APRIL 1959

The Spiritual HEALER

Circulation over 20,000

THE JOURNAL OF HEALING AND PHILOSOPHY

VOL. 7. *Editor:* F. Terry Newman. No. 4.

Contents

		Page
FROM THE EDITOR		148
A DAY TO REMEMBER	True Magazine	149
PSYCHOLOGY AND THE ART OF LOVING	*Charlotte Hunt*	152
THE UNIVERSAL PRINCIPLE IN SPIRITUAL HEALING	*A. Parson*	159
THE HEALING OF SKIN DISEASES	*Harry Edwards*	163
A MOTHER'S GRATITUDE		166
SPIRIT STORY FOR CHILDREN	*Olive Burton*	168
THESE HEALED BY BEAUTY (IV)	*Doris M. Hodges*	170
NATIONAL FEDERATION OF SPIRITUAL HEALERS		174
TESTIMONIES OF HEALING		179
HARRY EDWARDS WRITES TO A STUDENT	*Harry Edwards*	181
THE HEALING MINUTE		185
READERS' FORUM		188
THE STORY OF A HEALING		189

"The Healer" Publishing Company does not hold itself responsible for views expressed by contributors.

Advertisement rates on application :: Published every month by : "The Healer" Publishing Company Limited, Burrows Lea, Shere, Guildford, Surrey, England.

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



THIS is the time of year when journalists, seeking to be topical, start brooding about the mysterious alchemy of Spring. And presently get caught up in the age-old ritual whereby young men's fancies lightly turn to thoughts that bring strange gleams to their eyes —and suddenly discover they are inarticulate — another significant symptom!

This is a time when ordinarily quiet and demure housewives suddenly evince symptoms of madness; change the furniture round to new positions; harangue husbands for new curtains; experiment with detergents; paint things; stuff partly-knitted woollies under cushions, and dash around humming snatches of song redolent with secret and nostalgic symbolism.

Young couples blush on meeting —and wonder if telepathy is a fact. Sparrows forage downy tit-bits from absent neighbours' nests; the sedges grow green round the lakes; buds swell; new shoots thrust vociferously through the earth, jostling exultantly; and everyone, unwittingly, is caught up in the surge of re-awakening.

Words are inadequate to capture the wild nuances of sensation that men call Spring. It is an emotional resurgence when heart and mind and body sing in unison, and the strong pulse of nature reaches out to all life and turbulently claims due homage from its own.

This is our heritage, our health, our life; the bond with the deity through nature from which materialistic civilization can never wholly sever us. This is the Spring!

VERY PERSONAL

We are very pleased to announce that Mr. and Mrs. George Burton are expecting a new arrival into their family circle the third week in April.

As our May magazine will be printed when this happy event takes place, our readers will need to wait for the June issue to hear further news.

A DAY TO REMEMBER

Mary Bryant tells the wonderful story of a day at the Sanctuary at Burrows Lea.

"IT'S the children," said the small blonde woman desperately, her thin hands twisting together. "Sometimes I'm in such pain that I can't stand their noise and high spirits. And I let fly at them for no reason. I can't help it. It's the dreadful pain." She tried to smile.

"You have the pain now?" Harry Edwards' voice was gentle.

She nodded.

Quietly, Harry Edwards put his hands on her and shut his eyes. Beside me her young husband held his breath. In the silence that followed I thought of Mrs. Wright's story. Young, pretty, yet her face was etched with lines of pain.

The Wright's have three lovely children, but when the last one was born three years ago, Mrs. Wright never really regained her health. Ever since she has suffered pain. Nothing is more wearying and, recently, Mrs. Wright found that her nerves were being affected. She became short-tempered with the children, and the daily routine became almost too much for her.

The doctors had helped but could do no more for her. And so, in desperation, she wrote to *True Magazine* hoping to be one of the thirty summer visitors chosen each year to meet Harry Edwards in his Surrey Sanctuary.

Mrs. Wright was one of the first ten chosen and I had gone along with them that day in July last year. Mrs. Wright was the last patient to see him, and throughout the afternoon she had watched the healer at work.

And now the moment had come . . .

The seconds ticked by. I heard a church clock strike the hour. One, two, three, four. Four o'clock on a warm summer's afternoon, when it seemed a miracle was performed.

Suddenly, Mrs. Wright's voice rose joyfully. It's gone, the pressure's gone," she cried.

Harry Edwards nodded. "Now," he said softly, "just walk up and down."

We watched as she walked the length of the room, easily, painlessly. Her eyes were shining as she turned to her husband.

"It's wonderful," she whispered.

Nor was this the only exciting moment of that afternoon in the cool, panelled Sanctuary. I had seen them—the very old, the children, the housewife crippled with arthritis, the bus driver suffering from a slipped disc—come slowly into the room.

They had looked round, as I had, at the masses of summer flowers, the simple furnishings, the cross on the table. It is here Hary Edwards does his work of bringing easement to suffering, fostering hope and inspiring confidence.

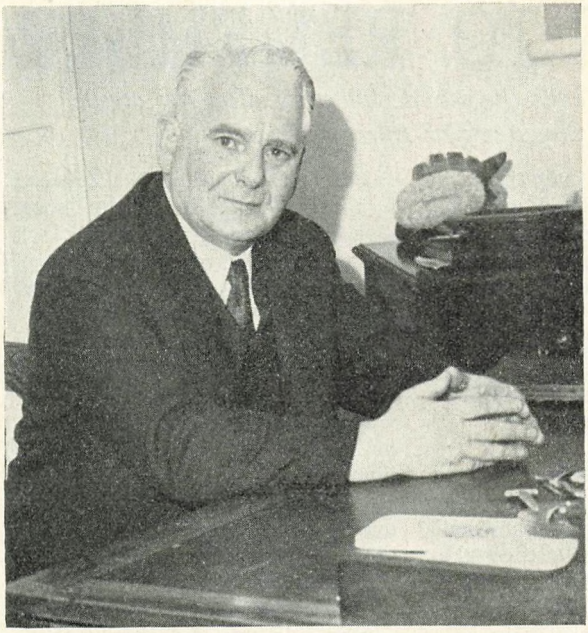
He came now, with his co-workers—Olive and George Burton —and the session began.

One by one they sat before him.

There was the bus driver, Mr. Williams, brought by his daughter from Lancashire.

Five months ago Mr. Williams had got out of bed and felt a searing pain in his back. His doctor's diagnosis: a slipped disc.

For six weeks he was in plaster from his shoulders to his legs, but



still the pain continued. He was unable to go back to work.

"For weeks I've just hoped the pain would go," he told me. "It's altered my whole life. I haven't wanted to see friends or go out. I couldn't even sit comfortably."

Mr. Edwards put his hands on Mr. Williams' back.

A few minutes later there was a gasp from his daughter, and I saw the tears start to her eyes. Mr. Williams was walking jauntily up and down.

"Why," he cried. "The pain's gone! Wait till my wife sees me when I get home."

Then there was the little girl in a blue cotton frock, her plaits tied up with scarlet ribbons—nine-year-old Elaine Ekland who has been crippled since a cerebral hæmorrhage as a baby.

Her mother had brought her from the Isle of Wight. With her cheeky face and flushed cheeks, Elaine looked healthy enough, yet she had a slight curvature of the spine and could not use her left hand or arm.

"Now," Harry Edwards said firmly to the little girl, "sit up straight."

And Elaine did!

Then he took her left hand and held it. He smiled at her kindly.

"You've got to start using this hand, you know," he said. "Now pick up my thumb and put it behind your ear."

Wonderingly, Elaine lifted his thumb. She stared at her hand unbelievingly.

"It will be a slow business," Harry Edwards explained. "But if you make yourself use it—and believe you can use it—that's half the battle."

He turned to Elaine's mother. "So often, you see, people who have a disability or weakness take the easiest way out; they stop using the weak arm or leg or whatever it is and so it grows worse and worse.

"Use it—just as the doctors make you use an arm that has been broken and it returns, through exercise, to full strength."

Arthritis is one of the most hopeless things to have, for in most cases there is little to be done. However, on several occasions over the past year, I have visited patients who used to suffer from this painful

disease and are now well again—thanks to Harry Edwards.

He will, I know, be the first to admit that he cannot always help, but he does have notable success in certain cases.

There was Mrs. Dickman on this particular day, a housewife with arthritis in her hands and legs.

"I can't remember when I've been without pain," she said, hobbling up to Harry Edwards.

His handling of such cases *looks* brutal, but patients have assured me that they feel no pain.

He took her hands, the hands that were stiff and crippled, and shook them up and down. He manipulated her feet. And, all the time, he talked in his deep voice.

The woman in the chair was almost in tears. "But they don't hurt at all when you move them!"

He smiled. "Stand up on your toes."

"I couldn't."

"Try," he coaxed her.

She stood up. She went up on her toes. She walked up and down with hardly a limp, moved her fingers as if playing the piano, combed her hair.

Each one for her was a little miracle.

Mr. Edwards never uses the word "cure."

"Who can claim to *cure* anyone?" he once said to me. "But we help as many as we can. We don't guarantee anything. We just do our best."

As he came to see us off on the station bus we turned to wave to him, a sunburnt figure in his white coat against the grey stone of his Sanctuary.

I pondered on his words. "We don't guarantee anything," he had said—yet all around me were smiling, relieved faces.

A modest man—and a remarkable one.

By courtesy of *True Magazine*.

Staying Young

To be young is not a matter of years . . . youth lives forever in a love for the beauty that is in the world, in the mountains, the sea, and sky, and in lovely faces through which shines the kindliness of the inner mind.

It is the tuning-in to the orchestra of living sound, the sound of the wind in the trees, the whisper and flow of the tide on wide beaches, the pounding of surf on the rocks, the chattering of brooks over the stones, the pattering of rain on leaves, the song of birds, and the joyous lilt of sweet laughter.

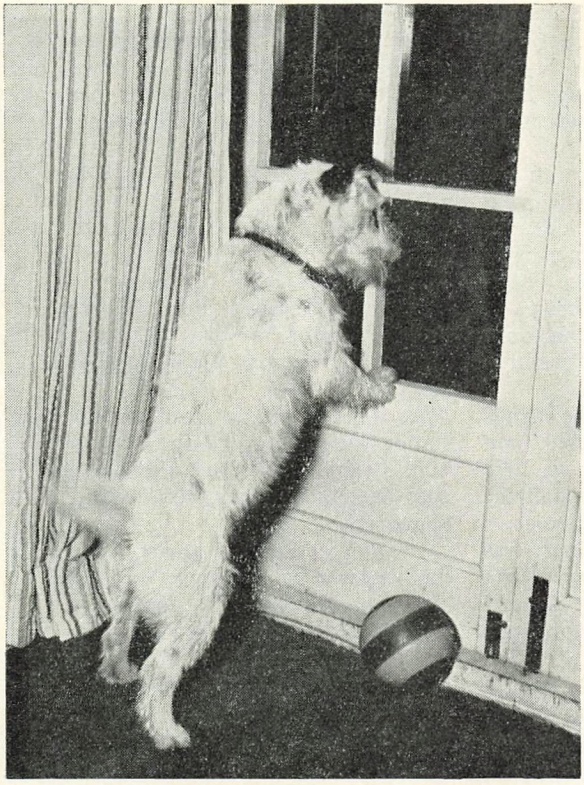
Youth lives without counting the years, in a fluid mind which is open to new theories, fresh opinions, changing impressions, and in the willingness to make new beginnings. What is it to stay young?

It is the ability to hold fast to old friends, and to make new ones, to keep forever our beloved in dear remembrance, and to open our hearts quickly to a light knock on the door.

Youth is to remain faithful to our beliefs, to preserve our enthusiasms, to trust in ourselves, to believe in our own courage, and to follow where courage bids us to go.

And, at the last, youth means that, like an unquestioning child, we place our hand without fear in the hand of the Gentle Guide, who will lead us through the little gate at the end of the Winding Road.

CORNELIA ROGERS.



Late from school again!

Psychology and the Art of Loving

by Charlotte Hunt

"How do I love thee—
Let me count the ways"

* * *

ANY life that is without love of any kind is life without meaning. Success, health, beauty, wealth, all these are barren if love cannot be found or is denied expression. Yet, by some strange paradox, love is responsible for a great many psychological illnesses and personality disorders, since it is the most powerful emotion which can affect the human heart and mind.

It is, of course, not at all difficult to find the reason for this. True and really selfless love is something of a rarity. Human love is tied up, inevitably, with human desire.

It is when the latter emotion conflicts with love that the wisest and most unselfish of lovers (and I use the word in its widest sense) find that unhappiness and misunderstandings begin to spoil love. For so often, in love, our aims and objectives are not always clear, even to ourselves, and neither are our motives.

Perhaps humanity approaches closest to the ideal in its expression of love when it is manifested through the maternal feelings. The love of a mother for her child is very often love in its highest form. It is neither possessive nor envious, jealous nor demanding. It is concerned only with the well-being of the child, and desires its happiness above everything else.

A child reared in such an atmosphere of love and understanding looks back upon that childhood with tender thankfulness. Whatever later years may bring, the memory of that first protecting love remains as an inspiration and a guide in adult life.

Psychologists and psychiatrists

know, too, that children who have had a home life built upon this kind of love are not nearly so likely to fall victims to psychiatric or personality disorders as are those who were loved unwisely, or, at the other end of the scale, not at all.

It is in early childhood and the adolescent years that scars are left on the subconscious mind. These scars, or memories burnt into the mind, are responsible for many psychic illnesses. They set up conflicts which often spoil the entire life unless they are carefully analysed and healed by experts in this field of the mind.

Children do not need to be surrounded by luxury, petted and indulged, to be made to feel that they are loved and wanted. Spoilt children are unhappy children, nor are they usually children whose needs have been wisely considered. Sometimes, unhappily, they are spoilt because they have in the past been neglected, and there is a guilty feeling about this in the hearts of parents or guardians.

This guilt finds expression in exaggerated care and attention paid to the child, who feels bewildered, even inwardly resentful, at this strange love which is withdrawn and then almost slavishly offered again.

The best kind of love, in all human relationships without exception, and that calculated to cause less hurt and trouble, is the kind which "loves and lets go." For possessiveness, the desire to control and direct the affairs, even the thoughts and emotions, of the one who is beloved, is a terribly evil thing in love. It is responsible for a great many broken marriages, many more unhappy children, ruined friendships and cancelled engagements.

People who are possessive in love are people who are not sure that they are loved in return. In order to make sure, they try and bind themselves to the loved other person with almost fanatical purpose. They object to that other person forming friendships with anyone but themselves, they are suspicious and jealous of intrusion of any kind upon their relationship with him or her, they want no one but the loved one.

During the period of engagement, and just after marriage, this is both human and desirable . . . if it persists too long into married life, possessiveness in loving on the part of either partner can cause untold havoc. The one who tries to possess is suspicious and resentful, the one who is possessed is restless and unhappy.

This is not love in its highest enfoldment, but almost at its lowest, for it is a direct expression of self-love. Possessiveness stems from loneliness, a fear that the loved one is going to leave.

It can often be traced, again, to childhood or adolescence, when a sensitive, vulnerable child or youth has been left, at a critical period, to fend for itself . . . and the memory has burnt itself indelibly upon the subconscious mind.

"When you love again," whispers the remembering, hurt mind, "hold on to the object of love with all your might . . . don't let anything or anybody come between you . . . if you do, he or she may go away again . . . as that earlier love did, and think how desolate you were then!"

To love without hurting, either oneself or the object of love, is so infinitely difficult that we fail many times to achieve this. Yet if we go on trying we come closest to the ideal of love, and we are less likely to injure or harm those human

relationships which make life such a precious and infinitely worthwhile thing for so many of us.

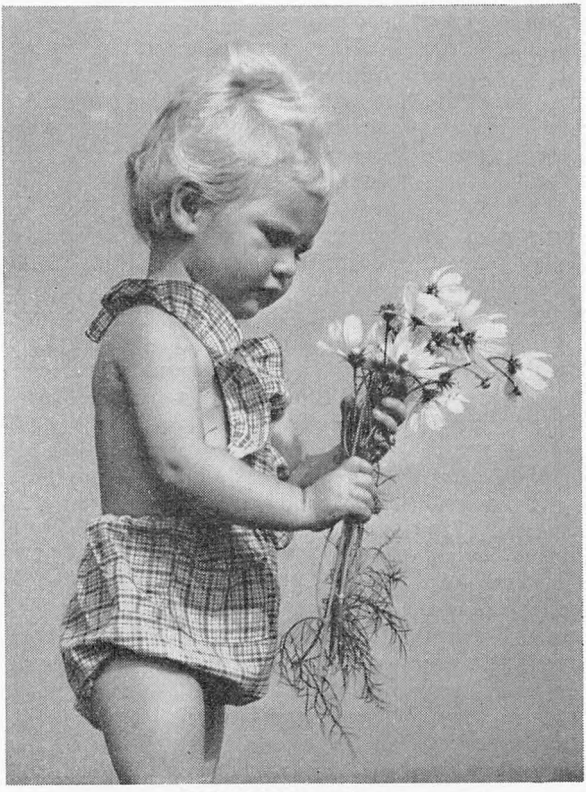
Only by honestly seeking to understand ourselves and others can we ever hope to understand, too, the motives and the reasons why the human heart loves at all, and in such a variety of ways.

The young man who is "tied to his mother's apron strings" is an object of pity. Yet this possessive kind of love on the part of the mother needs compassionate understanding for her, too. Only when she realizes that, by striving to keep her son close to her, she is most likely, in the end, either to lose him altogether, or (what is far worse) poison the entire relationship of love between them, will she be willing to try and love in a better way.

She will never do that till she understands that she loves possessively because she is deperately lonely. Yet, if she lets her son go, love of another kind may enter her life, to widen and enrich it.

For her son she may be laying the foundation, too, for psychological illness, since, tied to her, he must remain an immature personality. He lacks emotional independence and will always lack it so long as he is content to shelter under her possessive apron.

Her behaviour sets up in his mind a strange conflict of loyalties, as it does in the minds of all those who allow themselves to be possessed in loving. Soon the young man meets a young woman whom he wants to love. Yet he cannot do so. Between him and the new love is the possessive old love. He cannot escape from it, not even when every law of nature and affinity demands that he seek his happiness with the younger woman.



A love token and . . .

The over-possessive parent, the jealous wife, the indifferent husband, the spoilt child — they are all rather sad examples of the greatest emotion in the world gone



. . . just a little fond affection.

awry. Yes, the human heart is a strange organ, and we must not condemn it utterly for its caprices and moods, since it *is* but human! Our own way through life must be a constant endeavour to retrieve our mistakes, and to begin the search for perfection in human relationships once again.

Admitting that, for most women, husband and home and children are necessary, and offer the experience to find the best of love, there is no excuse for women who are denied them to become bitter or neurotic personalities. Even when love is an unfortunate experience, and ends in grief or tragedy, or disillusionment, it is still part of life and experience.

The world is full of opportunities for the expression of love; it need not necessarily come through marriage. Many must remember with profound gratitude the unselfish love and devotion shown to them by understanding school-teachers, who were not themselves married. And, for the unmarried of both sexes, there are many worth-while positions of public trust and responsibility to be filled. These particularly demand the drive, the initiative, and the singleness of purpose such individuals can bring to them.

Here, then, is another kind of love with which to fill life, for any worth-while job demands a certain amount of love. And, in caring for the young, in tending the old, in hospitals, churches, clubs, everywhere where loving purpose is needed, the unmarried can serve with a particular sense of vocation.

To try to live without love because one particular variety of love is denied you, is to try and command the impossible of the human heart and mind.

The love of man for his domestic friends is often something approaching perfection, and so is the faithful love of animals for man. You cannot love too much, too often, or too lavishly, for love given is releasing a fount of healing and inspiration for everyone with whom it comes in contact.

Only when we refuse love, or persist in loving wrongly, does love poison our lives. And though human love is bound, even in its highest forms, to be imperfect, it brings us closest to the divine spirit permeating the universe, which, in essence, is simply love.

Thirty Years Stone Deaf

A retired clergyman from Hove attended a meeting of the Churches' Fellowship for Psychical Study at the Central Hall, Westminster, where, after an address, Harry Edwards was giving some illustration of healing. The clergyman asked if his hearing could be helped and the healer said: "Come up, we can try."

In questioning the clergyman, he said his left ear had been stone-deaf for thirty years but with the help of a hearing-aid he could hear with his right ear.

The healer placed his hands over both ears for a few seconds and sought the aid of his unseen doctors for the hearing. On testing, it was found that the clergyman could hear minute noises near both ears made by the healer clicking his nails. With the stone-deaf ear the noises could be heard some distance away, so he whispered some words into the ear and these were heard clearly.

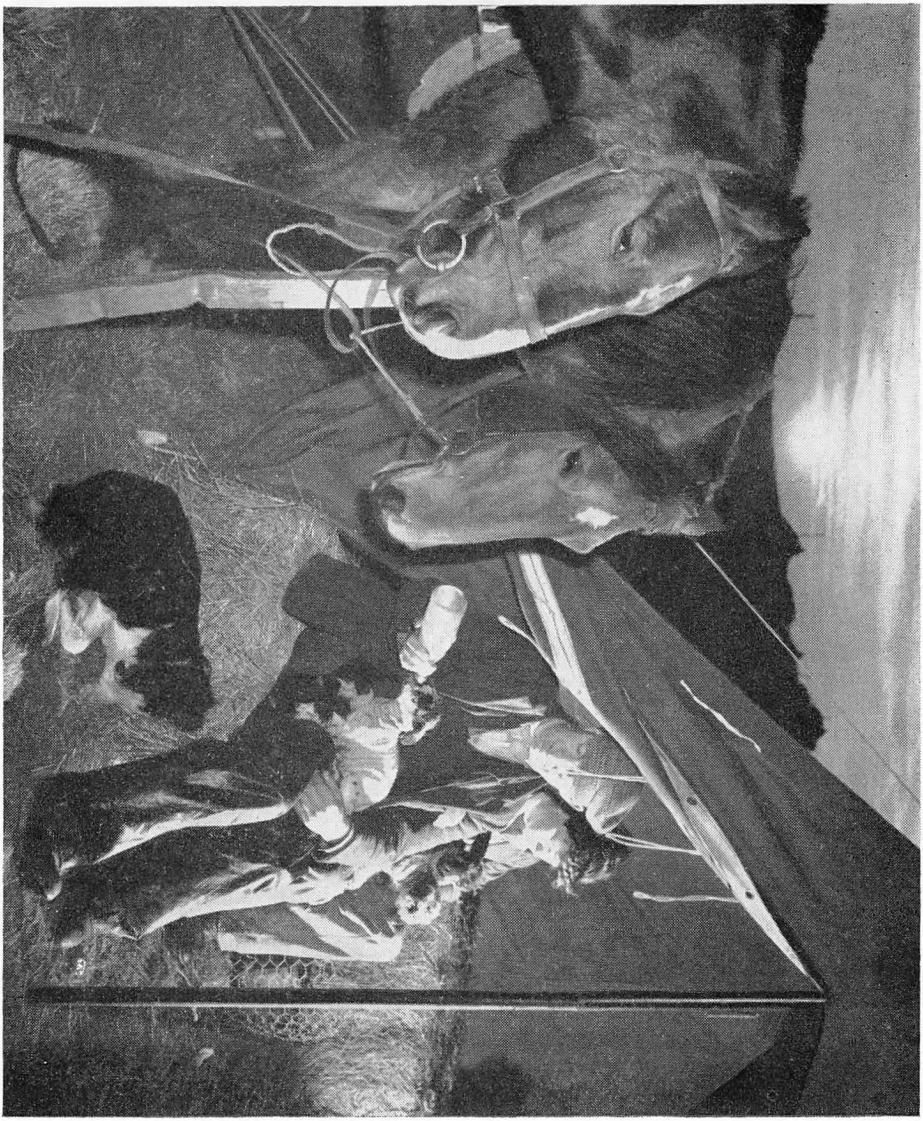
The patient was, by this time, hearing so easily without the hearing-aid that Mr. Edwards had the thought that if the hearing-aid were used the sounds would be so amplified as to be uncomfortable, so he asked the clergyman to put back the aid, and then he spoke to him in a normal tone. This made the patient flinch for the hearing was so much stronger that the amplified sounds were too much for him.

Some days later, the clergyman wrote to Harry Edwards as follows:— "The left ear has so remarkably improved that the right ear feels the 'stuffier.' My hearing is so much better that I have the impression that people are shouting at me . . . . I did not mention to you, not wishing to appear too much of a hypochondriac, but for some three months past I have had very painful rheumatism in each shoulder. On rising this morning there were no aches in the right shoulder and much lessened ones in the left. Coincidence or not—it makes me wonder."

So, once again, here is the evidence of "incurability" yielding to spiritual healing and the further proof that healing is all-embracing, that the spirit doctors are not content to help in limited ways but to seek full restoration in every way that can be.

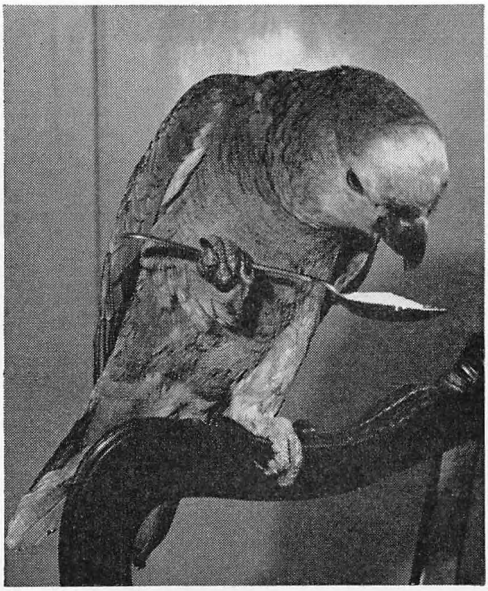
* * *

It is quite true that if your education fails to educate your heart, as well as your mind, it has been a failure.



AN EASTER MORNING.

There's little respite during the lambing season, for night and day the guardians of the flock must be ready to meet all emergencies.



The Centenarian Parrot

The picture on this page is of Baby, a hundred-year-old parrot. She has a blue and yellow head and bright red epaulets, and though her vocabulary is not very large, when she speaks her enunciation is clear and distinct. She is owned by Mrs. H. B. Marshall of Chelsea, who acquired Baby when eighty years of age and has had her for twenty years.

Some ten years ago Baby was critically ill with a growth in her throat. At this time she was at Mrs. Marshall's country home in the Lake District, and in the care of her housekeeper. Mrs. Marshall received the first intimation of her pet's illness when her housekeeper phoned to say that, though the Vet had done his utmost, nothing more could be done for her, and that Baby had been unable to eat for five days.

The housekeeper had put her at the bottom of the garden in the sunshine, in her cage, thinking she would die happier in the sun. Mrs. Marshall, who at that time was deeply interested in spiritual healing, rang up a healer and asked for prayerful intercession for her pet.

Early the following morning the housekeeper rang Mrs. Marshall, her voice full of excitement. She said that, busy in the kitchen, she had suddenly heard a voice saying "Hullo!" and looked up to see Baby perched on the edge of the table. She had opened the door of her cage (which had to be pushed upwards to release the catch) and crossed the garden and entered the house to look for her owner.

She then ate bread and butter for half an hour and appeared perfectly fit again. She has never been ill since.

"On one occasion," said Mrs. Marshall, "I was busy upstairs in the house when I suddenly heard Baby shouting my name in alarm. Thinking that perhaps a stray dog had wandered in I rushed down quickly, only to discover that the room was on fire. My husband had thrown a lighted spill into the waste-paper basket instead of the fireplace, and had gone upstairs to his room. I was able to get the fire under control and save my home and my husband's life, as he is a cripple and can move only with the assistance of sticks. So Baby saved us all!"

Baby has lived a remarkably full life, and is still remarkably fit and lively. We wish her many more years of happiness.

THE UNIVERSAL PRINCIPLE IN SPIRITUAL HEALING

"Too many ministers think of spirit only in theological terms . . ."

by A. PARSON

IT is a maxim in psychological medicine that in the majority of cases the cause of mental disturbance is unrecognized and unconscious. A number of theories have therefore been evolved and methods devised for investigating and discovering the cause.

As a rule, in the doctor's consulting-room the cause is regarded as being mental in the usual psychological sense, thus strictly relating it to purely mundane affairs. Only occasionally does one find a medical doctor prepared to think of mind in terms of spirit, a field usually left to the minister of religion.

Too many ministers think of spirit in theological terms, one of the defects of which is that they have not succeeded in satisfactorily distinguishing between the meaning of terms; soul and spirit are an example of this. This leaves the subject open to anyone to form his own opinion; but such opinion may be confused, contradictory, or even absurd.

For instance, I knew a learned man who insisted that the spirit resembled a bird; a curious notion which in no way coincided with his otherwise brilliant mind.

Early in my ministerial work I recognized this and, while lamenting it, I found it enabled me to adapt myself better to the incomprehensible situation. To recognize limitations is a great help in speculative matters. The fact remains that the human mind is much more complicated than most people realize.

For centuries investigators have, one way and another, been dropping the plumbline of enquiry into it, without touching bottom. Their efforts have not been barren, however. New faculties and powers have been discovered and time alone can tell what new treasures may be brought to light.

Soon after adopting spiritual healing as an essential part of my ministry, I deliberately espoused this point of view and found it worked effectively. Nor was it restricted to one type of person only; the Westerner, for instance.

It was Rudyard Kipling who started the mistaken notion that East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet. During my college days I had sat side by side with both negro and Indian and concluded that, apart from the difference of hair and colour, there was no fundamental difference between them and ourselves. Because of that I have always treated every patient alike.

This fitted in well with the reply that a spiritual healer made to a medical doctor who complained that he dealt with each patient in precisely the same way. The doctor's comment was sarcastical,

but the healer's reply was full of common sense. "My patients," he said, "all suffer from the same complaint—they are ill."

For a time there sat among my congregation a young Sinhalese from Colombo, studying at the university. Tall, gentle, refined and silent, he spoke to no one, but smiled at all—withal somewhat sadly. After making his acquaintance I found that he was very worried and unhappy because he had repeatedly failed to pass his examinations in law, which he was studying.

Three times he had been "plucked," and shortly was about to sit again with, he hoped, better prospects; but again he failed. He then applied to me for spiritual treatment. A Buddhist seldom applies to a Christian for help, probably because there are so many differences in their religious conception; but trouble can break down any barrier. He told me his problem.

An orphan, he was entirely in the hands of his uncle, a merchant in Colombo, Ceylon, and obviously a very good man. He had been regularly sending his nephew money sufficient to maintain him in comfort and pay his fees; but this fourth failure to pass had proved the breaking point, and he had written calling the young man home as he had heard rumours concerning his conduct.

This, I found, was very peculiar and contrary to what one would expect from so sensitive and refined a person. Always, six weeks before he sat for his examination, he took to heavy drinking, not of wines, but of the coarsest of beer. After frequent bouts of drunkenness, he would disappear for about three weeks, returning as mysteriously, and resuming study with the closest application. All to no avail. This habit had developed after his first failure.

While relating his misdemeanours he wept like a child and was clearly in a bad nervous state. Fear seemed to be his principal worry, for he knew that if his uncle withdrew his aid he was doomed to poverty and misery. He seemed to be without moral strength.

His own religion had proved unavailing, and in a last desperate throw he had abandoned Buddhist meditation for Christian prayer, which proved no better assistant. What should he do?

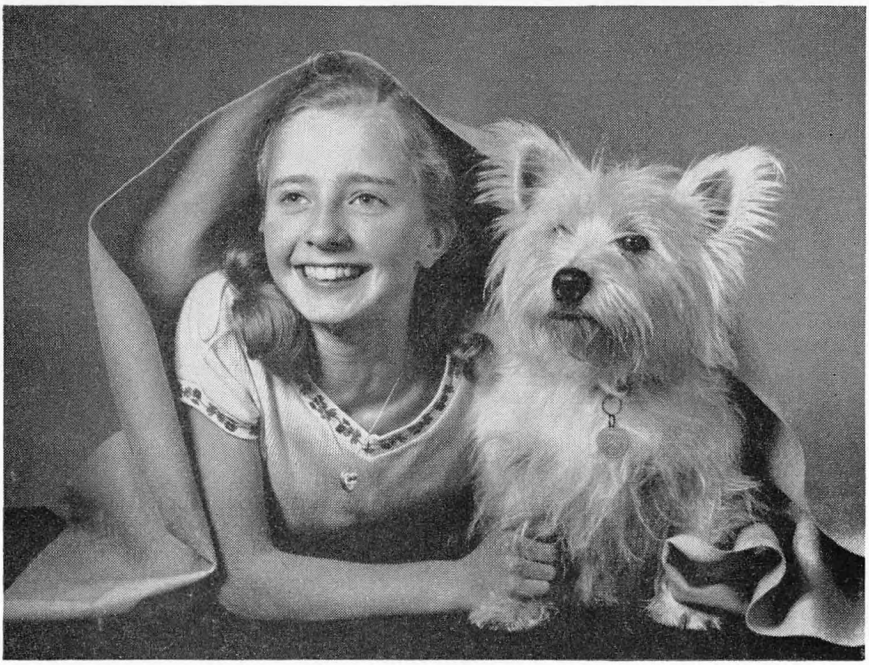
Could I help him? He was, he avowed, a sick man and could not understand why. He had brains, he had health, and money was no serious consideration. Could Christ do anything for him?

As meditation had proved of no avail, prayer might, and so I invited him to attend a weekly prayer meeting, that he might learn the art of praying. It must seem strange to the Westerner to think that anyone should need to be taught how to pray. It did me, but nevertheless this young man had to be instructed in this agelong habit; but this, too, failed him.

The reason struck me with amazement: first, as a Buddhist he did not believe in God; secondly, he could not see the reason for prayer if God did exist. His argument was at least logical and taught me a lesson which I have never forgotten, although I never adopted his scepticism.

Why, he questioned, should anyone pray to God if He was all-powerful, all wise, and all good? Surely praying indicated that the petitioner lacked faith in one or other of these divine attributes? Besides, prayer seemed very like telling God how to conduct His affairs.

So firmly established was this notion that in the end he asked to be excused from attending the prayer meetings, and admitted that when alone he did not pray.



We don't care if it snows.

It was apparent that some other approach would have to be made if he was to be cured of his malady, which really consisted of nervousness when under the strain of his examination. This is a frequent cause of failure on such occasions. For some reason the brain refuses to recall what the student has learned, although there is no doubt that mentally he retains the information.

Having experienced this embarrassment myself I early concluded that the defect was in the brain and not in the mind, and it was a fair conclusion that if the mind could assert its proper control over the brain all would be well.

If this is true it is an excellent pointer to the medical faculty that the mind ought not to be confused with the brain, but each treated separately; emphasis being laid on the mind, which, however, obviously can lose control of the somatic part of memory.

During my student days I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of a young Buddhist, who later took me to the Temple of the Tooth in Kandy, Ceylon, where I spent some time with one of the priests who explained as briefly as he could some of the tenets of his faith. This stood me in excellent use when helping in the cure of the young Sinhalese law student, and I was able to appeal with a strong degree of positiveness to the latent spiritual power of the troubled young man.

Behind all the great religions

there seems to lie much the same notion, namely, that the human soul is actually a part of the fundamental being of the whole physical and spiritual universe. Amid the profound obscurities of Buddhism there stands out one idea—that in some real way, man *is* the universal spirit.

This made the appeal of spiritual healing understandable to the patient. The psychological spiritual healer, primed in the theories of psycho-pathology, offered no difficulty because he was very religious and mystically-minded.

Prayer having been abandoned by the patient a more secular approach had to be made, the hope being that the period spent in the purely religious appeal had made its mark.

The major part of the treatment was left to the psychologist, who informed the young man that excessive beer drinking was socially æsthetically coarse. The response was immediate, for the patient refrained from drinking alcohol from that moment.

The job now was to eliminate whatever may have been the cause of his malady, for beer drinking was clearly nothing more than a symptom of a deeper underlying cause. My belief is that the young man really felt that loneliness which so often afflicts men and women orphaned in early childhood, as had been this young man.

Their craving for parental love and its accompanying sympathy gives rise to depression and a craving for unselfish love. Of this anxiety hysteria is often born.

This belief was strengthened by the habit of the Sinhalese to seek female company a few weeks prior to his examination. This took the form of an amanuensis to copy those parts of his text-books that he thought might have bearing on the examination.

The ultimate result was all that could be desired, and he passed the examination with honours. It must have been a proud moment when he was selected to make the speech on behalf of the "passes" at the celebration dinner, which was duly reported in *The Times*.

This interesting case shows that spiritual healing is universal in its effect, and the same kind of responses can be made by all, no matter how different their social environment and religious beliefs.

The after-effects were seen in the healing clinic. For a long time it became the centre of interest with other students at the university, with equally good results. The ethical and spiritual reactions were inevitable, and more than one young man turned from the tendency which even then influenced the thoughtful student in the direction of materialism.

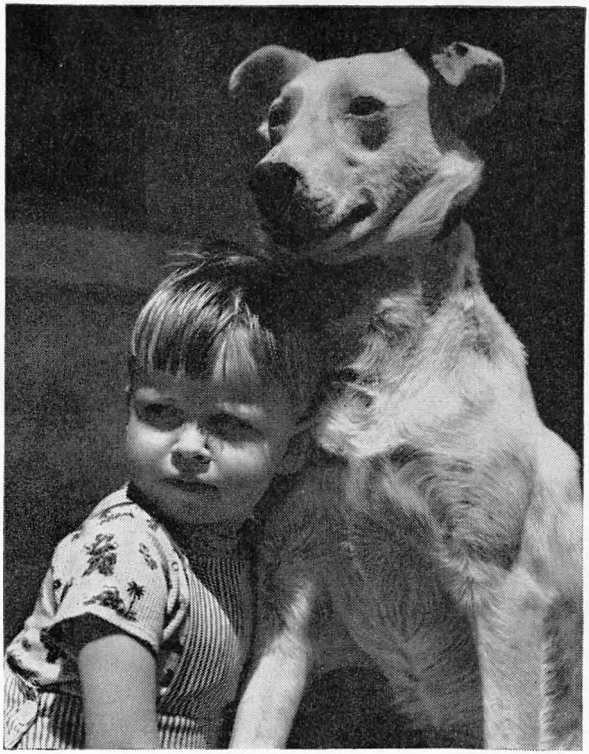
Spiritual healing can be as benefical to the soul as it can be to the body, and every spiritual healer plays no small part in engendering a more elevated view of life than is usual.

* * *

Be very sure of this—if God wants anything of you, He will fit you for your work, and give you strength to do it.—S. PHILIP NERI.

* * *

He who never changed any of his opinions never corrected any of his mistakes.—HALL.



The guardian.

THE HEALING OF SKIN DISEASES

The major cause of disease lies in some form of nervous and emotional frustration and unrest. This applies particularly to many skin complaints.

by Harry Edwards

* * *

THERE are few diseases the doctors find more difficulty in curing than dermatitis, eczema, psoriasis, etc. They are particularly obstinate and special hospitals exist for the treatment of these maladies alone.

Yet we find that with spiritual healing they are often the most easily healed. There is a reason for this, and we suggest it rests on the fact that medical attention is largely directed to the healing of the symptoms and not the cause of the disease.

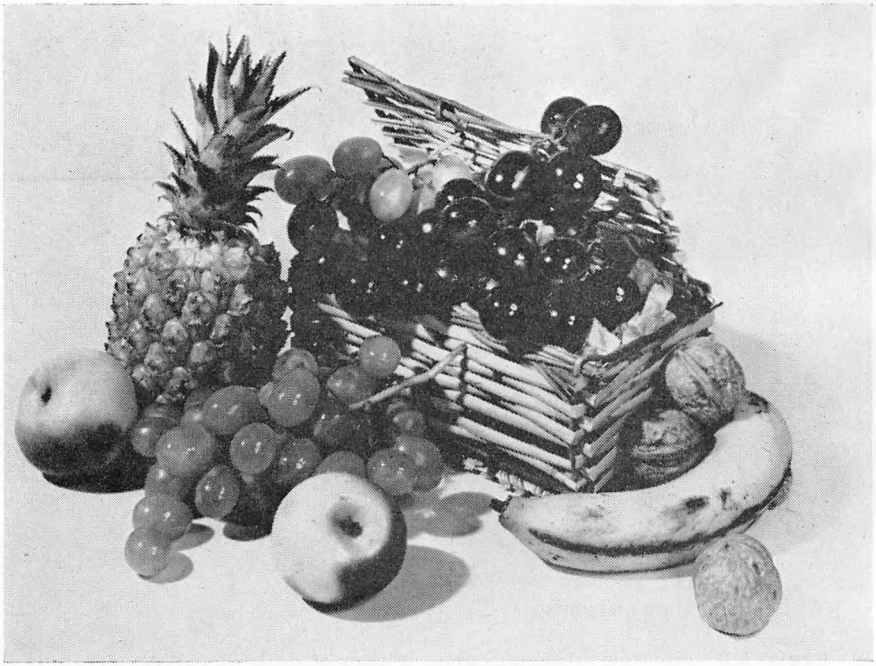
Thus medical treatment almost solely rests upon ointments and lotions and sometimes radiation treatments. These may be helpful in a few cases, but for the majority are of little help, for the simple reason *that the cause remains untouched.*

In our experience we have found, with the exception of some types of infectious skin disease, that the origin lies in some form of nervous or emotional stress, and therefore this unbalance must first be rectified before the skin will clear . . . and this is just what spiritual healing does.

We are often called upon to heal children, mostly boys, who are said to be "born with skin trouble." These unfortunate youngsters are invariably outside the scope of medical science to heal them, and they continue to suffer year after year, causing great sorrow and inconvenience to the parents. They rarely have a restful night, and we

know cases where the parents have never known a peaceful night because of the cries of such children.

We have yet to learn of a case like this, when our healing has been asked for, where speedy relief has not soon followed, and been maintained.



For our good health.

It is not proposed to detail in this article the means by which the skin eruptions follow mental stress or sickness of the inner mind. We know the process, but it would take too long to write about it in the space we have.

Suffice it, that, because the cause lies within the spirit-self of the sufferer, this can only be calmed and soothed on the same level as it exists.

In the same way that we see the neurotic, the vicious minded, the alcoholic, the drug addict, changed, in which a happy and contented outlook replaces the former maladjusted one, so through spiritual healing are the emotional causes of unrest in the mind of a skin sufferer removed, and the healing of the skin soon follows.

Doctors now recognize the truth we have put forward for the last twenty years, that the causation of the major portion of our physical diseases lies in some form of nervous and emotional frustration and mental unrest.

This applies to skin disease particularly. The doctors now know this, but what can they do? No medicines can cure mental stress.

This is the way of the healing of skin disease by spiritual means, and which is best effected by the Absent Healing process. Following the application for the healing, and intercession, we see a feeling of mental ease, contentment or "inner

upliftment" come to the patient.

The outlook becomes soothed. With this, the anger within the sore places on the skin fades away; the redness disappears. Next the areas affected begin to diminish and the new clean skin appears until the whole area is healed.

Care has to be exercised to avoid any further mental upset, disappointments, frustrations, etc., especially with children, and with them over-excitement, too, in the weeks that follow the healing until the good results are consolidated.

Any cooling or soothing lotion is helpful to keep the skin cool and moist while the healing goes on. This helps to allay the physical irritation.

At the same time the first law of health in keeping the bowels free is essential, so to assist the bloodstream to carry away the waste products from the skin; and deep breathing should be encouraged.

Apart from this we do not suggest any other treatment, except to keep the mind as contented as can be. The healing will do the rest.

An *infection* of the skin does not come within the above category and usually the natural corrective functions of the body will remove the invader. Though here, too, we generally see the healing process accelerated by healing.

A doctor once asked for our help to heal a man who had suffered for years from a vicious type of skin disease, which followed his incarceration in a prisoner-of-war camp.

For three years the doctors "tried everything" but to no avail, the condition spread and became worse. But as soon as the absent healing commenced the skin cleared completely and within three weeks showed no scars or blemishes.

No doubt the mental stress the man endured was the cause of his trouble, but with the soothing influences reaching his spirit-self, his mind was calmed and soothed and the symptoms were soon removed.

A young lady was about to be married and was very worried over skin trouble from which she had suffered for years. She said in her letter: "When I take my clothes off the skin flakes fall off like confetti."

Her marriage was to take place in three weeks, and before the happy day arrived she wrote to say that all her trouble had completely disappeared.

Can there be any other explanation for such healings to take place than that which we have given here?

DEMONSTRATIONS AND LECTURES

Saturday, May 30th, 1959.	*Healing Demonstration:* Conway Hall, London. *Apply for tickets:* Mr. T. W. Ella, 200 Church Hill Road, Cheam, Surrey.
Saturday, July 4th, 1959.	*Healing Demonstration:* Albert Hall, Nottingham. *Apply for tickets:* Mr. A. J. Ellis, 38A Castle Gate, Newark, Notts.

* * *

Never ascribe to an opponent motives meaner than your own.

* * *

Religion is meant to be bread for daily use, not cake for special occasions.

A MOTHER'S GRATITUDE

This mother's story is a tribute to the spiritual healing powers of Mr. W. Read, who is the President of the Essex Healers' Association and a member of the Council of the National Federation.

THE mother writes: "After the birth of my first son fourteen years ago, and a difficult confinement, I began to have trouble with my back. At first I thought it was a weakness due to the tedious and prolonged labour, but as time went by the dull nagging ache still persisted.

"In spite of medical attention it seemed as though I was to be condemned to suffer this discomfort throughout the rest of my natural life. In fact, at one stage, I was told quite bluntly that 'some women have "backs" and some don't,' and apparently I was one of the poor unfortunates who *had* one.

"After the birth of my third child I wore a straight-jacket type of surgical corset for nearly eighteen months to support weak muscles. Five years ago came the birth of my fourth and last child. The labour was long and difficult, as a result of which my precious son was born with a damaged brain, and I contracted puerperal fever.

"I was then transferred immediately to an isolation hospital, and for the best part of the next six weeks was quite unable to move one leg. The ache was persistent and some sixteen months later I was advised most gravely by a surgeon of the necessity for an operation, if I wished to prolong my natural life on this earth.

"This involved two major operations, one being a hysterectomy, and the only consolation I had during some very pain-weary weeks was the fact that at last my long-suffered backache would be a thing of the past.

"Alas! for my optimistic outlook, the pain was there with increasing intensity, and more frequently than in the past. Again I sought medical advice, and was told that nothing could be done except pain-killing tablets to relieve it, there was just a very definite weakness there.

"During the past three years I have learned to live with my 'back'; it became part of my family life. By this time I was further distressed by the misery of very pronounced migraine, a definite legacy from the hysterectomy, as then I was only 35 years of age, and as a result of this operation my body underwent in a very short space of time the change of life most women normally pass through between the ages of 45 to 55, and I began to experience migraine at its most painful.

"Then came that heaven-sent day I had the good fortune to meet Bill Read. We have lived in the same road for over two years and met only recently, when through a mutual acquaintance it was suggested my younger handicapped son should have the benefit of spiritual healing.

"My husband and I were grateful for the suggestion, for although we had had no previous experience in this field of healing, we dare not deny our son this opportunity. I mentioned my troubles to Mr. Read rather diffidently, and he immediately said, 'Would you like me to give you some healing, too?'

"What a wonderful day that was for me, for after only three sessions of healing the pain that had been my constant companion for the past fourteen years has gone completely, and apart from a couple of very insignificant headaches due to colds I have not experienced any recurrence of the migraine since the healing.

"This cure was effected in November last, and not a day has passed since but I have silently offered grateful prayer to my Maker for such men and women of the Spiritual Healing movement, who, like Bill Read, have God's most wonderful healing power flowing through them, from Him.

"Previously I have mentioned my handicapped son who was our primary contact with Mr. Read. He was born completely speechless, and two years ago my husband and I, and our three elder children, moved to Essex from the North specifically to enable our son to have the benefit of treatment at a famous children's hospital.

"Progress has been infinitely slow, and I have travelled to and from the hospital twice weekly for the past two years. Since spiritual healing, however, progress has been amazing, from a mumbled 'Mam' and 'Da' our boy can

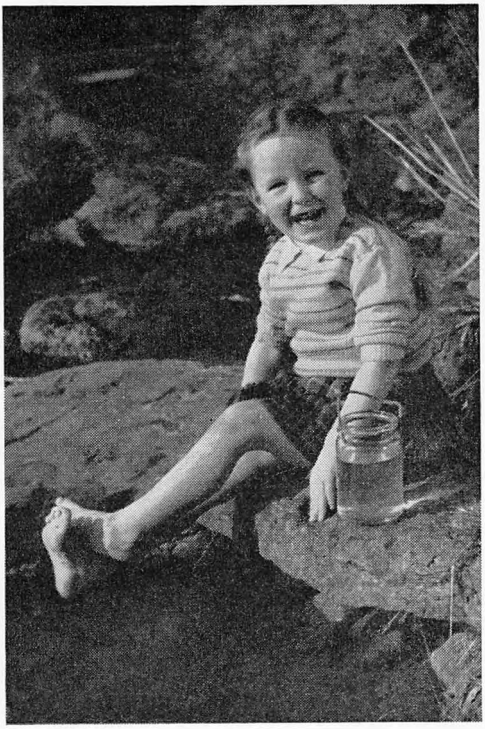
now make sentences that, although not completely lucid, are intelligible to complete strangers. This to us is a very wonderful thing.

"We have not been assured by medical authority that speech will ever be quite complete, but we feel most definitely that through spiritual healing this will be achieved.

"One evening as our son was in the process of a healing session, my husband arrived home from the office with a very obvious and painful limp. He had slipped and wrenched his ankle quite badly. During the sixteen years we have been married I have naturally come to know my husband very well; he is an educated and intelligent man with a responsible and highly technical position and with little or no time for minor ailments, so the sight of this limp was a sure sign that it was no insignificant pain.

"I left the two men together in the lounge to have a chat, whilst I went to make the inevitable cup of tea. In a very short space of time I returned to the lounge, and was completely flabbergasted to see my husband actually stamping the injured foot on the ground!

"Having been an accomplished athlete in earlier years, he has had some considerable experience with the duration of sprains, and here after a matter of a few minutes' spiritual healing, Bill Read had effected an immediate cure. My husband was considerably shaken with the significance of what had just happened: a little miracle before his eyes.



"So as a family we have so much to thank our friends for, from the other world, because we now realize the close relationship between this world and the spirit world, and because of it, and chosen 'instruments' like our dear friend Bill Read, this world is going to be a better place for our earthly sojourn."—D.C.R.

Pure Gold Nuggets Wanted

Occasionally we are asked to perform very strange things of which the following is an example. A correspondent from the U.S.A. writes: "Will you ask your guides to pin-point for me where I can find a large buried treasure or pockets of near pure gold nuggets or precious metals or gem stones. I need at least 10,000 dollars for a year of travel and taking pictures. I need a station-waggon car and much equipment, then I will come and take pictures of you to be broadcast all in colour. If you will pin-point the means and money I will tithe to your work with what remains after meeting my necessities."

Spirit Story for Children

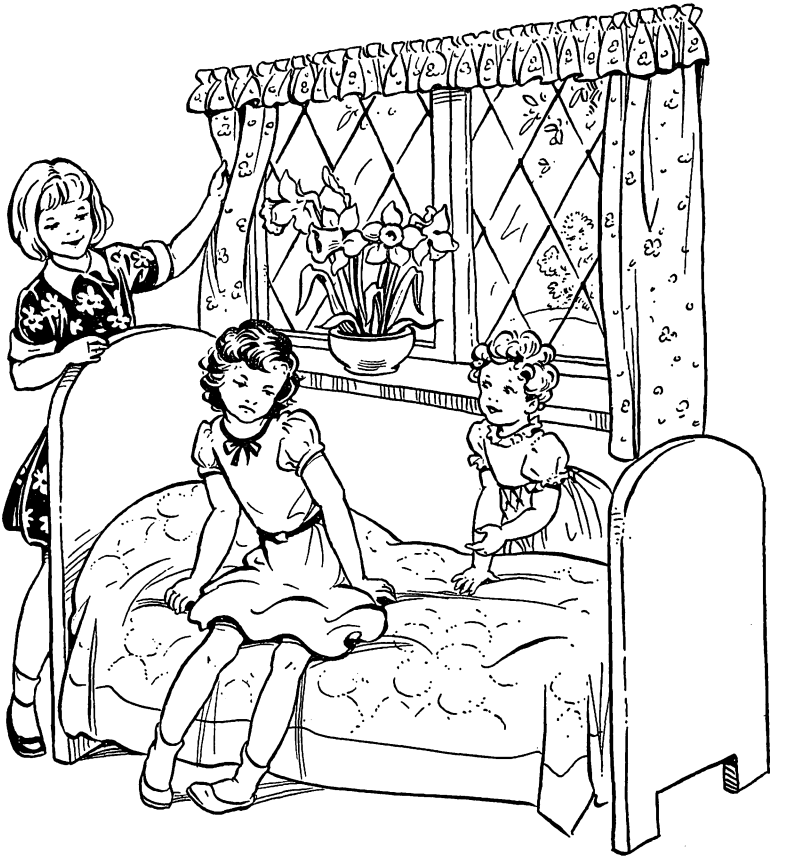
MOST of the children who go to the Nurseries of Heaven settle down very quickly, but occasionally there is one who finds it more difficult to adjust herself to the new life.

Patricia was such a child and the teachers were having considerable difficulty in getting her to respond to their love and encouragement. She was a child with very fixed ideas in her mind, refusing to see other people's points of view or to give consideration to their wishes.

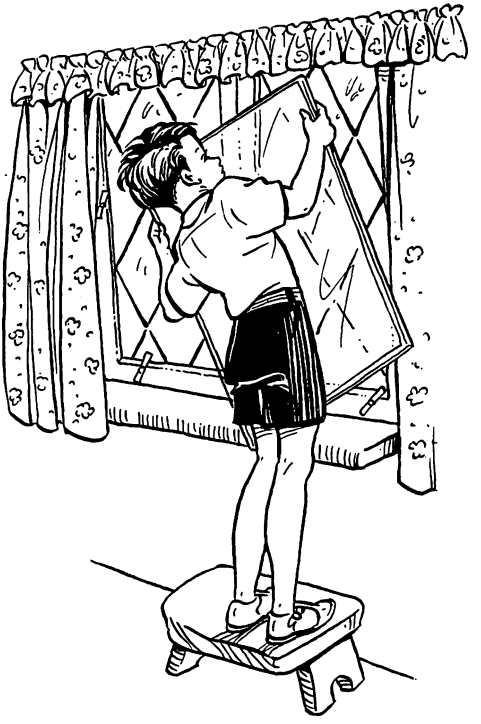
The teachers felt they were not getting into her mind so they decided to give Rosemary and Johnnie an opportunity of helping and suggested that Patricia should live with them for a time in the little house they shared with Christine.

Rosemary and Johnnie were very willing to welcome Patricia into their home and at once made preparations which they thought would please her and make her feel at home.

A little bed was placed in an alcove close to a window where she could



Retold by
Olive Burton



look out on the trees and flowers. Fresh, gay curtains were hung at the window and a pretty blue bedspread covered the bed. Everything to please, as they thought... but it did not please Patricia.

When she arrived, she looked discontentedly at the bed and said she did not like blue—she only liked red and she would not have a blue cover on her bed. Then she refused to face the window but turned always the other way. She said she hated the curtains, the colour displeased her, for she only liked red.

So the curtains as well as the bedspread were changed for red ones in an effort to please Patricia and to get some warm response from her—but without success. Still she showed only discontent and lack of interest in the beauty around her.

It seemed to Johnnie and Rosemary that nothing they could do would please or help her. Then Johnnie had an idea. He asked the teacher if a piece of red glass could be fitted into the window by Patricia's bed, so that all around her was red, the one colour she wanted—so she said.

This was done and seemed to give some satisfaction to Patricia for now she need not turn from the window in order to show her lack of interest in the beauty outside.

But after a short while the other two children noticed a restlessness with Patricia. She began to wander about the house looking at their various small possessions and would quietly go out of the house of her own accord and would look around her at the sky, the trees and the birds.

This is what Johnnie had hoped for when he conceived the idea of the red glass, and as soon as Patricia began to express some pleasurable appreciation of the natural beauties, he asked if she would prefer now to be able to see more clearly the view from her window—and the coloured glass was removed.

The barrier of obstinacy in Patricia's mind had also been removed and she began to realize what she had been missing by refusing to take an interest in the things around her and by shutting herself off from the warmth of love and friendship that came to her from the teachers and the other children. Gradually she began to respond to their helpful gestures and to be a part of the happy life of the Nursery.

THESE HEALED BY BEAUTY (IV)

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all,
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

by Doris M. Hodges

JOHN Keats, the author of those lines, which are taken from his "Ode to a Grecian Urn," was born on October 31st, 1795, in London. He belongs in this series of those who have healed by singular contribution to beauty in art, letters, painting, or music, because of his exquisite poetry. The poetry of Keats is not obscure or clever, but rich in feeling for nature, full of tenderness and compassion, tinged, at times, with a haunting melancholy.

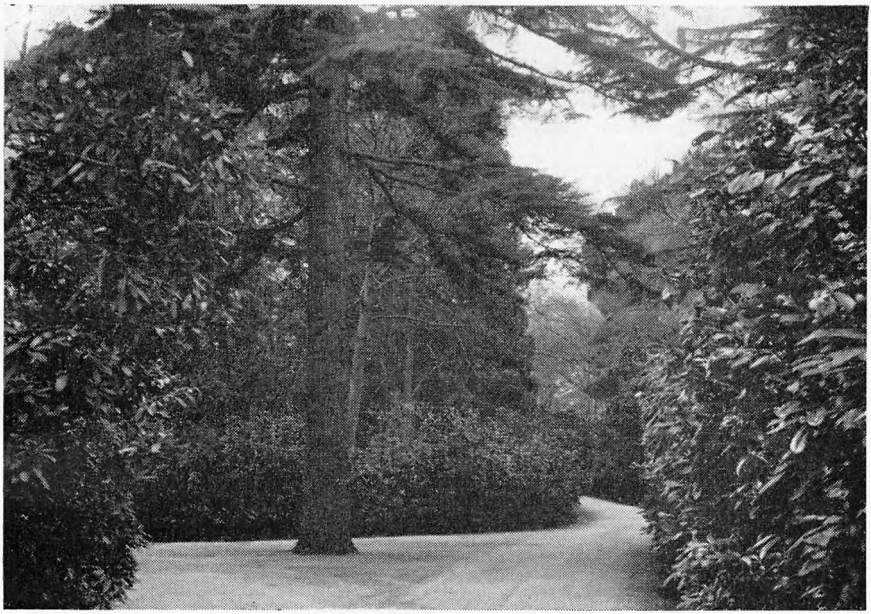
This latter element in his work is not surprising. In many ways, his was a tragic life, though not an unhappy one. His delight in all experience was too sharp and too vivid for that. Keats died at the age of twenty-six, mourning an unfortunate love affair, grieved that much of his poetry had been severely criticized. Yet so intense and so powerful was his appreciation of life, his regard for beauty, that he crowded more self-expression and creative endeavour into those short years than many lesser artists have done in a long span of existence.

Keats' parents—his father was a groom who married his employer's daughter—died when he was quite young. In 1810 he became the ward of a tea-dealer named Richard Abbey. The latter apprenticed him to an Edmonton surgeon. Thus, the fingers which were soon to pen some of the loveliest lyric poetry in our language, busied themselves with broken bones and bruised flesh. Keats studied medicine at two famous London hospitals, and duly qualified as a doctor. For a time, it seemed that he was to heal in this way . . . .

Fortunately, Keats himself realized, in time, that medicine, though indeed it interested him, could never be his true vocation. When, on his twenty-first birthday, he confessed this to Richard Abbey, his guardian was extremely angry. Yet it was probably a wise choice for Keats. Always delicate, even if poetry had not called to him, it remains doubtful whether his constitution could have withstood, for very long, the exacting and strenuous demands of medicine.

One of John Keats' greatest friends was Charles Cowden Clarke, the son of a headmaster where Keats attended school. Clarke introduced him to some of the leading literary figures of the London of the day. It was then that his interest in medicine started steadily to wane. Keats met and talked with Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Wordsworth, Lamb, and Hazlitt. Now his mind was removed from the world of practical realities to that of poetic thought and delicate imagery, to the expression of that fount of feeling which ran like a fire in his veins, and clamoured for outlet in his sonnets and poems.

In a material sense, it was not easy for him to live as a poet, for he had little capital. Soon a book of his poems was published, but



The Drive—Burrows Lea.

poetry-writing pays little rent, especially when the poet is young and scarcely yet established. In addition, a great sadness entered Keats' life; his youngest brother, Tom, shared John's lodgings in Hampstead, and was slowly dying of consumption.

In 1818 his long poetic romance "Endymion" was published, and this was severely criticized by several leading literary magazines of the day. In November of the same year his beloved brother Tom died, and the event depressed and saddened the elder brother.

In the same month, Keats met, at Hampstead, the young lady, Fanny Brawne, who was to mean so much in his short and tragic life. That he truly loved her is certain, but the engagement was marred by quarrels and misunderstandings.

Both were young, passionate, romantic. Keats was already dedicated to his poetry, facing the inevitable conflict of the artist, who must balance his creative life with the demands of normal existence.

Yet John Keats was not an eccentric, living in an ivory tower, in a world peopled entirely by dreams and fantasies. He liked meeting people, going to dinner-parties and other social gatherings, travelling, making contact with all experience, for this was where he found much of the rich material for his art.

But it is John Keats, the poet, the keen and observant lover of nature, with whom we are concerned in this article. For this is where he enters the realm of those who, by paying loving homage to beauty themselves, have found, in their own individual expression of it, the means to heal and comfort others.

Keats as a nature-lover and observer is probably unexcelled amongst any of our other British poets, with the possible exception

of Wordsworth. Beautiful though his poems are, they are simple to understand, charged with a wealth of detail, and painting for the reader word-pictures which delight heart and mind.

My own favourite amongst the Odes is the familiar "Ode to Autumn"—familiar because it must also be the favourite of many thousands of readers who know and love the work of John Keats. Whenever autumn comes round, and I see all about me, on any country walk, signs of the ripening harvest, I remember these beautiful lines:—

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run:
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd and plump the hazel shells,
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease . . ."

What an evocative word-picture this is, bringing to the heart the very breath and scent of autumn! Keats composed it, in essence, one September day in Winchester, as he took his favourite walk along the water meadows beyond the Cathedral.

Perhaps the happiest year of the poet's life was the one before his untimely death in Italy. Keats was then living with one of his greatest friends, Charles Brown, at the latter's home in Hampstead. Next door to them, in the second half of the same house, in fact, lived Fanny Brawne and her family.

The days of that particular summer were golden ones. Wentworth Place, the house, had a charming garden, with a mulberry tree and a plum tree, in whose shade the poet often sat, reading, talking with Charles Brown, or perhaps with Fanny, writing or reading, his mind soothed and rested by the beauty of his temporary home.

It was in this period that he produced some of his loveliest work, including "The Eve of St. Agnes," the "Ode to a Grecian Urn," "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," and other poems. Many of these are learned at school, but their appeal and their beauty grows in richness and delight with the passing years, along with understanding of the feeling and the emotion which created them, as they must do for all who love Keats.

For Keats, the shadows were closing in. The disease which had attacked his brother Tom, through which John nursed the latter so devotedly, now began to appear in the elder brother. In the autumn of 1819 he stopped writing poetry; the fount of his creative expression had dried up. In February of the following year he had a hæmorrhage. With a great friend, Joseph Severn, he went to Italy, in the hope of arresting the onset of consumption.

Nursed devotedly by the faithful Severn—Keats was most fortunate in his friends—he survived until February 21st, 1821. On that day, in Rome, he died, far from the English valleys, meadows, and woodlands which he loved with so

tender a passion. Yet, for all who love beauty, who find in its highest expression true healing for nearly all life's griefs and pains, John Keats will never die. His spirit has found immortality in his work. As Shelley wrote in his great valedictory poem, "Adonais," "he is a portion of the loveliness which once he made more lovely"

His grave, and that of his friend Severn, lie side-by-side in the little Protestant cemetery in Rome. On Keat's grave one may still decipher his own epitaph: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water . . ."

* * *

We shall not grumble at wearing dark glasses if God gives us welding to do.

* * *

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.



Spring in the Scilly Isles.

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. Dorothy Commerford.

DOROTHY COMMERFORD (who is one of Harry Edwards' sisters), took over the secretarial duties of the Federation when we lost the physical presence of John Britnell. It may now be said that owing to John's illness the affairs of the Federation needed considerable attention and Mrs. Commerford set her hand to the task, but it was some time before everything could be straightened out into the perfect state the Federation affairs are in to-day. She is extremely efficient and one of those people who are gluttons for work. She also acts as private secretary to Harry Edwards. The closest alliance exists between her and Mr. Syd Staples, our Hon. Organizing Secretary, and rarely does a day pass without some matter passing from one to the other. The working day for our Secretary does not end until everything has been completed—there are no "outstanding matters." So our members will appreciate, perhaps more fully, her real value to the Federation. It may also be told that owing to the increasing Federation work she now has a very competent Under-Secretary—and her name is Wendy Minns.

THE MIDDLESEX SPIRITUAL HEALERS' ASSOCIATION.

The Council were pleased to accept the affiliation of the newly-formed Middlesex Spiritual Healers' Association. So another limb comes to strengthen the Federation.

The Officers are: President, Mrs. Diana Martyn; Secretary, Mr. David Garrett. Headquarters: North London Healing Centre, 191 Albion Road, London, N.16. Telephone: CLIssold 7403.

HYMN SHEETS AND REPORT POSTCARDS.

The Federation has had printed a stock supply of Hymn Sheets, specially chosen for healing and other spiritual occasions. Mr. Syd Staples will be pleased to supply these to our County Associations free of charge for special healing services. To other organizations the charge is 7s.0d. per 100.

Report Postcards can also be obtained from Mr. Syd Staples. These are designed for patients at public healing meetings to report progress. While these are addressed to the Organizing Secretary they will be forwarded on by him to the Association concerned. These cards, too, are free.

MAY 23rd, 1959.

Cheltenham is to be the venue for the Annual General Meeting and Rally on May 23rd. Arrangements for lunch will be made for all attending, and Mr. and Mrs. Burton and our President are inviting all members to take tea with them. The official business will be reduced to a minimum to save time to allow for an address by the President and a discussion, but if any member wishes to submit any

motion or matter for attention he should do so immediately to enable it to be included in the Agenda as laid down in the Constitution. Copies of the Constitution may be had on request.

A NATIONAL REGISTER OF HEALERS.

At long last this has been completed and is now available to all Associations. Every member is listed in his district, and this will enable secretaries to give immediate advice to all those who are sick where they can obtain healing. It is not intended to distribute these generally, but a copy will be sent for any *bona fide* purpose.

DIARIES.

Diaries for 1960 have been ordered and will sell at 4s.0d. each—advance orders will be accepted to avoid disappointment. These should be sent to the Secretary or Organizing Secretary enclosing postal order or cheque to cover the cost of the number required.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE, 1960.

The Federation has already agreed in principle on the ways it will co-operate with the I.S.F. next year and we shall be informing members about these interesting events in our coming issues.

ACTIVITY.

As these notes are read it will be seen that the Federation is a very live one. A cordial invitation is extended to all healers who are not yet members to join. Our membership to-day is approaching 1,800.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

March 1st, now gone, was "D" Day for renewal of subscriptions. This applies to Individual Members (subscription one guinea), Associate Members (10s.6d.) and to Affiliated Asociations. It would be nice if they can be sent in without the need for application. Now is the time.

THE NEW HOME COUNTIES ASSOCIATION.

Following the successful Public Healing Service organized by the National Federation of Spiritual Healers in the Conway Hall, London, recently, another County Association of the National Federation—the Home Counties Association of Spiritual Healers—was born. National Officials were present.

This incorporates the counties of Hertfordshire, Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire (to be called The Home Counties Association) and officials elected are: President, Gerald De Beaurepaire; Vice-Presidents, Mary Martin, M.N.F.S.H., and Stanley Poulton; Chairman, Robin Frood-Barclay, M.N.F.S.H.

The Chairman presented a silver cup in memory of John Britnell (founder of the Essex Healers' Association, which had led to the formation of the National Federation). This is to be awarded to members of the new Association who render signal service in the cause of healing.

It was presented, by the National Chairman, to Mary Martin for the healing work she did on tour in Canada and the U.S.A. last year.

All correspondence and applications for membership should be addressed to the Chairman at 98 The Ridgeway, Golders Green, London, N.W.11.

HEALING SERVICE IN BRIGHTON.

The Federation is organizing another Healing Service to be held at the Town Hall, Hove, Brighton, Sussex, on Saturday, April 18th, at 3 p.m. Tickets for patients and friends are 2s.6d. each, obtainable from Mr. Syd Staples, Organizing Secretary, 66a High Road, Woodford, London, E.18.

HANTS AND DORSET COUNTY ASSOCIATION.

We are pleased to report a successful Public Healing Demonstration in the Bournemouth Town Hall conducted by the Hants and Dorset County Association of Spiritual Healers where over 400 people were present. The healers demonstrating were Mr. G. L. Pasteur and Mrs. V. Pole. We regret to learn, however, that whilst the Service was taking place burglars broke into the Sanctuary in Parkstone, Poole, taking the money received from the sale of tickets for the Service at the Town Hall, and desecrating the Sanctuary also.

SPECIAL LECTURE.

A special lecture has been arranged to take place at the M.S.A. on Saturday, April 11th, at 3 p.m., when the President, Mr. Harry Edwards, will speak on "The Spirit Body and Spirit Surgery." Members only may attend.

THE FIRST MASS HEALING SERVICE

THE First Mass Healing Service held at the Conway Hall, London, W.C.1, on Saturday, February 21st, met with great success, over 300 people attended and over 200 received healing from members of the Federation.

The healers and stewards came from all parts of the country and nearly every affiliated Association or Group was represented. The Chair was taken by Mr. A. J. Ellis. The meeting was organized as a Devotional Service and after the first hymn Miss Mary Martin rendered the Invocation followed by the Reading by the Organizing Secretary.

Mr. Sydney Richardson (President of the M.S.A.), an active Council Member of the N.F.S.H., addressed the meeting. He briefly explained the reason for such a meeting which came from a suggestion made by the President (Mr. Harry Edwards) following the Healing Demonstration last September at the Royal Festival Hall.

At this meeting everyone who required healing had been issued a special ticket which ensured that they could receive the treatment they required. Mr. Richardson also stated that it was so very necessary, in many cases, for the healing to continue and the name and address of a Healer or Healing Sanctuary would be given to anyone asking for same.

The actual Healing Service then commenced and the happiness and contentment that was registered on not only the faces of those receiving healing but of the friends and the healers, was reflected from the flowers that had been so tastefully arranged on the rostrum table by Mrs. Staples.

Another step in the work of the N.F.S.H. had been taken and without a doubt this meeting will be followed by others throughout the country.

And so the congregation closed with a prayer given by the Chairman and made their way home to all parts of London and the Home Counties and the healers left, knowing that once again they had carried out their work as instruments of the unseen Spirit World and were happy in that knowledge. The healers also took away with them a personal letter that had been sent them by the President (Mr. Harry Edwards) which was fully appreciated by all.—S.S.

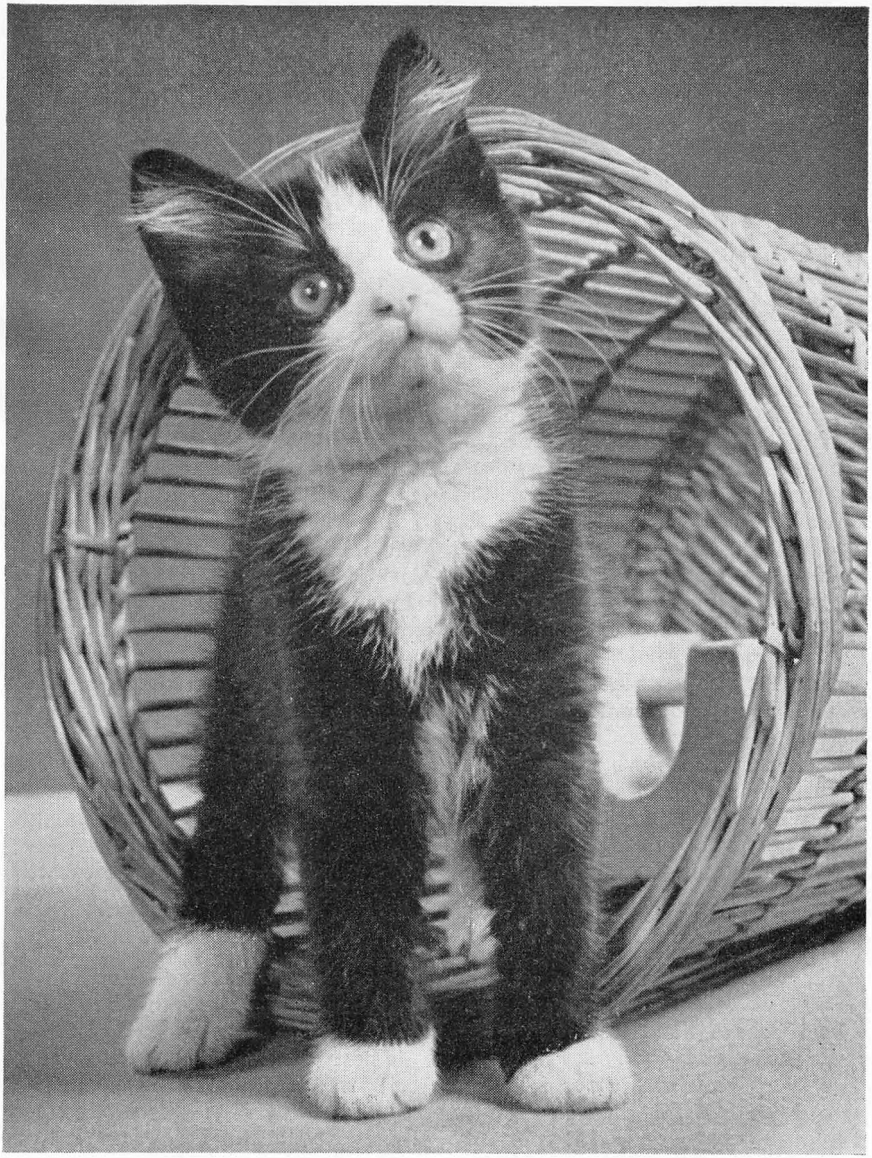
* * *

Save up for the Sunny Days

All our lives we hear the expression "Save up for a rainy day," and if we save diligently with this thought in mind, sure enough the rainy day comes along. Indeed, such a negative attitude makes that rainy day inevitable.

Why not try a different method of saving and put something away for a sunny day? Your future is in your hands. Expect joy and blessings and you help to create them; expect trouble and you can create that just as surely.

When you drop your coins into the savings box think of them as a means to help you enjoy the sunny days to come. You can enjoy spending when the sun shines, but when it is raining the pleasure is dampened in more ways than one.



What's the Verdict?

HOUSEWIFE HEALERS

"Wherever there is true faith and true compassion, there is healing . . ."

by KAY RYDE

DO you ever feel as I do when you read in the pages of this magazine about marvellous healers who bring hope and health to sufferers? A little wistful and envious?

What joy it must be to see locked limbs respond to the Power of Spirit and to know you have been chosen as an instrument for this wonderful Power. It must be awfully hard not to get "big-headed" over such work, but to remain humble and acknowledge that of yourself you can do nothing. As I know from my visits to many healing sanctuaries round the country, this is the attitude of the true healer and there are many many such who devote the whole of their time without thought of self, day after day, and year after year.

The majority of us are just ordinary folk, leading busy lives, earning the daily bread, caring for our families, and feeling that we have no special gifts and must leave the care of the sick to those who have.

I believe that is where we are wrong.

Wherever there is true faith and true compassion there is healing. You have experienced it yourself I am sure. When you are feeling "all-in" through 'flu or any other illness, and a friend drops in to see you who is genuinely sympathetic, without being "maudlin," cheerful without being hearty, kindly without smothering you, don't you feel a lot better by the time he or she is ready to depart? Of course you do. And that is healing.

If you want to share in this Christly work of restoring health I suggest that when you hear of a friend who is ill you quietly pray and meditate before you visit the invalid and ask to be inspired to say and do the thing that will help most, and to "carry the infection of good cheer" with you. I think that prayer will be answered, and those flowers you offer, or the cup of tea you make will be impregnated with healing power, and their potence will linger after you have gone. What is the essence of this healing Power?

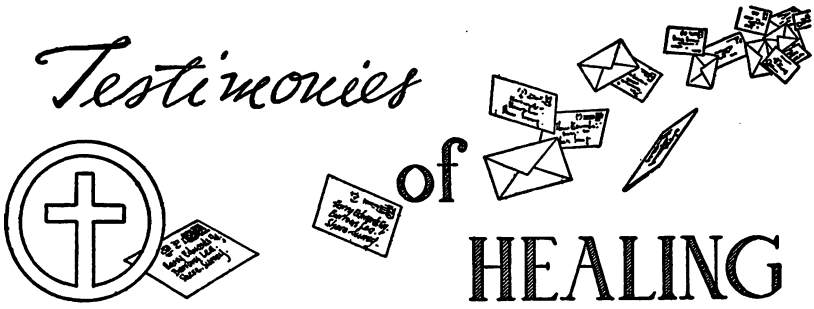
I suggest that it is Love, because God is Love.

Why not make this your healing work to the Glory of God and betterment of mankind. You cannot perhaps unlock limbs, but you can "unlock" conditions.

Those on the Other Side who co-operate with human instruments to cure disease will know where there is sincere desire to help and will surely amalgamate their services with yours, whether you are aware of it or not.

* * *

Life is mostly froth and bubble; two things stand like stone: Kindness in another's trouble, Courage in our own.—A. L. GORDON.



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 cannot adequately express my thanks. My skin is much improved since I wrote you last week, and I get good sleep. I had the trouble for two years, attended two hospitals and was attended by doctors. I feel I shall be cured, despite what the doctors have said."—4046.

* * *

"Raymond's arms and legs are quite clear of the eczema. He is contented and sleeps well. We are very grateful for the help you have so kindly given our son. It was sad to see a baby troubled constantly by an irritating skin, and to be told it would probably last for years. It has been amazing to watch the improvement, especially as it took place through the teething stage and bad weather which would normally both aggravate the condition."—4051.

* * *

"There has been great progress, in fact his skin trouble is now over. His knees are a normal colour, and the skin is so strengthened that it can stand up to knocks and scratches without ill effect. We are all very grateful for the healing he has received. It is nine months since I asked for his name to be put on your healing list, but he has been to hospitals on and off for two-and-half years, with no lasting satisfaction."—4057.

* * *

"John made a truly remarkable recovery from impetigo. We asked the doctor to come to see John, and the report was that he had had impetigo but was now completely cured (without medical assistance). John's case was most unusual, inasmuch as he never once attempted to scratch his sores. The doctor was amazed at this and thought this the reason for the quick recovery from the complaint."—4060.

* * *

"There is most remarkable change in my father's condition. He is looking absolutely himself again. He now sleeps through the night on his right side, a thing he has been quite unable to do even for a matter of minutes since last December (three months). He has been taking walks unaccompanied, and is anxious to get to work again. The doctor, on his last visit, expressed surprise that he (my father) looked like lasting another five years—this from the doctor who, three weeks ago, told me that the end might come suddenly at any time. All the usual symptoms, sickness and flatulence, have completely gone."—8828.

* * *

"The improvement is most remarkable. He is unaware that healing is being given. Only his daughter knows that healing is being given, and she says he has been eating more varied foods, none of which had an ill-effect upon him, as they would have had a few months ago. He now enjoys his meals. He takes daily walks and does odd jobs. This is in marked contrast to his condition before your treatment started. He then had little interest in anything and would sit about or lie in bed all day, unable to take anything but milk foods without being sick."—8871.

"When treatment commenced I was a very sick man, and it was doubtful which way I would go, but after my first letter to you I began to pick up. The bleeding of the lung slowly subsided and my cough got less. I was able to walk about again in greater comfort and noticed my energy gradually returning. Within the past fortnight I had an X-ray and the doctor is pleased with it. I am doing a little work each day and am able to get about normally."—8884.

* * *

"I am delighted and surprised at the sound improvement in my wife's bodily condition and happier appearance. She is sleeping better, enjoying food, and eager to be about again. When the doctor called, she said my wife might come downstairs tomorrow, and was astonished and highly pleased with the improvement."—8919.

"My husband shows really wonderful improvement. Twice he has awakened in the morning before being called and without a headache of any kind, which I have never known to happen before. The catarrh condition is clearing up and the cough has disappeared entirely, and his appetite has returned. The strength is returning to the fingers of his injured hand, and the pain when using them is greatly diminished."—8912.

* * *

"The latest news of my mother is the best yet. She was discharged from hospital in little over a month from her name being added to your absent healing list. The doctors are so delighted at the progress made they feel her condition is sufficiently improved for her to leave hospital. A month ago she was not expected to live many days."—8905.

* * *

No nation is better than the home life of its people.



In the Spring a young man's fancy . . .

Harry Edwards Writes to a Student

MISS "X" is a student at college and she has chosen for her thesis on Religious Knowledge the subject of Faith Healing.

She writes: "I have found much valuable information in your monthly magazine and your books and I have been concentrating on your work and that of your two helpers Mr. and Mrs. Burton. But I find one aspect which I am expected to cover is not accounted for in your books: that is the failures, the people who go away unhealed. Could you help me in this matter?"

It may well be for our readers' interest to know what Mr. Edwards replied. Here it is:

January 28th, 1959.

"Dear Miss 'X,'

"I am interested to learn that you are submitting a thesis on "Faith Healing" for your qualifications. May I suggest, at the outset, that "Faith" is a misnomer, for if this is literally so, then we should not see babies and others of no contrary faiths, yield to the healing. I suggest 'Spiritual Healing' is the better phrase.

"I am glad you have found my books of service, and suggest the following to provide reasoned answers why some healings appear to fail.

"Firstly, there is the postulate that no healing can take place outside the laws which govern us. No change can take place except through the application of law-governed forces to the subject. Therefore a non-healing is the result of either the lack of knowledge how to administer the corrective forces, or the human ill-condition is not able to respond under the laws governing the state.

"For example, with all creation there is the law of decay as the tenure of life runs out, it is seen with a piece of oak, equally with our senile conditions. Thus if the loss of a sense is due to age, or arteries are losing their vitality, we must not expect healing to over-ride the law and restore juvenility. If a disease has so encroached upon the functioning of an organ (lung cancer) and the state has become so weakened that the restorative qualities through healing cannot overcome the weaknesses, a healing is not possible.

"The basis of your argument should be that for a disease to be overcome the cause must first be removed. If it is within the law that as stated above the cause cannot be removed then a healing is not possible. Further, if a cause is persisted in, then the effect must follow. For example, if a person's sight is weakening through overstrain at work, and this is persisted in, then the healing must not be blamed for having failed. If a patient suffering from arthritis cannot avoid living in damp conditions, then the cause is maintained to perpetuate the effects.

"Another line of approach to this problem is: It is now accepted by all authorities that the primary cause for 80 per cent. of human disease lies in some form of mental or spiritual-self or soul disharmony, frustrations, selfishness, emotional failures, and so on. Some of these disharmonies have become so deep-seated that they have become part of the very nature of the person.

"In many cases, these disharmonies are responsive to good corrective influencing from Spirit. For the reason they exist, within the spirit- or spirit-self, they can be influenced on the same plane as they exist, i.e., from Spirit. When correction is induced, then the healing of the physical effect takes place and this accounts for the healing of the 'incurable.'

"When, however, the subject does not respond to the corrective good influencing then the cause persists and a healing may not take place.

"Another reason for non-result is that the patient has become a creature of habit, and therefore does not profit from improvements effected. Example, one with a paralysed arm does not seek to encourage co-ordination, and allows the arm to continue in a helpless state. With some recoveries there must be co-operation on the patient's part, or that of his friends, and if this is denied, the healing must not be blamed.

"Lastly, it must not always be inferred that the healing has failed if a recovery has not followed and a passing ensues. For whereas it has not been within the scheme of things (the law) for a patient to recover, we must not overlook the help that is given in rendering peace and easement during the critical days so that the transition is a peaceful and indeed a happy one.

"I hope these considerations will be of assistance to you. Of course I do not know the basis on which you are writing your thesis. But whether it is on the purely devotional angle or ours, I suggest that in spite of the cliché, 'that with God all things are possible,' we should not expect Him to override His established laws in an act of discrimination for a favoured person . . . any more than, under this phrase, we should be justified in asking God to replace an amputated limb.

"Every healing is a planned act, involving the administering of corrective, law-governed forces or influencing, to the subject. It must be a spiritual science. The administering of the corrective means must be an act of intelligence . . . to deal with the given condition.

"If there is any other way in which I can be of service please do not hesitate to ask.

"Yours sincerely,
HARRY EDWARDS."

Not One of Them Knew

Here is an interesting letter which describes the healing of a number of people receiving Absent Healing. The last sentence in the letter is revealing for it says they were all helped in ignorance of the source of the healing that has helped them so much—perhaps the time has come for them to be told, so that they can appreciate the spiritual implications behind their recoveries. We have suppressed all names and substituted initials in each case.

"Here is my weekly report on our patients. Mrs. 'A.' still continues to get well and her 'cyst' seems to have 'died back.' There has been no operation. My 'M.' is feeling stronger and eating and sleeping better, too, her nerves are so much calmer. My 'S.' also continues to make headway and is now putting on weight.

"Mrs. 'B.' is still the miracle case and has put on more weight. Mr. 'C.' is still progressing and is able to enjoy an outing now and again. My friend, the Matron, Miss 'D.', has amazed the specialists and doctors for they had made arrangements for her to go into hospital for special treatment. On being examined her spinal alignment was so much better the hospital treatment was cancelled. It is a wonderful case of healing. Lastly, myself. I too am feeling the benefit especially knowing all my dear people are being healed. I am much eased of my ear, throat and head troubles and so much more relaxed.

"None of these patients have any idea they are on your healing list."
M.H.

* * *

God always indicates the proper route; but often man fails to read the signs.

* * *

It is better to have something to live for than much to live on.

THE HEALING OF EDWARD

"I am enclosing a snap (reproduced on this page) which Stephen took of his 10-year-old brother, Edward, last August on the Roman Steps, Merioneth. Do you remember Edward visiting you? He had tuberculosis and received spiritual healing. Here he is six months after leaving hospital, having climbed the difficult route following a five-mile walk, in this wild and lovely place where the film of 'Sabu' was taken, called 'The Drum.'

"We were so glad that Edward could do this and be so well, when only the year before he was so very sick in hospital. He is now at a boarding school in Wolverhampton, and very well and happy."

W. MORRIS.



A HEALING ON THE CONTINENT

The following is a happy story, and we reproduce the letter as written:

"There are marvellous results. She and I we thank you with all our heart. Can you imagine on February 7th before telegram to you he was given up by the doctors. His children were telegrammed for to come from foreign countries to his bed. When they come, they find an optimistic father instead of a dying father. Such astonishment!

"After telegrammed you, he slept soundly. Before he had swollen belly after operation, high fever. He was fed through arm into his blood. Next day good sleep, no fever, arm gets better, he feels lively. Next day, doctor says he is out of danger, paralysis between stomach and intestines is away, belly gets thinner, he eats normally. Next day, everything betters, also belly. He feels like another man. Next day he gets up. Next day he walks out of hospital. I imagine this is not the first time a patient was cured by you and knows not by whom."

* * *

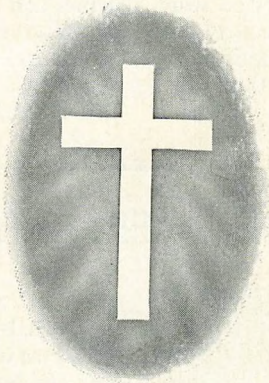
As we intercede in prayer for the healing of others we give ourselves as channels to be used for the Divine Love, and we feel less and less of our own part in it. We are caught up in something so much greater, so much more significant than ourselves, that we lose all sense of personal question about it.—DR. REBECCA BEARD.



EASTER BLOSSOM.

In every trembling bud and bloom
That cleaves the earth, a flowery sword,
I see Thee come from out the tomb,
Thou risen Lord.

THE HEALING MINUTE
RESTORES A LADY'S EYESIGHT



THIS claim that a lady who was near blind is now able to read is reported in *The Blackburn Times*, February 20th, 1959, as follows:

At nine o'clock yesterday morning old-age pensioner Mrs. Bertha Brindle picked up a letter from her front door mat at her pensioner's bungalow in Bradda Road and read a message from her daughter in Blackpool which began "Dear Mother and Myra—Hope you are both all right..."

She read it again. Then she rushed excitedly to a neighbour to tell her the good news. She told the shopkeepers . . . the milkman.

For Mrs. Brindle had not read for almost a year. Her eyesight had become so bad that she had to stop the newspapers. When a letter came from her daughter or from anyone else, she waited until Lynda, her 14-years-old grand-daughter who lives with her, came home from school to read it to her.

And Mrs. Brindle is convinced that she can see well again through a miracle of absent faith healing.

"I felt as though I had had a great uplift," she told *The Blackburn Times* yesterday. "I am certain it was because of my faith."

At nine o'clock every night Mrs. Brindle, who is a lifelong believer in Spiritualism, takes part in a world-wide "Silent Minute." She switches on the radio and as Big Ben chimes the hour she joins in a tryst inspired by the well-known spiritual healer, Harry Edwards, in which all join in prayer "that peace will come to the nations and that divine healing power may come to help the sick in mind, body or soul."

This began for her some months ago when her sight was becoming worse and she got her niece, Mrs. Bennett, of Walnut Street, to write to Mr. Edwards at his Sanctuary in Surrey. Now Mrs. Bennett writes to him weekly giving him details of her aunt's ailment and its progress.

The next letter will tell the good news. "I shall go up to-morrow and tell her to write to him," Mrs. Brindle said.

Mrs. Brindle, 74 and twice widowed, recalled yesterday: "My eyes have never been so good, but these last twelve months they have become worse. I have had difficulty getting about, especially in the dark. They said at the hospital that I had a cataract on one eye and an abscess on the other.

"I was having trouble doing my knitting. Then I thought I would write to Harry Edwards. I got my niece to do it. I said: 'You can tell him I have more faith in him than in hospitals.' Now I never miss my Silent Minute, wherever I might be.

"When I picked up that letter this morning I thought, 'I'll get my specs and see if I can make owt out.' I read it, I read it again, and I thought, 'This is beautiful.' "

She told our reporter: "I can see you clearly sitting in that chair. Yesterday I would have seen only a dim shape."

She picked up a new photograph of her grand-daughter. "Worth her weight in diamonds," she said, "and now I can see her clearly."

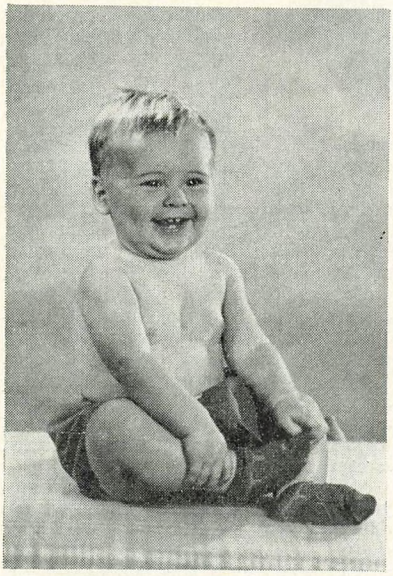
It has been our privilege to record a number of other healings that have been directly attributable to taking part in the Silent and Healing Minute. This is to be expected, for the reason that at this time when patients who are in need give of themselves for the spiritual purposes that Peace and Healing will reach us, they enter into the

state of attunement with the heavenly forces and so provide the means by which spiritual healing can reach them.

The Silent and Healing Minute takes place just before the B.B.C. News on the Home Service when Big Ben chimes out the hourly peal and the nine strokes. This is an extension of the Silent Minute that was inaugurated by Winston Churchill in the dark days of Dunkirk during the last war.

We will gladly send an Evening Tryst Enrolment Card and particulars to all who wish to join in this good effort, and inscribe their names and addresses in the Register of Observers that we keep in the Sanctuary. A postcard to the Secretary at the Sanctuary, Burrows Lea, Shere, is all that is needed.

THE HAPPY BOY



LOOK at this picture, not just casually. Try and sense the real spirit of happiness and anticipation of fun in the eyes, the infectious laugh.

There is a little story behind this picture that comes from a grateful mother and grandmother from across the North Sea. The boy is just over a year old, and in the late spring of last year he was taken to Tripoli, where he contracted a form of infection that attacked his digestive system, severe feverish conditions followed and his condition became very serious.

The doctors did not know what to do for the best and they were very much concerned for him. It was at this time his grandmother, who is a good friend of the Sanctuary and has visited it a number of times, wrote very urgently for Absent Healing to overcome the infection and restore the baby to good health. With the healing intercession the good changes were quickly seen, the feverish state left him and soon he was regaining strength and vitality.

Apart from a slight fluctuation last September, which again soon yielded to the healing, he has completely lost all vestige of the trouble and he now is, as you see him here, strong, bonny and full of life. In sending the photograph for this magazine the grateful mother say she hopes it may help someone else to feel a little happier.

* * *

When you persist in brooding over your troubles you hatch despair.

Are You The Worrying Type?

Remember that to-day is the to-morrow you worried so much about yesterday.

THERE is no use in saying to the worrying type "don't worry," or in giving him some titbit to overcome his present feeling of depression. A pill to tranquillize anxiety feelings accomplishes nothing permanent.

The solution of the worry problem can be easily stated: If you can fix it, why worry? If you can't fix it, what's the use worrying?

This was put into striking words by Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, Professor of the Union Theological Seminary, New York:

"The serenity to accept the things I cannot change; the courage to change the things I can; and the wisdom to know the difference."

The needed serenity, courage and wisdom cannot rest on will power alone, but must have a basis of facts. Into which class does your problem fall?

Should it be accepted or solved? Look at your self-appraisal to see what strong points in your make-up you can marshal to offset the weak ones that are encouraging your anxiety.

Having arrayed the good and the bad in the situation, talk it over with someone. Don't try to brush off anxieties, don't shirk facing them, don't spend useless worry over them: talk them through to a solution.

Bertrand Russell suggests that we consider seriously and deliberately what is the very worst that could possibly happen. Then, having looked this possible misfortune in the face, "give yourself sound reasons for thinking that after all it would be no such very terrible disaster."

At the worst, we can be no more badly off than Oliver Twist, wholly at a loss to think of any way of overcoming his difficulties. He, writes Dickens, "changed his little bundle over to the other shoulder, and trudged on."

Perhaps your anxiety is caused by your feeling that you are a failure in your job or in your life. Failure is a difference you feel between what you expect and what you get, or the difference between what you assume you have to do and what you actually accomplish.

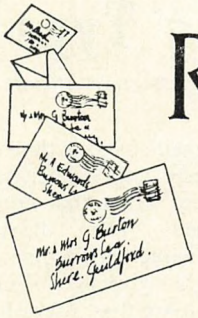
No man is a failure jobwise if he is doing a necessary job efficiently. If the job is not the right one for him—if it is one in which his undoubted skills are not fully used—then his adjustment consists in activity properly directed toward getting the right job.

He must make sure his compass is true, and then apply energy to the rudder to bring him into proper course.

By courtesy of *The Layman*.

THE RED HOUSE
LANSDOWN ROAD - CHELTENHAM
Telephone 2790
WILL REOPEN ON JUNE 12th, 1959
Set amid the Cotswolds, this gracious Regency Town has much to offer both town- and country-lovers
Particulars on application

A welcome is extended to you to become an Associate Member of the National Federation of Spiritual Healers.
Please write for particulars to The Secretary, N.F.S.H., Burrows Lea, Shere, Surrey.



Readers' Forum



DO NOT PUNISH!

How can I prevent my son from wetting the bed? I have beaten him and punished him in other ways—but the trouble gets worse.—H.B.

The last thing to do is to punish him, for this only creates fear and tension. The best way to help him respond to the healing is to soothe the mind and gently encourage him to seek control in a natural way. Your son is over-sensitive, and especially about his weakness. By punishment you create a state of fear which promotes the lapses. The healing will take a little time to restore balance and confidence, but with patience and kindness it can be achieved.

* * *

NOT FORSAKEN.

I feel I am forsaken; I have no interest in life and have lost my faith in God. Why has this come to me and is it possible for you to help me when I cannot overcome depression?—V.J.S.

You are not forsaken. We can help you through the good and happy influencing of your inner-self, so removing the blackness of despair. All you need do to profit from this is to look for brighter days and to seek happiness—to have a smile for yourself as well as for all whom you meet. Try this, and you will soon see happiness in life again.

* * *

ULCER DISAPPEARS!

I wrote to you to help my neuritis to go and I am glad to tell you that it has. I did not tell you about my gastric ulcer, but this, too, has not given me any trouble. Can you enlighten me why this should be?—E.M.K.

The healing of your gastric ulcer was a natural follow-on, for its cause lay in the nervous tension that promoted your neuritis. Spiritual healing is all-embracing and is not limited to the specific trouble mentioned.

* * *

WHY THE HEADACHES?

Thanks for your wonderful help, my legs are now better but I still have the headaches. Will this go, too?—J.B.

There are two distinct causes for your troubles, one was physical for your legs and these responded nicely. The second cause is in mind tensions, and as you are receptive help will reach you to soothe the nervous unrest and with this your headaches will go. Try to take life more philosophically and gently, and let contentment replace worry—in so doing you will assist the soothing influences the healing is bringing to you.

* * *

MOLASSES.

Is the taking of "molasses" useful in any way in cases of thrombosis, phlebitis, varicose veins and other circulatory complaints as I have heard through a number of channels that this is so? If so, how to take, and if safe to take with other medicines?—H.T.

Raw molasses are held to be beneficial. It is not certain that they have curative properties for specific diseases, but they are probably far more health-giving than prepared sugars. Molasses assist with a keener sense of taste and provide bodily fuels. They can be taken as a preserve or by the spoonful, but over-eating of molasses should be avoided. Honey, too, is health-giving.

PREVENTATIVE HEALING.

For years I have suffered from winter colds but since last October, when I asked for your healing for sciatica—which disappeared in two days—I have had neither cough nor cold—is this usual with your patients?
M.A.

Many other people tell us of similar experiences, that seemingly unconnected conditions disappear when the healing is asked for another trouble. This is logical, for the first phase of the healing is to give new strength and energy so building up the good health tone. Thus the body is strengthened and it does not become prone to colds and influenza. It is very true that spiritual healing is a preventative of disease.

* * *

FANTASTIC.

I do not agree that you can heal or that anyone can. It is fantastic to suggest that you can alter the laws of life . . . etc.—J.S.

We do not claim to be able to alter the laws of life but to bring about good changes within those laws. The testimonies from so many refute your unwarranted assumption.

THE STORY OF A HEALING

FROM SOUTH AFRICA

ON August 16th, 1957, I flew from Paris to London and the following day was taken by ambulance to Foredown Hospital, Portslade, Brighton, suffering from Bulba Polio. I was operated upon immediately for a trachiotomy. At the time I was unable to swallow liquid or food, my throat muscles being paralysed. Also I had lost the power of speech.

In hospital I was being fed through a nose tube. My ability to breathe was extremely poor and the following day, August 18th, I was put onto an automatic breathing machine.

At 9 a.m. on the morning of August 20th when my brother came to see me he was told that I was not expected to live more than another three hours. My aunt, Lady "B.", on hearing this news contacted you at once at the Sanctuary, Shere, asking for your help.

The paralysis which by that time had affected my neck, my brain and the top half of my body, was threatening to close in on my heart. My heart beats were getting slower and slower. My left lung had stopped operating altogether and report has it that my eyes were completely sunken in a death-like mask.

At 5 p.m. I was still alive. My mother arrived from Kenya and I was just able to recognize her. To the doctors and nurses attending me it was a miracle that I survived that day and the following night.

I, personally, did not know until long after I was off the danger list, in fact until several months later, that you had been contacted and that you and your healers had been and were giving me spiritual help through absent healing.

During the time that I was on the danger list—just under a month—it never once occurred to me that I should not pull through, nor indeed that I was not expected to live. The nursing and medical attention I received was quite wonderful, and all that it was possible to do was being done for me. This also had a very great deal to do with my recovery.

May I now quote from my mother's letters.

August 21st. "Angela seemed happier and brighter this evening when I was allowed to see her for longer. They say her spirits are good and that she is fighting hard."

I was apparently continually asking for my aunt from whom I found I received mental strength. "Betty is having Angela prayed for and healed by a healer and his circle. Betty is confident that all will be well, and I think 'A.' must feel this strength in her."

August 24th. "These last two days she really has seemed brighter. Also

she is more contented and has had a tiny bit of colour in her cheeks."

August 26th. For the first time I was able to breathe without assistance, through the tube in my neck. "The sisters say she has amazing will power and spirit."

September 9th. The first signs of life of my voice box. Was able, with difficulty, to speak my first few words. "'A.' is getting stronger and more cheerful in herself."

September 20th. Was able to lift my head two inches off the pillow. Beginning to speak more naturally.

September 23rd. Feeding tube removed and was able to swallow 8 oz. of liquid.

October 6th. "'A.' is well out of the wood now and is getting on like a house on fire. She sat up for 1½ hours yesterday and has been trying to walk. Yesterday she managed to get nearly all round the room."

November 3rd. "'A.' has been making steady progress. She can eat the inside of toast now and has put on at least 8 lbs."

November 26th. Left Foredown Hospital for a period of convalescence. Attending Reading Hospital for physiotherapy three times a week until the time we sailed for Kenya in February of this year.

October, 1958. It would now be hard to tell that I ever suffered from polio.

COMMENT.

It will be noted that Absent Healing commenced when Angela was hourly expected to die. She did not die, but within three months was discharged from hospital and now has no trace of polio.

This is an example of how spiritual healing combined with good nursing and medical attention was able to heal, so well, a girl who at one time was near to leaving this life.

* * *

God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference.

LIFE IS ONE WHOLE

Spiritual Healing opens the heart and mind to knowledge of the spiritual world. That knowledge also prepares us for healing. We begin to understand the work carried on by the bands of Unseen Helpers and to make contact with their life. They tell us that we must understand the great plan behind all life—a plan of happiness and fullness for every human being. For without knowledge, life is poor, sometimes meaningless, and ill-health is often the result. Through heedlessness we deny ourselves the great future before us.

The *whence, why* and *wherefore* of our life is studied in the following books concerned with the fundamental nature of our being. These are practical books, dealing with facts and their application. "MORNING LIGHT ON THE SPIRITUAL PATH" is an answer to the riddle of man's existence, purpose and goal.

"SUNRISE" is a reply to every man's question—"Death and the after-life; to what do we progress?"

"GOLDEN HARVEST": the achievement of spiritual life, balanced, practical and serene, which controls the mind and body, and therefore gives lasting health.

Beautifully produced and bound in Linson Vellum (excellent as Easter presents.) Price, **5s.** *(by post 5s.8d.), obtainable direct from the publishers or through a bookshop. (Full descriptive book-list sent free on request.)*

The White Eagle Publishing Trust
NEW LANDS, LISS, HAMPSHIRE

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.**

ALWYN

Delightfully located in West End. Jevington Gardens, Eastbourne, adjoins Grand Parade.

25 bedrooms (some pleasant ground-floor rooms), Spring interior mattresses, H. & C. running water, gas fires.

Lounge and Dining Room on ground floor. Separate tables.

Winter Terms by arrangement
Summer Terms 7 to 9 guineas inclusive

(MRS. GRIFFIN, M.N.F.S.H.)

15/17 JEVINGTON GARDENS
EASTBOURNE *Phone 4169*