

Dowers Society of NSW Inc.

Newsletter

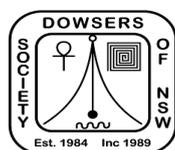
December 2010

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Views expressed in articles are the opinion of the individual writer only, not necessarily the collective view of the Society.



December Meeting

Sunday 12th, 2010

Christmas Party

Remember the Christmas Party is on the SECOND Sunday of December.

We will celebrate by having a lunch together (please bring a plate to share) and by telling Dowsing Stories.

The day will start at 1:00pm and will go until 4.00pm.

Please feel free to come at 12:30pm to help set up the room.

There is a house prize of a bottle of champagne for the best dowsing story told on the day.



From the President

It is a paradox that whilst we are much richer than we were 50 years ago, we are much sadder and the prescriptions for anti-depressants are much greater. The more we have, the more we want and the more we want the sadder we become. During that period there has been a significant fall in volunteering. Is it because the community needs less help or is it that we care less because we are too focused on our own needs? (*Clive Hamilton – Affluenza*).

Abraham Maslow (Maslow on Management) searched for the most fulfilled, productive group of humans. He found the Blackfoot Indians of Canada. They had no dominant leader, so if they went to war the most war-like member became leader, if they went hunting the best hunter became leader, if they needed to grow crops the best horticulturalist became leader.

Social status was a function of giving and the more you gave the more you were respected. It applied to information as well as material goods. The people were very comfortable with themselves as individuals, all without a need to prove to anyone else that they added value as inherently every person adds value. No one had to gain and retain wealth to prove their worth nor did they have to fight to gain and retain a leadership role to prove their worth.

Our biggest problem today is a declining lack of generosity in every level of our society. We do not know any more that it is in giving that we truly receive.

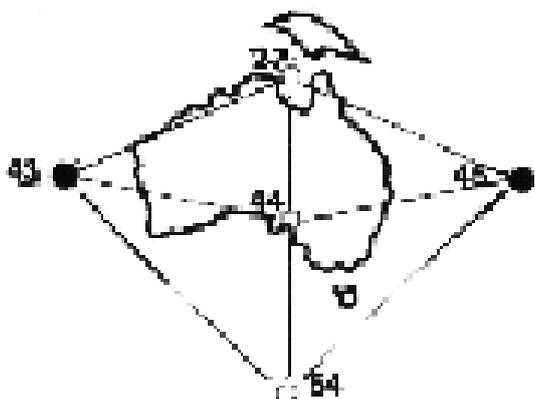
As St Francis said: “*Lord, make me an instrument of your peace, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled, as to console; to be understood, as to understand, to be loved, as to love. For it is in giving that we receive....*”

Please think about how you can help us to have a vibrant dowers’ society that gives us joy and fulfilment. *Noel*

Dowsing Down Under Searching for Grid Point 44

by Pauline Roberts

The Becker and Hagens' Planetary Grid system¹ places 'balanced' Grid Point 44 in South Australia. It is calculated to be connected to the 'yang' points of 27, found in the Gulf of Carpentaria and 54 at Kangaroo Fracture in the Antarctic Ocean. The 'yin' points of 43 and 45, to which 44 is also connected, are located in the Indian Ocean and Loyalty Islands of the Pacific Ocean respectively.



My interest, in heading to the outback of South Australia was to visit the various points which have been labelled Grid Point 44 in the past. Becker & Hagens originally calculated it to be within the Woomera Atomic Test Range, but others have suggested Wilpena Pound^{2,3} or latterly Mt Chambers Gorge⁴ both in the Flinders Ranges.

Becker-Hagens Grid representation of Aus-

tralia

© Becker & Hagens 1983.

Although evidence of ancient stone structure work was found by Len Beadell in the 1950s, and subsequently referred to as the 'Aboriginal Stonehenge', Woomera's restricted military nature and radioactive contamination makes further investigation of his findings problematic, not to mention hazardous. My map dowsing has always been drawn to the Flinders Ranges as a current place of power in the region and therefore it seemed a logical place to start.

Before I confuse – or bore - everyone with the various postulated grids,

points and lines and we all get carried away with maps and charts, I'd like to say that even though following one line or subset can seem like a daunting task, the only thing for it is to get out and give it a go. Dowsing is meant to be experiential, just like life, and given also the problems of transposing 3D perspectives onto 2D maps, and our different sensitivities and biases, I am not surprised that there is variation between what people find where and what connects with what. That should not in any way put us off trying!

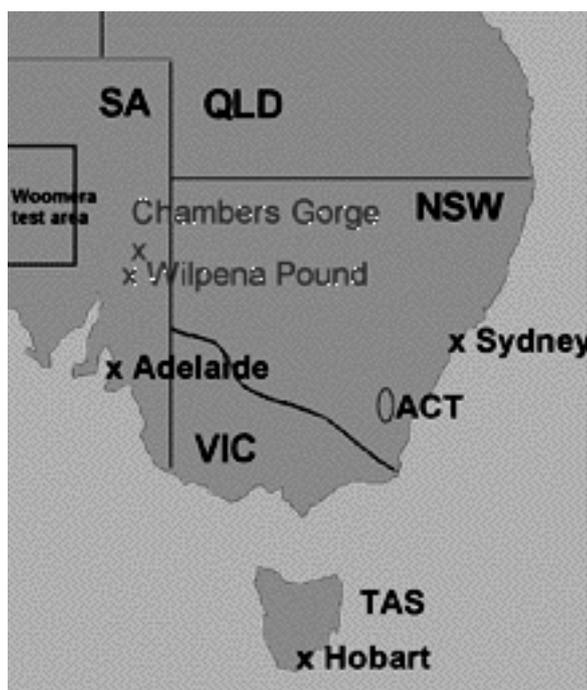
Underlaid or overlaid (I do not know!) on the part of the Becker & Hagens Grid I am interested in, is one of the Great Dragon Lines which encircles the Earth and is calculated to pass near to the Flinders Ranges. I believe that this line is the continuation of Hamish Miller's St Michael & St Mary duality line on its path Down Under. However, whilst it may be connected to them through energetic 'spurs', it does not dowse as passing through the Woomera site, Wilpena Pound or Mt Chambers Gorge.

The Southern Hemisphere computer-generated extrapolation of the St Michael & St Mary line sees it passing through Uluru, formerly known as Ayers Rock, sweeping across South Australia and eastern Victoria before crossing the Bass Strait into Tasmania ^{5,6,7} and from there out into the Antarctic Ocean.

In addition, Miller⁵ has shown in his research that the Dragon lines are not straight, preferring to wend their way on the micro scale with a variation of 10 or more miles from the macro-drawn straight line. In my research, I try to keep things simple, undoubtedly following my own preferences and biases, and thus the Becker and Hagens Grid together with one of the Great Dragon Lines seemed like a good place to start energy adventures.

If they interact, or I find the Grid Point 44 all well and good, but the result is not fundamental to my ego or theories since the real truths tend to resolve to being simple and elegant and open to all rather than relying on complex geometry/mathematics and special knowledge. I am not saying these are not involved, or can not be extrapolated, but that the real energy

systems should be accessible by arts and science alike and not exclusive to either realm – and this comes from an ex-scientist!



The Flinders Ranges, where I began my investigations, were inhabited by many Aboriginal tribes originally, now known collectively as the Adnyamathanha or ‘hill people’. The area is semi-arid but there are still many traces of the Adnyamathanha; their meeting places, ochre quarries and rock engravings.

Red ochre mined to the North of Mt Chambers Gorge was particularly prized since it sparkles with hematite and was known to be traded with Aborigines from the Gulf of Carpentaria in the far

North to those in the Southern reaches of the Great Australian Bight. When inland tribes approached, they let their presence be known by smoke signals but since there is good evidence to suggest Aborigines possessed telepathy, these signals may have been misinterpreted by the early Europeans who recorded them. Once smoke was seen, the hill people would withdraw until the visitors had left, whilst the visitors left pituri, from the hallucinogenic plant *Duboisia hopwoodii*, spears and other gifts in return for the precious ochre.

Wilpena Pound, or ‘place of bent fingers’ to the south of the Range is an expansive and peaceful natural compound ringed by worn and jagged mountain peaks, the highest of which, St Mary’s Peak is over 3000 ft. Investigations by the Dowzers Society of NSW⁸ to determine whether the Pound contained any electromagnetic disturbances, as one might perhaps expect at a high energy point, did not record anything out of the ordinary and whilst the place is certainly atmospheric, my dowsing does not lead me to believe it is the elusive Grid Point 44.

Outside the Pound to the SE, is however a place of greater 'energetic' interest: Arkaroo Rock. Its rock paintings tell of the Dreamtime formation of Wilpena Pound and it faces the flattened Druid Ranges across a wide valley. Arkaroo was the legendary 'bunyip' or Dreamtime Serpent of the Flinders Ranges and we will meet him and his 'formation urges' again later. Arkaroo Rock itself is hidden from view but heralded by two, huge, natural stone 'gatekeepers'. These dowsed as connected to the rock on the same energy line and seem to act as custodial way-markers guiding the initiate towards the ceremonial place. Whilst the Western world is familiar perhaps with the thought of energy lines, ley lines, psi tracks etc., the Aborigines called them Song Lines, their etheric nature punctuated by real landmarks or natural formations.

Song Lines, to my basic understanding were used by the Aborigines to navigate, to find their totemic kin and to enable them to follow their own individual life path. They were intimately connected with the powerful draw to 'go walkabout' and experience the connection to the land and generations who had walked the Song Line before them. As for Arkaroo Rock, if this area wasn't known to you, and you could not follow the invisible 'Song Line' track, you wouldn't just stumble across it for it is remarkably well hidden, for a massive rock, and is easily missed in the jumbled tangle of outback bush.

Arkaroo Rock's vividly painted face has some interesting features, not to mention an unmistakable presence. We were there early morning with the birds chirping our arrival and their daily business, but once inside this overhanging cave, which is unfortunately impossible to photograph from afar, it was like being in a silent void. It holds your attention and keeps the rest of the world in abeyance.

Some dowsers have reported that this site makes them dizzy although I remained unaffected - this serves to remind us that energy affects us all differently and that no one has the absolute perspective on a place. Although some of the figures are indistinct, I was intrigued by the upturned animal head – a dragon, a serpent, a crocodile? All of these are found in



the ancient Aboriginal myths and legends connected to energy flows in some manner.

The Aborigines would certainly have made a feature of this rock shape but what I do not know yet is whether they would move features to be part of energy structures, as other ancients have done, or build their energy centres around an existing structure. I do believe by creating and/or using their Song Lines they could see or feel the energetic layer just as we can see the 3D solid perspective, and that their choice of sites was absolutely intentional – another, similar ‘canvas’ rock lies untouched about 100m behind Arkaroo Rock.

To the left hand side of the Rock, is what appears to be an outline of the Druid mountain range since it is too flat to represent the jagged points of Wilpena Pound. Although my dowsing leads me to believe they are connected, perhaps there is another Dreamtime representation or perspective underlying the obvious association. The uninitiated can not be sure, and the dowsing skill depends to some extent on asking the right questions!

Indeed care is needed in any rock art analysis since we, as a society, would not wish too much interpretation from one Picasso abstract or colourful inner city mural!

What I can be clearer about through dowsing is the energy pattern in and around Arkaroo Rock. Admittedly my results represent a snapshot in time, correct perhaps only for that moment, since energy is eminently fluid and transmutable and affected by a whole host of variables including my filtering perspective, but like everyone's results, valid just the same. For me, there are four water bearing lines, each overlaid with energy and five further lines associated with energy alone. From my 'circumnavigation-dowse' of this 20ft x 15ft rock, all the lines appeared to swirl towards a central point somewhat like water down a plug hole, although with a mix of anti-clockwise and clockwise directions.

During my dowse, I could not find energy or water emanating out of the Rock which leads me to believe it is acting as an Earthing point in some manner. It would of course make sense that this Rock would draw people to it, perhaps as a node point in a Song Line, perhaps as an end point if there is such a thing. Subsequent to having drawn this map, I also realised that there is a funnel-like depression in the topside of the rock – hidden from the dowser's eye view – which corresponds with the point where the energy seems to disappear.

Dowsing from the top perspective also shows energy coming in from above. Yet I still can not divine where it emerges on Arkaroo Rock – perhaps it travels underground and emerges at another site or point. [I always welcome comments and other dowsers' ideas].

The work of Colin Bloy⁹ discusses the role of the Serpent or Dragon in many cultures and he believes



they relate to the energy flows and how they are resolved, manipulated and aligned. Arkaroo Rock appears to manage the energy flow and is of course linked to Arkaroo, the Dreamtime Serpent who is said to have slithered, just like an energy line if you will, over the land during the time of Creation.

Approximately, 2 miles to the East of Arkaroo Rock is Sacred Canyon. Forget its name, since sacredness per se, as we envisage it, was not an Aboriginal concept – to them, everywhere was sacred and un-sacred at the same time - everywhere just was; part of them and they of it. My dowsing suggests that these two sites are on the same Song Line; although they were not visited consecutively but at different times and for different reasons.

The start of the canyon is dotted with red river gums that sink their roots deep into the mainly dry river bed and provide a home to witchetty grubs,



the fat and juicy moth larvae used as a high-protein food source by the Aborigines. After the first bend, the canyon widens out and the feeling is of moving from a hallway to an ante-chamber. The side walls are covered with the simple water, meeting place and animal totem signs although I believe there is more to this ‘art’ than 2D to 3D symbolism. All the water rings on the rocks dowsed positive for water, usually about 3ft down through the sand and gravel – perfect water filters.

Higher up the walls there were more complex patterns, definitely not simple figurative as is so often quoted by academic studies, and there must have

been ledges or a raised canyon floor to give the makers access to them at some time – unless of course they were 20ft tall.



As one moves on from the ante-chamber, it feels like one is moving through a gateway into another connecting passage. Indeed there is a smooth gate post on the left hand side on which hangs an 'etheric' gate. The passage way is solid rock but worn smooth with time, feet and water flow and has a bizarre soft sofa and cushions feel to it. The passage widens into the 'next room' and an initiation cave on the right where the rock wall is covered with simple symbols classically thought to represent a meeting place and water source.

Energetically it feels as if one is pushing through different levels against slight but tangible resistance and perhaps this is the 'energetic' effect of the water flow always running in the opposite direction (when the rains come) performing some sort of cleansing action. As one climbs out of the canyon, the energy becomes less intense as the canyon widens out. At the canyon end, there is a single, simple circle or meeting place sign on the rock which to me felt as if it were acting as a 'no-entry' sign much as you might see on a one-way street. The water flow may be in this 'no-entry' direction but the human passage through the levels of initiation is certainly in the other.

Also at the canyon end were several old river gums on strong energy lines, the first running through both trees and connected in direction to the flow of water down the canyon. The second lines, one for each tree, ran through them almost perpendicular to the first. The second energy lines in both cases were found to be the same width as the holes in the trunks and since there should be a vortex in the centre, I slipped inside the first of the trees to see if I could dowse the direction. I don't regard myself as



a sensitive, nor am I claustrophobic, but I immediately felt a tightening in my chest around the sternum and I could not remain in there long without losing all concentration, let alone trying to dowse. Don't get me wrong, the feeling wasn't harmful, just a place where I personally should not have been and it reminded me that asking permission is the polite precursor to assuaging

curiosity. Something, I hasten to add, that I normally do – but no excuses.

I thanked the tree for its message and slipped out pronto. Whilst my thoughtless intrusion was not welcome, other species live symbiotically with these gums – the native bees use the small holes and recesses as honey stores and parrots and bats roost in the branches. During my research in Australia, I have found many energetic areas not perhaps suitable for us, allow other species, especially insects, to thrive. It is perhaps something to think about before we attempt to 'fix' energy lines not beneficial to humans.

Whilst Sacred Canyon was intriguing, the next place on my route was Mt Chambers Gorge, further North where the terrain is much drier and hotter.

White⁴ reports this place as Grid Point 44, but again I am not convinced. Whilst it is reportedly (calculations vary) on the same longitude as suggested by Becker and Hagens, my dowsing suggests it isn't exactly the point I am looking for. Since there are many Dreamtime stories of advanced beings coming from the sky with their own tongue and technological creations, it may well as White believes be a place where the 'bwanapul'

- who Aboriginal legend say came from the sky to teach the people and rescue them in times of disaster - arrived or were able to enter via some vortex or portal.

The interesting multi-circle rock pictogram has a labyrinth feel to it although traditionalists will refer to these as representations of springs or water holes. Although I could dowse water at these points, and admit that such markings would be vital given the arid nature of the surrounding land, being so in touch with the land, I suspect the Aborigines could feel water, much as very sensitive dowsers can, and did not need a sign meaning "*here's water*".

Long term rock art investigations into American Indian and Irish sacred sites by Michele Fitzgerald & Bob Gillman¹⁰ in the US has led them to suggest that perhaps the rock representations 'lock' the physical manifestation of water, in this example, in place on the 3D plane rather than just mark its position.



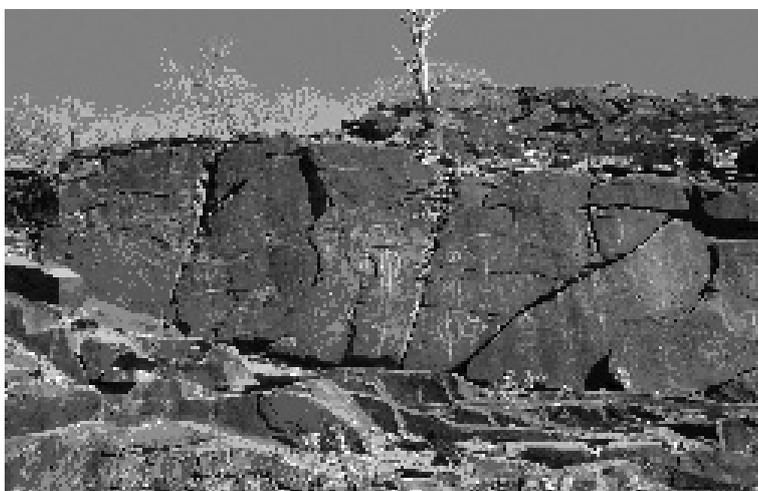
Alternatively, Mark Disbury¹¹ has suggested that rock art may be like computer code and when 'read' properly enables the user to access other realms or realities perhaps just as tracing a labyrinth can allow the user access to higher levels or assist with the answer to a question. I have to say that the carefully picked-out seven circle pattern did feel like a labyrinth and although my dowsing links the pattern strongly with water, it may have also had a more 'divining' function just as we can utilise a finger labyrinth ourselves to answer questions¹².

Further North once more, we enter the North Flinders Ranges where the rock art is rarer but the Dreamtime stories abound. To the East is

Lake Frome, a shimmering salt lake created by Arkaroo, the Dreamtime Serpent, who one day developed a great thirst. He descended from his mountain home to Lake Frome and drank and drank until it was dry. On his way back, he carved out Arkaroola Gorge with his brine-bloated belly and wherever he stopped for a pee, permanent waterholes were left, present to this day. Because it was brine he drank, he never slept comfortably again and the shakings and rumblings heard today in the North Flinders Ranges on a weekly basis are said to be Arkaroo turning restlessly in his uncomfortable sleep.

Geologically, if not so romantically, this Dreamtime legend explains the drying up of this lake some 7-10,000 years ago and that the Ranges are heavily faulted and geologically active explains the regular earth tremors. Much of this Range was forbidden territory to many Aborigines and the scarcity of rock art, despite suitable 'canvases' is a surprise until the frequent geological activity and the high levels of radioactivity in places is taken into account.

The Aborigines were more intuitive than the early Europeans who thought to make Paralana Hot Springs in the valley below into a spa resort. The Aborigines believed that Paralana was where a warrior fought for the love of a maiden and once victorious he plunged his 'dead finish' wooden firestick into the spring making it forever hot.



The Aborigines revered these Springs and consequently they were out of bounds for most, which is just as well as short exposure gives you your radiation dose for a year. Being in very remote and arid country, and perhaps thankfully in light of the radioactivity, the European spa idea was also short lived, but goodness

knows what happened to those who came originally to the Springs to cure their arthritis!

Thus I reach the end of this swift snapshot into a small chunk of the Outback of South Australia – I am perhaps no nearer to locating the precise point of Grid Point 44 to my satisfaction but have increased my knowledge and connected understanding of this rugged and beautiful region. Wherever I have explored, I have found that the Aboriginal people lived throughout by adapting themselves sustainably and respectfully to the surrounding environment. We know from migration studies that they were not the first ab-origine owners of the land, as no one people have ever been, and that their myths and stories link with Bible stories of the Great Flood and coming of supreme beings from the sky in times of great upheaval.

I am in no doubt that they travelled the energy Song Lines that appear to connect their ritual sites much as we do roads today and with their reputed weather-working and telepathic skills manipulated the forces of nature to best effect. I also believe that their rock art has multiple dimensions and that there is as rich a lode of energetics to be discovered in Australia, to the benefit of all, as there are physical mineral deposits across this vast continent.

Pauline Roberts currently lives and dowses in Australia and relishes feedback, discussion and thoughts on her work and reports. She has run the www.fern.demon.co.uk dowsing website since 1994 which is dedicated to spreading dowsing information around the World.

She can be contacted via pjr@fern.demon.co.uk for her work as a practising water & energy dowser, graphotherapist and IT consultant.

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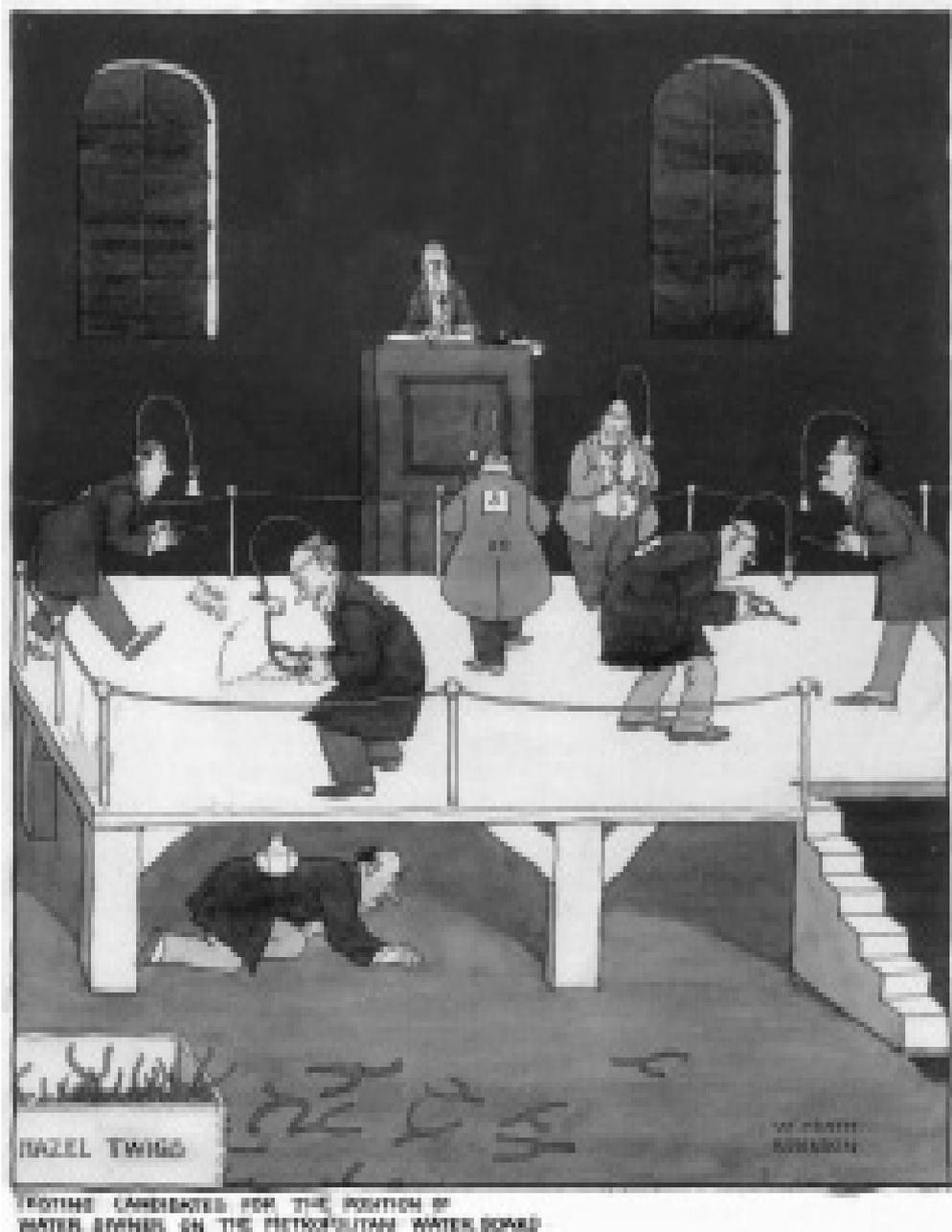
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Reprinted from the British Society of Dowsers Magazine, 2001



Reprinted from the Journal of the British Society of Dowsers, Sept 2008 cover page

Quote of the day

The problem is never how to get new,
innovative thoughts into your mind, but how to get old ones out.

Every mind is a building filled with archaic furniture.
Clean out a corner of your mind, and creativity will instantly fill it.

Dee Hock

A Beautiful Prayer

I asked God to take away my pain.

God said, “No.

It is not for me to take away, but for you to give it up.”

I asked God to make my handicapped child whole.

God said, “No.

Her spirit was whole, her body was only temporary.”

I asked God to grant me patience.

God said, “No.

Patience is a by-product of tribulations; it isn't granted, it is learned.”

I asked God to give me happiness.

God said, “No.

I give you blessings. Happiness is up to you.”

I asked God to spare me pain.

God said, “No.

Suffering draws you apart from worldly cares and brings you closer to me.”

I asked God to make my spirit grow.

God said, “No.

You must grow on your own, but I will prune you to make you fruitful.”

I asked for all things that I might enjoy life.

God said, “No.

I will give you life so that you may enjoy all things.”

I ask God to help me LOVE others, as much as he loves me.

God said... “Ahhhh, finally you have the idea.”

Reprinted from <http://amessageofhope.com>

How They Forecast a Cold Winter

One day in early September the chief of a Native American tribe was asked by his tribal elders if the winter of 2009/10 was going to be cold or mild. The chief asked his medicine man, but he too had lost touch with the reading signs from the natural world around the Great Lakes.

In truth, neither of them had any idea about how to predict the coming winter. However, the chief decided to take a modern approach, and the chief rang the National Weather Service in Gaylord, Michigan.

“Yes, it is going to be a cold winter,” the meteorological officer told the chief. Consequently, he went back to his tribe and told the men to collect plenty of firewood.

A fortnight later the chief called the Weather Service and asked for an update. *“Are you still forecasting a cold winter?”* he asked.

“Yes, very cold”, the weather officer told him.

As a result of this brief conversation the chief went back to the tribe and told his people to collect every bit of wood they could find.

A month later the chief called the National Weather Service once more and asked about the coming winter. *“Yes,”* he was told, *“it is going to be one of the coldest winters ever.”*

“How can you be so sure?” the chief asked.

The weatherman replied: *“Because the Native Americans of the Great Lakes are collecting wood like crazy.”*

Author unknown

Conversations With My Unborn Child

Reprinted from the Journal of the Ozark Research Institute Vol 10 No 1

We are celebrating this month the birth of someone special whose presence and actions make a tremendous difference in people's lives even today after some 2000 years. So I thought it appropriate to reprint this article in this month's newsletter, (The Editor).

This selection, ("Conversations with My Unborn Child," from Cosmic Cradle, Souls Waiting in the Wings for Birth (www.CosmicCadle.com), by Elizabeth M. Carman and Neill J. Carman, Ph.D.), suggests that events leading up to a human birth are not accidental, random processes happening within a universe devoid of consciousness and spiritual intelligence. Rather, it indicates that our Life Plan is part of a design in a universe filled with life, meaning, and interconnectedness. The authors, who have also published: 'Journey of the Soul' and 'the Veils of Forgetfulness', have investigated the field of consciousness for over thirty years. In 1980, they were spiritually inspired to initiate research via interviews, and the review of current accounts and older reports from 165 cultures and religions, on the life of our soul in the higher dimensions before biological conception. Teachers of well tested Self Empowerment techniques, the Carmans have taught and presented their research at conferences throughout the US and Canada, and were keynote speakers for the April 2004 O.R.I. Mid south Dowsing & Healing Energies Convention.

More and more contemporary parents, like Beverly, are receiving a heavenly contact from the pre conception world, a message from a child desiring to be born. Pre conception communications establish a new parent-child relationship. Love for a child begins prior to conception and cultivates a desire for a child. Or, if a desire already exists, soul visitations empower a couple to follow that path.

Beverly represents a sensitive mother who was aware of a child through pre conception, conception, and pregnancy. The unborn child is now her eight year old son.

Three Months Prior to Her Marriage:

My doctor advised me, You have cancer of the cervix. The best option is to have a hysterectomy and ‘blow off’ this idea of a child. I replied, “*Oh yeah, I don’t think you know the ball game. I am supposed to have a child. He is pestering me to be his ‘Mommy,’ and he is important. I am going to have this child.*” and I refused to let the doctor remove my uterus.

My doctor respected my intuition. She removed two and one half inches of my cervix and uterus and reformed an artificial cervix. But even then, she said, ‘*The probability of conceiving and birthing a child is ten percent, at best*’.

The doctor’s prognosis appeared accurate, despite regular unprotected intercourse for the first six years of marriage. I found that frustrating. I ached for this child. I was supposed to have him. And ‘Taylor’ did not leave me alone. I heard my son laugh. He called me ‘Mommy.’ Taylor liked to unexpectedly pop into my consciousness whenever I was having fun. He was jealous that he was not getting a chance to play with me.

In retrospect, Beverly knows why conception was not allowed to succeed, despite opportunities, during six long years: “*I was not ready. I did not have enough joy in my life, nor have enough perception of myself. Why should my son step out of Eternity into a ball game that was not set up yet? I wouldn’t. Why hurry? My son ‘chilled’ and waited*



until I was mature enough to raise him.”

Beverly's Secret:

Beverly knows the time, date, and place of conception. *“My husband and I were making love. Just as we both orgasmed, the bliss washed through me and I heard Taylor laugh. I felt the exquisite calm I feel when I am alone in the forest with only God. Something had been missing in my life until then.*



Taylor is part of my being, and I had been yearning to finish me.”

Taylor's soul fully entered the fetus in the eleventh week. Beverly and Terry were driving on Interstate 35, and turning left onto Highway 183 to go to the Renaissance Festival on a Saturday at 9:30a.m.. I felt Taylor land in me. He rocked my whole body down to my toes. It was the oddest sensation. I was totally *'blown out of the water'* and lit up from

the inside. I looked at Terry and said, *“Whoa! Did you feel that?”* And my husband said, *“Yeah.”* I said, *“He is here. I can feel him. Before that, his body was growing in me, but it wasn't 'him.' It was just 'flesh!”*

Beverly experienced *'a symbiosis of being'* from the instant Taylor *'landed'* Sure, I had been noticing physical symptoms, but I had not felt a *'being'* inside of me. Now there were two of us in one body. That was the oddest weekend. For the first time, I was not completely in charge. I was at a Festival having to cope with two of us, deciding what we wanted to do. My son and I made agreements on everything. That was difficult. I don't share some of my stuff real well. Neither does my son. We are both dominant and have strong opinions. That was quite a weekend, fun but weird.

Communication was a stream of energy, rather than human words arranged in conventional phrases. My child was not some foreign little baby yet to be born. We treated him like our son from the get go. Taylor and I carried on conversations in a non linear way, three dimensional downloaded reality in the 'now' feelings, sounds, smells, tastes, and emotions, all at once. This communication is much rounder and riper than what we call verbiage.

There was joy in knowing Taylor was near, but also discomfort. It is as if I had been living alone in a spacious room with my things just the way I wanted, when someone else moved in and made the quarters rather tight. Taylor is intense, focused, strong willed, and direct, just like me.

How do you put two of these souls in one body? That is a lot of noise in a little room. So, whenever my husband suggested that we go somewhere, I told him, "*Let me think about that and I will get back to you.*" I then asked Taylor, "*Does that sound like a good idea?*" I could not vote on something alone. It would have been a waste of time. If my son kicked and screamed, why bother?

Crashing the Party

Taylor and Beverly kept 'bumping' into each other. We were invited to a Christmas party when I was six months pregnant. I was in the mood to dance and have fun. I had not been anywhere for so long. At the same time, I knew loud noises offended Taylor. So as I dressed for the party, I explained, "*I must go to a party for business reasons. There will be loud music, but I promise not to stay long.*" Taylor yelled, "*I do not like this idea! Please don't go.*" On our ride to the party, Taylor began kicking and squirming, "*I don't think this is a good idea.*" I warned Terry, "*If the music is too loud, Taylor is not going to let us stay.*"

Piped in rock and roll music was coming through the Bose speakers as Beverly and Terry entered the party hall:

I felt Taylor freeze and then he started to kick the stew out of me. He

told me, *“I am not putting up with this. This hurts”*. I did not even drink three sips of my coke before I said, *“Terry, this is not going to work. Taylor is making me miserable. We must leave right away.”* We were not there more than fifteen minutes.”

Taylor knew what was going to happen and forewarned me. I did not listen, and paid for it. He ‘kiboshed’ the whole evening. And the moment we left the party, my son ‘chilled.’ I felt him sigh in relief – *“Aaaah.”* I told him, *“You little stinker. I looked great for the first time in months and you did not let anybody look at me! I spent two hours getting dressed for nothing.”*

Grapes and Cottage Cheese:

Beverly benefited nutritionally from Taylor’s input during the pregnancy:

I gave in to eating extra food when I was already satisfied. For instance, ten minutes after I ate dinner of what my body craved and wanted, I was seized with the overwhelming desire: *“Grapes and cottage cheese.”* It became really loud around the fifth month pretty much every meal. So I brought out a bowl of grapes and a bucket of cottage cheese. My husband looked disgusted, *“You just ate an enormous dinner!”*



I explained, *“I know, but Taylor is telling me this is what he wants.”* The instant I finished eating, Taylor fell asleep. When I visited my doctor, I described my diet, and her eyes become enormous. She said, *“There is no reason to put you on pre natal vitamins.”* I said, *“You are kidding. Everybody takes pre natal vitamins. Are you sure?...”*

She replied, *“If you do, you will just ‘O.D.’ You are eating the perfect diet. Your proportions are perfect. Your consumption level of Vitamin C, calcium, and folic acid is usually what we are concerned about. If only I could train other women to do that.”*

I explained, *“I am not consciously doing anything. It is spontaneous.”*
I did not say that my son got me off my butt to eat this stuff so that he got the proper nutrients.

Following Taylor’s birth, he preferred grapes and cottage cheese for nearly eighteen months once he began eating solid foods. Sometimes Beverly slipped in rice cereal if it was in the fruit. Otherwise, Taylor spit everything else out. Taylor’s tastes eventually broadened when his body started growing.

When Taylor was three and one, half, it became evident that his memories extended to uterine life. Beverly recalls:

I was talking to a pregnant friend, and said:
“That due date business does not mean ‘crap’ if you gauge it against me. Babies come out when they decide to be born and there is nothing you can do about that. Taylor was due on the first, but he liked his little incubating unit so much, that he did not want to budge, even when the doctor induced labor. She finally yanked him out with a C section, twenty five days after the due date.”

Taylor heard my comments and beamed at me,
“Yeah, it is great in there your own private swimming pool, with all you can eat.”

By Elizabeth M. Carman and Neill J. Cannan, Ph.D.

Library News

Many thanks to our President Noel Jordan for donating:
“Kinship with All Life” by J. Allen Boone. Simple, challenging, real-life experiences showing how animals communicate with each other and with people who understand them.

The Library also purchased:
‘The Biology of Belief’ by Bruce H. Lipton, Ph.D.
Stunning new scientific discoveries about the biochemical effects of the brain’s functioning show, that all the cells of our body are affected by your thoughts.

And a big ‘Thank You’ to everyone who made our book sale a huge success. The proceeds of \$330.00 will be used to purchase DVDs and books for our Library.

Interesting websites

<http://www.grahamhancock.com/forum/default.htm>

<http://vigilantcitizen.com/?p=5638>

<http://knowledgefiles.com/categories/occult/esoteric-orders-and-their-work/>

http://www.foodmatters.tv/_webapp_427697/Top_10_Food_Additives_to_Avoi

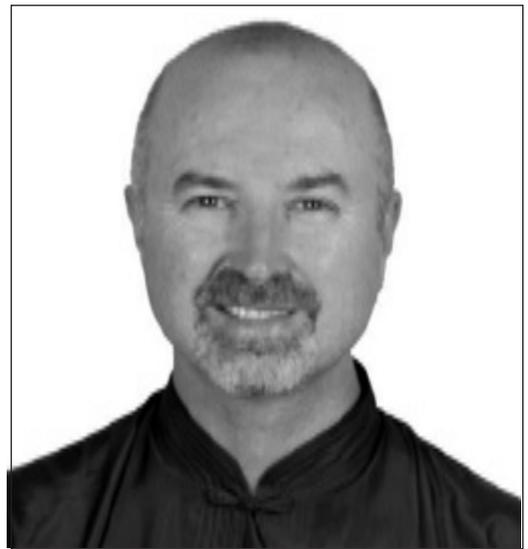
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Speaker for January January 16th, 2011

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Simon Blow had a near fatal accident at the age of nineteen that led Simon to investigate various methods of healing and rejuvenation. A path he has been on for over twenty five years.

He is a Sydney-based master teacher (Laoshi) who has been leading regular classes for beginning and continuing students since 1992. Simon has received training and certification from Traditional Chinese Medical Hospitals and Taoist Monasteries in China and has been given authority to share these techniques.

He has received World Health Organisation Certification in Medical Qigong clinical practice from the Xiyuan Hospital in Beijing. He has been initiated into Dragon Gate Taoism and given the name of Xin Si, meaning Genuine Wisdom. Simon is a Standing Council Member of the World Academic Society of Medical Qigong in Beijing.