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A Happy Christmas to all our Readers
From all at Burrows Lea

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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.

FROM THE EDITOR

A STRANGE thing about the nature of growth is that it does not proceed as one would expect, continuously and imperceptibly, but in a series of leaps and bounds; remaining quiescent for a while and then swelling and expanding vigorously until the next period of quiescence.

There is a saying in Umbria, that green and lovely region of Italy whose valleys embrace Perugia and Assisi, that during the spring evenings when it is very still—in those rare intervals between the honeyed clamour of the nightingales — one can *hear* things grow.

That if you listen by opened casements with breathing stilled, you can detect the pulsation of purple grapes; hear the rising sap engorging the young citrus; distinguish bursting calyx releasing the star-shaped flowers of the olives.

And so it has been throughout the year of 1959 in the ever-expanding field of spiritual healing. But stillness was not a requisite to detect this growth! The quiet activity of healing groups during the spring paved the way for extensive programmes throughout the summer, when healers from America, Holland and Sweden visited this country, and our own mediums travelled extensively, exercising their own gifts in this country and abroad.

In early autumn the Royal Festival Hall was again crammed to capacity at the annual Healing Demonstration. And in November the poignant spiritual Service of Remembrance at the Royal Albert Hall served to emphasize the growing strength of unity between all men and women of good-will.

But the most important advancement in the history of spiritual healing was the announcement by many of the great groups of London hospitals, whereby permission was extended to spiritual healers to co-operate in the healing of the sick. This is the goal to which those early pioneers have struggled through the long years of orthodox indifference and undisguised hostility.

Here is the opportunity for all healing groups to submerge their points of division; to merge together as an inspired and inspiring body of loyal workers so that *materia medica* may become *spiritualized medica;* that sick people be recognized as spiritual entities rather than physical case-histories.

The growth of spiritual healing has at last begun to advance in leaps and bounds. No longer is there need to stand with baited breath and hearken to its growth. But as this fruit of Spirit ripens let us not fall into the error which has divided so many spiritual movements.

Dogma and ritual are weeds which flourish all too easily, obscuring divine gifts behind a fence of dogmatism. If spiritual healing is complementary to medicine let it be complementary, too, to all religions, and to all therapies.

The Christmas season is a time when tolerance comes more easily to even the most embittered and cynical, and this one virtue is able to unite nations, religions, political ideologies, as effectively as it can unite individuals.

If all healers can keep the "Spirit" of . . . A Merry Christmas . . . in their hearts throughout the year, that "Guide" will be all-sufficient.



THESE HEALED BY BEAUTY (XII)

by Doris M. Hodges

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of Auld Lang Syne?"

IN the summer of 1796 — the exact date was the 21st of July —the man who wrote those words lay dying. His face, which bore the marks of great suffering endured over many months, was still that of a comparatively young man. And, in fact, Robert Burns, for it was he, was only thirty-seven at the time of his death.

Threatened with imprisonment for some debt he owed, the hand that had penned some of the loveliest verses in our language, that had set down some of the most beautiful songs, was painfully engaged in drafting a letter. Robert Burns wrote to a friend in Edinburgh appealing for the loan of ten pounds.

Much has been written and spoken about Burns, the poet and the man. A phrase I like, written with compassionate and tender insight, says that "he sang the short and simple annals of the poor." He did this, and much more. He spread the spirit of healing and understanding amongst men all over the world, wherever his poetry was read, and his songs were sung.

For Burns believed, and proclaimed, the brotherhood of man; not as a piece of political or religious dogma, but in an instinctive sympathy with humanity which sprang from the heart. He has recorded it in this couplet, which is now amongst the most famous of all his quoted work:—

"It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man the warld o'er
Shall brithers be for a' that."

Though, in his verse and especially in his songs, he bequeathed love, understanding, tolerance and compassion to the world through the medium of his creative genius, Robert Burns had neither a particularly easy nor a happy life. He did, of course, have periods of intense personal happiness, but there were other times when it seemed that the world was against him, and the end of his life was both tragic and untimely.

Robert Burns—to his friends and intimates he was "Robin" or "Robbie" — was born on 25th January, 1759, the son of William Burns, a Scottish farmer. In 1766,



Here they come . . . !

his father was appointed tenant of a farm in a district about two miles from the town of Ayr. It was here that the young Robert Burns spent his later boyhood and adolescence.

He was tutored by a private tutor, but, besides, he was a great and avid reader, and helped to educate himself by private study. Besides his school books, the works of Shakespeare and other English poets, he spent most time with an old collection of songs. Many of his later songs contained some lines or words culled or borrowed from older works, though some of the loveliest are his own work entirely.

His honest spirit particularly detested any form of cant or humbug, and it was here that his gift for satire found expression. He

made two satirical attacks on the leaders of the church with which he was connected, including the Minister, thereby, of course, earning for himself some censure. The poems "The Holy Fair" and "Holy Willie's Prayer" were, however, recognized as works showing Burns' great promise as a poet.

Soon afterwards appeared "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "The Jolly Beggars," "Halloween," "The Mountain Daisy," and many others. Included amongst them is that wonderfully descriptive and tender little poem "To a Mouse," which is one of my own favourites.

The domestic life of Robert Burns was destined to be both disturbed and stormy. In 1786 he went through a form of marriage with Jean Armour — and he also fell deeply in love with Mary Campbell! She, of course, is the "Highland Mary" of two of the loveliest poems he ever penned, invoking the deep feeling he had for her:—

"But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary . . ."

In 1786 some of his friends decided that his verse ought to be brought before the public notice. A collection of his songs and poems was published, and it was issued at Kilmarnock, and was a great success. Burns himself was on the point of leaving for Jamaica, to which country he had a fancy to emigrate. However, the popularity of his book proved to be so great that Burns cancelled his passage to the West Indies, and went to Edinburgh.

One is tempted to ask, rather sadly, whether it might not have been better for him if he had not remained where he was. The countryside had always a particular appeal for him; a deep love for the simple delights it holds runs through much of his verse. In Edinburgh he became a social success. He was courted by the nobility, by men of letters, feted at the social clubs, made much of at literary functions.

A second edition of the poems was published. Soon he had embarked on a tour through the border country and then the Highlands, with his friend, Robert Ainslie. His books were making money. He leased a farm near Dumfries, and there he settled down with his wife in 1789.

He was writing songs, simple ballads, that touched the heart, which brought healing and comfort, a sense of his own warm, rich humanity, his compassion, and his humour, songs such as "Auld Lang Syne?

How many hands, joined around how many hearths, in Burns' time and since, have cemented and renewed friendship and love, found healing in the simple but very lovely refrain of the melody, also composed by Burns? It is probably the best-beloved of all the songs of friendship, yet how simple, and how plain and apt the words!

Amongst the love songs there is this one, closely challenging it, with its short, simple verses, its sweet and appealing air:—

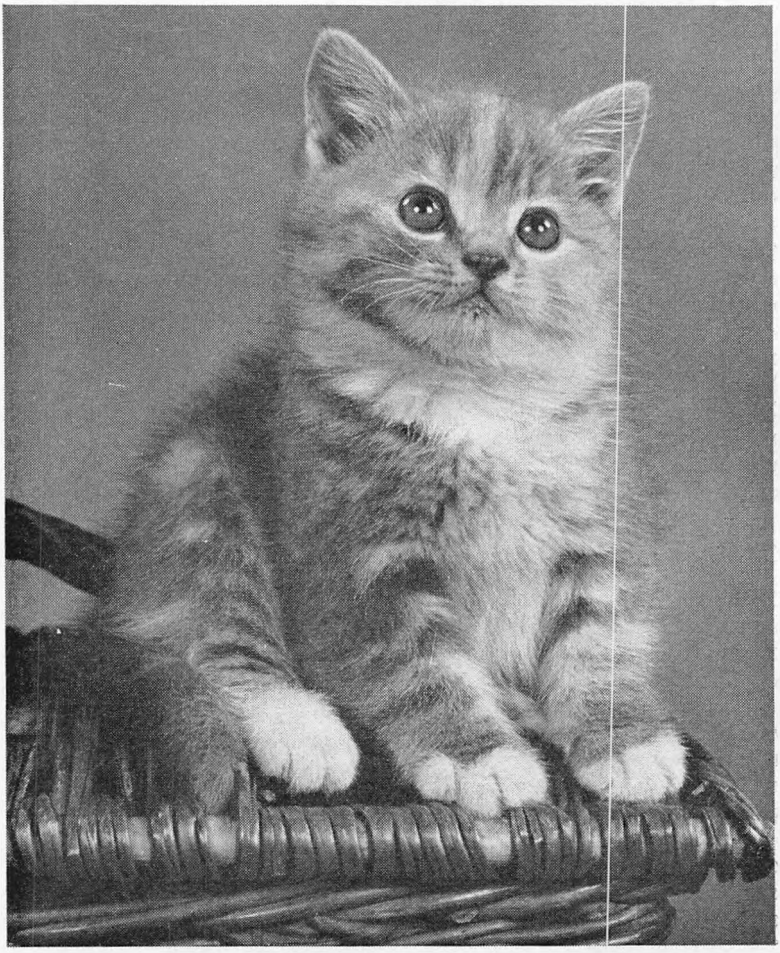
"O my love's like the red red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O my love's like the melody,
That's sweetly played in tune.

In 1791, the poet's popularity reached its zenith. Henceforth, although he was to publish more verse and songs, his fortunes declined. It is, however, as the maker of sweet songs, the poet whose words touched the heart and gave it healing, that we are concerned here. The Burns of the

later period, disillusioned, unfortunate, and downcast, we remember only with compassion for the man he might have been.

There is one other work of his which has given, and continues to give, pleasure and satisfaction to millions. I mean "The Selkirk Grace," which illustrates the poet's practical commonsense, his forthright simplicity of style, and his underlying humility:—

"Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit . . ."

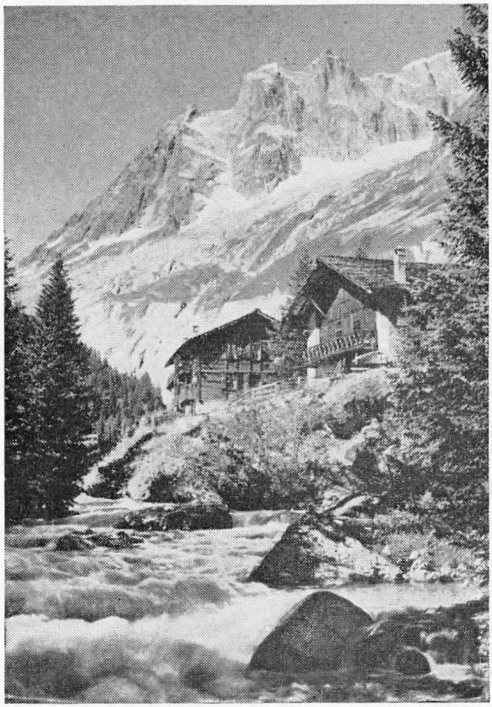


If I could reach those paper-chains . . .!

* * *

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light, adorns and cheers our way,
And still, as darker grows the night, emits a brighter ray.

GOLDSMITH.



THE HEALING OF SIGHT

When people hurt their arms, they rest them; but rarely do they rest their eyes when these are ailing . . .

by Harry Edwards

IN view of the many different troubles that can affect the eyesight, it is rather difficult to give any precise indications of how eyes can be helped by spiritual healing; but in general, we can say that there has been much evidence of success with the healing of vision.

We often point out that no one case of healing can be taken as a precedent for another, and this is particularly true with eye diseases. For example, with one case of cataract we may see a rapid clearance of the obstructing film, yet with another, possibly less severe, the dispersal of the film takes a longer time and in some cases there is no apparent clearance.

As is well known, in the work here at Shere, it is Olive Burton who has the special gift of healing eye conditions and she, with Mr. Burton, holds special healing sessions on most Friday afternoons, for dealing with the healing of sensory and nervous disorders. They are gifted, too, in the healing of other general maladies, but the healing of eyes seems to be one of Mrs. Burton's special qualifications.

There have been occasions when patients have been brought to her, when, from visual examination of the eyes, there appears to be no hope at all; for the eyes have lost all appearance of organization and look like a whitish blur. Yet, at times, the seeming impossible happens and sight is restored—possibly just a little at first, increasing in strength as the absent healing continues.

We have found that the greater percentage of success is seen when the eyes have not been operated



"I'm as tall as you, now."

upon. The eye structure and function is so delicate that surgery, while possibly doing good work for those people we do not see, invariably brings most difficult conditions to heal with those patients who apply to us for help.

We divide eye troubles into two main classifications: those whose causation lies in some form of mental and nervous tension, and those like cataracts, which appear to be of a more physical nature. With the former, an appreciable measure of success is obtained often leading to complete recovery. With the second category the healing result is more problematical.

There is a third section, mainly with people of advanced age whose sight is failing as a result of age and a senile condition. While spiritual healing is unable to put back the clock, we can say that with these

cases the sight is maintained in a stronger state than would otherwise be the case.

Conjunctivitis, which is an inflammation of the membranes, is one of those common troubles that respond easily to healing, and this is seen by the lessening of the redness and watering, until the eye is clear.

healing effort, but with these a period of healing is necessary to remove the ill-effects.

Glaucoma is the only other disease we need mention specifically. This usually is seen with people who are past the prime of life, and if the trouble has not developed seriously the trouble is overcome.

JUST for a few hours on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day the stupid, harsh mechanism of the world runs down, and we permit ourselves to live according to untrammelled common sense, the unconquerable efficiency of good will. We grant ourselves the complete and satisfying pleasure of loving others better than ourselves. How odd it seems, how unnaturally happy we are! Just for a few hours we "purge out of every heart the lurking grudge."

With cataracts the healing manifests in the gradual dispersal of the opacity that obscures the lens, and success is not infrequent. The delicacy of the structure of the eye indicates the wonderful way in which healing works to disperse just the unwanted matter and without injuring any other part of the eye.

Iritis, nervous twitchings of the eyes often promoting double vision, is also a malady that can be helped by healing, for with the soothing of the nerves the eyes respond. More difficult are detached retinas, with their painful effects. This is an affliction where the healing is not often seen after surgery has intervened; but if the trouble is not chronic then restoration comes, and when this does not seem to be possible, the pains and light flashes are soothed and lessened.

The ill results following a hæmorrhage yield, too, to the

In all cases where spiritual healing is invoked for eye troubles, we strongly advise patients to avoid eyestrain and strong light. Correct glasses are also an essential and a constant check-up with the oculist is recommended. Sometimes patients come with weakening sight, images become blurred and there is pain and tenseness in the eyes. When we ask what their employment is, it is often found that this involves tedious and close work.

So long as the cause is maintained then the eyes will continue to suffer, and we find that the majority of people in this class would rather continue their employment and ruin their sight than seek something new that would be less exacting to the sight. However, if close work cannot be avoided, we advise that as often as possible the focal length be altered by looking elsewhere for a short

time. When people hurt their arms they rest them, but rarely do they rest their eyes when these are sick.

There is another difficulty we meet in healing: when a patient has been in regular attendance for their eyes and the doctor has formed an opinion that nothing more can be done, or he has advised the best glasses possible. Following this the patient receives absent healing and the stress is taken away; the sight is relieved; and the strengthening becomes obvious. The doctor recalling his prognosis is unwilling to recognize any change or to recommend different glasses.

If any of our patients are in this position, conscious of easement from stress and clearer vision, even if a little, they should consult a new optician and ask for an examination. In these circumstances new glasses may be given to help the sight and relieve strain.

We recall one lady who, through a blow, became blind and was registered as such. With the healing her sight came back, but the hospital doctor would not consider this or give her glasses because she was "Registered Blind."

Another case concerned a man who had been completely blind for fifty years and who recovered his sight with spiritual healing. It returned as long sight and the specialist optician declared it was perfect and miraculous. He observed "Vision perfect, eye clear, bright, and in splendid condition, no fear of deleterious effects."

We submitted this case to the doctors concerned for their comments and recognition of spiritual healing as the healing agency. The excuse they offered to account for the recovery was "suggestion, the patient began to see, after being encouraged to look."

Believe it or not, the suggestion is seriously put forward that after being totally blind for 50 years the eyes cataractous and the lens dislocated—all we had to do was to tell the patient to look and he could see! This is not a fairy story, it appeared with this doctor's excuse in the *British Medical Journal,* 4th December, 1954.

Strange is it not that there are some doctors who will not "see"!

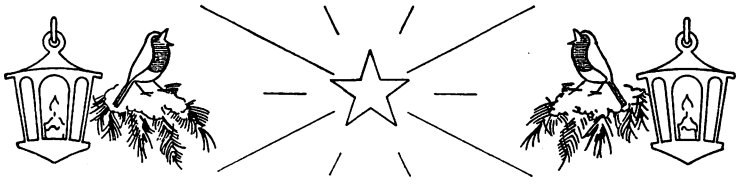
TRIBUTE FROM A QUEEN'S COUNSEL

Mr. Charles E. Loseby, the eminent Queen's Counsel, was present at the Healers' Day Service at the Royal Festival Hall, and he writes: "Twice now I have judged for myself and say not only that you demonstrated the truth of your proposition but that any medical man or other person with experience must agree that the truth of spiritual healing is demonstrable. It follows that the importance of such demonstrations can hardly be over-estimated."

* * *

REGRETS

We are asked to express the regrets of the National Federation of Spiritual Healers that their Diary contains references to blood sports. This was due to the publishers using one of their stock diaries to supplement the pages of Federation matter, and every care will be taken that this does not happen again.



FROM MY CASE-BOOK

by A. Parson

WHOEVER discovers the reason why life on earth should be so complicated and worrying will render a most valuable service to medicine, religion and philosophy.

Probably no one more than a doctor, a lawyer, and a parson knows how remarkably unhappy mankind can be. The doctor meets the victims of pain, the lawyer victims of passion, hatred and crime; the minister of religion those distressed in soul as well as in mind and body.

Lawyers, doctors and parsons soon learn how tremendous is the effect of fear, especially when accompanied by shame and a guilty conscience. Combined fear and shame account for most of the worst results on the victim's life. They can destroy both body and soul and are the most pregnant cause of suicide.

But a person need not be dead to be destroyed. A guilty conscience can paralyse a person's reactions to life so effectively that he can lose grip of everything including health and ambition.

Beneath the threshold of awareness there seems to lie in the mind of some people something ready to seize on mere phantasy and erect on it a force so destructive that it can demolish a person's will, at least in relation to some things. Nor are these unfortunate individuals stupid, but usually very intelligent.

In the early days of my ministry a case of this sort so perplexed me that for a long time I doubted the value of religion, and felt that Christianity could hardly be good when it ruined a sensitive individual's happiness simply because of an obscure text in the New Testament.

I met others later, but all of them soon passed out of my life. Only one ever came back and although several years had passed since I first heard the story of his grief, he was no better. Perhaps in the human soul there lies something deeper than any mental healer can hope to reach, even by prayer and fasting.

This, however, is not the purpose of this article, although it is as well that spiritual healers *should* exchange experiences. More than one wise medical doctor has advised his patient to consult a man of prayer rather than to resort to drugs, because he has intuited that the cause of the malady lay too deep for ordinary remedies.

These cases are subtle and call for more than a superficial acquaintance with humanity. There was, for example, the tall haggard-



An appeal in triplicate.

looking man who entered my study wild-eyed and overflowing with hatred of his wife and her mother simply because he had been overworking. Neurasthenia held him in its grip, filling his mind with the wildest of notions which might have resulted in murder.

A medical man himself he did not realize the true state of his mind. So rational were his arguments in support of his mistaken notions that any healer might have been excused for believing his delusions. But as he poured out the venom of his diseased mind, the truth began to emerge.

His life had been one long endeavour to obtain success. Even when a young child ambition had smouldered; in youth it burst into flame; now, a man of thirty-five, it was like a fire consuming him. There was nothing elevated about his ideal. He wanted to be famous and nothing could stop him except the failure of his own mental powers.

Night and day he had laboured with patients and study, until his nerves, no longer able to stand the strain, were stretched, as it were, to breaking point and his brain overburdened.

Why he sought advice from a church healing group when his faith seemed riveted on his own profession, I never found out. Perhaps some profounder aspect of his soul drove him to seek help only where one so spiritually bereft could find it. His learned mind

seemed to have no room for God.

Young and inexperienced as I then was I knew full well that sometimes a sympathetic talk and a healing touch and a word of prayer could do what the most potent drugs were unable to accomplish. Indeed, in this case it seemed as if a special dispensation of divine grace had been outpoured on this unhappy man.

serious mental effort; a little more social life, less mental strain, and faith in the healing power of Spirit.

There literally burst into my presence one morning a hefty young man from one of the great English universities who vehemently vowed vengeance on the entire university faculty for having forced him to leave his studies because he

THE exact day and year of Christ's birth have never been satisfactorily settled, but when the fathers of the Church in A.D. 440 decided upon a date to celebrate the event, they wisely chose the day of the winter solstice which was their most important festival. Because of changes in man-made calendars, the time of the solstice and the date of Christmas vary by a few days.

I do not remember much that I said to him. These talks were always in danger of becoming routine; but when he left the healing chamber he was calm and reasonable. His last words assured me that he would return to his wife and children to love and cherish them. After events proved that I was right.

Fortunately for him I had myself when a student once found on waking from sleep my own brain working on its own, to my profound alarm. I too had been overstudying and bade fair to be "lean and leaden-eyed."

This harrowing experience has since stood me in good service when treating patients whose trouble has been caused by overworking the brain, for it appears to have the capacity after being too tightly wound up, to go on winding on its own.

My remedy was simple. A temporary abandonment of all had been overworking. In some respects his will had broken down and his mind had become unable to work coherently.

He had been under orthodox medical attention without benefit, and now he sought for help in the unfamiliar and almost despised consulting room of a parson who made no claims to consummate skill as a healer, but who knew from experience that there were wonderful healing forces at his sympathetic talks and prayers with his patients.

A few days later the man's mind cleared. "It was," wrote the young man from Oxford, "as if a cloud had suddenly lifted from my mind, letting in, once more, the light of reason."

All these cases, however, had one thing in common—fear. In one case the fear of God's wrath and the pains of hell; in the other fear of failure to attain his social and professional objective. In the

third case that he might fail at his examination and return to his home abroad, as poor as he had left it and an object of derision.

All these sick people had made the mistake of regarding temporal values too seriously, for even the man who thought he had committed the unpardonable sin had placed too much value on the printed word.

On one occasion I found a charming lady waiting for me in the vestry. Her handsome face was flushed with anxiety and her hurried utterance showed how tense were her emotions and her nerves. Her story was almost amusing to the looker-on, and might have gained nothing but contempt from anyone unacquainted with the strange things that can harass a mind filled with fear; in this case for those she loved and for whom she felt responsible.

She had been blessed with two children, both of whom were at the university. She had impressed upon them two things. First, that on her side of the family there had been several men notable for their intellectual brilliance, and it was their paramount duty to prove worthy of these forebears by emulating them.

Her son had taken his mother seriously and won high commendation, but her daughter had proved to be a rebel. Suddenly she had left her studies and devoted herself to child welfare, and her brilliant career had ended.

Having heard of some of the extraordinary results achieved by our healing group, she had presented herself there as a last resource. Could we make her daughter see the folly of her ways and return once more to her intellectual courses?

I asked to see the daughter and a few days later a charming young woman appeared. Her story was that she preferred children to books, and hoped to marry and have a large family. There was no indication of embarrassment about the beautiful creature. It was obvious that she placed motherhood well above academic honours.

My feelings were all for the girl, and I suggested that now that I knew all, she had better take her departure and send her mother in for treatment. On hearing this request the girl took a deep breath, smiled serenely and complimented the healing group's method. "You are quite right," she said. "It is mother who needs treatment, not I."

Mother duly came to the clinic and had her anxieties removed simply by seeing the reasonableness of her child's ambition. We were both confident that if her daughter eventually married and had children as delightful as herself and her brother, it would be more than fair compensation for not becoming confirmed blue-stocking.

Of course, fear was at the bottom of this woman's sickness. She had exaggerated the dangers which might befall her children if they were not highly educated, "For," she had earlier argued, "in these times success is not to the brave and strong, but to the consistently clever."

* * *

The sublimest song to be heard on earth is the lisping of the human soul on the lips of children.

VICTOR HUGO.



Bribing a bashful Bobby.

* * *

I do not believe that in the other world there are either Hindus, or Christians, or Mussulmans. There all are judged not according to their labels or professions, but according to their actions.

MAHATMA GANDHI.



The Wonder of the Healing of a Wound

We take this healing power for granted, yet without this surgery could not exist . . .

By J. D. Ratcliffe

ONE of the most awe-inspiring marvels of life is the ability of the body to renew itself, to repair damage and go forward. Every time you so much as nick yourself with a razor or a knife, a construction job far more complex than building a skyscraper gets under way.

We take this healing power for granted, yet without it surgery couldn't exist; the slightest injury could lead to death.

Normally, the body is covered by a protective sheath of dead skin. When this covering is broken, cells underneath are shredded, nerves and blood vessels ripped apart. All these infinitely complex bits of life must be replaced, and severed connections must be restored.

If the wound is severe enough, a four-alarm danger signal goes out to marshal all protective resources. Blood pressure is lowered to minimize loss of blood. Clotting time is reduced to seconds (in test tubes blood takes three to four minutes to clot). The spleen empties its reserve hoard of blood into the circulation to replace losses. Manufacture of protective white blood cells is speeded up to ten times the normal rate.

Cells live a submarine existence, bathed in fluid. A wound exposes them to drying air which they can't tolerate, leaves in its wake broken blood vessels which threaten to leak away the most vital of body fluids, and opens the way for deadly invasion by an army of microbes.

These challenges must be faced instantly. Lymph, tissue-juices and plasma must flood into the wound

to provide the moist environment required. At the same time, the flow of blood must be stopped.

As blood circulates it resists clotting, which would block vital passage ways. But once a break occurs the blood must gain instantly the ability to clot. This faculty is provided by platelets — little cells always present in the blood—which rupture when a break exposes them to air.

As they burst they appear to release some still unidentified chemical. Under stimulus of this chemical the blood factor *prothrombin* is converted into *thrombin*.

This, in turn, reacts with another blood substance — *fibrinogen*. The result of this complex chemistry is a white, cottony stuff called *fibrin* that traps escaping red blood cells to form a life-saving stopper. (Fibrin also plugs exposed ends of lymphatic ducts, to prevent bacteria from slipping into the body.)

Meanwhile, capillaries in the vicinity of the wound dilate (that's why the edges of a wound have a reddish appearance) and, as their walls become thinner, other white cells are permitted to escape. Their function is to eat anything which might retard healing: bacteria, dead cells, dirt and other contaminants.

These minute scavengers appear to shoot out a bacteria-killing poison. Then they consume the invaders, one phagocyte eating perhaps 20 bacteria.

In even the tiniest wounds thousands of cells perish. This debris, too, must be cleaned up, and phagocytes cart it away for evenual disposal by the kidneys. They even attempt to eat thorns and splinters hundreds or thousands of times their size. Failing, they secrete enzymes which dissolve surrounding tissues—and thus float the offending thorn or splinter to the surface of the skin. The white cells may eat so voraciously that they bloat and die. Their cellular remains contribute to pus formation.

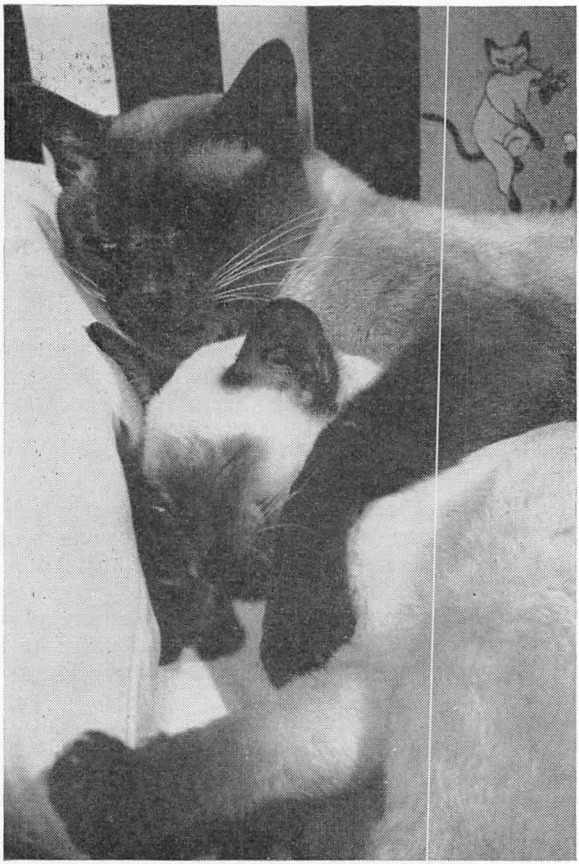
Another remarkable protective mechanism then takes up part of the load. The attacking bacteria themselves stimulate the production of antibodies—bacteria destroyers. Thus, in a sense, they scatter the seeds of their own destruction.

Marvellous as they are, all these are merely emergency measures. Ahead lies the larger job—reconstruction. A key role in this process is played by one of the most remarkable fragments of life—the *fibroblast*. When a wound occurs these cells rush to the area and swarm over the scaffolding of cottony fibrin to fill the wound with a temporary patch.

All of the body's billions of cells are nourished by the circulatory

FOR generations Christmas customs have focused around the fact that it belongs to the season of frost and snow. Transplanted to a climate that knows not winter, its celebrations are different in many ways. For instance, Christmas in Brazil falls in mid-summer, giving it the characteristics of a summer festival with flowers for decorations, fireworks, picnics, fiestas and boating excursions.

system. But the circulatory system in the wound, remember, has been destroyed. The fibroblasts, to get vital nourishment, revert to the method of feeding used by primitive, one-celled sea animals. They absorb food from the fluid in the wound. Within a few days they will be so firmly established that they no longer need their fibrin trellis. The trellis is then dissolved to provide additional nourishment for growing cells. Nothing is wasted in wound healing.



It's been a hectic day.

In the body economy a wound always gets first priority. Even people starving in concentration camps during the war retained the ability to heal. Whatever materials are needed for the healing process are provided by tearing down tissues elsewhere in the body.

Thus, muscle is broken down into amino acids, which build new tissue at the wound site. That is why badly injured people "waste away."

Gradually the wound fills with granulation tissue—a beefy, spongy patching material which in time will be replaced by firm, fibrous scar tissue.

The construction of new tissue is one of the true wonders of nature. In response to some mysterious directive force, fibre cells arrange themselves in neat geometric patterns, like chemical crystals. Since these more complex tissues need a reliable blood supply, an intricate plumbing system of capillaries must be installed.

Researchers can watch this when the ear of a rabbit is injured: little blood vessels, so delicate that they bleed at the touch, start drilling their way through the new tissue. Their ends remain sealed — otherwise blood would leak away. Progressing in random fashion, they

finally strike another capillary. The ends magically dissolve and the two join, laying down the elements of a new circulatory system. By a process still more complex, nerve tails push their way into the new tissue.

All this has been taking place deep under the scab. Meanwhile, directly beneath the scab, new skin is forming.

Round the margins of the wound, skin cells start playing their all-important role. They start elongating—reaching their way towards the centre of the denuded area, just as bark grows over a blaze on a tree.

The first skin to cover the wound is thin, fragile, living. Eventually it will mature, with uppermost cells dying and hardening to form a permanent, inert covering.

A week or so after the injury the wound looks healed. Actually, some of the most remarkable steps in the healing process are to come. In the months following injury tiny muscle fibres start growing outwards from either side of the wound, finally meeting and splicing together.

Fat joins to fat, connective tissue to connective tissue. In time, perhaps a year, the scar tissue is replaced by functioning tissue. The reconstruction job is completed.

How should you treat small wounds? Usually small cuts and scratches need only be cleaned with soap and running water and covered with a dry sterile dressing to keep out germs.

If the wound is on the face or the palms of the hands or the fingers, or near a joint, it is best to see your doctor, because face wounds can become disfiguring, wounds near joints can involve the action of the joint, and palm wounds are prone to infection.

Gunshot or powder wounds, animal bites and wounds contaminated with soil or manure are also prone to infection and should always be cared for by the doctor. If there is severe bleeding, it can usually be checked by pressing a pad of folded cloth — the cleanest available—against the wound with the fingers.

Whatever the wound, if symptoms of infection appear (throbbing pain that comes on several hours after the injury; redness round the wound; swollen glands in the neck, armpits or groin; or heat, pus or fever), you should see your doctor as soon as possible.

Condensed from "Family Doctor."



THE HEALING MINUTE BADGE

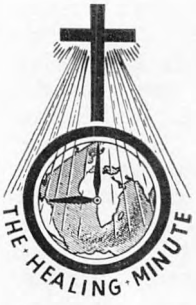
Thousands of people are wearing the Healing Minute Badge and we are now presenting the Sanctuary Symbol in the form of a Spiritual Healing Badge, finished in blue on silver gilt. Both badges cost 2s.6d. each and can be supplied in either brooch or stud form for coat lapels. When ordering please say which badge and kind desired.

Obtainable from:
The Sanctuary, Burrows Lea, Shere, Surrey

THE HEALING BADGE



AT WHAT HOUR AND AT WHAT MINUTE?

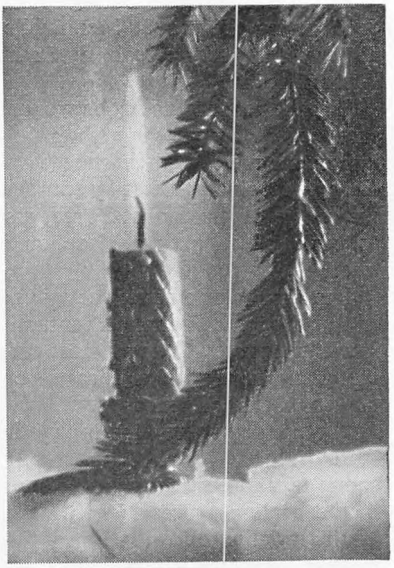


DOCTORS and nurses are on the alert the whole night through. Emergency operations are taking place throughout the hours of darkness, ambulances are on the move, doctors are being called out of bed, much goes on.

But perhaps it is in the morning around ten o'clock that there is the greatest amount of activity. In the hospitals the doctors are making the rounds, the operating-theatres are in use, and the waiting-rooms are filling up with out-patients. There is much good being done for the many who are sick . . . and as a community we are grateful for all the help that the medical service gives to us.

If, however, we were to ask, "at what hour and at what minute is there the greatest intensity of activity?" it would be very difficult to answer, if one did not know about the Silent and Healing Minute. Let us try to visualize what happens.

As the B.B.C. Home Service radios the commencing note of Big Ben's chimes each evening and throughout the minute it takes until the last note of nine sounds, a great multitude of people put down what they are doing and close their eyes as they enter into a spiritual silence that peace and healing may come to this world.



How many there are in the multitude we cannot say, they are uncountable. They come from the heart of Cockneyland to the most distant of our people in New Zealand, and even in Antarctica.

In addition to all these good folk we must also remember the mighty heavenly host that are with us at this time creating, just for this one minute, the greatest assembly of living and spirit souls ever joined together for good purpose — the healing of the sick. And to influence mankind rightly so that no more will war ravage the homelands, wherever they may be.

Can one estimate in measurable terms the spiritual strength that is given to the Observers of the Minute? Can one analyse the extent of the easement of pain and

the overcoming of the causes of disease? Can one truly appreciate the power of the spiritual forces for peace that is created at this time? We cannot do that; all one can say is that it is vast and immeasurable.

It is not only the sick people who observe the Minute, but the healthy as well; for the Observance is a time of giving as well as of receiving, as those who are free from complaints seek within their hearts for help and strength to reach all who are in need.

So may it be very true that the one minute at nine o'clock each evening is the time when the greatest good is being done in any hour of the day.

There is only one thing lacking, and that is the co-operation of all those people who are not yet Observers of the sacred minute. As each new person comes within the common meeting-place so is the Christ channel for peace and healing widened and still greater good achieved.

So should it be that you who read these words feel moved to join in you can be sure a warm welcome awaits you. All you need to do is to write to the Secretary of the Silent and Healing Minute, The Sanctuary, Shere, Surrey, for her to send you your Evening Tryst Enrolment Card and an explanatory brochure, and to enter your name in the Register of Observers kept in the Sanctuary. There is nothing to pay.

If you wish, you can obtain a coat badge (illustrated, page 533), and so let others know that you, too, are an Observer. You will meet new friends if you do this, and become a conscious part of a very great host. The badges are supplied at near cost—2s.6d. each.



Family Portrait.



Spirit Story for Children

Retold by Olive Burton

WITH Christmas drawing near, the children in the Nurseries of Heaven were putting the final touches to their gifts for each other and for the teachers. This was always a particularly happy time, for in their preparations and gift-making they gave expression to the affection they felt for each other.

It was in this mood that Rosemary thought of their friend Michael, away in the part of the animal kingdom where the pets of people on earth awaited the arrival of their human companions (it will be remembered that at his own wish he had gone to stay there to help care for the animals).

Rosemary thought of him now, with Christmas at hand, feeling perhaps a little lonely away from his friends at the Nursery. So she spoke of this to the others, and it was decided, with the permission of

their teacher, that she, Johnnie and Christine should visit Michael on Christmas morning.

When the day came, after the Christmas morning ceremony in the Nursery, the three children prepared to leave for their visit to Michael. Besides their own gifts for their friend, they were laden with presents from several of the other children, and took the warm greetings of all in the Nursery.

Michael was so very happy to see them, for the visit was quite unexpected, and although he was not unhappy in the animal kingdom, it was a great pleasure to see his friends again—the animals, too, seemed pleased to greet the children.

Rosemary, Johnnie and Christine gave him the gifts they had made and those from his other friends, and then they tied coloured ribbons around the necks of the various dogs and cats and other pets, for they had not been forgotten.

But then, as they stood talking together, Christine noticed one other, a long-haired, homely dog, standing a little distance away regarding them with interest and looking slightly "left out."

Christine, with her deep feeling for animals, was rather touched at the sight of him, and felt sorry that there was no present for him, for all the ribbons had been distributed.

Then, suddenly, she had a thought, and she put her hand to her hair, removing the ribbon from it and ran and tied it on the shaggy head of the dear old dog. Then she gave him a big hug, so happy that she had been able to draw him into the warm and generous spirit of Christmas.



NATIONAL FEDERATION OF SPIRITUAL HEALERS

President: Harry Edwards. *Hon. Organizing Secretary:* Mr. Syd Staples.
Hon. Treasurer: Mr. Fred Doyle. *Secretary:* Mrs. D. Commerford.
Patrons: Lady Maud Duckham, Sir Charles Barrington, Sir Adrian Boult, Brigadier Firebrace, Lt.-Col. Reginald Lester, J. Arthur Findlay, M.B.E., Beverley Nichols. *Trustees:* P. Wilson, M.A., L. Wilson, M.A.
Hon. Organizing Secretary's Address: 66a High Road, Woodford, London, E.18.
BURROWS LEA - SHERE - GUILDFORD - SURREY

MRS. FLORENCE M. RODGERS.



Mrs. Florence M. Rodgers.

HAS been a member of the East Midlands Healers' Association for a number of years, and three years ago opened her home as a Healing Sanctuary, which is now officially recognized as a Branch Healing Centre, in Leeds, of the East Midlands Healers' Association. She has now recruited a very able band of fourteen trained healers who assist at the Sanctuary and at a local Church (where healing sessions are held three times a week); and in visiting patients who are unable to visit the Sanctuary or Church. At present Mrs. Rodgers is conducting a series of fortnightly lectures, or talks, on Spiritual Healing, at the same Church. Several years ago she was crippled with arthritis, and has to thank Mr. Harry Edwards for her restoration to health and the awakening in her of the desire to help others as she has been helped. Mrs. Rodgers was trained in the Church of England, and has family connections in the ministry. She has the work of the Federation very much at heart, and is a worthy member of its Council.

THE BURYING OF THE HATCHET.

Following a joint meeting between the Officers of the S.N.U. and the Federation, the following statement was issued:

The Officers of the Spiritualists' National Union and the National Federation of Spiritual Healers having considered the points at issue, have every hope that they may be able to announce in the New Year an harmonious solution of existing differences and closer co-operation for the future.

HARRY EDWARDS, President of National Federation of Spiritual Healers.
C. I. QUASTEL, President of Spiritualists' National Union.

Thus ends a dispute and out of evil comes good, for arising from this it is hoped to establish a close liaison between the S.N.U. Healing Committee and ourselves with the object of still further raising the standard and dignity of healership.

THE CODE OF ETHICS FOR HOSPITAL VISITING.

A code of ethics has been issued to all members in the London and District area as a guide for Healers' conduct when visiting the sick in those hospitals where permission has been given for them to attend patients. We shall be seeking the extension of this privilege for the whole of the United Kingdom, and copies of the Code will be sent to each member in the areas as covered.

A copy was sent to the British Medical Association, who have informed us that the adoption of this Code will do much to allay its fears. So it is hoped that all Healers visiting hospitals will follow out its recommendations.

DIARIES.

The Diaries are selling well, but there are still some left, so will members please send 4/- for their copy if they have not already got one. As we are selling these near cost price, we do not want to have any left.

A COURSE ON ANATOMY.

There is not any doubt that it is most advisable for Healers to have some knowledge of the human body. The Council is considering offering a course of study and supplying an atlas of the structure and functions of the body. Test papers will be supplied and facilities for a final examination. We hope to advise members with its detail before long.

SUMMER SCHOOL.

Every member should have received a letter giving broad details of the proposed summer school, and as we go to press there have been nearly 150 acceptances, so it is most likely the scheme will go ahead.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING—1960.

The Annual General Meeting will take place in Bournemouth on Saturday, June 25th, 1960. An interesting programme of events is being prepared, so please make a note of this week-end in your Diary.

The Officers and Council of the Federation wish all its members a very happy Christmas and a progressive New Year.

Review Notice

"SUNRISE" (White Eagle Publishing Trust, Liss, Hants. 5s.8d. net.)

For all sincere enquirers into the truth of life after death, here is a reasoned and concise explanation of this vital question. Theological doctrine and dogma have never proved very satisfying to those who hunger search for common-sense explanations of the truth of survival.

But there are those among us whose spiritual gifts can do much to break through the fog of misunderstanding, to bring the revelation of truth to those who hunger for it. This second book in the *Morning Light* series is novel in its approach to the theme of bereavement, survival, and communion with our loved ones in the Beyond. A book to sustain and console.

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Wayshower, 2 Broomhill Close, Birmingham, 22A.
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THE ANIMAL HEALING SANCTUARY
WHITE LODGE, 55 MITCHAM PARK, MITCHAM, SURREY.
Telephone: Mitcham 6725.
Mr. G. W. Tomkins, the well-known animal healer, gives contact healing for animals every Thursday, 6 p.m. to 9 p.m.; also by appointment.
Absent healing daily. Please write (S.A.E.) for reply. No Fees. **Let us help your sick animal or bird back to health.**

Do not despair!
IF YOUR ANIMAL OR BIRD IS ILL
write to
The Animal Healing Specialist
JOHN B. NILAN
30 BUNNIAN PLACE
BASINGSTOKE, HANTS

Spiritual Healing in Hospitals

MORE HOSPITAL GROUPS JOIN IN

FOLLOWING the announcement that members of the National Federation of Spiritual Healers will be allowed in future to visit patients (at their request) for the purpose of administering spiritual healing through prayerful intercession and the laying-on of hands in nine Hospital Groups in the Greater London Area, we are now pleased to announce the names of nine further Hospital Groups who have acceded to our request. They are: Woolwich Group Hospital Management Committee, Friern Hospital Group, Fulham and Kensington Hospital Management Committee, West Ham Group No. 9 (North-East Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board), Lewisham Group Hospital Management Committee (South-East Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board), South-West Metropolitan Region, Tottenham Group Hospital Management Committee (North-East Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board), Group 27 (North-East Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board), Greenwich and Deptford Hospital Management Committee.

When we mention "Group" it means all the hospitals in the area; for example, in the Woolwich Group there are eleven hospitals which range from Erith to Woolwich. It is estimated that there are already over one hundred and fifty hospitals in Greater London where healers will be allowed to visit the sick with permission of the authorities.

This is a great advance in the acknowledgment of the practical good which spiritual healing can give to those who are sick. It is a tribute to the good work of healers in past years who, through the evidence of healing successes, have earned this privilege to-day.

The Secretary of the South-East Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board, Mr. C. Carr, told the *Kentish Mercury* "that no obstacles would be put in the way if an in-patient asked for a spiritual healer to visit them. Similarly, healers would be allowed to visit patients if they requested permission." Mr. Carr added: "I want to make it clear that their visits will be on the same basis as those of ministers of religion, but under no conditions will hospital treatment stop because a patient wants to be healed by faith alone. If they don't want our help there is no point in their being in hospital."

This proviso is very reasonable, and it can be clearly stated that it is not the intention of the Federation that spiritual healing should be a substitute for medical treatment in these cases, but complementary to it. Healers desire to co-operate with the medical service in every way they can.

In these early days healers must be careful not to abuse the privilege they have earned, and a code of ethics for healers to adopt when they visit the sick in hospital has been prepared, and which have been circulated to our healer members in the areas concerned.

STOP PRESS, 11/11/59.—Two more hospital authorities have agreed, so the total is now 20.



The Healing Symbols of Christmas



The Three Wise Men brought gold, frankincense and myrrh. We try to reproduce the first, in Christmas symbology, when we give costly presents to our friends, to charity, to the forgotten, the lonely . . .

by CHARLOTTE HUNT

LAST Christmas Eve, as dusk fell, I walked towards home through the grounds of the large hospital where I sometimes do occasional duties. In the gloaming, lights shone out from uncurtained ward windows. Frost glittered on the branches of trees: I heard nurses practising a carol.

This place dedicated to healing showed many preparations for the celebration of Christmas. Wards were hung with gay streamers, decorated with holly and mistletoe. On Christmas Day there would be the traditional lunch, a present for each patient. Visitors would come, bringing some of the atmosphere of home and family into this world where all laboured in the ministry of healing.

I halted outside one particular ward where some patients and nurses put the last touches to a Christmas Crib. There lay the Babe in His wooden crib, surrounded by the wondering animals, with the Three Magi at one side. Overhead, on a blue velvet curtain representing the Bethlehem night sky, hung a tinsel star.

It seemed to me, then, that in the traditional symbols of Christmas there is generated a peculiar healing magic for those of us who can attune our hearts and minds to receive them and be blessed by them.

To-day, many people find it becomes more difficult, each year, to capture the true inner spirit of Christmas. The material impacts so heavily. There is the rush and bustle of shopping, the high cost of even quite simple gifts, cards to write, the traditional fare to be prepared, friends to entertain.

An atmosphere of commercialism, too, which pervades the pre-Christmas scene in many big cities and industrial centres, makes some people react with cynicism, though that is often mixed with wistful sadness. The religious significance of the festival is the one most of us yearn to feel and to touch. Yet, amid all the material preparations, the road to the stable seems hard to find, the message of the star threatens to elude us . . .

Because we work so hard, tiredness and irritability inevitably threaten goodwill towards men. The question-mark of the atomic bomb looms, in our more realistic meditations, over the dream of peace on earth. And, at such times, as we weave our holly garlands round the Christmas hearth, the magic and the mystery, the sense of benediction and healing, which fell all around us in childhood days, are hard to recapture in their deepest significance.

As I looked at the Christmas Crib in that hospital, I remembered how, through all the centuries, in war and peace, good times and bad, mankind has drawn hope and healing from the symbols of Christmas. Thought is a powerful therapeutic force. When we contemplate the sheen of the star, the glow of Christmas candles, the watching animals and the Three Magi, the carved crib and the stable, and the Child within, we invoke Christmas thought-magic powerful in healing.

The mystery and the wonder, the peace and the joy of Christmas, are implanted in our hearts when we see these talismen of beauty and goodness deliberately chosen by men through the ages to radiate this healing power since the first Christian Christmas. Some of the pre-Christian observances have become, too, part of our present Christian ritual. Even from these, however, we can draw truth and thought angled positively to healing and man's eternal hope and faith in his immortality.

The fir tree is the tree of life, the mistletoe carries healing in branch and berry, as does the holly . . . but the thought has to be invoked, in the spiritual sense, if healing is to come! If, for instance, that star you fasten on your Christmas tree is just another pretty bauble, it will never release that

healing flood of mystery, wonder, and peace it can evoke if you will meditate upon its meaning in truth and faith.

You may, perhaps, be facing Christmas under the shadow of bereavement, pain, anxiety, or even despair. These things descend on us at Christmas as they do at other times. Only, at this particular season, when all the rest of humanity has at least superficial happiness, they seem to affect us more poignantly, seem doubly hard to bear.

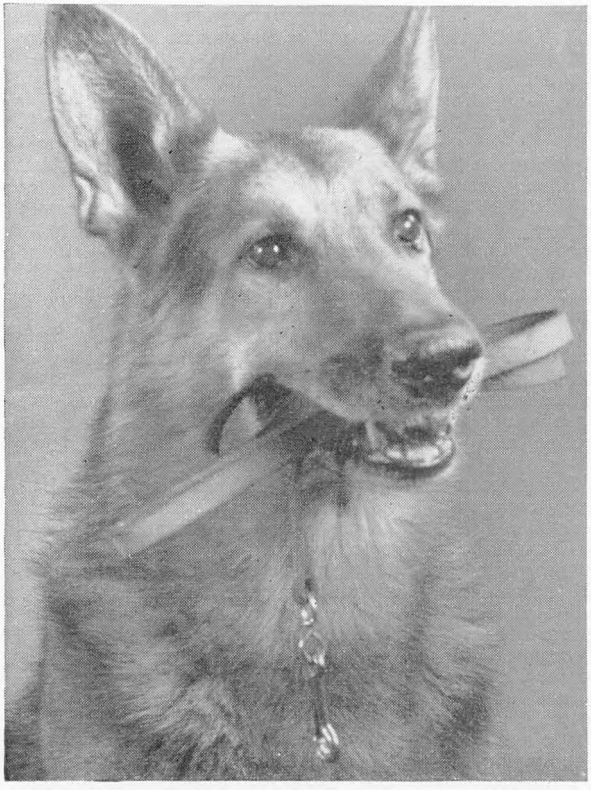
But the star, symbol of mankind's eternal hope ever since the Three Wise Men followed it to find it halted over the stable where Christ was born, will work its healing magic for everyone—for the unhappy, the lonely, the suffering, or for those who have material well-being and superficial happiness, but who cannot find inward peace.

Remember that by thought, prayer, and inward meditation the human spirit approaches close to the mystery and the truth of the divine. The Child in the Stable may, in the God-Form, be different in conception for each individual man. In pre-Christian days, the stars themselves must have been invested with the mystery and the awe of the Creator Himself. It does not matter what our conception of God is, so long as we find in the symbol of the star the awareness of the God Who is there.

The Three Wise Men brought "gold, frankincense and myrrh." We try to reproduce the first, in Christmas symbology, when we give costly presents to our friends, or perhaps to our Church, or in charity, to the forgotten, the neglected, or the lonely.

Self-sacrifice is commendable, and it is a fine thing to see a loved one's face lighten with joy at some longed-for gift, or a child's rapture over a coveted toy. But there are other gifts we can all give which cost no gold—only the cost, to us is, sometimes, too heavy a sacrifice. That quarrel which could be mended by a word from us, that gesture we could make to heal some misunderstanding, that extra time we could spare for someone's worry — all gifts, healing for us, bestowing healing on others, having a lustre brighter than all the Wise Men's Gold, a fragrance more powerful in healing the unhappy or troubled spirit than the distilled essence of all the frankincense or myrrh!

The evergreens with which we decorate our homes carry healing, for they remind us of the constancy of real friendship and tried love. Some of them — the mistletoe and the holly — have been used for actual medicinal purposes in earlier centuries.



A gentle hint.

Nearly all have pre-Christian associations which make them powerful talismen against evil or harm to the house or the householder. This is a superstitious symbology, perhaps, until we remember, again, the intense powerful force of thought, and the magic it can really work.

And in the stable, around the Crib, stand our symbols, in our Christmas story, for man's "lesser brethren," the creatures. These remind us of the duty we owe to those who watched the real Christmas Nativity, who were there when the Star halted over the stable.

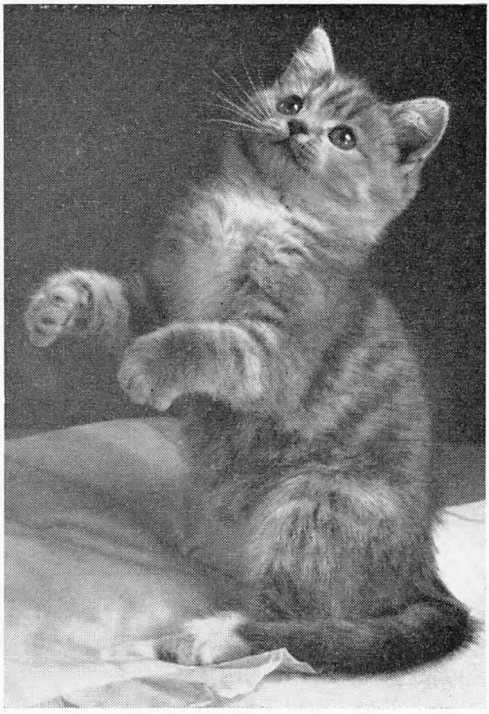
They are still, though, symbols which bring healing and hope, faith and trust, to the heart, for they point to the dependence of the "lesser brethren" upon us, to the comradeship and affection they give, and to the steadfastness of their loyalty as they have evolved, with us.

In all that circle of watching, creature faces, I look always for the long, mournful jowl, the sharply-pointed ears, the sturdy form, of the "stupid" donkey. For me, he always brings healing, because of his patience, and his wonderful fidelity.

It seems to me that we hurt ourselves when we look with contempt on anything in the created Universe, man or beast, since all must serve their purpose in the evolutional scheme. And the grace of humility can flower in all of us, when we remember that, on the road to the stable, it was a donkey who carried the most precious burden in the world for the hopes of mankind!

This is a symbol which can teach us, too, that men themselves who seem apparently stupid, physically unattractive, ungainly, becoming, for some folk, unwanted and rejected, conceal within their personalities many of the jewel-like gifts the donkey gives to man and to society.

The Child in the Crib is the focus of our Christmas symbology, the centre of our hope and faith. He is the least material of all our images. Though He was born, miraculously, of flesh and blood, He signifies the spirit and the eternal in man. And we cannot fail, if we focus upon this symbol in reverent homage and love, to invoke for ourselves, for our homes, for our loved ones, and the world, the greatest healing force of all.



And an impatient reminder.

MUSIC early became a marked feature of the Christmas season. The 13th century found the rise of the carol; carol meaning a song in which a religious topic is treated in a style that is familiar or festive, also a merry song. Music in itself has become one of the greatest tributes to Christmas, and includes some of the noblest compositions of the great musicians.



SPIRIT AND SPIRIT HEALING

PROFESSOR Charles Spearman, one of the most original of modern psychologists, made a point of informing his students that psychology is not a science. There could be no science, he maintained, in any line of enquiry where there was a wide difference of opinion.

In psychology the widest diversions of opinion had always prevailed. He did not deny that this study involved the use of the scientific method, which aims at discovering facts of nature.

Some studies, such as mathematics and physics, afford indisputable grounds for agreement; but not such studies as biology, philosophy and psychology, owing to their being directly related to living creatures. Life, while obviously one of the most common features of existence, is nevertheless most illusive in its manifestations.

Even unicellular animals will act intelligently when faced by unique circumstances. Their behaviour indicates that these microscopical forms of life possess something which, if not reason, is indistinguishable from it.

by Horace Leaf

Similar factors enter into higher forms of life, including human beings. No one can be quite sure how a person will act under unfamiliar circumstances, as was proved over and over again during wartime. I can never doubt this because of my own behaviour during the First World War. I was living in a house in which resided a number of women and a small baby. When bombs were dropped in our vicinity I planned how I would act should our house be in serious danger.

Fearing the women would become nervous and panicky, I intended seeing that they took the baby and went into the shelter afforded by a deep wine-cellar which ran under the street. For myself I had no doubts. Not being nervous, I would be well-qualified to take charge of the whole proceeding. I felt quite a hero before the event.

One day the bombs did drop, and to my amazement I found myself in the wine-cellar with the child in my arms, but not a female was present — they were all upstairs looking out of the windows watching the air-raid! I cannot even remember picking up the baby nor my passage to the improvised shelter. The action was instantaneous and largely subconscious.

Circumstances certainly alter cases among human beings, as everybody knows, and this applies to simple everyday events as well as to rare and extraordinary occasions. Allowance is naturally made



The great moment.

To keep afloat a good story, to pass a gay compliment, to share an amusing cartoon, may be little things in themselves, but they often serve to lighten the burden of someone's day.—A. H. RICE.

for this, especially by medical doctors. They are often astonished by a patient suffering from some well-known disease only to find that he does not react according to rule. Because of this, every case is something of an experiment.

I was present during the war of 1914-18 when a famous Harley Street specialist examined a recruit suffering from a head disorder. This was "right up the specialist's street." Yet he found the man had never experienced any of the symptoms normal to this form of illness. Judging from the man's replies to the specialist's questions, he might have been quite well.

War conditions often present this kind of problem, so that not only has it been the means of forwarding medical science along what may be regarded as well-defined lines, it also showed the opposite.

Most of these unusual reactions seem to have made little impression on the medical mind, probably because doctors, realizing how uncertain is their knowledge sometimes, prefer to ignore the exceptions on the grounds that they prove the rule. As a matter of fact, they prove something scientifically far more important: they prove that the rule does not cover *all* the facts, and a new rule should be looked for.

Talking to a Canadian soldier who had spent months in the front line in France, he informed me that the most impressive thing he had observed was the ability of the human body to flourish under conditions which were calculated to destroy it. Evidence of this is overwhelming, sometimes from witnesses whose refined and sensitive nature seemed destined to break under the mere contemplation of the horrors involved.

Fritz Kreisler, the famous violinist, may be quoted as an example. For years he had been living under the best conditions civilization could afford, pampered by admirers and sheltered by a wife who studiously guarded him from every possible inconvenience.

His sensitiveness was of the kind for which musical geniuses are noted. Yet when he was called to the colours and drafted to the front line, he flourished like the proverbial bay tree. It amazed him as much as it amazed his worried admirers.

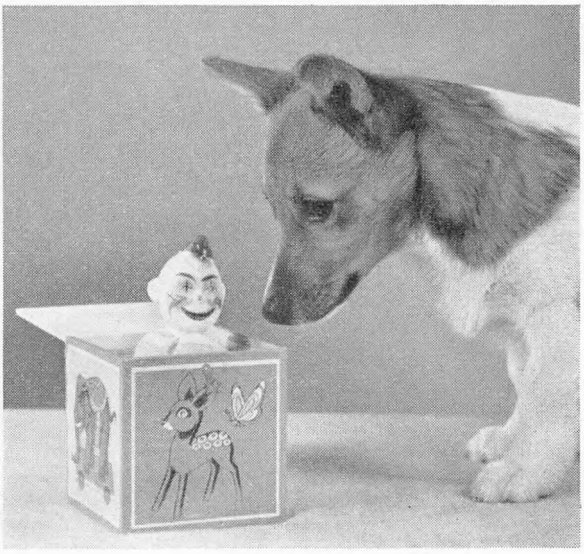
Speaking about this, he says: "I was in the trenches three weeks, for instance, without a single change of clothing of any kind. But I never thought of it. For all of us the things that were considered necessities in civilization simply dropped out of existence. A toothbrush was not imaginable. We ate instinctively, when we had food, with our hands. If we had stopped to think of it at all, it would have seemed ludicrous to bother using a knife and fork."

Some of the time he was in a swamped trench with the water up to his knees. They were generally out of food for three days at a stretch, and he had more than once licked the dew off the grass to moisten his throat because he could not get anything to drink.

Physical discomfort of the worst kind did him and his fellow-soldiers no harm, but made them feel better. To Kreisler's amazement, notwithstanding his nervous temperament, he was physically improved. "For instance," he writes, "my eyesight was far better on the battlefield than it was ever before. I could see like a hawk for long distances; better than I can now. My nerves disappeared. The shocking sights that were seen hourly did not

affect me as much as some letters I now get from friends or well-wishers, expressing sympathy." Because of this, he concluded that we do not live rightly.

Looking for the main cause of this extraordinary state of things, he found it in the mental attitude of the soldiers: they were fighting for an ideal. The health-giving cause was in the mind, and more importantly, in the spirit, for allowing for all the horrors of war, "it does not fail to unfold the finest flowerings of humanity."



What next!

In support of this, Kreisler mentions some wonderful acts of self-sacrifice made by belligerents. One case he witnessed was of a soldier whose horse as well as himself had been wounded. He insisted that the medical doctor attend to the horse first! "I have seen," he says, "acts of the most tender sympathy and kindness go hand-in-hand with grim stalking war."

He therefore concluded that hatred for one's foes was an impersonal thing; that deep down in the human soul there exists something so beautiful and powerful that nothing physical could harm it.

This hidden part of mankind has always been an unknown quantity to all but a few mystics and philosophers, although sometimes it can be exercised wilfully by those who have devoted their time to achieve that end. I once saw a fakir in the presence of a group of London doctors show that it was possible to heal a lesion freshly made with a scalpel simply by brushing his hand across it.

In Stockholm I was assured by a Swedish scientist that he had seen Carl Tiren, a Government official, who had lived much of his life among Laplanders, perform a similar cure on an ordinary hospital patient. It is, of course, this aspect of the human mind or soul that operates in spiritual healing, sometimes alone, sometimes in conjunction with spiritual beings who co-operate.

F. W. H. Myers, doubtless the greatest mind that has studied mediumship during the last one hundred years, maintained that this aptitude demonstrated the existence of a "new psychology." Later, Professor Charles Richet added to this the fact that it also demonstrated a new biology because of the production by spiritual beings of ectoplasm; scientifically de-



Someone's going to get indigestion !

scribed as "the substance of the medium's body reduced to a primordial state."

Leaving science to its own researches, this last statement amounts to saying that there are unseen entities who will, if given the chance, undertake to show that they possess a secret which enables them to perform what doctors would regard as a "miracle" of healing.

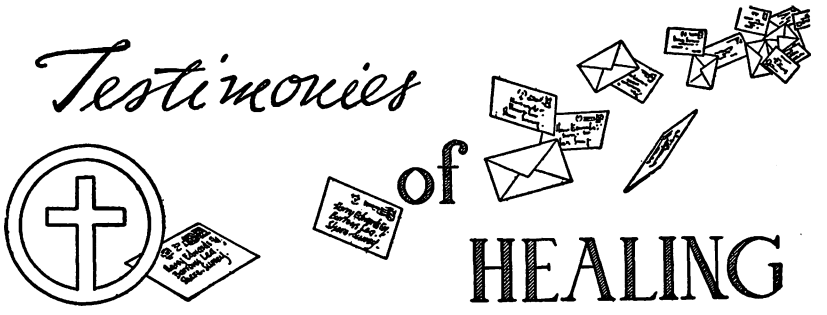
Said Plato: "The well-regulated soul, by its authoritative power, maintains the body in perfect health." Nor did he deny the possibility of recruiting to mankind's service the aid of spiritual beings, for he fully endorsed the claim of his teacher, Socrates, that he had a spiritual familiar on whose advice he depended in all matters of importance, whether domestic or national.

Plato insisted that the soul is a simple substance, indestructible and indivisible, therefore not subject to the laws of matter, and immortal. "The soul," he said, "is the harmony of the body," and when functioning properly cannot be subject to disease, just as it cannot be subject to death.

Furthermore, he believed that there dwell in the Ideal World souls who are willing to help the less fortunate ones who live on earth and mistake it for the real world. There is no phase of human necessity which they will not strive to relieve, including the curing of disease.

The extent of their co-operation we do not know, but there are some spiritual healers who knowingly appeal to them and receive their willing aid.

Each of the seven days of the week is designated as the Sabbath by various nationalities and religions. Monday is the Greek Sabbath, Tuesday the Persian, Wednesday the Assyrian, Thursday the Egyptian, Friday the Turkish, Saturday the Jewish, and Sunday the Christian.



Every month we present a selection of unsolicited testimonies of healing. They are presented, not in any sense of self-acclaim, but as open testimony of results achieved. There is no known sickness which has failed to respond to spiritual healing. The originals of all letters are open to examination by genuine enquirers.

"I enjoyed my visit to the Sanctuary more than I can tell you, and the pain in the small of my back and the hips has stopped. My doctor, whom I saw in London on Tuesday morning, found that I have never been in such a good state of health before, and my blood pressure is absolutely normal. Back at school with a great deal of work, I feel so confident and my whole life seems pleasant and amusing."—55/7.

* * *

"I have to report wonderful progress in my husband's health. His asthma has gone, and he has practically no bronchial troubles. He continues daily with your breathing exercises and still finds them most helpful. Our local doctor is amazed and delighted, and after the last overhaul he told me that it was a miracle for an elderly man to lose asthma and to keep his health as my husband does. He added: 'Whatever he does, do not let him lose his spiritual healing faith—it has been his salvation.' I think that is wonderfully broad-minded for a man whom we consider is a very good doctor."
—55/10.

* * *

"I telephoned you this afternoon and also wrote asking help for Jane. Her temperature was 103 and we were afraid of pneumonia—she has had it once and nearly died. At 6.30 p.m. her temperature was down to 100. It is now 10.30 p.m. and her temperature is normal, and she is sleeping quietly. I can't wait until morning to write to you about this. You say in one of your books that miracles don't often happen. I have seen one happen tonight."—55/12.

* * *

"My father made a complete recovery from having cancer of the throat. He was admitted to Christie's, Manchester, and was discharged after three weeks' treatment. He was 88 years old. His own doctor here thought it was only a matter of time before he passed on, and as good as said so. Yet now, over 12 months since I wrote to you, I think he is cured. He will be 90 this year, and says he never felt so well this last five or six years. I think it is a miracle."—55/13.

* * *

"I noticed that things sounded louder, though unusual. A bit later on I was overjoyed (but not surprised) to realize that I was hearing with both ears equally. I can hear my watch ticking with the left ear, which has been completely deaf since last May. I have found life very noisy to-day, but most interesting as I identified various sounds I had almost forgotten, and what a relief it is to hear what is said clearly at work, and use my left ear for the 'phone whilst making notes."
—55/14.

* * *

"I am happy to tell you of my mother's continued progress—her eyes are almost back to normal now. She is able to knit, sew, etc., and can even see the eye of a sewing needle. She

can walk much faster and further now and we can really notice the strength returning to her. For anyone who was blind and paralysed four months ago, her recovery is absolutely amazing."

—55/18.

* * *

"A neighbour called to see us last evening, and in the course of conversation I happened to mention your name. Her face lit up in a wonderful way, and she said: 'Know him? I should just think we do.' A nephew of her's met with an accident while driving and sustained a paralysed arm. After treatment of various kinds, it was pronounced incurable by the doctor. His people were terribly upset, as it meant he would have to give up his farming and find other employment. However, you visited Bude about that time, and he was persuaded to attend one of your meetings. A few days after your treatment he felt 'pins and needles' in his fingers, and in the course of time his arm was completely restored, so that there was absolutely no difference between it and the other one."—55/21.

* * *

"About last March my eyesight began to give me much trouble. I was prescribed new glasses but without much satisfaction. After persevering for two months I re-visited the optician for a check-up, and was given complete new lenses, and still there was no improvement. I was told my sight was much impaired and very weak. After reading Beverley Nichols' book, 'A Pilgrim's Progress,' describing the amazing cures performed at Burrows Lea, I decided to write for Absent Healing, which you so kindly gave me. Within a fortnight the pain and burning had eased, and at the end of the month I was able to read and sew again without the slightest trace of pain, which was a perfect joy."

—55/147.

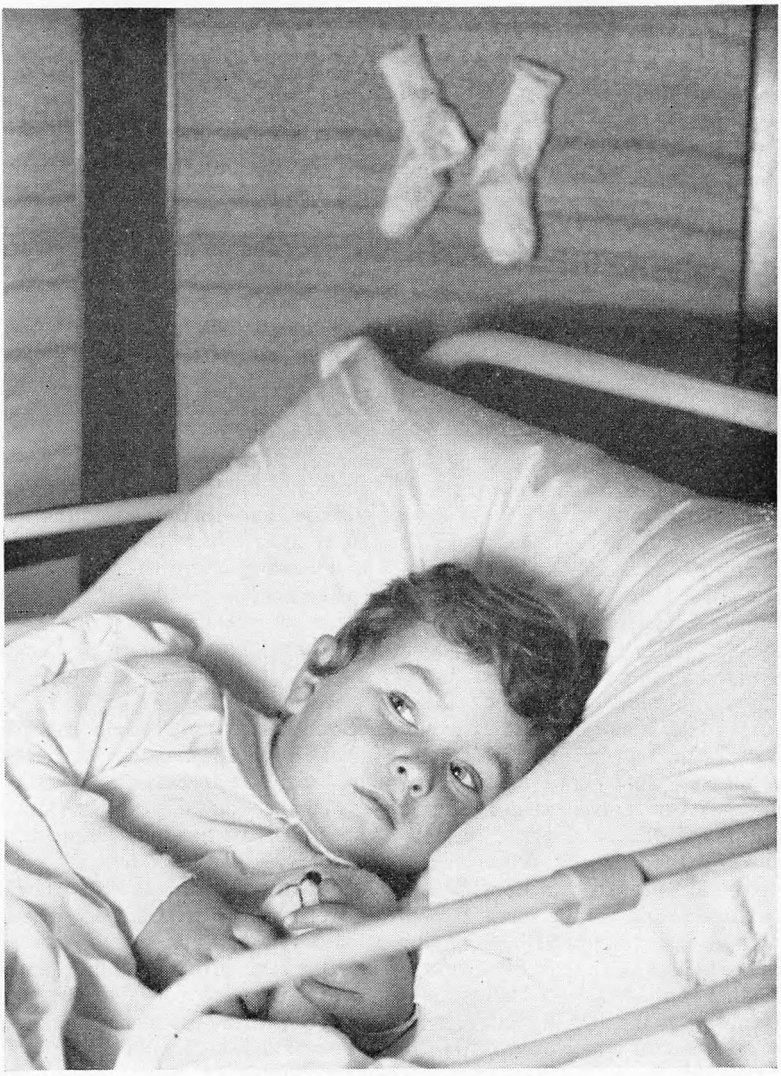
* * *

A REMARKABLE HEALING

AT the Healing Sanctuary of Mr. G. L. Pasteur and Mrs. V. Pole (17 Morrison Avenue, Poole, Dorset) a lady was receiving healing for deafness and nervous tension when she told the healers of the plight of her husband, who had undergone extensive surgery for his leg. This operation entailed a bone grafting, the pinning of the knee-cap, and through the cutting away of the bone in the hip socket the leg had been shortened by four inches. The grafting of the bone was insufficiently strong to do more than lend support to the hip socket, and the surgeon had decreed that he must not put his leg to the ground for fifteen months, and then only with the aid of a full-length iron calliper from his hip to his foot.

One day, with the help of friends, the man was brought to the Sanctuary—the rest of the story is given in the actual words of the report:—"Within a few minutes of treatment the leg was completely corrected in length and had become, in some remarkable way, normal again . . . So obvious to the patient was the lengthening of the leg and the absence of pain that he co-operated with the healers by walking up and down the Sanctuary, having placed his foot on the ground and even stamping on it . . . To-day he is able to walk with ease, and though he has received his full-length leg-iron, he has never worn it—even the raised club-footed shoe has been discarded."

The obvious comment is that, with co-operation between the medical profession and spiritual healers, such healings would become more common, and cease to be "remarkable."



But what if my socks won't stretch !

* * *

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING

The doctor asked after me, and when my mother told him I was getting on quite nicely, he looked very astonished and said: "What's been happening, then?" So mother told him of my visit to you. He passed it off by saying: "Oh! well, if she has faith in it and it makes her feel happier it will all help." Mother's reply was: "The proof of the pudding is in the eating, you know."

What is the Healing Intelligence?

A SPIRITUAL Healing is a healing of any form of sickness brought about through a discarnate or spirit agency. That is a simple definition. "Divine Healing" is synonymous with Spiritual Healing, and it only fogs our understanding by trying to draw distinctions between the two. There is but one general healing process but there is no "one way" to seek it. To try and adapt it to any one theology is wrong, for Spiritual Healing is God's gift to all mankind irrespective of race, colour or creed.

Every change that takes place within the universe is the result of law-governed forces applied to the subject. Nothing takes place by chance. Furthermore, to produce a planned given effect needs intelligent administration of those forces. It is simple logic to apply this formula to spiritual healing.

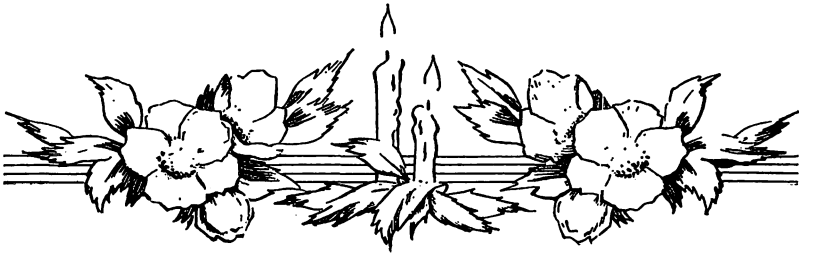
Where difference of opinion arises is in consideration of the nature of the intelligence responsible for the healing. When we observe a sufferer healed who has been regarded by the medical profession as "incurable" (implying that medical science is bankrupt of further knowledge in the case) it means that the healing intelligence must possess superior wisdom to that of man.

There are two main points of view. The first is that the healing comes from God direct in answer to prayer, and the second is that the healing forces are directed by God's ministers in Spirit, within the law, whom most spiritual healers call their "Healing Guides." This latter definition is in line with the Spiritualist conception, but it is not wrong because of this.

In healership we observe that healings are often gradual yet progressive, implying that the healing is following an orderly process overcoming the cause of the disease, and then the symptoms—so that in effect Spiritual Healing is a healing science. True, we see instantaneous healings at times, but these are not the general rule.

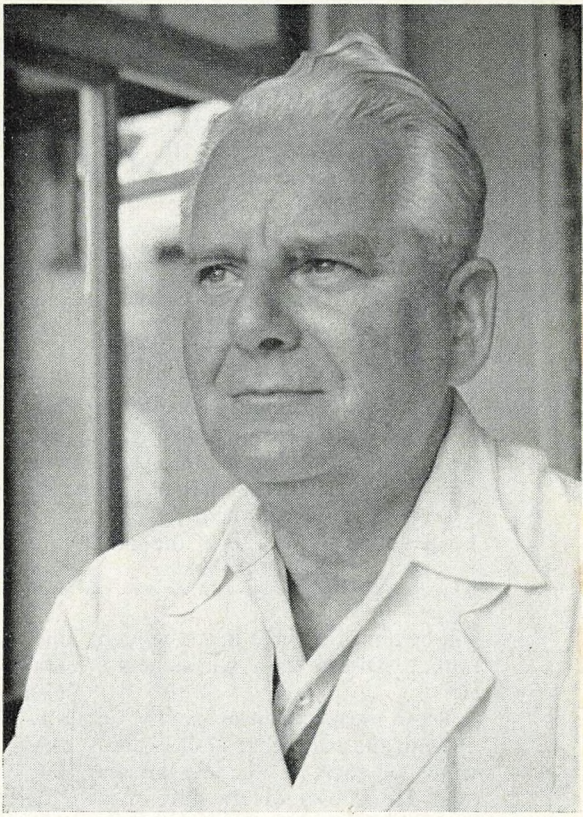
When a complaint is in its early stages the healing is rapid, but when the disease has become deep-seated as with chronic arthritis, then a more lengthy period of treatment is necessary.

Another factor in considering the nature of the healing intelligence is that healings only take place in accordance with the laws that govern us. For example, when a hand is amputated we do not see a new one grown, healing cannot overcome age, nor give perpetual life on earth, so it becomes very clear that the healing effort is circumscribed by the laws of life. Furthermore, the extent to which a



Disease is the product of cause and effect, but we know that when an ill-condition has come upon us, then we do see the ill-effects removed through the intelligent administering of the health-giving forces from Spirit . . .

*



by Harry Edwards

healing can take place depends upon the knowledge of the spirit administrators. To-day we are seeing some types of affliction yield more quickly than they did a decade ago, and this implies that the healing guides are able to increase their knowledge by experience and usage of healership.

If, however, we consider the view that healings take place as a direct dispensation from God it creates many implications that are difficult to ally to our conception of an all-loving God. If it is true, as the Church postulates, that God hears all our prayers, then He must turn a deaf ear to many, many calls upon Him to heal, when no healing takes place.

It presumes that God discriminates in favour of one person against others. That the all-merciful and loving God purposefully allows a little child to suffer agony and die because He is not disposed to heal the little one.

If it is true that we have a right to call upon God for His help on the grounds that to Him "all things are possible" we expect Him to over-ride His established laws for a favoured person. Would any priest feel himself justified in earnestly praying for a new limb to grow when it has been cut off, or for a set of new teeth to come when with age the adult teeth have dropped out?

Why should it be necessary for a healing to take place gradually under God's direct influence as the omnipotent Being, when He would only need to direct His touch to

master the disease effects whatever they may be right away?

I am aware, of course, of the "escape" arguments that are used to account for non-success in healing when this is sought for through the direct approach to God. "God works in a mysterious way," "His will be done," "There is not enough faith," "Disease is a punishment," etc.

These escape theories cannot tie up with the truth that God is conscious of each of our weaknesses (that He knows of the fall of a sparrow), that God is vindictive to impose pain and disease upon us, because we have sinned. If this is so, then there are many who live healthy lives yet are evil in living who have escaped His eye.

The concept that healing is alone the divine prerogative indicates that God is responsible for our good and bad physical health —and this is surely beyond all reason.

God does not wish anyone to suffer the evil of disease, such is not His doing, but arises from our transgressing the laws of health. Disease is the product of cause and effect, but we know that when an ill-condition has come upon us, then we do see the ill-effects removed through the intelligent administering of the health-giving forces from Spirit that produce the beneficial chemical change within our bodies to overcome the trouble.

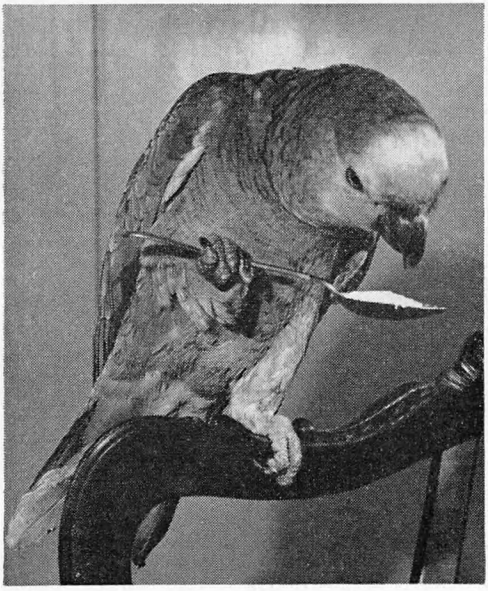
The primary purpose of Spiritual Healing is to eradicate the cause of sickness. It is now accepted that the major part of our adversities are the product of soul and mind disharmony. We progress spiritually by consciously overcoming these, they are not just "wiped off the slate."

Because we now accept the postulate that our spirit selves are on the same plane as that of the spirit counsellors, so can we receive from them good influencing and right directives that enable us to master our weaknesses, and as this is accomplished so both body and soul are healed.

There is much more reason in this progressive change for us to realize our weaknesses than to pray for God to automatically change us into better people, for there is no strength in that—and no spiritual profit.

When God has work to do, He appoints His angels or ministers within the heavenly host to do His work, and that is surely the way in which those who are suffering are led towards recoveries.

IN England, Christmas became increasingly the great festival of the year from the 11th to the 17th centuries, with observance from Christmas Eve to Twelfth Day. In the holly-decked great halls of the feudal lords, whose hospitality extended to all their friends, tenants and household, wassailing, feasting, singing and games, dancing, masquerading and mummers presenting pantomimes and masques were all part of the festivities. A lord of misrule and his jester directed the revels and kept them uproarious, from the dragging in of the yule log to the end of the holiday.



Write that book . . . for your own good

The conscious writing of the story helps the patient to get to know himself better . . . to become aware . . . to co-operate better in his own treatment.

By E. M. Hargreaves

EVERY human life is said to contain material enough for the writing of at least one book. Perhaps it is as well that most people refrain from exercising this particular talent—though the results would certainly be thrilling and fascinating in the extreme.

Are you ever tempted to try your hand? Have you ever said, "I could write a book"? At some time or another most people do say just that.

I have said it myself, often, and have usually meant exactly what everybody else means—"I could write a book about all the things I've had to put up with in my life." Or, "I could write a book about how selfish people are." The book we could all write in this mood is, in fact, a chronicle of disasters.

Why do we say it? Do we really believe that we shall do any good by chronicling all the hardships and disappointments of our lives? Do we perhaps believe that it will help to just write with the aim of getting it all out of our system? Heaven knows there's enough trouble floating around the world already, without anybody adding an uninvited quota.

But, of course, we seldom have any real intention of writing, anyway. Firstly, we don't believe that anybody else will be at all interested. Secondly, we haven't the literary ability to make the book readable. Thirdly, we just can't be bothered.

It's an awful fag—though, if we found a publisher and it turned out to be a best-seller the effort would be worth it. (But, then, best-sellers are always the things that happen to other people—like record dividends on the football pools.)

Obviously, there is truth in these objections. Very few people would be at all interested in our troubles. Certainly, the average man or woman could not turn his every-day experiences into best-seller material. From this point of view, it just isn't worth the trouble.

But can we be sure that the experiment might not help us personally? This is a point that is worth examination.

There's an awful lot of unhappiness of one kind or another in the world to-day—and, deep down, it is nearly all caused by fear.

Why are you reading this article? Maybe it is out of interest, in a search for more knowledge. More likely, though, it is because you want help.

You may perhaps be desperately ill; you may just be suffering from one of those vague illnesses that always stem

from nervous trouble; you may be on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and be making a desperate search for a way to prevent it; you may be looking for the way to help someone near and dear to you; you may be merely convinced that your life has gone astray at some point, and be trying to get on the right path. There are a million possible reasons, each of which makes you distinct from anyone else.

But one thing is certain. You are searching because you are afraid, either for yourself or for someone else. In fact, you are not really searching for relief from anything except fear. Fear is, without doubt, the most insidious disease of the age—of any age.

Perhaps the most insidious thing about it is that we are seldom actually afraid of present experiences. We usually know we can face up to them, however bad they may seem. What we are afraid of is the next step—the unknown development just around the corner.

If we have a headache, we are afraid it may go worse, or that it is really only the symptom of something really serious; if we have a serious illness we fear death—though more often what we really fear is the helplessness of invalidism and of being a burden on others; if we quarrel with our loved ones we are afraid the quarrel may lead to a permanent rift; if business looks bad, we are afraid we have started on the downward path and won't be able to meet our responsibilities; if the boss finds fault with our work we have vague fears about the sack. You all know your own hidden fears.

These fears add up to the mass of unpleasant experiences that prompt us to say, "Yes, I could write a book about my life." When you say that, you know just what kind of a book it would be—if you ever got round to writing it. It would be a chapter of accidents.

You would analyse all the troubles you ever knew, set them out in detail, one after another; all the illnesses and defeats and failures, and all the inhumanities of other men towards you. You would do just that, and in doing it you would merely emphasize the troubled aspects of your life, without helping yourself at all.

The process of psycho-analysis is virtually the writing of a life story. Many analysts do, in fact, ask their patients to write the story for them. They have a dual purpose in this. It saves hours of probing, because it helps the analyst to find focal points. He knows, when the story is written honestly and faithfully and without restraint, that it will show the probable causes of the trouble to his trained mind.

Now the whole purpose of analysis is to help the patient to adjust himself to life, to prove that there is nothing to fear because there is an answer to every problem. But, in the present state of knowledge we must be honest enough to admit that we can only partly prove this. We can only prove it, for instance, in connection with the matter of coping with the stresses of daily life.

We can delve back into the past and show that events and reactions which cause the fears are often false interpretations. Unfortunately, we cannot yet remove all fear. We cannot, for example, remove the fear of disease. For we cannot prove that disease is a mental process—though we are beginning to suspect that it is completely mental. We cannot remove the fear of economic ills. Nor can we altogether remove the fear of recurrence of trouble—either in the form already experienced, or in some new form.

The removal of fear is, in fact, rendered more difficult in some cases by the very eagerness of the patient to co-operate in digging up his own troubles and trials and fears. He is often so busy doing this that he is incapable of seeing the good side of life—especially the good outcome of the things of which he has been afraid.

He remembers being ill—but he doesn't equally remember his speedy return to health. I recall a sufferer from asthma. Her life was a miserable fear of recurrence of the trouble. It took her a long time to realize that the more she feared it, the more it came on. Yet she remained convinced that it was primarily a nervous complaint.

At last, inspired by a book she read, she set out to write her own life story, and try to trace the cause of her trouble. She found it, after a long struggle.

It should have been easy, after that, to get rid of the trouble. But it wasn't. And then she learned what she was doing. She was concentrating, still, on the attacks, on the pain, and on the constant fear that she might not be able to get her breath in the



What do YOU know?

middle of one attack. She tried to rationalize this by telling herself that she wasn't afraid of death. Still, it didn't work.

And then, at last, she hit on the answer. She was giving no thought at all to the times when she was perfectly well—the days when she played tennis quite normally, or swam, or walked, or indulged in all kinds of normal activities.

This realization freed her. She saw that not one attack had ever ended tragically. In between, she lived a perfectly normal life. Job said: "The thing which I greatly feared has come upon me." This girl saw that the thing which she greatly feared never had come upon her. And that freed her from the fear.

So, in analysing ourselves, we need only to learn what we are afraid of and what causes the fear. We need to know that the fear is really of something that has never actually happened. If we look at the past, we can always see that the things we really feared never did happen.

Because, you know, they didn't. When all's said and done, there is one fear behind every other fear—fear of death. And, while we may have seen it happen to others, it hasn't happened to us yet. Three and a half years ago I lay in a hospital ward with coronary thrombosis. In two months I saw six men carried out of that ward, killed by the same disease. I was sure, then, that death would get me, too. It didn't. I am still here.

"I could write a book."

Why not try it? By all means detail your troubles. But when you've done that, look at them all again. Look at them through the magnifying glass of truth, and set down honestly, and at length, what happened. Did you lose your job? Did you become a hopeless invalid? Did your wife leave you? Are you dead yet?

You'll find that the realization of good in the outcome of every experience will more than outweigh the evil which seemed to surround you and be unbeatable.

Don't try to write for publication. Just write—for amusement, if you like. Because that amusement—that seeking for the joy of good in happiness—will help your release.

* * *

True happiness never flows into a man, but always out of him.

Next Year

Our January number includes the first article of a new series . . . HEALING STONES, covering each month a particular jewel or stone with its associated properties of healing, mysticism and traditional lore.

There will be a new monthly feature on healing contributed by an internationally-known contributor. All our popular features will be continued, with emphasis on distinctive and appealing photographs. And Harry Edwards will be writing in every issue.

Take up your Bible and you will find that there is not a single phenomenon recorded there which does not occur to-day. Whether it be lights, sounds, the shaking of the house, the coming through closed doors, the mighty rushing of winds, levitation, automatic writing, the speaking in tongues, we are acquainted with all these phenomena at séances to-day.

HUGH R. HAWES.

This is the end of Volume 7, and we are again pleased to undertake its binding. As before, an index will be included, and the binding cases will be in blue cloth on stiff boards, lettered in gold.

Our charge per volume will be 9s.0d., including postage. Please address all orders, accompanied by remittance, to BIDDLES LTD., DEPT. H., MARTYR ROAD, GUILDFORD, SURREY. S.A.E. must be included for acknowledgment of receipt. Earlier volumes can still be bound.

Missing copies for 1958 and 1959 can be obtained from THE HEALER PUBLISHING CO. LTD., BURROWS LEA, SHERE, SURREY. A few bound volumes for 1955, 1956, 1957 and 1958 are still available at £1 each, but earlier volumes are sold out.

