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Editorial

> The light that never was on sea or land,
> the consecration, and the poet's dream.

It took a long time, as a child, to understand how it was that the further north we went the lower the sun was in the sky and yet the longer it stayed above the horizon. Of course, we only went to Finland in summer time and never saw the long darkness. But in summer northern latitudes the long low slanting light, the long shadows even at midday, gave a view of the world that colours it to this day. There will always be Heliotropes and Girasoles, the turning towards the sun in the south, the Italienischen Reisen of northern people, but it is not and never has been a journey home. And this slanting oblique light colours our art and literature, "the poet's dream."

The Light Centres—which Wordsworth surely meant by "the consecration"—illuminating much of this current issue, draw us northward like a compass needle, northerly even by our own orientation; Whitby, for example. Mary Swainson begins her retrospective pilgrimage in Cornwall, at Avebury and Silbury Hill; but then come Iona and Lindisfarne—the names are like spells—Edinburgh and Ponteland. Even the Windrush valley in the Cotswolds, a journey rather like Goethe's Italian one, is found to have links with Northumbria. Ishbel McGain, who writes of the Isle of Man, refers to "the lemon coloured light of spring," but it is surely a northern spring, with the quality it always had since it was captured or earthed, whether by Druids or in earlier times and reactivated, whether Christianly or by other surges of the human spirit.

"You remember that I told you," said our personal correspondent, "that the great ones, or the greater ones, appear to us not as persons, nor even as spirits, but as a blazing light? I don't think I shall ever become a philosopher but I can see things. And I can see the light being brought down and down until it is something we can see by without being blinded, as friendly as a candle flame. And it brings people up and up, so that their little flickering light grows stronger; catching light from others, shedding light for others.

So I think light is a good symbol for us to use, and a good title, because it is both something you can experience and comprehend and something that we can experience, and in a much greater degree, although we wouldn't say that we can comprehend it because we know that even here, where I am, we

cannot catch more than a reflection, the reflection of light on dancing water."

If it is reflected light that we also can see, slanting and oblique, "the long light" of Tennyson "that shakes across the lakes," it helps to see, with inner eye unblinded, the inner light.

The last words of Goethe were: *Open the second shutter; thereby more light may come in.*

A Chalice in the Sun

A SEQUENCE OF UNUSUAL HAPPENINGS

ISHBEL McGAIN

"And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. . . ."

IN these days of heightened awareness, many readers of *Light* must have found themselves endowed with gifts that they had not previously been aware of, and perhaps wondered why, and whether they should be putting them to some worthwhile use. Another sign of this general awakening has been the renewed interest in holy sites—their nature, uses, positions, and links according to the "straight-line" theory. Many people of many kinds, equipped with all shades and degrees of belief, scepticism, intellectual curiosity and human need, have felt an urge to visit these places. Many have come together in groups to discuss their experiences and seek further, and these groups themselves have ranged from homely gatherings of friends to more formal enterprises, such as the imaginative and very successful conferences of the Wrekin Trust.

If we have been looking for the sacred, could it not be that the sacred has been seeking us? In my own case, increasingly, events seemed to present themselves at appropriate moments, and books which I was intended to read fell into my hands as if placed there by some celestial tutor. One of these was Eliade's classic work: *Patterns in Comparative Religion.* I had known the book for years, and dipped into it with passing interest, but one weekend I felt impelled to take it home, and found suddenly that it had become rivetingly interesting in its lucid analysis of so much, such as the mechanics of how places and times acquire sacredness, or remain profane. It becomes increasingly clear that for all early people, holy sites or holy times were supposed to *do* something to a man; moreover he was expected to be an

actor too, not just remain passive while wisdom was poured over him like so much custard. But *how* to act? Would it be possible for twentieth-century man to set off and make contact with this unseen, spiritual force, and if so, where on earth would he start?

By this time, I had covered one Ordnance Survey one-inch sheet with a network of "ley" lines and power points according to the instructions given in John Michell's book: *The View over Atlantis.* I was urged into action when I showed it to a couple of geographers who said, "But what are you going to do next?" Having not the foggiest idea, I replied cheerfully, "Go and sit on all the hot spots and see which is the hottest!" (In the event, however, I was more cautious, remembering alarming experiences on a Welsh hilltop many years before.)

However, while all this was going on, someone had asked Gildas if instruction were ever given in dreams. He replied that it was, especially if that was the only way they could get through. I was having some very interesting dreams just then. . . . Like Jacob, I found that the celestial ladder could start by my own pillow. In fact, I now see, looking back, that this particular sequence of experiences had already started ten years ago, comfortably in bed.

I dreamt that I had a vision. In it a most beautiful glass chalice of perfect shape appeared gliding slowly along from the left. A sun appeared then from the right and was to pass behind the chalice, and when it did so I knew that the brightness would be too much to bear. "The Grail," I thought. The sun's light was of a purity beyond that of our ordinary sun—rarer, and very clear, like the fresh lemon sunlight of Spring. I gazed at it till the sun passed behind the chalice and the blaze of white glory—like a thousand diamonds in a sunbeam—burnt and blinded me. The sun seemed to pause there and I woke and thought, "Yet in my flesh shall I see God."

About a year later, I had received healing from a group of people on the other side while staying in Devon, and for the first time had actually seen the people concerned, but in the summer of 1967 an even more astonishing healing experience took place.

I was on holiday in the Isle of Man, in a quiet hamlet by the sea. One night, on the verge of sleep, I was disturbed momentarily by a passing car, and suddenly noticed six little Manxmen standing in a row beside my bed. As they were seen with the inner eye, I was not at all astonished, not even when I realised that they had all lived in different centuries in the Island, and were standing in "chronological" order from the "modern" one at my head to the last one, who, I felt sure, belonged to the 7th

century. I saw them quite clearly, all of identical height, and obviously of the same nationality, but quite distinct otherwise in build and temperament. They were bareheaded, and each wore a loose gown-like robe. I assumed they had been priests in their earthly lives. The one nearest to me, who tended to plumpness, patted me on the shoulder twice lightly, and with a genial smile—not untouched by that slight paternalism common to those on the other side who have to deal with slow learners like some of us—said, "Let us heal you!" He looked down the line towards the others, and they towards him as if he were conducting an orchestra, then they each stretched out an arm towards me, and must have performed some healing ritual because I suddenly felt what I can only describe as a great wave of "fatherliness," which was not at all what I had expected—if indeed I had had time to expect anything. The next thing I knew, it was morning, the sun was shining and I felt superbly well.

It was lovely to think of philanthropic men coming back to places where they had worked in their earthly lives, to heal the visitors. One expects this kind of thing in the Ionas of this world, but here, in these apparently more modest spots, I found one was offered help and healing also, from kindly "locals" on the other side.

I was most moved by the two men furthest away from me in time. I had looked at them and thought, "I am looking at men from the Dark Ages—and they didn't have enough to eat!" Of course one had always known this with one's head—but there these two men were "in the flesh"—or lack of it. I was struck by their faces: they were sensitive, yet seemed to look down a long tunnel towards the light. Their gestures spoke a little of superstition, as if they barely comprehended what they were doing. It was moving to think that these men in their day had done what they could, and were still continuing to help others now from the other side. In the Dark Ages, they had lit candles which had burnt for 1300 years.

But the reader will have noticed that so far I have been the passive recipient of other people's good works while luxuriating in bed. Psychic gifts are not intended as an internal television set!

Perhaps it was this knowledge that produced the call to activity which appears in my next dream eighteen months later. I found myself in church just at the point where a very earnest young man was exhorting his congregation to "send Love to the Light!" This expression has appealed to many since then, and was taken up by Gildas later on in the same year.

I was still pondering about how to carry out this strange

task, when I was drawn back again to the Island, and on a wet afternoon began to visit some of the old parish churches.

In the middle of the Island is an old church not often used now because a newer one has replaced it, but thanks to the Manxman's reluctance to destroy a holy building, it remains amongst its fields and flowers as it always did—a place of deep peace.

For a time I looked round, but when I came to depart, the rain redoubled its efforts, so I decided to stay a little longer, and sat down again to wait. It was then that something began to happen: slowly but surely, a kind of tension was building up—a sort of expectant hush. I looked round. To my right was an old harmonium and the usual collection of fragments of ancient crosses. Nothing unusual. I was restless. Through the little window, I could see rain sweeping across the landscape. I got up and went and stood before the altar. There was no chancel, no step ,no rail, just a simple and fitting altar bearing simple furnishings. The candlesticks had been given by someone in memory of relatives. I thought, "What can I give?" The tension grew. I thought, "I will give a blessing!" It was then that I was taken by surprise. When I lifted my hands and blessed the church, power such as I have rarely felt ran through my arms like a strong electric current, and in the moment of closing my eyes, I saw, beyond any shadow of doubt, that the whole end of the church, forward from where I was standing, had burst into flower from floor to ceiling. I was reminded of the poem, "Everyone suddenly burst out singing.". . .

It was awe-inspiring to be the earthly channel for so much power and beauty, especially as I did not know exactly how I had been able to achieve it. I pondered too about the flowers. Surely I could not have created them in an instant of time? Had they perhaps been brought by nature spirits who presumably are responsible for the miles of flowery hedgebanks, which, at their best, make one want to stand in the road and shout for joy? The same airy sprites, who in more mischievous mood had led me to an escallonia, outside yet another old church, and made the flowers smell vividly of freshly made raspberry jam! I could not know, but I was grateful and astonished.

By the time I returned to the Island three years later, I was getting accustomed to strange happenings, and by blessing holy places or calling for light to grow in them, hoped I was practising the earnest young preacher's request.

The last two experiences took place in 1972, and were more closely related to the theories about prehistoric power points and

ley lines. Again I was in the Island on holiday, and visiting some of the northern churches. While I was standing quietly in one of them, I heard, quite clearly, the words: "The message of *this* church is peace." What amazed me however was the emphasis on "this." Did individual churches then have "messages"? Reflecting on this curious piece of information, I remembered having read that Christian dedications to particular saints seemed to follow a pattern which linked with earlier pagan uses of the site, suggesting that a particular place had permanent spiritual qualities. So, for example, only a certain type of site would be dedicated to Michael or Mary. This church was dedicated to Patrick, which puzzled me further, as I could think of no special link between that saint and peace. However, the message was clear enough; readers must judge the evidence for themselves.

A few days later, the Queen arrived on a state visit, and for her entertainment, a cast of schoolboys re-enacted the ancient law-reading ceremony on Tynwald Hill. The performance was executed with verve and talent, and a good time appeared to be enjoyed by all. The sun shone brightly; it was a public holiday. . . . That was the outer picture. But what was *really* happening? Parking in the lane, I had made my way to the hill on foot, along with a number of other people, many of whom were Manx. There was a distinct feeling of the nation gathering. The ceremony was followed by folksongs and dances, and at this point, on hunch, I moved as near to the hill as I could, leaning on the sun-warmed stone wall to listen to the singing, and almost immediately became aware that the hill was coming to life. It still *looked* the same—an artificial, grass-covered, stepped mound —unlike the flowers in the lane, whose yellow faces somehow seemed brighter than they should have been. Then with a "third ear" I heard the life stirring, exactly as if one could hear yeast working in a loaf. If this were not imagination, then clearly here was the reason behind sympathetic magic and all ancient rituals and ceremonies: they *did* work: some latent power in the earth was activated by man's conscious efforts. Long before the Vikings inaugurated the present ceremony, held significantly on July 5th, old Midsummer Day, prehistoric peoples must have held their own rites, and by gathering the nation together, just as the mound's soil was traditionally gathered from all over the Island, they must have acquired power, or whatever it was they needed, for their corporate life.

It is difficult for anyone not equipped with specialist skills to prove results in this field, but one can note incidents too remarkable to be the results of mere chance, and frequently over

a period of time a pattern emerges. What strikes me about my own experiences is the working together of inner and outer events: dreams, reading, visits, intuitions seem to be interlocked. If there is a message in these events waiting to be decoded, is it not that we can and should participate in the inner life of the world, as well as in its outer one? And we can do this because all life is one and interrelated: if we light a candle it will bring out the sun; if we make a chalice and offer it, someone will fill it with light. Just as a choir will take up and develop a theme presented by a single soloist, whatever we lift into the spiritual world will be taken up and "orchestrated" by those who live in realms only available to the higher senses. At the sacred place and moment, time flowers into eternity.

Suggested Reading

The following list covers just a few of the available books dealing with forces not usually accessible to the physical senses, but whose existence is being proved increasingly, both scientifically and by experience. The books mentioned are all fascinating, and readable, even if one is not a mathematician. Prices are from *British Books in Print,* 1973.

ELIADE, Mircea: *Patterns of Comparative Religion.* Sheed and Ward, £2.50. A classic, lucid and very readable examination of the mechanics of the sacred.

WATKINS, Alfred: *The Old Straight Track.* 2nd edition, Sago, £3.75. Watkins discovered the system of prehistoric alignments, was derided in his day, but is now recognised by many as a gifted pioneer.

MICHELL, John: *The View over Atlantis.* Abacus paperback, 60p. A further examination of prehistoric engineering which is very fascinating.

UNDERWOOD, Guy: *The Pattern of the Past.* Museum Press, £1.50, or Abacus paperback, 50p. An examination of significant sites by water divining. The writer believes in the existence of a beneficial "earth-force" which can best be contacted in special places.

CHARPENTIER, Louis: *The Mysteries of Chartres Cathedral.* Trans. Sir Ronald Fraser. RILKO (Research into Lost Knowledge Organisation), 36 College Court, Hammersmith, London, W.6. £1.50. A specific study of one cathedral, showing how it was carefully designed to bring together divine and earth forces, and to cause man to be affected by them, changing the level of his consciousness.

COOKE, Grace and Ivan: *The Light in Britain.* White Eagle Publishing Trust, New Lands, Liss, Hampshire. £1.50. The

founder of the White Eagle Lodge, who is also a gifted medium, describes what she saw during visits to significant sites in the South of England.

GARDINER, Rolf: *Water Springing from the Ground.* Springhead, Fontmell Magna, Shaftesbury, Dorset. £3.75. Collected writings of an early herald of the New Age, whose work reveals a firm belief in these mysteries, and in spiritual values, by which he tried to live.

Gildas on the Awakening of Areas

MARY SWAINSON

DURING the 1960s the members of our small inner group met for work mainly at our homes, but after 1970 Gildas advised:

"The various centres from which you come have now been awakened and fed, and there is no longer the necessity for the group to be physically present at any of these centres in order that the process shall continue. This was part of a phase now ending. In the new phase the stress will be much more on specific areas, and we will need your full and conscious co-operation."

Already in 1968 he had warned us: "You will find, as the time draws near for the changes, that individually and collectively you may feel drawn to visit certain places and there called upon to feed the light which has existed throughout time but now needs awakening and bringing forth, through those who are willing to act as channels or instruments, into the consciousness of man." (*Gildas Communicates*, p. 72..)

Most of us, of course, had been drawn, over the years, consciously or unconsciously, to such places. For myself, as a child I lived in the Avalon country, and later knew Cornwall; as a young geographer I explored the hill-camps, barrows and green roads of Wessex, leading to Avebury and Silbury Hill. In 1957, in fuller awareness, a friend and I spent nine unforgettable days on Iona, visiting Lucy Bruce daily and helping to send out the light; since then I have made many other contacts with conscious intent. Ruth (with Gildas) had already visited Lindisfarne, Edinburgh, Northumberland, and specific power-points near Findhorn, before she and Ishbel McGain, with Ruth's young daughter Jane and another child, spent a week on Iona in August 1971, partly for holiday, partly for spiritual work. Ishbel asked the questions, Gildas replied.

"Will you tell us something about Iona, Gildas, please? I am particularly interested to know how the 'Light' is burning in the island, and whether you would like to comment on the old Gaelic prophecy 'In the Isle of Dreams, God shall yet fulfil himself anew.' When I first came here, as the boat approached, I was keenly aware of Columba. Does he still work in this island?"

"The island of Iona will be a great light centre once more, in the times to come. Actually, to say 'will be' is not strictly correct, for Iona has for long ages been a great light centre and will always remain so, but there is coming a time when many, many of you will be fully conscious of the part which this centre has to play; it will become once again a much more active centre. Iona has a magnetic attraction; it is a place of pilgrimage for all who come here, whether the pilgrimage is made consciously or not. Links with this centre are very necessary at all times, and those who come here take away with them something from the centre so that the influence is quietly spread both near and far. For a long time now, and especially until quite recently, Iona has been going through a very quiescent period, and lately even a dark, negative phase on the spiritual level, yet all this is part of the pattern—a part which will only be fully understood when the final picture is complete. Now though, as the work and preparation for the New Age enter a new phase, so does this island: slowly all is becoming very positive again, and many people are being drawn here at this time to help in this new phase. You, too, both of you; yet in this instance no direct activity is required of the helpers, only their presence and their feeling. Iona is very much a centre which works through the rays of feeling, and it is at this level that the recent darkness took a hold. Now the 'feeling' of the island needs feeding by those who are in some way sensitive to its rays or who may have been connected with the island's work in the past.

"Many aspects of the New Age work will here find both source and expression, but essentially the centre is a magnetic one, both attracting and radiating the light. It is one of those lovely centres which can attract power, and yet, by what it has grown to be, distil that power and send it forth again as gentler rays of feeling and love. There are other centres like this, and very important they are in breaking down the intense build-up of power which sometimes results when many are working concentratedly for the light. These intense 'build-ups' of power always attract the opposing strong negative forces, and it is only

in centres such as Iona, serving as a sort of grid, that they can be broken down, without losing one part of the total strength, and yet sent out once more in ways that tend to dissipate the build-up of negative power and attract still more light of a gentle loving quality. There is much which is difficult to explain to you; so much happens at levels of which you are hardly, or only just, conscious. We realise that it is not easy to go ahead when you cannot see what it is all for, yet the time is coming when you *will* see the pattern, and then you will truly understand.

"The new active conscious phase for this centre is still some time away, but the island's resources are being built up in readiness for this, and Columba, of course, is the one who is primarily concerned with the future work. He is, indeed, very much still a part of Iona, and your awareness of him was not through coincidence or mental suggestion. The elemental world is very strong here too; it is a great centre for them, and this aspect of the work will develop in the future."

The following day, on the site of an ancient Sun Temple, Gildas dictated this message to Ruth:

"You have entered here the very heart of the great temple of light which exists on the etheric plane of this island. Here you will be aware of many forces working together in harmony for the light. This rock shelters the holy flame, and you see it burning behind and above you, sweet, white, yet full of power of that very special quality which belongs to this island. At the heart of the flame you see the symbolic equal-armed cross, and at the heart of the cross the rose which is at once of every colour, and so of no colour. This is the mystic symbol of this spot. Here also is great healing power; much of all this as yet is contained here until the time is right for it to be set free and used according to the plan for the New Age.

"You see the ancient light keepers, the Druids; they work on even now in spirit for this centre. You are aware of Saint Columba, guiding and guarding the work here, and lastly you see Pan, lord of the elementals, at one with all that is here planned for future achievement and integration.

"Here too are the four elements: earth, containing the holy fire; air, bearing upon its every movement the ineffable and unique sweetness of this spot; the sea, clear and protective around this holy island—vehicle and symbol of spirit, and also the vehicle of protection.

"Feel into this spot, partake of its every essence, and carry away with you the hope for the future, the sweetness and the healing which come to you as you quietly 'tune in.' The link has

been made, another part of the pattern has fallen into place. Before you leave, tune in to all with whom you work on the spiritual level, and send out a wave of thought and light to all who have asked for help and healing."

Ruth saw, felt and did all that Gildas put into words for her. Her feet felt hot from the holy flame, and later she wrote: "From that site as from the island I carried with me hope for the future and something of the special sweetness and healing which were a part of the island. Since then, things have often been difficult, but something of that very special place and link has remained with me, and I am sure will remain with me until I am able to return there once more. I did not merely visit Iona, I experienced it; and the experience remains and lives on."

Northumberland

As some readers will know, our little inner group had a difficult struggle to help the member who lives there to build a centre of light in this hard North-Eastern land of extremes of darkness and light: of savagery and Border warfare, yet also of the early Celtic light of Lindisfarne and St. Cuthbert. We met in Northumberland roughly every three years, but the most crucial meeting, when the flame was liberated, was in 1966 (see *Gildas Communicates,* pp. 70 to 75). The 1969 meeting was more harmonious, and in 1972 Sir George Trevelyan brought a strong team to Ponteland for a whole week's Summer School on *The Inward Odyssey* which, despite attacks by the "dark forces," completely transformed the whole area. Perhaps this is the place to emphasise the immense unseen effects that conferences of this kind can have in helping on the New Age: situations in which the meditations and activities of a large group can be focussed into an act of redemption. Ruth was unable to be present, but we asked Gildas afterwards to give an account of the conference from his point of view, since most of us realised that a tremendous amount had taken place of which we were only dimly aware. He replied:

"Yes, of course I was able to be present with you at the Ponteland conference, and very successful and meaningful it was, as I am sure most participants realised.

"It is difficult for us to make you see the ways in which such conferences have effect over and beyond what you are able to perceive, but they do very much, and increasingly so, as we draw ever nearer to the dawn of the New Age.

"I have sometimes used for you the image of the weaving of a cloth, in trying to show you the unity, interdependence and equality of life; and now, to try to show you some of the effect

which meetings and conferences like the one at Ponteland have, perhaps I can return to this image. Sometimes it happens that a very fine and delicate cloth needs to be woven on to a sort of backing which can eventually—when the total cloth is woven and thus strong in itself—be taken away, and leave the delicate cloth in all its beauty; but until the final moment of perfection the two are quite interdependent and necessary to each other. So it is with the growth of understanding and love on the physical planes and the echo of it on the higher planes. Without all that takes place on your plane there would be no substance for the weaving of the finer subtle cloth, so that what you do brings the finer subtler creation into being; and though to you the experience passes and fades, really the true achievement lives on and will form a very vital part in the pattern of the future. This sort of thing is happening over and over again in these times, but occasionally, as with Ponteland, there comes a gathering which is vitally important—one of the major parts in the design of the subtler cloth, to keep to the image; and only when this is successfully woven can other parts of the design be safely brought together, linked up, and made part of the whole. Eventually you will see that which you help to accomplish, not merely with the aid of imagery, but in reality with a new breadth of vision and understanding, and then you will truly wonder at that of which you have been an instrumental yet comparatively unseeing part.

"The working out of all that is to be is truly very wonderful, and these occasions are a great joy to us, especially as now when every thread has been perfected, and a stage completed from which will irradiate many developments."

The Church in the Fields

The examples given so far are major areas, constellating the light and dark of history on a grand scale. But, as Gildas explained, other parts of the design are linked; thousands of lesser centres—over the country and over the world—keep their buried light which we can all help to re-awaken, feed and release into the growing network of light. Gildas had suggested that "Many small and unnoted churches may give that which is sought," and it was in 1966, a fortnight before the crucial release of the flame at Ponteland, that Ishbel, Ruth, Gildas and I first visited the tiny church of Widford in the Windrush valley of the Cotswolds. In meditation, Ruth saw the flame burning in the chancel, and found herself saying, "The true flame burns out of the ground." When Gildas spoke of persecution, she saw three figures in white secretly tending the flame. He dictated:

"This is very holy ground. Through countless ages it has been dedicated ever to the service of the light and the good according to the stage of man's understanding of that light and that goodness. Here burns a holy fire, or flame, which throughout eternity has been tended, through persecution and adversity, and yet burns today as it will forever. You have entered into the stillness of a true temple and here is great peace and great power.

"Many are drawn to this place and whatever the reason of their coming, all are touched in some manner by the edge at least of the holy flame. Others there are who enter as you enter now into the very heart of the flame and spirit of holiness of this place. You are not only touched by all that lies here but make a contribution to its perpetuation. This has always been so; though the flame may flicker, yet will it never die, for some will be called to tend it and strengthen it that its light may continue to shine throughout the surrounding lands."

It was not until afterwards that we found the pamphlet giving the history of this little church of St. Oswald, and realised the close link with Northumbria. As so often happens, the 7th century connection was reinforced by both earlier and later links, like a series of overtones, especially significant in the here-and-now. The timing of our various visits was fantastic, though the pattern was comprehensible only after some years had passed. In 1967, at Widford, Ruth was told:

"Within these hallowed walls, with feet upon these hallowed stones, dwells ever a body of pilgrim hearts who would speak within the silence. All whose steps are guided here are touched by the true knowledge of whole experience, before they once more go forth. When a heart that is open will remain and meditate, then more of the power can be liberated, more understanding given. Everything has contributed to its purity: suffering, death, torture, high mystic experience, pure love, utmost trust, gentle faith, strong determination and direct perseverance all here burn together. All are known and all contribute to the power and, as the flame has been kept ever constant, so the black and the white have reached that state of purity which is beyond completeness. Each one also who comes tends the flame within his heart in this place, and takes away with him, knowingly or unknowingly, something of all there is here to be given. Now we call many to this temple, for the time approaches when the imprisoned, the concentrated power here apparent shall be spread abroad for the great cause, the great enlightening, the transfiguration which all shall shortly experience. Be still then, and know God."

Finding and Building our own Centres

We cannot all join physically (though we can in thought) in the work of clearing and freeing the great power-points, but each one can find and activate a small local centre, old or new. Personally, living for the last 25 years in the suburbs of a large industrial city, and having no car, I chose a minor hill-top near my house; inevitably it is a built-up area, but with a good view over the city. Regular walks there, to "tune in" and send out love, light and healing, especially around 9 p.m., have attracted helpers and a "guardian" from the other side, so here we built a minor "Star" as we call it. Worried by the possibility of an eventual move, I consulted Gildas, and his reply may well be of interest to others:

"Do not be over-concerned," he said, "about the Star. The main thing with these centres is that in the early stages they should be fed into from every level, so that they are enabled to grow and to bcome firmly established; but once this has been achieved, a linking process takes effect, so that wherever you may be guided to live, because of your initial work here, that which you may feed into a new centre, symbol or place will still be fed also into this first centre, through the linking process."

Readers have reported a wide variety of chosen sites, old and new. Hill-tops are favourites; a small lake in the Vale of Avalon; churches; trees; parts of gardens, private or public, including a London Common; special spots in busy cities (much needed!); moving centres such as a car or a cruiser on canals and rivers; but the vast majority use a room, or a corner of a room, in their own house. *All* these feed into the increasing web of light. One reader wrote: "A few years ago I was shown a map of England, very beautiful because it came with such light out of very dreadful darkness. On the map were points of light in different places. From time to time I get this map put in front of me and always know that this country has such a big part to play in the spreading of the knowledge." And another, referring to *The Lord of the Dance*: "It seemed to me that God was something like the centrepiece of a maypole and we were all weaving a spiritual cloth of many colours and fine cobweb material, but instead of the strands being drawn down taut about the centre, it was spreading out more and more."

A word of warning: we have found that the work of activating and re-activating centres is not always easy, especially at first. Dedication, purity of motive and steadfastness are essential; given these qualities, possible negative manifestations will be transmuted and integrated into that wholeness which is

health in the greater light. We never work alone; if the personality is surrendered wisely, we have every right to call for adequate protection and will receive it. By its very nature, light will always dissolve darkness, so that, with balance and common sense, there is nothing to fear. As Gildas explained in his final message from Iona, the light is *there*:

"Holy places have an upsurging of life and healing, for these places carry within them whole and harmonious rays, and where there is wholeness and harmony there is always life and healing. The earth is a most receptive element, and certain places, with the help of workers on the other side, will always remain holy or whole because of their part in the pattern from time eternal. They are places where the light burns for eternity, and though this light may get buried it will never be extinguished and will always be recognised by those with any degree of sensitivity."

The Reactivation of Old Centres

By the author of Life in a New Dimension

January, 1973

THE pattern, as you know, is the creating of ever more points of light and joining them up; so whether it is the flash from one individual to another; or the awakening of the blessing buried like treasure in the soil in the past and to be reactivated now; all of it is of importance—individuals, friendships, groups, places. The power has to be reactivated, the lights have to be rekindled and run like ribbons of flame all over the country from one centre to another.

May, 1973: Directions for two pilgrims to Whitby Abbey*

The power is stored in old places, very often in the stones themselves. To reawaken it you need the vibration of sound.

The power is also in the aura and atmosphere of the place. For this you need answering light.

If we were a group of monks, we should use plainsong and processions and candles and incense, and above all intercessionary prayer. But what can you two do?

Well, to begin with, you will not be alone. We shall be there in force, with a focussing of strong rays of light.

* The need to reactivate Whitby Abbey came to Y in a "clear dream." When she and another (X) were preparing to go as pilgrims for this purpose, they telephoned the writer of *Life in a New Dimension* to see if instructions from her communicator could be obtained. After receiving these instructions, the writer telephoned them to Y at dictation speed. Subsequently the writer received the commentary on what had been achieved before Y told her on the telephone what they had done.

If you two are alone in the building you can use sound: X can read, invoke, and you can sing something like *Veni Creator Spiritus* or *Break Forth O beauteous heavenly light.* You can circumnavigate the building with candles, and you can pray and give thanks. Remember that thanks are vital.

If you are not alone, you can begin by silent prayer. You can circumnavigate without candles, knowing that we are providing the light. You can find some solitary corner where you can recite or pray together. And you can return to the altar and give thanks. Use your imagination strongly, and picture us doing what you can't do, and joining in what you can. Then it won't matter whether you are alone or not.

The order is:

Invocation that the blessing of the Christos may be on the future of the building.

Prayer for the reactivation of the light.

Circumnavigation of the building with candles if possible.

Sound. Poem said, or *Veni Creator Spiritus* said together, or something sung like *Non Nobis.*

Return to Altar and powerful *thanksgiving,* with an offering of the place, yourselves, and the points of light with which you are in touch for the purposes of the Christ in the New Age.

We shall join you in the prayers, the invocaton, the circumnavigation. We shall form a splendid procession. We shall add the music of the spheres to any sound you can make. We shall add a heavenly dance. And we shall focus tremendous rays of light. And we shall end with a paean of praise and thanksgiving. Blessings be on your joint endeavour.

Comment on what happened

Whitby-Caedmon, written about by Bede who lies at Durham with St. Cuthbert. Northumberland, Durham, York: the dark North. These wonderful centres where the light was brought so long ago, where it now glows, and prepares to become incandescent and to "leap to glory in a brand." . . . A very great future is here for England. Music, the handmaiden of worship, of course has to be, and has been, revivified here. The old prophecies of the return of Arthur, of Merlin, of Drake, in time of need, are stirring. The great past of this beloved country is preparing to live again in the new centres. So it was fitting that Whitby, the home of the first great lover and creator of English poetry and song, who was taken in by the Abbess, should be revivified by X, that great lover of English poetry and that crusader for the New Age, and by Y in view of her connection with another Abbess. Invoking the Christ light, rousing up

memories of Saxon England, could they fail to summon the heavenly host? Could they fail to be the little link that was needed, the outward and visible sign of a tremendous outpouring of grace?

The souls who loved and shaped that precious, unique manifestation which was England, the angelic forces whose task it is to guide the renewal and re-shaping of England, all we who have been so great a lover of England, how could we do otherwise than throng?

So we brought all our share to the forms we gave you. You realised afterwards why the word circumnavigation was used: the name is the French *nef* (from the Latin) or ship. The Germans call it *das Schiff*. The whole Church used often to be symbolised by a boat.

They brought invocation. We came.

They brought the sound of English poetry. We brought heavenly jubilation.

They brought song. We brought the music of the spheres.

They brought candles. We brought a concentration of rays of power.

They circumnavigated, both within the building and round its bounds.

We celebrated the cosmic mass. We revivified the whole area and concentrated the light in a spiritual chalice on the altar.

They gave thanks. And above all else we gave thanks and praise and rejoiced in the new fellowship.

The veils are thinning. Communication is growing easier. Birth and death will be easier. We are all one, all One. As the old teachings of hell and judgment and uttermost farthings give way to the new assurance of love and co-inherence and forgiveness, we see the glorious possibilities, no, certainties, of a new way of life for the planet, and of close interpenetration of the human, three-dimensional level by the spiritual, the angelic, the noumenal.

Things are moving so fast, so fast. Don't ask to see too far. Trust just the next step.

(Some weeks later)

What tremendous things you have been doing! I have told you how Whitby appeared from our side. The revitalising of centres is so important. Tremendous forces came into play the moment you made the link.

The human link is of paramount importance. This is one of the secrets of the spiritual life. The divine availability is there. But you must invoke it, believe in it, ask for it, and give thanks for it.

When you make these four gestures you have no idea what colossal forces can be set in motion and how they can pour into a holy, dedicated place like Whitby—or indeed like (another Abbey in the South of England). That heavenly music; all that goodwill. It was indeed another Whitby, another rededication, an intersection of the past and the future. You saw the past under the symbol of the nuns, the abbess with her nuns, and you saw the future under the symbol of the huge chalice.

What you didn't see was the response to the physical gesture of invocation through music—the response of a flooding back of spiritual power. Not that you were unaware; but you can't see in the way that we can because we live in a different mode.

Glastonbury — 2,000 Years on

MOLLIE MONCRIEFF

"And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green. . . ?"

YES. And it was the hills of Avalon that Blake referred to. And, being a carpenter, Jesus was able to build with his own hands that small wattle chapel which the guidebook tells us was burnt down in the fire of 1184.

Later, when Joseph of Arimathea came and planted his flowering staff, Glastonbury was established as the spiritual centre of Britain, and indeed of the world.

Now, there are only a few scattered relics. Even the tombs (reputed and refuted) of Arthur and Guinevere have disappeared.

But the water of the Chalice Well, from the spring in the Mendips, tastes as ice-cold and sweet as when Joseph kept his sanctuary there, at the foot of Weary-All Hill.

On Midsummer Eve, one must sleep out all night, either on Chanctonbury Ring or Glastonbury Tor. Each has its colony of fairies, its mystic happenings, its manifestations of the solstice.

One does not always do it entirely from choice. In my own case it just happened. I had walked there from Hampshire, aided by a lift or two, trying to be as much like a real pilgrim as possible, hailing my advent by no preliminary booking. There was nowhere to stay in the town.. Everyone had notices in their windows to the effect that they did not serve hippies. Half the population of Glastonbury is composed of hippies—the place offers that which attracts these "different" souls. The dubious householders surveyed me with that look which denotes their reading of "hippy" into every line of me, withdrew behind their curtains and closed their doors. As the evening advanced, my

enthusiasm for gaining admittance to one of these expensive and respectable establishments waned. My inner voice prompted me not to bother about it. Inevitably, as had been laid down from the moment my soul set forth upon its journey through mineral, vegetable, animal, man, deva and fusion with the Ultimate, I toiled up Weary-All Hill, to the summit of the Tor, and spent the night with the hippies.

It was not very warm for Midsummer Night. In fact it was cold. I had not even a blanket. At first it was magical. Not a sound. And this in spite of the crowd of people. Butterflies brushed against me and settled on my knees. Below in the hazy meadows swifts and swallows flitted; cows grazed motionless in lush valleys which in King Arthur's time had been spectral caverns of mist. The sinking sun was wonderfully warm. When it was gone, the moon took its place and the stars came out, some of them moving—not like comets or shooting stars; not like aeroplanes, and, as was to be expected, the hippies unequivocally accepted them as flying saucers. I do not know what they were; but I was content to marvel at the peace. Had this gathering comprised "nice" or "ordinary" people, it would not have fitted into the landscape; there would have been noisy children, well-dressed self-conscious sight-seers, staring and stating the obvious, and of course the remorseless cars, forced as far up that grassy promontory as internal combustion and modern man's laziness will connive at.

Not so with these silent people. Wrapped in their bath-towels and table-cloths and sleeping-bags, they seemed to be meditating, gazing far out over the countryside from that high remote elevation. Few of them slept. As the night wore on, they made their strange music, albeit quietly. One produced Pan-like effects from a flute; there was a guitar, a subdued monotonous drum-beat. But no shouting, no superfluous chatter, no litter. They conversed softly, long into the night; they talked of esoteric things, they saw with the inner eye. They are gentle young people, probably from good homes, nice parents. But they cannot get on with their parents, because of the generation gap. They have a new ethic, a wonderful sense of fellowship, a kindly attitude. They are not obsessed with sex; they refer to each other as "people." They speak to anyone—not in the jeering, insulting manner of the leather-jackets and scooter-boys—these are not seen in Glastonbury—but simply because they want to like people. It would be found on investigation that they were souls with the minimum cognizance of the ways of Pisces.

I wondered, "Who will be sitting up here on Midsummer

Eve five hundred years hence?" Probably no one. Perhaps the Tor will be a helicopter park—there will be plenty of heedless Aquarians dashing about in jets, without one appreciative downward glance at their Jerusalem-in-England. By then, Glastonbury will have served its purpose as a stepping-stone. But that does not matter. Its glories will always be there, inscribed on the great Akashic Records of time, for anyone to peruse who is sufficiently interested. All that matters is that man, by these stepping-stones, finds his way back to reality, through illusion, senselessness, wrong values, inflation, superfluity, fear, greed, exploitation, obtuseness, apathy, chains of wasted lifetimes. When he gets there, he will turn in amazement at the incredible length of the journey, the heavy weather he made of it; he will curse himself for a fool as the truth is brought home to him that he could have conquered it in half the time, as the simplicity of the feat stares him in the face.

But all that lies in the future. And tonight, Glastonbury has still its vital role to play out, as a bridge between Pisces and Aquarius. To demonstrate the fact, there was a pageant at midnight, commemorating Avalon, flood-lit and televised, in the valley below. We scrambled down the opposite side of the hill to watch it. Then it was 2 a.m., that rather worse than witching hour, when vitality is at lowest ebb, and one wonders what possessed one to leave one's warm bed for this midsummer madness.

A heavy dew seeped into my clothes, the Arthurian mist swirled into the valleys, so that there appeared to be a moat round the "island valley of Avilion," and the hippies began to descend the hill in a steady stream towards the town. I ventured to intercept one, to enquire where they were going.

"To the squat," he replied, "to crash out."

This, I discovered, meant that they were repairing to a disused cowshed, the only place from which they were not ostracised, to sleep.

"Can anyone go?" I asked tentatively, for by now I was really cold, and the prospect of another seven hours alone on that hillside was disquieting.

"Anyone," he conceded, grandiloquently waving an arm to embrace the universe, but adding as an afterthought, "except alderman and town councillors."

The likelihood of these august persons vying with one another for the decrepit outbuilding seemed remote—I had clean forgotten that a floor could be so hard. Yet I was awed; there was no reason why I should be allowed to share their cowshed

any more than anyone else. I am eternally grateful to them. They lent me their blankets, they moved up good-naturedly to make room for me—we lay compressed like sardines in serried ranks—and altogether displayed an unquestioning friendliness and goodwill hard to come by in nice people. The trouble with nice people is they can sometimes be so nasty. There was no irritability, no ill-humour; a mild and muffled "Don't tread on me, man," was the sole protest voiced; every contingency met with the same casual reception.

The amount of crashing out that I did that night is not worth recording. But as I lay awake with someone's feet sticking into my neck I mused how, if Jesus came back to his Glastonbury now, he would be relegated to the top of the tor with the hippies, not entertained in one of those exclusive bed-and-breakfast places, and would once again finish out the night in a cowshed. Ironic. But also significant that, spanning two thousand years, Glastonbury should usher in Christendom for England, hold it in trust and preserve its light through the long murky night of the Dark Ages, then revive it in its wider context for Aquarius.

For these outcast young people, motionless in their upright positions on the tor, are gazing out into Aquarius, and represent, with their inbuilt wisdom, the "Second Coming," when, for the first time in two thousand years, Christ's teachings are to find their true interpretation. Christ will not return as a man. He will not need to. In spirit he is already returning. There is still No Room at the Inn, but in another half-century the new age will have dawned, and a society will be arising which will not find it necessary to display on its door, "No hawkers, no circulars, no hippies. . . ."

Staggering rather than walking, I emerged from the cobblestones of the cowshed into a fresh dawn, and by constraint a veritable pilgrim, subsisted for breakfast upon a crust of dry brownish bread left over from yesterday and a long draught of water from Joseph's well in the Chalice garden.

Somewhere near that lovely refreshing well, Joseph concealed the two cruets he had brought with him from the Holy Land, containing the blood of Christ, which had remained, so the ancient writings solemnly assure us, miraculously uncorrupted during all his long voyagings. And people have been searching for the Holy Grail ever since. King Arthur's knights scoured the countryside for it, slew dragons for it, quarrelled over it, convened urgent Round Table conferences about it, all to no purpose. They never found it. No one ever will. Even if they

did, what would it be, in its physical form, but a mouldering relic like all the rest? A fragment of decayed wood with a bit of dried blood clinging to it, for tourists to peer at through a glass case? Such grisly relics were for Pisces, not commending themselves to the Aquarian mind. No, they will find it in its wider connotation. It is God's wisdom for Everyman, it is the Second Coming, it is a moving star over Glastonbury Tor; it is on its way, and as before, it will be born in a cowshed.

Letter from Sally

During my last visit to Cynthia Sandys, I wrote (as is my wont) to my daughter Sally, suggesting that she should describe to me her present life—her actual awareness now, compared with her first waking after physical death; her work, interests, recreations: in brief, that she should write an autobiographical sketch of her sixteen years in "the Beyond." What follows is her reply, written through Cynthia Sandys.—Rosamond Lehmann.)

March 16th, 1974

Mummy, what an exercise you have set me! I will do my very best, but you know, I have been on other planes of vibration and colour and sound for which you have no words. These experiences are outside time and space and individuality, where we lose our personal consciousness altogether, knowing that it is only a temporary exercise—that we have to return to our job in our own personality. But for a space of, shall I call it "time" for lack of another word, we are able to sink into the Great Consciousness. This is something so superb that it is beyond all explaining; you just have to experience it. But I will try to work up to this point so far as I can.

On coming over with no knowledge or understanding I had to begin at the beginning; all that you know. Then Pat came into my life and I rose from the crowd of "don't knows" into the mass of lovely outflowing people who "know," and I began to live again in a vital way. Now that sounds as though the "don't knows" were left to themselves; they are, because they go on wishing it so deeply, hugging their old grievances and going on being miserable and lonely to such an extent that no one can penetrate, and if they do, the "don't knows" brush them aside and go on grumbling. But the moment Light begins to dawn they are off like me, into a world of light and colour and music.

I drifted about in this wonder-world for a long time. No one urges you to move on until you have completely saturated yourself with the vibes you hunger for; and then when I began

looking round Pat came to me and said: "How about a journey?" "Where to?" I asked. "The question is, shall it be on this plane, the next plane, or the earth plane, to see if you can understand how they all merge together?" I said: "The earth plane; I want to know how I write through Cynthia, and why she can hear me." So we came back to the coarse vibes of earth, but they had changed, and I began to see both planes; I could see the two bodies in everything and everybody, and I was so excited. I saw your etheric body, mummy, and Cynthia's, and I understood how sound of a peculiar sort penetrates without any physical vibes. I watched and listened and thought, and Pat took me into churches and on to mountains and down to the bottom of the sea; and here I began to use another set of vibes altogether, they are a mixture of astral, etheric and X vibes. Now it's the X vibes that I found so enthralling, and I began to find them all over the place. At first I discovered them for myself on the ocean bed. They lay in a mass of scintillating colour, and I asked Pat what they were. She took up a handful and threw them into her aura, and urged me to do the same. At first I just felt rather giddy; then I began to move unconsciously, and I asked Pat what was happening. "You are floating away into the next dimension or plane. Don't be frightened, I am coming too." So we found ourselves in another land of exquisite beauty. The scents of this plane were like the most wonderful garden you've ever known, and I began to sense the colour and scent all over me. My feet were sensing the same things independently. Now this kind of 3D, 4D, 5D, 6D consciousness was very disturbing at first. It's so much easier to smell only with your nose, and not with your ears and toes and everything else thrown in. I gasped at the enlarged awareness of my body, and felt quite staggered by it.

Pat stood by explaining and calming me, or I should have become absolutely bonkers; but I did not, and after a time I began to orientate myself and enjoyed this tremendous enlargement. I asked Pat if I could rest for a time before going further and she agreed. I became so excited by this awareness that I couldn't think of anything else. Pat seeing my obsession reminded me that we can't go ahead without doing something to help those less fortunate; so before I knew what had happened I was back in a hospital ward among the healers trying to help the children who were leaving their bodies, and beginning the very first stage of their etheric journey,

I have so enjoyed writing that because it clears my head and puts the sequence of the growth of awareness in its right place.

Evening, March 16th, 1974

Oh, mummy, here we are again—now it becomes more difficult. I had gained the awareness of my whole body, and of course this took time and a lot of practice, but it was in this state that I was allowed to leave earth and penetrate the stratosphere. I stayed there for a long time. When I say stratosphere, I mean the etheric and astral part as well as the material part: I became quite aligned with the vibes in this strange country of the air.

I began to live as though at sea, without grass or trees or flowers, and instead of the actual plant life which I adore, I was among the vibes which go towards the creation of this wonderfully multiple vegetable kingdom. And in this forcing house there exist all the tiny entities which deal with early growth. They are of all shapes and sizes; they are like little drops of love, each one caring and giving the life essence of love to every embryo seedling before it becomes air-borne towards earth. On a further belt of this life-and-love-giving area I came upon the embryo animals and birds and fishes; and last of all I came upon embryo MAN. The seeds of baby life were all packed away with the divine essences of this sphere. All life appertaining to earth was created and fostered within this belt of all-knowing Divinity. Of course, this was far beyond my capacity to accept; or to understand all the magnificent facets of this amazing vibration. I looked and listened and wandered endlessly in these strange places, where Life begins, or seems to begin; and when I had gathered all I could contain within my limited understanding, Pat said: "Now I am going to show you the world of minerals. They have their birth in the planets, and far away in distant stars." I said: "This seems strange to me, I thought minerals were the creation of earth." But no, they above all entities have the durability for distant travel, and upon those tiny pin-prick lights from a thousand thousand stars our minerals were born. The first seeds were born in the nebulae, and they acted like magnets as the nebulae gradually solidified and the tiny seeds within germinated to become a magnetic field, and called to their brother and sister minerals in the distant spheres to grow and replenish them. And so the earth formed itself from the outside help of countless tiny rays borne through space.

I had to see and learn and accept all this teaching, but not all at once. It was only sometimes given to me, when I was able to see and follow the rays into the very heart of earth. It was given to me between spells of ordinary working for those who were less advanced, like the children in the hospital ward I told you about.

I became aware of all this through my entire body; when entering the earth one uses the whole of one's awareness to the last degree. I became very fond of earth, it was so homely and welcoming, and such a change from the stratosphere which had such immense spaces that even to us in advanced stages of awareness it seems rather bleak. Here wrapped within the strata of earth I felt myself back in the stage of metal formation. I became coal and iron; I saw and felt all the memories of growth that they held within their grasp; the sunlit forests, the peat bogs, finally the black coal glistening around me: all this had to become mine. I had to live within the consciousness of every different living thing, moving down through animals and fishes to the very rocks beneath my feet. Each had a whole book of memories awaiting my intake brain; and once we accept a truth it remains; there is no forgetting on these planes or in these bodies.

And so we venture on through space, becoming more and more a part of the universal essence from which all things are fashioned; and with each step of awareness we gain life and yet more life, we become more vital and able to match ourselves in vibratory strength to the great central heart of ALL-LIVING.

SALLY.

The Seekers Trust — Then and Now

GYLES ADAMS

THE Seekers Trust, which is also known as the Guild of Prayer and Spiritual Healing, is situated in Addington Park in Kent. This is a very beautiful part of the country, within walking distance of the North Downs and the Pilgrim's Way; a quiet and secluded place eminently suitable for spiritual work. It may indeed be regarded as holy ground, for St. Augustine, who first brought Christianity to England, once had a teaching monastery there.

The story of The Seekers Trust begins, in fact, in another country, New Zealand, in the year 1920, and it is here that I would introduce Charles Adams Simpson, an English-born inventor-engineer who, at the age of thirty-eight, is to be found experimenting in the physical laboratory of Canterbury University at Christchurch, in company with his friend, Dr. Coleridge Farr. Dr. Farr, incidentally, was the teacher of Lord Rutherford, who subsequently discovered how to split the atom.

During this time, Mr. Simpson and Dr. Farr had many discussions regarding the genuineness of spirit manifestations.

Neither of them were very conversant with the subject, but Dr. Farr was of the opinion that if Sir Oliver Lodge believed these manifestations genuine, then there must be something in it! The last thing Mr. Simpson ever imagined was that he himself was shortly to dedicate his life to healing the sick through prayer and the laying on of hands.

Christian history has many examples of men living a most worldly life whose outlook had completely changed through some shattering event in their personal lives. This came to Charles Adams Simpson in the form of a telegram which stated quite simply: "Your wife is dying. Come at once." This came as a great shock, and he hurried to Dunedin, several hundred miles south of Christchurch, to interview the surgeon who had sent that wire. He told him: "Your wife has inoperable cancer; she is in agony, and tied to the bed. Morphia is of little use—I advise you not to go and see her, for she will not recognise you and you will be distressed to see her sufferings. She cannot last more than a few days."

Needless to say, Mr. Simpson insisted on seeing his wife, and I think at this point I can do no better than read his own words:

"I was taken to her room. It was indeed as the doctor had said. I felt utterly helpless. I sat down beside her bed, and for the first time in my life, I really prayed. I cried out to God to take away her pain. In the midst of my prayer I seemed to fall asleep. I awoke to find the Sister and House Surgeon standing at the door, and my wife, perfectly quiet, was smiling at me. The pain had gone. The room seemed full of light; I felt awe-stricken. The House Surgeon called me to his office. "How long have you been doing this?" he asked. "What? Praying?" I replied: "It is the first time I have really prayed." "Not that," he answered. "You were talking in a different voice and calling yourself Dr. Lascelles. He said your wife would live three months. No power on earth could have taken away her pain, and this has so greatly impressed me that I believe she *will* live three months, and I must therefore request that you remove her from the hospital, since we are desperately in need of beds." I took my wife home. She lived completely pain free for three months and four days, and died with a smile on her lips. Death held no terrors for her, and I have yet to see a happier passing."

The Simpsons had four small children and no doubt the dying woman had them very much in mind when she expressed the wish that her husband should marry again. Two years after her passing he did in fact marry Miss Florence Neale, and this lady, affectionately known to us as "Brownie" Simpson, is happily

still with us and busily involved in the healing work at Addington Park. Perhaps, since I am now referring to the second Mrs. Simpson as "Brownie," it is time I called Charles Adams Simpson by the name of "Simmie," the shortened form of "Simpson" which was probably his nickname from childhood. But to return to his story—let us try to imagine the change that took place in his personality following that extraordinary event in that hospital. Again, to quote his own words: "After that experience I felt confused and dazed, and bitterly ashamed of my past neglect of God. But as time passed, and Dr. Lascelles did not manifest again, life assumed its old routine. It must have seemed, on reflection, one of those once-in-a-lifetime miracles.

In January, 1923, Simmie and his family sailed for England in order to sell the patent rights of one of his inventions. He had not been home for twenty years and found his mother greatly changed. She had had a stroke; one side of her face was distorted and she had a very sharp pain at the base of her skull. Feeling sorry for her, he stroked the back of her neck. She exclaimed: "Don't stop—the pain is going," and he noticed the distortion of her face was gradually lessening. She remarked, after looking in the mirror: "This is the beginning of the end, my son—send for the doctor at once."

Her doctor was an Anglo-Indian. When he heard what had happened, he surprised Simmie by asking quite simply: "When are you going to start healing the sick?" Simmie laughed and told him that when he had sold his invention he should have enough money to go back to New Zealand and retire to a sheep station. "You have a great gift," said the doctor. "If you do not use it, you are not fit to be your mother's son."

God, as we well know, moves in a mysterous way and there was soon to be another shattering blow to change the direction of Simmie's life. He was told that his invention had been patented by someone else just four and a half minutes before his own application!

We do not need much imagination to appreciate what this meant to him. The months and years spent on his work, the hopes and dreams for the future, to say nothing of the many miles travelled for the express purpose of patenting that invention. It is hardly surprising that he suffered a breakdown after this major disappointment, and went into a decline. His doctor said the only cure was a return to a warm climate, but this was out of the question as they'd spent all their money.

Faced with this situation, and fearing her husband might die, Brownie, who was at this time terrified of "spirits" and had

made Simmie promise to have nothing to do with them, at last gave in, and suggested they should try to get Dr. Lascelles. This was not easy, but after many prayers that he should come he did indeed transfigure Simmie and speak through him. All he said to Brownie was: "He *must* start healing the sick. He has been guided and brought to England for this very purpose.. The way will open up, and all will be well." That was all.

It sounded simple, but where would they find the sick people to heal? Again, fate took a hand. On the back of a magazine they saw an advertisement of a place in Kentish Town where healing was done. After much searching they found a room crowded with sick people, and Simmie was given his first patient. It was a case of cancer of the breast.

He felt hopelessly inadequate and wondered how to proceed, then all at once his hands started to move, making passes over her body, and he found they were controlled as they were to be on hundreds, even thousands, of occasions in later years. In less than three months, all pain had ceased and the swelling had gone. Several other cures followed, including sight restored to a blind child and paralysis cured in a polio victim.

One morning a national newspaper carried a front page story under the banner headline "Miracles in Modern London." Then they were inundated; requests for healing came from all parts of the country, and even from abroad. Brownie asked Dr. Lascelles: "How can we help all these people?" He replied: "You can pray for them." He dictated the prayers and described the method to be used.

The first Prayer Circles, for want of space, were held in a small coal cellar beneath the maisonette occupied by the Simpson family in St. George's Square. The rough walls were draped with purple curtaining, and the small, cane-seated chairs painted a harmonising colour. Part of the cellar was actually under the pavement, and during quiet moments footsteps could be heard overhead. But from the first the prayer circles were divinely blessed. One of the first results was stated in a letter from a man of seventy-eight who had been almost blind when they started to pray for him. He wrote: "I can now see to read a newspaper without glasses. Thank you very much!" This was the first of many thousands of answers and they were soon to realise the tremendous power of this method of prayer, instituted by Dr. Lascelles.

Later, Simmie was to say that those first three years at St. George's Square were the busiest of his entire life. There was an unending stream of patients, the prayer circles, and training

classes for healers, amongst whom was the late Mr. Parrish. It became obvious that they must seek larger premises, and Dr. Lascelles suggested they should find a house worthy of the work they had to do.

Since Simmie was so busily engaged, it was left largely to Brownie to look for the house, and she inspected many in the West End. Then, one day, she came home in a state of some excitement to say she believed she had found it. She told Dr. Lascelles and asked him to be present when she and Simmie went over the house the following day. He said reassuringly: "This *is* the house—now you must pray to get it." And *how* they prayed, for time was short! The property—No. 29 Queens Gate —was coming up for auction in six weeks!

Almost immediately, the prayer began to work. A comparative stranger, whose son Simmie had treated only three times, was so impressed with his healing that he offered to lend £1,000. With this Simmie paid the deposit, then went to the bank to ask for a loan. The Bank Manager offered two-thirds of the price, but this was not enough and Simmie asked for more. "What security have you got?" he was asked. "God is my security," Simmie replied, but the Bank Manager said he was sure his directors would not accept God as a guarantor!

Each day that followed was a test of faith. Dr. Lascelles had said that this prayer would be answered, but as no more money seemed to be forthcoming, Simmie began to fear that someone else would buy the house and he would lose his deposit. January the 11th, the day of the auction arrived, and over £2,000 was still required.

That morning the telephone rang and a retired Colonel asked Simmie to visit his wife, who was ill in bed. Simmie went, desperately worried; and the Colonel, aware of his preoccupation, asked what was troubling him. After Simmie had explained, the good gentleman told him to go home and not worry; and Simmie, who had no knowledge of business, found when the auction arrived that the Colonel had fixed up the whole affair.

Fortunately, the Simpsons had by this time gathered together a number of friends and supporters, and with the help of gifts and loans the twenty rooms were somehow furnished and ready for the opening ceremony, performed by the late Rev. Vale Owen. It was then that they decided to call themselves The Seekers, for they felt they were seeking the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. Incidentally, their new headquarters contained a large lecture room and weekly trance addresses from Dr. Lascelles were given to capacity audiences. These were taken down in shorthand by

the resourceful Brownie, and later many were to appear in print.

These must have been exciting, fulfilling days, but they were not without trouble. The good people would do in this world is forever challenged by the forces of evil. This came in attacks upon Simmie by people who sought to prove he was running what they called "a money-making racket" and it was Sir Arthur Conan Doyle who came to Simmie's defence and, after examining the books, found he had not enough money to pay the telephone bill, which he kindly settled! He subsequently wrote saying he had demanded a public apology from the instigators of this unjust attack. Needless to say, it was never made—but Simmie was too busy to worry.

After some years, The Seekers had outgrown 29 Queens Gate, and Dr. Lascelles advised them to look for a place in the country within easy reach of London, and to pray about it, so that they should be led to the right place. The first property visited was Addington Park in Kent, a Tudor mansion with several large reception rooms, thirty bedrooms, eight bathrooms, stabling for a number of horses and 286 acres of delightful parkland. The price asked was £25,000. Again, Simmie hadn't the money, and the agents laughed at his offer of £10,000. A few days later Simmie was walking from his healing room when he received a strong urge to phone the agents and raise the offer to £13,000. To his astonishment, his offer was accepted two days later.

Now came the problem of raising the money. Simmie thought it a good idea to call together four of his wealthiest patients who were in the business world, together with his solicitor. He put the case to them and asked their advice. The first question, after some discussion, was "Who *are* The Seekers?" Simmie endeavoured to explain that they were a body of people banded together for the purpose of healing the sick by prayer and the laying on of hands—but the solicitor interrupted to say that, legally, The Seekers did not exist! The meeting broke up in disgust and one gentleman was heard to remark that Dr. Lascelles, great spirit as he was, knew nothing of business; they *must* form a company, and "The way they speak of God, they no doubt would have Him in their Articles of Association, if they could get His signature!"

It was a great act of faith on the part of two gentlemen present at that meeting that they, with very little money, signed their names to the conveyance. The gentleman who had voiced the criticism said, some months after the purchase of Addington, that it would be the greatest miracle Dr. Lascelles ever performed

if they were able to keep the place for more than a year. Well, that was over forty years ago and Addington has long since been free of mortgage and all who helped at the beginning have been repaid.

During the war, Addington Park was requisitioned by the R.A.F. and filled wtih gallant boys from Britain and the Empire, Poland and elsewhere. They wrote their names on the ceilings, swung from the chandeliers and jumped from the gallery into armchairs below; but they also unhesitatingly went forth each day to fight and die in the Battle of Britain.

While dwelling on the war years, it is interesting to note that, at the beginning of the war, Dr. Lascelles promised that Addington Park woud have divine protection, and sure enough not a single bomb was dropped there, although the surrounding fields were pitted with craters. Another remarkable thing was the effectiveness of the Prayer Circles at that time. Each week 6,000 serving men and women were being prayed for, and of these only two were killed.

After the war, The Seekers returned to the big house but found it impossible to carry on there, what with rationing, shortage of staff, increased rates and other hardships. Then one evening, a fire broke out under the stairs, doing considerable damage. Then, while the place was deserted, a gang of thieves, operating in the Kent area, stole all the lead from the roof. Relucantly, it was decided that the house should be demolished. Dr. Lascelles advised that the piece of land on which the house stood should be sold, and the money used for building many more practical homes on the estate. This was done, and there are now twenty-eight flats for residents and four guest flats for visitors.

Simmie died in 1958. Towards the end of his days, friends took turns at sitting at his bedside. One night he told one of them that he had seen a beautiful vision—two angels kneeling in prayer a short distance from him. They had surely come to help with the transition, for he passed to the realms of spirit at 1 a.m. the following morning. He had given thirty-three years of his life in selfless service, and while he had begun his work most reluctantly he often said he was the happiest man in the world.

It is easy to imagine how greatly Simmie was missed after his passing, but the teachings of Dr. Lascelles continue to be published and so remain a help and inspiration to all who read them. The Prayer Circles are still every bit as effective, and over 6,000 sick and troubled people are on our lists every week. Needless to say, this involves a great deal of office work and

correspondence of a very special nature. Requests for help are answered by hand-written, personal letters, a file opened for each individual and their progress carefully noted.

In 1961, a very spiritually enlightened lady by the name of Frances Banks joined The Seekers and two years later was elected President. Her stay was brief, but she made an indelible impression, and her prophetic vision forms the blue-print for our future activities. In her book, *Frontiers of Revelation,* she describes a need for the future: a college aspiring to a university standard of scholarship, which should be devoted to spiritual and religious studies. Frances herself came to this vision only in the later part of her life, and it was therefore impossible that she should realise her ideals, but nevertheless she left an appropriate memorial behind her. This is the Frances Banks Memorial Hall, a most pleasant building which is used for the large conferences and the monthly lectures which form an important part of the life of Addington each year. Frances passed on only six months after the opening of the hall, but she knew she had laid the foundation stone for the college of spiritual studies of the future.

We are now fortunate enough to have Dr. Martin Israel as our President. He, too, would like to see The Seekers Trust developing on the lines envisioned by Frances Banks. But if Addington is to assume a teaching role it will have to expand, so that more people can stay for short periods. We are also aware of the need to encourage young people, and a Young Seekers Association has been started. This is, of necessity, something that will grow slowly. We make it a matter of prayer and feel the right young people will be drawn to us, so that The Seekers Trust, soon to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary, will be able to extend its work far into the future.

Letters from Wellesley Tudor Pole

From a Talk given at the College of Psychic Studies during the Winter Session, 1974

ROSAMOND LEHMANN

NEEDLESS to say I make no claim to being the only friend to whom W.T.P. wrote regularly. He carried on a vast, a global correspondence throughout his adult life. But I was privileged to receive hundreds of letters from him from early in 1963 when we first met, up to the time of his final withdrawal (to use a term he favoured) in September, 1968.

Reading and re-reading lately, in order to select from the vast amount of material I have carefully preserved, I am struck afresh by the unique—truly unique—quality of the communications entrusted to me: by their mingling of warm personal affection and concern with profound and mystifying "glimpses"; by their humility (and now and then its opposite!), humour, patience in the face of misunderstanding and disappointments, coupled with occasional shafts of malice; above all by the unfailing hope and confidence they reveal in the ultimate destiny of Man. His anger was reserved for prophets of doom, purveyors of doctrinaire theological systems, and for all forms of authoritarian cant.

Spiritual arrogance "sent shivers down his spine." He hated to be worshipped.

Looking back to *Wellesley Tudor Pole as I Knew Him* published in *Light,* Summer, 1972, I find I wrote:

Who was he really? I don't know. Nobody in his last life knew—except, I suppose, certain fellow initiates, equally anonymous. Once, writing that he was tired from having had to deal with "a lot of karmic debris" in an old house in Glastonbury, he added, "No peace on earth for this wicked one, whose identity is fortunately unknown and unrecognised—this being perhaps W.T.P.'s only worthwhile achievement during his present sojourn."

Of course, his true identity is still a secret; but here are a few more passages of a comparatively personal nature:

"In a way I think my vision in younger days was less earth-soiled, more innocent, less unquestioning, free from mundane complexities. Perhaps less deep, and without the note of "teaching" or instruction which has crept in since my late maturity. On the other hand, a larger measure of certitude, joy and (even) patience have come to me in later life."

"In a recent letter you commented on the 'important' part W.T.P. may have played during the recent war years. *(He frequently referred to himself by his initials, as if commenting on a completely separate entity.)*

He acted only as a crank or a cog in a vast cosmic machine. He is only too aware of failing on too many occasions to rise to such occasions, in ability and in effectiveness.

As a matter of fact his body was in poor condition most of the time. He was often side-tracked by the need to protect his wife; and also his three children, who were all on active service. He could not even "protect" his house or office from destruction; and on two occasions the clothes were torn from his back by explosive reflex reactions. Nothing to be proud of in all this. And in any case one must preserve a sense of proportion. Wars and all human events produce very minute ripples on the cosmic ocean. One does one's poor best to serve cosmic purposes when the call comes to do so, but we are all small fry, and one's "best" is usually meagre and unsatisfactory.

Much of the material in *The Silent Road* is based on memories of diary contents lost in the last war. Most of the experiences are set down from the standpoint of when they happened; and sometimes I was not consciously aware at the time of their full significance or background data. Had they been written from my mental and perceptive level in 1960, when the book was jammed together, these anomalies would have disappeared.

For your information, it can be said that I had an important job to finish, not fully completed when I was called down into incarnation. Consequently a good deal of me stayed behind to finish it, and only arrived here in middle life. The same sort of thing is happening now, but in the reverse direction.

Therefore you haven't seen as much of me as would otherwise be the case. Just as well perhaps!

Do not take it that W.T.P.'s method of flitting in and out of incarnation (by stages so to speak) is common experience. It just happens that the jobs he does make for a certain mobility, and even freedom from the "wheel"; but this does not indicate that he is an "advanced soul," or separate from the madding crowd."

* * * *

"What a funny question to ask! I was 'in the flesh' during those terrible days and weeks, in the War Office, in the H. of C. corridors, in the Lords smoking room, in the flat of a prominent Minister's mistress, and never out of S.W.1. (The last named

being, of course, the place where up-to-date information could best be found.)

Out of the flesh, of course, I was at Dunkirk and thereabouts. I did my job, but not as well as it should have been done. (Success with 'Elementals' and with climate and winds and currents; but too many, alas, were drowned.)

A much bigger job was helping to stop invasion.

One day when Mrs. C. phoned me late at night, I gathered that the P.M. had some awareness of what was going on, but since, he has warned me not to publicise it. . . . Curious how great ones after they have gone hence seek rest in quite humble activities which call for no great mental strain and bring relief. When Queen Victoria was asked what she wished to do she opted for running a draper's shop where she herself could do the buying and control the staff and set the fashions. This kept her happy for a long time. Apparently this desire had lodged in her subconscious during most of her last life on earth.

Pope John is now enjoying the life of a simple village priest.

I once came across Brunel, carving models of bridges and trains and taking them round to entertain children. I should not be surprised to hear that Einstein has (temporarily) become a simple Maths master in an elementary school. Churchill may well decide to run a tobacco shop with an off licence for beer and spirits. You see, such people are not ready at once to undertake spiritual tasks; yet they feel the need for action in ways that possess appeal for them."

The reference to Churchill is, I feel, not to be taken very seriously. In a letter I have so far been unable to turn up he speaks of Churchill overcoming a time of post mortem melancholy by total absorption in painting; and revelling in this occupation.

In answer to a query of mine about his nocturnal activities *au delà*, T.P. wrote as follows:

"An emergency meeting of the College of Heralds was held last night lasting until our dawn. The College is set on the side of a hill, and is surrounded by woods, gardens, springs and an observatory.

It is situated 'three spheres' higher than the Borderland region and I ride up to it. My favourite steed has learned how to transform the rhythm of his movements, which has to be changed on passing from one sphere to the next. (W.T.P. has a commuter's season ticket, and so his transmutations have become automatic.)

I had to leave before the Conference was over to keep an appointment elsewhere with the Elder Brother who is in charge of the large number of groups of missionary volunteers, working in Borderland's densest jungle, carrying out dangerous salvage operations. Dante's descrpition of Hades pales before what is to be seen and fought against in these age-old jungles and swamps, black bogs and quicksands.

Souls, once human, whose identity is almost lost; deliberate followers of the dark road; distracted wandering beings who have lost their way, many creatures sub-human and animal—all these are to be met with and struggled with, and if possible salvaged. Although one only ventures into these regions clothed in a protective luminous "asbestos" one emerges shaken, sorrowful and at times deeply depressed.

The College of Heralds is a very ancient body indeed. At present there are seventy-seven members of whom seven are what could be termed Senior Initiates. These seven are now exercising their functions as Heralds and Preparers of the Way, for the third time. Their two previous bouts of duty (each lasting over about a century of human time) were preludes to the arrival of the Lord Buddha and the Lord Jesus on earth levels; for the other seventy the present is the first occasion on which they have been seconded for special duties in this way, on the authority of the planetary Hierarchy. I don't know them all really well, although I am an attendant member of their College.

One of them, however, is a great friend of mine—going back, in fact, to the time of Akenâton. He it was (not A.) who inspired my soldier friend to seek the gift of a daily minute of prayer and silence; this was a few hours before he lost his earthly life in Palestine in December, 1917. As a Herald and Preparer of the Way he was carrying out a mere portion of his allotted job.

The territory, mundanely speaking, where he is active comprises the near and middle East, most parts of Europe and the whole of the British Isles. In Britain he has the full co-operation of two more of his fellow Heralds who make up an important Triad. Sometimes they work on their own, and sometimes in unison.

Of course, they were behind the purchase of Chalice Well (for their own ends).

In answer to your query: I have met Nostradamus, but not "here." He is now a member of the College of Heralds and so comes my way at Council meetings. These are often held in the unique and very lovely herbal garden attached to the College's

Estate. No use looking into the past to identify W.T.P. with this or that historical figure. I come and go when summoned so to do; but the human race is not my race. I try hard while I am here, to identify myself compassionately with human problems, joys and sorrows; but this is not my planet. I am a modest and anonymous ambassador from elsewhere."

Readers of *The Silent Road* will have been introduced to the "little genie" attached to W.T.P. during his last incarnation, and referred to in my former Talk to the C.P.S. in 1972. Here are a few more fascinating passages relating to him and his activities.

"I was beginning to think that my little genie had retired or departed elsewhere; and in any case, as you know, I never dream of summoning him to fit my needs. Were I to do so, his free will might be endangered; and in any case, such action on my part would be a descent into a form of magic, which is *not* my line.

My problem has been to try to recover from the past data (prior to 1923) with which to reinforce my memories of personal contacts with Abdul Baha and his times and teachings. Part 2 of my proposed book (i.e. *Writing on the Ground*) is to be concerned with a comparison of the way in which "Truth" is revealed, as between the first days of Christianity and the early days of Baha U'llah's revelation of the same truths nearly 2,000 years later in human history. All relevant records were destroyed when my Duke Street offices were bombed in 1943. The task seemed hopeless until my genie popped up with an offer to help, and scorned my lack of faith. Suddenly things began to happen. A useful remnant of a half-burnt file emerged from a long disused bureau drawer—wedged in the back of it. And in one of the crates of files stored at Markinch, buried among a mass of letters and rubbish emerged three invaluable scripts dating back to the early twenties.

Abdul Baha gave me a fine amber rosary in 1922, about the time when he gave me his camel hair cloak; greatly valued ever since but not "medieval" in setting. I mentioned my need to my little genie a few days ago, but not with any really serious intent. Today arrived from Kansas City of all places, and from a complete stranger, a lovely amber rosary of the period I needed.

The note with it from a Mrs. P. said: When recently in Palestine I came across the rosary I now enclose—I feel that its original owner would like you to have it. No mention of who the original owner was or if she knew it! But it is the time element in this case which is so intriguing. . . .

My little fellow comes from the trees. Others emanate from flowers, grass and herbs. They are under the control of the Vegetable Kingdom's hierarchy. They are of two kinds: (1) "the little people" and (2) the more etherialized entities we know as spirits and fairies. In soil and minerals another class exist, far more elemental and less "developed," not yet being individualized. In air, fire and water there are still other elemental forms: it would take too long to detail and describe them.

My great love for trees may have first attracted M.L.G. tc me. He knows that this contact helps him on his way to a larger measure of development and intelligence. But he doesn't like to feel the need to acknowledge my indebtedness. Bless and prosper him nevertheless."

W.T.P. told me once that his "little fellow" loved the company of children and often played with them (unseen). He was, however, somewhat allergic to women—or ill at ease with them, I can't remember which. Or both, perhaps! I have often asked myself what happened to him after T.P.'s withdrawal.

In 1967 W.T.P. gave me a necklace of Egyptian beads, and wrote of them as follows:

"The beads are mainly dating from the 18th Dynasty, but a few of them belong to the 17th and 16th. Several of them are imbued with the aura of Akenâton's lovely, delicate and faithful wife and devoted comrade. They have both been back together at least twice, in comparatively humble but significant circumstances. He is now on a spiritual level with Zoroaster, who also is a denizen of the solar planet. Each planet possesses its double or interior reflection within which life in myriad forms revolves and progresses, and in many ways influences life on the whole of our planetary system. Yes, my permanent home lies within the solar planet; but I have several homes elsewhere. Not that this fact signifies exalted rank or a special degree of advancement.

As to what I wrote about Akenâton, you have probably been aware that the (to us) strange phenomenon of proxy-incarnation is a fact; even if far rarer than is surmised in some quarters. There are occasions when Initiates who are still in the process of what we call human evolution find it inconvenient to return bodily to earth. Perhaps they are engaged on important tasks elsewhere, yet wish to "see" into our world at certain times in connection with what they themselves are doing. On such occasions someone is chosen who is being drawn back into incarnation in fulfilment of his own Karma. Permission is then

sought from the Karmic Deity concerned to allow the reincarnating individual to be directly overshadowed by the influence of the Initiate in question.

He may or may not be actually conscious of this overshadowing—one that enables the Initiate (say Akenâton) to co-relate what he is doing elsewhere with certain streams of events and experiences occurring at a specific time in our external world.

However, the greater proportion of those who affirm that they are in themselves the embodiment of important historic and religious figures are indulging in wishful thinking. The direct overshadowing of which I speak is rare, and only happens when the need is great, for higher evolutionary purposes.

However, there are many cases where those incarnating are in fact living within the auric streams of radiation proceeding from this or that great Being who once lived among us.

In Akenâton's case the procedure in question (i.e. incarnation by proxy) has, I believe, only happened twice; but in each case the results proved invaluable.

As to the difficulty of returning to this earth by those whose previous mummified bodies still exist, there may be exceptions. I do know of two such cases where the attempt was made; but in both cases the individuals concerned arrived stillborn.

Of course, in a Christian sense, everyone is overshadowed by the Christos, even if, in the majority of cases, we allow the Christos in us to remain asleep and unrecognized and so unutilised.

Further to what I have written about Akenâton and others, the procedure described enables the overshadower to tune in whenever he so desires to the life and activities of the overshadowed. He can follow all that the latter feels and thinks and does, in a way that is almost first hand. He can be aware of the contents of newspapers read, exchanges with other people, spectacles viewed in theatres and cinemas, and every other detail which could have a bearing on the task upon which he is engaged "elsewhere," no matter from which realm he is operating. No wonder that this procedure is rare, and so rarely "allowed."

A.E. is quoted as saying: "In this life we struggle and progress. After death we *only enjoy.*" How can A.E. have become embued with such oriental wishful thinking? I am aware that even Blavatsky's followers have tended to perpetuate this very ancient concept—namely, that "Progress," that is evolution,

can only take place on earth levels. Nothing could be further from the truth, even if religion, both pre-Christian and since, may seem to give the impression that physical death ushers us into Heaven or a realm of eternal bliss, right away: or else consigns us to a kind of purgatorial negation. No one ever stands still. Either we are progressing all the time, wherever we may be; or for a while we are slipping back in a devolutionary sense, for the express purpose of learning some lesson that we have hitherto missed learning; one which can only be taught us at a lower level of comprehension and rhythm. It is true therefore that progress can on occasion seem to be interrupted by a form of retrogression; but for the individual concerned, this very retrogression is essential to ensure his eventual progress forward; and is therefore no evil thing in itself. How hard one tries to make this truth understood! Its comprehension saves so much pain, suffering, regret and depression when either we or those we love seem to be "going to the bad." I hate to watch needless anguish when it can so easily be abated and destroyed, once the truth penetrates effectively."

At a time in 1968 when the subject of transplants of human organs, particularly heart transplants, began to be "news," W.T.P. told me that he was being besieged by worried enquirers (including myself). He wrote:

"Artificial surgery of this kind may prolong life but it is *not* evolutionary in a spiritual sense.

However, the etheric "double" of the departing soul is not affected by the transfer of an organ or organs from the body of that soul to someone still alive in a physical sense. But the latter may become subject to dislocation of his or her own auric and etheric vibrations.

The magnetic sheath which surrounds and cushions the physical body, and disintegrates with that body, is not a portion of the etheric double. That portion of the magnetic sheath associated with a living organ remains attached to that organ when the latter is transplanted into another living body. The result may or may not prolong "life" but can cause artificial and unsatisfactory conditions, mentally and physically, in the make-up of the person concerned.

Meanwhile, the etheric double of the donor remains unaffected and intact, and is the "overcoat" used by the departing soul in its transit en route towards entering into its new vehicle of manifestation, usually called the astral body, or body of Light. During this process the grosser elements of the etheric double

disintegrate; but its finer elements are absorbed into the astral form—one that is far more "solid," versatile and harmonious than the physical body that has been left behind."

"For the discerning, the following data about the planet Venus may prove useful.

Astro-physicists tell us that this planet is incapable of sustaining "life." On the contrary, Venus is a womb in which embryonic life in many forms is in process of incubation, unindividualized in character, primary, and in process over an untold period of being subject to cosmic fertilization. (Since for many—too many—humans, love is equated with sex and fertility, Venus has come to be regarded as the Planet of Love.)

Venus therefore provides, as and when the need arises, primitive life forms that pass into our own plant and mineral structure and proceed from thence up through the Kingdom of Nature and finally enter the Kingdom of Man.

Venus provides other planets in our system in a similar way, and in accordance with the evolutionary needs and purposes of the planets concerned."

(To be continued)

LETTERS

Dear Sir,

I think you will find that the account given by Mrs. Osborne Leonard of the suffering that animals go through when slaughtered, referred to by Mr. Ronald Lightowler in the Winter issue of *Light,* can be found in her book, *My Life in Two Worlds,* page 119.

I have made a copy of the extract and enclose it.

Yours faithfully,

JEAN SYDNEY (Mrs.).

Extract from "My Life in Two Worlds" by Gladys Osborne Leonard, p. 119.

One night, soon after I recognized this fact, I found myself leaving the physical body, but instead of the soaring upward motion, I had a heavy-weighted feeling, as if I were forced to travel in a horizontal position, and suddenly found myself in a narrow, dark street. I found I could just stand upright now, as if I were adjusting myself more easily to the atmosphere, but I did not want to put my feet on the ground as it was covered with mud and slime. Gloomy buildings, like stables, huddled against each other so closely that they almost touched, leaving only sufficient room for one to walk between. Here and there I saw a wider opening, which appeared to lead into a kind of yard, into which the doors of some of the stables opened. I looked in and saw that the yard was crowded with animals—bullocks, pigs and sheep—dead, and yet alive. I knew they were dead, but I could also see that they were alive, too. They moved very slightly, many lay on the ground. I understood at once from their appearance that they had just been slaughtered.

I pulled myself together with a tremendous effort. The place and everything in it was so horrible that I did indeed have to make an effort—a great one. I noticed that there was a great difference in the substance of this plane, compared with that of the planes where I had seen ordinary discarnate human life. Even the suicides' plane was different, inasmuch as it seemed fixed and solid. This dreadful place gave me the impression that it had but temporary existence. I will not go into more details of the place and the condition of the animals, but only tell you that it was indeed most dreadful and repulsive in every possible sense.

I soon became aware that somebody was speaking to me,

somebody whom I could not see, and who seemed to be a long way off. This person, whom I afterwards found out was one of my spiritual Guides, told me that the place lay between the earth and etheric planes. Its misery was due to the tremendous slaughtering of animals for food that takes place daily; so much strong animal life is suddenly forced out of the actual physical condition into one that is very close indeed to earth, and yet is in no way part of the spiritual world. What happens to the animal astrals I do not know. I was only shown this horrible scene on the astral side, which followed all the killing and pain on the earth side. In the very air around me was a most definite feeling of terrible *fear, suffering and blind resentment* that was even more tangible than the buildings and walls. My Guide told me that it was this awful feeling that was to be deplored, not only because it was an indication of the sufferings that these wretched animals had experienced, but because it affected the spiritual and mental atmosphere of the earth, and had a bad effect on human life and progress.

Dear Sir,

When I read the President's Address in *Light* for Spring 1974 I realized that it was telling me much about my recent personal experiences. No doubt others will find it enlightens them similarly, but for those who are still on the shore of this new world, with perhaps no thought as yet of embarking on a voyage of adventure, I should like to describe what has been happening to me and what has resulted from my taking action.

Just after Christmas and the oil crisis I awoke about 3 a.m. and heard distinctly but gently dropped into my mind the lines

> "Come the three corners of the world in arms
> And we shall shock them."

This seemed to be very strange, because I had not heard or read those lines for 40 or 50 years. I then remembered they were followed by

> "Naught shall make us rue
> If England to itself do rest but true."

This experience I took to be a signal that the Invisible World was going into action, coming to our aid (not necessarily to save us in a material way, but spiritually), that we were to be alerted because every single unit, no matter how small, was needed to respond to the signal swiftly. So I started to gather two study

groups, meeting in my cottage (one in the afternoon, one in the evening) for psychical and mystical study, with the practice of meditation. There are six in each group at present. A friend over in Kent has gathered another group there among her friends, though at present there is no arrangement for regular meetings. The other groups meet once a month and are being put through a "crash" course in ESP and some of the work of the SPR, an introduction to mysticism; and at each meeting there is a meditation preceded by music. Everyone seems eager and enthusiastic—the Kentish people complained that the meditation was not long enough (true). Some people know nothing, some a little; some have no gift, others are very promising. There is a sizeable library at hand from which they can borrow books—and they are reading; and I have the offer of the loan of more books from another source.

It seems ridiculous to start this mini-school at my age—long past retirement, but it is happening, and I am experiencing the quickening of pace about which the President spoke.

Last year I had a sudden illness which started in the middle of the night—extreme vertigo, and I wondered if it was the end of the road. Now I wonder if I was being given another lease of life in order that I might pass on any "know-how" I have acquired before I leave the earthly scene. I can't describe how happy and fulfilled one feels in this activity—the response to my invitation has been so satisfying. The evening group are *young* people, several of them school teachers, and they will be passing on what they learn when the right time comes. Two at least are really gifted psychically and spiritually; the whole enterprise is worth undertaking for them alone, a lovely pair.

One more link with the Presidential Address: last year I was at a Retreat and, having been very much at the "Martha" end of its arranging, did not expect to experience anything spiritually, but suddenly, in the middle of an Address, in less than a second I saw a small picture of a group of people, not many, perhaps more men than women, and they were saying to me

"We are alive, and active, and working, and you are with us."

This was one of the most wonderful moments of my life—really a Timeless one.

Naturally I feel very grateful for the article in *Light* which helped me to see my experience in a wider context, and I believe in saying "Thank you." But I also give this testimony because I feel there must be so many other people up and down the country

—or, indeed, overseas—who might easily engage in the same kind of activity and meeting with an equally warm response. The more one has learnt, the more one has to pass on, and it is wonderful how after giving a "Talk" good questions follow, leading to worth-while discussions in a friendly atmosphere, without shyness. This in turn stimulates the speaker who often finds an answer unexpectedly (but is not afraid to say she does not know, when that is true).

The highlight of the group gatherings is, of course, the meditation. It is usually agreed that a group engenders much more "power" than an individual can. It is not for us to seek to know what we have helped to achieve, but one receives a convincing impression that the group is "live, and active, and working."

Yours very truly,

V. S. STAFF.

Books

Giants, Myths and Megaliths, by J. F. Forbes, F.R.A.I., F.S.A. Scot., and Iris Campbell. (Obtainable from Robinson & Watkins, 19, Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, W.C.1. £1.25.)

This intriguing booklet, which examines twelve pre-historic sites in England and Scotland through the medium of psychometry, might be said to clarify and mystify simultaneously and to raise at least as many questions as it answers.

Just as a blow leaves a bruise on the physical body and an emotion on the mind or subtle body of the recipient, so since the beginning of time has man left visible works on the earth's surface and invisible imprints woven of deeds and thoughts which impregnate ancient sites and can be picked up through psychometry. There is obviously some difficulty in translating the impressions received by these means into clear language and images, and this attempt betrays a certain woolliness, even at times a wildness; so that the reader remains unclear about the nature of the magic practised at Mayboro, or what exactly prevented the solar clock at Sun Honey from keeping good cosmic time; while he is tantalised by the unexplained reference to the "gentle Arthur," precursor of the well-known hero, and puzzled (as no doubt Solon would also have been) to learn that the earth's crust was still in the process of cooling during the age of Atlantis. Surely also it is a mistake to interpret references to giants only in terms of physical size . The 8th century Anglo-Saxon poet who wrote:

"Well wrought these walls.
The stronghold burst, weirds broke it,
Snapped roof trees, towers fallen.
The work of giants. . .."

was gazing at the ruins of Roman Bath. The mediaeval inhabitants of Redesdale named the Roman fort of Habitanaem Risingham, Riesenheim, home of giants; but the Romans are known to have been of small stature by present-day standards. It was in achievement as engineers and builders that they were giants.

Nevertheless, this is a book that should be in the pockets of all who love to wander on ancient sites and ponder their meaning, for the ideas expressed in it will set the reader searching on his own account for the vibrations which surely must be present wherever man has concentrated thought in the past. To know that Long Meg was a communications centre, the Giant's Grave a giant Comprehensive, Castle Rigg a funeral parlour of an exclusive kind and Brighton a centre of sun worship should make for a good start. D. F. A.

A Foot in Both Worlds, by Arthur Guirdham. (Neville Spearman. £2.25.)

It goes without saying that Arthur Guirdham makes an unanswerable case for his incarnation in Languedoc in the thirteenth century. He goes much further than this. He looks forward to the vulture's wings which are already assembling over Europe and to the aid which is mustering to help us through a new Dark Age. It speaks to all who conceive that this is likely. Read it, and prepare. J. D.

About Prayer. The Churches' Fellowship for Psychical and Spiritual Studies. 35p.

The latest booklet published by the Mysticism Committee of the C.F.P.S.S. is a little compendium. An analysis of prayer, in which one detects the touch of someone who, like a ski-ing instructor, makes everything seem easy and natural, is followed by seven anonymous testimonies. It is always helpful to learn how other people pray, just as in a notional class of seven pupils in a ski school—and these ones appear to be fairly advanced, about Class V one would guess—one can learn from the attempts of others to master the technique of, say, parallel turns on steep slopes in difficult snow.

The short but diverse anthology of examples of prayer are well chosen for a vade mecum. It is pleasing to find Sir Jacob Astley present, the epitome of the man of action; and the message from Ravensbruck concentration camp is a real find. H. M. B.

A Pilgrimage of Dreams, by Thetis Blacker (Turnstone Books Ltd., £2.50. Paperback £1.30).

Thetis Blacker is justly celebrated for her twelve great batik paintings of the Apocalypse of St. John. Travelling from cathedral to cathedral, they have made an overwhelming impression, as much for their penetration of the complex and cryptic Apocalyptic symbols as for their incredible splendour of colour and command of design and execution.

Now comes her first book, *A Pilgrimage of Dreams*, an achievement as electrifying, aesthetically and spiritually speaking, as her paintings.

Miss Blacker is a dreamer of "great dreams," to use a phrase of Jung's; and, as Kathleen Raine remarks in her admirable introduction, Jung would surely have delighted in these exceptional revelations. Each one is a creation—"time and place, actors and landscape all in keeping, each dream permeated in its own atmosphere." To quote Thetis Blacker herself: "These dreams . . . possess a clarity, a coherence, a vividness, a translucence and a significance never found in the ordinary dreams of every night"; and she has recorded them in language which achieves a poetic simplicity and economy. There is no attempt at interpretation. Some of the dream experiences are doubtless more personal than others to the dreamer; but all of them give out a resonance at once thrilling, recognizable and disquieting; thrilling and a little disquieting because they carry us irresistibly into the "savage and beautiful country"—universal realm of the unconscious, where images and symbols of light and darkness jostle one another and become dramatized on a scale far beyond customary human reckoning; sometimes on a cosmic scale.

My own "favourites," frequently re-read, in this collection are *Mr. Goad and the Cathedral; The French Baby; A Dream of Paradise;* and, above all perhaps, *The Drugged Land*, which embodies a vision of desolation comparable to *Childe Roland to the Dark Terror Came;* and in which the dreamer discovers "two strange and amazing eggs," in a hollow in the ground. "No bigger than hen's eggs, they were very ancient old men, like ivory carvings of ancient (Chinese) sages." They reveal themselves as the ancestors of Wisdom and Experience; and she understands that they are indeed the embryos of the meaning of life, to be saved at all costs. A most remarkable and moving death and resurrection experience. R. L.

BOOKS RECEIVED

A Work of Imagination, Sir Ronald Fraser, Colin Smythe Ltd., Gerrards Cross, Bucks. £2.50.

I Knew Moses, Ursula Roberts, Psychic Press Ltd., Great Queen Street, W.C.2. £2.

Patterns of Prophecy, Alan Vaughan, Turnstone Books, Upper Addison Gardens, W.14. £2.50.

Report on Radionics, Edward W. Russell, Neville Spearman Ltd., Whitfield Street, W.1. £2.95.

Insight of Solitude, L. C. Beckett, Robinson & Watkins Books, Lower Belgrave Street, S.W.1. 75p.

Yield, Tony Crisp, Turnstone Books, Upper Addison Gardens, W.14. £1.95.

She and Me, E. Graham Howe, Triton Publishing Co., Ltd., Montague Mews North, W.1. 95p.

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