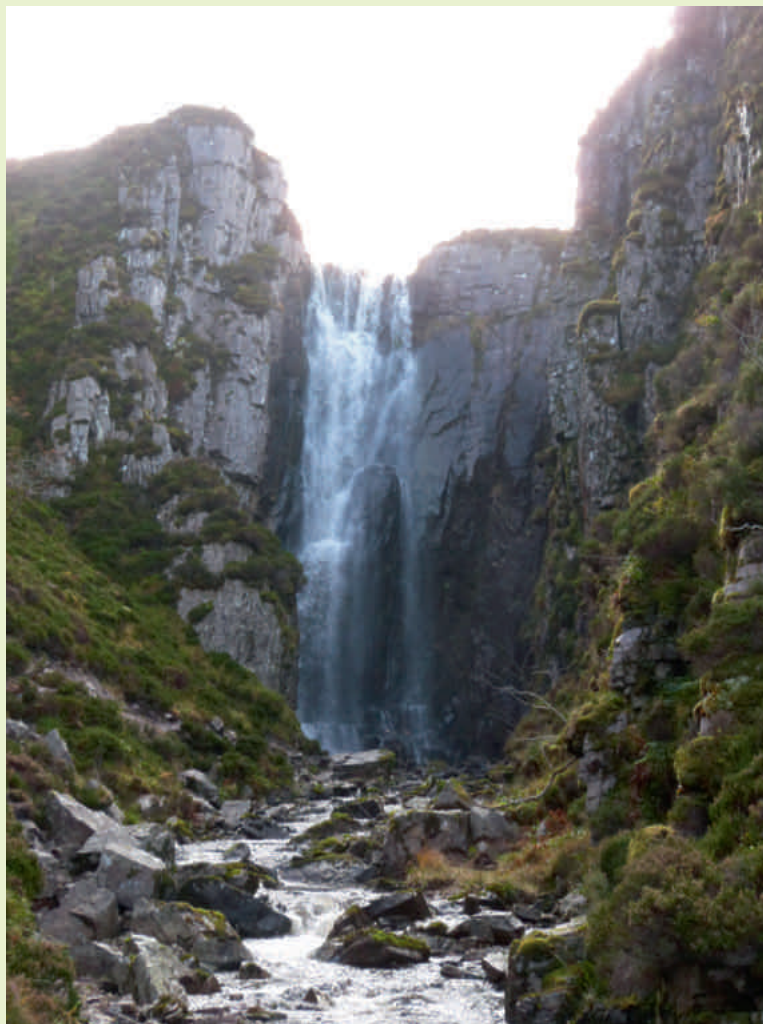


TOWARDS WHOLENESS



No. 159 Spring 2021

£2.50

The **Friends Fellowship of Healing** is a Quaker Recognised Body in the Religious Society of Friends. (*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 at a 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.

ANNUAL FEES

(which include all necessary insurance/materials/newsletters etc.)

UK FFH Member	£15
Overseas FFH Member	£21
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QSH - Full Healer/Probationer insured elsewhere	£21 (inc FFH Membership)

Cheques, payable to Friends Fellowship of Healing, should be sent to The FFH Membership Secretary, 52 Ridge Road, Middlestown, Wakefield, W Yorks. WF4 4QP

Letters, articles, news items and other contributions for **Towards Wholeness** should be sent to the editor, Gervais Frykman, 52 Ridge Road, Middlestown Wakefield, W.Yorks. WF4 4QP, 01924 264180. gervais153@talktalk.net
Deadlines: February 1st, June 1st and October 1st.

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Donations for the work of the Fellowship are most welcome.

Cover photo: Kylesku Waterfall, Sutherland, by Robin Goodman

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

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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 the Postal Co-ordinator, **Maureen Anderson**, (*contact details on inside cover*) with a few details about yourself. Your letter will be passed on to one of the group secretaries who will then contact you direct and give you the names of two or three people to uphold in prayer regularly.

Talking Friends holds recordings of Towards Wholeness.

Anne Brewer records them and sends to Talking Friends for distribution to Friends with visual impairment. The subscription for one year is £3 for TW publications.

www.talkingfriends.org.uk

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Please check the information shown for your group. Will you please advise Anne Le Marinel, lemarinel@hotmail.co.uk or the editor, of any amendments and updates.

DISTANT HEALING FROM HOME

Elizabeth Angas suggested that we have one Need we pray for each month by *Holding in the Light*, doing this alone, but joining all together on the first Friday of the month at 12 noon.

April The sustainability of our planet.

May The prevention of famine and disease.

June The upholding of democratic and peaceful governments.

July The maintenance of music and art in our world

Please see <http://www.quaker-healing.org.uk> and choose “An Extra Way of Distant Healing” for more information.

BARROW WAKE

Judy Clinton

I haven't been to Barrow Wake for a long time, possibly even for years. It's strange how an urge suddenly arises to go to a particular place at a particular point in time.

I just passed a long row of parked diggers, tractors, and all manner of machinery in the road approaching this lookout point and car park. My boys, when young, would have delighted in these vehicles and acted out what they'd seen at home with their dinky toys.

So here I am, still in the car, looking out at the scene before me. It's a changeable sort of day weather-wise, with sun breaking through and then it clouding over again. Colours are muted at present, the sky wide with streaks of turquoise, frothing clouds above the hills in the distance, and light grey cloud filling the gaps. The Malvern Hills, to my

far right, lie like some crouching animal with a tuft of white cloud on the top of the highest hump.

Crickly Hill, the ancient Roman site, stands solid and craggy in the middle-foreground and immediately in front of me are long, dry and tired-looking grasses blowing in the wind.

Traffic on the A417 thunders behind me; the sprawl of Gloucester spreads out in front of me. To the left is thick woodland; and that's where I'm heading.

I've been reading the information boards in the car park. There is historical information: this place is called Barrow Wake because of the skeleton found here, buried with artefacts that go back to the time of the Roman invasion. Crickly Hill, while I had called it an ancient Roman site, goes further back than that – to the Iron Age.

Another board, with a picture of the scene in front of me, carries names of the various hills, highlights places and their distances from here. Another board gives information about this area being a protected wildlife reserve, with pictures of rare orchids and butterflies.

The piece of information that grabbed me more than anything else was the statement that in Roman times it would have taken three days to travel from Gloucester to London, (and a dangerous journey at that), whereas, today, on a 'good run' it takes three hours. How things have changed, and continue to change.

I've picked my way carefully along the dry and pebbled pathway that leads from the car park, through the woods, and to another vantage point which will give me a different view of Gloucestershire. It would be so very easy to slip on this pathway and land on my backside. I don't want another fall thank you, so vigilance has been the name of the game.

Now I'm sitting amongst grasses and looking out into the distance, and down into the fields below me. The A417 curves, black as a snake as it's just been resurfaced (hence the machinery I mentioned that will be at work on another stretch of this busy road during the night times), and traffic pelts along like so many busy ants. What an utterly different experience it would've been to sit here 2000 years ago!

There's something enormously good for my soul to come to a high place – a symbolic move away from the consuming details of daily life, and to look at everything from a higher perspective. I can feel myself expanding, every bit like the upwardly billowing clouds that are scudding above the hills just now.

A couple with rucksacks, walking poles and boots have just passed and the man commented, seeing me sitting here, "You've got a perfect spot there." and indeed I have. I replied how good it was to look out from high up, and they nodded in agreement. "Enjoy!" the man said, and smiling, they went on their way.

The sun is shining behind me warming my back. If I wasn't in such a public place, and the ground were not so rough, I would gladly lie down, and sleep. But now it's time to make my way to the woods.

On my way to the trees I walked through a field full of sheep. They were sheared not too long ago. I hope it won't turn cold yet. I was surprised to see that all their tails been left intact. They didn't fit my stereotype sheep-picture any more, a strange feeling. They were remarkably friendly and let me be within a few paces of them. One of them looked at me innocently, staringly, and then lifted its tail and emptied its bowels. No inhibitions, no social niceties, no shame. Sheep just being sheep. I liked that.

Walking into a wooded area always produces a great 'Ah' of joy within me. The atmosphere is different amongst these wonderful breathing

beings. A peacefulness envelopes me with beauty, which I call 'presence'. The ground beneath my feet is copper-coloured with beech leaves, last year's still, which is a curious combination with the still green leaves on the trees around me. The ground has a bounciness about it, legacy of years upon years of falling and decaying leaves. There were puddles of golden light on the ground, and dancing shafts of light on tree trunks, leaves casting shadowy patterns on them; shifting scenes of light and darkness; movement and stillness. The trees are thirsty, their leaves wilting from lack of water, yet still they hang on, waiting for the allocated time to colour and fall, as autumn proceeds. Perhaps autumn will come quickly and early this year, perhaps it will come slowly and late. To come it will, surely as summer has preceded it and winter will follow; and so the seasons unfold within me too, predictably and repeatedly.

I walked this route with such ease in years gone by, but now it feels a long way. I have grieved my physical limitations in walking far over these past few years, but there's no doubt that my quality of appreciation has increased vastly as a result. I've learnt to value what amount I can walk and to be present to my surroundings; to convert what used to be, to a large extent, route-marches exercise, fresh air and accomplishment, into a spiritual practice of both outward and inward gentle movement. There are gifts in all things when I can let go of how things were and allow them to become something different.

I'm now sitting on what is rather fancifully called the Peak – a grass-covered mound that looks out towards Witcombe Reservoir and Coopers Hill beyond. Having spent so much time over the years walking around, and delighting in, Witcombe Reservoir, it feels odd to see it from above and at a distance. Feeling rather like Gulliver, I can imagine myself stepping down there in two great strides and, bending to pick up the lakes like so many saucers, drinking my fill from them.

Now to make my way back through the woods, through the field, along the pebbly pathway and back to the car. I spotted some glistening blackberries in the hedges on my way here so I'll pick some to make blackberry and apple crumble. It's always good to have a plastic bag with me when out walking, especially at this time of year.

23rd of September 2016

SHIFT OF CONSCIOUSNESS

Judy Clinton

Something has moved within me
Subtle, oh so subtle
Impossible to define
Yet felt by me as
An unknown movement
Within my being
Which I cannot name
Nor touch
And have not met before.
Perhaps an inner door opened
To a view I do not know
Have not experienced
Have not the eyes
To see.
I sit in a strange condition
Perhaps a little frightened
A little sorrowful
Knowing only a change has happened.

LET THEM GO

Judy Clinton

Let people go,
Each to their own destiny,
Marked out in the passage of time.
Let them go, but love them.
Love their humanness, love their trying
But let them go.
Don't hold on, and hold them back by fear,
For fear kills the spirit
And crushes the growth of joy.
Let them fly in their own joy
Of being children of God
And if you can do that
You have truly loved.

COVID-19

Eric Bertholds

The media reporting about covid-19 exposes the veritable fear of death that exists in our country. It creates a narrative where health care was denied to everyone in care homes, which caused them to die. It is for example claimed that these deaths could have been avoided with oxygen and intravenous fluids.

The perspective of the doctors working in care homes has been left out of the debate, and it has become clear that we need to communicate our work, since there are big misunderstandings among the population. Let me therefore tell you:

After 36 years working in internal medicine in a big hospital clinic, I now have worked for four years as a care home doctor, with responsibility for four care homes in a small municipality. Up to now, 36 of the patients in my care have been infected with covid.

I met them all earlier, together with their relatives, as part of our annual care planning, where one of the main things we do is to plan what to do in the case of a decline in their health. This avoids meaningless and, for the patient, often tortuous ambulance trips in to hospital. It also avoids unnecessary investigations and treatments that don't prolong life, but rather contribute to a drawn out and often painful process of dying.

Occasionally, covid-19 infected patients were sent in by me to the hospital, for different reasons. But most commonly a decision had been made, beforehand, that if an infection had been diagnosed with a pulmonary focus, with resulting low oxygen levels and malaise, we wouldn't send old and frail patients to the hospital. Instead we would focus on giving good symptom reducing treatment in the care home. We wouldn't give oxygen, which for dying patients shows little benefit compared with morphine and anxiety reducing medications.

I knew the patients well and am convinced that for many of the ones that died, death felt like a relief. Several had already during our care planning meetings told me that they longed for death, even though they showed no sign of underlying depression. Thus, it was not because of orders from above, or a lack of beds in the hospital, that the patients stayed in the care home. They stayed because it was decided, in consultation with the patients and their relatives, that staying was in their best interests.

The benefit of oxygen therapy is perhaps the most important misunderstanding. It is only in a situation where the patient has decreasing oxygen levels in the blood while still being relatively unaffected in terms of symptoms that oxygen therapy theoretically (there are no studies that prove it) possibly can be of benefit even in frail elderly patients, which is why individuals with this particular constellation should be sent to the hospital for oxygen therapy.

Among those whose general condition declines in parallel with their decreasing oxygen levels, oxygen therapy (and ventilator treatment) provides no benefit, something which was experienced in Italy and Spain early during the pandemic, when even frail elderly patients were put on ventilators. Virtually all of them died, after one to three weeks of ventilator treatment, in induced comas, with tubes in their throats, often without any relatives' present, in an ICU - a foreign environment with unknown staff. In the care home they would instead have died after one to three days, in their own residence, surrounded by relatives and staff they know well.

Another misunderstanding becomes clear from the many stories in the media of patients who were first denied health care, only to later on be provided it after relatives demanded it, and then to have survived "because of" oxygen therapy. The experience of myself and my colleagues is that when a frail older person gets a covid-19 infection that goes into their lungs and causes systemic symptoms, then oxygen therapy and ventilator treatment don't affect the course of the disease (and there is no scientific evidence to support that they do).

That it is hard to determine the benefit of different treatment options can be illustrated by one of my patients: an almost 100 year old individual, who developed a mild cold and had an initial oxygen saturation of 98% , which is normal. The covid-19 test was positive. After a few days, the patient also developed a cough and shortness of breath, and the oxygen saturation dropped to 81%, which is seriously low. Since the patient had systemic symptoms, a decision was made not to send her to the hospital, in accordance with the reasoning provided above.

The patient improved spontaneously and was declared healthy a few days later. If the patient had been sent in to the hospital and received oxygen therapy, the newspapers and TV would have reported about yet another successful case of a patient who was saved by oxygen therapy (which the care home had "refused" to provide).

What about the fear of death? Both the media and the general public (and sometimes colleagues) seem to think of death as the health care system's worst enemy, which always needs to be fought in all situations. Sometimes when a patient during a care planning session tells me that she longs for death, the children interrupt and say "don't talk like that, mum!"

Usually, I will then ask the children, "why not?" The patient feels that she has accomplished what she wanted to do, and is bed bound due to her illness, can't any longer read or listen to music due to declining vision and hearing, suffers from chronic pain and loneliness. Is it so strange in that situation to long for death?

I don't think so, and neither do many of the patients I meet on a daily basis in my work. These are the oldest and sickest patients, and that is why they live in care homes. Why so many younger people, not least journalists and newspaper columnists, don't understand this, I have no good explanation for.

Personally, I am convinced that the best thing for many people at the end of life is not infrequently to let the disease take its natural course, and focus efforts on relieving symptoms. I have never met anything other than the greatest gratitude from patients and relatives when I have helped seriously sick and suffering patients, by removing anxiety, pain, and shortness of breath with the help of medications, so that they can pass on calmly.

With that said, we of course have to look at things that haven't worked so well when it comes to elder care, in order to become better. For example, decisions about palliative care shouldn't be taken without personal knowledge of and examination of the patient, and the decision should be made together with the patient and relatives.

Eric Bertholds
Home care physician in Tibro

From Sebastian Rushworth MD, who translated the article

This was written by a colleague who works as a care home doctor in a small Swedish town. In other words, he is responsible for the wellbeing of frail elderly people living in care homes. He has treated a lot of patients with covid-19. Since the situation may be different in some other countries, I think it is useful to know before reading the article that in Sweden, people stay in their own homes until they are very close to the end of their lives, and only really get moved to care homes when there is less than a year of expected life left.

The article was published in Svenska Dagbladet, one of the big Swedish daily newspapers. It is fantastic, the best thing I've read recently, so I asked him if it would be OK for me to translate it to English and post it on this site, in order for it to reach an international audience. He graciously agreed. The article clearly shows the difference between how the general public, and in particular younger people, think about death, and how doctors think about death.

Personally, I was moved by this article. I think it shows perfectly the huge disconnect in thinking that often exists between the medical profession and the general public, and that is why I thought it would be worth sharing.

In the Emergency Room, I often see very old, very frail people, who have been sent in inappropriately from care homes. Instead of being in a familiar environment, surrounded by their own things and people they know, they lie in a crowded emergency room for several hours, on an uncomfortable hospital gurney, surrounded by unfamiliar people, while suffering painful needle jabs. Very rarely do they gain any benefit from the experience.

Online workshop with Marcelle Martin, 15/4/2020

This was a very practical and participatory workshop in which we were asked to try out different forms of healing prayer for ourselves, led by Marcelle, before talking about our experience of each form with one or two other Friends in a breakout room (sharing only as much as we wished to say).

1. Introduction

Marcelle introduced the workshop by pointing out that there are many different ways of praying. It is a matter of finding the way that suits you best - there is no right or wrong way, but always start by opening ourselves first. This is an essential preparation before we can be open to others. Breathe deeply to begin and by way of relaxing oneself.

2. Exercises in opening self

- A. Remember and think of someone who really loves you, or has loved you in the past. Take it in. Then think of God's love for you which is so much greater. Helpful images could be of flowing water (e.g. a waterfall) or of shining light.
- B. Pray with a scripture story - put yourself in the story, imagine the sensory details. What do you want Jesus to say to *you*? (The example given was the story in Mark 10:46-52 of a blind beggar called Bartimaeus. As Jesus was leaving Jericho with his followers Bartimaeus persistently called out "Son of David, have mercy on me!" even though the crowd tried to silence him. Jesus has them bring the man to him and asks what he wants; he asks to be able to see again. Jesus tells him that his faith has cured him. He immediately regains his sight and follows Jesus).

3. Intercession

Marcelle said there are three types of prayer: prayers of gratitude, prayers of request for help, and simply “here I am” prayers.

Intercessory prayer can be done in words, images or with a steadfast inner ‘gaze’ on God, Jesus or the Light, and on the person, people or situation. Rather than focus on the illness or suffering of another, see them in their wholeness and health. (We do not need to ask for a specific outcome since God knows far better than us what is needed).

We can be like an electrical transformer - receiving big energy from God, and channelling it to a single target.

Thomas Kelly said that each of us is given a network of people to pray for which is our work in the world. There are many, many networks in the world so that everyone is covered. Imagine the person you are praying for being next to you so you can share your love with them.

4. Body prayer

Gestures can help facilitate prayer and body posture can enhance an attitude of prayer. Examples are opening wide one’s arms in embrace, bowing the head, making a Namaste sign with the hands and so on.

Gestures can also serve as (silent) prayers in themselves.

Sources

Marcelle’s website and blog: awholeheart.com

Pendle Hill pamphlet written by Marcelle: Holding one another in the Light.

Additional notes

There were 18 participants in this online workshop. All except me were American Friends. Participants were very scattered, coming from both the east coast and the west coast of the USA. The Zoom app was used and appeared to work well for everyone, both in gallery format and in small breakout rooms. The workshop was co-hosted by a ‘techie’

Friend who took care of all the technical stuff. Marcelle was upheld throughout by her husband who acted as her Supporting Elder.

Marcelle responded to my question about how best to encourage more Friends to take an interest in the healing ministry. She said that, unlike the UK, Friends in the US have become much more comfortable with healing in the last 20 years. She described how, at the end of MfW and while still being in worship mode, named Friends are held in the Light. (A bit like our Afterword?) She also suggested using her Pendle Hill pamphlet as the basis for a discussion group. (I'm not sure how well that idea would be received!)

My thanks to Rex Ambler for alerting me to this workshop.

DOSWING – A CAUTIONARY TALE

Hazel Barker

This cautionary tale was from when I first started dowsing with a pendulum. Our cat had gone missing. We hadn't had Shelley very long and on occasion she had wandered and turned up at neighbours' houses. So I got out the local OS map and spread it out on the table asking "Where is Shelley?" The pendulum responded when my finger was on a neighbouring village on the map, along the middle of the Main Street. I went outside to get the car out when I heard a scratching noise and a miaow! coming from behind the closed door of the garden shed

In the summer of last year, I suffered a sudden and terribly painful relapse in my facial pain neuralgia, which had been pretty well under control with minimal medication and frequent osteopathic treatments. We had just landed in Australia, after 24 hour flights, to visit our daughter and her family. The pain went on and on throughout the six weeks we were there and ruined my holiday.

When I returned the UK, things weren't much better. To cut a long story short, after GP and ENT investigations which turned up no explanation, my husband developed a shingles rash all down his arm. It prompted me to ask the dowsing questions about shingles for myself and the answers were positive.

My GP gave me the shingles vaccination. Afterwards, some of aspects of the pain markedly reduced, particularly a searing pain in my throat whenever I attempted to talk. But I was still left with excruciating pain in my cheek most of the time especially in the early hours of the morning and when I talked for more than a few minutes. I was taking medication like sweets.

Because I had no rash, the doctors refused to give me Acyclovir, which is the medicine used to treat active shingles.

I was then faced with having a pretty good idea of what was causing my pain but powerless to stop it. Visualising to reduce the pain, using colours in the affected nerves, was time consuming and not very effective though it took the edge off. Sometimes the nerves in my face were so unstable that simply by exchanging a few words with another person I could have disabling pain for the rest of the day.

Then with the lovely weather we had in the early summer lockdown I began to take a regular solitary walk in the early morning in the countryside. At the same time I was doing some abstract paintings to

depict the colours of my chakras. I did my chakra visualisations as I walked, dowsing for the colours I needed to 'top up' in each chakra and absorbing the colours from the natural colours of the trees, flowers, grasses, earth and sky. I was encouraged to actively notice the colours of Nature around me. I became fascinated by the glint and sparkle of the dew on leaves and grasses. And thinking in an artistic way, how I might use gold and silver leaf (which I'd been given as a present) in my paintings, I thought I might use gold in with the indigo colour for my brow chakra, and silver with the white for my crown. Then I began really to 'see' a more definite Silver Light at my Crown chakra, and a Gold light at my Brow chakra. All this, although a pleasant way to spend the walk outside, made no difference to the pain at that time.

After some weeks of doing this walking every day, and working on my paintings, the intuition suddenly came to me that, instead of trying to visualise against the pain itself, I might try sending light to my nerves after dowsing for the shingles virus and see what happened. I've had Reiki healing before, and have received a Reiki attunement, and associate Reiki with a Gold light. I tried Gold and Silver together at first, and to my surprise it worked first time. I visualised the light coursing through the branches of my trigeminal nerve on the painful side of my face, saturating the nerve like a stream of gold and silver. Dowsing before doing this visualisation I detected shingles; afterwards, I couldn't detect it any more. This visualisation typically lasted until I went to sleep at night, in the morning the light was gone and the shingles was back.

Over the next few days I developed this way of deactivating the shingles and herpes viruses in my nerves in turn. I soon discovered that Gold light alone had no effect, it was the Silver which was effective. I used diagrams on the internet of the course of the trigeminal and other cranial nerves in which I detected virus infection, and sent my Silver Light to the nerves and nerve endings, where the virus is thought to colonise and reproduce in a shingles outbreak,

causing the sensation of pain. I noticed a reduction in the pain right away and knew I was onto something. Over the course of the next week I developed and improved, doing my dowsing and visualising every morning. To date, on good days, I am about 90% pain free. I've been able to cut down my medication to minimal.

I do feel I've been rescued by the intuition of using the Silver Light in that way. Simply taking in the Light in a similar way to that which I've read described for healing, had no effect. I need to dowse first to detect the virus in the nerves. I think that the dowsing identifies the pattern unique to the virus in those locations. The Silver Light is so bright it actually makes me blink when I visualise it entering my body from above my head towards the locations I have dowsed for.

Several weeks after I started doing this, I looked up my book about the chakras. According to this book, the 'colour' for the topmost chakra above the head, called the Stellar Gateway, is silver. What is silver light? It isn't a colour at all, it is reflected light from the metal we call silver. That's what it feels like when I see it, a flash of reflected light. Am I being sent an equal and opposite reflection pattern which cancels out the pattern of the virus and disables it, for as long as I have this thought pattern within my consciousness? However it works, I'm supremely grateful! It's made a huge difference to me to be pain free, it feels as though this is my 'normal' - as I should have been all along. I'm now seeking a way to be rid of the virus outbreak for good.

OPENINGS

David Adam

O God, creator of all
Open my eyes to beauty
Open my mind to wonder
Open my ears to others
Open my heart to you.

HEALING OUR PLANET

Hello Gervais,

I am writing to ask if you can find room in 'Towards Wholeness' for a few words about something that is close to my heart as a Quaker, dowser, and member of FFH. I am trying to get more people to meditate and pray for our planet and the life that depends on it.

Attached is some information about the meditation group to which I belong along with an invitation to anyone who is interested to join us. If you can help by spreading the invitation amongst FFH members I should be very grateful.

With thanks and best wishes,

Chris Tonge, Blackburn Quaker Meeting



The Sanctuary of Healing at Langho

(<http://thesanctuaryofhealing.co.uk>), just to the north of Blackburn in Lancashire, is a highly regarded centre for healing and spiritual development. I have been involved for a while with their weekly Zoom meditation for the healing of our planet which is led by Tony Clarkson. Tony has worked with some well-known dowsers to consolidate the link between the Sanctuary and earth's energy system and this is already showing benefits for the Sanctuary's healing work. Tony is now keen to involve more meditators and healers in the Zoom healing

meeting. If you have an hour to spare between 1.30 and 2.30pm on a Friday afternoon please contact Tony and he will you send the link to join the meeting. tc@tonyclarkson.com

This was of immediate interest to me, so I contacted Tony Clarkson and received the link to the meeting. Tony's language is new age, full of reference to chakras, but I could not find a single word that was problematical. He leads the meetings in a highly responsible manner, invoking protection. We are asked to create a ring of energy, by sending energy to the one on our right and receiving it from the one on our left. This works very well on zoom, without any need to identify who is on the right and who is on the left – it just works. So then we are aware of a crystalline column in the centre, or a tree, reaching down into the earth and up to the heavens. We receive energy through our crown chakra and send it out via our heart chakra to the column, and so down to the earth. At the end we sense the energy of the ring lessening and the column vanishing. Tony invites us to close our chakras tight shut, one by one, except for the base chakra which is left half open with a beam of white light going down into the earth. Individual protection is put in place and we go our separate ways.

Having experienced this one week, and it was powerful, the next time I modified my approach in accordance with my outlook of seeing the Unity within. (I don't recommend this for anybody else). So the earth is within, so I did not see the need for the apparatus of the chakras and the crystal column. Neither could I see what I should be protected from, as everything is within. So the Unity simply sent energy to the earth. Fwuh, was it powerful! And I don't think my conscious mind is clever enough to know when to open and close chakras, so I leave that to the Unity, nevertheless, it would not have been a good idea to drive that day.

In these curious times, I think this work is of the first importance, for those called to engage in it.

Gervais Frykman

'The man stood at his living room window watching the rain beating down and the water levels rising in the river running close by. He began to be a bit anxious and prayed to God for help. He was confident that this would be given. There was no let up in the weather and the river slowly rose up over his lovely rose garden. A rescue man appeared at the door and advised the man to leave his house and move to the safe centre at the top of the hill. "It's OK" said the man, "God will save me."

The water continued to rise and the man moved upstairs to his bedroom. At the window a boat appeared. "Jump in" said the skipper, "I will take you to a place of safety." "Thank you" said the man, "I'm OK. God will save me."

The day moved on. The water rose and the man was now sitting on the roof of his house, clinging to the chimney stack. A helicopter passed overhead and lowered a ladder to the besieged householder. "No thanks. I am OK. God will save me."

The rain continued to fall, water levels rose, and inevitably the man found himself in Heaven with God. He was none too pleased. He said to God: "I believed in you. I believed you would save me. You let me down." A bemused God looked at him and said: "I sent you a man. I sent you a boat. I sent you a helicopter. What more did you want me to do?"

I think my understanding of healing, way over fifty years ago, was similar to that of the hero. Ask God and he will deliver – no fixed concept of how God would do this. I first began to be aware that Spiritual Healing was a present day reality, not just confined to the pages of the Bible, when we attended an Anglican discussion group and healing services.

My concern at the time was for my fourteen year old son. He was aphasic. His speech was not good and his reading non-existent. It seemed to me that his life chances were severely restricted. I felt that if this boy could learn to read, all would be well. So with the same

conviction as the man in the story, John was taken to a healing service. I was convinced that God would sort all this out.

He did. Next day John went on a school experience to a local Arts Centre. Here a stonemason was demonstrating. John was determined that this was what he wanted to do. He nagged his school until they found him a work experience place with a local stonemason. He completed his apprenticeship and went on to work for a stonemason, also creating his own sculptures. He ended up in a Rudolf Steiner Community in Germany where he is a care worker. He continues with his sculpture. His language skills are vastly improved, his reading limited.

The lesson for me: God knows what healing is required. Not me. I continued to be troubled with the Healing Ministry. We heard wonderful stories of people being healed, of being brought back from death's door, of the lame being made to walk again. Remarkable maybe because of their rarity. There was much prayer for healing and people didn't have any improvement, or even died. It made God seem very partial and cruel. Why did he heal some and reject others?

It gradually dawned on me that it was my understanding at fault, but not until I had my own man on the roof moment. I had a recurring medical problem over many years. It wasn't identified, but when I was having a really bad attack I needed a doctor's visit for a morphine injection.

After many years they decided it was a gall bladder problem. Now I knew what it was, if I prayed in the right way God would heal me. In fact it got worse. Doctors were talking about an operation. I brushed this advice aside. God will heal me.

Attacks were beginning to happen more frequently. I was frightened and resistant. I had moments when I felt that I had been abandoned by God. This was not true. In hindsight I can see that God was reassuring of his presence. The doctor warned me that the next attack would see me admitted to hospital.

It did come, in an unexpected place. We were visiting a Baptist minister and his family, and I became ill at the dinner table. No tea and

sympathy. He seemed to rise like an Old Testament prophet and said loudly across the table: "Why do you not listen to what God is saying to you, Pauline?" It felt like a rebuke from God.

I was admitted to hospital that evening. I surrendered to the inevitable. I was filled with a deep sense of peace and the love of God. The medical staff used their skills and care to make me well. I was beginning to learn St Teresa's message: "God has no hands but your hands." God's healing is given through Healers of all sorts.

I began to understand that God's perception of what people needed in order to be healed may not be the same as what I or even the people themselves think is needed. I became aware of the story of Jesus, when a man went for healing and Jesus asked him what it was that he wanted. [Mark 10: 46-52, also John 5: 2-17, *ed*] I began to see death as complete healing. With our logical mind this is a failure.

I wasn't sure how to progress with this healing business. There is enough evidence to support that it works. Praying for healing activates a light switch so to speak. Research suggests that people who are prayed for do better than those who are not prayed for.

Not really comfortable with this, I believe that nothing separates us from the love of God. So yet again I am only partially understanding. A number of years ago I heard about Quaker Spiritual Healing and its roots in the experiences of George Fox. It is a radically different approach. It leaves behind the man on the roof understanding and connects with St Teresa's "no hands but yours."

My present understanding is that God sends his healing energies through a person who is prepared to be used in this way, that is, Spiritual Healing. It is not the person who does the healing. It is God, or in Quaker terms the Light that heals. I have been a member of a healing group for a number of years. We have had feedback that our "holding people in the light" has beneficial effects:

- My brother recovering from mouth cancer. His surgeon could not understand how this was so quick.
- My sister was rushed into intensive care in a very bad way. She was home again in a week.

With encouragement from a number of FFH Healers I completed the Quaker Spiritual Healers training course at Claridge House in Autumn 2020. I have physical issues which make the hands on healing difficult for me to do. The tutors immediately noticed this and spent much time in helping me to do this effectively. I am now a Probationary Quaker Spiritual Healer. This has led me into discovering Oracle Cards, Crystal Healing and Dowsing. It's interesting and exciting. The most exciting thing of all is that God is with us. It is God working through everything.

GARDEN REFLECTIONS

Pamela Chadbourne - Poole Meeting

From this window, I see
The reddest reds,
Splashes of intense pinks & yellows
Pale and dark green leaves
Interspersing the blues & whites.
Sparrows, tits, dunnocks, a wren
Visit, feeding again and again.
Garden watching, a wonderful pastime to pass the time.

Lockdown has brought this unexpected space
A time to stand and stare,
A time to pause and see
What's really happening there.
That little patch normally rushed through, rushed by,
Though tended, weeded, watered,
Is rarely celebrated as the hallowed ground it is.

Could our gardens reflect our personality? I don't know where I first heard or read that phrase but it has often come back to me.

As I look at my plants I wonder what their choice says about me. There is quite a lot of red – roses, fuchsia, begonias and geraniums. Am I a fiery person deep down? Then there are the lavender bushes which the bees love so much. Do I have a need to nourish? In a broader way I realise my garden certainly seems to reflect rather a rather haphazard side of my character. Nothing is too organised, which seems to be how I like it.

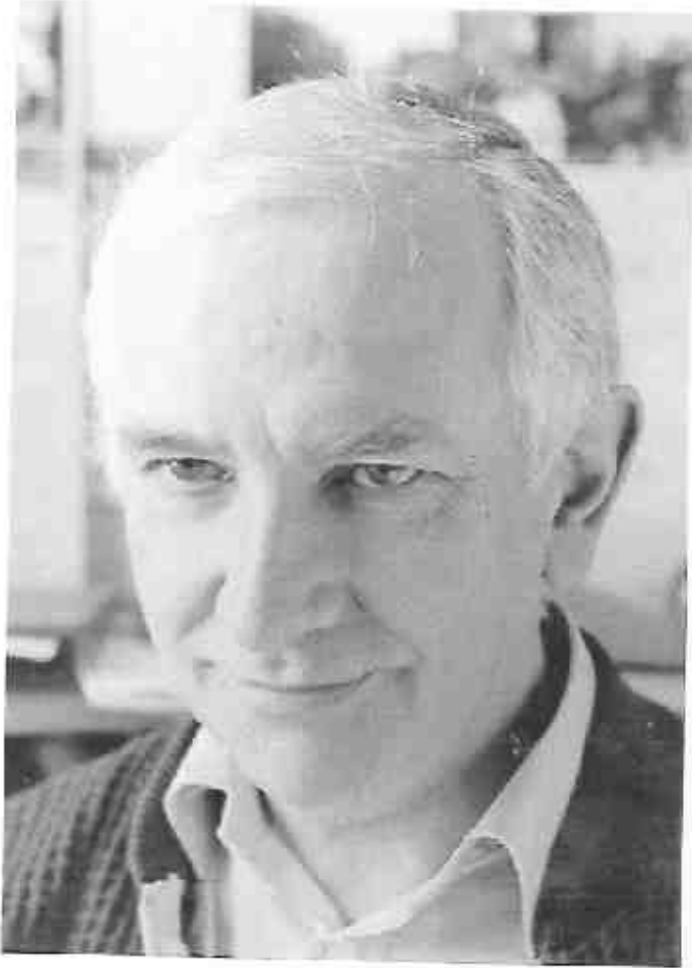
My musings have come to an abrupt end with some unexpected splashes of rain. Inside I think of the quotation "You are nearer to God's heart in a garden, than anywhere else on earth." This from a poem by Dorothy Frances Gurney who lived from 1858 until 1932. I imagine how surprised she might have been if she could have known the number of times those lines have been written and quoted. Certainly I reflect on the miracle of creation when I sit in a garden and I find it easier to still my thoughts when in touch with nature. Our Quaker Meeting House has recently used some money they were given from a legacy, to install glass panels into the ceiling of the meeting room. When this was first thought about I wasn't very sure about spending money this way, but now I am so glad that light has been brought in from above. It is good to be able to look up and see the sky and clouds and a few waving branches during meeting. Change is always somewhat daunting but without change there is no growth. We are called to live adventurously (A and Q 27).

Summer sun gives opportunities for reflection and I give thanks for my garden and I know how very fortunate I am to have an outside space, when many do not.

A garden is a blessing for which I give daily thanks.

August 2019.

JIM PYM – A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY



Jim was born in Hastings, East Sussex on 5 January 1941 to elderly parents, Sam Pym and Eileen Carey. His mother was a devout Catholic and aspired for Jim to become a Priest. However, Jim proved to be unsuitable for Junior Seminary because he asked too many questions. But, he soon became interested in Buddhism, and then came across

Quakers by chance. He later studied to become a Buddhist priest in the Japanese Pure Land Tradition. The fact that he left school at the age of sixteen with only two O-levels, makes his self-taught, life-long, study of comparative religion, leading him to become an acknowledged authority on the subject, all the more remarkable.

Jim and Beryl, a nurse, were teenage sweethearts and were married in 1964. Their interest in spiritual healing started in their early twenties, and was mentored by the great twentieth century English healer, Harry Edwards. They became early members of the National Federation of Spiritual Healers (NFSH).

Jim held down a variety of jobs after leaving school, including being a semi-professional musician, (double bass, guitar and banjo) playing in local folk and jazz bands, (he had a very acute ear for music). He and Beryl spent the best part of a year with the newly formed Findhorn Foundation in the late 1960s. On returning to London, Jim was appointed secretary to the London branch of the Vegetarian Society, then became assistant manager of Watkins esoteric bookshop, and around 1977, he became manager of the Friends Book Centre, Euston Road, which he developed successfully. Later he moved to the publishing side of Quaker books, which involved him on trips to the USA meeting American Quakers, and sometimes Beryl was able to accompany him.

His influential booklet, *What kind of GOD, What kind of HEALING?* was published in 1989 (FFH Publications - Ed). After being made redundant in the mid 1990s, he wrote three more acclaimed books in his accessible conversational style: *Listening to the Light*, 1999, Sessions; *The Pure Principle*, 2000, Sessions; and *You don't have to sit on the floor*, 2002, Rider.

In 2000, Beryl retired from being matron of two cottage hospitals in the Cotswolds, and they moved to Devon. As often happens when

married couples retire, they sadly found that they had grown apart. They agreed to live separately, but remained Best Friends for the rest of Jim's life.

Jim first met Annie, an NFSH member, retired academic economist and basic income advocate, while conducting a retreat in St Andrews in 2005. He moved to Edinburgh in October 2006, where he soon became an active and much-loved member of Central Edinburgh Quaker Meeting. He missed the presence of a Jodo Shinshu Buddhist Sanga in Scotland. He continued his healing ministry with local NFSH groups, the Friends Fellowship of Healing, and through distant healing, much of it requested by email. He continued writing, teaching, and conducting retreats, sharing his knowledge of comparative religion and mysticism, and inspiring people to learn to meditate and to be in touch with the Spirit within.

From about 2016, Jim suffered from pulmonary fibrosis, becoming increasingly frail. He was hospitalised following a fall at his home in August 2020, but was looking forward to being discharged, to return home to his beloved books and music, when he contracted Covid-19 in hospital and died suddenly. He leaves an enormous gap in many lives.

EXERCISE IN BREATHING – MINDFULLY

Rosalind Smith

Breathe fairly deeply, in and out, but at your own pace. Don't let the breathing become stressful in any way. If you need to breathe shallowly for a while, then do.

Just let the directions, as given, mingle with the relaxed in and out rhythm of your breathing. Sit comfortably, and relax in your own way.

So, breathe in gently and deeply, and imagine a lovely white light, the light of PEACE, above your head – or perhaps a golden light if you prefer – and feel that light surround and enfold you – and think the word PEACE to yourself.

Now, breathe in that PEACE. *(Remember to let your breath gently come and go, don't hold it.)*

Feel that PEACE flowing down from the top of your head, a lovely white or golden light flowing down through your arms, and down through your body, down to your feet. Feel it filling you with PEACE.

And, as you breathe out, feel yourself breathing out all tension. Feel the tension flow away and out from your toes, away out into the ground.

And, again, breathe in PEACE – see it flow through your whole body again – lighting every area – and breathe out all negativity, all stressful thoughts.
(Remember to breathe gently and in a relaxed manner.)

And, again, breathe in PEACE, and breathe out – all fear.

And now, see the light that is above you, and which surrounds you, change to a wonderful deeper golden colour – and see the word JOY contained within this light.

Breathe in JOY – feel it flow throughout your body, down to your feet.

Breathe in JOY, and breathe out all cares and concerns, all worries. See them flowing away from your toes, out safely into the ground.

Again, breathe in JOY, feel it flow, and breathe out all negative thoughts.

(Keep your breathing regular and gentle)

Breathe in JOY – and breathe out – all fear.

And now, see the light change to a lovely rose-pink above you.

See it as it surrounds you and enfolds you. And see the word LOVE glowing within this light. And know yourself beloved.

And, gently, breathe in LOVE – feel it filling the whole of your being.

Breathe in LOVE – and breathe out all negative feelings about yourself. See them flow away from you, safely into the ground.

And, breathe in LOVE – breathe out all negative feelings towards others, all feelings of jealousy, anger, envy, malice – see these feelings flow away gently and safely into the ground.

And again, breathe in LOVE – and breathe out all your – fear.

And now, again breathe in PEACE – see the lovely light of PEACE above you, and enfolding you. And know that it is always there – ready for you to breathe into, whenever you need to.

Open your eyes etc.

All Rosalind Smith's meditations, visualisations and exercises are newly published by FFH in a book profusely illustrated in colour. See the back cover of this magazine - Ed.

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IF YOU ARE THINKING OF MAKING A WILL...

have you considered leaving something to the FFH? A specimen form of words could be: "I give and bequeath (state what...) to the Friends Fellowship of Healing (being a Charity registered under the Charities Act, No. 284459), to the registered address of the Charity as recorded with the Charity Commission at the time that this bequest comes into effect, AND I DECLARE that the receipt of this legacy by the then proper officer for the Fellowship, shall be a complete discharge to my Trustee(s) for that legacy."



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