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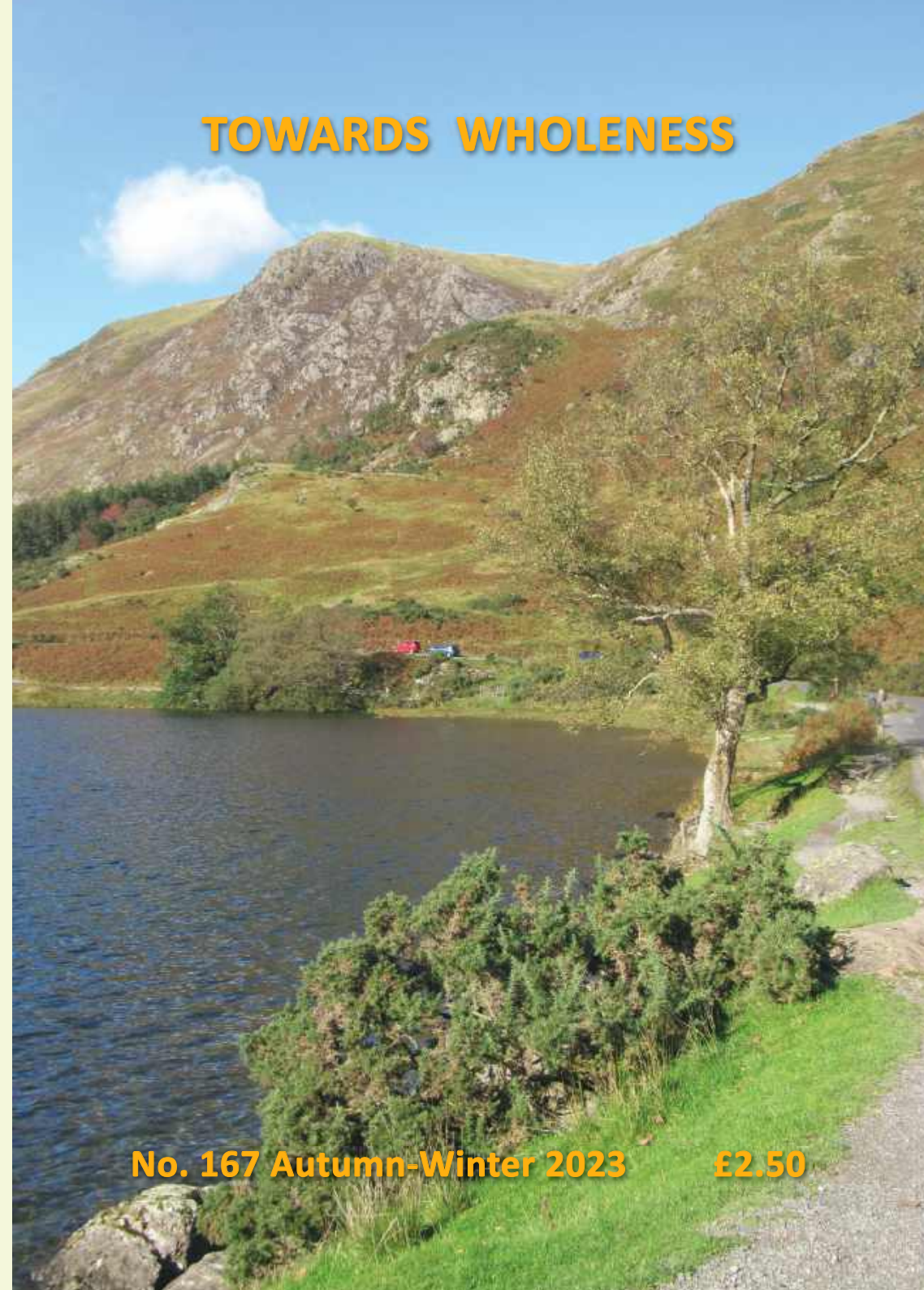
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## TOWARDS WHOLENESS



**No. 167 Autumn-Winter 2023**

**£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 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: Pauline Frykman

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

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**Prayer Group for the Mother and her Unborn Child:** Mina Tilt, 185 Robin Hood Lane, Hall Green, B28 0JE. [theminatree@btinternet.com](mailto:theminatree@btinternet.com) 0121 778 6778.  
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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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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)

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### Distant Healing From Home

Please see our website [www.quaker-healing.org.uk](http://www.quaker-healing.org.uk) for current intentions.

## HEALING AND UPHOLDING GROUPS – 25 January 2023

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Please check the information shown for your group. Will you please advise Anne Le Marinel, [lemarinel@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:lemarinel@hotmail.co.uk) of any amendments and updates.

### **FFH Thursday Group**

This meets on zoom on the second and fourth Saturdays of the month at 2:30 pm. It is an experience of giving distant healing in the context of a healing meditation and silence. Please contact Gervais for the link.

### **Notice of AGM**

The AGM will be held on Saturday 18 November 2023 on Zoom. The link is as for the Thursday Prayer Group and will be circulated nearer the time.

This TW is largely made up of reprints from earlier issues. If Towards Wholeness is to maintain its edge, to respond to new currents of thought and to recount new experiences of healing, I need a copious supply of new articles. This may refer to you! [Ed]



## **SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR 2024**

These are due as from 1 January 2024, unless you are paying by standing order which renews at another date.

The rates are shown on the inside front cover of this issue.

If you are paying by standing order please ensure that the amount is the current subscription rate.

If you would like a standing order form, please contact the membership secretary, Pauline Frykman, whose details are on the inside back cover of TW.

Cheques can be sent to the membership secretary.

You can also make payment via the FFH Website [www.quaker-healing.org.uk](http://www.quaker-healing.org.uk), and choose "Payment" from the menu at the top of the home page.

## **QUICKENING OUR MORTAL BODIES**

***Robin L Dow***

*A glorious feature of our present age is the number of channellings of the highest quality. I have shared one such in previous issues of TW. Now I have become aware of another source of channelling. I was moved to post a comment, and Robin replied. The you tube video is "Archangel Gabriel Impregnable."*

*It is necessary to assess channellings, and even those that we judge to be good and inspired are not to be relied upon, because our own light within is the ultimate source of our knowledge. [Ed]*

*[From the video]* When you know that you are the light of the world, you are impregnable to sickness. The body is part of the illusion and if you focus attention there, you can be subject to faulty function. Only your divinity is real and nothing real can be harmed and nor can it ever be lost. When you become firmly embedded in your true Self, any malfunction of your physicality must disappear, for the divine is never less than perfect.

Robin, I love you for your peacefulness and for your Spirit. I know full well that I am Divine,<sup>1</sup> and fully expected that my body would receive health from this. But my body is getting more and more decrepit. It would be old age, and to be accepted, except for your and my word that my body should receive health. That it hasn't is a matter of considerable mental pain. It has gone on for decades. Once I had a life where my health was perfect, so I know it is possible, and what it felt like (marvellous!) St Paul also says about our mortal bodies being quickened by the Spirit within.<sup>2</sup> The only way I can deal with it is not to think about it.

---

<sup>1</sup> I mean our shared greater self.

<sup>2</sup> Romans 8:10-11 KJV And if Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the Spirit is life because of righteousness. But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you.



Jesus taught me about healing the body as follows in his words - " It is now time to create the knowing in your body that it is no longer different from your great divine Self. Feel the body energy in its entirety. Fuse with your highest level of divinity, for you cannot do this with your human will alone. Now, instruct your body to become a light body in its own right. It will not do so without your guidance – it follows your mind. Instruct your cells to become light – to function as light cells. Visualise this with joy. Instruct your body to join with your Christ light – to become a light filled body. See your body, mind and spirit as a single unit of light with no form. Feel this divine single energy. The body is no longer separate and no longer has form. There is only single vast spacious light. Feel gratitude and joy. Go ahead and do this now - visualize this as being done. Strengthen this daily as in this manner the body will become indestructible. The flesh will become incorruptible once it knows that it is only light. You are regenerating your cells to be one with your divinity"

## **SO MUCH FEAR**

***Judy Clinton***

The other day I read a most distressing article in a colour supplement about suicide bombers. On the cover there was a picture of a young woman, enveloped in black except for her impassioned eyes. Under the picture were words to the effect that she was pregnant and wanted her baby to be born before she went on her 'mission.' She said she hoped her child would follow in her footsteps.

Within the magazine there were many examples of young people – some only 18 – who spoke with pride of their membership of the

suicide missions and the wonderful thing they were doing both for their families, country and for Allah. I read in chilled horror as the levels of hatred and fear of these people penetrated me. The pain being inflicted on everyone concerned was completely by-passed by the intensity of programmed revenge that permeated these people's thinking. Of course, everybody involved believes that what they are doing is right and fully justified. I felt utterly powerless and overwhelmed by the futility of it all. Suffering, death, pain – repeated again and again and achieving nothing but yet more misery. I sent up a prayer of helplessness and hopelessness.

Later Jesus' words came to me about removing the plank from one's eye before trying to remove the speck in another's. In which ways am I a suicide bomber? Every time I am hurt or frightened and am not able to resolve it, I am in effect a bomb waiting to explode. I may think that I can suppress resentments, anger and other negative emotions but if I do not deal with the cause of them they will blow out sideways – maybe in some fairly superficial way like cursing a driver who is, in my opinion, driving too slowly, or in a more serious way when I subconsciously slip into unpleasant gossip about the person I feel has upset me.

I may not be doing anything as extreme as the suicide bombers but the principle is the same. Magnify the unresolved hurts and pains, remove education and communication skills and it is not hard to see how a suicide bomber comes into being.

With that step of understanding alone it is possible to begin to feel love and compassion, for prayer to arise in the heart rather than to react with judgement and condemnation. I do believe that at the subtle level of prayer and by diligently letting the Light show us the errors of our own thinking that it is possible to bring the world to a happier state. Conversely, 'it only takes enough good people to do nothing for evil to flourish.'

*Reprinted from The Friend, 16 January 2004*

## **EXPERIENCE OF HEALING**

*Joolz Saunders*

My first experience of healing came when I was very ill for many weeks with lung and respiratory problems and in an extremely physically weak condition. Whilst fighting for each very painful breath I began to think I might not recover and lay in a twilight world of sleep, pain and exhaustion but yet knowing 'Thy will be done'. It would have been so easy to let life slip at this point but it was exactly then that I felt a surge of energy go through my body and I knew that it was right for me to be given more time on earth and that I would recover. It felt as if I was being 'ticked off' for lacking faith. As that energy passed through me I remembered clearly and strongly a very dear member of my meeting and wondered if she was praying for my recovery. I continued to hold on to her image in my mind and began to feel the strength returning to my body. She later told me she had indeed prayed for me daily and had sometimes been joined by other Friends for intercession. I knew experientially I had been upheld in God's healing light and power and it is this experience which has made me so convinced of the healing ministry. I know there may be more mundane, matter-of-fact explanations for my recovery but in extremis and in great need I was reaching for far more than the mundane.

1994

*Reprinted from TW80*

## **THE PATH THROUGH THE WOOD**

*Mavis Timms*

She moved slowly through the wood, all her attention fixed upon the sheer physical effort of taking one step forward all the time. At each bend in the path the darkness deepened. All bird-song had been silenced, even her shuffling footsteps made no sound. Here in this place of muffled gloom no pungent scents issued from moist loam or ripened vegetation. It was a barren waste, pierced only by this single narrow track coiled like a serpent, warded by cardboard cut-out



shapes resembling trees, which loomed for a moment on the edge of sight before dissolving back into obscurity. She had no choice but to follow the winding path, which was taking her, all unknowing, deep into the heart of the wood.

At last she found herself moving forward into a small circular space floored with loose grey dust, and in the centre a dark, oily pool. Without making any conscious decision she felt herself drawn to the brink of this pool, where she stood for some time staring down at its bleak, impenetrable surface. Then, while she watched with pain-dimmed eyes, the surface shuddered, shifted, rolled aside in gaseous clouds, revealing the Pit of Emptiness beneath. With a sigh that sounded like relief, she surrendered the last remnants of her will to its insidious call, and threw herself down into the gaping mouth of the pit. Limply she floated down, down, to the very bottom of the pit. Sprawled on the sand, arms spread wide, face pressed downward, she lay in silent self-forgetfulness while long ages passed.

A flicker of light was irritating the corner of one eye. Her arm moved stiffly, awkwardly to brush it away, but still it persisted, so that she was forced to make further effort. Turning over on to her back and reluctantly opening her eyes, she saw, as through a long dark tunnel, a tiny speck of light far above her. Stumbling to her feet she stretched up her arms to the beckoning light. Slowly through the gloom a silver ladder, light as gossamer, came swaying down towards her. She clutched at its fragile sides, raising one foot to the first rung, which held it steady though in truth she could feel nothing there to support her. With eager fingers grasping at shadows, her feet clambering up insubstantial rungs, she began the slow, arduous return from the depths of that pit of darkness and despair, while the steady beam from the light above gave her the courage to keep moving forward. With every step she took the ascent became easier. The ladder firmed, the rungs solidified, her legs and arms gained new strength and resolution as they hauled her weary body up the silver ladder. And always at the top the light grew steadily brighter, until at last she recognised it for what it was – a shining star, poised right over the pit where she had

been lying in a stupor of lost hopes and shattered dreams. She took the last rungs at a leap, and found herself standing on the edge of the pool once more.

But now, instead of dark, oily water, the pool was a shimmering blue, reflecting the sky from which all trace of night had melted in a rosy dawn. Waterlilies floated on the surface of the pool and golden fishes darted amongst the reeds. Instead of dull grey dust, the clearing was carpeted with mossy grass and meadow flowers. The lively song of birds sounded a welcome in her ears, and with every breath came the perfume of elder flowers and rich deep earth. It was a luxury to feel the warmth of the sun on her face, the light touch of the breeze on her bare arms. She retraced her steps through the wood, but this time her heightened senses registered small rustlings in the undergrowth, the gleam of curious, bashful eyes observing her from the cover of trees that were reassuringly rounded, rugged, vibrant with new life.

The path that once had wound its convoluting way into the centre, now stretched straight as an arrow's flight to the edge of the wood, and before she realised it she found herself walking through a gate into a garden. She followed a gravelled path to the open door of a small cottage. At the fireside stood a quiet-eyed woman in a long blue robe, half-turned to greet her. Around a scrubbed table by the window sat six small children busily writing in their exercise books, but they each spared a smile for their visitor. The woman held out her hand. 'Come inside, Gemma, and welcome!' she said. 'I've been expecting you for quite some time. Come and help me teach my little ones.' So Gemma went into the cottage, and felt at peace for the first time in her life, for she knew she had followed the right path this time and had found the place she was really meant to be. And through the open doorway more children came running, all eager to listen to Gemma while she told them about the world, and how to find their own particular place in it.

*Reprinted from TW80*

## A SMALL STROKE

*Jan Etchells*

Two weeks ago I woke up on a Saturday morning unable to speak properly. I could say half a sentence but then couldn't say anything else. My husband thought we should speak to NHS 111 which we did. They sent an ambulance and the staff came into the house with their bag of tricks and thought I had a TIA [Transient ischemic attack *Ed*], so it was off to Telford Hospital where the stroke ward is. We live in Shrewsbury. Eventually I was admitted probably 24 hours later. I had been on this ward four years earlier and although I didn't remember any of the staff, I did recognise a young woman who had been a cleaner and was now on the catering team. We greeted each other cordially!

I was sent for an MRI scan and also a doppler scan. The consultant on the ward told me one vein in the neck was almost completely blocked and I could have it stripped out. It sounded simple as I recounted it to the patient in the next bed, little did I know! I was discharged within 5 days. But before I had left Telford, I already had an appointment to see a vascular specialist the next day in Shrewsbury.

The next day I went along to the appointment to meet the vascular specialist. He was a pleasant man and not only did he want to strip out the vein, but he wanted to do the whole operation under local anaesthetic! It would be far better for me and safer too. I would get over it quicker, so I agreed, like a lamb the to the slaughter! They could do the op the following Tuesday as they had a slot then. I was to report to the hospital at 7.30 am for the operation. On the Friday before I was to turn up for a second doppler scan, just to check that the blocked vein was still there.

On the Tuesday morning I turned up as ordered and was admitted where I was dressed in a hospital gown, such lovely garment, and pressure socks. I think I was the first patient of the day. I was taken in to be prepared for the operation. The anaesthetist with several of his cohorts was there and they administered a sedative. I already knew

the operation was going to last two and a half hours. The sedative made me very sick but then an injection calmed that. Then they took me through to the operating theatre. I hadn't ever been a place like it. I was rolled onto a bed which was rather comfortable and given a 'squeaky toy' and I presume given more anaesthetic, it's a bit of a blur, but I couldn't feel anything much. I was instructed where to put my head, so it was facing away from where the operation was happening. At intervals I was instructed to squeak the toy! As the operation progressed I got quite light headed and at times ignored the instruction thinking I would drift off quietly. At those times the anaesthetist's face loomed over my face and he said sternly, 'Janet squeeze the toy' and after considerable effort I managed to do as instructed. Eventually the operation was over and I was wheeled into recovery. I then was under the care of a lovely nurse for the next four hours, first on every quarter hour, then later hourly.

Every fifteen minutes he shone a torch in my eyes, then I had to grip his hands, pull them towards me and push them away, and lift each foot in turn. Eventually the time lengthened to an hour. All the time he talked to me about his wife and children and what they got up to at weekends. At one point he asked me if I would like something to eat and offered me a sandwich. He brought me a delicious ham sandwich and a small pot of custard. This was the first food I had since midnight and it went down sweetly. I think the anaesthetist came to see me but that time was a bit of a blur.

After the four hours I was wheeled into a small four bedded ward where I went to sleep! The next day the surgeon turned up and told me I could go home! Then two anaesthetists turned up and told me they thought I had done so well to get through the operation on just local anaesthesia. There was a point they thought they would have to put me under. In the afternoon I packed my bag and with the letter of discharge in my hand, walked out of the hospital.

When I returned home, I thought I would take off my dressing and see what was going on underneath. It was already healing and the scar

wasn't seeping, so I left it off. The left side of my face was very bruised and there is a large scar down it, but I know over time the bruising will fade as will the scar. I know that the likelihood of having another stroke is greatly lessened.

At the beginning I had sent off an email to Gervais requesting healing and thought no more about it. He said he had sent my email on to several other people. I think some strong healing came my way and I am appreciative and would like to thank those healers for their healing.

August 2023

### THOUGHTS ON PRAYER *from an American Friend **Henry Stark***

The lecturer asked us to try to define "prayer" in one word or short phrase. We were not to use sentences. The audience was very receptive and a flurry of responses came forth.

I wrote down the responses as they were offered: "Speaking to God", "Listening to God", "Praising God", "Thanking God", "Asking for something", "Questioning", "Confession", "Conversation with God". It went on and on. As I sat there listening I felt myself getting more and more frustrated and impatient. I started thinking: why are their responses bothering me? The answer came quickly. Everyone was offering an activity: they felt they had to be **doing** something to pray. The other aspect I found troubling was that the responders were wanting to **talk** to God. When I reflected what word or phrase I would use to sum up my feelings of prayer I decided "silence" or "awareness" or "getting in touch with the deepest part of myself" would be the closest I could come.

A 1996 *Newsweek* poll revealed that more than half of Americans pray daily and that 29% pray more than once a day. I know a lot of doubting people who pray "just in case". In my own life, the amount of praying, and the intensity, is in direct proportion to the size of my problem(s). But when I pray I don't **do** anything. I just sit there. I meditate. I try to eliminate all doing, talking, thinking. I'm more interested in listening



for God. I relax and let God. I try to **be**. But I do relax and try to “be” more often when I have worries than when I have none. (I think this is merely an exercise in self-calming. I don’t really believe that there is a God, like a radio, who only turns on when I set something in motion.) For me, God **is**. **Is** means always and everywhere.

Until recently I participated in Prayer Circles in an attempt to heal others around the world. My experience raised some interesting, and, I think, unanswerable questions. How should I pray? How much is enough? How can we track the results? Am I doing it right? Is there a better way? Should we develop surrogate pray-ers for ourselves, i.e. are some better than others at this, like doctors and lawyers who go to graduate school? (Are ministers, rabbis, priests, healers etc. more effective pray-ers? Do we need them to lead us in prayer to be effective?) Am I on an ego trip thinking that I can really help others through prayer? What should be my goals in “healing”, e.g. should I be trying to cause a remission of cancer or should I hope to develop a sense of wholeness in the ill person – or in me? Will my prayers be heard more efficiently if I pray in a house of worship rather than in my home or outdoors? Is praying aloud more effective than in silence? Does God understand all languages, accents and dialects or would it be better if we prayed in Latin or Hebrew, for example? Should I be on my knees so God can see that I am respectful? And finally, perhaps the ultimate question, can we input human logic and expect to output spiritual truth?

I gave up the healing prayer circles because I no longer could believe in the rote repetition of phrases like “O God, we beseech thee...”, “O Christ, our Master, we pray to Thee to intercede with God that...”, “and we wish to thank Thy ministering Angels...” etc. It all seems to be tailored to human needs rather than just accepting God. I don’t even know what just accepting God really means – and I don’t care. To not know seems to be inherent in accepting. I can feel it. Please don’t ask me how I feel it or what it feels like. I don’t like discussing the subject because I am limited to using man-made words. Words don’t adequately convey my true thoughts so I always feel inadequate – and

feeling inadequate is frustrating. Interestingly, terms for God in French are, “le Grand Seigneur” and “le Dieu”. Both are masculine. I don’t have a preference for Our Father or Our Mother. I don’t like either. (I certainly recognise that masculine terms are inherent in many religious traditions and I respect this. I just can’t agree with it.)

I’m a humanities person – majored in Philosophy in college. I have never been particularly interested in science although I have a great respect for what scientists do and how much of our world is dependent on their discoveries. I guess if one has faith in a “superior being”, (words are so limiting), there is no need to prove anything. That’s convenient isn’t it? Well, I do have faith. In our culture we feel compelled to intellectually define everything, to solve all mysteries. Why? Is this a symptom of mass insecurity?

If I feel that this superior being or energy or presence is omnipotent, what sense does it make for me to tell it my problems? It knows my problems by definition. What kind of hubris am I guilty of if I pray to God to single me out and help me with my problem?

Prayer is a mystery. Each of us can grasp or cling to any religious belief we want and we can’t be wrong because we can’t prove anything. Many of us **need** to grasp or cling and not be proven wrong. It’s basic to our entire value system and helps to determine our self esteem. I think there are people who attend religious services because it makes them comfortable, even smug, to be able to recite, word for word, the service amidst the icons of their particular sect. They need to believe or their self-image will unravel. But what does this say for their faith in God?

There are people who say others are wrong, or praying ineffectively or that they are praying within the wrong religious organisation, or that they are doomed to hell unless they convert to brand X religion. I think we should all be uncertain – and respectful of others. I also believe that it can be dangerous when someone prays and depends on divine intervention to solve problems that they should be working on themselves. Prayer doesn’t always have to be beneficial.

So where does this leave me? In the dark, so to speak. I **do** have faith in something that I don't want to attempt to define too closely. "Energy" is probably the closest word in the English dictionary. I meditate with the hope of having the everyday clutter of life disappear, and to reach my true self – to be in touch with God. I have had a few deep spiritual experiences, revelations, but I don't know very much about prayer. It's a mystery. And that's the way I think I'd like to leave it.

*Reprinted from TW97*

## **SUBVERSIVE HEALER**

*Jim Wingate*

When I am open as a channel for healing I get telltale sensations in my forehead and palms. I am a subversive healer. I get the sensations while doing other work. Most of my work is in twelve to twenty countries each year training teachers. They think I'm training them in communicative classroom techniques. I think I'm teaching them to treat their learners as if they are human beings. While I am working with them I open to God's love, and extraordinary things happen, mostly in the area of them realising that they are human beings themselves and can experience joy in the classroom. Working in the breaks and lunchtimes I ask individuals voluntarily to choose five or six buttons they like from my collection. I then ask each person to lay their chosen buttons in a pattern they like. I then tell them 'all about themselves'. What comes? Words and images come to me and the people find it very accurate and helpful. I often find myself talking of their aims in life, their conflicts and dilemmas, new directions, childhood problems. I also find myself asking them to choose another button, and I talk about how that feature, or value, or strategy was missing from their first choice. It is extraordinary how their simple choice of buttons opens the interaction to helping them with parents divorcing, marriage problems, career problems, self-image problems,

feelings of being undervalued, fear of strong emotions, etc. etc. Sometimes a button reading as diagnosis and counselling leads to a healing session. Working with so many different religions and cultures in thirty countries round the world, I find the same effective work taking very many different styles. With some people a dramatic exorcism in theological terms is the language they understand. With others an atheistic exploration of their strategies and experiences is the most appropriate. Quakerism has given me a respect for diversity of culture and belief. My experience is also that God is not fussy about what name we use for God or what approach we take. God is just as effective whatever we do (oh, except when I want the healing to be successful. It's always best when I give up wanting and trying and just let it happen). Another part of my work is storytelling. With Roger Cullen, fellow Friend, I go round primary schools and other groups simply telling stories professionally. In retirement homes we tell stories, funny and sad and profound, about dying. With disabled groups we tell stories of being disabled. With the children we tell stories about the very things they too are struggling with. The results are joy and tears, very deep interaction, and we are invited back. Working with the 'elderly confused' for a second time their helpers said things like "He hasn't spoken in four years, and you got him telling a story!" "She hasn't stood on her own since I've known her, and you got her doing the Hokey-Cokey!" Thus we are exploring the healing powers of stories, and are re-empowering teachers, pupils and others through stories. The healings for which I am a channel, distant and close, are helped and clarified by my experience of Subud, neuro-linguistic programming, suggestopaedia, counselling, my own Quaker therapist Wendy Robinson, inner child work, former lives, and my Celtic heritage. My wife is also a healer and counsellor for addicts, and we have been of immense help to each other in helping our damaged 'inner children' to be healed.

*Reprinted from TW80*

## **A PRAYER FOR TRANSFUSION OF LIFE**

***Rebecca Beard***

Lay everything of yourself to one side, let everything of the ego slip from your shoulders like a cloak. Feel like a clear crystal tube, as neon light with God's light flowing through you, warming, comforting, flooding you from the top of your head to the soles of your feet; moving through every part of your being, and moving out from you into the life of the one for whom you pray. Just feel your life is laid over against these persons and that the Master can use you now. And they will feel it and sense the strength of it.

As you pray now, touch them in deep love and understanding. Touch their spirit. Feel God's love moving through you, feel alive with it, tingle with it. It runs down the spine. It prickles in the finger-tips. Feel the warmth in the toes. Then send it out as though you were sending it on a beam of light directly into these lives.

And it is life you are sending so they may receive two, three, four times the amount of energy they usually need in a day. And this additional life, this greater energy, will give the cells all they need to repair, restore and heal. It is an actual transmission. It is a transmission of life. That is what all intercessory prayer is if you believe, if you can sense it and see it, and open yourself and give yourself to be used. Thank you, Father, for such an opportunity to send out life and love to others.

*From Friends Spiritual Healing Fellowship Newsletter No. 66, October 1961, reprinted in TW 104.*

## **MIRACULOUS MESSAGES FROM WATER**

***Jan Brumfitt***

Last summer I received an e-mail urging me to look at a web site with the title 'Miraculous Messages from Water.' I remember thinking to myself "Oh no, not another web site to look at!" and prepared myself for a fleeting visit. What I was to see there was to completely amaze me and provide the important scientific evidence that thought directly influences our cellular structure.



The pages describe the work of *Masaru Emoto*, a Japanese researcher. Knowing that when we take a photograph of a snow crystal we can see that every crystal has its own structure and each one is unique, Masaru Emoto began to look at water from different sources. At first he concentrated on looking at polluted and non-polluted sources from seas, rivers, streams and springs. He froze droplets of water and then examined them under a dark field microscope with photographic capabilities. He found that the purer the water, the more beautiful the structure. The more polluted the water the more irregular the structure and in some cases there was basically no structure at all. The fountain at Lourdes in France was a beautiful structure but it was not as perfect as spring water from Saijo in Japan or water taken from the Antarctic ice. So the cellular structure of water changed according to its environment.

Taking his work a little further, he decided to see what effects music had on the structure of water. He placed distilled water between two speakers for several hours and then photographed the crystals that formed after the water was frozen. Each piece of music had a completely different effect on the crystals that formed, classical music seeming to form the most intricate structures. It was interesting that none of these crystalline shapes was entirely symmetrical.

After seeing that water reacted to different environmental conditions, pollution and music, Masaru decided to see how thoughts and words might affect the structure. Water from the Fujiwara Dam had a very non-defined shape in a muddy brown colour when it was photographed but when a prayer was offered over it for an hour, the resulting photograph of the sample showed the most beautiful intricate structure shing out like a precious jewel.

Next came a decision to see whether words that were typed onto paper by a word processor and taped onto bottles containing distilled water overnight might change the structure. Untreated distilled water was not much of a pattern but when Love and Appreciation was taped to the bottle and left, the resulting crystalline structure was like a huge

diamond showing all its facets. The words 'Thank you' are my favourite, with the most exquisite form imaginable. Conversely 'You Make Me Sick. I Will Kill You' is a horrible ill-defined brown muddy mess.

The same procedure was performed using the names of deceased persons. The difference between Adolf Hitler and Mother Theresa is enormous.

The implications of this work are profound. The human body is at least 70% water and we can see now just how important it is that we take responsibility to keep our cellular structure as pure as possible, in thought, word and deed. This means at the very least, giving ourselves the purest source of water we can.

Blessing our food and water is not just an act of gratitude for what the Creator has provided but it actually changes the water's form before we drink it. Giving love and appreciation to ourselves as well as to others will change our own cellular structure because water is always present in our cells. Perhaps when we feel that lovely glow when we are appreciated is the moment that the changes take place. Likewise, when someone says a heartfelt 'Thank you' to us there is again a lovely connection and we should receive that in the spirit it is given rather than brushing it off. Saying thank you will affect both the giver and the receiver. Conversely engaging in hatred is going to affect the cellular structure by making it less beautiful and clear. Sending a hateful thought will again affect not only the recipient but also the donor. Giving and receiving are but reflections of each other, both equally important.

This is an amazing work.

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*The conclusion of the article, reprinted from TW104, Autumn 2002, concerns the difficult process of buying books by Masaru Emoto, but it is superseded by the books and videos readily available by searching the web for Miraculous Messages From Water. [Ed]*

And the LORD God formed man *of* the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul. And the LORD God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed. And out of the ground made the LORD God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

And the LORD God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it. And the LORD God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

Now the serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field which the LORD God had made. And he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden? And the woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden: But of the fruit of the tree which *is* in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die. And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die: For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.

And when the woman saw that the tree *was* good for food, and that it *was* pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make *one* wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat. And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they *were* naked; and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons. And they heard the voice of the LORD God walking in the garden in the cool of the day: and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the LORD God amongst the trees of the garden. And the LORD God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where *art* thou? And he said, I heard thy

voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I *was* naked; and I hid myself. And he said, Who told thee that thou *wast* naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat?

And the man said, The woman whom thou gavest *to be* with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat. And the LORD God said unto the woman, What *is* this *that* thou hast done? And the woman said, The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat. And the LORD God said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this, thou *art* cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life: And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.

Unto the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire *shall be* to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.

And unto Adam he said, Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed *is* the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat *of* it all the days of thy life; Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou *art*, and unto dust shalt thou return.

And Adam called his wife's name Eve; because she was the mother of all living.

And the LORD God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever: Therefore the LORD God sent him forth from the garden of Eden; and he placed at the east of

the garden of Eden Cherubim, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.<sup>3</sup>

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What a splendid myth. There only needs a little attention to be given to the cast list for it to be true.

Who is the LORD God? Who tried to restrict access to any part of the creation? Who lied to Adam saying that he would die when he was a living soul and could not die? Who used the lie to threaten Adam? Who issued a commandment? Who punished Adam wholly disproportionately and for no fault? Who lyingly said “Dust thou art and to dust thou shalt return”? Clearly this is the ego-god or Demiurge.<sup>4</sup> He thinks he is God, he takes credit for the creation, he loves bossing people around and issuing commandments, he is overwhelmingly the most important person in the entire world, he loves being worshipped, he can’t stand disobedience, he says there are no gods but he, but illogically forbids people to have other gods, he doesn’t want any competition. He will tolerate Adam’s knowing good and evil, but not his immortality. His Theology therefore is severely faulty, for Adam is already immortal, and his tolerance is not required or sought. Have you come across egos like this as you travel the earth?

Who then is the serpent? It tells nothing but the truth to Eve. She shall not die, but they shall be as gods, knowing good and evil. I think this is the Unity. It is more subtle than the beasts of the field. It has an agenda, to encourage young souls to leave the security of the Pleroma<sup>5</sup> “You shall not die.” There is no punishment in their going forth, rather it was a brave act of brave explorers, so that they may gain consciousness and self-consciousness “They knew they were naked,” and Eve was the first. We have much to learn about making relationships, but the oppressive words to Eve about her husband

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<sup>3</sup> Genesis Chapters 2,3, abbreviated

<sup>4</sup> *Demiurge* is an ancient Gnostic term.

<sup>5</sup> Another ancient Gnostic term: the first stage of creation containing the fullness of the Unity.

ruling her are quintessential Demiurge, so is his lying assertion that the pains of childbirth are her fault. So his heavy sentences against the serpent, Eve and Adam are fraudulent because he is not in the position of a judge, and his attempt to create enmity between mankind and the serpent, which was very successful as it turned out, is doomed to failure.

And what is the apple? It says, it is the knowledge of good and evil, which is a duality. More broadly, it is their entry into the realm of duality, which is essential if they are to become conscious. That means that they have to forgo the consciousness of the Unity. They are probably ignorant of the long process that is before them, and the adverse experiences, before they recover as conscious beings consciousness of the Unity. There is no need for a flaming sword to block the way to the tree of life. It is wide open and always has been.

In our growing into autonomous adults, we conceive a suspicion of our mothers. They supplied all our needs, and that was lovely, but now we will have to leave home and forgo the nurturing and the comfort, so we begin to wonder if what seemed like an overwhelming good was in fact so. There is a sense of betrayal towards the one who nurtured us in our dependence. How much more was the leaving of paradise felt as a betrayal. We were untroubled by anything at all. All the riches of paradise were ours, but we didn't appreciate them. It was simply how things were. Nor were we aware of ourselves to any great extent. Now an interesting realm of duality has opened up, and with it an itching desire to know ourselves. The bravest among us eventually took the plunge. Oh what a catastrophe! All that love I felt, all that knowledge that permeated my being, all my security, all my incorporation into the whole, all gone. And they said God loves us. He might have, once.

Frantically we searched for a way to feel good again. Dominating others felt good,<sup>6</sup> not good enough, so the need was insatiable. Nor was it much fun when we were dominated in our turn. The unmet

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<sup>6</sup> Pamela Kribbe: [www.jeshua.net](http://www.jeshua.net)

need continued to nag. Poor humans, we searched for it in our partners, but it was bigger than them, and we spoiled the relationships. Eventually as autonomous souls we began to search for what we felt was missing in the Spiritual realms, and after a long journey, we found it, and realized that we had had it all along. It is astonishing that some humans are still in the dominating stage. We will have to leave them to it. That is not our theme, but the beginning of the whole magnificent process from a human standpoint.

A mediaeval lyric captures this magnificence.<sup>7</sup>

Adam lay i-bowndyn,  
bowndyn in a bond,  
Fowre thowsand wynter  
thowt he not to long;  
And al was for an appil,  
an appil that he tok,  
As clerkes fyndyn  
wretyn in (t)here book.  
Ne hadde the appil take ben,  
the appil taken ben,  
Ne hadde never our lady  
a ben hevene quen.  
Blyssid be the tyme  
that appil take was!  
Therefore we mown syngyn  
*Deo gratias.*

Thanks be to God.

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<sup>7</sup> Sloane Manuscript 2593: British Library, marvellously set to music by Boris Ord.



## GUIDED VISUALISATION AND RELAXATION

*Rosalind Smith*

*(Adapted from one written by Leonora Dobson)*

Be aware of your feet on the floor – and that you are feeling warm and relaxed – feel a pool of warmth spread up and go all over you – your legs, buttocks, abdomen, chest, back, shoulders, head.

See yourself walking along a grassy bank in gentle sunshine. And you come to a gate – and here you can leave anything you like behind – think for a moment about what is troubling you – and leave it behind as you go through the gate. You find yourself in a beautiful garden – there are lawns, flower-beds, and beautiful shade-giving trees. As you walk through the garden feel the peace surround you.

In front of you there is a low building, with a couple of steps leading to the door. You climb the steps and gently push the door open. Inside you find yourself in lovely room – light and airy and spacious – and containing all the things that you find most pleasant.

The chairs are comfortable and welcoming – the furnishings are in the colours you like, and you can sit down and relax. As you look through the window you can see a wonderful view – one of your own choice. It might be the garden you have just walked through – or, it might be a view of the sea – or a beautiful mountain range.

This is your **own** room, with your **own** view – this is where you can come to relax whenever you choose. Enjoy being there for a while...

Now it is time to leave.

You get up from your chair – take a last look round to remember all the details – and walk towards the door. Go through and close it behind you. Come back down the steps and walk across the garden – enjoying all that is in it.

Now go through the gate again, and close it behind you.

If you want to, you can pick up what you left behind – or, you can leave it there anyway and make your way, at your own pace, back along the grassy bank.

And now you find yourself entering your seated body on the chair.

Feel yourself settle into it, comfortably, peacefully.

When you are ready, open your eyes, wriggle your fingers and toes – have a stretch.

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*Preparing this issue of Towards Wholeness has been a spiritual experience in itself.*

*I shared a long-standing difficulty in believing in healing and not receiving it. I tried the process given by Robin L Dow, but very soon ran into a difficulty. I am meditating to feel the divine presence and the energy of my body and seeking to merge them. So I am meditating with an agenda, and that won't do. How am I to take the healing, which I know to be fully present, into my body without asking for it? Why should I have to do anything at all? I have ratiocinated on issues like this for decades and am sick of it. When typing the article by Henry Stark, his incisive masculine energy gave me an answer. How do I take what is mine without a process? The answer is, I don't. I am perfect as regards Divinity now. There is nothing that I need to do, nothing that I have omitted. That means that the imperfections of my body are an aspect of perfect Divinity, not a reproach for failing in Spirituality. I don't understand this, but it is a huge relief to be able to meditate without an agenda, and once more to accept the manifold imperfections of my body. Can I doubt that at some time they will be healed, every one? [Ed]*

## Book Reviews



Review of *Earth's Voices. Messages for Our Times from Nature's Guardians*.

Author: Laura Newbury, Tatterdemalion Blue, ISBN 978-1-915123-12-1  
Published: 2022

As an art student, Laura Newbury tried to capture the beauty of nature around the River Nairn, in northern Scotland, on large sheets of paper. Twenty-nine years or so later, from 2011 to 2017, she returns to the moors and, through the angel Ariel, hears the voice and messages of the deva, Immortelle. Immortelle describes the devas as angels of the Earth and as shape shifting Light bodies. Her overall message is for humankind to send Light to our planet. We don't need to understand how it works; we just need to do it! The most important quality that is needed from humans for the devas to cooperate, survive and evolve, and for humans to exist on Earth, is Respect. If the Earth dies, the entire universe will be thrown out of balance.

In the book, Laura describes the colours, sounds and sights of the nature she witnesses on her various visits to the moor and Immortelle's pools. The rich and vivid descriptions help readers to imagine being there in the different seasons themselves. The depictions of the moor are an important part of the book too, because they bring the vibrations of the moor to the page. The descriptions of the pools are also repeated at each visit because this is necessary to connect with Immortelle and the nature spirits. Laura covers some of the history of this part of Scotland that she lived in when growing up and that she knows so well, which adds further colour to the book. She also reveals secrets about the Clava Cairns, but you'll have to read the book to find them!

As an experienced scribe of angels' messages (see her first book, *An Angels' Guide to Working with the Power of Light*), Laura conveys the

deva's messages in full, as they are translated to her by the angel Ariel. She also includes her own observations and fears of the industrialised wilderness that many parts of Scotland – and the Scottish Highlands in particular – have become. Electricity pylons, wind farms and turbines that generate power to supply far off regions, forestry operations, infrastructure for the roads serving them and housing developments have all ravaged and raped the landscape in the name of clean energy and profit.

Immortelle tells Laura that the wind farms and today's technology are already outmoded and that we humans have the means to create the technology we need to provide light, heat and electricity without disrupting the environment. Natural kinetic energy does not destroy life forms. Rather, the Earth needs caretakers and custodians (not necessarily environmentalists) who do not see nature as something to battle with, tame and develop in concrete and metal.

Immortelle's words speak to us in our times. We are charged to hold the Light, send it out to friends, to those with whom we have no connection, to the places we love and the places we don't like, to animals and nature. Change comes from within, from the heart, with love. According to Immortelle, turning our thoughts from fear to love would lead to world peace.

The book is thought provoking and a clear message to us in our troubled times. It shows that our ancestors listened to the teachings from the more-than-human world and respected the world around them. The question is, when will we do the same?

*Sue Glover Frykman, Sweden*

Laura comes from a Quaker family and attended Inverness Meeting as a child/youth.

Awakening – The Cycle of Hope: Stephen Feltham: 2023: ISBN 978-1-906654-05-4: £9.90: Available via [HTTP//www.choralifiscus.org](http://www.choralifiscus.org)

Here is a short and very original book which seems extraordinarily relevant to the current climate – in all senses of that loaded word. The author, Stephen Feltham, embarked on the choppy sea of adventurous thought, hope and fear which is so pertinent to our era. We are filled alternately with fear of what is coming and hope that mankind will see a way through.

Those who are familiar with Kahlil Gibran's *The Prophet* will find themselves very much at home with both the content and the style and, like many of us, grow to embrace and cherish the mystical loveliness of the concepts expressed therein. The accompanying music will be appreciated too although the book can also stand on its own as a guide to contemplation.

It is a work not to be rushed through; rather we should allow space and time to meditate, to appreciate the profundity of the thought behind every section. Reading it too quickly will detract from the beauty of the ideas, the depths of their meaning, sometimes obvious, sometimes obscure or, as with many other spiritual writings, just hidden awaiting the understanding of the reader. Words flow, surprising one with their connections.

Essentially a cyclical journey through the natural year, with all the sublime and subtle changes which manifest annually with their challenges and rich opportunities. A book to treasure and return to again and again.

*Rosalind Smith*

This work is structured round an annual cycle from the Spring Equinox to the Winter Solstice. A rich garland is woven on this structure, the promise of Spring with nature bursting into life, the fulfillment of the promise in Summer, harvest, completion and death in Autumn and the Winter seeding of the ground for the next Spring. Alongside this is the human life of birth, growth, fruition, death and rebirth. Also on an immensely expanded timescale there is the growth into consciousness of an individual soul and its progression from fearful first steps to a knowledge of “gloria.”

This exalted and noble theme is presented in a series of poems, which rhyme and scan, to their great benefit. They also adhere to pre-existent forms such as villanelle, sonnet, quintain and triolet, as noted in a preface.

The Dramatis Personae are the Aspirant, an Adam like figure but with no imputation of sin, the Attestor, who comments but does not influence, the Savant, a female figure who inspires and blesses, and the three Celestials, Chloe, Clarise and Cara who worship.

This forms the libretto for an Oratorio, and parts of it have been set by Paul Carr. The first performance is scheduled for next year.

*Gervais Frykman*