

Dowsers Society of NSW Inc.

Newsletter

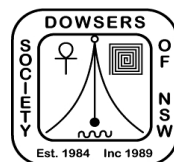
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Views expressed in articles are the opinion of the individual writer only, not necessarily the collective view of the Society.



Speaker for March 15th, 2015

Alistair Burns

- Experiencing Qi Energy -

Qi, meaning energy, is the life force that flows through all living things. In your body Qi travels around a network of energy channels in the same way that blood flows through the veins, supporting all organs and cells.

The flow of Qi energy gives you vitality, impacting on your mind and making you calm and clear.



This 2 hour workshop will enable you to experience Qi energy through sound exercises, simple movements and meditation. It will include a talk about basic principles of Qi, which relates to being in harmony and following the laws of nature. It will show you how it can provide a benefit in your daily life, and possibly with your dowsing practice.

Alistair discovered this healing method about 12 years ago at a time when his father was terminally ill with cancer. It impressed him so much that he is now dedicating his life to helping people with this method.

From the Editor

Travelling a lot, I often have to spend time waiting in airport lounges along with strangers. I mostly keep to myself, but this time the lady next to me engaged in conversation about the delayed departure of the plane, due to technical problems with the engine. I said something like “*I would rather have the engine fixed now, than have it fail in flight.*” This prompted a memory this lady wanted to share with me.

She was flying some years ago from Los Angeles LAX airport (where we both were at the time) to Atlanta. Shortly after taking off, the engine on her side of the plane caught fire. The plane did a U-turn emergency landing, and everyone was evacuated safely in spite of the flames. She stopped telling me about the event, keeping silent for a while. After a while, I asked her what impact the event had on her life. She looked at me grateful to be able to continue sharing.

She said something like “*It completely changed my perspective on life. I was in a bad place, blaming everyone for my failures.*”

She added “*Now, I never put off saying “I am sorry” or “I love you”. I look to myself rather than to others for what is happening in my life. You do not know if you will have a tomorrow, so I live each day as if it was my last.*”

I did not know what to add to that, and it was time to board. The conversation only lasted a few minutes and lost sight of her while boarding, but I felt enriched by her sharing. I find when someone opens their heart to me, it opens mine too and real communication happens. I do value that a lot, but it is as rare as diamonds.

Finding oneself is no small task, it requires focus and practice to find that little door that leads to the staircase of the heart.

Dowsing encourages the practise of focus, stillness and true communication. Practice every day, as the saying goes “*practice makes perfect*”.

Until next time,

François

Don's Rare Gift of Tapping Ancient Forces

by Howard Perks

BSD, No. 256, June 1997

*(Reproduced with permission from the Western Morning News.
and The Cornishman of 23 January 1997)*

In this day and age it takes a brave man to admit he believes in a strange and ancient phenomenon which science refuses to acknowledge. Just recently, Cornwall lost one of its most extraordinary characters. A man who worked with forces that were known in ancient times and yet cannot be understood today.

It is unlikely we will ever see the likes of him again.

Water diviner Donovan Wilkins died of a sudden heart attack after a long period of illness. Don was a man of many unique gifts. As a water diviner, well borer and explosive's engineer, Don was well known around the duchy. He found national fame in a three-part TV series produced for the BBC in 1989 highlighting his life and work.

Don had an extraordinary skill. Using only a forked hazel stick, he could dowse for underground water. His wife Margaret and son Ralph also have the gift. Anyone who shared a stick with Don and experienced it come alive, twitching and forcing itself towards the ground, found the experience both chilling and wonderful. I will never forget the first time we filmed a torrent gushing from a hole drilled exactly where Don said he would find water. There's more - not only could he find the exact spot but before drilling an inch he could also tell how deep the water was, and how many gallons an hour a bore hole would yield.

Scoff if you like but Don had an impressive record. With the promise of 'No water, no pay' he brought fresh supplies to hundreds of farms and cottages. On the Isles of Scilly, Don transformed the lives of many people by finding much needed precious fresh water. Indeed, work building the St

Martin's hotel could not begin before Don found a plentiful supply of pure, clear water, just yards from the sea. A multi-million pound building contract relied on the accuracy of Don's hazel.

Somehow Don 'sees' underground water. *"I can't tell you what I'm looking for but when I see it, it's so clear, it's like someone put a flag up. An old uncle of mine. He knew. He said: "How you do know like you do know, I dunno!"*

The dowser looks for underground streams using sixth sense. Early man needed to find water, and Don believed it is still a faculty that can be called upon today. *"You have to tune your mind as you would to find the different stations on the radio. You get on the right wavelength and you can find all sorts of things which can't be detected in other ways."* The hazel stick is just a 'witness' to a reaction within the mind.

As a true countryman Don was a lover of field sports and a gun enthusiast. He was a president of the Cornish Muzzle Loader Society. On cold winter mornings Don enjoyed firing old flint-lock rifles at clay pigeons - pretty difficult as the '*flash in the pan*' requires the eyes to be shut immediately prior to detonation. His biggest explosions were reserved for construction jobs needing rock and earth blasted out of the way.

For many years Don and Ralph looked after a deer herd on a private estate in Cornwall. This led to an extraordinary discovery. At rutting time deer are attracted to particular spots on the ground. Don dowsed these rutting stands and found that they reacted exactly like ancient standing stones.

His experience led him to believe that the earth is littered with ley lines and energy centres where forces are concentrated. Somehow ancient people were aware of these special places. They went to great lengths to mark them by erecting standing stones. When dowsed, lines of energy can be detected radiating from the stones like spokes in a wheel. Don believed that deer too feel this subterranean force. The bucks received great power from these places and ruthlessly defended the best stands from rivals. The

deer knew exactly what they were doing, so did our ancestors.

In recent times as ill health slowed Don down, he studied these ancient places and was particularly fascinated by old labyrinths. Amongst his proudest achievements was the construction of a labyrinth, and the erection of a new standing stone of his own. Naturally it tops an energy centre.

Anyone who met Don realised they were in the presence of someone more than a little special. He was not simply an eccentric, a little local colour. He was truly a fascinating individual with home-spun philosophy demonstrating intelligence, wisdom and humour.

The end of our BBC TV series could have been morbid had it been anyone else. Don was keen to tell viewers what he wanted done with his body after he died. We filmed him standing by an old cannon positioned next to his lake.

As Don primed the cannon with gunpowder and old newspapers, to represent his cremated ashes, he explained: *“A chap came to see me to assist with me will. He asked what did I want done with myself. I said I didn’t want to waste good agricultural land.” Then with a twinkle in the eye, “All my life has been bangs and water and trees. I want my ashes put in this cannon and fired over the lake. Can’t think of a better way to go!”* Then he lit the fuse and quickly stood back as the cannon exploded, firing his ‘ashes’ across the water.



If sometime in the near future a big bang is heard in the Chacewater area, don't be alarmed. Most likely it will just be the Wilkins family carrying out Don's final request.

Treating Malignant Black Lines

by Joan Meech

British Society of Dowsers newsletter, June 1996

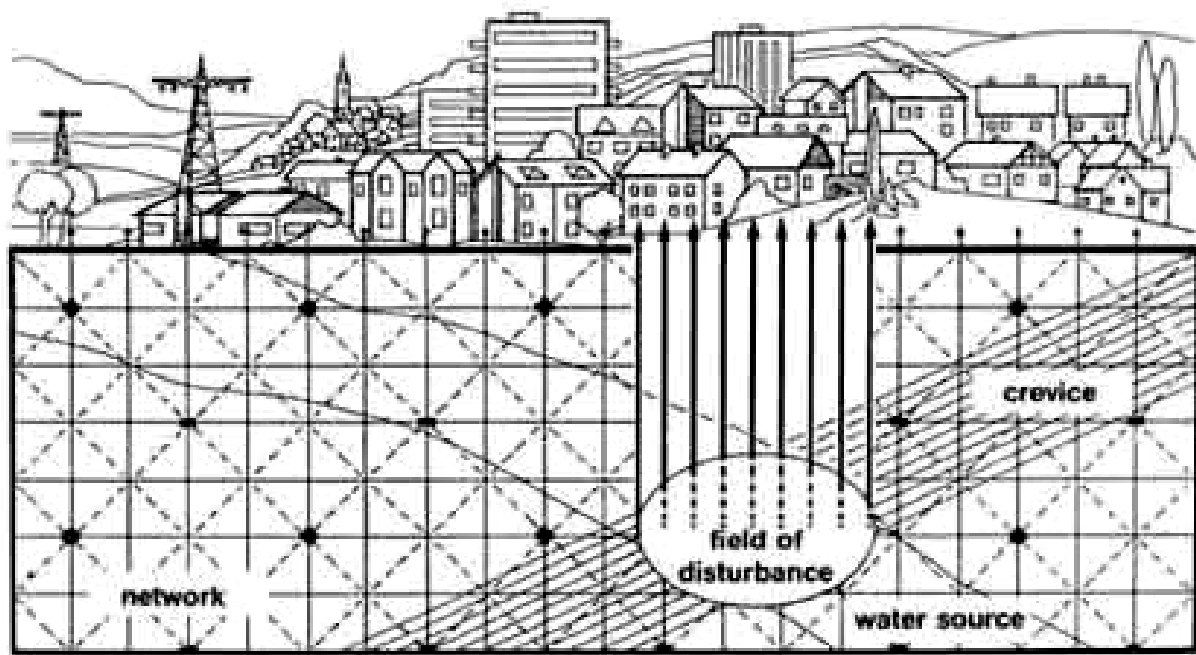
Malignant black lines are earth energies which are harmful to most forms of life. They are normally straight lines of negative energy, usually 2-4 ft. wide, radiating from the ground, and rising - who knows how high? What we do know is that these lines affect whole buildings from the cellar to the roof.

The causes of these malignant black lines have never been explained to my satisfaction. Possible causes include underground streams (but water rarely flows naturally in straight lines); certain types of rock; geological faults, in fact any kind of earth disturbance.

Malignant black lines appear to adversely affect the immune system of both humans and animals, leaving the body vulnerable to illnesses such as cancer, myalgic encephalomyelitis (M.E.), allergies, arthritis and many other diseases, as well as contributing to learning difficulties. If there is a history of illness, sleeping problems, and children bed-wetting in a home, this could be because of harmful radiation created by these negative malignant black lines.

If a child repeatedly jams itself into the corner of its cot, or tries to get out of it, or move the cot by wriggling or rocking, there is probably a malignant black line passing through the cot. Children, being super-sensitive, react instinctively to danger. The immediate answer is to move the cot or bed to a safe area.

These harmful lines can be found by dowsing in much the same way that one dowses for water. Before starting I ask my pendulum for protection. This is important, as otherwise my own energy will become depleted. I begin by asking my pendulum if there are in fact any malignant black lines in the house, and if so, how many?



Standing in the corner of the room near the door, my pendulum establishes the direction in which I should walk in order to cross one of these lines. I programme my pendulum to indicate both edges of the line, where I place two cardboard arrows. Having confirmed the width of the line, I then establish in which direction the line is travelling, and through which wall it is entering, so that I can move the arrows to indicate the line of travel.

In an endeavour to make the malignant black lines harmless, I use common salt placed in open 1lb. or 12oz. dry glass jam jars from which I have removed the labels. With my pendulum over the line where it enters the room I ask how many jars of salt and for how many days they should be left in position across the line - usually between three and five days. I ask the person for whom I am working to remove the jars at the end of the required period, and dispose of the contaminated salt OUTSIDE - preferably into a plastic bag or container, and then it can be taken away with the household rubbish.

Sometimes it is necessary for the treatment to be repeated straight away, and again I check how many jars of salt are required for how long.

When the course of treatment is completed I confirm with my pendu-

lum that the malignant black lines are no longer present.

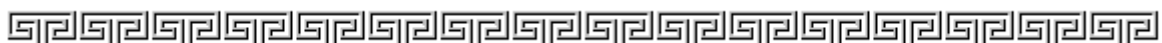
On the last few houses which I have treated in this way, the lines appear to have become positive energy, which I believe to be good for the occupants of the house.

Six months later I return to the site to check that the malignant black lines have disappeared, and ask my pendulum if they will re-appear. There has only been one house where this has happened.



A few months after a line had been cleared, another appeared, and I have been told by another dowser that it is because the house is in a cul-de-sac.

I do not know of anyone else who uses this method of treating malignant black lines and shall be interested to learn of other people's experience in dealing with this phenomenon.



Quotation

You can let the same force
that makes flowers grow and planets move
run your life,
or you can do it yourself.

Marianne Williamson

Experiences with WiFi

by Steve Miller aka Afterlife

Reprinted from Geomantica September 2011

As an artist who has spent a great deal of my life travelling to work and perform, it is essential to me to stay fit and healthy in order for gigs not to be cancelled, due to some minor illness such as a cold or feeling under the weather. I have met many far more well known artists and sportsmen who have all given me the same advice. Eat plenty of fresh fruit, vegetables, fish and chicken, very little red meat, and all should be organic or free range whenever possible, and regular exercise.

I have followed this advice and consequently I don't even have a GP these days, as I never had to go to the doctors. I don't do class A drugs and only drink alcohol moderately but do drink a lot of water every day.

Over 2 years ago, I visited a friend's recording studio for an 8 hour session, but within minutes of sitting in the control room I felt dizzy and a nasty headache came on very quickly. I don't have headaches normally so was concerned. I walked outside into the car park to get some fresh air and wondered what the hell was wrong.

My friend followed me out and said he had installed WiFi the previous month, and joked that it could be frying our brains like a cell phone mast. I suggested he turn it off which he did. I still felt lousy for about 30 minutes and then returned to normal. I went back into the studio and completed the session with no problems and felt fine. I then suggested he turn the WiFi back on as we needed to send some emails and I wanted to see what happened. The same symptoms returned very quickly so I had to leave.

I would like to note that I had never seen my friend so tired before but thought he had just been overworking. He continued to run WiFi for several months, and simply felt exhausted and found the simplest tasks

difficult to complete. He has since removed it and is a different person, his energy has returned and he is his normal cheerful self again.



A month later I was asked by a friend to configure his brand new laptop, as he is not too computer literate. His WiFi transmitter was sat on his desk. I had to go on-line to download some drivers and immediately I turned the router on, I couldn't think straight at all, it felt like my brain had turned to jelly and I was incapable of even typing in the correct search words in Google. I had to immediately turn the router off. I told my friend that I would take his laptop home and finish the set-up there, and meanwhile it would be a good idea to get his installer guy to disable the WiFi, and supply him with a cable for the router.

Six months later WiFi started being installed in bars and cafes throughout my local town of Falmouth. In one particular pub one of the staff told me that since WiFi had arrived all the staff had started bitching at each other, he and his girlfriend had nearly split up, but they could not understand why. Whenever my girlfriend and I went to one of our favourite restaurants, we would always start arguing about the silliest trivial things, yet we hardly ever argue normally.

The restaurant was next door to the same pub and also had WiFi in the office. We stopped going there and now only eat at one place on the beach that refuses to have WiFi on the premises, and we don't argue anymore. I started to ask myself why I didn't always get a headache, but had experienced being argumentative and irritable, so decided to buy a WiFi detector and try an experiment.

The detector has a scale of 1-5. What I found was that a WiFi signal anywhere between 1-2 caused me to feel depressed and irritable, but between

3-5 gave me a splitting headache which starts as a dull pressure on the top of my head quickly, followed by dizziness and slight nausea. It's a cheap detector designed to find hot-spots so people can use their laptops, so it's not super accurate, but sufficient to show approximate strength of signal and fits on a key ring.

If I walk down the main street these days I feel light-headed and can't stop or go into any of the shops, so have decided to give that part of town a wide berth. At first my friends used to rib me about being a hypochondriac and I found that depressing, so occasionally I would venture into the favourite bar only to have to leave my pint on the table and make a swift exit.

One day I wondered around the town scanning every bar, and eventually found what I believe to be the only WiFi free pub, and asked the new landlord if he intended to install WiFi. He said he had been asked by other people too and wanted to know more. I told him about my experiences, and we both started looking into the wealth of scientific information on the internet. The more we found the more he was convinced that it was a bad thing.

Since then I have used this pub as my local, and have to say whilst many other bars in the town have lost a lot of trade this pub is doing a roaring trade, a lot of my friends now use it as their local too, commenting that it feels a happy pub and that the other bars in town have lost the vibe.

During the last 18 months I have been invited to DJ at various venues in France, Spain, Russia, Italy etc and have requested that the promoter would find me a WiFi free hotel, and to ensure that the venue turned any WiFi off. For either reason this has resulted in me not being able to do the gig, mostly due to the promoter's inability to find a WiFi free hotel.

Earlier this year my new album was almost complete so I started thinking about a name, a friend suggested '*Electrosensitive*' as he knows I'm not into the recent fad of electro house and was aware of my problems with

WiFi. It felt like a good idea at the time and everyone at the label liked the name so we went with it.

I was shocked when The Sun picked up on the story, and even more amazed when it went global within 2 days of The Sun printing the article. I have had hundreds of emails showing support from private people who have similar problems, and many scientific organisations and



anti-EMF campaigners have also contacted me as well as the BBC and RTL for interviews. Last night I received an email via the contact page on my website saying he wished I would die and that this was all a publicity stunt. Of course! Why didn't I think of that?

Why bother taking the normal route of doing lots of promotional gigs which I love (I have been a professional DJ for 10 years) when I could stay at home, lose thousands of pounds in fees and risk all my album promotion on a story in a tabloid newspaper. It took me 4 years to make this album; I think it's the best one to date and wanted to give it my all.

I have had to turn down some amazing gigs which has been even more depressing and could not even play Glastonbury this year as Somerset council had WiFi'd the whole town. I am pleased to say that they have now turned it off after a major campaign by the town's residents.

I was horrified to learn last week that all UK airports are WiFi'd, so I'm effectively grounded!

Ed note: there are devices available to protect against the effects of EMF radiation, see <http://www.orgoneaustralia.com.au/SafeSpace.htm>

Down Home Dowsing

By Marty Lucas

Reprinted from the American Dowsing Quarterly Digest, Fall 2013

Here is a technique I picked up from a former business partner. He farms several thousand acres, and owns confinement hog buildings with nearly 20,000 hogs. Time is a premium for him, so anything he can do to save time, is money in the bank.

Every morning he takes out pictures of each of his hog buildings and dowses to see if there is something in that building that needs his immediate attention. When he gets a Yes then he dowses to see if it is a feed, water or health issue.

So rather than inspecting each building every morning, he just goes to the barn that needs attention first. After that issue is resolved he dowses to see where he needs to be next, etc., etc. throughout the day.

For a large conventional farmer, planting, spraying and harvesting must be done quickly and efficiently. The complexity of modern equipment is such that a visual inspection is no longer sufficient to be able to tell if there are issues with the equipment. So rather than relying upon visual inspections, my former partner takes the repair manual for the equipment and dowses through it, to find faulty components.

This technique has helped him find and replace bearings and belts that were on the verge of failing. So rather than having a time-consuming breakdown in the field, he is able to efficiently keep his equipment in top operating condition and avoid costly downtime.

His partner and employees think he is some kind of genius. He always seems to be ahead of the game and is able to resolve issues before they turn costly. I guess if using your natural dowsing abilities qualifies as genius, he must be one!

Marty Lucas Website: everyadvantage.net



Comes the Dawn

After a while you learn the subtle difference
Between holding a hand and chaining a soul;
And you learn that love doesn't mean leaning.
And company doesn't mean security.
And you begin to learn that kisses aren't contracts
And presents aren't promises,
And you begin to accept your defeats
With your head up and your eyes open,
With the grace of a being, not the grief of a child,
And learn to build all your roads
On today because tomorrow's ground
Is too uncertain for plans, and futures have
A way of falling down in mid flight.
After a while you learn that even sunshine
Burns if you get too much.
So you plant your own garden and decorate
Your own soul, instead of waiting
For someone to bring you flowers.
And you learn that you really can endure ...
That you really do have Worth.
And you learn and learn ...
With every Goodbye you learn.



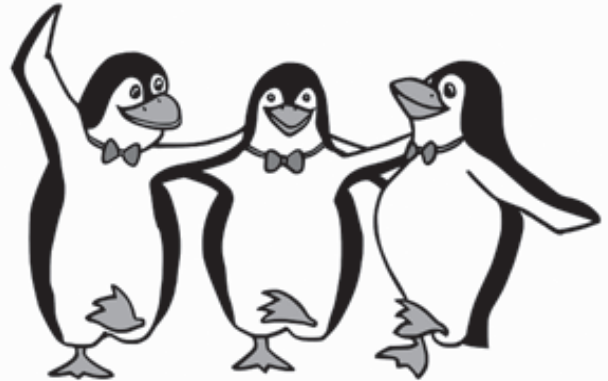
Might As Well Dance

Author unknown

I'm reading more and dusting less.

I'm sitting in the yard and admiring the view without fussing about the weeds in the garden.

I'm spending more time with my family and friends and less time working.



Whenever possible, life should be a pattern of experiences to savour not to endure. I'm trying to recognize these moments now and cherish them.

I'm not *'saving'* anything; we use our good china and crystal for every special event such as losing a pound, getting the sink unstopped or the first Amaryllis blossom.

I wear my good blazer to the market. My theory is if I look prosperous, I can shell out \$28.49 for one small bag of groceries.

I'm not saving my good perfume for special parties, but wearing it for clerks in the hardware store and tellers at the bank. *'Someday'* and *'one of these days'* are losing their grip on my vocabulary; if it's worth seeing or hearing or doing, I want to see and hear and do it now.

I'm not sure what others would've done, had they known they wouldn't be here for the tomorrow that we all take for granted. I think they would have called family members and a few close friends. They might have called a few former friends to apologize and mend fences for past squabbles.

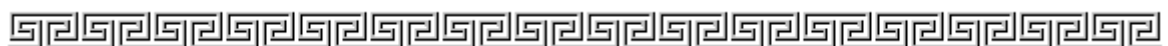
I like to think they would have gone out for a Chinese dinner or for

whatever their favourite food was. I'm guessing. I'll never know.

It's those little things left undone that would make me angry if I knew my hours were limited. Angry because I hadn't written certain letters that I intended to write one of these days. Angry and sorry that I didn't tell my husband/wife and parents often enough how much I truly love them.

I'm trying very hard not to put off, hold back, or save anything that would add laughter and lustre to our lives. And every morning when I open my eyes, I tell myself that it is special. Every day, every minute, every breath truly is a gift from God.

I don't believe in miracles. I rely on them. Life may not be the party we hoped for, but while we are here we might as well dance.



Dowsing For Water in Southern India

by Brother James Kimpton

British Society of Dowsers, March 1989

In the recent months in this long four-year drought, it has become imperative to find water in villages which have no water at all, or which depend on one or two hand-pumps. We have found that geophysicists are unreliable or careless and that in most cases they cannot pinpoint the actual spot to drill. They can suggest roughly where the substrata indicate that there should or could be water.

I have known the drilling rigs to be as little as four feet away from a strong source, but owing to the monolithic procedures of government bodies, the rigs would not move to the correct spot and thus frequently end up with dry holes, which are very expensive and utterly useless. There is also a ruling that they cannot go deeper than 200ft; I have found by simple dowsing that there was water at just another 10ft but, again, noth-

ing could be done to convince the rig owners or the government officials to go just that bit deeper and thus save enormous expense.

So we completely avoid the scientific methods of trying to find subterranean water streams. It is absolutely essential to pinpoint the spot to drill with a tolerance of just an inch or two. Black granite is quite impervious and a borehole can miss the streams by an inch or two and be useless, unless dynamiting is resorted to at the known depths of the streams - a thing the geophysicists or government bodies will not do. How wonderful it would be if government authorities could work hand in hand with NGO's in this and other such matters!



Our method is quite unorthodox for scientists, but our rate of success is better than 90% as against government success rates of a mere 30% - not to mention that our costs are one-third of theirs for the same end results. I always require a site plan of the village where water is needed, no matter how far away. This is brought to my office and by a small wooden pendulum on a cord I trace the streams crisscrossing the village site plan. The process takes about five minutes.

I will know from the reaction of the pendulum whether the streams are strong or weak or deep. I will also know where they start and in what direction they flow. Where streams cross usually means that a bore there will be a good one. If none cross, which is rare, one can use the strongest stream for boreholes. The site plan will end up with a series of red lines drawn by my left hand while I watch the pendulum, and not the felt pen. It is much like an ECG machine tracing the lines on a graph.

These tracings on the village site plan are very accurate and save many

hours of wandering around villages trying to find streams, and then following them along in both directions until other streams are crossed. Keep in mind that these streams are often at depths beyond 200ft. I can mark streams on site plans at any distance from my office, even several hundred miles, and the amazing thing is that the lines will go through existing wells and hand pumps even if they are not marked on the plan, and in some cases we pick up the main water supply pipelines too.

If necessary I can mark the depths of the streams and I will know whether they are sweet or brackish streams. I have no idea how this works except to say that I believe it is a gift from the Holy Spirit in this time of very great need.

Once in the village we will find the spot and mark it accurately, using a metal pendulum suspended on a chain or strong cord. Reactions can be very strong with the pendulum flying around at great speeds until the fingers hurt or are even cut. My own forefinger now has a hardened layer of skin where most of the rubbing takes place. When we hit really strong water, the pendulum will rotate overhead like a helicopter blade and there is no way in which that kind of reaction can be faked.

The pendulum will tell us where the streams are, how many there are, at what depths we are likely to find them, whether the water is sweet or brackish and even if we really want to know, how many thousand litres per hour are coming through the spot. We know that some rocks and soils will interfere with the action of the pendulum, but when we are aware of that we can over-ride the readings. We can also overlook the fresh streams that a shower of rain may have started and which will not last long; in most cases we will ignore the pendulum if it tells us that water is anything around 50ft, though we rejoice when the drilling rigs hit water at that depth; sometimes the streams have been amazingly strong. This is because we now need water supplies that are going to be permanent.

I usually walk along where I know from the site plan that a stream exists.

When I cross that stream the pendulum will begin to rotate quietly. I will then come back from the other side to make sure that I am really over that stream, when my feet are on dusty, dirty soil and we know there is water down there somewhere.



Once I know that the stream is right there, I will ask the pendulum in which direction the stream is flowing; it will then swing back and forth along the line of the stream. It is then easy to follow that swing until the pendulum once again begins to rotate, which means that I have crossed another stream. That is what I have been looking for.

Now starts the process of finding how deep the streams are; that is all that is really necessary. The pendulum would have revolved anticlockwise for me if the water had been brackish - there is no further point in continuing to work on brackish streams unless there is absolutely no other source in the village. The spot is then carefully marked with a stake that children cannot pull out. Almost immediately, to the utter surprise of the villagers, the great drilling rig will roll into the village, unload its various parts and set about drilling down into the ground to get at that water.

The average time taken is about 10 hours so that we can do two deep bores in a day of 24 hours. The government bodies' rigs can take as much as six months, and just the other day I was told by the local small town officials, that their rig had taken one whole year to do what we take 10 hours to do - almost incredible but true. Once the hole has been drilled to the depths that give us enough water, the men responsible set about building the concrete platform with the main support of the pump-head fixed on it. After one week of curing the cement, the rest of the pump is installed and away the people can go, happily secure with constant water available.

To know what a drought is like it would be necessary for you to come with us in our Jeep, (no other vehicle could stand the horrible so-called roads) and see the vast tracts of scorched, empty land from which even the goats could not find fodder. One looks for miles and miles at brown, burnt vegetation and it is really saddening. The lush vegetation of English country sides is far beyond the imagination of our poverty-ridden villagers. If it can burn it will be used for fuel. If it sprouts green somehow, then it will be grazed by the miserable cows and goats.

I have now been to many villages of whose existence I had no idea. It is always rather traumatic to see the boundless, rotten, degrading, empty penury that exists. The housing is appalling and utterly unworthy of human beings. It is difficult to try to find out how the people who somehow hang on and survive in these far-off villages, manage even to find the wherewithal for the two poor small meals they may have each day. I now know that few have a midday meal, and it is even frightening to go further in trying to fathom how people stay alive with such little bits of wretched ownership, because they own nothing, have no certainty of any kind for tomorrow, and can only sit around all day because there is no work. The Tamils are hardworking people and will scratch a living out of the worst kind of land. But if there is no water how can there be work?

My part in all this region is to find water first and then to get it to the surface. I first learned to divine for water from a Jesuit in Sri Lanka 20 years ago. With this long, long drought I have had to develop the gift till now it is at its peak, I think, and my reactions are so strong that I am somehow dragged to the spot where there may be water, and the pendulum I have made and used tells me all I wish to know about the availability of water: just where the subterranean streams meet, often at great depths, how deep they are individually, in which direction they flow and where there is adequate water for a bore to be done.

I think that what has most struck me on my many journeys out into remote villages, far off usual roads and, therefore, far out of the minds of most people, especially those whose image will not be spoiled by the ut-

ter neglect of such places, has been the deep certainty that we who take a vow of poverty know precious little about the subject.

One sees so many - whole villages in fact - people who live an actual hand to mouth existence with nothing whatever set aside or available for the morrow, and absolutely no security whatever for the future. One wonders how much we religious really do care about the real poor who are all around us. If we go among them, truly to see with wide open eyes behind the most thin frontages, we can only be utterly humbled and, indeed, distressed by this all-pervading poverty.

We religious have every kind of security during the whole of our lives and even afterwards. The poor who live just over our walls (visible or not) have none at all. It has been hard to bury babies who have died as the direct result of poverty; and there are times when the effects of poverty in children can be frightening as well as accusatory.

Just this afternoon on one of my jaunts to a very remote place where I was looking for water for a village, I suddenly realised that I was being steered clear of the Harijan part of the village, (always kept outside on the edges of villages). I then told the men with me that we were going to look for possible water right in the Harijan quarter. As we went we passed a tiny, low mud hut outside which a small girl stood bemused at the sudden arrival of a foreigner.

To her, I stupidly said in English: "*You live here? This is your house?*" I could not possibly live in it even for a very short time. Then why should she and her family? And as we went further into that part of the village, the huts got worse. I assure you that they were, like so many others I know, incredibly awful. Anyway, I found what promises to be a great source of water right on their non-existent doorsteps, and I was able to reassure the ancient hag who begged me to put an end to their long walks for water, that we would, and soon. I could repeat this many times over if I had the wherewithal.

Last Membership Renewal Reminder

The Society very generously provides 3 months' worth of newsletters to give our members time to renew. We are aware that in this age, time is passing so fast, it is hard to cram all we need to, into the time we have. So, if you have not renewed your membership yet, this will be the last newsletter you will receive. Dowsing offers some personal solutions, and the Dowsers Society of NSW Inc. endeavours to provide training, and relevant information, via monthly presentations and newsletter articles.

You can stay tuned to Dowsing, participate in learning, as well as support the Society, by renewing your membership, either in person at the meeting, or by mail.

You can tear off and send the Membership Renewal Form, located on the other side of this page, with a cheque or money order made out to Dowsers Society of NSW Inc. However, our preferred method of payment is bank deposits. Just make sure to mention your name on the deposit, so we know who has renewed.

Details of our account are as follows:

Account name:	Dowsers Society of NSW Inc
BSB:	032 298
Account number:	173532
Bank:	Westpac Banking Corporation
- Make sure to enter your name as a reference -	

Enrol a Friend

Looking for a nice and meaningful gift for a friend?

Look no further, offer them a yearly membership to the Society. Your gift will endure as they receive 12 information packed newsletters, and be able to attend our monthly meetings.

Dowers Society of NSW Inc

Membership Renewal Form



Title: _____ First name: _____ Surname: _____

Address line 1: _____

Address line 2: _____

Suburb: _____ State: _____ Postcode: _____

Telephone: _____ Mobile: _____

Email: _____

Send form with Cheque or Money order

(do not send cash) to:

Dowers Society of NSW Inc

C/- Robyn Lee, 50 Gerard Street

Alexandria NSW 2015

- See overleaf for direct Deposit option

- \$35.00 Renew, ordinary member
- \$30.00 Renew concession member
- \$5.00 Additional family member
- \$45.00 Enrol a friend as a gift

Speaker for April 19th, 2015

Megan Heazlewood

- Crop Circles and the Sun -

Megan Heazlewood is an artist, and has been researching the crop circle phenomenon since year 2000. She visited Wiltshire for the crop circle seasons of 2006 and 2007 to experience the crop circles first hand.

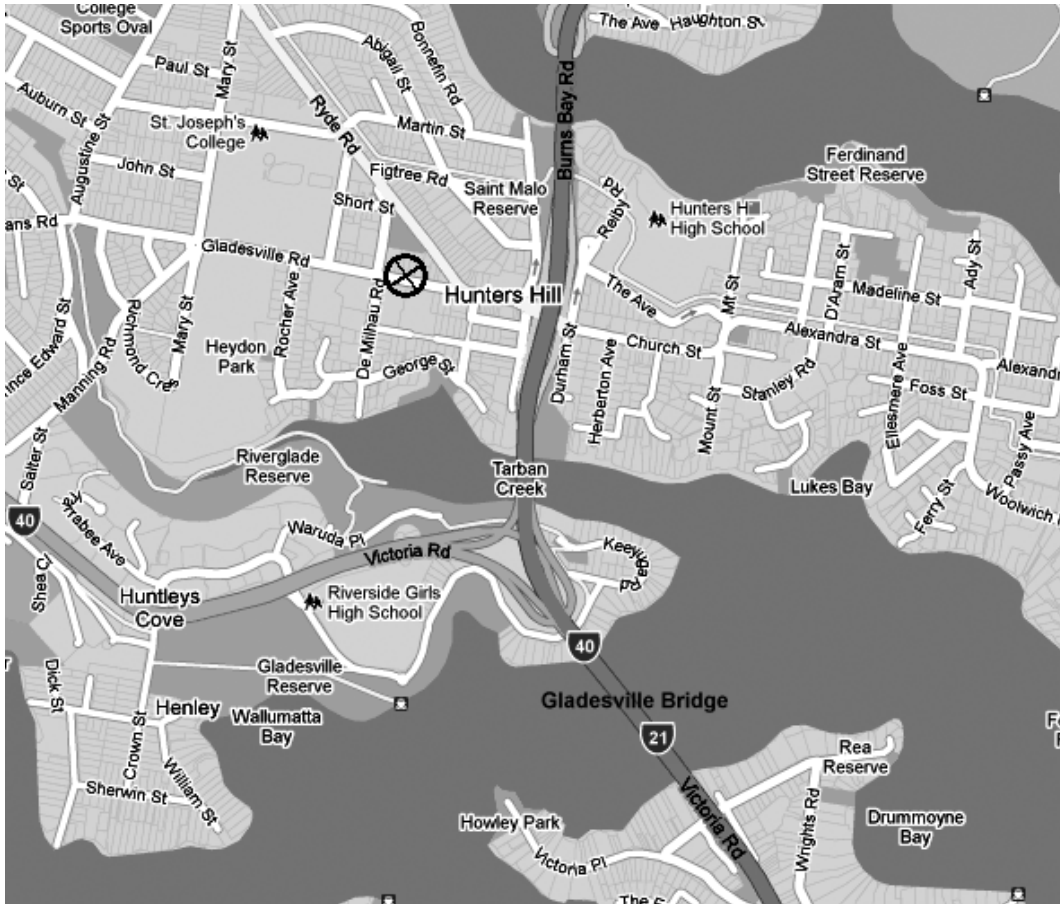


What she experienced directly, and what she witnessed and filmed has deeply impacted her life. What she has personally learned from this phenomenon has changed her life forever.

Megan will present scientific evidence in plant and soil analysis, what researchers of diverse backgrounds and disciplines contribute to our understanding, and the history and evolution of the phenomenon.

A lot of questions remain: *“Is it a hoax, can Crop Circles be a universal language? Is this a communication? What are the possible meanings?”*

She will also present suppressed ancient history, and what this has to do with crop circles; what ancient indigenous cultures share in their cosmologies and understandings of these times, and how this relates to the crop circles and bizarre light phenomena, and UFO sightings associated with crop circles.



Date of Meetings

Third Sunday of every month, except December (2nd Sunday)
Time: 2:00pm to 5:00 pm

Venue for Meetings

Community Hall, 44 Gladesville Road, Hunters Hill

Bus Services:

Transport Enquiries: 131 500

*From City, Central : Bus # 501 from Central to Rozelle
then Bus # 506 to Hunters Hill*

From City, Circular Quay : Bus # 506

From Chatswood : Bus # 536

Please arrive at the meeting early so as not to disturb
and be seated by 2:00 pm

Website address

www.dowsingaustralia.com