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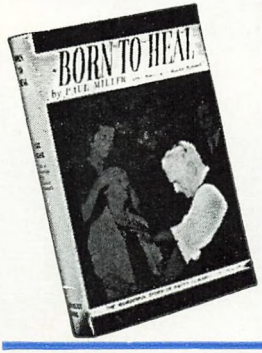
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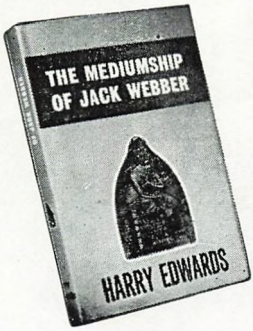
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THE SPIRITUAL HEALER

THE JOURNAL OF SPIRITUAL HEALING AND PHILOSOPHY

AUGUST, 1972 VOL. 20 No. 8 EDITOR: F. TERRY NEWMAN

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Those desiring spiritual healing for themselves or their friends should write for absent healing, giving a brief description of the complaint, to The Spiritual Healing Sanctuary, Shere, Guildford, Surrey.

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from THE EDITOR

THERE is an expression very much to the fore these days whenever the subject of modern drugs and antibiotics come into discussion. The term is "side-effects."

Figures given by the Medical Research Council point to the fact that a pronounced incidence of paralytic polio has followed the inoculation of infants against whooping cough and diphtheria.

The abnormalities following cortisone administration have been labelled "hypercortinism." Penicillin resistance and allergies have grown so common that medical science is being compelled to introduce newer strains, and it is common knowledge that acetylsalicyclic acid (aspirin) aggravates stomach troubles and can induce gastritis and ulceration.

The layman not indoctrinated by fallacious reasoning justifying experimentation on the lesser animal creation in order to maintain the higher in a state of health, may ask if medicine, so patently wrong in the field of vivisection, may not also be wrong in other fields. Could it not be that wholly materialistic medical research is working from a wrong premise?

Those who have witnessed the medically "incurable" restored to health by spiritual healing are convinced that the progress of orthodox medicine will always remain frustrated and inadequate, until it is realized that man is a triune of body, mind and spirit. That to treat the physical body is not enough.

The "side-effects" of spiritual healing which reinforce this view do not invalidate the healing, they enhance it. Innumerable cases are on record of patients who have received treatment for physical ills who testify to an accompanying peace of mind, a tranquillity of spirit which has completely remoulded their lives.

There have been rheumatoid arthritis sufferers who have received treatment for locked joints. When these have been restored to flexibility there has followed a complete cessation from attacks of migraine to which they had been subjected for many years.

A child has received treatment for a persistent skin rash, and when this has cleared, impaired hearing has been restored to normality. Patients who have received healing for various physical disabilities have testified to a complete change of outlook in relation to their everyday life.

These are not unusual occurrences. They are the "side-effects" of a therapy based on the premise that man is a spiritual being, not in some distant theological future, but here . . . and now.

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT



"Spiritual healing in its most noble, compassionate and dedicated form does not begin and end in a healer's sanctuary . . ."

By . . .
FRANK CREW

MOST of us have one or two pet superstitions; and I don't think they do us much harm because I doubt that we really believe them. But a Rector's recent protest against a town council's decision to ban the number 13 from the town streets and number all future houses 11A instead is not to be dismissed lightly. He believed that the council's attitude was pagan, and he averred that Christianity and superstitions cannot go together. Personally, when it comes to superstition in the extreme, I am inclined to take the reverend gentleman's point because of a recent experience.

I was sitting alone in a compartment of a half-empty corridor train, when the door was drawn open by a short, heavily built woman who was breathing hard and whose eyes and every movement were those of a person in acute agitation and distress.

"Excuse me," she said, "but I wonder if you would come into my compartment with me? I'm in terrible trouble."

Although surprised and not a little mystified by the unusualness of her request, I don't think that I hesitated for more than a moment. By experience in meeting all sorts and conditions of people, a spiritual healer is quick to perceive physical and nervous suffering in a person, just as an absent healer can generally read between the lines and fill in the blanks of patients who write to him; and whether he be in his sanctuary or meeting a sufferer in the street, his compassion is as strong as his desire to give a sick person confidence and healing.

I followed her to the compartment that she had left to come to me, and as we entered it, she pointed to a glove which lay upon the floor.

"I-I dropped it," she said brokenly. "I'm terribly superstitious, and I'm desperately worried because I feel it's a bad omen

when my daughter is undergoing a serious operation at this very moment. It could mean that although I am on my way to the hospital now, I may not be in time to see her alive again."

"Now, listen to me," I said, when I had picked up the glove and urged her gently back into her seat, "your dropping of that glove was not a bad omen; it was your good fortune."

"Good fortune?" she echoed incredulously. "What do you mean by that?"

" I mean," I answered reassuringly, as I laid my hand upon her shoulder, "that if you hadn't dropped that glove, you wouldn't have come to me, and I should not have been able to tell you—as I do now —that your daughter is going to live, and that you will be talking to her and seeing her smile within a few hours' time."

I suppose that there are some who will think that I spoke recklessly, and that I ought not, even with the very best of motives in wishing to replace the woman's frightened eyes with a light of peace to have expressed a belief which, conceivably, might not be fulfilled. But I can say only that the impression given to me by my Guide was so wholly compelling that there was no room for any doubt in my mind.

"You want to ask me how I know this?" I continued, reading the instant question in her gaze.

"Oh, yes, *please.*"

I took my wallet from my breast pocket, and withdrawing a card which certified my membership of the National Federation of Spiritual Healers as a Practising Healer, I passed it to her for inspection. "When one is attuned, as I am, to the spirit of a doctor in the other world, one can ask that healing shall be given, by contact or *absently,* to a person whom one knows to be very ill. Is the operation being performed on your daughter's spine?"

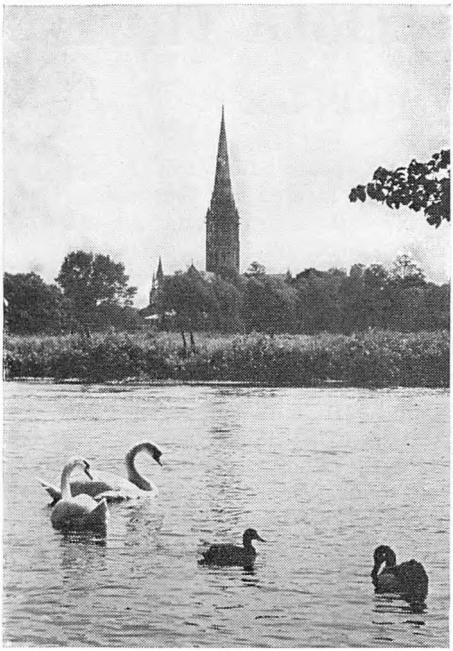
"Yes. But how did you know?"

"I won't go into that. There is no time. I get out at the next station, and before I do, I want to be alone quietly in my own carriage and make an intercession for her. It will help me to have your daughter's name and that of the hospital as well as the number of the ward where you are going to see her."

I made a note of what she told me, returned the card to my wallet, and handed her another which bore my name and address. "You are under no obligation to let me know how your daughter progresses," I said. "But if you like to do so, I shall be very happy to hear from you. God bless you, and God bless her. And for pity's sake, don't drop that glove again and get yourself in such a needless state; for you may not find a Spiritual Healer in every few yards of your journey to the hospital!"

In one sense, I suppose that my last words to end the brief encounter could be regarded as a little strange. But my remark was not made with any self-importance; rather was I anxious to drive home the point to the woman, who was now quite peaceably settled, that the power of Spiritual Healing was of more account than that of fortuitous happenings which some people tend to believe are omens—and bad ones at that.

I felt moreover that it lent a greater reality to Spiritual Healing as a whole; a reality with which a great number of people remain wholly unacquainted. I was glad that I happened to have my membership card on me at the time;



it served its point in convincing the lady of my bona fides; and I think it serves to illustrate the desirability of every spiritual healer obtaining, when possible, a full healer membership of the Federation.

Even a brief encounter between a spiritual healer and someone who is ill may sometimes be a call for his (or her) healing; and then, whether or not the sufferer credits the power of the Healing Force, it is the spiritual duty of every dedicated healer to make an intercession for that person's relief.

The number of street accidents do not, unfortunately, decrease; often when minutes are vital in getting an ambulance to take the injured one to hospital, the intercession of a spiritual healer who may be passing the scene of the accident on his way may, according to the sensitivity of his attunement with Spirit, save the life of that stricken person.

I do not mean by this that he should push his way through the gathered people and attempt to lay his hands upon the injured one; I only suggest, particularly to those whose power of absent healing may have earned the gratitude of many, that they may attempt to make an intercession even as they continue on their way.

Spiritual healing in its most noble, compassionate and dedicated form does not begin and end in a healer's sanctuary or with the letters which are sent out by one who gives his healing absently.

The true healer, wherever he is and whatever he may be doing, must be prepared to give healing, to the utmost of his power, when so impressed, even in a brief encounter, to those who, like ships that pass in the night, he may never see again.

* * *

WHAT DO OUR READERS THINK?

Dear Mr. Edwards,

I do not know who to get in contact with, that is why I am writing to you. I do hope I am not wasting your valuable time.

Please may I make a suggestion in your next Spiritual Healer. Could there be a paragraph, asking readers if they would like to donate green shield stamp Books. The goal would be 1,200 Books for "Ford Escort 1300 XL" if so I would like to be the first donor. The car could be sold or raffled to its value, contents towards twenty-fifth anniversary of Burrows Lea.

Yours sincerely,
K. H. Cobman.

DREAMS CAN COME TRUE

By GLADYS ST. JOHN-LOE

THERE is a legend in the East of a certain magic spring that flows from a rock in the heart of a sacred mountain. This spring possesses a strange property. However rough and coarse the vessel that receives it, it is promptly transformed into a crystal goblet of exquisite beauty. And if some of this water is given to a new-born child it is said to confer upon him the power of changing his material conditions at will, recreating his circumstances according to the wishes of his own heart.

To all of us is given at least a sip of this "wine of the gods." Its name is Desire. Any deep and steadfast longing, any ambition that burns in the soul like some unquenchable flame, allowing no peace until it be achieved, has this magical power of transmutation. If your desire for something better and finer than you now possess is only strong enough you can break the bonds of the most formidable environment.

We have all come across people who seem to be literally "possessed" by some special idea, some ambition so intense that nothing can deflect them from it. And we must all, at times, have been impressed by the way this all-powerful thought controls and directs the whole life.

I remember a school friend once telling me that the greatest desire of her life was to go to Norway. I thought it a strange and rather dull ambition and unlikely to be realised. Years afterwards I happened to meet a member of her family and, inquiring after my old acquaintance, was surprised to receive the reply: "Oh, she's in Norway. Been living there for the past five years."

I also knew a girl who longed above everything else to become a great singer, although she was repeatedly told that she had only an averagely good voice. Refusing to be discouraged, she persisted in her desire. She went from teacher to teacher, studied every recognised method of voice-production, practised patiently and confidently until of supreme loveliness, a voice which —but for the tragedy of early death — would certainly have brought her fame.

So don't be discouraged by the particular set of circumstances into which you happen to have been born, the lack of opportunity or other handicaps that surround you.

No man is compelled to "stay put" save by the inertia of his own will.

Now slowly, slowly down the hill
At setting of the sun
I walk, recalling as I go
The many things I've done.
Not splendid things, but little things,
Some word of cheer, a sign
That comforted a heart— and now
So strongly comforts mine.

FRANCIS GAY.

* * *

One thing I know: the only ones among you who will be really happy are those who will have sought and found how to serve.

THE FACTS OF THE MATTER

"Critics say that attested cures are only of a temporary nature."



WHILST it is true that a vast proportion of people recognise, and affirm, that Spirtual Healing is factual, because of the overwhelming evidence that thousands of sick and suffering people and animals have been cured—in spite of orthodox medico's whimperings to the contrary—there is still a sizeable proportion of people who are either very suspicious of Spiritual Healing, or treat it with disdain.

Nigh on 40 years ago, a well-known Bishop of Winchester proclaimed that in his opinion the art of Spiritual Healing as performed by unorthodox spiritual healers was very near to the practice of Black Magic. Today, we still hear the same kind of thing from certain "Christian" fringe denominations. Nearly 2,000 years ago the Scribes and Pharisees said exactly the same thing: "It is the work of the Devil!"

About 35 years ago there was a demonstration outside the Co-operative Hall by misguided brethren carrying placards, inscribed: "The Work of the Devil." The recurrence of this kind of inanity at Loughton, recently, goes to show we still have to fight on; not alone with words, but by successful deeds, that can be tested and proven.

I am confident that St. Paul was right when he wrote in his letter to the Galatians: "Brethren be not deceived, whatsoever a man

soweth, that shall he also reap." Cause and effect!

When one remembers the healing accomplishments attained by thousands of members of the N.F.S.H., the amount of good seed that has been sown, and still is from year to year, it is not wishful thinking to assert that it will continue to bring forth good fruit in all its phases, until, by its manifesting reality, it bursts open the locked doors of closed minds; who, because of erroneous teachings, are afraid: "It is of the Devil!"

By . . .
J. B. NILAN

Quite recently, a gentleman I know, twisted his body by lifting heavy objects, causing chronic pain inside and around his ribs. He reported to his doctor, only to be told he had bruised the inner muscles, and all he could do for him was to advise him to go to bed and rest until the pain ceased. The same day the patient met a spiritual healer in a busy street, and recounted his physical troubles to him.

Unknown to the sufferer the healer mentally sent out an S.O.S. for healing for the gentleman's injuries. Several days afterwards the healer met the gentleman again. "How is the pain in your ribs?" asked the healer, to which the patient replied: "It's a funny thing; but after I had been home for a little time—after I had spoken to you—I suddenly realised the pain had gone." "The wind bloweth where it listeth . . . " "So it is with the Spirit." The foregoing is not an isolated case, by any means, it is: "The Fact of the Matter."

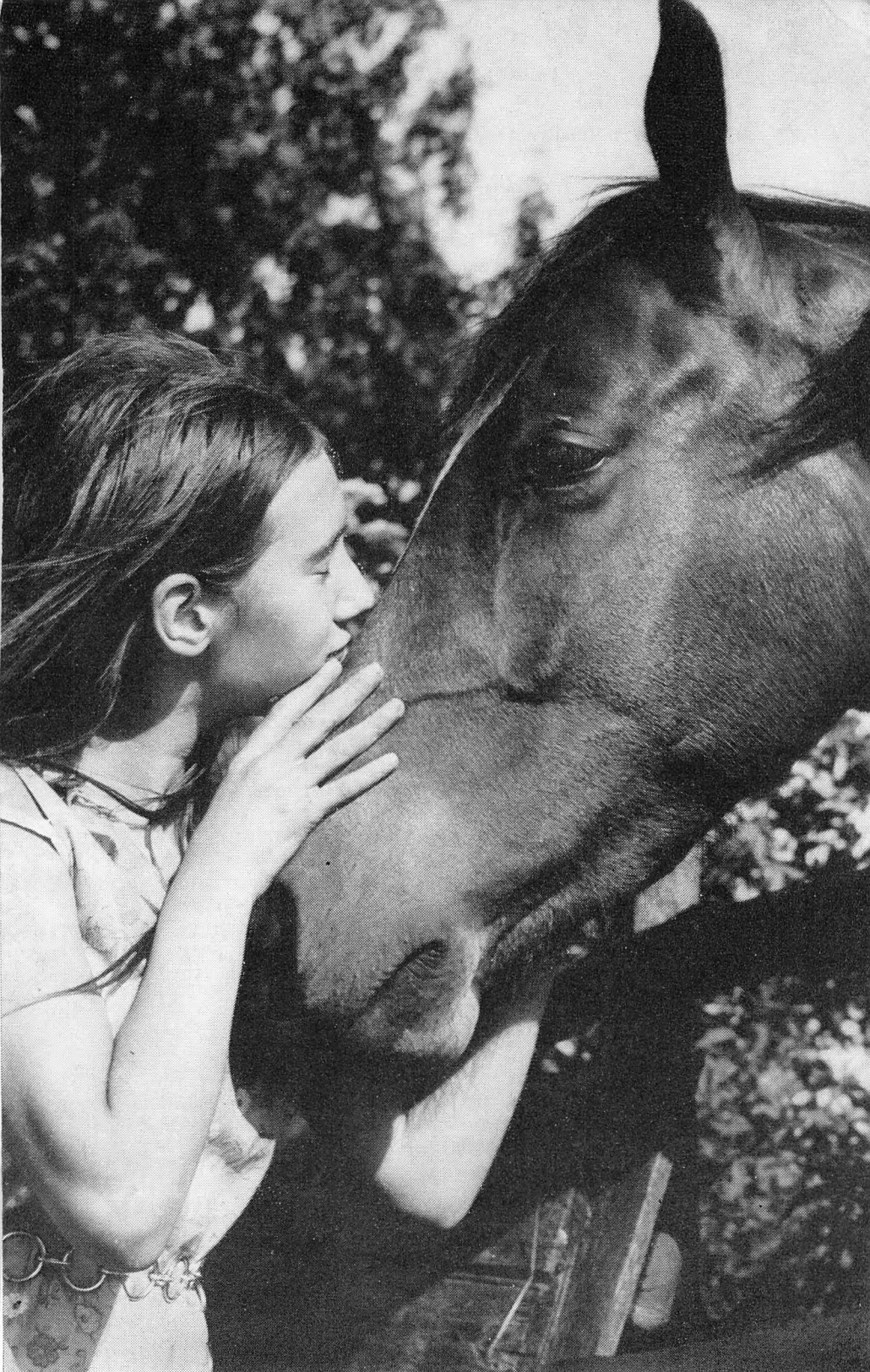
All goodness comes from God's manifesting dynamic spirit, and as long as sincere men and women desire to harness and project that Divine goodness, in their endeavours to succour their ailing brethren, results, which are in conformity with the Divine Principle of love will manifest. It is recorded that our Master Jesus "went about doing good"; this is the yardstick of the N.F.S.H., we try to emulate The Great Healer; in spite of some people labelling our efforts in derogatory terms. They know their ministrations are within the orbit of spiritual reality, and are content to let results speak for themselves.

Other critics say that attested cures are only of a temporary nature. They claim that these successful healing results are caused by emotionalism, and that when this mental upheaval calms down, the patient finds his (or her) malady as bad as ever—still functioning!

I write from personal experience when I record that a baby was healed in 1938, of rickets, and that I met this patient last year, who is now a vibrant young lady of 35 years of age. It would be nice to know (from our critics) how a baby of 18 months of age can generate dynamic emotionalism, so as to bring about a long-standing cure!

Another lady I know was healed of arthritis of her spine, about 35 years ago; without a single recurrence of this painful malady; she is now 76 years of age.

One cannot understand the logic of this "emotionalism" thesis. Take the case of Claude, a goose, who had completely lost the strength in both legs, and had not been able to stand for weeks (a vet. reject) and yet, after a few weeks of absent healing; was able to



strut around normally. Emotionalism?

Cases, like the foregoing, are not isolated ones, many similar are listed in spiritual healers' case-books; in spite of some modern King Canutes trying to command the "waves of the spirit" to go back—because "they are of The Devil."

The N.F.S.H. will continue to march forward to victory, in the light of the demonstrated truth that the power they harness is Divine; culled from the Reservoir of The Spirit.

March On!

* * *

TESTIMONY FROM RHODESIA

ON reading, and since re-reading many times, Mr. Edwards' article in January on the healing of paralysis, I realized how right he was. The sustained but unforced effort of trying to do just a bit better each time worked for me in St. Giles Rehabilitation Centre, and since leaving hospital also. Strangely enough, even before I was moved to the convalescent ward for physiotherapy, while the Hospital physiotherapists were starting on me, I was doing on my own such things as trying to push my lame foot against the end of the bed. At that time my hand was still useless.

On 19th October, 1971, I started at St. Giles and that first day felt hopeless. However by, I think, 6th November, I was allowed home for the weekend on a stick, and discharged from hospital the following Friday. Meanwhile I had written to Mr. Edwards saying it needed a miracle to help my left hand. My hand did not take much longer than my leg, but as you can see I am typing, though nowhere near my old standards, and it is a slow and tiring business. I squeeze a soft rubber ball to help the hand muscles.

My Mother gives me the healing massage with oils and I am sure it helps. I walk well though my leg aches, no doubt due to life returning to the muscles. The doctors were pleased with my progress, though the neurosurgeon felt I may not get a 100 per cent recovery in my left arm. However, I have been helped so much so far by spiritual healing, when I was feeling desperate, that I feel I will be got pretty near to normal, though it will be slower than I realized. I get tired easily, but hope a short break to the coast will help.

* * *

The chief stress of Jesus' teaching was not laid upon poverty and humility, though they have a big place in the Beatitudes. The thing He taught mainly, first and last, was simple goodwill between man and man—simple friendliness, simple decency.—H. L. MENCKEN.

* * *

The optic nerve is a little thing, but it gives us the sun, stars and all the wonders of the earth. Prayer is the optic nerve of the soul: we must not cut the nerve.—G. BUTTRICK.

VISITING THE SICK

By FLORENCE E. PETTIT

DO you ever go to see people who are ill in bed? If so, what do you do when you get there? Do you talk brightly to cheer them up, or do you think first of all, whether they want to talk to *you* after perhaps being alone for some hours. They may have a headache or they may want to grumble first. If so, you should lend a sympathetic ear and let them have their say out.

When you see that they are not doing themselves (or you) any good by complaining any more, then you can begin to talk to them. Modulate your voice so that it is soft and gentle, although if the patient is deaf, you must speak clearly. Hold their interest by looking into their eyes. Don't let yours dart about all over the room for you will make the patient feel as uneasy as you are. What do you talk about?

Anything that will interest the patient rather than yourself. One can always find some common bond, if you have to begin only with the weather, or the garden, or a pet animal or bird. .

If the patient is ashamed of the dust on the furniture, offer to do it for her, but do it carefully and use a damp rag so that you don't simply let it fly about and settle somewhere else. If she has valuables in the room and is nervous that you will break them, avoid them rather than upset her and never do anything that she might class as 'interference'. Sick people are not stupid—they are just 'laid aside' for awhile.

If there are flowers in the room that need fresh water, *ask* first. The secret of comforting the sick is to cultivate a spirit of awareness. This will develop, if you want it to, by simple observation. You may have been taught to observe nature; but you have to study *human* nature too. Sick people are often touchy and oversensitive so 'be patient with your patient'.

Don't jog the bed in passing. Vibrations can be very jarring. Even your walking across the floor may cause them pain. Step firmly but quietly and draw up a chair beside the sick person by lifting, not scraping, it.

Never sit on the end of the bed. You may sit on her foot, or tighten her bedclothes uncomfortably. If you do, she won't want you to call again in a hurry. These things are all obvious, but if you want to be a nurse, or a help to your family and friends, they must be remembered. Never stay too long, even if the patient wants you to. She may find she is exhausted *after* you have gone.

With practise you will soon learn when she has almost had enough conversation. Your aim must be to heal and help—never to bore or tire.

* * *

Every inch of space is packed with spirit, even as every inch of matter is packed with life; for life is only spirit with its clothes on. And behind every man who labours to help the world, there are a thousand blessed spirits.—IGNATIUS DONNELLY.

PATTERNS OF NATURE

FEATHERS (8)

By DORIS M. HODGES

MORE than three thousand years ago, with the birth of Christ still upon history's horizon, healer-priests of Ancient Egypt practised the medical arts in a highly sophisticated fashion.

In the spiritual and mystical sense, though, they also used mental therapies, most of which were channelled and dispersed through the focus of Temple Rituals. Centred, thus, in the Ancient Mysteries, these have been secretly woven, like a thread, through time into all the various religions of the world.

The focus of these mental therapies have been symbol and sign, picked out by hierophants and initiates trained to interpret the mysterious meaning. In these religio-magico ceremonies, feathers play a prominent part. A tomb mural in the Egyptian "Book of the Dead" depicts two figures, standing in the great Ante-Chamber to the Underworld.

Through the former they must pass, being examined by the various gods who made up the Egyptian Pantheon. The hieroglyphics name Ani as one figure: the other is his wife. Behind them are some attendants, who may be slaves. Before Ani stands a creature having the limbs of a man and the head of a jackal.

This is the mighty Anubis, weigher and judger of souls. Suspended above him is a balance: in one of the scales floats a tiny feather, in the other an object which represents the soul of Ani (in some interpretations it is his heart).

Should the feather go up when the Advocate begins the ritual of weighing, then Ani must reincarnate again, for only when his soul stays level, in the balance, with the feather, can Anubis pass him on to the Egyptian Underworld, and from thence, to Elysium.

Why did the Egyptians attach this symbolical significance to the feather? There seems little doubt they did so because the pinions form part of the physical body of the winged creatures, who, in their daily soarings, got nearer than any human being to Ra, the Sun-God, giver of light and love, and Himself symbol for the Supreme Being. Isis, the Egyptian Mother-Goddess, is usually sculptured, or painted, with her arms equipped with feathered wings; these are generally of gold, but set in that mysterious element, lapis-lazuli, long proclaimed by the Ancients as a talismanic substance, immensely powerful.

In the cultures of early civilisations and native races, the feather can similarly be traced, as a protective object, again linked with wings, with soaring, and thus with the penetration of secret, supernatural dimensions.

The Red Indians have always used it to form their head-dresses, and in naming ceremonial or ritual. "White Eagle," "Red Eagle," "Shining Feather," are all titles given to Chieftains: it has long been believed, by spiritual healers,



that many Indian leaders re-incarnate again, to pass on their healing knowledge and occult lore to succeeding evolutions of humanity.

Apart from its natural magnificence and splendour, the outflung radiance of an Indian Chieftain's headdress has a curious affinity, in this rayed effect, with the Solar Disc of the Sun. And, since the Ancient Egyptians who truly worshipped The Mysteries (as distinct from those who made homage to the Pagan Pantheon), symbolised the Supreme or Invisible Being, or God, as Ra, the Solar Disc, the mystical and healing link-up is clear enough.

Indeed, between the races of Ancient Egypt and the American Red Indian, there are many spiritual affinities; that of the feather, though, runs very clearly, in symbol, through both religio-medico connections.

Again the Indians, very skilled, too, in natural and spiritual healings, probably chose the feather as an occult symbol of authority and power because they saw in the flight of the birds evidence of the Supreme Being and His rule.

From classical antiquity and legend we get other links with the feather, symbolised as an object of renaissance or spiritual re-birth. The Phoenix is a huge creature, covered in feathers, belonging to pre-Christian times. He represents a reincarnatory process, for he is always depicted, in story and illustration, as rising, feathers intact, from the ashes of his own funerary pile.

The sign and token of the scribe —and thus the protector, in hidden hieroglyphic and sign, of the Sacred Code and the Secret Mysteries—in antiquity, ostrich feathers were worn by priests and kings.

Sir Alan Gardiner, writing about the opening of Tut-Ank-Khamen's tomb in the Valley of the Kings, in 1924, mentions that in one of the caskets lay a lovely ostrich-feather fan.

> "The feathers were perfect, fluffing out just as if they had been recently plucked. Those feathers completely annihilated the centuries for me. It was just as if the King had been buried a few days before. Of course, in a few days the feathers began to perish and had to be preserved artificially, but when I first saw them they were perfect, and they made on me an impression such as I had never experienced before and never shall again."

No doubt much of the mysticism and healing significance attached to the feather comes from the association of the object with winged creatures: in antiquity, fabulous creatures such as salamanders, asps, and basilisks were all winged.

Greater than any of these was the Lord of Evil, Satan, represented as the winged dragon. In Revelations, " . . . the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan."

Many of these winged creatures may be found carved in wood or stone, in churches and cathedrals.

Feathers offer their meed of healing through beauty, of course: all the feathered birds of our own British hedges and woodlands, whether on the wing or perched, contribute this. Robin Redbreast, scarlet amidst winter snows, or flitting through the branches, Blue-Hatted Tits, minute Gold Crests, light up the sombre tints of autumn and winter with their jewel-tinted feathers. Or watch the Starling, when sun or rain strikes blue and amethyst from his covering



of dusky feathers, and the lovely hues of jay, pheasant, or partridge.

The peacock surmounts them all, of course, with his great fan of feathers, the glorious eye of green, gold, and purple. Originally Indian jungle birds, the peacock was a sacred bird in Easter countries; legend says the Three Wise Men brought peacocks to the Holy Stable. Melchior was King of Tharshish, and in Italian paintings of the Adoration of the Magi, one can sometimes find a peacock, its wonderful tail feathers raised in glittering homage, painted in above the image of the Child in the straw.

The birds use the feathers of their own species to line their nests: humans, perhaps learning in an earlier age from them, find attributes of practical healing and comfort in commercial down from the

feathers. That of the Eider-duck keeps us warm in quilts and—of course—Eiderdowns; as well as these, feathers of swans, geese, and other birds are employed in this practical fashion.

On any walk, searching, once more, for these patterns of nature which have been used, through the centuries, in healing in so many various and fascinating ways, one can come upon discarded feathers which add their own measure of beauty and harmony to the natural landscape.

On the seashore, the white or grey feathers of the gulls gleam among the flotsam: where other gulls, perhaps, follow the plough, sometimes they drop a feather upon the line of upturned earth, so that, returning, the man on the plough churns up the feather, thus returning it to the soil.

In the hedges, by the ponds, perhaps deep in the heart of a bunch of desiccated clematis, or decorating, weirdly, but somehow fittingly, a trail of blackened bramble husks or dried rose heads, another feather will have drifted, to remain, adding its contribution to the symbolism of the whole.

For feathers, like all the natural talismans, are never incongruous, wherever they drift and settle. The life of a feather—unless is is artificially dried and preserved—is, in scientific terms, only that of a year. Yet, as with the leaves, husks and nuts, one single feather is but a speck in the sum of those which come into evolution in the great cycle of life and re-birth.

Is that why the ancient races so frequently chose it as a symbol of resurrection and of spiritual re-birth?

* * *

THE BRAVE ONES

It is easy to be cheerful when your path is fair and bright; when every mile brings roses, with not a thorn in sight. It's no hardship to keep smiling when there's naught to make you frown; when you never need to toil uphill, but only journey down.

Our deepest admiration should be for those who show, a smiling face when in their hearts the tears of anguish flow; those brave, courageous folk who tread—the way of trial and stress, yet live to serve their fellow men, and count this happiness!—URSULA M. PROUT.

* * *

BOOK NOTICE

Strings For A Broken Lute, by Mabel Telford. Psychic Press Ltd., 23 Great Queen Street, London WC2B 5BB. £1.75.

A stimulating book on the oldest and most vital question of all; the survival of consciousness and personality beyond physical death. A detailed description of the procedure by which telepathic communication established before the death of the author's husband, became the bridge whereby correspondence was continued following his decease.

There are two ways of seeking for truth: with the head or with the heart. Those who favour the former will find the evidence of communication well documented and fully authenticated, whilst those who seek with the heart will find their intuitive awareness confirmed.

This remarkable step-by-step examination of the process by which contact was effected is a must for the serious enquirer.



POWER LINES TO HEALING

"The power that creates thunderstorms and lightning equally conquers human suffering if we really understand what that power is . . . "

By REV. RONALD ADKINS

FORK lightning flashed: the sky was black and rain beat down in torrents on the window pane of my Study.

Armed with candles and a storm lantern I was wondering whether any ailing parishioner would make the weekly pilgrimage to me during the Miners' dispute when electricity supplies were cut off.

As my eyes tried to penetrate through the steaming water cascading down the window all thoughts turned to the different forms of illness . . . and the various aspects of spiritual healing. As another flash wrought the Heavens, the room became illuminated reminding me of naval bombardments as guns from a battleship lit up the sky during World War Two. And my mind went back to a young sailor, crouching beneath a gun in fear that the vessel might be torpedoed and how I had calmed him with a prayer and the admonition that if it be God's wish that he should pass into another world then that must be.

The look that appeared on that young sailor's face came back to me . . . it was peaceful, serene and his remark often rings in my ears: "Chaplain, I reckon I will fight this battle through."

Since all disease stems from the mind there would seem to be numerous different Power Lines to harness for spiritual healing, depending upon the individual; for it has always been my belief that in contrast to orthodox healing when doctors classify patients as being the same, spiritual healing is concerned with treating patients as individuals with different psychological behaviour patterns.

The power that creates thunderstorms and lightning equally conquers human suffering if we really understand what that power is. It is a dynamic, living power as distinct from the "synthetically" produced power of generators whether they be in electric power stations or nuclear laboratories.

As distinct from the doctrines of orthodox physicians I believe that this Universal Power can be harnessed to every form of physical manifestation of emotional behaviour and that it is possible that certain thoughts can actually make a person violently sick. Such thoughts as fear, hate, greed and tension are only a few and, on that night when the rain lashed down I remembered other occasions when on board naval vessels I had experienced positive evidence that healing could be achieved through positive thinking coupled with active prayer. Only in those days I had never seriously studied or contemplated spiritual healing as we know it now.

As the storm abated the doorbell rang. On opening the door I noticed a young woman standing drenched. Inviting her into the front room where a roaring fire sent out warmth, I helped to remove her outer garments and

over cups of steaming coffee asked her what I could do.

It seemed that she had recently lost her fiancé in a motor accident and "could not go on any longer." I realised that although she bore no physical signs of suffering she was emotionally distressed and learned she had tried to commit suicide, but this bid had failed.

She explained briefly that there seemed to be no Purpose in her life now and that it would have been better if she had not been found until the gas had fully accumulated in her bedroom.

It was clear that although she *thought* there was no purpose in life she was keen to seek my help. This proved that although the mind often thinks on a certain track there are moments when changes take place and help is sought.

I asked her to rise and gently took her over to the window. As a smaller flash of lightning flashed and the thunder rolled away into the distance I explained that although the world might seem dark at that moment, just as a storm always passes, so the storm in her mind would pass by providing she would make an effort through spiritual healing.

The next morning was drab but without rain: it was spent officiating at a funeral and all the time I kept wondering how Susan was getting on. Upon arriving home at lunch-time my wife informed me that a telephone call had been received around 11 o'clock . . . and that Susan had "enjoyed sound sleep and woken refreshed."

As the days passed it became evident that Susan no longer wished to die. On her visits to my Sanctuary I learned that instead of searching for something that seemed to be like a will-o'-



the-wisp she had found considerable therapeutical value from the healing techniques and had taken up photography as a hobby enabling her to seek peace and comfort out of doors.

Only a few weeks have passed since that stormy night of healing but Susan is now a professional photographer engaged in Industry. Gone is her desire to "end it all" and instead she is radiant, the vibrations of peace and contentment passing to others who have found that life could be harsh if they allowed it to be so, in their minds.

I once knew a motorist who was involved in an accident. He lost his driving nerve and came to me. My advice sounded harsh at the time but it paid dividends. I explained that he could only overcome this physical condition by realising that the root cause lay

in his mind and that he had "lost his nerve" because he *thought* he could not drive. He refused to listen so I decided it was time for a practical demonstration.

I escorted him from my home and went to the car. Opening the doors I asked him to enter as I had to pass by his house and would give him a lift. After driving a short distance I winced a little and told him that my right arm was a little stiff as a result of too much gardening the day before. I stopped the car. He looked at me and asked what I intended to do. I told him that I had a very urgent call to make to see a bereaved person which was true.

Suddenly and without any prompting he told me to get out and enter the passenger seat. I knew then that my idea was beginning to work! He got into the driving seat and started up the engine. Slowly he drove forward and without realizing it overcame his "driving nerves." Outside the house of my parishioner he stopped and asked "Shall I wait to drive you back home?" I agreed. An hour later we were outside the Rectory and he turned and almost apologetically remarked "You were right. My failure to overcome the condition was because I *thought* I could not drive."

I do not believe there is any single way of overcoming all disease by spiritual healing but that dependent on the individual and his problem different techniques have to be applied. But what does it matter if the end result is true healing? So long as such techniques achieve their aims then it can be truly claimed that there are many Power Lines to Healing.

* * *

OUR BOUND VOLUMES

A bound volume of *The Spiritual Healer* contains twelve monthly issues bound into one book. Frequently readers write to us explaining that they have lost or mislaid an issue which contained an article in which they were especially interested, and which they wished to keep. Until recently we have been able to supply most of these back numbers, but demand has exceeded supply and very few now remain. But we do have a supply of bound volumes printed every year. Whether intended as a present for a friend, or as a "bed-side" book into which you can dip at any time, a bound volume, containing a whole year's reading, is a good buy.

A bound volume costs £1.75 including postage. A few back numbers are still available. From: The Healer Publishing Co. Ltd., Burrows Lea, Shere, Guildford, Surrey.

* * *

QUICK NIP

"Imagine my embarrassment when I found two empty whisky bottles in my dustbin!" exclaimed the old lady. "The dustman might think I drink. I moved them to the curate's bin—everyone knows *he* doesn't."

—Reality, Dublin

* * *

ADD-LIBS

Written on a wall in one small town is a sign which reads: "You Must Pay for Your Sins." Underneath in smaller but still legible print, someone has added: "If you have already paid, please disregard this notice."

ROUTE TO THE SECRET OF LIFE

THE following extract from an article by Barrie Farnill in the *Yorkshire Evening Post* (29-5-72) gives a farseeing analysis of the part spiritual healing (Mr. Farnill calls it Faith healing) may play in human life in the future. He speaks of a million years as if it were a month. We do not agree and would refer him to the phenomenal progress spiritual healing has made in recent years, and if our understanding of the spirit science of healing continues to progress at the same rate, then the human family will witness life very much freer from disease in, say, the next generation . . . certainly much sooner than it will take newspaper reporters to learn that "spiritual healing" is not "faith healing."

There is a story about a very money-conscious man arriving at heaven's gates, these were closed so he very impatiently knocked on the gates to get admittance. When Peter arrived, he said to the man "You will learn here to be more patient, for a penny can be worth a million pounds, and a minute be like a thousand years." The man seeing a chance to make a profit, said to Peter "Well then lend me a penny" and Peter replied, "Certainly, wait a minute."

• • •

For only a thin slice of global history has man had a brain at all, as we know it today.

If this brain is now developing subtle, hardly understood links with others, extra-sensory perception if you like, where might these links take us in say another 200,000 years, which is a mere blink in eternity?

We now know that thoughts, intangible except for a tiny electric current, can cause physical manifestations. Suppose one could reverse these processes?

Who decides this spark of life? Is it self-generated, or could a divine influence affect it?

We could go on all evening asking questions. If prayer is a source of power, like the thousands of volts an armature literally spins out of thin air, then what things are not possible?

The trouble about writing of faith-healers is that it is too easy to be tempted into derision. The keeping of an open mind when our values and opinions are formed by immediate environment is a monumental task for most of us.

Unhappily for them, it is too easy to portray faith-healers as dangerous crackpots.

But about 1,900 years ago this is exactly what many orthodox opinion-leaders thought about Jesus Christ.

An interesting parallel. Because today we have many millions of people still professing the Christian faith as a philosophy, yet regarding the miracles reported by the Apostles, merely as some sort of dramatic demonstration of superiority.

Yet Matthew, Mark, Luke and John are explicit. They were instructed to heal the sick, by faith.

How staggered was I then, to discover an Anglican priest in a big Yorkshire city, who had been firmly instructed by higher authority not to allow any newspaper publicity for his healing services. The sufferers would be led to him

by spiritual means it was explained by his superior.

On the other extreme, the researcher can find a number of lay healers avid for publicity.

At present then, the whole field of faith-healing is like a ship crossing a very wide ocean. No one knows the destination. Often violent waves of opinion threaten to sink the passengers clinging to its sides.

If medical science cures cancer and arterial disease in the next generation, then perhaps the argument will subside.

But the conquering of disease has been the result of literally millions of minds' work over the last thousand years or more.

One by one, the secrets of the body cell, and the universe it inhabits, have been patiently explained at a snail's pace.

Suppose, just suppose, that this is one route. Ask yourself: Could there be other and shorter ways?

Could the path of the physician, the philosopher, the bio-chemist, the priest, the nurse, and the faith-healer be treading the same million-year road until they arrive at the ultimate secret of life?

* * *

It is good for one to appreciate that life is now. Whatever it offers, little or much, life is now—this day, this hour—and is probably the only experience of the kind one is to have. As the doctor said to the woman who complained that she did not like the night air: "Madam, during certain hours of the twenty-four, night air is the only air there is."

C. M. FLANDRAU



EXPECT YOUR GOOD

"Think again of the child's enthusiasm, his peaceful falling asleep, his quiet expectancy . . ."

By JOYCE FRANCES CARPENTER



ENTHUSIASM, so the dictionary tells us, is to have ardent zeal for something.

Enthusiasm is a lovely quality. We feel drawn to the man or woman who has enthusiasm. We want to share their happiness, their faith. For enthusiasm is *faith*, isn't it?

Watch a determined athlete training for a race. He has faith in himself. He is going to win! See a salesman enthusiastically selling his wares . . . a painter working on a canvas . . . a musician practising his instrument. They are respectively fired with faith in their ability to sell, create or inspire. They are working with a goal in sight.

Small children nearly always have enthusiasm. They have faith too. They run to their mother when they are ill believing implicitly that she will make them well again. A little child writes a letter to Father Christmas, sees his letter disappear up the chimney then goes to bed happy and confident *believing* that he will have the train set or whatever toy he has asked for. Yet we adults pray to God and then lie awake at nights worrying as to whether we will get answered, and if not, how we will cope with our problem or illness.

It is almost hypocrisy to pray for

healing of our body, for example, or by the solution to a problem, and then start wondering if we will be answered. But more than this it is destroying the power of our prayer. It is well known now that thoughts are magnetic. The thoughts we think attract circumstances and conditions in sympathy to them, to us and to our bodies.

Why not have a joyful enthusiastic time of *preparation* after you have prayed for a miracle or a blessing. Prepare for it believing it is going to happen. This in itself will invigorate you mentally, spiritually and physically.

A few years ago my doctor told me it would benefit my health if I lost some weight. I started to diet and then with complete faith that I would be able to keep this up and would lose weight I went and bought an expensive dress two sizes smaller than my then present size. I did lose the necessary weight and wore the dress. But I am certain this preparation of buying the dress and visualizing myself wearing it helped enormously to bring about the successful result to my problem!

Many of us will have seen the film or read the book of "How Green Was My Valley." The scene which remains most vividly in my memory is the one when the doctor asks the little crippled boy where his clothes are, and the boy says "They are right here sir, under my pillow." The doctor had promised the boy he would walk again and see the daffodils. The boy had complete faith that this would be so, and preparing for this he kept his clothes ready under his pillow.

There is an interesting legend attached to the parish church of Swaffham near Norwich.

In the 15th Century there lived a poor pedlar in the town. He was



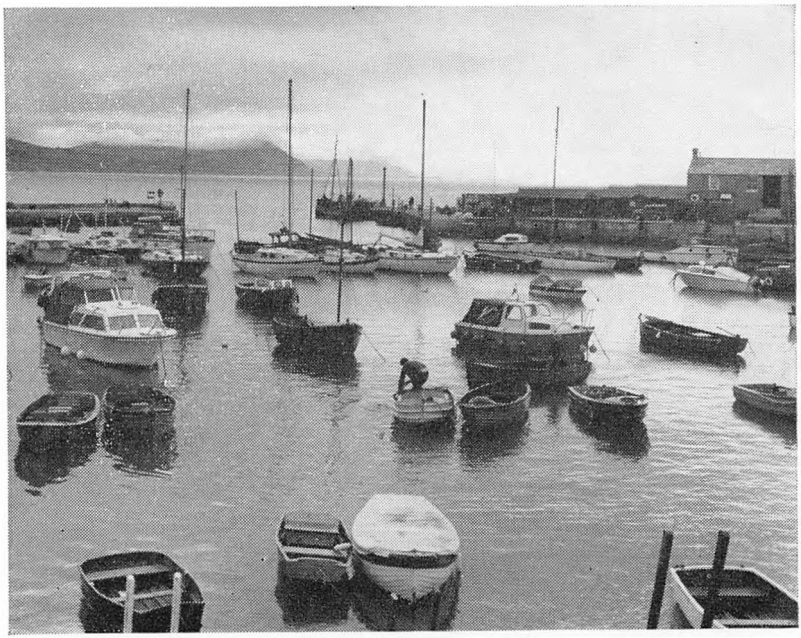
a good devoted Christian and badly in need of money for himself and his family. After praying to God about his financial problems he had a dream in which he was told to go to London Bridge. He set off by foot and finally reached London and found London Bridge. As he waited there a man came up to him and told the pedlar of a dream he had had.

As a result John Chapman, as the pedlar was called, returned home and dug in his garden as the man had suggested, and found there a hoard of golden coins. In thanksgiving, John Chapman, the pedlar, used part of his treasure to rebuild the north aisle of the parish church. In the church to this day are to be found carved effigies of the poor pedlar who became rich, and his wife and dog!

If the legend is true the pedlar certainly had great faith, and enthusiastic trust to walk to London and wait on the bridge as instructed! Perhaps the more sophisticated will say it is difficult to know how much of the legend is the original truth, and how much has been added over the years. However, in a similar vein I have experienced how God can bring an answer to us in a dream.

I lost my bicycle some years ago. It meant a great deal to me as I was poor at the time and relied on the bike to save fares. It had been stolen or borrowed by someone and when I went to where I had parked it it was no longer there. I fretted and worried all day and tried to find it. Then I prayed to God and that night had a dream of a small street near where I lived and saw the cycle there in my dream. The next morning I went to the street and found it there!

Similarly, another time I had been trying to write a piece of poetry most of the day. I could



not get the last line right. It would not scan, would not rhyme, and didn't say exactly what I wanted it to. The poem was to go in a religious magazine and I was anxious for it to convey its message clearly.

After puzzling until I felt sick with tiredness I went to bed, and just before I slipped off to sleep I sent up a prayer for help with that last line. I slept peacefully. First thing in the morning the line came through just as if a friend was speaking to me. I shall never forget it. I could hear it being whispered into my mind. I jumped out of bed, found a piece of paper and pencil and scribbled it down and the line was just right, and the poem was published and much appreciated.

The answer to our prayer, to our problem, be it for healing of body or conditions in our life, will come to us if we have faith. *Expect* it, *prepare* for it. If I had not relaxed and made up my mind to sleep, believing the answer would come, perhaps it would not have done so.

Think again of the *child's enthusiasm* . . . his peaceful falling asleep, his *quiet expectancy* that the gift he has asked for will arrive! Your body will appreciate this relaxed peaceful attitude.

* * *

You will never enjoy the world aright, till the sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens, and crowned with the stars, and perceive yourself to be the sole heir of the whole world and more than so, because men are in it who are everyone sole heirs as well as you.—THOMAS TRAHERNE.

* * *

BOOK NOTICE

The Light in Britain, by Grace and Ivan Cooke. The White Eagle Publishing Trust, New Lands, Liss, Hants. £1.50.

This is a story of adventure, an investigation by somewhat unorthodox methods into the ancient heritage of this mystic Isle of Britain. An adventure into the inner worlds and into the far past.

It describes what was revealed when Grace Cooke used her highly developed clairvoyant faculty to uncover some of the mysteries which surround such prehistoric centres as Stonehenge, Avebury and Silbury Hill. A picture emerges of the very ancient British people, perhaps even of an earlier humanity, living in a kindlier, more sensible and brotherly world. It is the story of the ageless light dwelling in the heart of Britain.

* * *

FLOWER TALK

A taxi stopped at traffic lights beside a parked Volkswagen covered with floral stickers—daisies, asters, petunias. The bonnet was up and a beaded, bearded hippie was lifting out the jack. There was a terrible frown on his face. The cabby rolled down his window and advised: "Don't be angry. Make love to it!" —N.M.



NATIONAL FEDERATION OF SPIRITUAL HEALERS

Headquarters: "SHORTACRES," CHURCH HILL, LOUGHTON, ESSEX.
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Hon. Librarian: Mrs. Jeanne Paterson, 79 Sandhurst Drive, Ilford, Essex.
Hostess: Mrs. Ruth Anderson.

THE ANNUAL CONVENTION

Any major decisions reached at the Convention will be reported in our next issue. The most important business is the acceptance of the Research Council's recommendations to institute an Appeal and to commence work upon a Research Programme of Investigation into the Cause and Prevention of Cancer in the Psychosomatic Field. Following the Federation's appeal a year ago, we shall now see action into the very human need to overcome the Cancer scourge which claims one in five people today. This has involved much planning and co-operation having the support of eminent people, doctors and others.

PSYCHIC SURGERY

Our Administrator, Gilbert Anderson, during his visit to the Philippines to witness the surgery-healing gift of Tony Agpaoa has brought back some amazing film and transparencies in colour. These show the human surgical processes taking place. The pictures are graphic and not "pretty." It is hoped to complete arrangements for Mr. Agpaoa to visit "Shortacres" in July.

ANY VOLUNTEERS?

From time to time, there is a great deal of office work needing to be done at Headquarters. For example, next month, we hope to issue another Federation Review, with an amount of other detail, which has to be folded and enclosed in some nine thousand envelopes. There must be many people living reasonably near who would be glad to give a hand during these special times, if they only knew. So if those who would like to help in this way would simply send a note to Gilbert giving their name and address, he would then be able to let helpers know when they would be needed.

It would also be helpful if members and friends who are able to give practical help in other ways, i.e., electricians, decorators, etc., who would be prepared to give Headquarters the benefit of their knowledge, would let Gilbert know; this too, could be most valuable.

THE BAZAAR

Please make a note of Thursday and Friday the 5th and 6th October, for the dates we shall be holding the Annnual Bazaar. Once more, Gilbert would be pleased to hear from members and friends who will be willing to give a little time to help make the Bazaar a bigger success than previous years. It makes it so much easier for an organiser to know the people he can rely on to help to do the dozen and one jobs that need to be done, even serving cups of tea, etc.

WORKING TOGETHER, MUCH IS DONE, and this also applies to the contribution of articles to be sold. Without these there could be no Bazaar, so do please send whatever you can, anything saleable, which you can give.

All kinds of handicraft, knitted goods, children's clothes, aprons, hankies, foods of all kinds, home-made jams, pickles, cakes, etc.; utility goods like soaps, and cleansers; and especially cosmetics; then there are plants, pictures, and indeed everything that people want and will buy, and remember the time is approaching for buying Christmas Gifts, which can so often be found at Bazaars, especially our own. If possible please price them before sending them to Mrs. Ruth Anderson at Shortacres. She will not mind an avalanche.

Well known film personalities will be opening the Bazaar on both days.

WONDERFUL HERBAL REMEDIES



TANSY

TANSY grows wild in most parts of England in any soil. It is found in hedges, by the sea and rivers, and in waste places. It is too much of a vagrant to be allowed a footing in the Herb-garden. He looks far more in place out on the common, where he can display his fine array of bright brass buttons to more advantage.

It has a smell not unlike Camphor, and its flat yellow heads make it recognisable at once. It is in flower for a very long period and its Greek name Anthanasie, which means everlasting, is probably a reference to its power of duration.

The plant was used by the ancients to preserve dead bodies from pollution, and in mythology it was given to Ganymede to make him immortal.

It keeps away moths and insects and as one of the strewing herbs, disinfects churches, courts of law, and other public buildings in the days of plague. The antiseptic property of Tansy make it useful in the kitchen, and meat was rubbed with the leaves to keep flies away. As a flavouring, although still bitter enough to cause surprise that Tansy cakes and puddings could ever have been liked. Surely wry faces must have been made over them. They were eaten more especially at Eastertime, as some say to correct the ill-effects of a prolonged fish diet.

'Soone at Easter cometh
Alleluya,
With butter, cheese and a Tansy.
So runs an old Easter carol.

Another song begins

'On Easter Sunday be the
pudding seen,
To which the Tansy lends her
sober green.

The roots, when preserved with honey or sugar, are reported to be of special service against the gout, if a reasonable quantity thereof be eaten fasting every day. The fruit is destructive to round-worms. The seeds of the Tansy is a singular and appropriate medicine against worms: for "in whatever sort taken it killeth and drives them away." In Sussex a peasant will put Tansy leaves in his shoes to cure ague.

Tansy is an excellent remedy for

mothers. For weakness and miscarriages, tansy is the remedy. If there is bearing-down pains, or falling of the matrix, or misplacement, this is your remedy. It will restore it to its position and strengthen and make absolutely perfect, for it is admirably adapted to all the above as light is to chase the darkness.

If subject to miscarriage, boil a handful in a pint of water and drink a wineglassful three times a day. Tansy is a good remedy for weakness of the kidneys and bladder, and stoppage of urine. Tansy boiled in oil is good for sinew shrunk by cramps.

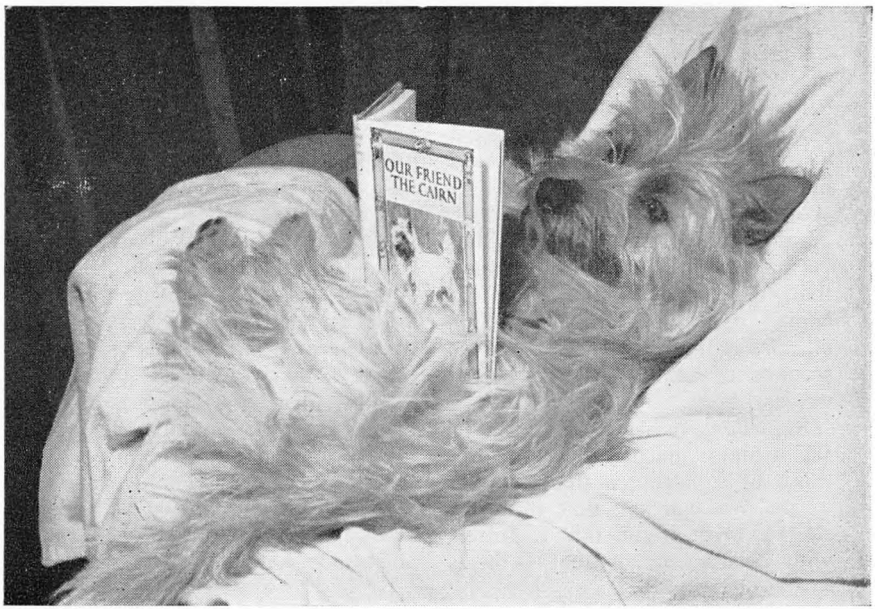
By . . .
W. D. Walters, M.P.S.

This herb, because of its good effect on the sinews, was one of the six remedies which in the ancient school of medicine at Salerno, were recommended for palsy. It is considered an excellent tonic to take after exhaustion, diseases and fevers. An infusion produces quiet sleep in restless people.

A homeopathic tincture is made from the fresh plant with spirits of wine. From five to ten drops of the same may be given with a tablespoonful of cold water to an adult twice or three times a day. This tincture is good for abnormal lassitude, nervous and tired feeling, that "half dead, half alive feeling" all over.

This plant has been used externally with benefit for some eruptive diseases of the skin, and a hot infusion of it to sprained or rheumatic parts will give relief from by way of fomentation.

In Scotland the dried flowers are given for gout, from half to one teaspoonful for a dose two or three times a day; or an infusion is drunk, prepared from the flowers and seed. This has kept inveterate gout at bay for years.



TAKE HEART



"To all healers there is a real connection between the physical and the spiritual, and where there must be a fusion, there must of necessity be a point of contact."

By . . .
LYN LYTTON

WHILE I was talking to a patient recently who was suffering from very deep depression, I followed my usual practice of trying to encourage her to put her trouble into words. In the story she told me the sentence that kept being repeated was, "I just haven't the heart."

What a strange thing it is that, all down the ages, the heart has been associated with so much more than its main function, that of being a magnificently working pump, rhythmically beating out the seconds of our lives even before we are born.

Somehow, it has attained for itself a major place in nearly everything of importance that happens to us. We will say that it nearly stopped with fright, that it flutters with excitement, or that it beats with love, and we make it the focal point in any circumstance of great moment by alluding to the heart of the matter.

Doctors pay attention to it only as a physical organ of the body and will only refer to its existence psychologically when they tell you that you must not worry because you have the "heart of a youngster" at seventy and you should rejoice. This may, in fact, make you feel that it adds years to your arthritis, but you daren't say so!

It is only when this physical organ shows unwilling that the medical men show interest, and it is not so long ago that the great breakthrough was supposed to have happened in South Africa.

Sadly, this was not so and after many experiments, major operations and much suffering no patient has

survived very long to enjoy the health and happiness for which so much was risked.

Spiritual healers have been in the forefront of heart healing for a very long time indeed, but *their* methods are as old as time, and cause no suffering to human or animal.

This is because they do not accept the heart as simply an organ of the physical body, so that they can readily understand the strange happening that so greatly puzzles the surgeons, the fact of the body's rejection of the heart of another person.

To all healers there is a real connection between the physical and the spiritual, and where there must be a fusion there must of necessity be a point of contact and this may well be the human heart, receiving the flow of spiritual life force that is individual to its own particular needs and unsuited to any other.

It is well recognized that it is through our non co-operation with our spirit self that all forms of disease comes. Man is a twin of body and spirit, and its is only when this is fully appreciated that peace and consequent health reign between the two halves.

Depression, mental illness and despair, are, as is very evident, on the increase with many other forms of physical trouble. This is, to my mind, because the human body is trying to work "on one engine." Healers know this very well and seek treatment from spirit, knowing that it is only from there that the remedy can come.

We could not exist without spiritual forces, another name for which of course is God. These forces were there before we were conceived. They are the cause, we are the effect of their working. They are the reservoir of all the life we have, and therefore it is by making contact with the "power mains" that we can be recharged.

Healers do not ignore the body and expect us to become saints in order to enjoy health. What they seek to do is to re-align our two selves into one perfect channel through which the spiritual "current" can flow to our lasting benefit.

When I see some form of depletion I know that there is a faulty connection between body and spirit, and that the raising of hope and courage in a patient will begin to clear the way to the influx of the great curative power that exists—Spiritual healing. Let us admit that though a surgeon may be of great technical brilliance it is beyond him to heal the actual wound. That must come from outside his skill though he may give medical help.

A spiritually-minded surgeon (and there are many) was known for his saying: "I operate, God heals." There is no wonder that he was successful; he was a healer in the full sense.

So many people leave their bodily ills and mind depressions unattended because they are understandably afraid of what the doctor may prescribe, of perhaps needing to go into hospital.

None of these fears need be felt when visiting a spiritual healer because their way is not to patch up the physical but to recharge the whole.

In so many cases to-day there is the feeling that one has lost heart, that nobody cares, that we are fighting alone in an unfriendly world. I would say, take heart; not someone else's in a physical sense; but take the heart of a healer into your confidence.



HEALING — THE HOPE FOR BETTER HEALTH

"The real hope for better health lies in treating the root causes of suffering and in directing the healing forces towards its elimination."

By GORDON SADLER

THE sanctuary waiting room is ideal for meditation and for preparing the patient's mind and spirit for healing intercession. It was here the other day that my thoughts strayed to a Scottish pioneer healer, the Rev. J. Cameron Peddie, who inaugurated a healing circle and spent many years healing and helping in the poorer districts of Glasgow.

Mr. Peddie, who once referred to healing as "the forgotten talent," used to hold a short service of prayer before commencing healing, which took place by the laying-on of hands. He was eminently successful both as a contact and absent healer. Many of his cases were unusual patients rejected as "incurable" by medical standards. The healer accepted no credit for any successful intercession and was always careful to remind his patients that he was merely an instrument for receiving and transmitting the healing power which came from God.

All this began just after the last war, and the growth of spiritual healing in Western countries suggests that it is no longer a forgotten talent, but a real and sensible way to better health. Healing is in fact in a stage of progressive expansion. Twenty years ago the general public were almost completely unaware of any positive alternative to orthodox medicine or surgery. Now, thanks to the publicity accorded by successful healing, patients are flocking to the sanctuaries and new healers preparing for service.

The medical profession is no longer united in its opposition to spiritual healing. True, some doctors are antagonistic and suspicious; others accept and recognise its potential influence, while some are already co-operating with the healers. Recently I heard of a hospital patient who was being treated, not very successfully, for a painful condition of the back. After several visits the young examining doctor whispered in the patient's ear—"You know, it's really a healer you need," and, for the record, it was a healer who dispersed the pain and brought about the patient's recovery.

Most men and women now know the difference between doctor and healer. Healing has been portrayed on TV, discussed on sound radio, and written about in the press, while most public libraries report increased interest in the subject. Sufferers from all kinds of complaints make regular visits to sanctuaries, preferring healing to the more easily available pills or antibiotics.

Healing success is not yet confined to physical and mental disorders. According to Mr. Peddie it may be found helpful in cases of

delinquency and in reclaiming young offenders. Spirit guidance links the healer with the social worker, and the combined effort may rescue many young people from the streets, helping to engage them in useful pastimes and occupations through organising youth clubs and discussion circles. Careful thought on the possibilities of this theme may well provide answers to some of the problems of our time—drug addiction, vandalism, moral laxity and general irresponsibility—prevalent among all sections of the community.

A concentrated healing effort in this direction might bring invaluable benefit through an improvement in mental health. For, as has so often been stressed, there are no limits to the healing power of the Great Spirit.

One of the most encouraging signs of the new decade is the growing interest shown by overseas countries in the work of the healing movement. In Europe spiritual healing is not always in favour, but recently I have met Continental visitors in London waiting to consult a healer.

Last month a group of inquirers arrived from Germany to visit sanctuaries and acquire first-hand knowledge of healing methods. The Scandinavian countries are also eager for guidance, and patients in the waiting room sometimes include natives of America, Africa



and Australia. Hopefully, there does appear to be a revolt against present mass methods of medical treatment, and resistance to controversial lines of research.

Those who are unhappy at the widespread use of animals in laboratory experiments, or who mistrust the medical dependence on drugs in the treatment of almost every illness or disease, will respond eagerly to a more natural form of healing. Broadly speaking, the administrators of the modern health service tend to treat their patients as "cases" rather than men and women.

This fact alone reveals the need for a new approach to problems of human health. Clearly, an infusion of some of the gentler qualities with which we have been endowed — compassion, love, patience—is necessary in order to maintain so essential a service.

The real hope for better health lies in treating the root causes of suffering and in directing the healing forces towards its elimination. Here is a great opportunity for the healing movement to extend its activities and to take part in a crusade for a fuller life.

Healers working with doctors, nurses, welfare and social services, can help to make the world a happier, healthier place.

* * *

What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind.
What is the soul? It is immaterial.

THOMAS HOOD.

* * *

A CHINESE STORY

We are indebted to the Surrey Healers' Association Newsletter for the following story.

There was this Chinaman who had two dreams. In the first one he went to Hell, and there he found a green and pleasant land, but all the Chinese people were thin and weak, yet they were each given a big bowl of rice which they snatched and ran off on their own to eat, the only problem was that the chopsticks were three feet long and try as they may they just could not reach their mouths, in the end they just withered away, and he awoke very upset. In the next dream he went to Heaven and there he also found a green and pleasant land, and all the Chinese people were fat and healthy, yet, they too were given a big bowl of rice and chopsticks three feet long, but instead of running off on their own to eat, they all sat down in a circle and fed each other. Both Heaven and Hell was a green and pleasant land, it was the people who made it either Heaven or Hell.

* * *

An American woman denied vehemently that she had been in an accident or had failed to pay a number of parking fines. Investigation proved her right. The guilty party had been driving round with his number plates upside down. His number was 660-898. Hers was 868-099. —R. J. B.

THE HEALING MINUTE



THERE are two stories worth telling in connection with the Healing Minute. The first is taken from the letter of an elderly lady, and judging by the character and tone of her letter, she has a critical and well-balanced mind.

She describes how she has observed the Healing Minute conscientiously for a number of years because she felt within her it was a good thing to do, and it might be a means to help others. Although she had suffered from internal and head pains consistently for a long time, she had never asked help for herself . . . until one evening when her pains were unusually bad, she thought she would seek relief just for the Healing Minute.

She says in her letter, "to get blessed easement from this pain even for one minute would be a godsend." Her letter continued, 'As I formed my mental request, so it seemed as if my whole self became enlightened, I felt that there was going through me some power of release.

"I forgot time, being content to enjoy this feeling of ecstasy, but as it left me and I opened my eyes I knew that I still possessed something that I cannot describe in words. My head was clear, I felt supremely happy, and I have no pain at all, since that night now a week ago. I feel I have been born anew, I do not seem able to tire myself at all. I am no longer afraid of food and eat all I can, and my sleep, how wonderful this is, to wake up in the morning thankful for no nasty interludes of pain . . . " And so her letter goes on in thankfulness for the happy change that has come to her.

This is worth a few moments' thought. The lady had been distressed for a long time, it had become habitual. In the previous observances she had given herself in thought for others — and then, when she thought of seeking relief "for just one minute," so the miraculous change took place. Who can doubt that her selfless appeal for healing was received in Spirit, and in those moments it came to her?

The second story comes from a young father. In his letter he

describes himself as not being a "good man, for I do not go to church, and have not prayed since I was confirmed when a lad." He had received a complimentary copy of our magazine when his wife wrote to ask for our healing for their daughter, who was in hospital very seriously ill.

He read about the Healing Minute, and just then the radio chimed out the notes of Big Ben at ten o'clock. In his letter he says. "Although I had no faith in it, I said to myself, why not try it for Catherine (his daughter)?" So he did, and then forgot all about it. The sequel is in the same letter, for he describes the visit of his wife and himself to the hospital to see his daughter the next day . . .

He wrote: "We were astonished to see Cathy sitting up in bed and smiling. She looked as well as any child could look, she had lost all that paleness and thinness, her cheeks were pink and her eyes were shining. The Sister in charge of the ward came up to us, and said that she could not account for the wonderful change that had come to our daughter. When she reported it to the doctor he came and examined her and could find nothing wrong now; he was puzzled and said to the Sister: 'Well, it's not our doing.' The night before, Cathy was very, very ill, to-day she was better and is coming home as soon as the tests are made . . . I prayed to God that night in thankfulness, for the wonderful change that came with the Healing Minute is all the evidence I need, and I feel my life is going to be all the better, for I shall try to be good in every way I can."

On previous occasions we have printed other letters testifying to the power of Spirit manifesting during the Healing Minute. The writer's mother was another to be freed from physical stress.

These two stories will greatly comfort all our Observers, for the happiness these stories reveal have followed the part that all have played in creating the right conditions for the Christ-spirit of healing to reach the afflicted.

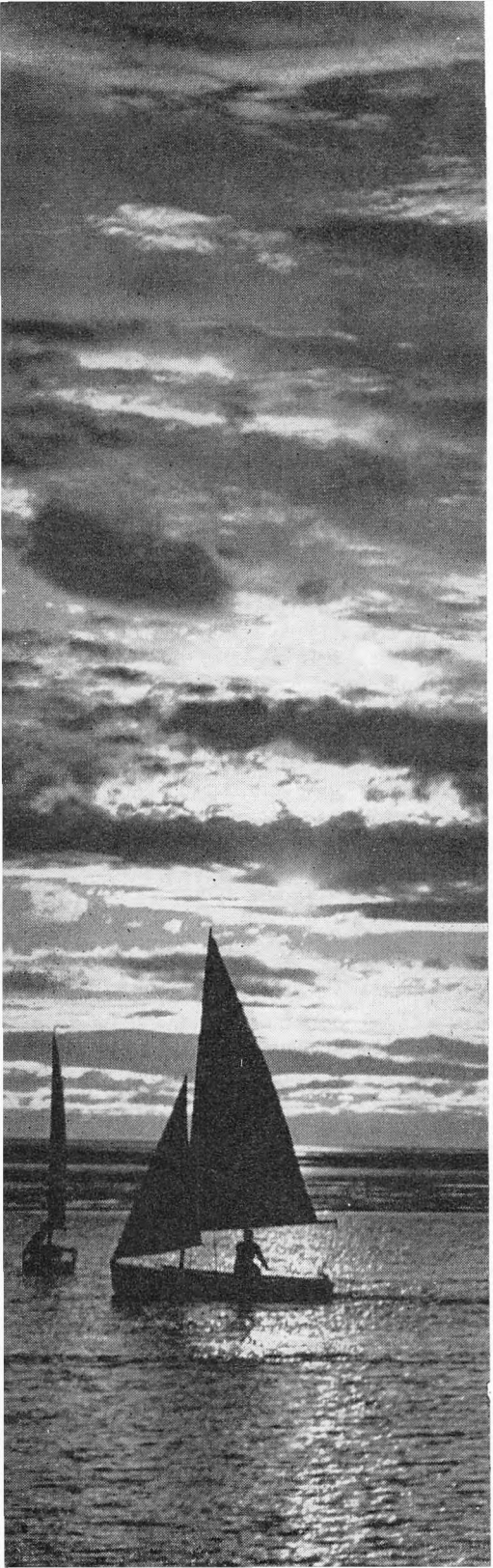
So, once again, we welcome everyone into the ranks of the Healing Minute Observers, and if you who read these words are not yet with us, please come in—a welcome awaits you by the many thousands of the unseen and unknown friends who are joining in this with you and for you.

Write for your Evening Tryst Enrolment Card and Brochure, and we will place your name with the scores of thousands of others in the Register. The address is The Sanctuary, Shere, Guildford, Surrey. There is nothing to pay, unless you would like a Healing Minute Badge for your coat in blue and gold enamel. Cost price, 25p each.

* * *

Half the joy of life is in little things taken on the run. Let us run if we must—even the sands do that—but let us keep our hearts young and our eyes open that nothing worth our while shall escape us. And everything is worth while if we are only able to grasp its significance.

—VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.



WHERE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE

"Hope is itself a species of happiness.'—Samuel Johnson.

By SYLVIA QUANT

SWEEPING up leaves in the hot verandah I stopped. Was that tiny, dried up body really dead? I bent over it, and blew gently. Life just about flickered.

It was a bee, all but dehydrated. On a leaf I carried him outside into the fresh air. Inert, there he lay. The water I poured nearby galvanized him. The bee moved an inch, and drank.

Was he hungry—what did he eat? Somewhere I had read that bees keep to only one flower type. What preference was his? However, he was in no condition to deal with any bloom, so I fetched him honey. A spot put near him acted as a match to petrol. Out came a long tube, and like some jet refuelling in mid-air he sucked away. I went back from time to time during the next half hour, and still he fuelled up. Finally, as I bent over him, he did a rocket-like vertical take off, circled me three times, and flew away. Was it too sentimental to think he recognized and thanked me?

I feel there is always hope. So often those who refuse to be beaten by an illness win through. Not for them acquiescence in the doctor's "You won't do that any more." After an injury fracturing the spine and splitting three ribs one man was told he would never work again, or walk without a supporting belt. His reply was that he had to work, and would do without the belt. Discharging himself before time, painfully he returned to his job. His determination led him eventually to discard the belt, and he worked until after retirement age. True he found his back was weak for the heavy lifting involved in his craftsman's job, but this caused him to seek and obtain a foreman's post, using brain rather than brawn. He maintained nothing would beat him.

Another example of what a determined spirit can do concerns a woman in her sixties, lame from birth. One leg is shorter than the other, causing her to limp. One day it became apparent that her hip had collapsed. Feeling her life too had collapsed she underwent the operation for replacing the defective one with plastic.

Very soon the medical staff told her she was to try and walk. Her delighted, "Can I?" brought forth the surprised comment, "Patients usually say 'Must I?'" Determination quickly took her the full length of the passage outside her door. Another lady, not lame, had this operation around the same time, but she could not face even getting out of bed. She thought she would never walk again.

Nurses helpfully suggested the plucky patient should visit the nervous one's room to show her how possible it was, even with the added disability of being lame. The offer was refused, and with it, perhaps, the hope. In six months our exuberant friend was hopping up and down her steep front-door step, just to show how good her new hip was. Frequently she forgot her stick. Offers to make and fetch the tea were adamantly refused. She could do it.

Now she cooks and cleans, and walks alone to the nearby hairdressers. Her pain and despair are transformed into happiness and delight.

* * *

Happiness consists in activity—it is a running stream, not a stagnant pool.

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A Scene at the Bazaar last year showing Jack Warner who opened the bazaar and Harry Edwards, both are giving autographs.

HOW OUR READERS HELP

Each year, the readers of this magazine have been magnificent in the way they have so gladly contributed to the successes we have enjoyed with each annual bazaar for the cause of Spiritual Healing. For the last three years we have shown a profit of a thousand pounds, and this has been vital to help maintain the good work of the National Federation of Spiritual Healers.

So once again we are looking to you to assist this year's bazaar which will take place at our Headquarters, Shortacres, Church Hill, Loughton, Essex, on Thursday and Friday, the 5th and 6th of October.

There is not too much time to gather in all the goods needed to ensure success but with good help from our readers, we shall have no cause to worry.

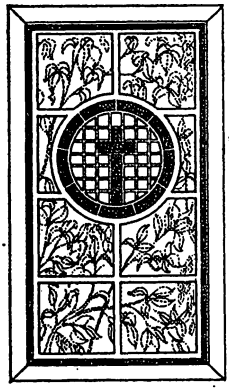
There is no limit to the kind of things which can be sent. They can be clothing, food, toys, articles of interest, cosmetics, art and crafts, indeed anything that people will buy . . . anything suitable for Christmas presents . . . hankies, scarves, books, jewellery, watches, cameras, indeed anything.

If it is more convenient a cash donation will be warmly welcomed to purchase goods which a good friend allows us to have at trade costs.

Ruth Anderson is the "Chief Gift Receiver," at Shortacres, who will be glad to acknowledge your very kind gifts.

Your good thoughts which promote your gifts are deeply appreciated, and we hope it may even be possible to see you at the bazaar.





Testimonies of Healing

There is no known sickness which has failed to respond to spiritual healing. Each month we present a selection of unsolicited testimonies of the healing results achieved. Genuine enquirers may see the original letters on request.

"It is three weeks ago that I gave you the report of my slow improvement. I have now to tell you that my left foot is completely healed, and that I am free from pain in this foot after thirty years of great suffering. My right foot is slowly getting better. I can hardly believe this wonder bone operation that has taken place. If I could possibly show you the X-ray picture of my feet, how they were like two cradles and now have a normal tread, it would compensate for your continued intercessions."—D.G.

"My body looked so thin and poor but now is strong and healthy, and people say I am a picture of health. The inner change is a miracle that deeply moves me. It seems to me that I am not the same being as I was three months ago. Now I neither call circumstances unbearable nor do I feel distressed. It is so wonderful an experience to feel inner peace and contentment, to be always cheerful and happy. I am able to cope with all the difficulties of my life now. The sense of being upheld by an unseen power fills me with a gratitude I cannot express in mere words."—L.S.

"By the way, great credit must be passed on to you and your band of workers, for our girl has become known as the young lady of the miracle cure—and we have not attracted any prominence ourselves at all. It was too anxious a time to indulge in seeking sympathies out of our family circle, but have to confess the whole matter has been too marvellous for us to even understand."—W.H.T.

" It is now six months since I asked you for help with spiritual healing for my disabilities. In view of my age and long medical history, I naturally did not expect a complete return to normal health. I can fairly say, however, that since I called on your aid I have improved slowly but steadily. My chest is better, my leg is gradually recovering strength, and my general outlook is brighter. I owe you and your helpers the deepest gratitude for your help in this recovery."—E.Y.

"I delayed my report because I had to go to the clinic for X-ray and examination. I have been in bed six weeks and was told by the doctors that on my next visit—that was to-day —they would arrange for me to go into hospital in order to cut part of my lung away, or collapse the lung for a prolonged period. Needless to say, this would have put me in hospital or bed for a considerable time. But this morning, after being X-rayed, etc., I was told to get up all day and please myself where I went or what I did (within reason, of course). The doctor said: 'I can find no possible reason why you should stay in bed any longer.' "—E.N.

"I saw Lawrence looking so well and walking straight because in the spring his aunt, living facing my house, was telling me she did not think he would live long, and that he had got very much worse and could not do anything for himself. In despair, his wife decided to write for your intercession, which, in a few

days, amazed us all. I was amazed to-day to see Lawrence come from his aunt's door carrying a large suitcase and put it in his car."—S.J.

"I am happy to say that the confidence your letter gave me was justified. I attended the clinic for examination and was told that a further visit was unnecessary and that I would be discharged. There was a mark on the left lung but this had been healed, and this after there had been no change in me for two years. The relief has made me feel like a new man."
—A.W.

"The doctor told me when I was first examined that if I did not have this operation it would only be a matter of a few years before I passed on from this life. From the moment I entered hospital I felt and extraordinary sense of peace, and for the two days before the operation I was completely relaxed and content. The surgeon who operated remarked afterwards that it was a remarkably quick and straightforward operation which took less time than usual. And now, since coming home, the doctor has just called with my report. After my operation the organs removed were sent for examination. The report now shows no signs of cancer. This is the second time they have been examined. The doctor was naturally puzzled, as this malignant growth was quite definite when I was examined some weeks ago."—M.C.

* * *

A COINCIDENCE?

THIS is a true story. It happened to a friend and patient of ours, just before last Christmas.

Miss Muriel C . . . is a grand old lady about 82 years old. She is a retired school teacher and now lives with two friends who are also school teachers but still on the active list.

Some eighteen months ago Muriel received as a present a young Siamese cat. She named him "Suki".

Suki was not very strong until Muriel brought him to us for healing. Suki soon grew into a strong and affectionate cat. It was very much loved by Muriel and was her only companion during the long days she was alone at home.

One evening, some two months before Christmas, Suki was killed by a car in front of the house. A neighbour was a witness to the accident and he brought the news to Muriel and her friends. One of the friends telephoned us the following morning and my wife and I went to see Muriel. She was still under the shock, very distressed and depressed.

Little by little Muriel got over the initial shock but still mourned her Suki and vowed she would never have another cat.

A fortnight before Christmas the neighbour who had witnessed the death of Suki, rang the doorbell and told the friend who opened the door that he had just seen a car stop at the spot where Suki had been killed, the door of the car was opened and a man threw out a kitten, then drove off. Would the ladies take in the kitten and give it a home? Muriel did not hesitate and at once fell in love with the kitten. She calls it Honey on account of her colouring!

They took the kitten to a vet to have it examined. The vet estimated its age at "about ten weeks". So Suki was killed about the time Honey was born . . . Muriel is again her cheerful self.

A coincidence? . . .

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THE PATTERN

God has a place for each one of us in this world. It is for us to discover our individual niche. We seek to find our special ability through trial and error. Many are the digressions and diversions from the focal point. Just as a plant may become choked by weeds, so do we become overwhelmed by the circumstances of life at times. Who has not felt an inferiority at some stages of life? Our dreams, our ideals, seem to crumble; and we believe our own part of the Pattern to be useless . . . . Our heritage is the great capacity for living—yes, living! But the question is: how do we live—meaninglessly, with our life's kaleidoscope never reaching stability?

Let us not despair, however. Somewhere in all of us is the longing for completeness: a crying out for the perfect expression of our true selves. This is really our knowledge that our perfect Pattern does exist. And having once glimpsed It, we shake the kaleidoscope no more, but hold the Vision with steady hand before our eyes, that It may make our life one of Truth, Love and Compassion: "a thing of beauty," and "a joy for ever."

—DOROTHY A. HEFFER.

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