was a modern building giving much to the traditional design of the Arabic culture. We went at a time appointed for non-Muslim visitors but, nonetheless, did our ablutions in the traditional manner by washing our hands and arms, up to our elbows, then our faces, with attention behind our ears and finally the washing of our feet, and then proceeded up the stairs and entered the main auditorium of the mosque. It was a large auditorium and, in common with many religious establishments, provided an immediate air and ambience of stillness; conducive for meditation. I felt a warmth and empathy build within me and began to ready myself for that moment of stillness experienced by Quakers.

I had been there perhaps less than thirty seconds when I was approached by a female asking (actually correctly guessing) if I was non-Muslim and upon my confirmation, ushered me from the mosque saying I was not permitted. I stayed outside, in a modern day cloister and waited for my friend to return, which in time he did, with some embarrassment at the discourtesy shown to a spiritual traveller, for he understood that I manifested more than mere tourism.

Two days later we went to Putrajaya about twenty kilometres away. It is 95% populated with government buildings and is the Malaysian equivalent of the UK Whitehall. On entering the town we passed over an inspiring suspension bridge that was necessary because a large artificial lake had been created. On the opposite bank was the most beautiful mosque in pink and red stone and, placed as it was overlooking the calm waters of the lake, was an inspiring site. I had not realised but it was our destination. My friend, who had constantly interrupted our business for three days by his discipline of worshipping the required five times a day, knew that the time for his devotions was nigh. We parked our car and entered the mosque precinct. This time we were challenged by security guards at the entrance but after a few quiet words from my host I was allowed to enter.

As before, our ablutions were performed and our shoes and socks were left outside and we entered the mosque that was sparsely populated with worshippers. My friend joined a group of others arranged in a line, and in unison they stood and then knelt down and touched the ground with their foreheads several times to signify their lowering themselves before God to the lowest possible point in absolute humility and reverence. I wondered how my companion could join some worshippers part way through their ritual rather than start from scratch with his own devotion, but I was never able to ascertain an answer. For myself, I sat on the floor cross-legged on the immense carpet

within one of its prayer-mat shaped patterns and again waited upon the spirit in the Quaker fashion. The mosque on the outside was truly a beautiful piece of architecture and on the inside was not extravagantly ornate but pleasantly and plainly fitted out with subdued lighting and a quietness that was most amenable to one wishing to commune with the Almighty. So it was that I felt enabled and although I felt that no great message or enlightenment immediately blessed me on this occasion, it is true that time became irrelevant, as did the surroundings and all matters external to my own physical being.

In time, (I have no idea how much), I became grounded and came back to the present to realise that my companions had completed their devotions some time previously and were awaiting my readiness to join them. There was something deeply meaningful that I cannot describe: that in a world so full of religious conflict and fiery emotions that I, who was presumed to be Christian but known to be a non-Muslim, was permitted worship within their mosque. It seemed as if there was a community of all believers notwithstanding the characteristics of their belief. My friends were respectful of the space I had entered within myself, and accepted with equanimity my right to do it and had been hospitable in lending me their mosque within which to do it.

I was later told by my host, in an almost apologetic manner, that there was a growing feeling within the Muslim world that such grand buildings as these mosques work against the principles of Islam and distract pilgrims from their main purpose of worshipping God because they are diverted by the glory of their own edifices. Moreover, the practice of souvenir shops and all the rest of it were felt to be a further distraction. On hearing this I instantly identified with the episode of Jesus in the temple casting out the moneylenders but my primary thought was one of pleasure. Some Muslims had had the thought that perhaps grand buildings may distract from the essence of worship, and this had much in common with Quaker belief. It was just one commonality of which, I am sure, there are many others but I felt a powerful inner delight that, belying the headlines in so many of our newspapers and media coverage, there is so much more that binds us than separates, and that God is a universal entity albeit ineffable, and that this one simple commonality weighs far more than the totality of differences between believers.

So what of rejection? Whilst it cannot be doubted that I was firmly rejected in one establishment, and tentatively in another but finally permitted entry, I felt that the rejection of prejudice, distinction, difference and fear of strangers was on this day demonstrably a great spiritual experience and I am convinced that such experiences as these bode well and ensure healing for me and for all of humanity.

## **CLARIDGE HOUSE**

### **News and Programme**



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

### **60th ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION**

The Anniversary celebrations held over the weekend of the 16th August were deemed to be a great success by those attending.

Our staff and helpers preparing the sandwiches faced one particular challenge – should cucumber sandwiches be served with or without crusts?

The Music and Dance Evening lacked any such problems. A local East Grinstead Quartet, the Bag of Hats, provided the musical entertainment. They left people wanting more, so there is now talk of them returning to the house to entertain guests on the Christmas Break.

The dance element was provided by Tom Beck, an extremely talented Irish dancer who competes at national level. Tom performed during the last Christmas break and we hope to have him again this Christmas. He never fails to impress.

The Saturday evening was rounded off by Claridge House's poet laureate, Peter Horsfield. One of the items he presented was a sonnet about Claridge House's moles.

### **PLANS FOR 2015**

If all goes according to plan, the house will be closed in January and February 2015 to convert a number of the bedrooms to en-suite.

### **CLARIDGE HOUSE APPEAL**

An appeal has been launched to raise further funds for further improvements to the house. Our target is £500k of which we have already raised £350k. Please help if you can. The website has more details, including a Gift Aid form which can be downloaded and used to increase the value of any contribution from those who pay sufficient tax.

### **BURSARY FUNDS**

Please remember if you have trouble meeting the cost of a course or retreat at Claridge House, a Bursary Fund exists. When booking a course or retreat, those in financial hardship can request a Bursary of 30% once every calendar year.

## FIRST WEDNESDAY RETREATS

On the first Wednesday of each month there will be a **Led Day Retreat** –

**March 4th Meditation Day:** the marriage of the breath with natural sound.

*Led by Lina Newstead* – cost £40

*Includes refreshments and vegetarian lunch*

**March 5th Stuck?** – In a rut? Lacking clear purpose? Learn how to move on.

*Led by Francis Standish – donations only*

*Bring your own lunch – coffee and tea provided.*



### November 14th - 16th GENTLE YOGA for fatigue and stress

A gentle yoga course, suitable for all abilities, that will help restore and balance energy. It will include soothing breathing techniques, gentle yoga postures, simple meditation and nurturing relaxation. Suitable for those with moderate ME/CFS.

*Leah Barnett, who has been teaching yoga for 10 years and has taught a number of retreats for those with ME/CFS.*

(£200)

### November 17th - 21st THE HEALING POWER OF WRITING

This workshop will encourage creativity, and help uncover wise words from your inner self. Sharing with others for a few days in a safe space, where you can take time to write and reflect, can give a special sense of well-being. Both experienced and fledgling writers are welcome.

*Monica Suswin, a published writer in the field of creative therapeutic writing, will be leading this midweek retreat.*

(£340)

### November 21st - 23rd TRANSFORMATIVE PAUSE:

**– from Stress to Serenity**

Learn how to pause into the moment with the five steps of Recognize, Release, Relax, Reflect and Revitalise to find peace, joy and happiness in your daily life. The 5 Rs: Recognize, Release, Relax, Reflect, Revitalise™ system will help you deal effectively with life's challenges.

*Lotus Nguyen, Mindfulness trainer and coach.*

(£200)

### **December 5th - 7th MANDALA – the Sacred Circle**

The mandala, the sacred circle, a powerful symbol of life, a tool for spiritual awakening found all over the world. Using art, nature, movement and silence, drawing on different cultures including Native American and Eastern traditions, we will tap into a direct experience of the mandala, its personal and spiritual effect.

*Angela Schütz, a Quaker, Painter and Counsellor.*

(£200)

### **December 12th - 14th EVERYDAY MYSTICISM**

The mystical life is one of embracing the divine in the midst of everyday life, a way of seeing, opening and responding. During the weekend we shall explore what this means for ourselves, and learn from others, through meditation, sharing of story, and reflecting of the writings of mystics from different traditions.

*Harvey Gillman, Quaker, explorer of spiritual life, writer and spiritual director.*

(£200)

### **December 24th - 28th CHRISTMAS BREAK**

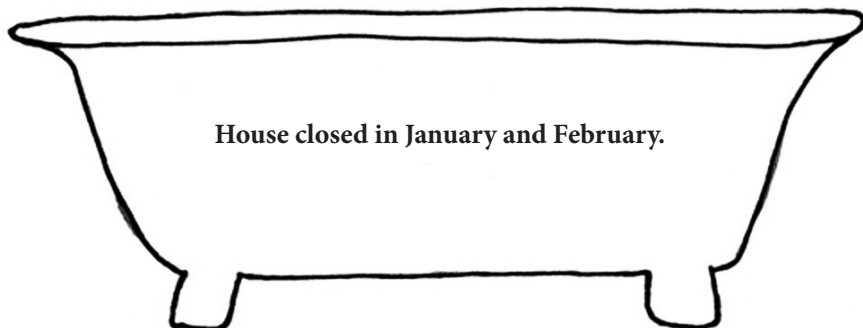
Enjoy a quiet Christmas, away from the normal pressures. Relax, go for walks or play games. Gather for our daily Quiet Times. Come together to share favourite music, poetry and writings.

(£475 – deposit £100)

### **December 31st - January 4th NEW YEAR RETREAT**

To be arranged

(£380)



### **March 6th - 8th   SILENT SPRING – a retreat for growth**

Using Mindfulness meditative techniques, this totally silent retreat offers the opportunity to absorb the newness of spring for personal growth and renewal.

*Anne Simpson, experienced Course Facilitator and Quaker Healer.*

(£200)

### **March 13th - 15th   DEEPEN THE CONNECTION TO YOUR VOICE**

Learn to love your voice and your own unique expression. Connect your singing voice to your inner voice of intuition, wisdom, peace and centredness.

We will explore mantras, movement meditation and silence, as well as our ability to sing freely. All welcome, no singing ability required!

*Narayani Kirtan, singer and Voicework facilitator.*

(£200)

### **March 23rd - 27th   QUAKER SPIRITUAL HEALERS – training week**

Training in practical healing for those interested in becoming members of QSH, enabling exploration of potential in a safe and supportive atmosphere.

Experience unnecessary, only a desire to help. Applicants should be sympathetic to Quaker values, attending a Quaker meeting for over a year. Does not necessarily lead to full membership.

*Cherry Simpkin and Kay Horsfield, QSH tutors.*

(£290)

### **March 27th - 29th   WEAVING OUR SPIRITUAL JOURNEYS**

With a simple peg-loom, we will use wools, fleece and materials to weave a wall-hanging as a record of our personal spiritual journeys. Easy to do, no experience necessary and suitable for people who think they can't do crafts! A mix of reflection, creativity and lots of fun.

*Jan Copley, a teacher who uses weaving to benefit all.*

(£200)

When she saw her first strands of grey hair  
she thought she'd dye...



## QUAKER SPIRITUAL HEALERS' NEWS and EVENTS

### QSH 'TRAINING COURSE':

Unfortunately, because there are no trainers available this year, there is no QSH training course scheduled for 2014.

The next one will be Mon-Fri March 23rd-27th 2015 at Claridge House.

Cost £290 per person. Please book directly with Claridge House.

### THE QUAKER SPIRITUAL HEALERS' NEWSLETTER

Please send any contributions for the Quaker Spiritual Healers' Newsletter to:

Ed Warne, 31 Milford Drive, Levenshulme, Manchester M19 2SA

Email: ed.warne@care4free.net

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### AN ACCOUNT OF A HEALING

*Allan Holmes*

I first met Ray when we sang together at a production of "Iolanthe" in 1958. We soon became close friends and lived in the same hostel in Abingdon until 1961 when I was best man at his wedding. He was an organic chemist at the Wantage Research laboratories.

He had been battling with a troublesome, painful hip for a number of years, and he came to me for a healing session. He was due to go on holiday shortly afterwards to Ireland and then almost immediately to hospital for a hip replacement. In Ireland, for the first time in ages, he was able to walk easily and was free from pain. His dilemma was whether or not to go ahead with the operation.

He decided to have the operation but bitterly regretted this decision. Afterwards he was in constant pain for a couple of years until revision surgery found an infection in the hip. As well as the hip, he was suffering from polycythaemia (ruba vera) and myelofibrosis which are terminal illnesses. Over the next years I gave Ray many healing sessions and lots and lots of absent healing prayer. There were many crises but I believe also many steps of healing until he died in 2004. In the year he died he testified to the healings he had received during his illness at a healing service at his Methodist church which I attended.

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Most readers of *TW* probably think of their healing as something they do ‘remotely’, i.e. absent or distant healing. Even if we work as a Quaker Spiritual Healer, so doing contact healing, we probably more often just ‘hold in the Light’. Or perhaps we send off a quick thought or prayer for a needy person or situation.

However, recently, when it was my turn at Meeting to be the ‘doorkeeper’ I had a moment of enlightenment! I suddenly realised that my handshake, greeting each person on arrival, could be a form of contact healing. It is an opportunity for being a conduit for the Holy Spirit, for that healing and creative power. As we welcome each person with a smile and a firm handshake, greeting them perhaps by name – something magical (psychical) can happen. The Spirit’s vibrations can pass between our fingers. Perhaps the veil, at that moment, is thinned, so that healing can come through.

There is no need to be specific about what is needed for each person. This would be impossible anyway in a Meeting of 40-60 people coming through the door. Instead it is a ‘Thy Will be done’ situation, as God knows best what each one’s needs are. Also we know God’s healing is holistic, a response which includes body, mind, feelings and spiritual needs in the recipient.

All that is needed on our part is to have the ‘intention’ for healing. So we will have ‘tuned-in’ ourself to the Holy Spirit. I always try, in any case when I’m greeting someone, to be addressing their ‘that of God’, whilst coming from my own ‘divinity-within’. Thus we are experiencing God-immanent, perhaps, as well as being a healing channel.

Of course, most people in the Meeting will not realise they are receiving healing, although when I was a nurse I was sometimes told I had ‘healing hands’ when touching patients. Now I have told the other healers in my Meeting of my intention, when being doorkeeper. So, maybe when it’s their turn to shake hands with me, it will be reciprocal for the healing as well? A two-way process between us? One can’t have too much healing!

*Is there anyone we wouldn’t love, if we only knew their story?*

*Mary Lou Kownacki*



## LETTERS

### *From Jan Etchells, Shrewsbury Meeting*

Whilst on holiday this year I had a very interesting conversation with a farmer. He runs the lavender farm on the Isle of Wight. The farmhouse is a beautiful old medieval building surrounded by the farm buildings. In conversation he told me that once there were many more farm buildings as the farm was the grain store for Quarr Abbey. In medieval times abbeys and monasteries were powerful and demanded tithes from the area under their control. They acted as powerful landlords do today. It is little wonder then that Henry VIII wanted a share of this money pot in later centuries.

A ley line runs through the farm. I believe that good farmers work closely with the land and understand better than townspeople the needs of the land. This man, who is the fourth generation of his family to work the land, thinks that there is a problem running along the ley line, caused in his opinion by the municipal council dump, which he would like to adjust by using dowsing to move the ley line. He told me that he often feels his great grandfather close to him, watching his efforts. He senses him through a particular smell. He was I think encouraged to talk further to me because I told him I was a healer and he sensed a kindred spirit with an open mind.

I know very little about dowsing as it is outside my particular interests. I have never heard of using dowsing in this way. I just wondered whether any healers have any experience of using dowsing in this manner to heal the earth, rather than just find water or bee lines, or using dowsing in the more conventional ways.

I plan to look on the internet for answers and read round the subject. I told the farmer that I would look into this for him as I thought it was an interesting subject for further study.

Please contact me with any information  
by phone on 01743 344408 or by email: [jan@etchells.com](mailto:jan@etchells.com)

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*Do you have the patience to wait  
till your mind settles and the water is clear?  
Can you remain unmoving  
till the right action arises by itself?*

*from the Tao Te Ching*

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(This article was written around the time of Christmas of 2011.)

*‘The virgin will be with child and will give birth to a son, and they will call him Immanuel which means, “God with us”’.*

It has been my experience that God has been with me in an amazing way. I was diagnosed at the end of January 2011 with what was thought to be an ovarian tumour. I had not been feeling well for a couple of weeks when suddenly my abdomen began to get bigger and bigger. As I headed for the doctor’s I had a feeling it was not going to be good news and once the doctor had looked at my stomach he said I would need to go to the hospital that day to be looked at.

God was with me as I drove back through the valley of the rocks and a huge rainbow arched across the sea. I felt him say to me ‘I will not destroy you, this is my promise to you’. Later that day, driving back from the hospital knowing that I did have some kind of tumour, another rainbow was with us nearly all the way back to Lynton and I felt at peace.

God was with me in the Peace plant that I have had for 3 years that produced one flower the day I really needed to know God’s peace. He was with me in the amazing support I had from great friends who were with me every step of the way and spent many hours in waiting rooms, sitting by my bedside and just being there for me in whatever way I needed. I really couldn’t have done it without them. They were the hands, and feet, the heart and voice of Jesus to me.

God was with me in his word – the words of Psalm 91 were particularly meaningful and over the weeks and months I read it many times. Whatever the outcome he would be my refuge and my fortress in whom I could trust. He would cover me with his feathers and under his wings I would find refuge.

It was an overwhelming experience to be on the receiving end of so much love and prayer. I want to thank again all those who prayed for me, sent me cards of encouragement, the people who sent presents, those who went out of their way to visit me in hospital in London. I will always thank God for you and for the kindness you have shown me. I can honestly say that I felt at peace throughout every ordeal and that, for me, can only be because so many people were so faithful in prayer.

The surgeon was speechless when it emerged that the tumour I had was only the second recorded of its kind in the world. Early scans had shown that the cancer had probably spread a little but there now did not seem to be any evidence that it had, which was to me a miracle. I told my specialist that many hundreds of people had been praying for me and he said that it was a

proven fact that those who are prayed for (even if they do not know they are being prayed for) get better faster and quicker than those who had not.\* So be encouraged to pray!

I am reminded of the verses in 2 Corinthians:

*'In our hearts we felt the sentence of death. But this happened that we might not rely on ourselves but on God, who raises the dead. He has delivered us from such a deadly peril, and he will deliver us. On him we have set our hope that he will continue to deliver us, as you help us by your prayers. Then many will give thanks on our behalf for the gracious favour granted us in answer to the prayers of many.'*

I knew that those prayers had made a difference and that God really did do a miracle and brought me through the valley of the shadow of death. For me, I questioned as to why, when so many are struggling, it was me that has been so blessed, and for what reason, but the same answer whispers in my heart: 'You do not need to do anything: I did it because I love you and to encourage the faithful in prayer.'

A month later after further tests I learnt that I have a unique diagnosis and am one of only two people in the world to have had what I had. That is quite mind blowing, only a couple in however many billion! It was decided that I needed no chemo or radiotherapy.

So this Christmas (2011) I thank God for being especially with me throughout this year and for sending his son to dwell among us. And as we remember that night long ago when the Son of God was born in a stable I pray that whatever circumstance you find yourself in you will always know that God is with you. My soul glorifies the Lord and my spirit rejoices in God my Saviour.

\* *Scientific Evidence for the Efficacy of Prayer* Dr Peter Fenwick

(In September 2013 the sarcoma returned and again by the skill of the surgeon it was successfully removed and Harriet only has to return for regular checks.)

**A REMINDER...** *that a bursary fund is available for those FFH members who would like to attend any FFH or QSH gatherings or courses, which may be held at Claridge House, or other venues. 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).*

## EVERYDAY MYSTICS – A FRIENDLY APPROACH TO HEALING

*David Greaves*

Medicine and religion share so much – the ultimate questions of life, death, suffering, and of particular relevance to my present purpose, healing. In his article ‘Religion and Healing’ James Sale even goes so far as to suggest that – ‘... the real purpose of religion is healing ... Thus it is that religions exist: to counter the sickness in human beings, to attempt to make us whole, and to provide a framework of meaning, for our lives in which we can enjoy and celebrate life.’ (*Towards Wholeness*, Spring 2014)

But this sickness is not only in individuals but is also an inextricable part of our western society as a whole. It began to take hold some 400 years ago, when with the dualistic insights of Francis Bacon and Rene Descartes we began to have as our principal focus the curing of bodies and fixing of sick societies. This was paralleled by the decline of mysticism and of healing, which did not go away but were gradually marginalised.

Early Quakers were amongst those who attempted to counter this trend through a holism which preserved the integrity of the body and soul, and so also of medicine and religion. They strived to perpetuate the monastic ideas of the medieval period which were associated with mysticism and healing, and which held medicine and religion together in a single realm, rather than following the 17th century vogue of dividing knowledge and practice into moral philosophy and natural philosophy (later arts and sciences respectively). They therefore resisted what has become the mainstream reductionist tendency ever since, which has restricted religion to the arts, and medicine to science.

In this way they were holding out against the prevailing tide of both Protestantism and Catholicism, and have had some success over the ensuing centuries, beginning with George Fox’s ‘miracles’, and continuing with, for example, the radical experiment with mental illness at the Retreat, and in the present era with Bob Johnson’s inclusive approach to the management of ‘psychopaths’.

This medico-religious tradition now needs to be revitalised and celebrated in the 21st century as a major contribution not just to the renewal of medicine and religion, but also to the resolution of humankind’s current malaise, which has led to the global crisis. The starting place is the recognition that because ‘there is that of God in everyone’ we are not just temporary chemical arrangements but creative beings who by joining together, as well as with the whole of nature, have the potential to play our part in dealing with the underlying problems. We are everyday mystics who, as I have suggested previously, have within us the capability of both healing ourselves and healing the globe. (First published in the *Woodbrooke Journal* No. 26, Spring 2010).



It has occurred to me that God is often referred to by many names, and many deeds have been done under the name of a god who does not conform to the God of creation, who was made flesh at the birth of Jesus.

As Friends, we not only rely on our reading of historical events, but give much weight to the presence of God, perhaps as promptings we gain from within. My own experience of those gives weight to the better self acting on my deficient nature, but it can also be a subtle message that keeps returning, and so cannot be ignored!

From my reading about the very early Friends, they relied a great deal on inner messages, but also lived according to their social consciences, and even the twentieth century writers in *Christian Faith and Practice* carry forward the teachings of the gospels and make these part of their testimonies. This being the case I have longed to hear the words of conscience and the linking up of social testimony. It was a part of my childhood from about the age of five or six, when we were taken to a small Meeting in Lincolnshire.

I have fond memories of the 1970s when a member of Northampton Meeting knelt and offered inspiring thoughts based upon the lives of those gospel writers – lives which were touched by God's messages to them.

Imperfect though the written words are, they present us with the very real, inspired guidance of God. Similarly, our own fumblyings towards God's guidance may take some time before bearing fruit. However, as we read and meditate God's guidance will emerge.

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### A Meditation for Self-Healing

With a mind at peace, and with a heart going out in love to all,  
Go into the quiet of your interior self,  
Holding the thought – I am one with the Infinite Spirit of Life, the Life of my life.

I then as spirit, I a spiritual being, can in my own real nature admit of no disease.

I now open my body – in which disease has got a foothold – I open it to the inflowing tide of this Infinite Life,  
And it now, even now, is pouring in and coursing through my body, and the healing process is going on.

Believe the healing process is going on. Believe it and hold continually to it.

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We are one people, one community and the death of one is the concern of all. In the face of death man can achieve grandeur, but if he turns his back on death he remains a child, clinging to a land of make-believe. For death is not the end of the pattern of life's unwinding, but a necessary interruption. Through the painful work of grieving we rediscover the past and weave it afresh into a new reality.

Our aim cannot be to cancel out the past, to try to forget, but to ensure that the strength and meaning which gave beauty to the old pattern is remembered and reinterpreted in the pattern now emerging. Every man must die but the world is permanently changed by each man's existence. At the point of death we meet the forces of social evolution. We may back away in fear, refuse the chance to change, drown our pain in drugs or alcohol or meaningless activity, or we may accept the pains of grief and begin the long struggle to rediscover meaning in a life whose meanings can no longer be taken for granted. There is no easy way through the long valley, but we have faith in the ability of each one to find his own way, given time and the encouragement of the rest of us.

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### SHARING

*Autumn was our time of year  
Working together in the old walled garden  
Not speaking so much as sharing  
The silence and September warmth  
The gentleness of slow decay  
At summer's passing.*

*I was the debris man clearing the way  
You turned the dark earth with your spade  
Slow and steady knowing your pace  
Turned tramp in your awful gardening clothes  
Which somehow became dear.*

*I miss your patient figure  
As I harvest alone  
Miss the shared silence  
And the coming together at day's end.*

*Brenda Lismer*

(Both pieces on this page are taken from *All in the End is Harvest* – reviewed on next page in this issue)



### **All in the End is Harvest**

edited by *Agnes Whitaker*.

Darton-Longman-Todd. 2014.

145 pp. ISBN: 978-0-232-51624-1. £10.99.

'In grief we do as we must...' A brief quotation from this lovely anthology, which is full of wisdom and profundity, points the way for those whose inner security has collapsed, through bereavement, divorce, desertion, redundancy or any other reason. In fact, this collection will speak to anyone who is experiencing the hollowness of any sort of bereavement and feeling that 'Behind the carefully maintained façade there is nothing, or at least nothing that really matters.' A sort of collapse of the will to live.

And yet, life *does* go on and we continue living it, despite the 'crippling effect of grief... Life creeps in unawares to restore the mutilated personality.'

These quotes from the book are taken from an article by Mary Stott, a writer for *The Guardian*, and go a long way to encapsulate the whole process of grieving. There is an impressive and eclectic mixture: some overtly Christian in theme, others from many other faiths and disciplines, including Humanism; from the excerpts from *The Wisdom of Solomon* through to twenty-first century writers and poets, some well-known and loved, others probably unknown to most of us.

There is, indeed, something in there for everyone.

It's a book to dip into when the concentration necessary to read a book properly is lacking. These short passages, poems and excerpts form a rich treasure of knowledge, experience and hope and, with a Foreword by Sue Macgregor, and Introduction by Dr Colin Murray-Parkes the President of Cruse Bereavement Care, and a Preface by the editor, Agnes Whitaker, open a door of comfort and understanding for anyone who is going through the 'tumultuous' feelings and emotions that bereavement brings in its wake.

*'Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted.'*

(Matthew 5:4)

*Rosalind Smith*

**Living with Dying** by *Grace Sheppard*. Darton-Longman-Todd. 2010. 145pp. ISBN: 978-0-232-52783-4. £12.99.

Grace Sheppard was the wife of David Sheppard, the Bishop of Liverpool from 1975 – 1979, and previously captain of the English cricket team. This book is the brave and moving story of her care for him during his time of battling against cancer and eventual death in 2005. She says that he 'showed us all how

to live with cancer, with dignity, good humour and gentle acceptance'. She had been keeping a daily journal for many years, and now found that continuing to write this became a vital part of her survival, as a carer. Not only was she able to note down an immediate account of what was happening, but also to express her own feelings during the ups and downs of the 'journey'.

She stresses the importance of *friendship*, being something apart from love, between the patient and the carer. There is a dynamic healing power in friendship. 'I have found that the giving and receiving in faithful friendship has made all the difference to living with dying.'

While narrating the story of her life with David she not only speaks about her battle with ovarian cancer, at a time when her children were very small, but in addition does not hesitate to admit to the long personal struggle she had with agoraphobia, and the amazing and sudden cure for this given to her by a wise therapist. It seems she was cured instantaneously from her fear.

There is a lovely Foreword to the book by Desmond Tutu who reminds us that we are all mortal and the one certain fact for all us of is that we are going to die; that in a real sense, we are all suffering from a terminal disease. He says that we should feel 'indebted to them both in that they decided to accept reality, not grimly, not with a defeated resignation... rather with calm acceptance... so that it became a grace-filled time of moments of shared stillness and intimacy, of laughter and joy and tears, and moments too of facing up to life's transience.'

As with all long-term illnesses, the bereavement process for the carer, and other loved ones, begins long before the patient's death. Witnessing the gradual decline and weakening of the person can be heart-breaking. David showed great courage and grace during this time, and Grace became aware of the smaller bereavements as part of the larger picture and was unafraid to show emotion privately, and little by little, this helped towards the final parting.

Grace herself, having showed us how to live with dying creatively and positively, died of cancer shortly after this book was published.

I would recommend this book to anyone who is caring for someone who is slowly dying. It's about understandable fear and courage, occasional despair and hope, friendship and, above all, the grace of acceptance.

*Rosalind Smith*

## **1 Corinthians chapter 13:**

If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal.

And if I have the gift of prophecy and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing.

And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up.

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil;

Rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Love never faileth: but whenever there be prophecies, they shall be done away; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge it shall be done away.

For we know in part, and we prophecy in part: but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child: now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things.

For now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I have been known.

But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

*(Bible – Revised Version)*

**AND...**

## **1 Corinthians chapter 13 ... the Christmas version:**

If I decorate my house perfectly with plaid bows, strands of twinkling lights and shiny balls, but do not show love to my family, I'm just another decorator.

If I slave away in my kitchen, baking dozens of Christmas puddings, preparing gourmet meals and arranging a beautifully adorned table at mealtime, but do not show love to my family, I'm just another cook.

If I work at the soup kitchen, carol in the nursing home, and give all that I have to charity, but do not show love to my family, it profits me nothing.

If I trim the spruce with shimmering angels and crocheted snowflakes, attend a myriad of holiday parties and sing in the choir's cantata, but do not focus on Christ, I have missed the point.

Love stops the cooking to hug the child.

Love sets aside the decorating to kiss the husband.

Love is kind, though harried and tired.

Love doesn't envy another's home that has co-ordinated Christmas china and table linens.

Love doesn't yell at the child to get out of the way, but is thankful they are there to be in the way.

Love doesn't give only to those who are able to give in return, but rejoices in giving to those who can't.

Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Love never fails.

Computer games will break, cashmere jumpers will wear out, golf clubs will get lost,

But giving the gift of love will endure.

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### ***Prayer of St Francis de Sales***

*Do not look forward to what might happen tomorrow; the same everlasting Father who cares for you today, will take care of you tomorrow and every day. Either He will shield you from suffering or he will give you unfailing strength to bear it. Be at peace, then, and put aside all anxious thoughts and imaginings.*

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## FFH PUBLICATIONS

Available from The Manager, Claridge House, Dormans Road, Dormansland, Lingfield, Surrey RH7 6QH. Tel: 01342 832150.

Please add postage. Cheques to be made out to 'Claridge House'.

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|------------------------------------|---|-------|
| Valerie Cherry                     | – <i>Grief Experienced</i> Second edition                           | £1.80 |
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**The Postal and Phone Link Groups** give prayer support to people seeking reassurance and healing. Some members have joined these groups because they are physically isolated by handicap, age or geography. Others may already belong to a local healing group and are able to give additional commitment by also belonging to one of the postal or phone link groups, or are simply committed to the power of prayer.

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



**FRIENDS' FELLOWSHIP of HEALING**

(Registered Charity No. 284459)

***Annual Standing Order Mandate***

To:

Bank .....

Sort Code .....

Branch Address .....

..... Post-code .....

Please set up a new Standing Order and pay to:

**The Friends' Fellowship of Healing,**

Co-operative Bank plc

PO Box 250, Delf House, Southway, Skelmersdale WN8 6WT

**Sort Code: 08 92 50; Account No: 65033106**

The sum of £ ..... (minimum £15.00)

Amount in words .....

annually from the ..... day of ..... 2015

until further notice, and debit my account no: .....

Reference: ..... (leave for completion by the FFH treasurer)

Member's Name .....

Address .....

.....

..... Post-code .....

Signed ..... Date .....

**Please send to: Stephen Feltham, FFH Membership Secretary**

6 Ferris Place, Bournemouth BH8 0AU

Tel: 01202 532 601 Email: friendshealing@gmail.com

**Fees:** FFH member only £15.00; Overseas FFH members £21.00;

(FFH & QSH member (both grades) £35.00; Associate QSH members £21.00)



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Tel: 01342 832150

**IF YOU ARE THINKING OF MAKING A WILL...**

*Have you considered leaving something to the FFH?*

A specimen form of words could be:

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



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