

TOWARDS WHOLENESS



No. 171 Spring 2025

£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 two issues of **TOWARDS WHOLENESS**, the journal of the Fellowship, published in March and September.

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

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Donations for the work of the Fellowship are most welcome.

Cover picture: Pauline Frykman

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

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Talking Friends holds recordings of Towards Wholeness.

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

Cathy Khurana

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FFH Thursday Group

This meets on zoom on the second and fourth Thursdays 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.

Subscriptions

Some subscriptions are still outstanding. Please could they be forthcoming.

The rates are shown on the inside cover of Towards Wholeness. We appreciate prompt payment. Thank you.

We are grateful for payment by direct debit, but some direct debits are for less than the subscription. Some are for more.

Could you please check your direct debit and ensure that it is for the value of the subscription if not more.

Healer Support Weekend

There will be Healer Support Weekend on Friday 20th June -Sunday 22nd June 2025 at Claridge House.

The weekend will give Probationers and full Quaker Healers the opportunity to practice and receive healing in a friendly and supportive environment. The programme will be given when you arrive.

If you want to book please contact Cherry Simpkin 020 8852 6735

QSH Training Course

Training in practical healing for those interested in becoming a Quaker Spiritual Healer, enabling exploration of healing potential in a safe, supportive atmosphere. Experience is unnecessary, only a desire to help. Applicants should be sympathetic to Quaker values and attending a Quaker meeting regularly. Completion of the course is the first step towards a healing qualification and does not itself lead to full membership.

The next training course will take place on 23rd - 27th June 2025 at Claridge House,

Please book directly with Claridge House. Please contact Cherry Simpkin regarding bursaries.

Due to the scarcity of new articles, Towards Wholeness will be issued twice a year, in March and September. This means that the two notices above for the Healer Support Weekend and the QSH Training Course are the only notifications for these events.

The on-line archive of Towards Wholeness is in preparation.

THE WHEEL

Gervais Frykman

In ancient India they used a wheel for illustration. It can be a heavy rough-hewn cart wheel or an elegant coach wheel finely painted, or a car wheel from the 1920s.

The rim symbolizes the universe in which we are set. The spokes are our separate selves, and never shall two of them join together or meet each other though we may have companions close to us. All spokes are vital to the running of the wheel, all equally so.

All the spokes share the hub, so that the hub and the spoke is the individual. The spokes can meet each other in the hub, and other entities of interest also.

In the centre is a hole. What can be said about this, except that the wheel revolves around it? It has no characteristics. It is not a blue hole, or yellow or red. It has no shape of its own, only that indicated by the hub, spokes and rim. Nevertheless the whole wheel flows from it, embodying information about its source.

NIGHTMARE

Gervais Frykman

I was dreaming. I woke up, and there before my eyes was a screen: Enter your username and password. I thought this was a liberty. I was in my own world, my own space. Nobody had the right to demand a username or password. But I could not move or get up or start the day. What is my username? Gervais Frykman? Gervais? G O Frykman? G_Frykman? My e-mail address? Some other username? I had no book to refer to, where I might have written it down. And if I had, I could not have moved to get it. As for the password, I had no idea.

The screen kindly said "Click here to reset your password." So I did. "Enter your e-mail address." So I did. "There is no account with this e-mail address. Click here to set up a new account." So I did. "This e-mail address has already been used to set up an account. Enter e-mail

address." I went round this circle a couple of times more, then collapsed in utter defeat.

Then I woke up, and all was clear.

THE MESSAGE

Don Jameson

He wore a woolly hat and leather jacket, and looked about fifty. His face was red and puffy under a copious beard; his teeth were brown and broken and his breath smelt of drink. We faced each other on plastic chairs in one of the Christmas shelters for the homeless in London. Around us, in this vast high-roofed bus garage, were hundreds of men sitting in their overcoats or lying in blankets. It was cold.

He spoke fast, and I couldn't catch all that he said. But one thing was clear: he was very **angry**. He was angry that he had a leg weakened by polio. He was angry that he'd lost his job in the building trade ten years ago. He was angry that he'd drunk and smoked too much. Angry that he had high blood pressure and a high cholesterol count. Angry that he'd had two heart attacks in the last 18 months. Angry that he could get no peace in his hostel...

He broke off, and, searching my eyes, asked with a slight note of disbelief: "What can you **do** for me?" At that moment I felt that I shared his doubts.

Short of a miracle it seemed unlikely that one dose of healing would allay his poverty, self-neglect, self-reproach, and physical decline, that were the product of so many years.

"I'm not sure I can do much for you" I admitted. Then in a sudden fit of optimism, I added "but there might be something you could do for yourself". "What's that?" he asked. "Meditation": I ventured. "What's that?" he replied.

For the next few minutes I tried to explain how he might set about meditating. How he would need to find somewhere quiet, sit upright, close his eyes, sense his breaths, count them up to ten, and so on... While I was speaking, his attention was focused on his lap, where he was slowly assembling a sad-looking cigarette with his stained and stubby fingers.

"Shall I run through it again?" I asked. "All right", he said. As I continued, he lit his cigarette, and it promptly flared up and came apart. He busied himself with the job of refashioning it, and trying to relight it. "Oh hell": I thought to myself, "this is utterly pointless, and we both know it!"

When I'd finished, he surprised me by asking: "Will it bring me nearer to God?" I assured him that it would. "It'll bring you nearer to everything": I said. He seemed pleased and reached into his shoulder bag, where a further surprise lay in wait. Carefully he drew out a plastic folder with a few sheets of paper in it.

He then began to pen the following lines in large block capitals:

IN THE SILENT MOMENT - OF A BREATH - I REALISED THERE
WERE - FIVE HUNDRED PEOPLE - SLEEPING UNDER ONE ROOF -
AND THAT WAS - AWE-INSPIRING

He handed me his poem. "Can I keep it?" I asked. "No, throw it away": he quipped, as he merged back into the crowd. He left me feeling grateful and hugely humbled. I may have been the official 'healer' on the day, but, of the two of us, I felt it was he who had delivered the deeper message.

Reprinted from TW107

PEACE POLE

Joan Williamson

I enclose an account of the Peace Pole that has been planted in Astley Park Chorley.

This endeavour was initiated by two members of Chorley Quaker Meeting over a number of years. Latterly they have been helped by other ecumenical friends.

There is now a meeting at the peace pole which is held on the first Monday of the month. The transcript is written by Keith Hargreaves who was a Northern Friends Peace Board representative for many years.

May Peace Prevail on Earth

The peace pole initiative originated in Japan after the horrors and devastation of the atomic bombing attacks on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945. Since then more than 200,000 peace poles have been planted in nearly all the countries in the world.

The Chorley Council monument to peace connects us to this global network and stands as a beacon of hope, inspiration and resolve for all those who strive and work for peace.

The inscription on the peace pole is written in English and other widely spoken languages in our local community: Urdu, Polish and Gujarati as well as Arabic, Ukrainian, Russian and Japanese.

The peace pole was planted in the Walled Garden, Astley Park on Monday, 1st. July 2024 together with peace messages from the people of Chorley.

May those who visit and meet here experience peace.
Peace in our hearts
Peace in our homes — Peace in our community
Peace In our country — Peace between nations
Peace in the world

SUNSETS

After I have stepped out of my body
and become adjusted to my new dimension
I shall ask if it is possible to paint sunsets.

I'm not sure how long the queue will be by then;
maybe Turner will have had his fill
and gone off with Monet to design new water-lilies,

but when it comes to my turn
I will dip my celestial brushes
in luscious peach and rose carmine,
and quilt feathery clouds on the sky's backdrop
for the weary sun sinking to rest.

You will know it is one of mine
by the surrounding turquoise lagoons,
the blushing islands and glowing mountains,

and then you will know I am sending you
sunsets of love at the day's ending.

Cecily Taylor TW111

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

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

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

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

During the subsequent years, my mother was very bitter about my father and the many intimate liaisons he had with other women while they were married. I hated him and wanted no part of him. A distant cousin from my father's side was very kind to us, and helped my mother to obtain work in the printing industry. Her new profession provided a good salary; she was smart and industrious. At Christmas time, we received lovely gifts from this cousin. I vaguely remember someone saying that my father wanted to buy his two daughters a necklace and to write to us, but I wanted no part of him. I, being a practical, rational being,

knew that we did not need jewellery or worthless letters, rather, we needed help with the rent, food, and to pay our bills. I knew that he did not care for me because of his rejection from the minute I was born. I believed the stories my mother told me.

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

When my sister entered nursing school, she enjoyed the freedom of an active correspondence with her father without suffering the emotionally dire consequences from our mother. Sometimes my sister would tell me that he asked about me and that he loved me, but I doubted her and knew that his professed love was not followed by action. His words were meaningless to me. After all, where was he, where was his support in our struggles? Certainly I had no recollection of his ever touching me, much less kissing or hugging me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

One day she called to tell me that the previous night she had been restless and felt moved to straighten out a chest in her bedroom. On the bottom of the chest she found a bundle of letters from our

father. After reading one or two she was very upset with him. We spoke often of him, and the letters, over the next few months. Eventually she decided to burn them as a cleansing ritual to release all the hurtful emotions and memories after so many years. This was to be done during our annual vacation, on the shores of Lake Michigan.

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

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

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

Often he said that the only way he could get through the war years was the thought of his two little girls. He longed to be

reunited with his daughters. Each letter he ended with asking about *me* and saying that *he loved me*. Often he encouraged my sister to take care of me because I was such a fragile child.

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

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

When I reached the shore I kept my eyes down on the rocks and boulders I was hopping from to avoid injuring myself. All at once I felt my father was walking next to me and within I heard him say, *"Thank you for coming down here. I only have a little time. Thank you for your love. We always worried about you being so weak when you were little, but you are the strongest in our family. I have that which I wanted so much; that I longed for from my*

daughters." I wanted to ask him questions as we continued to walk, but he said that his time was limited with me here and I could feel his urgency about the pressure of time. More was said, but I cannot recall it, except the essence of his message.

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

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

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

Reprinted from TW110

NOTES FROM A HEALER

Jan Etchells

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

Talking over lunch one day with some friends I was asked how the healing group came into being. I explained that I had been to the workshop last year and very much enjoyed the day. We learnt

how to give hands on healing, which we did in pairs and it was an unforgettable experience for me. At the time I had a sore shoulder, which cleared up in a day or two after the healing.

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

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

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

what happens. But then in this life there are lots of things that can't be explained. I just accept that something wonderful does happen for us both.

Reprinted from TW110

THE FULLNESS OF JOY

Jack Dobbs

At one of our recent Meetings for Worship the word 'Joy' became the focus of the ministry. A Friend had wondered why it is that we are hesitant to express outwardly the joy that we experience inwardly during our silent worship? Why, on leaving Meeting, are we so reticent to share it with others or let them know its source? And are there times after Meeting when we find it difficult to maintain this sense of joy as we go out to face the sorrows and tragedies of the world around us?

During a period of great persecution George Fox wrote to strengthen the faith of his fellow Quakers who were suffering severely, but who amongst their sufferings had nevertheless 'found... the ground of all true rejoicing and joy' — the one thing that would last for ever. (Epistle 194, 1660). He exhorted them to 'keep in the Spirit, Truth and Power of the everlasting God'. There they would come to know 'that which cannot be shaken... the true Joy'. (Epistle 245, 1666).

The message of the Psalmist of the Old Testament is similar — that such a true joy can be found wherever God's presence is experienced. 'In your presence is the fullness of joy', he sang — words which in the Jerusalem Bible's translation become a prayer: 'give me unbounded joy in your presence'. (Psalm 16.11).

The word 'joy' is, of course, used to describe a variety of pleasurable feelings such as gladness, great happiness and delight. But the true joy of which Fox and the Psalmist spoke is of a quality more profound and permanent than any of those. It is not of our creation — rather is it a

gift of grace, which may come to us unbidden when we least expect it and perhaps have little reason to feel joyful. In Quaker Faith and Practice (26.06) Rufus Jones recounts the experience of John Wilhelm Rowntree when he was told by his doctor that he would become totally blind before he had reached middle age. Shattered, he stood for some time in silence, and then quite suddenly he 'felt the love of God wrap him about as though a visible presence enfolded him, and a joy filled him, such as he had never known before'.

A personal experience of this intensity may be known to only a few of us, but the witness to its existence assures us all that within the darkness by which we sometimes feel surrounded there is the light of a loving presence — the source of true and lasting joy. Once we have experienced that joy, whether it bursts upon us unsolicited during a period of special need, or arises from the depths of our regular Meeting for Worship, we know with certainty that it is always available to us, distant though it may occasionally appear.

With such a priceless knowledge can there be any place for our hesitation or reticence in sharing it?

Reprinted from TW105

THE DAFFODIL PRINCIPLE

J. A. Edwards

Several times my daughter had telephoned to say, "Mother, you must come and see the daffodils before they are over." I wanted to go, but it was a two hour drive from Laguna to Lake Arrowhead. Going and coming took most of a day and I honestly did not have a free day until the following week.

"I will come next Tuesday," I promised, a little reluctantly, on her third call.

Next Tuesday dawned cold and rainy. Still, I had promised, and so I drove the length of Route 91, continued on 1-215, and finally turned onto Route 18 and began to drive up the mountain highway. The tops of the mountains were sheathed in clouds, and I had gone only a few miles when the road was completely covered with a wet, grey blanket of fog. I slowed to a crawl, my heart pounding. The road becomes narrow and winding toward the top of the mountain. As I executed the hazardous turns at a snail's pace, I was praying to reach the turnoff at Blue Jay that would signify I had arrived.

When I finally walked into Carolyn's house and hugged and greeted my grandchildren I said, "Forget the daffodils, Carolyn! The road is invisible in the clouds and fog, and there is nothing in the world except you and these darling children that I want to see bad enough to drive another inch!"

My daughter smiled calmly, "We drive in this all the time, Mother."

"Well, you won't get me back on the road until it clears and then I'm heading for home!" I assured her.

"I was hoping you'd take me over to the garage to pick up my car. The mechanic just called, and they've finished repairing the engine," she answered.

"How far will we have to drive?" I asked cautiously.

"Just a few blocks," Carolyn said cheerfully. So we buckled up the children and went out to my car. "I'll drive," she offered. "I'm used to this."

We got into the car, and she began driving. In a few minutes I was aware that we were back on the Rim-of-the-World road heading over the top of the mountain.

"Where are we going?" I exclaimed, distressed to be back on the mountain road in the fog. "This isn't the way to the garage!"

"We're going to my garage the long way," Carolyn smiled, "by way of the daffodils."

"Carolyn," I said sternly, trying to sound as if I was still the mother and in charge of the situation, "please turn around. There is nothing in the world that I want to see enough to drive on this road in this weather."

"It's all right, Mother," she replied with a knowing grin. "I know what I'm doing. I promise, you will never forgive yourself if you miss this experience." And so my sweet, darling daughter who had never given me a minute of difficulty in her whole life was suddenly in charge and she was kidnapping me! I couldn't believe it. Like it or not, I was on the way to see some ridiculous daffodils, driving through the thick, grey silence of the mist wrapped mountain top at what I thought was risk to life and limb. I muttered all the way!

After about twenty minutes we turned onto a small gravel road that branched down into an oak filled hollow on the side of the mountain. The fog had lifted a little, but the sky was lowering, grey and heavy with clouds.

We parked in a small parking lot adjoining a little stone church. From our vantage point at the top of the mountain we could see beyond us, in the mist, the crests of the San Bernardino range like the dark, humped backs of a herd of elephants. Far below us the fog shrouded valleys, hills, and flatlands stretched away to the desert. On the far side of the church I saw a pine needle covered path, with towering evergreens and manzanita bushes and an inconspicuous, hand lettered sign "Daffodil Garden".

We each took a child's hand, and I followed Carolyn down the path as it wound through the trees. The mountain sloped away from the side of the path in irregular dips, folds, and valleys, like a deeply creased skirt. Live oaks, mountain laurel, shrubs, and bushes clustered in the folds, and in the grey, drizzling air, the green foliage looked dark and

monochromatic. I shivered. Then we turned a corner of the path, and I looked up and gasped.

Before me lay the most glorious sight, unexpectedly and completely splendid. It looked as though someone had taken a great vat of gold and poured it down over the mountain peak and slopes where it had run into every crevice and over every rise. Even in the mist-filled air, the mountainside was radiant, clothed in massive drifts and waterfalls of daffodils.

The flowers were planted in majestic, swirling patterns, great ribbons and swathes of deep orange, white, lemon yellow, salmon pink, saffron, and butter yellow. Each different coloured variety (I learned later that there were more than thirty-five varieties of daffodils in the vast display) was planted as a group so that it swirled and flowed like its own river with its own unique hue. In the centre of this incredible and dazzling display of gold, a great cascade of purple grape hyacinth flowed down like a waterfall of blossoms framed in its own rock lined basin, weaving through the brilliant daffodils.

A charming path wound throughout the garden. There were several resting stations, paved with stone and furnished with Victorian wooden benches and great tubs of coral and carmine tulips. As though this were not magnificence enough, Mother Nature had to add her own grace note above the daffodils, a bevy of western bluebirds flitted and darted, flashing their brilliance.

These charming little birds are the colour of sapphires with breasts of magenta red. As they dance in the air, their colours are truly like jewels above the blowing, glowing daffodils. The effect was spectacular. It did not matter that the sun was not shining. The brilliance of the daffodils was like the glow of the brightest sunlit day. Words, wonderful as they are, simply cannot describe the incredible beauty of the flower bedecked mountain top. Five acres of flowers!

"But who has done this?" I asked Carolyn. I was overflowing with gratitude that she had brought me, even against my will. This was a once in a lifetime experience. "Who?" I asked again, almost speechless with wonder, "and how, and why, and when?"

"It's just one woman," Carolyn answered. "She lives on the property. That's her home." Carolyn pointed to a well-kept A-frame house that looked small and modest in the midst of all that glory. We walked up to the house, my mind buzzing with questions. On the patio we saw a poster.

"Answers to the Questions I Know You Are Asking" was the headline.

The first answer was a simple one. "50,000 bulbs," it read.

The second answer was, "One at a time, by one woman, two hands, two feet, and very little brain."

The third answer was, "Began in 1958."

There it was. The Daffodil Principle. For me that moment was a life changing experience. I thought of this woman whom I had never met, who, more than thirty-five years before, had begun, one bulb at a time, to bring her vision of beauty and joy to an obscure mountain top. One bulb at a time. There was no other way to do it. One bulb at a time. No shortcuts, simply loving the slow process of planting. Loving the work as it unfolded. Loving an achievement that grew so slowly and that bloomed for only three weeks of each year.



This unknown woman had forever changed the world in which she lived. She had created something of ineffable magnificence, beauty, and inspiration. The principle her daffodil garden taught is one of the greatest principles of celebration: learning to move toward goals and desires one step at a time, often just one baby step at a time; learning to love the doing; learning to use the accumulation of time. When we multiply tiny pieces of time with small increments of daily effort, we too will find we can accomplish magnificent things. We can change the world!

“Carolyn,” I said, “it’s as though that remarkable woman has needle-pointed the earth! Decorated it. Just think of it, she planted every single bulb for more than thirty years. One bulb at a time! And that’s the only way this garden could be created.”

The thought of it filled my mind. I was suddenly overwhelmed with the implications of what I had seen. “It makes me sad in a way,” I admitted to Carolyn, “What might I have accomplished if I had thought of a wonderful goal thirty-five years ago and had worked away at it ‘one bulb at a time’ through all those years? Just think what I might have been able to achieve!”

My wise daughter put the car into gear and summed up the message of the day in her direct way. “Start tomorrow,” she said, with the same knowing smile she had worn for most of the morning. Oh, profound wisdom!

It is pointless to think of the lost hours of yesterdays. The way to make learning a lesson a celebration instead of a cause for regret is to only ask, “How can I put this to use tomorrow?”

Reprinted from TW105

A DIFFERENT APPROACH

Judy Clinton

Some time ago I spent a few precious days at the Krishnamurti Centre in Hampshire. Here, a beautiful spacious place is set aside for people to come and study, in their own way, the many writings, videos and audio-cassettes of Krishnamurti's teachings. He was an Indian spiritual teacher and philosopher who died in 1986.

The overall effect was profound upon me, but perhaps what affected me most was the Quiet Room of the building. This was a gloriously simple and beautiful room with a very specific purpose for the Centre to provide quietness and peace. Here you went only when and if you knew yourself to be in a condition of peace and quietness. You were asked not to go on the first day of your stay in the Centre, and not at all if you did not feel able to take quiet into that place. The principle was that in taking one's peace into that place it became a power-house of spiritual stillness for the Centre. Indeed the Centre was a place of marvellous stillness.

What a different approach from what we are used to. Normally, although we are advised to come to Meeting 'with hearts and minds prepared', there is a general understanding that one goes to Meeting in order to establish peace within oneself, or a deeper state of peace. It is a very different experience to go into a place with the intention of taking with you stillness and peace to give and leave there. The motivation is different, the feeling different as I did it. I have often thought about this since, and it begs questions as to how I live my life. Do I give peace to my Meeting, or seek to find it there? Can I do both — do I do both at different times? Do I take peace to my friends and clients, and, if so, where does that peace come from? Many questions, certainly for me a reversal of thinking which I am sure is very significant but not clear yet. How would our Meetings be if we only came when we felt at peace? Quite a thought!

Reprinted from TW105

AN AUSTRALIAN TRUE STORY

Ruth Legg

Bernice (not her real name) wrote to me: "When I joined the healing fellowship I had a history of health problems which stretched back into early childhood. I can remember the odd grown-up referral to me as 'delicate'. Nothing apparently could be found to explain the headaches, the lethargy, the fainting spells, which beset me from time to time. I can remember being puzzled by references to the 'energy of the young', and an aunt, who, when she sent me on a message would say 'your legs are younger than mine'. And I wondered what virtue there was in having young legs when those legs ached dreadfully most of the time.

"As I grew older another symptom referred to by a G.P. as muscle spasm, added itself to the list. Painful as it was when it hit the neck or lower back, it was at its worst when it beset the inner chest muscles. The first few times it happened it was mistaken for a coronary. I began to hear words like 'nervous tension', hints of neurosis and psychosomatic illness, and by the less tactful, of laziness. By the time I joined the Healing Fellowship I had been treated with Valium or Serepax for many years, had two 'heart attacks', and felt constantly weary.

"A healing circle was a regular feature of the group meetings and so I received the blessing of this, almost weekly, for about three years. I always felt a little better afterwards - not one hundred per cent, but was able to carry on.

"Then, yielding to family pressure, I sought help from another doctor, an energetic young Sri Lankan, who came and set up a practice in a nearby town. On my first visit he did some blood tests, and immediately was able to diagnose the trouble - a severe deficiency of vitamin B12, now known to be the cause of pernicious anaemia (so called because it is a very sneaky complaint, often posing as other ailments). As he explained it to me- a normal healthy person carries

about 150 - 160 units of vitamin B12 in the blood stream. This activates the hormone which creates the red cells. A person carrying less than 100 units was thought to be in danger. If it dropped to a count of 40-50 the patient usually died of secondary results - brain damage, kidney or heart failure due to lack of oxygen from the depleted red cells. My count? 5 units.

"After discussing the condition for some time the doctor remarked on my extreme good luck to have escaped serious damage from such a severe deficiency. I told him I belonged to a prayer group who had constantly prayed for my health, so I felt that, while not reaching the cause of the illness, the prayers of the group had kept me from severe damage until help reached me through human channels. He remarked thoughtfully, 'Yes, that must have done it'. To add to my certainty of this was the remark of one of his colleagues in Sydney who, having been told of my B12 count, was so sceptical that he rang the doctor in Tassie to confirm it. His cheerful comment to me was, 'Lady, you're walking around dead!' With proper treatment, I can now assure the Sydney doctor, 'If I'm walking around dead, I'm the liveliest corpse you'll ever get to see!'"

(Ruth is the Co-ordinator for the Australian Friends Fellowship of Healing. We have permission to reprint this article which appeared in their publication 'Wholeness) *Reprinted from TW105*

FOG

Gervais Frykman

In TW170 I described the experience of Barbelo, who was the first emanation from the Unity. By her emanation she established the kingdom of Duality, which was a necessary precondition of the creation. I was aware of what she could see looking out from the Pleroma, which came into being when she emanated, but I didn't describe it there because I didn't want to slow down the narrative. Now it is the subject of the narrative.

It was the dreariest, dulllest waste imaginable. There was no warmth, no light, no beauty, no colour, no angels, no people, nothing of worth. It was just nothing, a waste. In the trenchant biblical phrase it was “without form and void,” but it was the cosmos, not the earth that was void.

I said that she looked back at the Unity and in so doing she called forth God the Father.

I pictured it then as looking in a certain direction, but really all she could see was the fog.

By an extraordinary synchronicity I watched an episode of “Call the Midwife” yesterday, where a young nun experienced fog. Psychiatry was of no help. An elderly nun in the early stages of dementia but still possessed of fragments of deep wisdom said to her that it was very good that she experienced the fog. When she came to land, as it were, she would be able to see things which those who had never left the shore could not see. I agreed with her.

I think I must have been in fog myself. It began to disperse as a result of fellowship with friends. Then in my quiet time I looked straight at the fog, and sensed the Unity through it, not by looking away. I was glad of it. It was the heart that sensed it, and that convinced me that I had such an organ in my constitution, and that it was in good order.

It seems to me that Barbelo is an excellent recipient of prayers from those in fog, because she experienced a universe of fog and saw through it the totality, the Unity, Source.

**Being open to new light via the Quaker recognised bodies - QUG, FFH
and QFAS**

Christine Downes-Grainger

These initials stand for Quaker Universalist Group, Friends Fellowship of Healing and Quaker Fellowship for Afterlife Studies. Since the

pandemic and the adoption by Quakers of video conferencing, these three groups have run monthly online gatherings.

QUG began in 1977. It is based on the understanding that spiritual awareness is accessible to everyone of any religion or none, and that no one person and no one faith can claim to have a final revelation or monopoly of truth. Quakers and non-Quakers are warmly welcome in the group.

QUG monthly gatherings (on a Wednesday evening in British time) are generally attended by between 30 and 50 friends, with an increasing number coming from USA, Canada and Europe. The hour is structured with a speaker, ten minutes of silent worship and then worship sharing, with the speaker responding to questions as led. An informal half hour conversation may follow the hour for those who wish to stay.

Some recent talks:

Ways to dissolve internal stress leading to the growth of impersonal peace and joy in life

Non duality

A Quaker in the Democratic Republic of the Congo about living Quaker values (Peace, Equality, Truth, Community) in Africa today.

Sharing a personal spiritual journey on the theme of *Our Shared Humanity. Some inclusive spiritual perspectives.*

The nurture of young Quaker universalists

Anecdotes from the journey of a Christian Buddhist Universalist Quaker

Considering QUG perspectives to send to the Book of Discipline Revision Committee.

FFH is [a Quaker Recognised Body *ed*] within the Religious Society of Friends in Britain, with a membership of around [375 *ed*] including

some overseas members. It began in the 1930s. The Saturday afternoon sessions have featured a variety of speakers telling of their individual journeys, and talks on different spiritual perspectives. FFH sessions conclude with a shared meditation.

QFAS meets on a different Saturday afternoon. *These topics are planned for 2025:*

Synchronicity, Shamanic views and indigenous tribal beliefs, UFOs, the book *After* by Bruce Grayson, Suzanne Michael talking about her new book *Dare to Expand* (forward by Jan Arriens), Biology and physics of consciousness, Introduction to Theosophy, Difference between soul and spirit

Links:

<https://qug.org.uk/>

<https://www.quaker-healing.org.uk/>

<https://quakerafterlifestudies.wordpress.com/>

The Nontheist Friends Network also holds regular discussions online

<https://nontheist-quakers.org.uk>

Oxford Friends Fellowship of Healing

Yvonne Dixon

This local group of Friends Fellowship of Healing (FFH) was started in 1959 by Friend Grace Sutton. Looking back at the archives reveals that she was convenor of the group for nearly 30 years. I have been a member of the FFH for about 20 years but did not attend the local group because of work obligations.

By the end of the pandemic I realised that I was ready to lay down my ministry as a Quaker prison chaplain and looked forward to having Wednesdays free in order to attend the Oxford FFH group, but I was

sad to find that it was no longer being convened in person. Over the next year I discerned a leading to renew it in some way and a Meeting for Clearness was held to help me move forward. Our dear Friend Mary Fear, who used to convene the Meeting, encouraged me in this and passed on to me various materials and handwritten records of meetings going back to 1987.

Our group has been meeting in person again now since May 2023 and we regularly have about five people gathered in the Garden Room at Oxford Meeting House, and many requests for prayer as our ministry has gradually become known in the Meeting. All of us have backgrounds in counselling, nursing or social work.

We have a simple format based on what I have gleaned from Mary and from reading *Towards Wholeness* over the years. On our table there are flowers and a candle placed in a beautiful letter Q which was carved from wood by a prisoner. We review our list of prayer requests and then hold the names in the Light. Last year the American publication *Friends' Journal* had an issue on healing which inspired me to use a practice of simply naming the person and, after a pause for prayer, using the words 'We ask for wholeness and healing'.

After an initial silence we usually begin by sharing a short reading and then upholding the people who have requested prayer. Everyone is free to minister as led, and one member of our group shares her healing practice of wordless song.

After praying for a person known to have only weeks to live, we were grateful to be told by her friend that she died peacefully knowing that she was being prayed for.

I have not yet been to Claridge House or on any FFH courses but the last couple of years have been a rewarding experience of discernment and the beginning of a journey that I hope will continue.

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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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