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We are delighted to share our work with you and hope you will find it helpful.

Printed by the FFH Group, Ipswich

# TOWARDS WHOLENESS

No. 163 Summer 2022

£2.50





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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 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
QSH - Full Healer	£35 (inc FFH Membership)
QSH- Probationer	£35 (inc FFH Membership)
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](mailto:gervais153@talktalk.net)  
Deadlines: February 1st, June 1st and October 1st.

For further information about the FFH please contact the Clerk: Gervais Frykman, 52 Ridge Road, Middlestown, Wakefield, W.Yorks. WF4 4QP, 01924 264180. [gervais153@talktalk.net](mailto:gervais153@talktalk.net)

Donations for the work of the Fellowship are most welcome.

Cover picture: Steve Shiner

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

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web site: [www.claridgehousequaker.org.uk](http://www.claridgehousequaker.org.uk)

**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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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](http://www.talkingfriends.org.uk)

Alan Johnson is the convener of Talking Friends.

[alan.johnson1@blueyonder.co.uk](mailto:alan.johnson1@blueyonder.co.uk), 0121 476 0217

--ooOoo--

The Zen master of Rinsai was once seen searching for his body. It provided endless entertainment to his disciples.

One even comes across people who are seriously searching for God!

## **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.

August	The provision of a sound education and culture for everyone.
September	The maintenance of wild nature, animals, birds and fish on land and sea.
October	The education and provision of doctors and nurses and other health professionals for an effective NHS and a healthy world.
November	The teaching of philosophy (i.e. right thinking) ethics, morality and spirituality to prevent extremism but instead create a balanced peaceful world.

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

### **FFH GATHERINGS      2:30 pm fourth Saturday      *David Mason***

With the introduction of zoom the logistical difficulties of holding FFH Gatherings melted away.

All Gatherings have followed a similar formula: A Meditation, often from Ross Smiths book of meditations, a topic on healing, an opportunity to meet and share stories, and to close with a distant healing session.

The topics chosen:

- 28th August 2021: A talk on different types of healing (Gervais) [available as a download]
- 25th September 2021 A general talk about individual healing experiences led by David



- 20th October 2021: A talk on self healing by Kay Horsfield
- 27th November 2021 A general talk led by Gervais on healing
- 22nd January 2022: The New Way forward with Covid (Steve)
- 26th February 2022: Healing with Animals (Steve)
- 26th March 2022: Challenge for our planet and humanity (Tony Clarkson)
- 23rd April 2022 Angels and the Healing they provide (A Powerpoint presentation by David)
- 28th May 2022 The Doctor Healer Network (Michael Seymour)

#### +++++++FUTURE PLANS+++++++

- 25th June 2022 "Spiritual Healing in Hospitals and Clinics - Scientific Evidence that Energy Medicine Promotes Speedy Recovery and Positive Outcomes" by the healer Sandy Edwards
- 23rd July 2022 "A session on Healing Lists and how we use them". (Rhonda Riachi).
- 27<sup>th</sup> August 2022 Tony Clarkson
- 24<sup>th</sup> September 2022 TBD
- 22<sup>nd</sup> October 2022 TBD - provisionally Kay Horsfield

David

FFH Gatherings Coordinator

If you would like to give a short talk, not longer than 15 minutes, please let Gervais Frykman know. Please e-mail Gervais Frykman for a live link.



## **QSH TRAINING COURSES**

The next training course will take place 29<sup>th</sup> August to 2<sup>nd</sup> September at Claridge House. Please book direct with Claridge House. Please contact Cherry Simpkin regarding bursaries.

## **FFH Distant Healing Group**

This is held on the second Thursday of the month at 2:30 The link is as for the Monthly Gathering.

## **HEALER SUPPORT WEEKEND**

There will be a Healer Support weekend at Claridge House, Friday 8<sup>th</sup> - 10<sup>th</sup> July for QSH healers and Probationers. Spaces are available. The cost of the weekend will be £260 ( bursaries are available for those who need them).

To book, contact Cherry Simpkin [cherry.simpkin@btinternet.com](mailto:cherry.simpkin@btinternet.com) phone number 0208 852 6735.

## **NEW FFH PUBLICATION**

We are proud to announce a superb new FFH publication: “Have We Met Before?” by Rosalind Smith. There is a review by Robin Goodman in the Review section below.

--ooOoo--

Don't just do something, sit there.



## THE INTENTION EXPERIMENT AND THE POWER OF EIGHT

By Lynne McTaggart

I would recommend these two books by Lynne McTaggart (author of *The Field*), a journalist and science writer on the power of thought. She writes about her remarkable findings on group intention from 10 years of experiments in collaboration with well respected scientists.

‘When individuals in a group (of eight or more) focus their intention together, a powerful collective dynamic emerges that can heal long-standing conditions, mend fractured relationships, lower violence and rekindle life purpose. She finds that group intention not only transforms the recipient but also reflects back to benefit the senders.’

Based on the 10 years of experience of many Power of Eight groups all over the world, there are detailed suggestions on how to set up a group and the most effective ways of conducting the group, as well as a lot of information on her website [www.lynnemctaggart.com](http://www.lynnemctaggart.com).

I would like to join with others to start an online group. If you are interested and would like to know more, please contact me at [hazelmargaret63@gmail.com](mailto:hazelmargaret63@gmail.com).

Hazel Barker

## MY JOURNEY IS NOT OVER YET.

*Ruth Kaye*

I am descended on both sides of my family tree from renowned Rabbis, Kabbalistic healers. On my father's side is Rabbi Elijah Ben Solomon Zalman, 1720 -1797, the genius of Vilna, known as the star gazing mystic, the Vilna Gaon; on my mother's family tree is Rabbi Shabbatac Kohen of Holeslov, 16th Century with a shrine. So this is



where I suspect the ‘gift’ of healing came from genetically, and also for my son, Jonathan Cainer, the astrologer.

Jonathan shone in the Daily Mail, wrote several books, and is still remembered. He died at 58, yet for some reason I am still here – his mother. Daniel Cainer, my twin son, is well known for his song writing and performances, and he will be going back to America in May to perform, now that Covid restrictions are slightly eased. He is popular there.

If, as Rabbi Manis Friedman tells us, we choose this life, then it would make sense that a very ordinary Bradford born Jewess could, to quote Mark Twain, do the impossible, that is, to become the first spiritual healer, Kabbalistic trained, and employed for thirty years in the NHS cancer hospital here in Yorkshire. I want on my gravestone, but it would not be allowed: ‘She didn’t know it was impossible, but she did it’. I fought to bring light in the darkest place imaginable: on cancer wards, in palliative care, in hospices, and I’ve helped children too, and teenagers, the bereaved and families, and still seeing the surviving cancer patients who have remained loyal to me and finding me now that I am supposed to have retired.

Samaritan training helped me, and I was eventually given a Fellowship Award for pioneering from The Healing Trust. Now at home I am being ‘found’ in the most bizarre coincidental ways that surely must not be by chance and seeing NHS staff on Thursday evenings after work and ex-cancer patients on Friday afternoons.

My garden is a healing garden, and in the warmer weather I will bring meditation and music into the garden as I have speakers out there. I have always worked with music. I am being rediscovered as I am still on YouTube, and Google kept the information from 30 years ago when I was allowed publicity. The latter days in the NHS were dark, and impossible for me because of new management policy and strict rules beyond belief. No understanding of spirituality, let alone the incredible experiences patients documented which I could not believe myself.



I have never charged money for my healing help. I'm currently helping with marriage guidance, school bullying for a 14-year-old, one of the oncologists is sending me his patients still, hospital pharmacists and nurses finding me through the internet. And above all, sending light to Mother Earth, the Planet and Humanity through these dark times. My journey is not over yet.

Ruth Kaye Fellow of The Healing Trust

Contributed by Maxine Harris from The Healing Trust April Newsletter.  
Reproduced by permission

### **BECOMING THE STILL EYE OF THE STORM.**

***Maureen White***

As a young woman, I dashed to gather in the washing before the impending storm, the darkened sky blackened, large raindrops fell.

Suddenly I was held in the utter peace and seemingly timelessness in the eye of the storm, I sharply observed beyond, the bending trees, the twirling leaves showing a silver white under leaf and the spiralling debris. I stood transfixed, until the eye passed on, rain fell again, and I retreated indoors.

Now I recognise it as going home in meditative moments to a deep silence and healing source for ourselves and others.

Nature had echoed that inner peace that I have experienced at times since a child; it had no name it just was natural. We are surrounded by the unseen and sound beyond the range of our hearing, the colour spectrum that we in human bodies cannot see. We can experience the effects but not always the source.

The more peaceful we become the more it seems we affect others in a positive way. So, therefore I feel our intuition and inner guidance is paramount in these turbulent times to first help ourselves and secondly in turn help others. The ego can relish in good works, the



boy scout syndrome, seeing someone across the road whether they wish to go or not. We were told to love our neighbour AS ourselves not instead of, an empty cup has nothing to offer.

About forty years ago, I was invited to a private workshop by a friend of Mathew Manning, he no longer did public work as he had stepped back to concentrate on healing cancer mainly in children. He spoke briefly about his life and then spoke to us about unseen energies.

We were asked to pair with a stranger, stand a few feet apart and in turn approach the other, sensing their emotional state with our hands outstretched. Mathew said, in any order of our choice, we were to send out love or hate. I found love and hurt were more relevant for me.

My partner and I found, as did the other pairs, that love was sensed as warmth and the ability to draw close. My partner said the second emotion I sent put an icy cold wall around me and she could hardly take a step before it was impregnable.

Sometimes people say they feel when people pray for them, a little-known acquaintance who had suddenly become psychic told me that she had seen me praying in her kitchen several times; indeed I was. She was causing havoc in the village as she blurted out what she had picked up about people before she started to use discernment and common sense.

Never having visited her home let alone her kitchen I could not have projected myself there, as I have done occasionally to places dear to my heart such as Iona She saw a pink aura around me. I could confirm that particular morning I had envisaged a pink rose, this was unusual and normally I have no difficulty to slip into deep silence. I had tried to use an image of a yellow rose but pink one popped up try as I might.

To me it was just a tool to be forgotten, but it gave me evidence that holding people in the Light really does have an effect even when it is beyond our understanding.



Homeopathy uses the energy of substances that are so diluted there is no physical trace, indeed the 'weaker' they are the stronger they act. It could be hard to accept this except these remedies work on animals.

Our border collie suddenly became fearful of thunder, she turned to 'jelly' and became a dead weight. I was advised to give her phosphorus 30. It was a stormy week, I was delayed with someone in distress, but gave her a dose just after the storm took hold she recovered swiftly. Next time I sensed the approaching storm, she did not collapse but walked around as if puzzled, at the third storm she went out and barked at the thunder.

Some years later we moved into a town, our dog became stressed by fireworks, phosphorus did not work but borax did. I was told this had been used on horses during WW1 during gunfire. It was not as effective as hoped as there were unexpected fireworks over several weeks. The best remedy was a stay with a daughter in the country.

My friend and homeopathic tutor, Gweneth E. Robinson always said, 'when the work was good, people would come'. She was a scientist, a Theosophist a close partner of Dr. Dorothy Shepherd, they used homeopathy in the Harley St. practice that funded the clinics in the East End of London, pre NHS.

I respected her judgment; indeed, people did come, one asked my advice for her animals, a parrot, ducks and a retired racehorse that was about to be put down as he was scouring badly and had not responded to the vet. He lived for many years.

I met Gweneth when on a sudden nudge we travelled one evening to an Oxford Meeting House event, I chatted with the warden, who said he had information about a healing centre and he did not know what to do with it, so gave it to me. Gweneth and I corresponded as the centre was not established, so often it seems as if we are shunted to be at the right place at the right time.

My natural bent was to hear people's stories. Eventually this was to be called counselling by many. Perhaps not needed if more people had time to listen and hear each other, share stories around a fire as many less 'civilised' peoples still do.

I would have a short silence before and after seeing someone, to ask for help and then give thanks. This was how I connected to Spirit, sometimes I found I asked an unexpected question or a rarer remedy came to mind. This was always what was needed

I always obey nudges even when it seems illogical and inconvenient. I had a such a nudge to go to a Healing Stand at a Mind Body and Spirit event at Malvern. I was puzzled when I sensed, during healing, the energy was reversed, I quickly asked a prompted question. The Healer, perhaps inexperienced, unloaded and thanked me as she felt her burden lightened.

Another time I was directed to a church as I hurried home to cook lunch on time. I entered, it bustled with busy people. I looked at the large book stall, no title jumped out. I could not see any reason to have been 'pushed' in.

As I reached the door, I held it open for a girl. She enquired whether I was a member of the church as everyone seemed too busy to talk. I said I was not, but could I help?

As we walked, she spoke of guilt and anguish, of her abortion, by the time we reached the top of the hill to go our separate ways, she smiled said the pain had now gone, she felt forgiven. Lunch? Well let's say no one starved!

I have met 'Angels' on my way through life, perhaps this young woman had too in the guise of me. We can all be channels to each other when we follow the tuition within.

Daily silence, formal, while walking or doing chores is the core for me.

We all have these abilities, the sixth sense is like the other five. With persistence perhaps we could all tune a piano, be a taster for tea,



develop perfumes. The more we trust intuition the stronger it becomes.

Strengthening our intuition is so vital in these times, being present in the Present moment, being alert to the soft nudges that are often inconvenient and illogical, discerning with our inner Eye, that of the Spirit and what could be a just reaction to fear, that is 'false, experience, appearing, real'.

F.E.A.R. as defined by Suzanne Giessemann.

Many years ago, counsellors were required for a local hospice, I felt no nudge to apply. Some people expressed surprise, I questioned myself. My work had been quiet, passed on by no more than word of mouth. My diary full enough. Was it FEAR holding me back?

To clarify the situation, I applied after the closing date to test the water! There was a day long interview with roleplay as we gave and received counselling while a GP acted as an observer. My partner acted well, she became old, alone as her friends had died, she had no family left. She had been diagnosed with cancer and wished no treatment, her consultant was difficult and could not understand.

I listened deeply with care, I said if that it was really her decision I would support her, the GP seethed and said told me to try harder and gave more time. My client reached the same decision, so I again offered support. It seemed a game but when we were alone later, she told me it was a true story and now she understood what a close friend felt so she could now offer the emotional support needed. She thanked me but really, I was only being directed.

The sixth sense just as in the other five senses is within us all, it needs use. I have found in my learning to trust gives it strength and discernment.

Often there is a humorous angle as if to say relax, you are not alone in this. A Jewish friend said that when we die we are met by an Angel who asks 'well, did you enjoy it'.

One of the amazing healers I have met was a Mrs. Marshall, her natural kindness, interest and quiet cheerfulness and compassion was a balm to everyone who met her as she went about her very ordinary day. On the other hand, I knew a traffic policeman that when his wife upset him, it was drivers beware! Small actions have a domino effect both ways.

Indeed we know not what we do.

*To be continued*

## **OVERCOMING VERTIGO, A VERY NASTY ILLNESS    *Jan Etchells***

During a lockdown I came down with another bout of vertigo. My GP wanted to give me sea sickness pills to control it, but I didn't think they would really help. I was also given some exercises to practice at home, but they didn't seem to make much difference to my general well-being. My usual chiropractor was away as it was around Easter and after getting myself carted off to A&E because I had vomited twice in as many days I decided to try and find a doctor who could actually fix my problem once and for all. I asked around amongst my friends and someone reminded me about a practice of cranial osteopaths. I had to find them first as they were no longer where I had originally known about them. They had moved outside the town centre onto a small industrial estate on the edge of town. I rang them and arranged an appointment.

At my first meeting my osteopath called Henry told me he couldn't understand how I could walk around at all; my head was so out of true from the rest of my body. After taking down my medical history I lay on the couch and waited for a miracle. It was very pleasant, the sun was shining, the birds singing and I could hear a railway train pass nearby and some school children enjoying their morning break. I wish I could tell you what exactly Henry did but the whole process was very gentle and calming. At the end of the first session I sat up and vomited again. This was becoming a habit I didn't want to have! Henry wasn't



fazed at all and simply brought cleaning materials to me explaining that as he often treated babies who pooped everywhere I wasn't to worry. I paid the bill and left. As I didn't smell too sweet my husband made me open the car window for our drive home which was very chilly as it was April. Once at home I cleaned up and changed my clothes. On the plus side I was no longer staggering around with vertigo. I went to see Henry for five sessions in all and at each session he asked me how I felt, was I still suffering problems of vertigo? I wasn't. At the end of our sessions, I felt cured and Henry and I decided I didn't need him any longer. Although it was quite expensive getting treatment, I really feel it was money well spent. The only downside was that treatment has moved my jaw so that instead of my teeth being perfectly aligned as before, now they are not... But I can now walk around without feeling that I could fall over at any time. I walk differently knowing that I don't have to watch every step I take.

March 2022

## **DIVINE INTERVENTION**

***Valerie Dearnley***

This episode in my life took place when my husband and I were 35. We decided we would like to be baptised as adults. We attended a Baptist church at that time in Carlisle but I had a problem. I was afraid of water.

When I was very young, somewhere in the region of 3 years old, I was taken by my mother to stay for a little while in Belfast, Northern Ireland, where my Grandmother lived.

From Glasgow we were travelling by ferry overnight. I remember we had bunk beds but I wanted to sleep with my Mummy and so we shared the lower bunk. It was rather a rough night and there was thick fog. Then there was a bump and we nearly fell out of bed!

My mother was making a game of this when this very loud siren began to bellow out. I noticed our cases were sliding towards the little round window which was now partially in the water. Next thing the cabin door burst open and this giant of a man, well he looked like that to me, picked me up and hooked me under his arm. I saw another little girl under his other arm. She was crying and it was not long before I was too. My mother was given some orders and I was whisked out the door, stuffed into a life jacket and the pair of us were put into a life boat filled with children and told to sit very still. The boat was lowered over the side but not put into the water. We held onto each other, too afraid to move. There was a thick fog so we could hardly see but we could hear these giant men saying things like, “you’re all right with us. You need to sit still like statues. We may have to go down into the water but we’re here. Sit still.”

What had actually happened was that in crossing over to Ireland the ferry had encountered a fog bank. In the darkness and fog she had hit another ship which was off course in the fog. We were listing.

As it turned out, Belfast had been alerted and had sent out tugs. We were safely pulled into harbour and the lifeboats were never lowered into the water.

The outcome for me was that I could not go near water. It was years before I could sit in a bath and even then it could not be very full of water. Swimming was of course completely out of the question.

So how was I going to be immersed in water?

The minister at the time did not seem to see a problem. “Trust in God. Obey the voice within and let the Holy Spirit take care of everything.”

Me being me then, I got an idea to fix it. I went to the local baths and asked about adult swimming lessons. They were very encouraging. They had NEVER failed to teach anyone to swim. Oh I was so happy. But I expect you know what is going to happen? Yes, I was their first failure!



Disheartened and growing more and more afraid as THE DAY approached, I thought of my Sunday school class, a bunch of boisterous teenage boys. What if I couldn't even walk into the water?

As time does it marched on and soon THE DAY was there. I felt numb. I was so afraid. Afraid of looking a fool, I suppose.

When we got to Church I saw my class of unruly boys sitting in the front pew silently praying. Everyone it seems had been told and knew about my phobia. All were praying in the congregation.

My husband and I went through to the back to get changed. That was the church's custom. Men in white trousers and shirt. Women in a long white dress with large old pennies sewn into the hem to stop it floating up in the water.

The moment arrived. I walked to the front, down the steps and was lowered down under the water. I had my eyes open and I saw the water close above me. It was as if time stood still, then went in slow motion. I felt far from afraid. I felt a peace that I had never known before. I came out of that water with an overwhelming love inside.

Can I swim now? No. It was a miracle for one moment in time.

**But the Love of God has stayed with me.**

--ooOoo--

Everyone became alarmed when they saw Mullah Nasruddin astride his ass, charging through the streets of the village.

"Where are you off to, Mullah?" they asked.

"I'm searching for my ass," said the mullah as he whizzed by.

February's online meeting about healing with animals, and Steve Shiner's talk on the theme, reminded me of the story of a woman overcoming a personal fear. It can even be called a love story. It was also a healing experience.

The woman had been afraid of dogs since she was four years old and being pinned up against a wall by an Alsatian. Luckily, her father rescued his terrified daughter on his way home from work. It was a traumatic experience for such a little girl who had only ventured into the street to meet her father when he came home for lunch.

This terror of dogs remained throughout her childhood and into adulthood. She avoided dogs at all cost, until one day, many, many years later, she met a very special one. This was a little while after she and her husband had moved into a house in a little country village in Sweden. Their next-door neighbour ran a small family breeding kennel specialising in standard poodles. One day the kennel owner, who we can call Kristina, told her that she'd received an email from Australia from a person who wanted to buy one of her puppies. The problem was that Kristina didn't understand English and wondered if she could help her to translate and respond. Knowing about her fear of dogs, Kristina said that she'd keep the poodles well away from her when she came into the office to read and respond to the emails.

A very strange thing happened to the woman in the office. One of the poodles had somehow sneaked away from the others and crept under the desk at which she was sitting. She felt the dog against her feet but did not feel any fear. In fact, when she peeped under the desk, she saw that the dog had the most beautiful brown eyes that were so deep and attentive. She felt instinctively that the poodle was a very gentle soul and therefore didn't mind her lying at her feet. Funnily enough, the same poodle came to lie at her feet every time she went into the office to write.



As it turned out, the Australian woman decided not to buy a puppy from Kristina because it was too complicated a procedure. The emailing therefore came to an end. But Kristina confessed that she had another problem, which was that her husband who helped her to walk all five poodles three times a day was to have a knee operation and wouldn't be able to walk for some weeks. How on earth was she going to manage walking the dogs on her own, she wondered?

Our woman, who had been afraid of dogs all these years, heard herself saying that she would help her. The words simply slipped out of her mouth, and that was that. A new adventure was about to begin.

The dog with the gentle soul and beautiful brown eyes was called Irma. The woman with the fear of dogs is the author of this article. Over the months that followed Irma and I became inseparable. She was a loner and easily stressed in the kennel's pack of poodles, so at times she and I went out for walks together, on our own. Every morning she would watch me come up the path to Kristina's house and then run to sit at the door and greet me when I came in, rubbing herself up against and around my legs. Kristina remarked that she had never seen Irma show her feelings to anyone in that way before.

After a while Irma started to sleep over at our house and came back with me after the collective afternoon walk. As soon as she crossed our threshold she relaxed. It was as if she shrugged off all the stress she'd accumulated that day in the pack. I had no idea at first how to care for her, or how to treat her, but she showed me in different ways how to do just that. She was a very reserved and dignified dog, and at times made it clear, albeit in a gentle way, that she didn't want her space invading. At other times she let me get as close to her as I wanted. She loved it when I massaged her body and whispered sweet nothings in her ears. Gradually, I learned how to read her, and she me.

As she was a breeding dog, Kristina wanted to mate Irma for puppies. Irma wasn't too keen on the idea! However, I was present when she had her first litter of 10 pups. She birthed her very first puppy as I held

her in my arms to keep her calm, and I burst into tears at the emotion of it all!

Some months later my husband and I moved to another town. We were eventually allowed to buy Irma, as it was clear to everyone that we were a pair. She gradually accepted my husband, who had in turn graciously accepted that we could have her come to live with us.

She was five when she came to us. She and I were inseparable and had a very close and loving relationship. People also commented on how close we were and on how we communicated with each other. We had a lot of fun together. She was 14 years and 8 months when she died. She was old and tired by then and had stopped eating. We knew that it was time for us to part. She died in my arms at home. But her spirit has never left me.

A year after Irma's passing, I had an angel channelling session with Laura Newbury ([www.lauranewbury.co.uk](http://www.lauranewbury.co.uk)) about other issues. At that point Laura knew nothing about Irma. During the channelling Laura received the following: *"I see in my mind a large dog, with dark short fur, very velvety in texture. I feel it is quite an old dog. It comes close to you and it is giving you lots of love and thanking you for being a great helper and friend. The dog is also receiving healing from you."*

That could only have been my beloved Irma. The dog who taught me, and gave me, so much. My very special friend who showed me how to care for her, how to overcome my fear, and who released so much love and healing in me.





### Introduction

This is a meditation with the four main archangels. They each have a colour associated with them – these are the colours of the rays of spiritual energy with which they work. They are also each associated with one of the four elements.

### Meditation

Sit in a comfortable position

Focus on your breath

Breath in and out slowly and deeply

Close your eyes

Now imagine you are entering a wood.

As you enter you find you are walking in a carpet of white wood anemones. Their star-like flowers are open to the light of the sun.

Then as you walk along you come across a crystal clear stream running through the carpet of white flowers.

Then you see standing by the stream there is an Angelic Being. He conveys to you through thought that his name is Gabriel.

Gabriel's colour is white like the flowers and his element is water like the stream.

He is the Angelic Messenger of the Divine Spirit. He comes to help you to understand what messages the Spirit has for you.

And now stay for a while in his presence and what does Spirit say to you at this time?

[Short Pause]

Even if you seem to have received nothing, the message may have passed into your unconscious mind and when it is appropriate, Gabriel will help you to receive and understand it.

Now thank Gabriel for being with you. Remember that he will always be available to help you to tune in to what the Spirit is asking of you.

Now move further on into the woods.

As you walk along you feel a cool, refreshing breeze and you become aware of the light shining through the green leaves on the trees as they rustle and dance in the wind.

Then on the path in front of you, you meet another Angelic Being.

This is Raphael. He is the Angel of Healing.

His colour is green like the leaves and his element is air like the wind that moves them.

And now stay for a while in his presence and ask him for any healing you would like for yourself and for anyone else at this time.

[Short Pause]

Now thank Raphael for being with you. Remember that you can always call on him to help you in healing yourself and to support you in bringing healing to others.

Now move on through the woods.

Soon you find yourself in a carpet of bluebells. You sit down on a tree stump nearby. As you sit there you become aware of the heat of the sun beating gently down on your face.

Then you become aware of another Angelic Being standing beside you. You feel a gentle strength coming from him as he stands beside.

This is the Archangel Michael. His role is to help in the fight against evil.

His colour is blue like the bluebells and his element is fire like the fire of the sun you can feel on your face.

And now stay for a while in his presence and ask him to bring you strength and courage in combatting any evil and injustices you wish to help put right at this time.

[Short Pause]

Now thank Michael for being with you. Remember that blue is the colour of the throat chakra, the centre of communication and Michael will always be there to give you courage when you feel called to speak out against evil and injustice.

Now move on through the woods to meet the final Archangel.

You find yourself standing next to a display of yellow wild celandines. You can also see red campions. You notice a large stone embedded solidly in the ground. You sit down on it and as you sit there you become aware of another Archangel standing beside you.

This is the Archangel Uriel.

His colour is yellow like the celandines. He is also associated with red like the campions. His element is earth. He represents stability like the rock you are sitting on and will keep you grounded and bring you wisdom and support in giving practical service to others.

And now stay for a while in his presence and ask him for his help in any practical service you are called to give to others at this time.



[Short Pause]

Now thank Uriel for being with you. Remember that he can always call on him to help you maintain stability and balance in your life between the pursuing of spiritual wisdom and giving practical service.

Now, move on out of the woods, safe in the knowledge that the Archangels are always there to support you.

And in your own time, open your eyes and come back into the Zoom meeting.

## **CONSCIOUSNESS**

***Pamela Thompson***

*Ludlow Quaker Meeting*

My guidance for today tells me “Be still and rest in the consciousness of the eternal love and wisdom”.

But what is consciousness?

This question intrigues me, and has done so for many years. There are similes for consciousness, of which I find ‘conscious awareness’ a helpful one. ‘Mindfulness’, ‘being in the now’ and ‘being in the Light’ may also help. Sentience (able to experience feelings) or the awareness of those things around us, or those emotions inside us may be relevant here.

The study of consciousness is both philosophical and scientific. Perhaps this is the reason for many views about consciousness which often seem radically opposed to each other.

Many scientists are convinced that consciousness is all in the mind. A ‘figment of the imagination’ is a phrase sometimes used to describe ideas thought to be fanciful and this term is often used by scientists about spiritual experiences, or by those disparaging religious experiences.

Baroness Susan Greenfield, former Director of the Royal Institution, and an eminent neuroscientist, read philosophy and psychology at Oxford university, but changed course and graduated with a first-class degree in experimental psychology. To summarise her latest book, 'A Day in the Life of the Brain: The Neuroscience of Consciousness from Dawn till Dusk', she writes that each of us has a unique, subjective inner world, one that we can never share directly with anyone else. She asks how our physical brains actually give rise to the rich and varied experience of consciousness. She writes about new, empirically based insights into consciousness as she traces a single day in the life of a brain. From waking to walking the dog, and from working to dreaming, Professor Greenfield explains how our daily experiences are translated into a tangle of cells, molecules and chemical blips, thereby probing the enduring mystery of how our brains create our individual selves.

On the other hand, many philosophers are sure that consciousness is larger than the mind of an individual person. In particular the psychiatrist Carl Gustav Jung (1875-1961) wrote of 'universal consciousness' which he understood to be common amongst all people.

Jung was asked when he first felt conscious of his own individual self. He replied that it was in his eleventh year. He was on his way to school one day when he suddenly felt that he stepped out of a mist. Then he knew "I am, I am what I am." He felt that before that he had been in a mist, not knowing how to differentiate himself from things. (Youtube, footage of interview in 1959, 'Face to Face')

Rudolph Steiner (1861-1925) recorded insights which took ideas of consciousness into spiritual understanding of the subject. It is interesting to note that these great men were from Switzerland and Austria, two mountainous landlocked European countries which allowed them freedom to travel and to express radically new

understandings. They were brought up and lived amidst beautiful landscapes. Perhaps that helped them to lift their thoughts above the earthly plain, and even inspired their brains with plenty of clean fresh air!

The ancient philosophy of Advaita was handed down orally for many generations before it was written in the Sanskrit language. *Advaita Vedānta* is a school of Hindu philosophy and "spiritual experience." The term Advaita (literally, 'non-duality') refers to the idea that pure consciousness is ultimately real, while the transient phenomenal world is an illusory appearance (*maya*), and the true self (*atman*) is self-luminous pure awareness. The earliest known writings describe conscious awareness as the 'I am' which is one and the same as the universal 'Amness' of the whole universe. Hence 'All is One' and 'One is All'.

The philosophy of yoga goes on to locate this awareness in an individual body-mind-spirit, but as part of the universal consciousness. '*Hare Om Tat Sat*' is a sacred mantra which helps to lift oneself up from delusion and illusion, into a state of awareness and abiding in that awareness. Sanskrit has many nuances and depths of meaning, but '*Hare Om Tat Sat*' could be translated as 'I am not this outer false appearance of vanishing names and forms but that Om, (which is a symbol for the eternal). Not this outer form but that eternal reality'.

The human brain is finite, and the brains of scientists are often used to thinking in a linear fashion, so it is hard for us in our sophisticated material western world to understand that the macrocosm and the microcosm could be one and the same thing. Cosmological illustrations from the Himalayas show the microcosm and the macrocosm in one image.

As a scientist myself, I find Susan Greenfield's approach somewhat mechanistic and reductionist. Quantum physics gives us quite a



different understanding of consciousness as a phenomenon of vibrational energy. People practiced in healing of various modalities will affirm that such vibrational energy can be shared through loving compassion and an open heart.

I sat with a discussion group on the topic of consciousness. We came up with more questions than answers! Is consciousness related to memory? Do physical and spiritual development affect consciousness? Are knowledge and wisdom part of consciousness? What about perception? Is intuition a part of consciousness? Perhaps there are as many understandings of individual consciousness as there are individuals. Animals too seem to have consciousness.

Does vision or music or spiritual or religious understanding have a bearing on consciousness? What about mysticism? What do we mean by 'higher consciousness'?

What is the state of being unconscious? This occurs during anesthesia, and seems to occur when we are not paying full attention, for example when we are subjected to television advertising. This lack of awareness makes us vulnerable to those who want to have authority over us. However a wise parent trains his or her children by repeated phrases and behaviours.

The most helpful model of consciousness which I have found describes lower, middle and higher consciousness, with these amplifications:

The Lower consciousness tries to keep us safe, to give us power and control, but does not like taking responsibility. It is fear based and may make us feel like victims.

Consciousness of the Middle-self is also fear based. It tries to rationalize all inputs from both Lower and Higher consciousness.

Higher consciousness is wise, understanding, compassionate, intuitive and connected to love. In Higher consciousness we are aware of our

own spiritual purpose. However Higher consciousness can be drowned out by the Lower or Middle-self.

Spiritual development happens when we are able to release old programmes in our minds which are fear-based, from Lower or Middle consciousness. This seems to be where healing with compassion and love are powerful, and may be aids to our own development.

Rather than dwelling on people's wounds, may we as spiritual healers, hold all those in our care in loving compassion, and see them as healed in the Light of Love.

## **FORTNUM AND MASON**

*Stephen Feltham*

In edition 149 of Towards Wholeness, Autumn 2017, the cover photo was of my two whippets Fortnum & Mason.

Sadly, Fortnum passed away a few days ago. Ros suggested that the attached photo (which should be an enigma) and poem, has helped in healing my grief over a much loved pet.

3/6/22

## **FORTNUM**

You've gently walked beside me many times.

Your placid nature exuding peace and calm.

Together, with your brother, who now pines,

We seek solace from grief, and healing balm.

And though you've gone, no more to wag your tail,

I feel you walk beside me on the trail.





## **BOOK REVIEWS**



**Have We Met Before?: Rosalind Smith: FFH Publications 2022: 122 pp:  
ISBN 977-1-906654-06-01: £6:00 plus postage:**

Available from Anne Mason: See back cover.

This is a beautifully written, deeply moving love story. The strength of the love between the author, Rosalind and her husband John shines through. That is the enduring message of this book, that love can hold fast no matter what.

Rosalind takes the reader through the start of their relationship when they were young, their lives together, careers, hobbies and interests. As you read you feel as if you know this couple. John was a bank manager and had a deep love of music and was a skilled pianist. The love of music enriched their lives. After John's retirement they became wardens at the Quaker Retreat of Claridge House where John's gardening skills were used to make the lovely garden and the healing and counselling skills of Ros helped many residents and day visitors. Many will remember them with great affection.

John was showing symptoms of Alzheimer's Disease long before anyone noticed. It is easy to dismiss forgetfulness as the normal process of old age. There will be many people reading this review and, it is to be hoped, the book who recognise this. Alzheimer's affects so many people. There comes a point when it can no longer be swept under the carpet, something is badly wrong. In John's case it was when he could no longer play the piano when a musician friend came to make music together. Then later when he could no longer audit the books of charities that he was involved with.

The author describes the process to diagnosis, laughing as she says how he counted down from a hundred in sevens faster than she could. He had been a bank manager after all. The scan that followed showed the disease. The earlier that a person is diagnosed the more effective the drug so if by writing this book someone can be diagnosed sooner then it is all worth while.

Rosalind kept a diary of the progression of the disease, classed as a physical disease that affects the brain. There is much here to support others who are going through the same process. Each person is very different although the illness does have a pattern and stages, but they can overlap and each person has a different personality which also affects the symptoms of the disease. John was kind, gentle and accepting. Ros speculates on the fear that must accompany the loss of one's mind and then the physical loss as the body gradually loses strength and mobility, as everything changes. All normal life changes and when in unfamiliar surroundings like being in hospital the disorientation can be severe.

This is a long process and it is a cruel disease. Sometimes there were moments when John was his old normal self; Ros calls these moments 'golden moments'. But then the clouds gather again. Slowly their world became smaller as John was no longer able to be with others for any length of time although he had such courage that he tried to keep up appearances, to disguise what was happening. Throughout it all John's deep love for his wife is a constant as he tries to show care for her and tries to do whatever she asks. Her love for him is strong and her devotion enabled her to look after him until she herself became ill and was rushed into hospital. They wanted to stay together. The world shrank together.

Their faith in the afterlife was a strength. This couple are a forever couple not just until death do us part. They knew that our souls have something to experience, something to learn during this earthly life

and that each soul also has something to teach other souls. Whatever happens to us is part of a process much longer than our three score years and ten of this human world.

Even when John was in the advanced stage she was aware of how his essential person was still there. No matter how his mind had degenerated the John-ness of John was there. His spirit was bright and shining. How crucial to recognise this and to continue to relate in the same way: but the relationship does change and transforms to a deeper more spiritual level.

Ros writes of the support that she was given from The Alzheimer's Society and the Contented Dementia Trust and gives the contact information; how it is important to go along with what the person is saying or thinking and not ask awkward questions that they can't answer. To be patient as they ask the same question many times. This is heartbreak stuff. To watch someone you love and who is a lively funny caring person become shut away, to close off from the world, to bear so many losses has emotional consequences. She is much to be admired and respected for her courage in owning to feelings of anger and frustration, to reassure others that these negative feelings are normal and others feel them too, when in reality you feel that you should not be that way and so hide it. She is brave as she speaks of the carer's exhaustion and the need to seek help, the need to talk with others.

Then the pandemic struck. With lockdown Ros was unable to be with John. At one time she was allowed to sit outside in the cold and rain and could see him through the window. The care home was compassionate and caring. This part of the story will resonate with so many others parted from people they love at the end of life.

Although this is a unique and individual story there is much within the book to encourage others on their own path through this terrible



condition. There is much practical help with contacts of organisations and with other books that Ros found helpful. There is much in this book for everyone, the lesson of deep love and the strength that it brings. For this writer the thing that comes through loud and clear is that with the love there is a deep respect and that the spirit, the essential being, is never diminished as the body is. I take from it too, to appreciate every moment with someone you love, live in the moment. Now is good. To see and recognise happiness when it comes, happiness in simple things. Rosalind and John loved their garden. I end as I began, this is a powerful love story of love that endures. This is a book to read and to read again and again.

Robin Goodman

**BARBARA AND ELIZABETH – LATE LIFE LOVERS. Elizabeth Boardman. Amazon Books 2019. 185pp. ISBN: 978-1-080-98716-0 £8.04**

I saw a reference to this book in the Friends Journal of January 2020, and was interested by the mention of androgyny, especially in the lives of older people. The book is wonderfully lucid and forthright. Two women in their later 70s, heterosexual professional people, living in apartments in a retirement village, complete in themselves having integrated male and female, neither expecting nor desiring further relationships, found themselves powerfully attracted to each other. They considered their circumstances carefully, and decided to retain their two apartments so that the taste of neither would dominate as it might in a shared apartment, also the inheritances that each had decided upon in relation to their own families would not be compromised. Nevertheless it was a three minute walk from one apartment to the other.

Elizabeth is a Quaker, and they held a ceremony in the meeting house, again carefully considered and designed.

The book is useful for people in any sort of relationship because the themes of joining and independence are perennial, being a lover and being yourself. It is especially interesting for the quality of a mature relationship where each is complete in themselves. They felt they had nothing to lose by sharing their experience, and the result includes a delightful appreciation of the female body.

They have looked at the issues of failing health and bereavement squarely. They conclude: "Are we scared? Not really. Whatever works, right? This is working wonderfully well."

***Gervais Frykman***

--ooOoo--

Mullah Nasruddin found a diamond by the roadside but according to the Law, finders become keepers only if they first announced their find in the centre of the market place on three separate occasions.

Now Nasruddin was too religious-minded to disregard the Law and too greedy to run the risk of parting with his find. So on three consecutive nights when he was sure that everyone was fast asleep he went to the centre of the market place and there announced in a soft voice. "I have found a diamond on the road that leads to the town. Anyone knowing who the owner is should contact me at once."

No one was the wiser for the Mullah's words, of course, except for one man who happened to be standing at his window on the third night and heard the Mullah mumble something. When he attempted to find out what it was, Nasruddin replied, "I am in no way obliged to tell you. But this much I shall say: Being a religious man, I went out there at night to pronounce certain words in fulfilment of the Law."