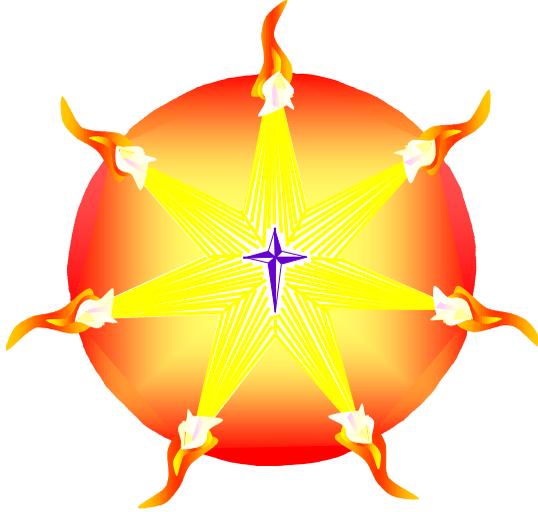


WORKING WITH TRUTH



COMMUNICATIONS WITH INTELLIGENCES
BEYOND INDIVIDUAL PHYSICAL
CONSCIOUSNESS

MURRAY (NICK) NICHOLLS

REVIEWS

Thomas Edison, America's great inventor, said:

'People say I have created things. I have never created anything. I get impressions from the Universe at large and work them out, but I am only a ... receiving apparatus.... Thoughts are really impressions that we get from outside.'

(Thomas A. Edison, quoted in: Neil Baldwin, *Edison: Inventing the Century*. NY: Hyperion; 1995: page 376)

'Working with Truth' is also about information from the Universe, from the outside, to author Nick Nicholls. In an age in which we know so little about the fundamental origin and nature of consciousness, Nicholls's fascinating book should be of interest to any serious student of the mind."

Larry Dossey, MD. Author: *One Mind: How Our Individual Mind Is Part of a Greater Consciousness and Why It Matters*.

Surely this is the most mesmerising book I have ever read – it grips as no work of fiction ever could. One is travelling with you in spirit and being guided to see matters as you see them.

Your book - the instalments I received, blew me away - so moving, so profound. You have indeed been specially chosen to enlighten all those who seek knowledge and understanding. On behalf of us all, thank you so much.

Irene Green – age 94 (February 2014)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Murray Nicholls was born in Grimsby in 1939. He left school at 15 and spent four years working in an office for financing hire purchase of electrical goods. He was then drafted for military service and spent three years from 1958 to 1961 in the Royal Air Force. The latter two years of his service was on assignment to Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe, (SHAPE) on the outskirts of Paris. Upon completion of his military service he obtained civilian employment on the staff of the headquarters. Murray (better known as Nick) spent the remainder of his working life at SHAPE, eventually becoming responsible for management of communications and an associated budget, until retiring in 1998. Nick and his wife Margaret moved with the headquarters when it was relocated from France to Belgium in 1967. But it was in 1985 that he first became consciously aware of being contacted by personalities from beyond this physical realm. He realised that when we lose our physical body, we do not lose our consciousness. This became his life interest and in due course he began helping to release deceased soldiers who were still attached to this Earth dimension. Nick and Margaret have two daughters and now live separately in England.

DEDICATION

*In remembrance of all soldiers, sailors and airmen
who gave their lives defending freedom
and
to all civilian casualties of conflict.*

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Dear potential reader:

From a very early age many things in my life did not seem to make sense. Only in retrospect did I realise that the rift between science and religion were to a great extent the cause of this 'non' sense. Through my research I was eventually forced to conclude that everything is One, and personalities, or human sparks of consciousness, continue their experiential journeys in non-earthly 'dimensions' after loss of the physical body.

In my search for answers I soon began to notice incidents that expanded my understanding of consciousness. Eventually I felt that I had to publish the results of my 25 years of investigation. These results are available as a free PDF download on the Internet (See <http://bit.ly/RMGceE>) under the title '*Discovering Truth*'

'Working with Truth' is a continuation of my journey of discovery. It has taken me into a deeper understanding of the workings of the mind. I have developed a clearer method of communication with personalities in other dimensions and have been encouraged to work in more expansive ways to help release deceased soldiers still attracted to this physical environment many years after their death.

I was eventually drawn into investigating even deeper aspects of consciousness, and how focussed intent and concentration affect the world around us to the point of realising that we are each in the process of creating our own reality, including health, relationships and our physical environment. This is just a brief outline of some of the subjects addressed in the following chapters.

I hope that you are able to benefit from my research and that in some way it validates and encourages you to advance your own journey of discovery through life.

I wish you the enjoyment and excitement that I experienced as you join with me on a journey of discovery into this new paradigm which awaits us all.

Murray (Nick) Nicholls
Kingsbridge, England
November 2014

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*Murray (Nick) Nicholls asserts his right to be identified as
the author of this work*

*Created initially to be published as a free download via the
Internet with the intention of sharing and assisting all
searchers of truth on their individual journeys.*

First published as free PDF on 11 November 2014

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*Nick is a member of the Soul-Voyagers Network
<http://soul-voyagers.net>*

*His earlier work 'Discovering Truth' is available via the
Soul-Voyager's website as a free PDF download from the
Internet at <http://bit.ly/RMGceE>.*

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Again I must first thank Margaret, my wife, for not only dedicating many hours to editing and proofing this work, but also for making a number of very constructive suggestions. Thank you.

To name all who have contributed to this stage of my journey would be impossible. Only occasionally and in retrospect did I become aware of how others have been prompted to point me in specific directions. But a big thank you to my family; daughters Jan and Julie, sister Beryl and son-in-law Chris, for putting up with some of my, what must have sounded like *'strange adventures, in other worlds'*. A special 'thank you' also to cousin-in-law Irene, who has been a constant source of encouragement. Roseline and Marcia joined me through this part of my journey and I suspect, quite unwittingly, became involved in identifying and leading me to soldiers' graves which I might otherwise have missed. I thank you for your support, not only in this lifetime, but as eventually revealed, companions from my history. Thanks also to Sue, Cynthia, Kay, Pat and Karen for their friendship and to all of you for allowing me to reveal parts of our shared journeys in this work.

I acknowledge the many 'teachers' and 'helpers' who have prompted and encouraged me from the realms beyond. Some I met personally before their transition from this physical world; even more have made themselves known to me as I journeyed in the invisible realms. Although in the main I am only able to identify their personality by their energetic expression – names are not required, they know who they are and I look forward to working with them even closer in the future. Thank you all.

To all friends with whom I have shared during workshops, in groups and at seminars over the years, which have helped to contribute towards my deeper understanding of 'All That Is', also many thanks to you.

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Finally I thank all who have given me permission to quote from diverse literary works. As will become apparent, in many cases without being able to use such quotations, intelligent guidance from beyond this physical realm would not have been evident. In the rare instances and after repeated requests, where I have been unable to obtain permission to use quotations, I have identified the source under the concept of 'fair use' in anticipation that readers may be prompted to investigate such references for themselves.

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FOREWORD

During many years of research I came to realise that my worldview had changed. I could not attribute this to any single event, and it was more an accumulative evolutionary process stemming from many experiences. So where did it all begin?

At school, in the 1940's, I used to be able to do complicated mathematical problems in my head. But my answers, although correct, were marked wrong because I had not done the calculation as we had been taught in class. Where did this ability come from? I could never understand the reason why much of the teaching was about ancient kings and historical battles. Why was there never any mention of the First World War? Why would anyone want to cut up insects to find out how they worked? There were many other similar things to me that made no sense.

Some of my early memories were of my fascination in reading weekly newspaper articles entitled 'Stranger than Fiction'. These articles would recount a variety of odd events without ever explaining how they occurred. A typical account was of an English lady, who repeatedly had dreams of seeing a country cottage in front of which was a white fence. In the dream she would open the gate, walk up the path and knock on the door. At that point she always woke up. Years later she was invited by friends to accompany them touring around France. At one point during the journey she excitedly asked her friends if they would stop the car because she had seen the cottage from her dreams. She got out of the car, walked up the path and knocked on the door. The householder opened the door and was shocked to see the lady standing there. The householder recounted that on numerous occasions in the past she had seen the lady approach her cottage and knock on the door, but when she had opened the door there had never been anyone there.

It was such accounts that evidently triggered my curiosity and I began to notice occasional inexplicable events in my own life. One of these occurred towards the end of 1960. It was while I was doing military service and working in a communications centre from

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midnight to eight the next morning. There being very little work between Christmas and New Year I usually managed to find time to sleep on sacks of screwed up waste paper during the shift. One night I took my radio into the office. I had trained myself to wake and be fully alert immediately if any work arrived. That morning as I woke I began whistling and as I headed towards the work desk, flipped on the radio. The tune that was playing was the same tune that I was whistling. Not only was it the same tune, but it was in the same key and the music on the radio and my whistling were at the same point in the tune. I immediately pointed this out to my work colleague who suggested that I must have heard another radio playing in the area. I turned off my radio and we listened. Neither of us could hear the sound of any other radio.

The next big change to my worldview came in 1985 as the result of a shock, detail of which is recounted in Chapter 1 of *'Discovering Truth'*. During an exercise at a workshop I told a complete stranger correct information about events in her life that I could not possibly have known. Where was this information coming from and how could I have received such knowledge? There followed numerous further experiences, many of which are also recounted in *'Discovering Truth'*, including exchanging conversations with individuals who, in common parlance were 'dead'. When one has mentally communicated with deceased persons, and without doubt established their identity, this cannot but influence one's concept of reality. There was something missing from what I had learned up to that point in my life and the majority of the people that I knew did not seem to have answers to my ever-increasing questions. The only option open to me was to find the answers for myself.

For a while my research focussed on attempting to understand the concept of 'Time' until I reached the point of being provided with undeniable evidence that it was possible to perceive probable future events up to months before they occurred. I subsequently spent a number of years investigating 'past lives'. When that part of my research began it was a notion that I did not even consider feasible. Very quickly I had to change my opinion.

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Again as recorded in detail in *'Discovering Truth'*¹, impressions from the first 'past life' exercise I experienced did not seem to be significant nor make much sense. However, subsequently every element from that first exercise occurred in my present life over the next 3 years. I eventually concluded that I needed that experience in order to anchor the concept of there being 'no time' into my consciousness and to recognise that wherever I focussed my attention was probably part of the reason why I had any particular experience. It was further confirmation that it was possible to perceive future events. However two further 'past life' exercises left me with impressions that did shed light on my changing life philosophy. On more than one occasion, as priests in ancient Egypt, I had taught what I had been taught by my teachers. This in turn caused harm to my students and for this I had been put to death violently. This would then account for why I was never drawn to study academic subjects in this life and the feeling that I could only discover the mechanics of how this Universe seemed to work from personal experience. In another exercise I was a soldier who had died and was very angry that, while alive, no one had told me that consciousness remained once we lost our physical body. This appears to be the reason why I have been drawn to help war victims who often seem to be in limbo after physical death. Taking on board the concept of having had past lives then gave me the answer as to where my early mathematical ability had probably originated. The fact that this was suppressed during my school years in this life only made me even more determined to find answers for myself.

The more I investigated, the more new ideas came to mind. This simply created further questions and for many years I struggled to make some sense of what was taking place. Why had what I was discovering not been taught in school? Why did religious doctrine not seem to cover these points? And why did orthodox science reject many of the answers I had found which seemed so obvious and logical. Here again most of these aspects have been discussed in more detail in *'Discovering Truth'*.

¹ Chapter 15.

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One of the few lessons from school that I do remember was that when writing poetry there should be a beginning, middle and an end; the poem should rhyme and have rhythm. In conjunction with communicating with beings in other dimensions I would occasionally mentally receive poems from deceased persons and understood that such poems were to be passed on to surviving partners, friends or relatives. When I received such poems I did not need to make any conscious effort in order for the verses to rhyme. This was certainly something that I could not do without considerable concentration in my normal state. And when such poems were completed it was rare that I could recall the detail of what I had written. Nor could I consciously write such poetry that often contained personal detail unknown to me.

I then began to notice that occasionally while responding to correspondence, I would include paragraphs that I had no intention of writing when I began. I recognised that I had naturally slipped into an altered state of consciousness. As my confidence grew and I accepted what was taking place, so I recognised the integrity of whoever was the ‘communicator’, and this led to me receiving ‘channelled’ communications. As I knew that such ideas did not come from my conscious awareness I could only assume that they were fed to me from another aspect of consciousness. Such ‘channelled’ communications frequently appeared to be answers to mental questions that I had posed. Three aspects that I need to make clear is that when I am influenced in this altered state of consciousness and receive such communications:

- It is never something that I consciously request yet at the same time I remain totally aware of what is taking place. (I do on occasion, during meditation, intentionally direct myself into this state.)
- I have never taken any form of mind-altering drugs.
- The communications are by exchange of energy - by thought, vision or feelings.

Early on in my research I recognised that it was impossible to telepathically communicate anything other than ‘truth’. It appears to be impossible to lie.

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It is important for the receiver of such communications to be open to learning a new 'language' in order to effectively communicate with aspects of consciousness primarily focussed in other dimensions. There also seems to be a need for empathetic resonance between the 'communicator' and 'receiver'. This would then explain the not infrequent phenomena of a mother knowing that her son had died or been seriously injured in battle many miles away, before being officially informed of the incident. Much of such a language is symbolic, and naturally learning any 'foreign' language from scratch is prone to trial and error in the early stages. I am constantly being challenged and presented with new ideas and concepts that I need to add to my 'personal language dictionary'. Each individual is responsible for establishing their own language to their own personal satisfaction. Some of such communications are included in this book, together with a brief explanation of the context in which they occurred.

One particular significant example is part of a communication that I received in July 2007.² The communication began during a meditation following the funeral of friend Maryline, who had committed suicide a week or so previously. This is what was communicated:

'As long as we follow that changing pathway, [our individual desired path of development] not only will you gain the experience that you seek, but you will also draw to you your helpers and inspirers. For in effect what is taking place is that your inspirers are indicating to you the pathway. And you are then following the pathway that is being shown to you - although consciously you are not aware of this. So this is a two-way operation. Follow your heart, all of you, and you will receive gifts in abundance. The gift being that you will know that you are following your true way home.'

I subsequently began to suspect that what I had understood as being a communication from Maryline was something more subtle than that. The above section of the text seemed to be far more profound than I would have expected from someone who had recently

² The complete communication is included in 'Discovering Truth', Chapter 22.

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committed suicide. I then felt that the earlier part of the communication probably was from Maryline, but by allowing myself to link into her thought energies, I had at the same time allowed thoughts from deeper levels of consciousness to filter into my individual conscious awareness.

The more I recognised what was taking place, the more I began to understand that many aspects of my life were part of a pattern that seemed to make sense. Everything in my life had been created by my own inner thoughts, which, by implication included my desire to incarnate on earth. If this applied to me, then it must also apply to everyone else; each individual has incarnated for specific purposes. Of course as soon as we arrive on Earth as children, like waking from a dream, we immediately forget what drew us to want to experience an earthly incarnation. But as we delve deeper into this concept, of which I will explain more as we progress through analysis of personal experiences, it will become evident that a form of ‘consciousness’ applies to everything and not just humans. Suffice for the moment to consider that the deeper the level of consciousness and intensity of desire at which thoughts occur, the faster will be their manifestation in this physical world.

Over the years, the significance of dreams became more evident to me. There seemed to be what I can only describe as an ‘intensity’ to dreams and I eventually realised that it was important that I recorded and then worked with these intense dreams to discover what was being communicated. This applied not only to my own dreams, but also towards helping others discover the meaning of their dreams. It then became apparent that as part of the continuous expression of Oneness, through the individual, manifestations of everything at a physical level could be considered as the expression of a dream. And from there I was taken into many other fields of investigation.

I don’t ask you to accept my account of my truth, but I do encourage you to continue to ask questions and be prepared for some fascinating answers. I hope that by recording the results of my investigations, this will help other searchers to recognise that they are not alone and that we are each in the process of expanding the range of our conscious awareness.

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INTRODUCTION

In my earlier work³ I made reference to my ancestor, James William Gatrill. He was killed in the First World War and conscious knowledge of him was brought to my attention while I was working on family history. I subsequently felt drawn to visit his grave on the battlefields of the Somme. I had previously mentally agreed that I was willing for my body to be used in any appropriate way in order to help me understand what this life was all about. Eventually I noticed that I was receiving so many signs and clues, that I was forced to conclude that James was encouraging me to visit specific war graves, memorials and cemeteries. He had become an important element in my life. Firstly by helping me to gain a clearer understanding of the relationship between personalities in different dimensions of existence and then to recognise the importance of helping individuals, both alive and deceased, to realise that when we move beyond our physical body we do not immediately lose our consciousness. Despite a number of visits to war graves in France, I still had a feeling that I needed to return to visit more of these memorials. This was subsequently intensified by the ever-increasing number of synchronistic events that were occurring in my life.

In the following chapters I record further details of my association with James, that were not recorded in *'Discovering Truth'* in order to reflect the closeness that can be established between personalities existing in different levels of consciousness. I have also recorded accounts of similar associations that have helped me towards a deeper understanding of who and what we are.

For anyone who has not read *'Discovering Truth'*, in the early days of my research I insisted that, in order for me to accept any communication from beyond this physical realm, I needed to have such information confirmed *'three times, in a 'documented' form, from outside of myself'*. Although I no longer feel that this is necessary, I occasionally notice that such confirmation is provided,

³ *'Discovering Truth'*, Chapter 18

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presumably because I had not understood the initial transmission correctly. I considered this to be an effective method of developing my personal language with 'the beyond'.

Over the years I began to get the impression that I had been reluctant to incarnate fully into this life and a large part of my consciousness had remained focussed in another dimension. It was by becoming more aware of the reality of that 'inner level of consciousness' that I began to make sense of this earthly dimension. The more I discovered, the more this concept made sense as to what was taking place. Eventually it became evident that everything of significance that had occurred in my earthly life had been instigated by the desire of my 'inner level of consciousness'. Later I address the implications of such a concept.

During the late 1980's I insisted on spending a period in meditation before going to work. I recall one specific incident that gave me quite a shock. In my mind I saw a being dressed in a long white robe. I could not see the head or feet of the being who was symbolically holding out his hands offering me a 60 cm diameter ornately decorated plate made of white gold and platinum. (Very similar to the ladies Wimbledon tennis final trophy.) I have no idea how I knew that the being was male or that the plate was made of white gold and platinum. It was communicated to me '*You can have anything you wish*'. My conscious mind understood this to mean 'one wish'. What would you wish for in such circumstances? It was only years later that I realised that whatever it was that I wished for at that level of consciousness, it came into my life. So what was my 'one' wish in that situation? It was for everyone to become aware of the different levels of consciousness that I had been privileged to have experienced and understood up to that point in my life.

I do recall as a teenager, without any knowledge of the concept of many levels of consciousness, that I had what I can only now call 'particular desires', all of which eventually materialised in my life. Then in retrospect I realised that having worked for 40 years in a military environment this gave me insights into the military mind. The latter 25 years of my specific work was being responsible for managing a multi-currency international communications budget.

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All these elements from my background seem to have been suitable training for eventually communicating with deceased multi-national military war victims still hanging around this physical earthly environment.

So my adventures in exploring consciousness continued and as I progressed I was given clues which raised further questions and channelled responses that took me to another level of understanding beyond anything I could ever have imagined.

In Chapter 14 of *'Discovering Truth'* I recounted that during a meditation at a workshop I received indications that in future I would be teaching spiritual topics. In response to the communicator I expressed my disbelief that this could be possible. The reply I received was: *'Did we not tell you that ... would happen?'* I had to admit that 'they' had, and it did. This was followed by *'Did not so and so take place?'* Again I had to admit that it had. This was followed by two similar exchanges and an emphatic: *'Well we are saying that you will be teaching spiritual understanding beyond the level of the knowledge of your teacher'*. That workshop was in 1995.

So the daunting task falls to me to ensure that what I have understood is presented for you in as clear and concise manner as possible. I hope that you enjoy sharing some of my experiences of discovering the unknown as much as I enjoyed the journey.

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CHAPTER 1

MESSAGE FROM INDIA

Before I address some of the adventures associated with James, I need to introduce you to Marcia. While I was on a trip around England visiting friends and family, I met Marcia at a conference in Durham on 1 September 2006. Marcia lived close to London, however we discovered that we had a mutual friend, Cynthia. I regularly shared meditation evenings with Cynthia. In addition, I frequently passed Marcia's mother's house on the way to listen to jazz being played at a pub near Plymouth. Marcia was due to visit her mother in October, so we agreed to meet up and eat at the jazz venue.

I arrived home from that trip on 11 September to discover 111 new incoming emails on my computer. The following day a letter arrived from Marcia which contained some photocopies and the address of her mother. I responded to that letter in which I commented *'111 emails - now that's an interesting number.'* I also added *'Relative to your mother's house name, I spent a few nights on the Island of 'Mooréa' in 1999. I imagine that the majority of people have never heard of it and it isn't even shown in my atlas.'*

In response, Marcia commented *'111 emails awaiting you! I haven't worked out the significance of the actual number, other than that is mind boggling.'* To this on 17 September I replied by sending a copy of one of my articles (Brown Owl). This explained how, after visiting another friend, Sue, followed by seeing a number '111' bus twice within 5 minutes, it had prompted me to attend a lecture. I added that it was a number that was constantly cropping up in my life (together with 11:11) as a personal 'sign' of something, not necessarily evident at the time, but which seemed to be saying *'Hey, be aware, something else is coming up'*.

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Marcia replied that the day after receiving my email, on top of a pile of mail, was a publicity leaflet on which was a picture of an Owl looking up at her, and above it were the words '*Please adopt an owl.*' On 20 September Marcia sent a further email which included

'Not long after the owl staring at me from the post I thought of you and asked about our karmic connection. Then I drew out a rune stone and it was Kano which looks like this <. According to my wonderful 'Book of Runes' by Ralph Blum, this is Opening - Fire - Torch - The Rune of Opening and renewed clarity - and guess what - it is on page 111. Then I asked just what 111 signified and drew out the rune stone for Patience.'

Later the same day a second email arrived from Marcia. In this she said that she was strongly impressed to go to page 111 of one of her books '*The Ancient Secret of the Flower of Life*' by Drunvalo Melchizedek which she had bought before attending a weekend in London to learn about Sacred Geometry the previous year.

Marcia then continued: '*Facing me on page 111 was Fig. 4-7 'The Great Pyramid' - but then what was at the top of page 111 caught my eye and I almost dropped the book.*' I will not quote the whole text but simply say that '*Mooréa*' was referred to seven times in the paragraph concerned. The island was identified as a Sacred Site as the precise South Pole of the '*unity-consciousness grid*' of which Egypt was the North Pole.

'The Mooréan pole is negative, or female, and the Egyptian pole is positive, or male. All the sacred sites are connected to the Egyptian pole, and they are all interlinked through the central axis leading to Mooréa. It's a torus, of course.'

To me, the rune text that was on Page 111 was even more significant. Some years previously friend Sue had loaned me a dozen video tapes of teachings by Drunvalo Melchizedek. It was against this background that I was prompted to immediately send a copy of both the '*Flower of Life*' and '*Rune*' texts to Sue.

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Meanwhile I had previously arranged to have dinner with Sue on 22 September. We usually caught up on our mutual activities about every 6 months. Sue had been married to an Egyptian and had lived in Egypt for some time. I had travelled to Egypt with a group in November 2004, which Sue had organised.

An email arrived from Sue on 23 September 2006:

'O gosh Nick! There I was readying myself to write a letter saying what a lovely evening, and thank you so much for delicious nosh and absorbing company ... when all this stuff arrives from you! Frankly I don't know what went on last night, but I have felt as if I was in some sort of 'warp' all day, totally unable to do anything except pull a few weeds out of the garden.'

The following day I received a phone call from an astonished Sue. A friend who had been a participant on the 2004 trip to Egypt had just called her. Without any previous knowledge of what had been taking place she told Sue that she should go to the Island of Mooréa.

This was followed a few days later by another email from Sue:

'I never made the connection between Moorea and Limuria. Not only that my ex-husband now lives in Limuru... what's going on? I always felt much more at home with the Limurian pacifist (Pacific) energies than the Atlantean yang approach...'

During the conversation over dinner with Sue I had recounted part of a dream that I had on 12 August:

'A man comes into my office wearing a raincoat. He asks if my name is..?.. I say it is. He asks if I am psychic. I say 'a bit'. He says you should study astrology with Debbie. I try to think who 'Debbie' is. It is as if I should know her. He wants to know what I am thinking. I tell him 'I don't know Debbie'. He says 'Yes - Debbs'. I don't know a 'Debbs'. I ask him where he got my name from. He said 'The files'. I ask him where he works. He says 'The hospital - in the mental ward.'

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I burst out laughing - that woke me up.

I then continued that on 15 September I had received an email from a mutual acquaintance, Amanda, saying that she would be starting a monthly astrology group meeting and wondered if I would be interested. She then said '*I added you to my list of addressees rather spontaneously ... Hope you don't mind....*' The spontaneity of her action had attracted my attention. I had expressed my doubts to Sue about joining the astrology group, as I had never been interested in astrology, yet in view of the dream I wondered whether or not I should attend. I added that on 16 September I had sent an account of my dream to Amanda and half-jokingly asked if her middle name was 'Debbie'.

I received a response from Amanda dated 22 September which gave details of the astrology course followed by:

*'I'm looking forward to sharing together and exploring the connections between colour and astrology. I leave for South Africa this weekend to teach on the **Colour 111** course on colour, astrology, numerology and the Kabbalah so I expect I will come back inspired and raring to go!'*

There seemed to be no logical reason for Amanda to include the term '**Colour 111**' other than to attract my attention. But then Amanda continued:

'Your dream is fascinating - I ghost write for an astrologer called Debbie Frank in the Daily Mirror from Monday to Thursday, so in that sense I suppose one could say my pen name is Debbie.'

I knew I must attend at least the basic elements of the course. I also knew that another adventure was beginning and that in some way Marcia and Sue would be involved. Marcia was quite surprised after I collected her from the station on the visit to her mother in October, when I took a short detour to show her where Sue lived. Looking back on that event, as Sue and Marcia did not know each other, it seemed rather illogical on my part. But future events, which I will eventually explain, seemed to indicate that here again

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I had been prompted to do something apparently illogical. However, it was not until the following year when I received the communication from Maryline⁴ saying: '*your inspirers are indicating to you the pathway*' that all these 'synchronicities' and strange events seemed simply to be indicators to the pathway that I should follow.

As I began to get to know Marcia we discovered that we had both attended the same two conferences, one in Durham and the other in London, but did not meet on those occasions. I always felt that we had work to do together for a specific but indeterminate length of time. We exchanged books, Marcia introduced me to Sufi mysticism and teachings of the 'Essenes', and as she did not drive, I was a support to her when she came to visit her mother and greater family in the South West of England.

On 20 February 2007 I set out on a tour of sacred sites and temples in Northern India, with a group of almost 50 (mainly American) westerners, without any expectation or notion of what the journey might have in store. My anticipation was that the highlight of the 3-week trip would culminate in teachings by the Dalai Lama.

But events seemed to indicate that something was afoot a week before the trip began. I knew that I would need some reading matter during the flights and had almost completed my current book. I had a dozen or so books on my 'waiting to be read' pile. On 13 February a friend from our regular weekly gathering asked if I had a copy of Carl Jung's '*Memories, Dreams, Reflections*' and could she borrow it? I responded that I was going on a trip and would let her have it after my return.

Two days later on 15 February I received an email from Roseline in Belgium. The complete strange text read: '*Have you ever seen Jung speaking?*' The following morning I came across a reference in my current book to a term coined by Jung, '*anima mundi*'. It was clear to me that I was being prompted to read Jung's autobiography again, which I had initially read some 18 years previously. As a

⁴ See '*Discovering Truth*', Chapter 22 and 'Foreword' to this book.

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bookmark I used a postcard that had been sent to me on 9 February by Marcia. The image on the card was of two monks looking out over snow-capped mountains.

The first experience I had of any significance during the trip to India was at Mathura, the birthplace of Krishna. To my eyes, so much of the ritual and devotion in the temple and surrounding area seemed incongruous. It was during a short meditation, in the temple dedicated to the Hindu God, that I received the first lines of a poem.

*You call me by so many names – I cry.
You call me by so many names – I die.
I wonder why? I wonder why?*

I received the remainder of the poem in the early hours, two nights later.

After a long journey on 9 March we arrived at our hotel in Dharamsala where we were due to see and hear the Dalai Lama speak two days later. During the trip I had occasionally noticed the last sentence printed on the card from Marcia that I was using as a 'bookmark'. It read:

*'First you had to recognise yourself as such and then that you are the **1 within the 3**, the Divine Child of the Father/Mother – Your will, not my will be done.'*

My attention was drawn to what may seem to be such a totally inconsequential occurrence, (however, subsequent events seemed to prove otherwise) but I was assigned room 313. Here the '**1 within the 3**' was expressed on my key fob as '**313**'. It felt so significant that I had to take a photograph.



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The following day included a visit to the Karmapa Monastery. Here we were present during the teachings given by one of the Lamas. However, the whole ceremony was conducted in a language that was totally incomprehensible to most, if not all of our group. The sentiments that I had experienced in the temple dedicated to the birthplace of Krishna returned. What was all this performance of low mumbled chanting, shoe removal, bowing, ritual scarf donning and devotion all about? I felt total repulsion at what I was witnessing.

Immediately upon leaving that temple our guide asked for our passports. I wanted to know why she needed them and discovered that they were necessary in order to obtain access to the Dalai Lama's teaching the following morning. I asked if this would be similar to the performance that I had just witnessed. Upon receiving a positive response I had no doubt whatsoever that I did not wish to participate in such an event, which I had previously anticipated would have been the highlight of our trip.

The last day of the trip was - 13 March 2007 (expressed in North American style as **3-13-2007**). Most of the group left for the airport at 21.00 to catch their return flights. A few of us remained and I continued my reading of '*Memories, Dreams, Reflections*' awaiting pick-up at midnight for my flight at **03.30** the following morning. It seemed rather appropriate that I was now reading Chapter IX entitled 'Travels' and had just commenced Section IV on 'India'. I reached the end of that section, which concluded on page '**313**' with the following words:

*'What are you doing in India? Rather seek for yourself and your fellows the healing vessel, the servator mundi, which you urgently need. For your state is perilous; you are all in imminent danger of destroying all that centuries have built up.'*⁵

⁵ '*Memories, Dreams, Reflections*' by C. G. Jung. Published by Fontana Paperbacks 1983. ISBN 0-00-654027-9

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The poem, which had begun in the temple dedicated to Krishna on 1 March (the 1 within the 3) was completed two nights later, as follows:

MANY NAMES

*You call me by so many names - I cry.
You call me by so many names - I die.
I wonder why? I wonder why?*

*Temples, mosques and synagogues – created in my name,
churches, centres, cathedrals, they are all the same.
Human minds, creating signs, are keeping us apart.
Wherein truth, reality, I live within your heart.
For there you'll find the truth divine,
where I am yours and you are mine
and never will the 'race' be won
until together we are One.*

*You call me by so many names - I cry.
You call me by so many names - I die.*

But it was a further 5 years later, on 5 March 2012, that I recalled the symbolism that had been presented to me many years previously. I needed to research my records from the past. Here is what I discovered.

On 2 May 1993 I was driving towards Glastonbury to attend a Peace Congress when my attention was drawn to a car with the registration number URV 1. Having previously had car registration plates used as symbols, which had proved to have meaning, this seemed to be saying,

'U = You, R = are, V = the, 1 = one'.

You are the one what? I had no idea. There was also the possibility that it could have meant 'You are V-1' symbolizing the German rockets that were used to bomb London during the Second World War. In some way was I to be used as a bomb?

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If so, to bomb what, and how? As I mulled over these possibilities during the drive, I made the dubious link between 'bombing' and the fact that I was on the way to a 'Peace' Congress. I worked at SHAPE (Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe), the NATO military HQ which had initially been established to ensure the maintenance of peace in Europe. The SHAPE logo included the words 'Vigilia Pretium Liberatis' - 'Vigilance is the Price of Freedom' - beginning with 'VI'. Was I supposed to introduce a greater awareness and an alternative perception into the way we think within my work environment? I certainly felt that there was a need, but had no idea how I should go about this.

The first day on my return to work after that trip, a colleague over lunch commented that he had something of interest to tell me. He then proceeded to explain that during my absence he had visited a museum on the French coast near Boulogne that contained some Second World War German rockets. The installation had been the launch site for the V-1's and V-2's, plus there was a model and blueprint of the V-3 rocket, which, by the end of the war, was still under development. He consciously knew nothing of my thoughts associated with 'You are V-1'. I was unable to imagine why he should have thought that I had any interest in that museum. A close colleague at the table also noticed this peculiarity to the extent that she questioned why he thought that this subject would be of particular interest to me. Nevertheless, it did prompt me to wonder if my thoughts on an alternative way of perceiving things were valid. As if to confirm this view and remove any further doubts, I was more than a little surprised during my next visit to England some three months later. I was driving towards Exmoor in Devon, when a sports car passed going in the opposite direction with the registration URV 3. The chances of seeing that registration purely by accident must have been millions to one.

But to come back to my drive to the Peace Congress on 2 May 1993, the previous Tuesday in our meditation group I had described seeing a fleur-de-lis made of three feathers. I had been unable to come up with any interpretation as to the meaning of this symbol, other than that it was the coat of arms of French royalty.

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However, a short while after seeing the car with the URV 1 registration, I passed a van with a fleur-de-lis in feathers painted on the back. At the time I could only assume that this was an indication that I was 'on the right road'. But then during my subsequent visit to England in August, I was provided with clarification of the meaning. I was attending a seminar where a booklet was on sale. It was written by Don Galloway as a tribute to Ivor Novello. I had a powerful urge to purchase this booklet and started reading it at the first opportunity. Don quotes from a letter written to him, part of which reads '*my attention was drawn to another large plaque in nearby King Street, which bore the Prince of Wales feathers.*' I then realised that a fleur-de-lis made of feathers was in fact called the Prince of Wales feathers.

By 2005 I had begun to understand a little more of the significance of the symbolism associated with many of these events. The first element was to recognize that whenever I posed a mental question, within a very short time an answer was presented to me in a '*documented*' form that I was able to accept – although not necessarily completely understand. The second point relates to a consolidated consideration of the symbolism presented. Individually the symbols had meaning, but when taken together, the meaning seemed to become more precise. Initially 'You are the one' was brought to my attention, to be followed a few months later by URV 3. 'You are the three'. From my colleague's explanation of what he had seen at the museum, the V-3 rocket was only in model and blueprint form – not yet completed. And I eventually realized that the same applied to the interpretation of the 'Prince of Wales' feathers. The Prince of Wales had not yet become King.

I moved to live in '*Kings-bridge*' Devon, in 2000.

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CHAPTER 2

PLANNING FROM BEYOND?

Arrangements had been made for Marcia to stay with me during a 2-week visit to this area commencing on 15 July 2008. On my arrival home on 14 July there was a message on my answer-phone from Marcia to say that her mother had fallen and broken her hip. Her mother had been moved into a residential home the previous year, but was now in hospital. I should not meet Marcia as planned because she intended to go directly to Plymouth. Marcia stayed at her mother's house and visited her mother in hospital on 15 and 16 July then came to my home that evening. She returned to the hospital on 17 July but her mother, who was 92, did not survive the obligatory operation that was taking place during the time that Marcia was travelling. Marcia then spent most of her stay advising and visiting family and friends and making funeral arrangements. The funeral took place on 29 July and Marcia returned home on 30 July. Her return tickets had been booked some weeks before she intended to travel. Was it known at some level that her mother's transition would take place at that time and she had been prompted to make her travel arrangements accordingly?

During Marcia's stay we had attended an evening of meditation. Marcia said that she had noted the image of a swan associated with me. Upon her return home she felt that she had to send me a copy of the text of '*Druid Animal Oracle on the Swan*'.

As I read that text I was reminded of events surrounding a workshop entitled '*Passages for the Soul*' that I had attend in Ireland in 1997. During the early part of that year a whole series of incidents had drawn my attention to '*Swan*'. I had been noticing swans wherever I went. When I received the invitation to the workshop I felt no need to participate in what appeared to be a repeat of a workshop that I had attended in 1996. But the main design on the publicity was a swan, which left me wondering whether I was being encouraged to return to Ireland. Shortly

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afterwards, while visiting daughter Jan, I commented that if I was meant to attend this workshop, I needed to see three swans flying, two white on the outside with a black one between them. I really did not feel drawn to attend the workshop. We went out for the day and while driving along the side of the Thames, we saw three swans in a triangle, two white and one black at the apex. I decided that I had better attend the workshop.

Here I quote a few passages from the Druid card that I had received from Marcia in August 2008:

1. *'It is auspicious to draw this card if you are preparing to write a song or poem.'*
2. *'for we have the hearts of wild swans and we must fly in the dusk.'*
3. *'Brugh na Boinne - now known as Newgrange.'*
4. *'the swan is also a bird of the threshold, and represents that part of us which can travel into the Otherworld'*
5. *'The theme of the maiden turning into a swan is also an allegory of death - the swan representing the soul.'*
6. *'She told them they would remain as swans for nine hundred years until they heard a bell tolling and the news that a prince from the north would marry a princess from the south.'* [I sensed this latter reference symbolised the IRA cease-fire and joint rule in Northern Ireland.]

During that 1997 workshop, every day my attention continued to be drawn to 'swan' in some way or another - swan plant pots either side of the front entrance, seeing swans fly past, pictures of swans, etc. On the last day after the workshop I arrived at a B&B in Dublin and noted a tapestry of a swan hanging in the entrance hall. I returned home the following day and recall thinking that it was

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strange that I had not seen a swan, as during part of that day I had been in Ireland. This was pre Euro days so I had spent all my loose Irish currency at the airport on a cassette of Irish music. This was playing as I unpacked at home. It was 11.20 p.m. when I noticed the words on one track '*As the swan in the evening moved over the lake*'. (See 2 above) That, I anticipated, would be the end of the swan saga.

However, exactly a month later on 25 August 1997 I was to hear that same tune again, this time in a very different setting. I had gone to see the film 'Michael Collins' - a founder member of the IRA in the early 1920's. At the precise point in the film that Collins was shot, the words being sung on the sound track were '*As the swan in the evening moved over the lake*'. I came out of the cinema in such a state of shock, to the point of being unable to speak to a work colleague who had also been to see the film. Somehow I knew that this time the cease-fire would hold. The 'Good Friday Agreement' was signed the following year - 1998.

[On the first day of that 1997 workshop it was announced that the IRA had initiated a further cease-fire. This prompted the leader of the workshop to ask our group to focus our intention that the cease-fire would hold during a meditation.]

I responded to Marcia's 'Druid Animal Oracle on the Swan' text by sending her an email, part of which reads as follows:

'During the 1996 and the 1997 workshops we did early morning meditations in Newgrange (See 3 above) prior to it being open to the public. On exiting Newgrange during the second workshop I was inspired to write a poem. (See 1 above)

As I copied the poem I noticed the date that it was written – 23 July 1997. From the time your Mum died on 17 July to the date of her funeral on 29 July there were 13 days. In the tarot, 13 is the number of 'transition' or 're-birth-day'. 23 July is exactly the middle day between Essie's death and her funeral, and it was exactly 11 years previously that I wrote the poem.' (See 4 and 5 above)

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I then attached a copy of the following poem.

A BIRTH-DAY GIFT

*Sometimes upon this path of life, we meet someone we know
from times gone by? Within our dreams? Maybe so long ago
we met somewhere; we passed some time, or shared our lives as one.*

*And so it is we meet again. I listen to your song,
yet somewhere, way down deep inside, there's something that's unknown.*

*Our past has brought us back to earth, maybe to share alone
some moments of our lives again - enjoy and celebrate.*

*The memories of our hidden past reveal how we relate.
Though our paths, within this life, cross but for a short while,
the memories of our sojourn here remain within your smile.*

*And so it is, our lives reveal the mysteries of the past.
May God be with you on your way 'til you reach home at last.*

Marcia's response to that was:

'The 23rd July is very special in more ways than you know. It was my father's birthday and also Lynette's [Marcia's eldest daughter] birthday. She was born on his 48th birthday. I feel that your intuition is absolutely correct that my father was instrumental in getting us together. [This refers to earlier events.] You wrote that poem on Lynette's last birthday in this life when Mum, Melissa [third daughter] and I took her with her special home carers on a coach trip to special gardens in Cornwall.'

One evening during Marcia's stay with me in July 2008 it looked as though it would be a nice sunset so I suggested that we go to a local beach where I wanted to take a photograph of the sun setting through a hole in a rock. It was not possible from the beach so we walked around to join the coastal path. It was not possible from there either, so while I climbed a fence into a field Marcia walked around to enter the field by the gate. Shortly afterwards a man walked towards us and asked what we were doing in his field. I explained that I was trying to get a photograph of the sunset through the hole in the rock. He commented that when he saw me,

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from his house close by, as he had had problems with holidaymakers damaging his fences he thought about bringing his shotgun. I refrain from saying what my thoughts were at that moment. However when he discovered that I was not one of those holidaymakers he became more amenable and friendly. Eventually he confided that the only time I would get such a photograph would be from the beach, a few days either side of 21 June when the tide and cloud conditions were right. He said that he had waited 30 years to get such a photograph. He then asked me if I would like a copy.

While we walked back to the car park, this man rode his bicycle home, then rode back to the car park with a postcard copy of his photograph. Not only that, he explained that he was responsible in some way for The Lost Gardens of Heligan in Cornwall. He then gave us complementary tickets to visit the gardens. So, I had wanted a photo of the sunset through the hole in the rock - and got it, but not in the manner I had envisaged. I did return the following year when there was a brilliant red sunset around 21 June and I was able to take my own photograph that I had desired.

But we need to consider the significance of the poem and the birthdays of Marcia's father and daughter and the fact that they went to a 'special' garden in Cornwall on Marcia's daughter's last birthday. (She died later that year – See 5 above.) I wonder how much her father, and / or daughter, had a hand in arranging for us to be given complementary tickets to visit The Lost Gardens of Heligan? Marcia subsequently confirmed that the coach trip to the 'special' gardens was in fact to The Lost Gardens of Heligan.

But to return to ancestor James' influence in my life. During a shamanic workshop on 23 September 2008, I had the following experience:

'I opened a door and sitting there was what I perceived as a Wing Commander with a double barrel name. He said 'Well, hello old chap' which typified language of Second World War RAF personnel. I somehow knew that he had the DSO and DFC medals. Sitting opposite him was a Flight Sergeant asleep in a

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chair. Both displayed pilots' wings on their jackets, which further indicated that the situation related to the Second World War as present day pilots would be officer rank. I sensed one name that sounded like Richard.'

Eleven days later on 4 October I attended another workshop entitled '*Working with the Ancestors*'. During this exercise, following a meditation, I drew the image of a Second World War Spitfire. '*The plane and the pilot had been hit by enemy shells and the engine was on fire. The plane went down in the sea and the pilot was drowned.*' The person sitting next but one to me, Anni, had also drawn three Second World War aircraft under fire. As we were the only two among about thirty participants who had drawn such aircraft, we decided to work together on our images. Anni's story was that '*She felt the planes were Spitfires and six aircrew were missing.*' But the drawing of Anni's aircraft did not look like Spitfires and I realised that Spitfires were single engine aircraft with a single occupant – the pilot.

I had naturally anticipated that in the workshop exercise with Anni I would be working with deceased airmen. However, and I do not now recall how this came about, but I went into working with James. After the exercise I was unable to make any connection between James and either of the drawings or the pilots. But subsequently I recalled that a few months earlier I had decided to plan a trip to Normandy in France the following May, which would include passing through the Somme area. At that point I had no intention of visiting any war graves, but I suspect, considering what followed, that James had other ideas.

A week later on 10 October 2008 there was a television documentary about a wartime raid, 'Operation Jericho' that took place on 18 February 1944. Over 100 French captured resistance fighters were incarcerated in the prison at Amiens, France. Official records claim that a number of them were due to be executed on 19 February. The objective of the raid was to bomb the German sentry and administrative positions and prison walls, in the hopes of releasing as many of the resistance fighters as possible. It was

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considered that they would be indispensable in providing vital support for the eventual invasion of Normandy.

The aircraft involved in the raid were 'Mosquitoes'. They were twin engine and had a two-man crew, a pilot and navigator. I began to suspect that this was probably the type of aircraft that Anni had drawn. The programme showed the grave stones of the lead pilot of the raid and his navigator. The pilot was Group Captain (not Wing Commander) Pickard DSO, 2 bars DFC and navigator Flight Lieutenant Bradley. I was not sure if there was any connection between this and Anni's experience, but I began to feel that I should visit their graves at the St Pierre military cemetery, near Amiens, during my planned visit to France in 2009.

I sent Anni an email to advise her of what I had discovered and my intentions. Part of Anni's reply reads:

'When you mentioned Amiens in your email I immediately looked it up on the Internet and found the Mosquitoes that I had drawn. I am sure these were a group of men from Operation Jericho on 18 February 1944. The Mosquitoes are definitely what I drew and interestingly there was a Richard Webb Sampson, a navigator in a 464 Sqn. (RAAF) Mosquito. The strangest thing is, I have always known that my previous life was as a member of the French Resistance and I know I was captured and shot in Normandy'.

Anni's 'six missing aircrew' seemed to validate her impression that the drawing corresponded to the Amiens raid during which three aircrew were killed and three taken prisoner. Her identification of the other aircrew member killed during the raid, 'Richard Webb Sampson' also tied up with my impression during the shamanic workshop eleven days earlier, of the name 'Richard' and a double barrel name.

Less than a month later, on 7 November 2008, while watching another television programme on 'The Great War' reference was

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made to, and images shown of the 'Lochnagar Crater'⁶. I had never heard of this and had no idea where the crater was located, but as I watched the programme I had an overwhelming feeling that I must also visit this crater during my planned trip to France. The following day I searched the Internet to find the location of what I eventually discovered was an enormous 300ft diameter by 90ft deep crater.

The first surprise I had was that the crater was only about 10 km from where James is buried. I instantly resolved to pay a return visit to James' grave while in the area. However as I continued to scroll through the article I was not prepared for the shock that awaited me. Suddenly I was confronted by a picture of a bench close to the crater, dedicated to the memory of '*The Grimsby Chums*'. Grimsby being both James' and my hometown I immediately called my sister (who still lives in Grimsby) to tell her what I had discovered. I was so choked that I had difficulty in speaking. I can only assume that at that instant, James had become extremely close to me and I concluded that for some reason he had been inspiring me to visit the crater to assist any 'Grimsby Chums' still in the area.

A further eight days later a member of our meditation group who had no knowledge of my recent decision to visit Lochnagar Crater said that she could see a nun linked with me who had died quite young in the first half of the 20th century and that she was a determined character. This clearly corresponded to St. Thérèse of Lisieux and it would be entirely appropriate (as I will explain in a moment) for St. Thérèse to remind me that she was available to assist in whatever work I had to do in respect of helping war victims.

During an earlier visit to France my prime intention had been to visit particular war graves. It was on 16 May 2005 that the face of a nun appeared to me as I awoke. The face was not physical and it definitely was not a dream. Later the same day, while walking

⁶ I made a brief reference to the incident associated with Lochnagar Crater in my earlier work '*Discovering Truth*' Chapter 20.

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around St. Catherine's church in Honfleur, I was confronted by a metre square image of a nun staring down at me. I soon discovered that it was a photograph of St. Thérèse, the same face that had appeared to me on waking earlier that morning. The following day the same image greeted me as I entered the Carmel at Lisieux. As I stood gazing at the photograph, in my mind I kept hearing the word 'Ask' 'Ask'. What was I supposed to ask? Then my eyes alighted on the dozens, if not hundreds, of plaques on the walls all around the Carmel - so many of them expressing thanks to St. Thérèse for saving soldiers throughout both World Wars. So that was what I had to ask! I had to ask St. Thérèse to help all the remaining war victims from both World Wars who were still earthbound, to release their attachment to the earth realm and move towards the light.

Before moving on I should explain that over the years I have realised that somehow, war dead and no doubt other deceased persons, have been able to blend closely with me and use my eyes to see their own gravestone. In many cases this seemed to be sufficient for them to recognise that they had been remembered. In other cases, I felt that it was necessary for them to see their own gravestone in order for them to accept that they had in fact died. Whatever the reason, anything towards helping them release any further attachments they may have to the earthly realm could only be beneficial. I added 'other deceased persons' but it needs to be understood that the 'blending' is associated with energy vibrations. Considering that most of my working life was in a military environment, it would therefore be more natural for military personnel to be attracted to my environment than would others. Again, as explained in *'Discovering Truth'* I have also come to recognise that when deceased persons have influenced me, there is always some 'vibratory' or 'energetic link' between them and myself, however tenuous this may initially appear.

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CHAPTER 3

FRANCE 2009

I invited Marcia to join me on the trip to France in 2009. During the planning I mentioned that I intended to visit the beaches in Normandy, sites of the D-Day invasion in 1944, together with some of the First and Second World War memorials and cemeteries. A few days before our departure while speaking with Marcia she mentioned that she had already packed a couple of bikinis. I wanted to know when she thought she would need them. *'Well you said we were going to the beaches'* was the response! Despite this misconception we set off on 27 May for Arras where I had booked to spend the first night. My plan envisaged visiting the Canadian Memorial at Vimy some 7 km before arriving at our destination. However due to inclement weather that first evening I decided to delay that visit until the following day.

The next morning Marcia said that as she woke she had heard the words *'Everything is proportional'* then in her mind she *'saw an iceberg'*. She also heard two separate voices calling her *'Mam'*, which she assumed to be American, followed by hearing three names. She asked me what I thought she should do about it. I suggested that she made a note of the names and that we remain aware of what might transpire later. After a considerable period I asked what she was writing. *'I'm writing all the names'* was the response. *'How many names have you got?'* I wondered. A short count revealed that by then she had a list of 10 names. *'Well you'd better stop before you get the whole damn regiment'* I responded. What had I let myself in for?

After breakfast we set off to the Canadian Memorial at Vimy. However I missed the turning to the site of the Monument. As a result, the road we followed was a cul-de-sac and the location of the Canadian Cemetery No 2, (Neuville-St. Vaast) within the Canadian National Vimy Memorial Park. On checking the names Marcia had earlier noted, against the records of the 820 casualties

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in that cemetery, we discovered that there were grave headstones to 'Frederick Taylor' - the first name on Marcia's list, and 'Charles Phillips' - the fourth name on her list. Initially Marcia was astonished at this, but soon convinced herself that, as these were relatively common names, it was just a coincidence. [I subsequently discovered that there are 379 - 'F. Taylor' and 99 - 'C. Phillips' First World War casualties listed on the Commonwealth War Graves Commission (CWGC) web site.]

Also while checking the CWGC web site I noticed that in respect of Alister Catford - the third name on Marcia's list, the only First World War - 'A Catford' casualty was buried in a different cemetery, but both he and Charles Phillips were members of the same Canadian Infantry, Quebec Regiment.

Two days later Marcia recounted that she had heard the name 'Milne' – which she felt was related to, and sounded like Milne - a river? (She had suggested to the communicator that he contact Nick who was still asleep, but he had responded '*You'll do Mam.*')

Marcia then continued:

I heard someone calling out 'Tigress, Tigress, come in Tigress. Roy, Roy, that's my boy.' (He seemed to be talking to himself.) She sensed that he was following the mouth of the river, very nervous, tension. I asked him what he could see: 'Bombardment'. 'Angels fly, don't they?' - His thoughts. 'Control, control' - calling out. 'Too young to die.' - His thoughts. I felt a huge tension and my body go stiff. Then peace, nothing, dreamlike. 'Where am I?' He called 'Roy O'Neile'. He told me he was of Irish stock, farmers. 'Lonely, lonely, lost, sort of drifting - body light, mist, fog, mist.' I got him to call out to his mother 'Ethel' to take him to the Light.

We discussed the above and I felt that because he had called her 'Mam', that he was probably American. As we planned to visit both the Normandy and Brittany American Cemeteries we decided to check to see if there was any record of 'Roy O'Neil' at these sites. We discovered only one possible record match and that was of Daniel R. O'Neill buried at the Normandy Cemetery. We visited

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his grave, but I was not convinced that this was the individual concerned as the initial 'R' might not corresponded with the name 'Roy', nor did I sense any energetic link.

As I was writing up the account of the trip and had access to the CWGC web site, I checked to see if there was any match for Roy O'Neil among the Commonwealth casualties and this is where the search became confusing. I discovered that 'R. J. O'Neill' was buried at the Tigris Lane Cemetery, Wancourt, located about 1.5 kilometres south of the main road between Arras and Cambrai. Marcia had recorded her impression as '*Tigress, Tigress, come in Tigress. Roy, Roy, that's my boy.*' Could this be a reference to the Tigris (a positive link to Marcia's sensing of a 'river' and not Tigress) Lane Cemetery? I decided to investigate further. Although R. J. O'Neill had Canadian nationality and was a member of the Canadian Infantry (Central Ontario Regiment) his record shows that he was the son of Michael and Ellen O'Neill, of Sioux City, Iowa, U.S.A. This could then account for us suspecting that the personality communicating with Marcia was American due to him referring to her as '*Mam*'. Furthermore I sensed that there was a possible misunderstanding somewhere in the communication and that his mother's name '*Ellen*' had been received as '*Ethe*'. I also eventually discovered that Sioux City is located on the banks of the Missouri River and has a 'Mill (not '*Milne*') River Club'.

But back to our journey through France. A brief check on the CWGC website at the Thiepval Memorial soon revealed that we would not have time on this trip to visit the sites of remembrance of those victims we had identified on Marcia's list. One was in Belgium; another grave was in a cemetery that we had already passed. From the list I was eventually able to identify the grave location or memorial dedication to 6 of the 10 names. Considering the number of graves to 'Unknown Soldiers' it was not surprising that I was unable to identify the burial sites of all the names on Marcia's list.

As already mentioned, one of the main objectives of the trip was to return to the Mailly-Maillet Communal Cemetery Extension where ancestor, James Gatrill, is buried. On my previous visit I had

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discovered that his age at death on his grave headstone was shown as '34', whereas his age in the cemetery record book and on the CWGC website was shown as '24'. Subsequent to further checking, according to the 1901 census records, he must have been either 21 or 22. I needed photographic evidence to back up a request to have the records and headstone corrected.

However it was as we were returning from the Maily-Maillet Communal Cemetery Extension that Marcia suddenly became agitated and insisted that we stop to visit another cemetery, not part of our planned itinerary. She had seen a sign to the Maily Wood Cemetery, on our way to visit James' grave. The only parking available was off the road on a muddy cart track. We then had to walk about 500 meters along the L shaped track to reach the cemetery. As we turned the 90° angle a butterfly repeatedly appeared just ahead as though guiding us towards the cemetery. There Marcia was relieved to find the grave of 19 year old Private Andrew Cruickshank of the 5th Battalion Gordon Highlanders; one of 643 identified casualties buried in that cemetery. He had been killed on 13 November 1916 and was the 7th name on her list. At last Marcia seemed to accept that, in view of the relatively uncommon name, deceased soldiers had in fact been communicating their names to her.

From there we continued our route to the Lochnagar Crater. The crater was formed as the result of 26 tons of high explosives being detonated below German front line trenches at 7.28 a.m. on 1 July 1916. It signalled the beginning of the Battle of the Somme. The main attack at this point was led by Divisional troops of the Tyneside Scottish, Tyneside Irish, the 10th Lincoln (Grimsby Chums) and the 11th Suffolk Regiments. While there I was prompted to write the following poem.

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LOCHNAGAR CRATER

*To those who died upon this site,
their days were short, but long their night
in darkness over ages past.*

*And now, in hope, to move at last
from depths of fear to realms of light,
with comrades lost, to re-unite.*

*To join and be in harmony,
and know that they will ever be
among those, who for us all gave,
their lives, their names without a grave*

*Yet in this place we will recall,
their sacrifice. They gave their all.
The memories of their lives cut short,
we will recall, and know we ought
to never more in history
resort to war just to be free.*

*And so we will recall again
their sacrifice – honour their name
and send them to the realms of light
with love. No more remain within the night
from which they suffered for so long.
Now is the time to sing the song:
'Be free, move on, the time is past,
it's time to move on home at last!'*

One may question what benefit there could be, if any, in visiting cemeteries and memorials? From my perspective, focusing on individuals seems to amplify the enormity of what took place. But I suspect that the whole exercise is more about helping the deceased. From previous experience, I sensed that many victims seem to have been 'locked in time and space' surrounding their death and have not been able to release their attachment to that particular environment. One reason for this is the fact that they

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were military personnel under orders. In many instances they do not seem to have realised that they have died and have not been given an order to countermand the last order they were given in life. They seem to be unaware that they are free to move on to the next phase of their experience.

Subsequent to discovering James' connection with me, some years later I attended a workshop on 'Working with the Ancestors'. During one exercise James told me that he had been with me all my life but had drawn closer to me about 10 years previously. He explained that during that latter period he had learned all that I had learned. This leads me to believe that somehow an energetic link may be established between similar energetic expressions of consciousness, primarily focussed in different dimensions. It then appears possible for communication to take place in what we might refer to as 'thought form' - something that comes from the heart, not the head.

We do not know what communications capability exists between those who have left this life, but if it is anything like between those in this world and those in the afterlife, it would probably be something close to a form of thought exchange.

I have little doubt that it was James who inspired me to visit the Lochnagar Crater and suspect that this had something to do with a need to release any 'Grimsby Chums' who might still be hanging around that area. Maybe simply writing the poem could be sufficient to help those minds 'locked in time' to let go. Maybe something more is needed. Between the decision to make this latest journey to visit war graves and departing on the trip, on at least three occasions I was reminded by people unaware of my earlier experience with St Thérèse that I should remember to ask St Thérèse for help with releasing these war victims. For the most part, I do not know how it works, but again as a result of prior experiences, I do know that these trapped souls can be released.

Words of most of the poems written at graves of war victims flow in quite quickly and usually include encouragement such as that expressed in the last stanza of the poem above '*Be free, move on,*

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the time is past, it's time to move on home at last. I have also concluded, as a result of numerous experiences, that victims are somehow able to use my eyes to see their own gravestone. Whether this is what convinces them that they have died or whether there is some conscious residue that draws them to the site of their trauma before being able to release their earthly attachment is really immaterial. So long as this helps them let go of their earthly attachment, then such visits are worthwhile.

Prior to this trip, on 12 April 2009 I had received a postcard from my sister who was visiting Australia, showing the War Memorial in Perth. It began '*Thought of you when I came to this area of the Kings Park - it is the most impressive War Memorial I have ever seen.*' I felt a strong emotional link as I read her card. Later the same day the name '**Grant Brittain**' came into my mind. I do not know anyone with that name.

There was no record of an Australian named 'Grant Brittain' on the CWGC web site, but there were a number of Australians with the family names of 'Grant' and 'Brittain' 'Britten' or 'Britton'. Many of these were among the names of 10,770 First World War Australians commemorated on the Monument at the Memorial, close to Villers-Bretonneux in France. The Memorial was only 10 km off the route that I planned to take, so a visit to it was easily incorporated into the trip. The only names that seemed to be significant were:

Private Claude Ewen **Grant**, killed 2 May 1917, age 19. His parents, John and Lillian were from Midland Junction, Western Australia, which is only about 10 miles from the Perth Memorial.

Private Robert John **Britten**, killed 29 July 1916, age 22. He was the son of Robert Andrew and Annie Louisa Britten, of Buckhurst Hill, Essex, England. (The only 'Britten' born in Great Britain.)

While proofing this text I realised that I had previously heard the name '*Annie Britten*' and decided to see if I could discover any further clues on the Internet. This is what I discovered.

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'Annie Brittain told a fourteen year old Fanny Higginson that her future spiritual development lay in trance mediumship. She also told Fanny that she would have a son who would become a world famous Platform Medium - so it was, and he was Gordon Higginson.'

As previously explained in *'Discovering Truth'*, Gordon Higginson was my first teacher and who, at the time, was the President of the Spiritualist's National Union. I now had to consider how much Gordon (who had been an army sergeant during the Second World War) might have had a hand in getting me to visit war graves.

Also as I explained in *'Discovering Truth'*, I had realised that there is usually an energetic link which attracts us to visit certain places or which draws particular personalities into our environment. To the logical mind, such links may seem rather tenuous, however while checking the CWGC website records at Villers-Bretonneux Military Cemetery I noticed that in addition to the Australians, there were just two Second World War New Zealand Air Force victims buried there. As both were also from towns that I had visited in 2006, Auckland and Canterbury, I felt they had to be added to the list of graves to visit. Squadron Leader Ian George Medwin was 'Mentioned in Despatches' and came from Auckland. Flying Officer Arthur John Coe was from Canterbury.

To complete our circuit of visits to war memorials we included the graves of the airmen, mentioned in Chapter 2, who were killed during Operation Jericho on 18 February 1944.

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CHAPTER 4

THE WORK CONTINUES IN ENGLAND

As previously mentioned, Cynthia and I met regularly for meditation. Subsequent to the trip to France I felt that it might be useful if, during one of our meditation evenings, we could check to see if any of the war victims still needed help to move on. We planned this for 3 August 2009. Just before turning off my computer that day I checked for any new emails. There was one from friend Kay, who works part time as a medium, which read:

'I wanted your opinion on some possible rescue work. The deceased father of a friend of mine has communicated to me as he has done before. However, this time he seemed somewhat puzzled that he had not met up with other people who he feels he should have been reunited with. This gentleman was a Lt Col in the Second World War. He together with men under his command were taken prisoner by the Japanese and finished up as slave labour building the bridge over the River Kwai. He did his very best to keep morale up, putting the welfare of his men above his own. However, he survived and very few of his men did. He has met up with some of his men in spirit and knows there are many more to meet (most of whom went mad before they died in Japan). He feels as their commanding officer it is his duty to create the conditions for a reunion, as in life so many of his men perished whilst he himself survived and was liberated.'

As time was short, I only briefly scanned the email and made a mental note to ring Kay the following evening to discuss the matter and, apart from a brief mention to Cynthia without detail, gave it no further thought that evening.

We had agreed to check if any of the war victims from the French trip needed help. I chose to focus on Pte Grant, the Australian from Perth, who I felt had manifested the strongest energetic link with me while I was putting together the list of graves, cemeteries and

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memorials to visit. However as soon as I made a 'link' I realised that this was not Pte Grant but Roy O'Neill who had contacted Marcia. I continued to work with him.

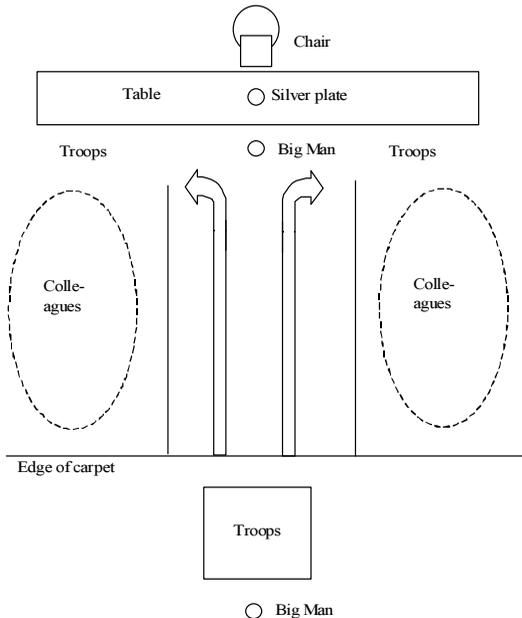
I was consciously fascinated that he should have manifested because of the desperate way in which he had made contact with Marcia rather than with me during our trip. However, subsequent to our return, I realised that his was the only grave in the area we had not visited out of those we had positively identified. I 'sensed' what appeared to be the top of a small clean pinewood coffin. The coffin was on the ground and the whole area was just mud. I had the impression that Roy had been hit directly by a shell and his body parts were scattered around the area. I felt that these parts needed to be 're-assembled' and buried, but then quickly realised that 'body parts' actually represented 'soul parts'. I was communicating with Roy and encouraging him to gather these soul parts together when suddenly the 'complete Roy' stood looking in despair at a derelict cottage that had no door or window frames and was partly covered in ivy. I felt that this was in Ireland. (Roy had communicated to Marcia that he was of Irish stock.) I sensed that he, or one of his ancestors, used to live at the cottage but everyone had now gone. I encouraged him to link up with his buddies and as soon as he did so, they shouted 'Come on Charlie' as though he had been a straggler and they had been waiting for him. He turned to look at me, thanked me, and then went on with his buddies.

Cynthia's experience was that she sensed a 'big man' with about a dozen or so troops who were his colleagues. They were all army, whereas half of those on the list of victims from our trip to France were air force. She said that he seemed to be looking for more of his colleagues so we decided to work with them.

Cynthia suggested to the big man that many of his colleagues had probably already passed over and they would be there to meet them when he and his troops arrived. The big man gave orders for the remaining troops to assemble in a square formation. He took up a position in the rear. I sensed that they were facing what Cynthia called a barrier (although there was no barrier as such) which they needed to cross in order to move on. I subsequently sensed this

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barrier as the edge of a carpet. From the edge of the carpet there was an alleyway down the middle formed by colleagues on each side who had already passed on. The best way I am able to describe it, is it looked like a wide aisle of a church and the pews on either side were the colleagues. At the position of the 'altar' there was a long table placed across the aisle. On the table was what looked like a large wide lipped silver decorative plate and behind this was a chair with what appeared to be a large circular back about 8ft high. The big man got his men to march up the aisle and when they reached the table they branched out on either side. As they did so all their colleagues were waving. The big man took his place in the centre and they all knelt down. This is a layout of how I viewed the situation.



I then sensed that there was communication coming from the direction of the chair to the troops (although there was no one in the chair). They were being told that from now on, in this new dimension, they would communicate by thought. They then stood up and filed out round each end of the table to some place behind

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the chair and all their colleagues followed them. It felt as though there was going to be a big party. As I reflected that we had probably done what we could to help them move on, suddenly like an animated cartoon, the carpet (edge of the barrier) rolled up and the whole scene disappeared.

The following evening I called Kay and gave her some tips on how to help those who seemed to be in limbo and assist them to move on. However I did not realise the significance of what Kay told me about the gentleman who had contacted her until after I had put the phone down. She gave me his name as Richard and said that he was 6ft 6ins tall. Suddenly I realised that this was probably the 'big man' who Cynthia and I had worked with the previous evening and we had already helped him and his troops to move on.

A month later Marcia and I were visiting Scotland. The owner of the B&B in Ayr recommended a restaurant at a nearby hotel. During the meal I noticed that the whole dining room was decorated with poppies – paintings hanging on the walls, artificial poppies in vases on tables, poppy designs on crockery and even a standard lamp with a red shade. The choice of menu was so broad and the price extremely reasonable compared to other places where we had eaten, that this prompted me to suggest we might have been guided to this restaurant as a token of 'thanks' for visiting the war graves while we were in France. Of course as recounted in Chapter 2, we had also visited the Lochnagar Crater. As we left the dining room I glanced back and noticed that the name above the door was 'Lochinvar'.

The following day we were driving south and music was being selected and played randomly on my iPod. This had been given to me months previously, pre-loaded with over 1000 tracks by son-in-law, Chris. It was a few seconds after the commencement of a track before I recognised it as the theme music from the film '633 Squadron'. Something then prompted me to glance at the trip recorder. It read '633.3 km'. The chances of this being purely coincidental were phenomenal. I needed to consider the significance of the meaning behind that event.

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It did not take much imagination for me to realise that the 'thanks' associated with the poppies from the previous evening were evidently linked with the seven First World War army victims whose graves we had visited. It now felt as though the seven Second World War air force victims, whose graves we had also visited, did not wish to be left out, and now seemed to have arranged this phenomenon to signal their thanks. But not only that, at that point on our journey we were within less than 10 km of where Anni lived, who, eleven months previously in London, had drawn the mosquito aircraft associated with Operation Jericho.⁷

It could be argued that my interpretation of the above symbolic events which I concluded amounted to 'thanks', were simply products of my over active imagination. However on 25 October 2009 I received a telephone call from Kay. The previous evening she had attended an evening of clairvoyance. The medium had said that someone with the names 'Richard' and 'Col' wished to communicate with her. Kay immediately recognised this communicator as Lt Col Richard ... He wanted Kay to *'pass on his thanks to her friends who had helped with the work they had been doing'*.

It should be kept in mind that at the beginning of my research I had stipulated that in order for me to accept anything beyond the physical realm I needed to have confirmation three times, in a documented form, from outside of myself. I have no doubt that the work in which we have been engaged has in some way been beneficial to the military victims. Not only that, but as a result of this 'feedback', I was further convinced that communication by 'thought' was as real as any verbal communication.

It was 23 December 2009 when I received a large envelope. This was from my friend Pat. It contained personal correspondence, a few photocopy pages from a book and a greeting card. In the 23 years that I had known Pat this was the first time I had ever received a Christmas card from her. Another event out of the ordinary - what did this card contain? Not the usual greeting, but a

⁷ See Chapter 2.

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communication from a First World War soldier, who initially addressed me as 'Murray' as opposed to 'Nick', the name Pat would have used to address me. The complete text reads as follows:

'To Murray.

Contact: - Soldier, Harry. First World War. Sergeant, Khaki Uniform. British (Scotland).

Message:

Remember the day we first said hello. You said something that showed you really cared. Your help was, and is appreciated. To my family you show unending courage in the face of adversity. Your strength is following your principles and teaching others that there is life after death. 'I will rephrase that.' There is no death!

When your time comes, you will be met by everyone you have helped. Those you did not give up on (everyone).

You helped me to see the light.

You helped me to stop the fight.

Knife once again in its sheath.

Bullet stopped in full flight.

You helped me through my night of darkness; to see my Nan, who had waited so long to meet me on the other side.

Tinker, Taylor, Soldier, Sergeant, Land of the Brave.

Thank you Nick from me and all those with me who you have helped.

Looking into that deep, deep hole you saw every soul who lost their lives on that day.

I will play you a song on my mouth organ to see in the New Year!

A very merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Strike a light boy!' [Which I took to mean – 'get a move on.']

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Written on the back of the card were the words '*Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from me also. Love and Light. Pat.*'

Also printed on the back of the card were the words '*Little Detail*'.

Looking at the 'little details' in the communication on that card, I had no doubt that the '*deep, deep hole*' was the Lochnagar Crater. Many of the troops killed at that site on the first day of the Battle of the Somme were from the Tyneside Scottish Regiment. - '*Scotland*'. A week before coming to visit me in July, Marcia had bought a copy of the biography of Harry Patch '*The Last British Tommy*' in a charity shop. She read it and passed it to me. I began reading the book the last day of Harry Patch's 111 years of earthly life, and completed it the day of his funeral. The '*Soldier. First World War*' communicating a message via Pat gave identification as '*Harry*'. I suspect that once we understand ourselves as being an amalgam of energies, part of the '*One*' expressed as a physical being for our period of earthly life, then releasing any of those trapped energies helps release all souls suffering a similar trauma. The reference '*To my family*' I felt meant all soldiers killed in battle.

Reference is also made to '*Sergeant*' twice in the text – but once completely out of context. There was evidently some reason for this in order to attract my attention. Harry Patch was not a sergeant. Then I realised that my first teacher, Gordon Higginson, had been a sergeant in the army during the Second World War. He had also been the President of the Spiritualist Church that Pat often attended. The message begins '*Remember the day we first said hello*' and conclude with '*There is no death!*' The latter expression being the significant message that Gordon had always emphasised during his time on earth. As to '*the day we first said hello*', this was at a seminar. Without my knowledge, Margaret had booked for me to attend that seminar. Gordon began his first lecture with the words '*You did not choose to be here today*' – or words very similar. I immediately wondered how he knew! That same line of the communication containing the word '*Sergeant*' that I considered to be 'out of context', also made reference to '*Taylor*' the first name on Marcia's list. The identification '*Harry*' then was simply a means of indicating to me that the work we had been doing, had in

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some way been beneficial to all deceased soldiers. I also suspect that in some cases, simply visiting specific sites or individual graves had been sufficient to release blocked energies.

But before concluding this chapter, I must return to the printed 'communication' '*Little Detail*' on the reverse of Pat's card. This, having caught my attention, made me even more attentive and prompted me to be aware of any other indicators that might be significant in what I had come to understand as a form of personal symbolic communication between myself and helpers in another dimension. Shortly afterwards I noticed that the film '633 Squadron' was to be shown on TV on 27 December. Appropriately the introduction to that film explained that '*This story is inspired by the exploits of the Royal Air Force and Commonwealth Mosquito air crews during the Second World War*'. The aircrew victims of 'Operation Jericho' flew Mosquitoes.

It was 28 December when friends Kay and David came to visit Marcia and myself. Before sharing in a short meditation, one of the subjects in our conversation had been the impression we had of 'time' seeming to be speeding up.

Over many years, repeated specific events had convinced me that there was a distinct intelligent communication behind unusual physical phenomena. At one period while in Belgium, I noticed a series of different phenomena of light bulbs blowing, calendars falling to the ground and clock times changing at significant moments or around significant events. This involved more than one clock showing times both ahead of, and later than, the correct time by hours, and included changing and not changing the batteries. I wrote up an account of these events and concluded with the question '*Were light bulbs blowing and clock times changing, symbolically indicating a different meaning?*' I finished the article, went from the office to the living room and as I switched on the light; the bulb blew. There was the answer to my question.⁸

⁸ See '*Discovering Truth*' Chapter 11 for further details.

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One set of circumstances worth recording, which was instrumental in convincing me of the intelligent communication behind such physical events, was the following. Daughter Jan had been studying in England in the late 1980's. On one of her visits back home in Belgium she claimed that her deceased grandmother had been in the habit of turning on her hairdryer when she was not near it. Jan explained that she would leave the hairdryer plugged in at the mains electricity supply, but turned off with the switch on the hairdryer. I concluded that there must be a faulty switch on the hairdryer. I checked this but could find nothing wrong. Some considerable time later Jan returned home to live and would leave the same hair dryer plugged in to the electricity supply in her bedroom. One night as I got into bed I pressed the dimmer switch to turn on the bedside light. There was a flash, both bulbs blew and I eventually discovered that the glass fuse in the switch had shattered. The following morning while getting washed I recalled that the time that I had pressed the dimmer switch the previous night had been 00.05. That day was my birthday. I mused, having previously speculated that mother-in-law might have been responsible for blowing light bulbs, that maybe she had also been responsible for the previous evening's event and was simply wishing me 'Happy Birthday'. But then logical mind came into play and I dismissed the idea as my over-active imagination. Moments later I walked out of the bathroom and as I did so the hair dryer in Jan's bedroom began working. Jan had left for work earlier that morning. Thank you mother-in-law for remembering my birthday.

But I was recounting events that occurred during Kay and David's visit on 28 December 2009. During the short meditation I had the impression of us being surrounded by a number of 'helpers'. They were encouraging us to be aware that they were close and that we should not hesitate to ask for their help. Marcia had the impression of a circle above us, which was then expanded outwards by ever increasing concentric circles. We felt that this symbolically seemed to be communicating a similar message – to ask for guidance from helpers in the non-physical realms as an aid to expanding our consciousness.

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We all went out for dinner and on our return had drinks and chatted further. Immediately after Kay and David had left, Marcia commented that she felt tired and that it was time for bed. I glanced at the clock in the living room and retorted that at 21.20 it was too early for bed. From the kitchen Marcia responded that the time was 22.55. As far as we were able to determine we had returned from the restaurant between 21.15 and 21.30. The clock in the living room was still working, yet it had lost 95 minutes during the time Kay and David had been with us. I re-set the clock, did not change the battery, and months later it was still recording the correct time.

I could only assume that this most recent 'clock' phenomenon was simply to attract my attention, to note and watch the programme 'Time' which was to be transmitted on BBC4 TV on 7 January 2010. In one section of the programme it was explained that clocks only came into general use during the First World War when attacks by different regiments had to be synchronised. The programme included some First World War film footage and one short extract was of a massive explosion far larger than any shellfire shown on the film. The explosion at the Lochnagar Crater was precisely timed to signal the commencement of the Battle of the Somme. The image in the programme was possibly of that explosion at the Lochnagar Crater. No doubt it was included in the programme to show us what it had been like on that dreadful day.

I was satisfied that the words '*Little Detail*' printed on the back of Pat's card had specific meaning for me. Over the following 2 weeks there was some of the worst snowfall throughout the British Isles for many years. Had I failed to spot the significance of '*Let it snow*' being repeated four times on the front of another card that I had received that Christmas time?

I completed this chapter on 4 June 2011. As I turned on the light in the bedroom that night the bulb blew. I feel that I have finally understood the message that, in particular circumstances, 'bulbs blowing' are simply indicators that personalities in the other world are aware of the activities in which I am involved.

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CHAPTER 5

MORE ADVENTURES IN ENGLAND

As I put together an account of our 2009 trip to France, it became increasingly evident that our work there had not been completed. More names had come to Marcia during the trip. After checking the CWGC website on our return, I discovered that there were seven names of which I had been able to identify the burial sites or memorials that we had not visited. Three of these were in Belgium; the other four in France, including the grave of Roy O'Neill. We both felt that we should make a return journey to visit these sites, and combine the trip as part of a holiday. Incorporating visits to the graves in Belgium, for me, would satisfy a long-standing urge to return to the Menin Gate at Ypres. I had visited the Menin Gate very briefly in 1985, but had not been there to hear the 'Last Post'. Volunteers from the local fire brigade sound the Last Post every evening at 20.00 hours as a tribute to those who fell in defence of their town during the First World War. It has been sounded every evening without fail since 11 November 1929, apart from the period of occupation by German forces during the Second World War.

The 2010 trip was planned for September. Meanwhile beings from the 'other world' had other activities planned to keep me occupied.

I felt drawn to attend a seminar at the end of April 2010, and to combine this with visits to family and friends. However, when I checked the publicity for the seminar I discovered that it was to take place at the end of March, yet I sensed a stronger pull to travel at the end of April. Eventually I excluded the seminar and arranged the trip for the end of April, planning to stay at Stoke, Nottingham (for lunch with friend Karen), Grimsby (for a week with my sister), Amersham and Bordon. Shortly afterwards my sister asked if I would be able to leave her a day earlier than originally planned as she would be going on holiday shortly afterwards. I consequently

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re-arranged to stay with Karen for a couple of nights after visiting my sister, instead of just calling for lunch on the way to Grimsby.

Among other activities I had continued my efforts to fill in blanks on our family tree. This included incorporating pictures of those family members that I had been able to obtain, together with their dates of birth, marriage and death. Earlier attempts to obtain a copy of James' birth certificate had proved fruitless. However, in 2009 when the 1911 census records were released, from them I discovered that James had been adopted. As I explained in *'Discovering Truth'* I eventually contacted members of another branch of the family who had a photograph of a soldier in First World War uniform. Then from further research I concluded that this must be James, which enabled me to add his picture to the family tree.

But prior to the trip to Grimsby, while searching for James' birth certificate, I had come across a list of non-British airmen who were buried in St Mary's church cemetery in the village of Manby, about 20 miles from Grimsby. During the Second World War, dad had been stationed with the RAF at Manby. As a change to our habitual walks, my sister and I decided to go for a walk round this cemetery, and at least for me, to identify the graves and help release any of the non-British airmen still attached to this earthly environment.

The war graves, as usual, were grouped together in one area. As I glanced around, my attention was drawn to another group of military grave headstones some distance away. When I checked, they were all former service personnel who had died after the Second World War. As I approached the last of these I received quite a shock. It was the grave of *'Sgt. R. Huxford, Royal Air Force, died 24 April 1962, age 40'*. The day we visited the cemetery was 23 April 2010, had he lived, the following day would have been Reg's 88th birthday.

I left school in 1954 and began working for Gus Huxford who owned a chain of shops selling electrical appliances. His brother, Harold, who was our next door neighbour, also worked for Gus as a manager of one of the shops. It was through Harold that I

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obtained my first job working in an office above the shop dealing with hire purchase arrangements. Reg was another brother who I met on a few occasions during his visits to Harold in the shop. I was not aware that Reg had died so young. There was another brother who also had a shop selling electrical appliances, but I was at a loss to recall his name.

Before I arrived in Grimsby my sister had received a free newspaper in which was an article about a group of older men who played jazz together. We discovered that they were due to play at a local pub during my visit so we arranged to go and listen to the music. No sooner had we sat at a table with our drinks than one of these men came and welcomed us. He was an occasional bass player with the band. Eventually he said that he hoped he would see us again in the future. I responded that he possibly would on my next visit to the area. This prompted him to ask where I lived. And so began a whole new conversation, during which I discovered that he had worked for Ted Huxford, the fourth brother whose name I had been unable to recall.

I needed to remain aware. When things like that occur, I knew that there was more to this trip than I had imagined.

My next stop was at Nottingham with Karen. We went for a walk around a large property where a museum had been established at the house. In the natural history section was an enormous 5-foot tall shoebill. It looked like an extinct prehistoric ornithological species. I felt an overwhelming sadness at seeing all these stuffed birds and wondered how many had become extinct during the last century, and how many would survive the next hundred years? (Before leaving on my trip I had set my DVD to record a TV documentary series, 'Joanna Lumley's Nile'. When I eventually watched this I was pleasantly surprised to discover that in fact the shoebill was not an extinct species.) We drove away from the property and as we approached a junction, facing us was a cemetery in which a military grave headstone was visible. I asked Karen if she would stop the car. There were three military graves close together. Each service was represented; one Army, one Air Force and one Fleet Air Arm.

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Later that day we watched a DVD of the film 'A Foreign Field'. It is a moving story of veterans returning to Normandy to recapture memories of events surrounding the invasion in 1944. At the end of the film I suggested that we had a short meditation, during which something occurred to me that I had not previously realised. The day I was scheduled to return home at the end of my trip was 8 May, the 65th anniversary of the end of the Second World War in Europe. I commented after the meditation that I felt as though all the war victims from both World Wars had now been acknowledged and at last they had been helped to release their attachment to the earth plane and were free to move on.

My trip then took me to Amersham where I stayed with Marcia. The first thing she wanted to do was for us to go to a small garden centre where they were having a sale of crystals. While Marcia was talking with some friends, I wandered around the shop where second hand books were on sale. One book was facing outwards in front of all the other books lined up on the shelves. It seemed to be saying 'Buy me'. When I looked closer it was *'Emissary of Love'* by James Twyman who I had briefly met a few years previously. I had to buy the book. While Marcia continued with her conversation, I returned to the car and began reading. On almost every other page James recounted what appeared to be parallel experiences to those I had been having over the previous 25 years. I finished reading the book during the trip, but not before one significant element seemed to confirm my own feelings. One of James Twyman's teachers had explained to him that:

*'His Holiness's [Dalai Lama] energy body has become entwined in mine from the years we have spent together over the centuries. When he chooses to, **he can look through my eyes, or through the eyes of someone who is close to me.**'⁹*

This was the type of confirmation I needed to convince me that it was more than just a feeling that deceased victims could use my eyes to see their own grave headstone, as recounted in Chapter 2.

⁹ *'Emissary of Love'* by James Twyman, (Page 123) Hampton Roads Publishing Co. Inc. (2002) ISBN 1-57174-323-5

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But many other symbolic communications also occurred during the trip. During a walk around Old Amersham, Marcia asked if I had ever seen the river. I had not, so we wandered in that direction. No sooner had we reached the river (more like a wide stream), than on the other side of a footbridge I noticed a cemetery. I could clearly see military grave headstones so we went to investigate. All the dozen or so graves were of Second World War victims. Then as we were about to leave, I noticed two further military gravestones in another part of the cemetery. We wandered over to look at these when suddenly I began to receive a poem. Both these graves were of First World War victims.

YEARS

*Years may come and years may go, the time forever lost
upon the land, this earth of ours. But never count the cost
of lives we gave; the loves in vain, that never came to pass.*

For in the arms of Love Untold we are at home at last.

Reflect upon the land you see, appreciate the scene.

And in good time all will have changed, what's past was just a dream.

That open space between the clouds, forever unfulfilled.

The stones that mark our resting-place, the ground that's never tilled.

*Until in time we will rejoice and welcome you again
unto the One of which you're part, for life is just a game.*

On 11 May 2010 I received a copy of an email that Marcia had sent to a friend. This is part of the text of her email.

'For some time I have been feeling a lot of pressure in my head. It is a weird sort of feeling, almost as though I have had too much alcohol (which I haven't). It is like a sort of giddy, buzzy sensation in my head, particularly if I bend down.

I have also been getting a lot of very powerful dreams, some of which I remember. Here is a bit of one, which I remembered on waking. This was just before Nick came here on the 1st May.'

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'I ... became very tired and had to sit down. This was right in the middle of a road and by a grave, which had a large headstone and was surrounded by blocks with little stones inside, so it was quite a substantial grave. Kathryn was with me and supporting me from behind and lorry load after lorry load of army trucks full of soldiers kept passing by from the left and looking down at us. I felt too tired to feel anything.'

My first reaction was to wonder why Marcia had sent me a copy of this email, which was addressed to another friend. Then as I read the dream that she had *'just before Nick arrived on 1 May'* I began to understand. Her experience of seeing *'lorry load after lorry load of army trucks full of soldiers kept passing by from the left'* exactly described the image I had perceived in the meditation at Karen's the evening before visiting Marcia. From this, my interpretation had been that *'I felt as though all the war victims from both World Wars had now been acknowledged and at last they had been released and were able to move on.'* In my interpretation of dreams, frequently 'left' indicated the past and right the 'future'.

Whether Marcia's dream was confirmation of my perception or whether she had simply picked up my perception in the form of a dream, I could not be sure. Of course it could have been that we were both picking up, in different ways, that deceased military from both world wars had now been released. However, there was more in Marcia's dream that corresponded to my experience. The grave that had been visible to me from the road when I had asked Karen if she would stop the car consisted of *a military headstone set within a family grave area that was covered in gravel and surrounded by blocks of stone.*

There was also more symbolism in connection with the *'Emissary of Love'*.

Marcia referred to *'feeling a lot of pressure and a buzzing sensation in her head'*. James Twyman's story explains how he was given a 'Gift' by a young boy, Marco. The 'Gift' enabled James to bend spoons and *'jump into people's lives and see things about them'*. Initially, the more James practised this gift the more he

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began to have severe strange pains in his head. These increased to a point where he wanted to get rid of the 'Gift'. One sentence in his book reads: *'The 'Gift' was buzzing inside my mind, a feeling similar to the one achieved by drinking five or six cups of coffee'*. I suspected that what had happened to James was also happening to Marcia. The difficulty with this type of experience is that it is something that cannot be explained – only understood at a deeper level by the person to whom it is happening. James' journey takes him to Bulgaria where he meets other children with the 'Gift' but with each one the 'Gift' manifests in a different way. One of the children reveals that he has accessed James' dream. The whole book needs to be read by anyone having such experiences in order for them to acquire a deeper understanding of what is taking place.

Also in reference to the poem *'Years'*, and the line *'That open space between the clouds, forever unfulfilled.'* two further phrases from the book jumped out at me.

'A thought began to form like a cloud born suddenly in a cloudless sky, a thought that didn't seem to come from me but from a place I had never touched before' and 'Then, reality simply fills in the empty spaces'.

But in the end I was left wondering how many of the events that happened on my journey had been a manifestation of an inner desire? In an attempt to understand the phenomena, it was explained to James that the 'Gift' is a result of a higher frequency, and it is a frequency we are all being called to achieve.

The more I reflected on these events, the more my speculation seemed to make sense, which would then explain all the phenomena. Had Marcia's *'energy body become entwined in mine'* and had she somehow jumped into my consciousness to the extent that *'she could look through my eyes'?* (Of course, without realising that this was what she was doing.) This would explain how the elements in her dream corresponded to what I had perceived at the cemetery and in the meditation the day before I arrived at her house. It would also explain why she had experienced a similar *'buzzing in her head'* to that experienced by James.

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Yes, there is a discrepancy in the time difference between my perception of the specific events and Marcia's dream. But in *'Discovering Truth'* in my summing up I had already concluded:

'The more we investigate, the more we delve into the meaning of life, the more it appears that everything is NOW. Only our attachment to old concepts, fears and our perception of linear time, leave us with the impression of constraints within the physical dimension that we occupy.'

For me, the time differential was not a problem; only our perception from this physical perspective tended to create difficulties in taking such concepts on board.

However, while putting this account together I became aware of apparently unconnected, but possible significant synchronistic events. Just before leaving Karen she had recounted a dream that she had the previous night.

'I am in a shop looking at and thinking about buying a wineglass. I then thought that I should buy a set of 6 wineglasses. At that point the glasses became tumblers for drinking juice. In the same shop, a man is demonstrating a coffee percolator. I thought it would be a good idea to buy an extra percolator so that when I have guests I could prepare two percolators of coffee before they arrived. At that point the man demonstrating the percolator spilled all the coffee.'

We discussed this briefly and I felt that the dream could be indicating that it would be appropriate for Karen to *'reduce consumption of wine and coffee'* although I did not mention this.

Within less than 24 hours of arriving at Marcia's and without her being consciously aware of Karen's dream, she explained that she had been very busy and at one point, after having drunk a second mug of coffee, her hands had begun to tremble. She then commented that she thought *'she ought to cut down on drinking wine and coffee'*. I recounted Karen's dream, leaving Marcia to consider the possible significance.

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Now, in view of Marcia's comment above, I began to wonder if together with the elements which I will highlight below, we should be aware of what physical effects we may experience as a result of expanding our consciousness and possibly how to counteract such effects.

There was Karen's dream associated with *wine and coffee*.

Marcia then recounted in her email of '*feeling a lot of pressure and a sort of giddy, buzzy sensation in her head*' and associating this with the effects of having too much alcohol.

And finally, James Twyman's side effects associated with receiving '*The 'Gift'*' which was '*buzzing inside my mind, a feeling similar to the one achieved by drinking five or six cups of coffee.*'

I had abandoned drinking coffee in the late 1980's when I discovered that it appeared to be associated with digestion problems that I was experiencing. This was during the early stages of expanding my awareness when I also felt that I could no longer eat meat or fish. I was able to re-introduce fish into my diet some three years later. I suspect that dietary adjustments become necessary and correspond to side effects of James Twyman's 'Gift' as we become more aware of a higher frequency, '*which is a frequency we are all being called to achieve*'.

I must now jump ahead to record what took place after I had returned home. On Monday evening 10 May 2010, as usual I went to share a meditation with friend Cynthia. This is what I received as a communication that evening. '*We are only prompting you.*' I mentally responded '*Thank you*'. The communication continued:

'We enjoy the fun of watching where this takes you and we react accordingly. When you reach the 'end of an experience' that is to say, a deep subconscious understanding which then becomes part of your character (wisdom), it is then time to move on to another aspect of learning. Don't believe you will ever get to a complete understanding in a universe that is constantly evolving – that is impossible. The way to create the changes which manifest in the material world is not to attempt to

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influence the microscopic aspect, but create the blueprint, then sit back and allow the natural laws to bring that design into being.'

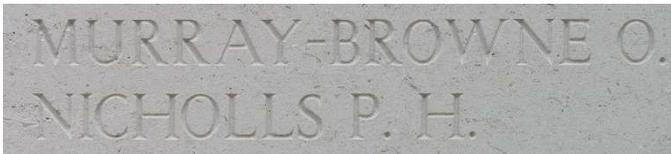
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CHAPTER 6

RETURN TO BELGIUM AND FRANCE 2010

By the early summer of 2010 I had established an itinerary for the return to Belgium and France for Marcia and myself. The graves or memorials of the victims we had identified, but not visited in 2009, formed the basis of the trip. Meanwhile, however, a number of other events had prompted me to add additional names and sites to our itinerary.

One of the victims whose name was communicated to Marcia during our 2009 trip was Sgt Richard Shackleton of the Australian Infantry. His was one of the 54,388 names inscribed on the Menin Gate Memorial at Ypres in Belgium. This brought back memories from a 2002 television broadcast. During the programme that I had recorded, the camera scanned names on the Memorial. Among the 130 or so names that were legible, two, one immediately above the other were 'Murray-Browne' and 'Nicholls'.



I had a strong emotional reaction to seeing this image. At the time and because of my attraction to visiting war graves, although I had not discovered any personal First World War '*past life*' connection in my research, I had been questioning whether I might have been killed as a soldier during that conflict. Was this what was being communicated to me through this image?

Also on the same Memorial is the name of Stephen Carman Bird. The story surrounding Stephen was the subject of the book '*Ghosts Have Warm Hands*' written by Will Bird, Stephen's brother. Stephen had appeared to Will on their farm in Canada in 1915 – just three days before his family was notified that Stephen had been

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killed in France. Will then joined up and was sent to France to fight in the war. During this time, Stephen again appeared to Will twice. On both occasions Stephen took Will's hand and pulled him from his position in the trenches just before a shell landed where he had been standing. As a result, Will survived the war and went on to tell the tale. Will subsequently married and had a son. He was Stephen Stanley Bird who was subsequently killed in the Second World War. I had been to visit Stephen Stanley's grave in Normandy in 2005. I felt that visiting Ypres would be an appropriate occasion to reflect on the memorial to Stephen Carmen Bird.¹⁰

While staying with me at the end of July 2010, Marcia arranged to visit her cousin. Her cousin's husband, Lawrence, was ill and she asked if I had a book that she could take to him. A few days previously I had wanted to replace a book into my bookcase. The shelf where I needed to place it was packed tight, so I removed another book and laid it on top of the books on the shelf intending to re-locate it later. The following evening Marcia brought that book, *'Life After Death'*, into the living room and asked me why it was out of place. As the book was still within easy reach of my chair I decided to see if it might be appropriate to give to Lawrence. In the introduction and first chapter were the names of two soldiers who had been killed in the First World War. In the 1960's they had both communicated through Lesley Flint, (a well-known medium) what they had experienced when they arrived in *'the other world'*. I looked up details of those soldiers on the CWCG website. Private A. Pritchett was buried less than 2 miles from where we were booked to stay at Ypres on the first night of our forthcoming trip. Private William Smart's name is on the Arras Memorial, in the same Faubourg d'Amiens Cemetery, as Archibald Tomlinson, (another victim from Marcia's list) which we were due to visit on the second day of the trip. Around that time I had been attempting to identify the regimental cap badge on a photograph of the soldier

¹⁰ Full details of my involvement with the 'Birds' are recounted in *'Discovering Truth'* Chapter 19.

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that I suspected was of my ancestor, James Gatrill, who had been killed in 1916. I received confirmation from the Royal Artillery Library on 20 August that the badge was of the Machine Gun Corps. I subsequently realised that both Privates Pritchett and Smart had been in the Machine Gun Corps. Was James again involved with directing me to specific locations on this trip?

Prior to departing to Belgium and France we attended a conference. During the lunch break I noticed that the walls of the dining room were decorated with paintings of poppies. I tentatively suggested that this might be an indication that again we were being thanked – but this time ahead of the trip. These ideas always seemed to be way beyond the realms of logical reasoning, but as I had already concluded that all 'time' is 'now', then it really did not need to be considered as a contradiction. I left it as just a thought to keep on the back burner.

Three days later on 1 September we arrived in Belgium and although we had no particular grave to visit, spent a short time at the Commonwealth Dunkirk Town Cemetery before continuing on to Ypres. We explained to the owner of the B&B that we intended to go to the Menin Gate for the 'Last Post' ceremony and asked if she could recommend a restaurant. *'Well many restaurants are closed on Wednesday, but the pizzeria should be open. It's called Poppies.'* Wow!

The following morning the B&B owner recommended a pleasant walk along the ramparts that would take us to the Menin Gate. As a result we discovered the small, beautifully situated, Lille Gate Ramparts Cemetery. Among the 188 graves were those of L/Cpl Raika Whakarongotai **Murray** (age 19) of the New Zealand Maori (Pioneer) Battalion, killed 31 Dec 1917 and 2nd Cpl G. A. **Nicholls** (age 33) of the Royal Engineers, killed 17 Apr 1915. Could this be confirmation to support my earlier speculation that I had possibly been a soldier killed in the First World War?

Later that day after visiting the deeply moving *'In Flanders Fields Museum'* in Ypres and a number of cemeteries and memorials en route, we arrived at Arras for our second overnight stop. There are

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2,650 commonwealth servicemen from the First World War plus a further 10 from the Second World War buried in the Arras, Faubourg d'Amiens Cemetery. In addition to searching out all the burial sites of the Second World War victims, I had been particularly drawn to some victims of the First World War. These were the graves, side by side, of Private R. G. Pattison, age 23 (East Surrey Regiment) and Private J. E. Barnes, age 24 (Royal Sussex Regiment) who had both been executed on 4 July 1917 for desertion. Also were the brothers, Gunners W. McIsaac (age 26) and M. McIsaac (age 20) both of the Royal Garrison Artillery, both killed on 11 April 1918 and buried side by side. There was also a grave of Private L. **Nicholls** whose name had caught my attention while assembling the trip details. However, in the cemetery, I was not prepared for my attention being drawn to a headstone of Conductor D. **Murray** DCM, of the Royal Ordnance Corps, killed 12 June 1917 age 36.

The following day our journey continued towards Amiens, with visits to a further five cemeteries, including that of 'Tigris Lane' where Roy O'Neill is buried. After having previously worked with Roy I was not surprised that there did not seem to be any of his residual energy around the cemetery.

I had planned that we would visit the memorial at Pointe du Hoc on the Normandy coast, during our 2009 trip. However, because of lack of time we had not managed to fit this into our schedule, nor had I included it as part of our 2010 itinerary. But after noticing a road sign to the Pointe du Hoc memorial and we were ahead of schedule, we felt that a slight detour on our route would be appropriate. The site, on the western flank of Omaha Beach, is dedicated to the 135 members of the U.S. 2nd Ranger Battalion who were killed or wounded during the vital early stages of the Normandy invasion. The battalion's objective had been to scale the 100-foot cliffs to take out German gun emplacements on D-Day, 6 June 1944. The area around the monument remains much as it was after the battle; a field of craters and shell damaged ruins. At the site I was surprised to receive an unexpected poem.

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POINTE DU HOC

*We came to give this land to France again.
The land forever French it will remain.
Above the cliffs, unknown what we would find,
but oh so many souls were left behind.
Although this land will never be the same,
and memories in soul's being will remain,
time will ease traumas of their troubled mind.
Eventually they'll realise and find
that peace for which they fought was not in vain.
So for the lives they gave, we'll sing refrain
of thanks, of love, of peace beyond compare.
They were the brave, the strong; we were not there.
The scars on earth are there for all to see,
reflecting sacrifice they gave for me.
May now in peace those left behind move on
into the light, back home, where they belong.*

I had included a visit to the Bayeux War Cemetery and Memorial towards the end of our holiday. There were no graves of any particular casualties that I had identified but it felt appropriate that we should visit the largest Commonwealth cemetery of the Second World War in France. Among the 4,144 burials there are 338 unidentified victims, plus the names of a further 1,800 Commonwealth casualties, who have no known grave, commemorated on the Memorial. As if to acknowledge the time we had spent at war graves and memorials in the last 18 months, a further surprise was in store. I first of all came across a grave headstone of L/Cpl John Edwin **Nicholls**. Then just as we were about to leave the cemetery, in the distance I noticed a grave headstone without the usual Christian cross or Star of David inscribed upon it. I went to take a closer look. It was the grave of Trooper Robert **Murray**. I was immediately reminded of an occasion while travelling with a Muslim work colleague who, during a conversation remarked 'But you are a Christian' to which I responded 'What makes you think that?' Initially it was as though

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my rejection of all religions was now being shown to me in graphic form. I then realised that this was the third occasion during the trip (excluding my intentional desire to see the names Murray & Nicholls on the Menin Gate Memorial) that the names 'Murray' and 'Nicholls' had been brought to my attention.

The more I reflected on this, the more I felt that it was not necessary that I knew whether or not I had been a soldier killed in the First World War. What I did feel was being communicated, was that energetically I was linking with soldiers of all wars and by visiting these sites, was helping these victims to release their attachments to the earthly environment.

Events earlier in 2010 had left me with the impression that I should anticipate many changes in the forthcoming months. Among those events were 6 deaths of family and close friends of Marcia, 5 of which occurred within a 2-month period from 10 August. Marcia and I had discussed the implications of this before going to France and we both felt that our work together was coming to an end, although we had booked and were looking forward to a trip to Egypt at the end of October, which had been organised by Sue.

Six days after visiting the 10 war graves and memorials in Belgium and France, on 9 September I had the following dream.

I am attending a conference. There is a stage in front of terraced seating, which is arranged in a U formation. My seat is at ground level in a position about 17:00 from centre stage. I notice a man in a position about 20:00 from the stage. His seat is higher up the terracing. He has a beard and moustache. I sense that he is ex-RAF and I feel that he is someone I know or knew, but do not recognise who it is.

Peter who is presenting the conference questions the bearded man - 'Your name is...?'

The man replies 'Yes'.

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To which Peter responds 'Have you seen 'The Times' today?' [Saturday]

The man replies 'No'.

Peter then says 'I think you should look because it says that on Monday they are going to announce that you are to become the Brigadier of the 1st Division in Belize.'

The man picks up his brief case and leaves the room.

It felt as if this was something like a parliament to which he had been elected. The man resigned his position to take up this army post as a Brigadier and he seemed much happier about this than being a Member of Parliament.'

(Before recounting my interpretation of the dream, I should mention that prior to going to France I had noticed publicity for a workshop, to be run by Peter from the dream, that was due to take place on 13/14 November, which I planned to book upon my return from France.)

Initial Interpretation. I eventually sensed that 'the man with the beard' was actually a part of me (also ex-RAF) – a part that was hidden behind the beard and moustache. The strong element of the dream was of 'becoming a brigadier', which implied separating from the soldiers with whom I had been working. Moving to the 1st Division seemed to indicate that even though there would be a separation we would still be part of the One. [But see interpretation clarification below.] I also felt that as a brigadier I would be working on my own. This was going to be 2 days later. (A 'day' representing an unspecified period of time.) Breaking down 'Belize' gave me 'Belle = beautiful' and 'eze = easy'. On my return from France I discovered that the workshop with Peter had been re-scheduled to two weeks later (2 periods of time) to 27/28 November. This made it inconvenient for me to attend; another indication that it was now time ('The Times today') for me to work alone. As to being a 'Member of Parliament', this symbolised the traditional approach to managing the material world – also

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symbolic of my earlier career working with NATO. I resign and go to work on my own (in my way) and feel much happier about the situation.

Two days prior to this dream, on 7 September, I had had another dream.

'I am working in a garden. Marcia is working in the same garden, but separately with others. Prince Charles comes and talks to the group and Marcia is asked to show him the way out. She then returns towards her group and I continue working alone.'

The 7 September dream simply seemed to be another indicator that my relationship with Marcia and our work together was coming to an end. The 9 September dream was also showing me that I would be working on my own, but from a different perspective. As a 'brigadier', in some way it seemed as if I would be overseeing, rather than doing the work.

In anticipation of the trip that we had booked to Egypt at the end of October, I had checked to see if there were any war graves that we could visit. There is a Commonwealth War Cemetery on the outskirts of Cairo. I anticipated that it would be appropriate to stop off at this cemetery at the end of the trip on the way to the airport, and made a note of all the necessary details. Upon reaching Cairo and making enquiries about visiting the cemetery I was advised that at that time, the street on which the cemetery is located was 'off limits' to tourists. I took this as a further indicator that this part of the work that Marcia and I had been doing was coming to an end.

Clarification of the Dream Interpretation. Subsequent events left me with the impression that 'being assigned to the 1st Division' not only seemed to mean moving on from working with 1st and 2nd World War victims, but also related to working with souls in the 1st dimension beyond the physical realm. The rank of brigadier was not to be considered in any superior sense, but as an indicator that the work that I had been doing gave me sufficient background to be able to work in a different way in future. I also speculated that

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the '2 days' (periods of time) also signified '2 months' in that Marcia and I returned from France on 14 September and Marcia and I separated on 12 November after our return from Egypt, leaving each of us to pursue our individual future journeys.

But there were some interesting facts associated with our relationship, which seemed to indicate that some planning beyond our conscious awareness had been brought into play. Numerologically, on our dates of birth, Marcia and I are both '3'. I had been with Margaret for 33 years before we separated. I met Marcia on the 1 September 2006 which would have been the 33rd anniversary of her marriage to Alan had they not divorced some years earlier. 1 September 2010 was the day we set out to complete our work on visiting war graves in France. It was also the day that Marcia's uncle was buried, the last survivor of her parent's generation. (This then seemed to be another element related to our feelings that the work we had to do together was for an indeterminate length of time.) Finally, we returned from our trip to Egypt on 10 November. I had planned on staying with Marcia for a couple of days with the intention of travelling into London to visit the 'Field of Poppies' at Westminster on the 11 November. Heavy rain and my subsequent misplacing the directions and train times also put paid to that idea. I sat down to reflect on where I could have placed the paperwork when my attention was drawn to the clock. It was 11:11 on the 11th November. The following day I left to return home – it was the 12th November, the 3rd anniversary of Marcia's ex-husband, Alan's death.

There appeared to be one other element that came to light relative to the 'planning from beyond'. In Chapter 1 I recounted how, seemingly illogically, on the first occasion Marcia came to visit me, I had taken a short detour to show her where Sue lived. Marcia and Sue never met until shortly after Marcia registered to study to become an Interfaith Minister in 2008. She informed me that Sue was also registered on the same course. So it was that with Sue leading the way, we gathered together with another 13 adventurers on our journey to Egypt in November 2010.

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CHAPTER 7

REVELATIONS TO THE WAY FORWARD

At the beginning of the Egyptian trip, one of the participants, Courtney, missed the flight from Heathrow to Cairo. The group was kept amused by being given constant updates on how he was making his way by alternative means to catch up with us, which he eventually did, a day late, in Aswan. We met as a group each evening sitting in a circle for a period of meditation. The day following Courtney's arrival, as individuals joined the group for the meditation, I was aware that the seats on either side of me remained empty until the last two participants arrived. Courtney sat on my left; Laura occupied the seat to my right. The meditation began and immediately I realised that there was something significant about the seating arrangements. I sensed that this was not just haphazard and I needed to understand what was happening. Very quickly many pieces of a puzzle fell into place, which made sense. Here is the story that I had to tell, prompted by someone or something much deeper than myself.

At the beginning of 2004 I attended a workshop on Maui Island in Hawaii, run by a lady called Joy. Each participant was partnered with a 'buddy' who was responsible for ensuring that his or her partner attended each workshop session. My buddy was Shirley who was the only non-white person in the group. 18 months later I attended another workshop run by Joy in Spain. This time my buddy was Bunmi, again the only non-white person in the group. Then in 2008 I was drawn to return to Hawaii, this time to Big Island, for another workshop with Joy. It was arranged that I would hire a car and share the cost with two other participants who I would meet at the airport and drive them to the workshop location. One of the people I was to meet was Tony. However Tony missed his flight connection and arrived at the centre a day late. Although Tony was not my buddy, he was the only non-white person in the group. At the end of the final workshop meditation we were asked if we wished to give a hug to our buddy. I was surprised by my

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response in that I said I did wish to give a hug, but to Tony who was sitting on my left.

It took little imagination to note the similarity in the situation of both Tony and Courtney being non-white; both missing their planes; both arriving a day late and both sitting immediately to my left during a meditation. I then recalled that in an unsolicited 'past life' reading that I had been given in 1995, one of my past lives had been as a slave owner. (I subsequently listened to the recording of that reading again and realised that on another occasion I'd also had a life as a slave.) Somehow I knew that Courtney, Laura (the only other non-white person in the group in Egypt) and I had been brought together in Africa to work on some ancestral healing. At the end of the meditation I told my story, then took the hands of Courtney and Laura and asked them if they would stand with me. I said how sorry I was for what I had done as a slave owner and asked Courtney if he, and on behalf of all of his male ancestors, would forgive me and all other slave owners for what they had done. Courtney replied that he would. I then turned to Laura and asked her if she, and on behalf of all her female ancestors, would forgive me. Laura also replied that she would.

I felt that this 'forgiveness' began to trigger 'joy' and release from collective ancestral memories. Considering that I sensed that my experience seemed to have begun with slave owners in America many years ago, it did not escape my attention that my present day story began in Hawaii and now here we were in Africa from where the majority of slaves had been taken.

Not only that, but it was in Hawaii where Dr. Ihaleakala Hew Len practised 'ho'oponopono'. (He described this as 'cleaning' or being responsible for recognising within ourselves what we are experiencing, and saying to this memory, 'Thank you for showing up', 'I'm sorry', 'Please forgive me' and 'I love you'.) Hew Len had reluctantly taken on the job as director of the Hawaii State Hospital, an institution for violent offenders of rape and murder. Although Hew Len did not meet inmates directly, through his constant prayers, blessings, forgiveness and 'cleaning', changes came about which resulted in all of the inmates being released and 4 years after

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he became responsible, the institution was closed. In the 'Little Pink Booklet of Aloha' produced by Serge Kahili King, in the Hawaiian language he says that, *aloha* stands for more than just 'hello' or 'goodbye' or 'love'. Its deeper meaning is 'the joyful (*oha*) sharing (*alo*) of life energy (*ha*) in the present (*alo*)' whereas Hew Len describes *aloha* as 'being in the presence of God'.

The next planned activity on my agenda was the workshop with Peter that had been re-scheduled making it inconvenient for me to attend. The 'Brigadier' dream message that I was going to be '*working in a different way, probably on my own*', seemed to be manifesting in physical events. However I was not prepared for what took place at the beginning of 2011.

To celebrate New Year I attended a local gathering at Hazelwood House on 1 January to 'set the intent' for the coming year. This eventually extended into the next two days. The time schedule for events taking place at Hazelwood is notably 'very flexible'. I arrived on 2 January and while waiting for other participants, I quipped to another attendee that the time on the digital clock was completely out of phase with local time. The person to whom I made the comment decided to check on her iPhone to determine where the 'Hazelwood clock time' would be correct. It turned out to be in Afghanistan. This prompted me to ask the other participants if, at some point, it would be appropriate to send healing thoughts to victims of the conflict in Afghanistan, to which they agreed. In an earlier conversation I had briefly mentioned my association with war victims and in response to a question, had commented that I had not had any contact with victims later than those of the two World Wars.

Much later in the day after a number of periods of reflection and meditation, introduced by music, soundings of singing bowls, cymbals, and other percussion instruments, a bowl was placed in the centre of the room. It was explained that this was a 'silent' bowl. I immediately felt that this would be an appropriate time for us to spend a few moments in silence for the victims in Afghanistan. At that point, one of the participants asked another if she would move a glass that had been placed in front of the clock, so that she could

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see the time. The Afghan time was 11:08. We settled to have the 2 minutes silence either side of 11:11. Immediately I closed my eyes I was overwhelmed by what appeared to be up to 200 British military casualties who had been killed in Afghanistan. I mentally explained to them that they had not been forgotten and would be taken care of and helped. I did not know how, but it was not the appropriate time to try to figure out how that would be done. I thanked the group for the short silence and we broke to go for the evening meal. We agreed to meet again at 10:30 the following morning.

During that night I woke up and glanced at the clock. 4:55 was too early to get up, so I turned over and went back to sleep. I woke again and this time was shocked when I saw the time - 11:25. I'd missed the beginning of the session at Hazelwood. I got up, but something was wrong. It was still dark. I checked the time in the kitchen and it was 6:15. In my half-awake state I had earlier seen the hands on the clock beside the bed reversed. It had stopped - not at 4:55 but at 11:25. At 6:15 it was still too early to get up. I would continue reading my current book. I was unable to concentrate so decided to go back to sleep again. Immediately I closed my eyes, the 200 or so casualties from Afghanistan were with me again. The following communication ensued.

I was introduced to them as someone in authority that had come to give them an explanation of their situation. I told them that they had all been killed, that all future communication would be by thought, and asked them if they now wished to move to the light?

I was shocked by the overwhelming response. Not a single one of them wanted to move on. Mostly, they wanted to stay around their colleagues to help them. A very different response to that which I had experienced in working with First and Second World War victims. It seemed that the earlier victims had been hanging around in 'limbo' for so many years and presumably most of their attractions to the earthly environment were no longer of significant interest. Once someone gave them permission to let go, they appeared to be quite willing to move on. Not necessarily knowing

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how they would do this, but with encouragement from helpers, there had been little resistance.

But coming back to the casualties from Afghanistan, for me it was a very interesting and enlightening experience of how to deal with a new situation. Six of the soldiers were not completely committed to the idea of remaining with their colleagues. They were torn between remaining close to colleagues in Afghanistan and wanting to be home close to their families. I mentally explained to them that from where they were now, they could focus their attention and move between their colleagues and families to help them whenever it was appropriate, simply by thought, and as frequently as they wished. They seemed to be satisfied with this explanation and situation.

Two more soldiers were feeling guilty because the colleagues who they had been with at the time they had been killed, had survived but had been seriously disabled. I pointed out that those who had survived also felt guilty because they, (their colleagues) had been killed. It was necessary to understand that they were each doing their job. Neither was responsible for the other. There was simply a common empathy and that they were now in a position, together with all of their other colleagues who had been killed, to help those still fighting in Afghanistan by communicating with them, by thought, to help in dangerous situations.

Next was a man who was extremely distressed. Knowing that he had been killed, and that his partner was pregnant, he realised that he would never see his son. Apart from knowing that this unborn child was a boy, I was somehow made aware that, had the soldier lived, his relationship with his partner would not have lasted more than a few months after his return home. He addressed me as 'Sir'. [*Seeming to confirm the 'brigadier' appointment*] I explained that calling me 'Sir' was not necessary and then went on to clarify that he was now in a position where he would be able to have an even closer relationship with his son than he otherwise would have had, if he had survived. He would be able to become close to him and guide him, again by thought, until he was ready to allow his son to move on and develop his own character.

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Finally, eight of their number expressed their feelings of guilt about killing other human beings, albeit the enemy. I explained that they had only been doing their duty. They were not the guilty ones. It was the politicians who were guilty. They were now in a position where they could assuage any guilt, now they knew what guilt felt like, by linking with any future suicide bombers, by letting them feel and understand what they would feel if they carried out their intent. They were now in a position where they could do more to bring peace, in any area that it was appropriate, than they would have been if they had survived.

I left them all with an invitation to contact me if they needed help at any time in the future, and that they were all free to move on into the light whenever they felt ready.

Suddenly the meaning of the symbolic expression 'The Brigadier' became clear. I realised that I would be able to work with any future victims remotely and it would not normally be necessary for me to physically visit war graves. I also eventually realised (as explained in Chapter 4) that the clocks being manipulated was evidently connected with the victims in Afghanistan wanting to attract my attention.

It was 11 January 2011 when I re-joined a group of people who occasionally sat together for meditation to enter deep altered states of consciousness. This was the first time we had met since 22 November and there were two people in the group that I had not seen before.

During the second session, I noticed my head being lifted up from a lowered position, and realised that the energy of another personality had blended with me. I directed my consciousness towards this personality to find out what was happening. It was clear that the personality was using me to survey the whole group. He was not only checking auras, but also sounds that each individual emits, (which we don't hear at a conscious level) to determine what adjustments would be appropriate to bring the group more into harmony. I mentally asked about this and was told that with this knowledge, clues could be planted in each person's

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mind, not just during periods together, but at any appropriate time when the individual was receptive, to help bring the group more into harmony in all aspects.

Then, following directions from the person running the group, I asked the personality if I could be taken to a deeper level of consciousness to which it was agreed. I was taken along what could best be described as the inside of an artery and quite quickly we passed through something like an airport scanner. The phrase I received to describe this, in answer to my mental query, was that it was a 'magnetic filter'. I then found myself standing in an auditorium.

In front of me was what I could only describe as a choir standing on risers. There were about 20 individuals. Each one looked identical and was about 2'6" tall, oval egg shaped, without any limbs or faces. They were all pink and each exuded a soft incandescent glow, which was the only lighting in the area. There was no sound. I realised that they were each emitting 'love'.

Suddenly, what looked like a therapy table appeared between the 'choir' and myself, and I was invited to get onto the table. The beings then surrounded the table and gently transmitted 'love' into me. I was told that this would change my energy, which I would retain in the conscious realm. This would emanate from me and be used towards changing others in my environment. I did not have to 'do' anything, it was just part of the natural way things worked. At that point we were instructed to bring our focus back to full consciousness in the room.

Yes, probably like you, I also thought I'd 'lost the plot'. However when I recounted this experience to the rest of the group, to my relief the person sitting opposite me was keen to recount that he also had had a similar experience. Was it his experience that I 'saw'? Had he 'seen' my experience? Or had we both independently experienced something beyond our conscious selves?

Two weeks after that incident, for unspecified reasons, that group was brought to a close. Again it appeared that I was being told that I would be working on my own. However, for me, the experience

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did seem to shed some light on 'alien abductions'. I suspect that where individuals have reported being abducted by aliens, their experience has probably occurred whilst in another level of consciousness. I can only confirm that what I experienced was more real than an experience while fully awake. I address the phenomenon of alien influences in more detail in chapters 16 and 18. Chapter 19 addresses the possibility of 'creation by setting a blueprint' which would also include the creation of 'implants'. There would appear to be no reason why 'abductees' could not have been influenced by entities from another dimension into something similar to a hypnotic trance. While in such a state their bodies would have remained totally in this physical world. Such reasoning would then explain the frequently reported loss of time when returning to full consciousness.

Editorial Note. By January 2014, while proofing and editing this chapter, Margaret, a trained and experienced hypnotherapist, initially commented that she felt alien abductees would be very upset by statements I had made in the above paragraph. As a result I modified the original text, however Margaret still felt concerned about the possible reaction of abductees and explained that she had met abductees who had come back with visible physical scars and implants, which had to be removed surgically. She had also met the surgeon who performed the operations. I had a long discussion with Margaret in an attempt to clarify my understanding, in particular concerning 'implants'. Margaret said that she would send me a book on the subject. I felt that I needed to re-read John Mack's *'Abduction - Human Encounters with Aliens'* and reflect on this further. The following day after my usual early morning read (not 'Abduction') I lay down to go back to sleep. Immediately words began in my mind. I took my recorder and spoke the words that I was receiving.

'So, as we listen, [I sensed that this related to the conversation I'd had with Margaret] there in the middle world is found the truth of who we really are. The depths of creation, the depths of thought, the expression of individualism, they are manifest in the outer world - the

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dream world. For the dream world is the outer world, not the inner world. The inner world is reality. All that has been shown to be physical is imagination. All that is referred to as imagination by the outer world is in fact the real world. The truth of the exchange in perception is simply the human perspective. We bring this truth to you to translate it into a...'

At this point there was a beep on the recorder and it showed that the battery was low. Here appear to be clues indicating how our perception of reality can deceive us in this physical world. Each individual is being invited to discover their inner truth.

So many pieces of the puzzle seemed to be coming into focus during such a short time span that it was difficult to keep track of what was happening. However there seemed to be a similarity in the outcomes in respect of ho'oponopono done by Dr. Ihaleakala Hew Len (in respect of violent offenders of rape and murder) in relation to the work that I had been doing with deceased soldiers. Some form of releasing seemed to be taking place within the broader energetic environment, regardless of whether the individuals were alive or deceased.

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CHAPTER 8

DISSOLVING OF TIME AND SPACE

Around the time that the group meeting to attain deeper altered states of consciousness was disbanded, I received a poem on 20 January 2011. It seemed to answer many questions that had been on my mind recently. And I suppose most of us have posed a similar question at some time in our lives.

WHO AM I

*From brilliant stars that shine at night, their geometric patterns right,
there flows an Energy Divine, that ends on earth as yours and mine.
And man on earth in his attempt are seen by 'gods', not with contempt
but with a love that's undefiled, as by a father for a child.*

*We came to suffer darkness; yet, within the search we will beget
the truth of why we're on this land. For it is time to understand
the truth of why we came to be, upon this earth as you and me.*

*We are but seeds from One and All. We are the dust that made the fall
from that perceived Almighty One. When our time on earth is done
we will return and hold His hand. And then it is we'll understand
our journey to this earthly plane and our choice to come again,
if that's what is our true desire. If that's what sets our heart on fire.*

*For all is but a natural jest, an act, a trial, a simple test
towards uncovering who we are. We've manifested as a star,
not shining in the heavens bright, but down on earth through day and night.
Accept each challenge with delight, our journey back towards the light
from whence we came. And I am told, a light so bright, but still behold
seen from within our inner being, as Light of One, that's what we're seeing.*

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Experience is no surprise, so listen with our inner eyes.

*The truth is there for all to see, even for souls like you and me.
Perceive our life as just a chance to play and sing an earthly dance,
a chance to grow along the way, a chance to live another day.
All in good time at sojourn's end, we will return and understand
that we created for ourselves, all of the fairies, sometimes elves,
and sometimes we created fear, for that is part of why we're here,
to realise at last to find, we're but expressions of the mind.*

*So go in peace and know this day, in life or death, there is no way
that as an everlasting soul, you can be separate from the Whole.*

*Experience this life with love, inspired from the realms above.
Sometimes you call them angels now, but they are thoughts expressed, and how
they are perceived in this domain, is simply just like falling rain.
Reflect upon these words we send. Remember that there is no end.
Eternity is ever NOW. Just go with love and take a bow.*

As previously explained, although I am consciously aware of writing the words of poems, I do not analyse the meaning at the time of writing. It is as though one part of me is dictating, to another part of me that is writing the words. Very reminiscent of what Carl Jung described as his 'Number 1' and 'Number 2' personalities. A similar situation occurs when I receive what I describe as 'Channelled Communications'. I eventually came to recognise that frequently, both the poems and the channelled writings seemed to respond to questions that I or others had mentally posed, or were expressions of understanding from those beyond the grave to someone close in the physical realm. But these revelations only came to me slowly as I was spoon-fed clues over a 25-year period in my attempt to understand what I referred to as 'truth'. Consequently, at the present time, I am forced to conclude that events I had previously referred to as 'coincidences' or 'synchronicities' only appeared to occur in my experience as a result of my personal acceptance that such experiences, not generally accepted in western culture, were in fact meaningful.

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Once I had stepped beyond the boundaries of accepting what was considered 'normal', I then frequently seemed to receive what appeared to be 'confirmation', often from most unlikely sources. One example as postulated in my earlier *'Discovering Truth'* and expressed in Chapter 2 above related to how I had felt that *'deceased persons, had been able to blend closely with me and use my eyes'*.

In Chapter 5 I recount how in May 2010 I had read how James Twyman's teacher had explained to him that:

'His and the Dalai Lama's energy body had become entwined from the years spent together over the centuries. When he chooses to, he can look through my eyes, or through the eyes of someone who is close to me.'

It was January 2011 when I read Paul Brunton's *'A Search in Secret Egypt'* first published in 1935.¹¹ Paul describes how he met a man for the first time in a *'wild deserted region'*. The man proceeded to address Paul as Mr Paul Brunton saying that he had been waiting for him and that this was but an introductory meeting. He then went on to say that:

'He could exchange thoughts with his fellow Adepts at will and at any distance; that an Adept could temporarily use the body of another person – generally a disciple – by a process technically called 'over-shadowing', during which he projects his soul into the other's body, that other being perfectly ready and willing and receptive and passive.'

At the beginning of my search I had mentally accepted that I would be open to any phenomena that would lead me to the 'truth'. So although I had reached the conclusion that at times I was being influenced by personalities from beyond this physical realm, I now had to consider the feasibility, but to me, unlikely possibility that 'adepts' in the physical realm may also have influenced me.

The end of January and early February 2011 was an intense period for reception of dreams and communications from beyond. My

¹¹ *'A Search in Secret Egypt'*, Paul Brunton, p. 268, Larson Publications, (2007)

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interpretation of the dreams seemed to further indicate 'working alone'. One dream in particular made reference to a 'key' (which I will recount in a moment) and possible implications of publishing my earlier work. Then on 5 February I received the following channelled communication.

THE UNPLANNED SEARCH IN THE DEPTHS OF NON-UNDERSTANDING

I am shown a domain beyond the physical expression that we term earth. I see earth as the expression on the periphery of a sphere. This other expression is a level within the sphere, the next level in, but it is not a denser level, it is a lighter level. In human terms we would probably express it as the 'intuition'. Yet no such word applies in the context of earth.

It is made up of the intuition of all living beings and organisms. It is as though the outer expression on earth has been created from the inner expression. It is analogous with the functioning of the human body to the skin. The outer skin of earth being the one we habitually perceive with our eyes and ears. I am aware of even 'lighter' levels of expression, but am not in a position to perceive these at the moment. The fractal phenomenon comes to mind. The outer design of the fractal being an expression of the inner, which is constantly being renewed, and in the same way the human expression is constantly being renewed, and the earth itself is constantly being renewed - all emanating from the deepest desire or thought expression from the inner Self. 'Self', not being the individual, but to express it in the only word that would be understandable, that being 'God'.

As individuals we are influenced by that expression and if we listen to that inner guidance we will be expressing that on the outer plane, on the physical level of earth, in a manner which is beneficial to the Whole. When we lose our link with the inner expression and follow our ego selves - desire - the outer

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expression on earth, or the outer expression of the fractal, becomes distorted. We are being encouraged not to pray to God, but to listen to God. That way our true expression will be in harmony, as One. But with so many millions, billions of individuals, each expressing a different ego desire, it is little wonder that the expressions around the periphery of earth, that is the physical expression, it is little wonder that they are in turmoil and conflict. They are simply not listening to the inner expression of the One.

I ask: 'How is it possible to bring the outer expression back into harmony?' The response I receive is: 'That, in deed, is the problem with freedom of expression being given to the individual. It has been the individual's choice to ignore the expression of the One'. It is explained that there are so few who are listening to the inner expression on the earthly level, that it is up to those who are listening to attempt to get their understanding across to those others on the earthly plane who have not understood the concept.

Even the intellectuals, in fact, even more so the intellectuals, are part of the cause of the problem. They have studied books and texts and listened to others of a similar nature, which have caused them to believe that what they have learned is the truth. When all they are doing is perpetuating the misunderstanding, which is the cause of all the problem. Even individuals, like yourself, have great difficulty in explaining something that is quite contrary to the nature of the environment in which you have developed. Your world of science wants proof, constantly wants proof again and again. But in fact the truth is too simple to be recognised at an intellectual level. It is simply listening to the inner, or what you call the intuitive. And of course, over millennia, barriers have been established to discredit the intuitive expression, because it cannot be perceived in that domain, the earth physical domain. Only occasionally are the results perceived.

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Forget the churches, they are simply wrapped up in their own particular dogmas, creeds and semantics. But it is laughable from an inner perspective to see how individuals fall into the trap of following such belief systems. The only way towards bringing harmony at the physical level is for each individual expression, mainly human, but also animal, for animals have been 'trained', for want of a better word, by humans into unnatural behaviour. But it is for each individual expression to revert to listening to their inner guidance. And of course it must be kept in mind that each individual has been guided, directed, to the earth domain, to perform a specific task, synonymous with one dot on the periphery of a fractal design.

We now come back to the earlier guidance we gave concerning establishing a blueprint and allowing that expression to come to the surface in the physical realm. It really is as simple as creating a blueprint and allowing it to manifest through all of the levels until it reaches the skin. Set the blueprint in the heart, step back and wait.

Tune in and listen to future exchanges as other subjects come to mind and we will be available to assist in your understanding of the mechanics of the world and of individuals occupying the world.'

It was on 22 April 2011 that I received a further poem that seemed to echo similar sentiments. I accessed the poem from the folder on my computer, copied it and pasted it below. There was one remarkable difference between the original and pasted copy, which I will address in a moment.

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THE SEARCHER

*Oh searcher in the mists of time, eternity and now,
do you recall the times gone by? Do you remember how
the struggle was to understand, to comprehend it all
and in the end to realise that we know naught at all?
For everyone and everything is simply part of One,
expressed as individuals, materials, or none.*

*We journey to the far off lands and fail to realise
that truth and understanding are right before our eyes.
Within our minds, seen through the brain, simply imagination
with true desire, intent, and will, they're part of our creation.
Perception in these finer realms when we look back and see
results of our creation; are they fit for you and me?*

*Reflect a moment, while still here, upon this land we share.
If you could choose a paradise to live, would it be here?
And if your answer is not 'Yes' the only thing to do
is change your mind. Express with love and live the way for you
in harmony with all of life. Never succumb to greed,
for there within your ego self, your true Self can't succeed.*

*And all through life, eternity, temptations come to play
upon our mind, strengthen, resolve, and help us on our way.
We are but segments of The One expressed on earth a while.
We came to build a better place to help each other smile
and realise that all is Now, there never was a past.
Spread love and harmony in thought and you'll reach home at last.*

The original text was as printed above. However the pasted copy contained one line which was indented, underlined and was shown in bold text. That line was:

'Perception in these finer realms when we look back and see'

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Over the years, having experienced occasional significant similar anomalies affecting my computer, I can only assume that somehow the effect was caused in order for my attention to be drawn to that particular phrase. That stanza concludes:

'results of our creation; are they fit for you and me?'

As I put this account together my mind was taken back to a dream that I had on 27 January 2011. The significant parts of that dream are as follows:

I am in a work situation. I share an office with two other people. It is time to go to lunch. We have to lock the office. We have one key and we can't decide between us who is going to hold the key. I say I will hang on to it. One of the other two has gone and then the second one leaves. I try to lock the door and realise that it is a split stable door. I can lock the bottom part but the top part is all rotten and it will not lock. There is a key for it, but it is not the same key and I don't have the other key, so it is not secure. The windows are open. I try closing the windows and all the glass falls out. The top frame falls out and the bottom frame falls off its hinges, so I decide to check the cabinets just to make sure that they are all secure, which I do. Then as I am walking out I realise that there is another room which becomes a building, which I go into and check before I leave. As I check it, there are people working in it so I think there is no reason to check that. By this time, 40 minutes have elapsed and it is 13.40. I then decide to have lunch. There is a group of Americans visiting. One of them wants to know what it says on the label that I am wearing on my jacket.

When I return from lunch there are three or four people in the office and I ask them how they got in. It is explained to me that it was some sort of security violation. So I say, 'Well I'll go and report it'. To which one of them responds 'Well if you do that, there will be all sorts of problems'. So I say, 'Will I get kicked out if I report it; if I say this; if I say that; if I say the other?' They say 'Yes'. So I say, 'Right, I'm going to report it'. Wake up.'

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Interpretation: I suspect that the dream relates to the work that I am doing now - attempting to understand the spiritual aspects of who we are. The spiritual 'secrets' (identified by the higher part of the 'stable' type door that cannot be locked) of the past that cannot be contained. It's no good trying to lock the stable door once the horse has bolted. The time is moving fast. I suspect that both the other people leaving the office symbolically relate to Margaret and Marcia. Thus leaving me with the 'key' to the secrets. The security violation relates to 'the secrets' already being known by others (possibly Americans) working in an adjacent office. I then feel that I have to reveal what I know, despite the consequences, possibly as the result of publishing my book. Which then corresponds to 'reporting it' - getting the book published.

But now as a result of my attention being drawn to: *'Perception in these finer realms when we look back and see results of our creation; are they fit for you and me?'* I feel that I am being asked to consider the consequences of publishing this knowledge, from the perspective of the other realms. And here I felt it was appropriate to reflect on the outcome of the discovery of atomic and nuclear energy. There was nothing wrong with such a discovery; it was the use that was made of it that led to taking humanity to the edge of destruction. Certainly it was a decision that I had to make on my own.

I finished writing at this point with the intent of reflecting on the way forward. I had confidence that somehow I would receive clues to help me decide whether I should continue with my intent to release such information into the public domain. The following morning a programme that I frequently listen to was presented by a lady who had suffered an epileptic seizure followed by severe depression. She explained that she had later heard a radio interview with someone who had had a similar experience, which had brought her much comfort in knowing that she was not alone. On that basis I felt that I had to proceed with publishing my experiences, even if they only helped one person. We are each responsible for our own actions and experiences, and until this becomes the generally accepted understanding and we stop

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blaming 'god' or anyone else for our individual situation, then the status quo will continue. It is time to wake up, and I hope that some of my personal experiences provide clues to help readers let go of preconceived and culturally ingrained outmoded ideas.

Certainly the sentiments expressed in the poems 'Who am I' and 'The Searcher' provide a deeper understanding and clear guidance towards creating a better world for others and ourselves.

It was 5 February 2012 that I began reading Hank Wesselman's biographical book, *'The Bowl of Light'*.¹² On page 14 I read:

'I found myself looking out through someone else's eyes at a world I had never seen before, and I discovered almost immediately that I could in some unknown way receive his thoughts and emotions as if they were my own.'

So the phenomenon of seeing through the eyes of another operated both ways. I had experienced the feeling that others were using my eyes to perceive this physical environment. Hank was experiencing seeing through someone else's eyes. It was simply a question of expanding our consciousness to become aware of other equally valid realities. But what was even more extraordinary was that the person through whose eyes Hank was seeing lived 5000 years ahead of the present day and eventually turned out to be Hank's future self.

¹² *'The Bowl of Light'*, Hank Wesselman, PhD, Published by Sounds True (2011) ISBN 978-1-60407-430-7

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CHAPTER 9

FAIRIES, FEATHERS, FLOWERS AND A FLY

Following my deeper understanding and recognition that poems I receive frequently contain subtle clues or answers to questions that I had posed, my attention was drawn to a phrase as I proof-read the previous chapter. The phrase in the poem 'Who Am I' was '*we created for ourselves, all of the fairies, sometimes elves*'. It reminded me of events that began in Belgium over 20 years ago. At the time I wrote up what I called 'A Fairy Story'. Here is that story.

'Once upon a time - well don't all fairy stories start like that - but this is a fairy story with a difference...

A family lived together in a house with a garden, which had a large lawn. During the summer after they had lived there for eight years, there appeared in the centre of the lawn two large circles of toadstools, sometimes referred to as fairy rings, in the form of a figure 8. Throughout that summer and the next, they tried digging out the toadstools, but they kept coming back. The following spring they were there again and by then they had spread to other parts of the garden.

One evening the husband was digging up these toadstools, hundreds of them, when the wife suggested that she should take one to the local nursery to see if they had any product that would get rid of them. The wife returned with the product and it was duly applied to the lawn. There was no further sign of toadstools until about 2 months later when more appeared in one area that had not been treated with the product.

Well these new toadstools had to be eliminated. As the entire product had been used, the husband dug them out with an old screwdriver. As he dug he recalled that his wife had recently been to a lecture, given in all seriousness, by someone who

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claimed to be aware of fairies. He had listened to a recording of the lecture and began to wonder if there could be any truth in this myth about fairy rings and fairies sitting on toadstools. If there was, then it must be possible to ask the fairies not to put toadstools in the lawn because it spoiled the look of the garden. So the man in his daydreaming decided to ask the fairies if they would mind not putting toadstools in his lawn.

If the toadstools had been a nuisance, imagine the man's consternation when, a few weeks later, there in the middle of the lawn appeared a molehill. The next day there appeared another, and then another until there were molehills all over the lawn. For months the man kept removing these unsightly molehills and one day while he was doing this, he realised that there were no more toadstools in the lawn. He wondered if there was any connection between the toadstools disappearing and the mole arriving. After all, it had only been a matter of weeks between the two events. Well the toadstools had gone, of that there was no doubt. Whether this had anything to do with his 'conversation' with the fairies or not, he had no idea, but from what he had heard, fairies were supposed to know what was going on all over the garden. Logically then, if they could get rid of toadstools, why could they not just as well get rid of moles? The man decided to 'ask' the fairies if they would be able to help and would they mind keeping the mole off the lawn.

Well the man cleared up all the remaining molehills and as autumn drew on the man was very happy because there was no further sign of the mole.

However, when the next spring arrived things were not so good. The mole was there in the garden. It first appeared in one of the flowerbeds. It then moved to another flowerbed and then another and then to the vegetable patch. Each time the traces of the mole could be seen coming to the edge of the lawn - but not once did it cross into, or create a molehill in the lawn. The weeks went by and eventually the wife, knowing what the husband had done, asked him if he could try talking to the

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fairies again to see if it would be possible for them to stop the mole digging up all of her bulbs and flowers. Well despite occasional reminders, the man kept forgetting what his wife had asked him to do, until one evening when he came home from work his wife showed him what she had found laying at the edge of the lawn. It was the body of a mole. The question was now, 'Was there only one mole, or was there a whole family?'

A few mornings later as the man was sitting looking out into the garden he had the impression in his mind that there were two fairies in the garden, one was dressed as a male and the other as a female. The male was like he imagined a pixie to be, with fitted red tights short jacket and a pointed hat which hung forward almost touching his forehead. The female was dressed in what seemed to be a pink ballerina dress. They had come to look at him. He looked back at them and as he smiled they came and sat, one on each knee. He thanked them for removing the toadstools and keeping the mole off the lawn and then he remembered his wife's request. 'If there were any more moles, would it be possible, maybe to ask them to go somewhere else other than in the garden? You see they did make rather a mess of the flowerbeds as well.' They jumped down off his knee and ran off, straight through the windowpane and across the lawn, giggling and laughing as if the whole thing was a great joke.

What on earth was he doing? Grown men don't go around imagining that they talk to fairies! He finished his breakfast and went to work. When he arrived home he told his wife about the fairies that he had 'seen' that morning and to keep her happy he said that he had asked them if they could try and keep any more moles out of her flowerbeds and the garden. He was rather taken aback by her response. She told him that when she had gone out into the garden that morning she had seen freshly grown, at the edge of the lawn in front of the door, just two toadstools!

Now there had been no sign of toadstools in the garden for over a year. What had caused the mole not to create any more

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molehills in the lawn? There had been no mole in the garden for the first 10 years they had lived in the house, in fact not until I had asked the fairies if they could help with the toadstools. Yes, that is why this is a fairy story with a difference. I am the man that talks to fairies. I am the one who saw them and knows how they were dressed. Did I imagine it all? We'll just have to wait and see what happens to the flowerbeds, but even then we may never know the truth. There may only ever have been one mole in the garden. But the question that still begs an answer is: 'After over a year without toadstools was it just coincidence that those two appeared in the garden today?'

Over ten years later, and ten years wiser, during those intervening years, when I saw toadstools in the lawn, I would think of the fairies. I would think of what their needs might be, or how they might have been trying to help me. I subsequently noticed that when I cut the lawn and left the toadstools, the part of the lawn around where they were was so much greener than the rest of the lawn. The house was sold in 1999, and during those 10 years, never once was there another molehill in the garden.

I sometimes wonder if, when moles come to the natural end of their life, do they normally leave their bodies on the surface of the ground? Or had the mole that had chosen this particular area for his home, in some way known that he was no longer wanted around the garden and wished to let the occupants know that he had fulfilled their wishes – and left?

In 2003 I mentioned the above events to daughter Jan, to which she responded '*Well when I went past the house last year there were molehills on the lawn again.*'

Had I seen 'fairies'? I cannot deny that what I saw was 'real' to me. It is unlikely that the 'elementals' would have been visible to any others who might have been there. So what had I seen? I initially suspected that my mind had somehow created an image that was compatible with what I was capable of understanding at the time. However, as my research continued I began to understand the

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concept of multiple dimensions and how this related to consciousness. It was during a period when I was in an altered state of consciousness (while mindlessly digging up toadstools) that I had originally asked the fairies not to put toadstools in the lawn. It was during a period of meditation that I saw in my mind the fairies. Slowly I began to realise that everything exists in all dimensions at the same time. It is simply that most individuals in this physical realm become so focussed in this earthly environment that anything which is not physically measurable has tended to be excluded from the western cultural model. My consciousness had simply temporarily focussed and perceived an equally valid reality of another dimension. Not only that, communication in that dimension was by thought, rather than words required in this physical realm.

Well that was my experience of communicating with 'fairies'. But how about the 'feathers'?

At a workshop session, during a seminar in Derbyshire in July 2003, each participant was given a sheet of paper on which was printed the outline of an angel. We were asked to select an 'Angel Card'. The word on my card was 'Wisdom'. We were then invited to link the word to a colour and apply this colour to the design of the angel on the paper. The colour I chose was brown. (Not a colour to which I am normally attracted.) We were then asked to link to the name of our 'Angel' or 'guide'. The words that immediately came to me were 'Brown Owl'. (Owl symbolically signifying 'wisdom') To complete the exercise we were then asked to identify our 'Angel's' calling card. I had no hesitation in concluding that this was a feather. The following December I attended another workshop entitled 'Working with the angels'. On arrival home a few days later there were over 40 white feathers on my balcony.

At the end of 2005, together with a greeting card, I received the gift of a book from a friend, 'A Little Angel Love' by Jacky Newcomb. As I was writing to thank the friend for the book I heard the mail arrive. I completed the letter, sealed it in an envelope and put it by

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the door to post later. I then picked up the one piece of mail that had arrived earlier. What a beautiful synchronistic gift that was.

At most I receive three letters a year from Jan; a birthday card, a Christmas card and occasionally one other piece of mail. The letter that had arrived was from Jan. She had re-used an old envelope with a new address label. On the label were printed the words 'Protect Owls'. There were also paintings of 4 owls on the label, the top one being of a tawny (brown) owl.

It was in October 2010 while speaking on the phone to friend Pat that I noticed a white feather twirling down in front of the balcony. It eventually landed in one of my planters. After finishing the call I went to retrieve the feather. As I did so, the words of a poem began in my mind. I typed the poem and immediately felt that I should paste the feather in a card, together with the poem and send it to Pat, who was shortly due go into hospital for an operation.

THE HEALING ANGEL

*When angels come to help us they often leave a sign.
And when I see a feather I know that angel's mine
that has passed by. The reason why, I know I have to ask
just why that angel came my way; what is his special task?*

*'It is to heal, the one in need'. And who is that I say?
'It is for all in need right now, just send me on my way'.
So here we are, a gift for you, with love - my angel's sign.
May you be healed in every way that soon you will be fine.*

Three weeks later I joined a group on a trip to Egypt. One of the sites we visited was the Temple of Horus. Due to crowds waiting to have their photograph taken in front of the statue of Horus (the falcon) I was unable to take a photograph of the complete statue without it being partly obscured by visitors. I mentally asked if I could be given something as a reminder of the visit. Immediately two meters in front of me on the ground I saw a white feather,

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similar to the one I had sent to Pat. I subsequently noted in the itinerary we had received ahead of the trip, that *'The temple (of Horus) is aligned to the star Canopus'* and *'This star can connect beings to past and present technologies from this galaxy for various forms of healing... etc.'*

On arriving home from Egypt there was a phone message from Pat. She explained that she had met someone at a seminar and had sent him a copy of my poem. He had erroneously deleted it from his computer and had asked Pat if she could send it to him again. Meanwhile Pat had been in hospital. She had taken my card containing the poem and feather with her and had given this to a lady in the adjacent bed who had seemed quite distressed. On receiving the card, the lady explained that it was very significant as she had seen feathers around her bed. Pat wanted me to send her a copy of the poem again. I called Pat to say that I would send the poem to her the following day.

The next morning while still in bed I continued reading 'Angels in my Hair' by Lorna Byrne. I had reached Chapter 25, the second page of which contained a text communicated to Lorna from an Angel she referred to as Michael. Michael said to Lorna *'Give this prayer to everyone who comes to see you. It has been given to you by God'*

*'Prayer of Thy Healing Angels,
That is carried from God by Michael, Thy Archangel.
Pour out, Thy Healing Angels,
Thy Heavenly Host upon me,
And upon those that I love,
Let me feel the beam of Thy
Healing Angels upon me,
The light of Your Healing Hands.
I will let Thy Healing begin,
Whatever way God grants it, Amen.'*

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I continued reading and reached the last chapter. It was entitled 'A Feather from Heaven'. This is a photograph of the feather that was gifted to me at the Temple of Horus.



A similar principle must then apply to fairies, feathers, angels or any other apparently 'normal' or 'paranormal' phenomena. They appear to be constructs of consciousness, as prompts on our individual journeys. Sometimes they appear as physical objects and at other times they simply manifest as images in the mind. They 'appear' not as dreams in the generally accepted sense, but something as 'real' to the individual concerned as would be an object in the physical world. (The medical profession would probably describe such phenomena as hallucinations.) But there also seems to be interplay of consciousness between minds within and across different dimensions including those occupying the earthly realm. On earth we are mainly focussed in the 'linear time' dimension. In order to accept how thoughts manifest outwardly it needs to be appreciated that there appear to be, as yet to most of us, some undiscovered natural universal laws. These laws would determine the length of linear time it takes between the original

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thought and noticing the results of that thought in the earth realm. Logically, we individuals are simply physical manifestations of intent. Occasionally we may feel prompted to take some action that would seem to us as being quite uncharacteristic. Yet as can be noticed from the events associated with the 'angels' and 'feathers' any incident in isolation would have had little meaning. But once such interrelated events are brought together, then we begin to sense that some intelligent communication seems to be taking place.

And here I feel that I must return again for a moment to the question of angels. As a result of my experience, as recounted in the introduction of seeing a white robed being holding out a 60 cm diameter plate and offering me a wish, I could quite easily have become induced into believing in angels. Angels are a core part of many cultural beliefs. They are represented in various forms and given names and attributes. But really what are they? They are reported by those who have 'seen' them to be as real as you or I. What I saw was real to me and the communication (albeit I had misinterpreted the 'wish' as singular) eventually proved to be perfectly correct, once I understood what was taking place and how the mechanism functioned. But to get hung up on the term 'angel' is as misleading as it would be for me to promote the reality of fairies, despite my experience of 'seeing' them.

Let's bring the whole of our understanding down to something that makes sense. We are each amalgams of energy expressing ourselves in a physical form in this physical dimension so long as our bodies remain viable. Occasionally we direct or allow our consciousness to become aware of other dimensions. There we encounter other expressions of consciousness, which from our earthly perspective may appear in many forms, but most likely in a form that we would be able to understand. Don't get me wrong, there is a whole range of consciousness, aspects of which may come together to aid and assist any aspect of a similar vibration to realise its potential. Such an amalgam may then appear as an 'angel' or a 'fairy' or any other meaningful form towards that aim. The manifestation may trigger emotions within an individual

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simply as an indicator towards helping that individual come to a greater understanding of reality. It may also manifest in particular circumstances in a physical form, at times using energy from other physical sources in order to do so. Carry on calling such manifestations 'angels' and 'fairies' if you wish, but recognise what in fact is taking place.

Just one further point that I feel I should make clear. When I see a feather, I do not automatically relate this to the presence of an 'angel'. We must maintain some sort of discrimination in this respect. Keeping in mind the energetic aspect of ourselves, then when an emotional change is associated with my attention being drawn to a feather, then I would consider that as an indication that I am being influenced or helped in some way by energies beyond my conscious awareness.

Many of us have heard of people talking to flowers and plants. But have you ever done it – and if so, have you noticed the outcome? Well I'd never considered it to be something that I would be caught doing, but this is exactly what happened. Daughter Jan had given me a plant. One summer I moved it and some time later noticed that one of the leaves had died. I broke this off and shortly afterwards noticed another leaf dying. Again I broke this off and eventually I realised, when another leaf died, that subsequent to moving the plant, autumn had arrived and I had turned on the central heating. I had placed the plant on a metal shelf above a radiator and now the leaves were burning as a result of touching the shelf. I immediately moved the plant to another location and while doing so mentally explained to the plant that I was sorry that it had been burned; that taking off this dead leaf was just like having a haircut and it would soon look beautiful again in its new location. By then it was November. A few weeks later the plant produced one beautiful flower. This plant had only ever previously flowered around June.

Margaret gave me a trailing plant when I moved into this apartment in 2000. It never flowered, but around 2004 I took a cutting from the plant which, a couple of years later, flowered in the spring. I thanked the young plant for producing the flowers and the next

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spring there were more flowers. By the following year, after further mental encouragement from me, the flowering continued throughout the summer. In early 2011 I decided to tidy up the original plant that Margaret had given me which had become rather straggly. In the process I explained to the plant that the cutting I had taken had been flowering more profusely each year and I wondered how come the cutting could produce flowers yet the mother plant had not produced a single flower in 11 years. Now that I had cleaned up the plant would it be possible for it to produce some flowers? Within 3 months the first flower appeared on the plant.

A visitor gave me a cyclamen, but I had great difficulty in remembering its name until I had what I considered to be a bright idea. I could recall the name if I referred to it as a 'sick lemon'. It died within less than a month.

So had my thoughts been affecting the flowers and plants? My mind often pondered on strange questions and one day while eating lunch a very small fly kept attempting to land on my food. After brushing it away a few times, eventually I was unable to tolerate the interference any longer and clapped the insect between my hands. I then wondered how that must have felt to the fly. Less than 2 hours later I was taking a walk along one of the very narrow Devon roads. It was so narrow that grass was growing along the middle of the road with tracks on either side where vehicles had driven. Suddenly, about 10 meters ahead of me on the track, I noticed what at first I thought was a leaf moving in the wind. I then realised that it had been raining and the track was wet and whatever had moved was unlikely to have been a leaf. As I advanced I paid more attention to the moving object and eventually realised that it was a shrew. At the same time I noticed the sound of a vehicle approaching from behind. By now I was less than 4 meters from the shrew. I needed to step to the side of the road to let the vehicle pass. Would the shrew move off the track before the vehicle arrived? If not, would the driver of the vehicle see the shrew and stop? Or would the vehicle miss the shrew if it continued? All this went through my mind in a fraction of a second. By this time the

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vehicle had passed. The shrew had not moved off the track and the vehicle did not stop. There was the answer to my question. I had been shown, on a larger scale, what it felt like to be a fly squashed between my hands. But in order for this to have occurred, the driver of the vehicle had to be involved in the incident and therefore my thought had not only affected 'other life forms' but evidently had also influenced another human. A communication that I subsequently received on the subject of influencing the material world is recorded at the end of Chapter 5.

Through such experiences I have become increasingly aware of how our thoughts affect everything around us. I do not always see the results as I did in response to my question associated with the fly, but over time I have learned to notice the difference in what I can only describe as 'depths of thought' within myself. In the previous chapter in the poem 'Who Am I' are the words *'we're but expressions of the mind.'* From the channelled communication *'and the earth itself is constantly being renewed - all emanating from the deepest desire or thought expression from the inner Self.'* And from within 'The Searcher' we have *'with true desire, intent, and will, they're part of our creation.'*

All of these phrases were in texts that came to me from a level of consciousness deeper than my normal waking state. It comes down to becoming increasingly aware of our thoughts and desires and recognising that we create, not only ourselves, but whatever we experience, and from that we have the opportunity to choose our own way forward.

Maybe a final reflection on this subject relates to a poem that I wrote to add to a birthday card. I wrote the poem on 4 May 2011 and called it '**God and The Angels**'.

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*I sit upon my cloud sometimes and wonder if I'm God?
But then an angel passes by and simply, with a nod,
says 'Yes you are'. But aren't we all, for when push comes to shove
the only way we can express that is by sending love
to everyone in all domains, on earth and far and wide.
Remember, that is why we all have angels by our side,
to let us know when we expand our consciousness beyond
the earthly realm, astral domains, we get our 'magic wand'.
And that is 'thought', 'desire' and 'will' with which we each create
the knowledge we have gained and share with those who turn up late
in understanding all of life and constant evolution.
When word gets out just what we are, there'll be a revolution.
And man will take the world by storm reclaiming his free will,
creating all around that's good, rejecting all that's ill.
The leaders holding power will fall like castles in the sand.
And each of those who understand will walk on hand in hand
towards the light, from whence we came - no more in darkness roam
to sing and dance in harmony to our eternal home.*

'*Magic wand*' was such a strange expression that I felt the need to put the words within quotation marks.

At the time I was re-reading '*Autobiography of a Yogi*' by Paramahansa Yogananda. The morning after writing the poem I came across the following sentence in the book:

*'The magic wand of your karma [thought, desire?] touched you,
and you were gone! Though you lost sight of me, never did I
lose sight of you!'¹³*

Not only was this again the type of confirmation that I referred to in the previous chapter, but for me, the same expression in the poem and the text, together prompted me to consider a more significant meaning. The '*magic wand*' in the poem was explained as being '*thought*', '*desire*' and '*will*' with which we each create. But now Yogananda also confirmed my understanding, that from a

¹³ '*Autobiography of a Yogi*' by Paramahansa Yogananda (Page 358). Ridge Publishing GB (1950) ISBN 0-7126-1424-9

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deeper state of consciousness we project our consciousness to experience life in a physical body. We had '*gone*' from the deeper conscious state. It is through the '*magic wand*', which is only attainable in a state of consciousness beyond the earthly realm, that we are brought into an earthly existence. Our karma, in part, seems to be made up of memories of unresolved issues from past experiences. They seem to draw us back into an earthly environment in an attempt to resolve such issues and '*understand the situation this time round*'.

Be careful what you think!

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CHAPTER 10

COMMUNICATIONS WITH THE BEYOND

The more I worked with the subtler realms of consciousness the more I felt it necessary to understand the language of 'communication'. Certainly, part of the language was made up of thoughts, symbols and feelings as opposed to words. Such symbols had specific meaning for me, which would not necessarily mean the same to anyone else. I have already explained how clocks showing the wrong time had attracted my attention to be aware of something. Not always the same meaning, but nevertheless a significant signal. In Chapter 4 I also explained that when something out of the ordinary occurred, (as when I received the first Christmas card from Pat after having known her for over 20 years) I felt that I was being prompted to look more carefully at what was contained within the card. Another element towards understanding the language of poetry and 'channelled communications' was my need to distinguish where the words in my mind were coming from. When we have a conversation we know when we are speaking and when we are listening. We are also usually able to distinguish who is speaking any words that we are hearing. However, when words, images and feelings appear, apparently from nowhere, it is not immediately evident whether our ego consciousness is the initiator or if this is a communication from another part of Greater Consciousness.

As previously mentioned, I had initially set up my own perimeters to prove to myself that such communications were valid by asking for confirmation three times, in a documented form, from outside of myself. I subsequently began to recognise the difference in the 'quality' of the communications and accepted that confirmation three times was no longer necessary. The best I am able to define 'quality' is similar to the subtle sense of knowing which 'radio station' I was listening to.

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By the spring of 2011 I began to notice further unusual events that seemed to indicate that I was about to be taken on another journey of discovery.

I first met Karen at a conference in Oxford in 2004. In Chapter 5 I recount some of the events that occurred while visiting her in 2010. Early in 2011 I booked to attend a conference organised by the Scientific and Medical Network (SMN). The subject of the conference was 'The Nature of Dreams' to be held in Winchester from 15 to 17 April. I forwarded details of the conference to Karen who initially said that she would not be attending. However, she later called to say that she felt she had to attend. On the first day of that 'Dreams' conference significant events began to happen.

The week before the conference, I had bumped into a friend, Davette, who asked if I had read '*Love Beyond Death*' by Elleke van Kraalingen. On her recommendation I ordered the book and when it arrived, I immediately set it to one side to take with me to the 'Dreams' conference. As I put the book into my case I noticed that it had been endorsed by David Lorimer, who is the Programme Director of the SMN. In 2009 I had asked Peter Fenwick, the President of the SMN, if he would be willing to review the manuscript of my '*Discovering Truth*'. I received a reply with an encouraging endorsement from Peter in June 2010 in which he also apologised profusely for the delay. During the following months I had no strong inclination to pursue publication of my book. In fact I would occasionally comment, when asked, that all would fall into place at the right time. While Karen and I sat waiting for the 'Dreams' conference registration desk to open, Peter and his wife joined us.

During the second lecture given by Dr. Larry Dossey I had the feeling that I should also ask him if he would be willing to review my book. But as I had never met him, I reflected that this was rather presumptuous and inappropriate and put the idea out of my mind. However, during a subsequent discussion with the speakers, reference was made to Elleke van Kraalingen. Through the book I discovered that Elleke's partner had been killed in Jamaica after attending a conference also organised by the SMN. Then during

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the following lunch, Larry joined our meal table. I knew that I was being prompted to ask Larry if he would be willing to review my book.

I received a glowing endorsement from Larry and was immediately drawn to send off the manuscript to Hay House Publishing. And this is where many more pieces of this new adventure began falling into place.

In Chapter 6 I recount the dream that I had in September 2010 in which it was announced that '*you are to become the Brigadier of the 1st Division in Belize*'. The day I put together the package to send to Hay House was 1 May 2011. My calendar, which had been sent to me by daughter Jan, was still showing the month of April. On each month she had included the image of a photograph she had taken. I turned over the page of the calendar and there was a picture of Belize – on the 1st May. I had no doubt in my mind that this was the right moment to send off the manuscript. All of these events had somehow been linked together to take place the way they did.

I decided that I had better make a hard copy of both endorsements in the event that I lost data from my computer. At the end of Peter's endorsement, he had suggested that I might be interested in reading Larry Dossey's '*The Power of Premonitions*'. At the time I had not pursued that recommendation, but now after having met Larry, I had to order the book immediately. And here I can only describe the sequence of events as like watching the culmination of a brilliant firework display.

To summarise, on 6 April friend Davette recommended that I read '*Love Beyond Death*'. That book is endorsed by David Lorimer, Programme Director of the SMN. The book recounts events that occurred after a conference in Jamaica that had been organised by David. Peter Fenwick, President of the SMN, joined us at a table prior to the start of the conference and had earlier endorsed my manuscript of '*Discovering Truth*'. He had also recommended that I read '*The Power of Premonitions*' by Larry Dossey (which initially I had ignored). While listening to Larry's lecture I felt

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drawn to ask him if he would also be willing to endorse my book. I then dismissed this idea, only to be prompted to do exactly that when he joined us for lunch shortly afterwards. He responded in glowing terms within 24 hours of receiving my manuscript. I consequently immediately sent off my manuscript to Hay House Publishing on the day that just happened to correspond with my dream 7 months previously associated with a picture of Belize. The following day, 2 May, I sent off an order for 'The Power of Premonitions'. Larry's book arrived on 4 May. It was published by 'Hay House' and endorsed by Deepak Chopra. For 2 months I had been holding tickets to attend lectures by Deepak on 6 May. In the middle of all of this activity I wrote up my initial account of these events. One of the most significant aspects in 'Love Beyond Death' is the account of Elleke's partner being killed in Jamaica. As I typed up that account, one track among over 230 that I had some months previously selected to play on my computer began playing. It was 'You're my Jamaica'.

At the conference I was lodged in a room that overlooked the local cemetery. With time to spare I walked around the cemetery and was surprised to see so many military grave headstones. They were not all lined up as in a military cemetery but scattered around. The cemetery appeared not to be in current use, yet I had the impression that many of the military grave headstones had recently been added. One grave I particularly noticed had an old original plaque noting the details of the soldier's death in the First World War, plus a new military grave headstone. I distinctly felt that I was being shown this to indicate that the victims were now satisfied that they had been remembered and it was now no longer necessary for me to visit all the graves.

I was heading towards the exit when I was drawn off the pathway to go and look at one particular headstone. It was the grave of Private W. Dutton of the Machine Gun Corps who had died on 12 February 1919, presumably from injuries sustained during the war. He was from the same unit as ancestor James, who I felt had been guiding me to some of the specific sites we had earlier visited in France. I then suspected that James had probably influenced this

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straggler victim to see his own grave, through my eyes, in order to help him let go of his attraction to this earthly environment.

Subsequently, the more I thought about this, the more I felt the need to return to the cemetery to check the other military grave headstones. If there were no other members of the Machine Gun Corps buried there, then this would confirm to me that I had been influenced by James to go and look at that particular grave. I booked to attend a further conference in Winchester at the end of August 2011, but mainly so that I could re-visit to the cemetery. There are 95 graves with military headstones, but only one from the Machine Gun Corps, that of Private Dutton.

The evening of my return from the conference I had planned to join Cynthia for our regular meditation. Cynthia was not feeling well that evening, however her daughter, Karen, visiting from Australia, said that if I was available could we still meet. Unexpectedly, that evening she had a communication for me. She sensed

'A line of grey military naval vessels tied up in dock. There was an old sailing ship, with full sails flowing, heading out of the dock. She referred to this as being the 'Flag Ship'; together with the words 'The battle is over'.

Again this seemed to confirm that the work I had been doing in helping deceased war victims was to change. The equivalent rank to an army 'brigadier', in the navy is 'commodore'. The naval generic term for officers above the rank of commodore, is 'flag officers'.

And here, I need to highlight the significance to me of Karen's message associated with 'sailing ship' and 'Flag Ship' by interjecting a short summary of events that I recounted in more detail in chapter 15 of '*Discovering Truth*'. In late 1995, shortly after Margaret and I had separated, I felt the need to investigate the phenomena of 'past lives'. In my end of year letter written on 26 November I had said '*I am looking forward to the new adventure. I guess Columbus must have felt a bit like that when he crossed the Atlantic.*' Two weeks later in our meditation group, a lady had a communication for me, part of which was '*Coming out of water*

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were three ships like those of Christopher Columbus.' The following day a greeting card arrived. On the front was the image of three sailing ships together with the words *'I saw three ships come sailing in on Christmas day in the morning'*. On 25 December I opened a present from my sister. It contained two Old Spice products in a box. On each was an image of the logo – a total of three sailing ships. But I noticed a very significant element in that the old logo of a sailing ship had been replaced by a Trans-Atlantic racing yacht. A few months later I travelled to Brazil where I participated in my first 'past life' experience. Communications with the 'beyond' are not like our earthly exchanges. There being 'no time' in eternity, we on earth need to remain vigilant to every little detail, in particular including the emotion and feeling attached to such events and the specific meaning that they have for us personally.

The morning I was prompted to add the above paragraph (10 August 2011) I was also reminded of another experience. In 1993 I had seen a small notice offering a free gift of a copy of the 'Dao de King' but with an invitation to make a donation for the gift. I felt that I should send a donation for this publication. Some months later I had completely forgotten about this publicity and had not sent off for a copy of the book.

Then two things happened within days of each other. I had to attend a meeting in England. I had always known the location of the meeting rendezvous by the acronym CINCHAN (Commander in Chief, Channel) which was located at Northwood. I asked a colleague to send me directions as to how to find the location of the meeting. From that I discovered that all naval establishments were given the names of vessels regardless of whether they were ships at sea or land-based establishments. This headquarters was called HMS Warrior. Margaret had decided to take a holiday, trekking in Nepal. Details of her itinerary arrived and I noticed that the leader of her group was Thomas Warrior. The link was so significant that in my mind I removed Warrior and the 'HMS' from his name and was left with 'toa'. The English translation of 'Dao'

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is usually written as 'Tao'. I knew that I was being prompted to send for a copy of the Dao de King.

Certainly communications with the 'beyond' frequently involve cryptic clues, but once we begin to notice what is taking place, this simply adds to the anticipation of resolving some of life's puzzles. And to illustrate this, the memory of the incident was almost forgotten. The thought came to me as I awoke that I needed to add the two experiences above to my original text. I subsequently recalled the account of the 'Columbus' experience and knew that there was another account that needed to be added. But, like a dream, that second element had drifted into the depths of the unconscious. I made a note 'Columbus' then quickly went to the shop, eager to return to add this text to my original account. On the way, I was searching my mind attempting to recall what the other element was. Three hundred yards from home I heard my name being called. I turned around to be met by an ex-work colleague. He used to work at CINCHAN – HMS Warrior.

Immediately my memory was jogged and I recalled what that second account was that needed to be added. Such events are certainly not 'coincidences' as they are frequently referred to and tossed aside. Here again we are being prompted to remain aware of everything that is taking place around us. Not just our thoughts, but anything, anywhere, however remote, that may be a response to our questions.

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CHAPTER 11

SEE IF YOU CAN SOLVE THIS ONE

As I sat to commence this chapter the words 'See if you can solve this one' sprang into my mind. I had already written up a draft account of the events that follow and knew that the content was quite complex. I understood the phrase as signalling that my presentation was not going to be straightforward. However, at the same time it seemed to indicate that what I had presented in the previous chapters was acceptable.

It was two days after my return from the 'Dream' conference that I had a visit from Marcia who was staying with her granddaughter in Plymouth. After lunch we went for a walk along the coastal path.

Subsequent to the 'Dreams' conference my attention had been focussed on the concept of there being 'no time' and everything being 'now'. During the walk Marcia went into a protracted and detailed explanation about selling her mother's house and purchasing a spare key. The whole account went on for what appeared to have been at least 5 minutes. This did not appear to be living in the 'now' and taking in the beautiful scenery as we walked around the coastal path.

We returned home, had a drink, then left together; Marcia to catch her bus and me to purchase a few things. As we left the building a car arrived in the parking area. It was my neighbour and her daughter, Lindsay. I helped my 101 year old neighbour out of the car then Marcia and I went on our way.

Early the following morning I received a phone call from Lindsay. Had I left a key on the roof of her car when I helped her mother yesterday? I definitely had not. We discussed how the key could possibly have come to be on top of her car. If it had been placed there while they had been parked over 5 miles away, it would certainly have fallen off during the drive back on the twisty Devon

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roads. My conclusion was that it was probably an 'apport'. I explained that an apport was something that had been created by 'intention' causing it to appear as a physical object on earth. If there was sufficient intent to manifest that key on the car roof, then there was no doubt in my mind that it was to draw attention to an important communication.

I had been witness to two events on the same day concerning Marcia and Lindsay, both involving a 'key'. What was going on? I then discovered a common factor; both Lindsay and Marcia had been attempting to sell property for about 3 years. As a result I realised that in order for the houses to be sold, it would be appropriated to ensure that all emotional attachments to the properties were released. Marcia had already asked me to send out thoughts asking that her property be sold at an appropriate time. So I asked Lindsay if she also wished me to do the same in respect of her property. She said that she would. I explained to both Lindsay and Marcia that they needed to ensure that all emotional attachments to the properties were released. I then sent out thoughts for the properties to be sold. It was 4 months later that I discovered sales of both properties had been completed by the end of August 2011.

I wrote up most of the above account on 26 April 2011, which I initially called 'The Key'. I then went into town where, by chance, I met Karen, a lady that used to clean for me. I had not seen her for about 2 years. Later the same day I went for a walk during which I met Cynthia's daughter, Karen, (visiting from Australia, but staying in a village a few miles away) on the edge of town. I mentioned the unusual phenomena of the key appearing on the roof of the car and as I had now completed writing up the events, I promised to send Karen a copy of the account by email.

It was while walking home after that encounter, that I realised I had seen two 'Karen's' during the day, both of whom I rarely ever saw. This triggered a thought that if I was being shown some sort of 'sign', then I expected to hear from a third Karen.

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Usually, once I turn off my computer, I do not turn it on again the same day. However, because I had said that I would forward a copy of 'The Key' to Karen, I turned on my computer at about 18.15. There was an email from Marcia timed 18.11, attached to which were two other emails both with the subject: 'Happy Easter plus a correction'. Neither of these emails had anything to do with me. However, both had been sent on 25 April. The first was from 'David' to 'Karen' and the second was from 'Karen' to 'Marcia'. Part of the text of the first email reads: *'Dear Karen... I wish you a happy Easter and many thanks for the funny and interesting emails that you send to me. ... Love from David'*.

Immediately I realised that the husband of my other friend, Karen who lives in Nottingham, is called David. I felt that I was being prompted to send the above account to her, which I did on 28 April 2011. At that point, I assumed that would be the end of the story.

Shortly after my visit to Karen (Nottingham) in 2010 I'd had an experience or 'vision' which I had recounted in a letter to her on 3 July 2010. This is part of what I wrote.

'This is what happened this morning while I was reading 'Oneness'. You recall me telling you that I had seen an image of us in a previous life where you had been my elder sister. Well that image came back to me. I (a boy about 5 years old) came running up to you (a girl about 9 years old). I grabbed your hand and pulled you saying come and look at this. At that point I was not aware of what I was going to show you. We went down a gentle grassy slope, which seemed to be at or beyond, the edge of the property where we lived. We then came to a large pond. I was expecting to see a frog or newt, or something like that, but the water on the pond was perfectly still and dark. I looked round and you had disappeared, but I knew you had gone into the water. Suddenly, although an indeterminate period of time had elapsed, you shot straight up out of the middle of the pond and slowly drifted over to land at my side. You were wearing something like a pointed head-dress. Throughout the experience I was fully conscious and knew that I was being shown that it was important for you to

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read 'Oneness' and that the descent to the bottom of this dark pond symbolised what was necessary to enable you to take another step on your ascension journey. In fact it would give you such a boost, you would shoot up to the appropriate level.

Symbolically, water represents emotions, so I suspect that in order to progress, you need to go deep into your emotions and work with them.'

At the conference in Winchester on 16 April 2011 Karen had commented that I had never written a poem for her. The next morning, while reading, I received the following poem. I had no doubt that it was for Karen.

TO MY DEAR SISTER

*We met so many years ago - 'My Sister' was her name.
Now once again we incarnate to play this earthly game.
From times gone by, the memories in hearts, they still remain
for all was shared, we loved and cared, the energy's the same.
But in this life, this time around, we meet again by chance.
Or was this planned before we came, to dance our earthly dance?
Sometimes a glance when our eyes meet, we know we've met before,
but to recall just where and when is hidden in our core.*

*So never live within the past, or future, just live Now.
For all is One and there's no time. We came to take a bow
to celebrate the times gone by, to live our lives again
and know that deep within ourselves that all is just the same.*

*You are the one, we are the two, yet ne're the twain shall meet,
for all is One, as time will tell. And then it is we'll greet
each other knowing who we are, the timeless Now or Never,
expressing love, our arms entwined, to journey on forever.*

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Earlier in the year I had booked to attend a conference that was to be held in Glastonbury from 1 – 3 July 2011. Karen had said that she felt she must attend the same conference. She eventually asked me where I was going to stay and then if I could arrange for her to stay at the same B&B. When I phoned the B&B I was told that it would be possible, but only because there had been a cancellation a few days previously.

Meanwhile, towards the end of April I received the prospectus for a retreat that was due to take place near Oxford over the weekend of 24 to 26 June, the subject of which was 'Faith, Hope and Love in Practice'. I immediately felt that I had to attend this event and sent off my reservation. Only subsequently did I realise that the Glastonbury conference was scheduled for the following weekend. Consequently, rather than returning to South Devon, I decided to visit family and friends during the intervening period and arranged to drive Karen from Nottingham to Glastonbury. She then planned on travelling back with me to spend a couple of days in Kingsbridge before returning home by train.

Just before leaving on my 12-day trip I came across my file record of the above experience that I had sent to Karen on 3 July 2010. I realised the significance of the date. The last day of the Glastonbury Conference was exactly one year later. On 3 October 1989 I had a vision of '*an East German shaking hands with a West German*' exactly one year prior to the signing of the German reunification treaty on 3 October 1990. I now felt that I had to make a copy of the account of my 2010 vision and show this to Karen after the conference on 3 July 2011.

While at the Oxford retreat one extraordinary event is worth mentioning. Myself and another lady and gentleman were the only participants who stayed an extra night at the retreat centre. As we were saying farewell on the last morning, I recalled that the lady had mentioned that she lived in Torquay. I flippantly asked her if she happened to know the only other person that I knew who also lived in Torquay. We were both surprised by her reply - '*She's my sister*'. During the retreat we were invited to walk around the grounds and 'link with the trees and rabbits' and to notice how we

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felt. Within moments of stepping outside the following poem began.

THE LIME AND THE PINE

*Lime and pine with love divine, look out across the vale.
The rabbits there, without a care, all fun that will prevail.
The clouds look down without a frown upon this land so green.
For all that was and is in sight will be forever seen.*

*But now we take our eyes afar to consciousness within.
For there we'll see what're we know and all that's ever been.
To clear our minds of all distraught reactions from the past
and let our journey onward be with love; forever last.*

*And so it is, the road to home, forever to the fore.
We came to earth to live our lives upon this land once more.
Then as we reach 'the end of days' I'll take you by the hand
and lead you to your heart's desire known as 'the promised land'*

What had begun as a link with the surrounding area seemed to have taken on a new aspect beginning in the second verse. The more I reflected on this, the more I became convinced that the last two verses of this poem were associated with the poem '*To My Dear Sister*'. Eventually I recognised another clue. Almost the last thing that had occurred at the retreat where I had written the poem was the response from the lady saying that she was the sister of a friend who lived in Torquay. How was I going to present this jumbled jigsaw puzzle to Karen - my past life sister?

Many of the lectures during the Glastonbury conference indicated that we needed to be aware of the expansion of consciousness that was taking place. The message was that we are co-creators of everything and that we need to clear residues of past traumas in order to move forward in love and light.

After dinner on 3 July I gave the copy of the text of my experience to Karen, followed by reading '*The Lime and The Pine*'. I explained that my vision from 2010 seemed to correspond to what was now

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taking place a year later, and I felt that she was being prompted to consider working on her emotions, possibly while in Kingsbridge. Karen's reaction was *'No way would she do that.'* I consequently suggested that she put the text under her pillow and ask for a dream to clarify the way forward.

The following morning I woke at about 04.00 with many thoughts going through my mind. I read the next section of 'The Power of Premonitions' in which Larry Dossey addressed the dangers to mental health of those frequently experiencing premonitions. He concluded by saying that personal discrimination can make the difference between whether such experiences are a hazard or a blessing. I wrote a page of notes stemming from recent events and thoughts arising from the conference presentations. I also added an account of visions that came to me as I wrote. First of all *'a very calm sea which blended into the horizon'*, followed by an image of one of the Glastonbury Abbey walls still standing, shaking as if by an earthquake, leaving me with the impression that it was likely to fall. Another part of my notes read *'You can't 'BE' until you've let go of all the traumas and attachments. That includes 'fear' which is the basis of American paranoia. Just 'BE' and send out love.'* Suddenly there was a loud crack. I looked at the clock. It was 06.47. I knew I had to read page 647 of Graham Hancock's *'Supernatural'* that I had purchased the previous day. The main paragraph began on the previous page with the words *'Is it a coincidence, or is it because the same parallel universe could be accessed by all humans in an appropriately altered state of consciousness...?'*

After breakfast Karen said that she needed to speak with me. She recounted that when she had gone to her room the previous evening she had felt as though she was drowning and had difficulty in breathing. She also had difficulty in sleeping and felt that she could not return with me to Kingsbridge. She would stay another night in Glastonbury and return home by bus and train. We spent the morning in the Chalice Well Gardens enjoying the warm sun before I left to return home. But during that morning Karen reminded me that as we had wandered around the Abbey grounds the previous

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evening she had mentioned seeing the image of a woman wearing a pointed hat in the stonework.

So was my vision in 2010 a glimpse into the future? Or had my thoughts created the eventual events? It had been my suggestion to give Karen a lift from Nottingham and that after the conference she came to stay in Kingsbridge. My apartment overlooks the estuary, which corresponds to '*I grabbed your hand and pulled you saying come and look at this*' in the vision. The estuary corresponded to the '*large pond*' at the bottom of a '*gentle grassy slope*' representing the Devon countryside. Clearly '*I looked round and you had disappeared*' corresponded to Karen's decision not to return with me to Kingsbridge.

While driving home I remembered that I had a table booked for two (originally for Karen and myself) for dinner that evening (4 July) and that this was Cynthia's birthday. As we had not planned to have our usual meditation, I decided to invite her to join me for dinner. As we got out of the car in front of the restaurant, she remarked how still the sea was, '*like a mill pond*'. She had '*never previously seen it so still*'. This evidently corresponded with '*the pond was perfectly still and dark*'. It also looked very similar to the vision that I had noted earlier that same day '*a very calm sea which blended into the horizon*'.

Karen, on two occasions had made reference to seeing a pointed hat which corresponded to '*wearing something like a pointed head-dress*', the only strange element of the whole vision, which at the time, to me seemed to be out of context. So on further reflection I feel that these latter two events seemed to demonstrate 'Oneness', (or that we are all One). Karen (in respect of the head-dress) and Cynthia, (in referring to the calmness of the sea) rather than me, had been prompted to note these physical expressions.

Or was this whole episode just a reminder for Karen to read '*Oneness*', which she had not yet done? But there again, if my July 2010 vision was a glimpse into the future, then after '*an indeterminate period of time*' when Karen had worked through emotional past traumas she would shoot '*straight up out of the*

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middle of the pond and slowly drift over to land at my side.' One could speculate on the meaning of this, but I suspect that there are clues in the poems. The last verse of *'To My Dear Sister'* ends with *'And then it is we'll greet each other knowing who we are, the timeless Now or Never, expressing love, our arms entwined, to journey on forever.'* Which is not dissimilar to the ending of *'The Lime and The Pine'* that reads *'Then as we reach 'the end of days' I'll take you by the hand and lead you to your heart's desire known as 'the Promised Land.'*" In considering that the beginning of the 2010 vision began while I was reading *'Oneness'* and *'To My Dear Sister'* twice expresses that we are all One, this raises a further question. In *'The Lime and The Pine'* who is the 'I' that will *'take you by the hand and lead you to your heart's desire?'*

If nothing else, for me the message was clear. From my 3 July 2010 vision: *'Symbolically, water represents emotions, so I suspect that in order to progress, you need to go deep into your emotions and work with them.'* Then from the poem *'To My Dear Sister'* comes: *'never live within the past'*. From *'The Lime and The Pine'* there is: *'To clear our minds of all distraught reactions from the past'*. And finally from my early morning notes on 4 July 2011 are the words: *'You can't 'BE' until you've let go of all the traumas and attachments. That includes 'fear'.'*

But as I put this text together I was reminded that there was also another aspect to be considered. During our stay in Glastonbury, Karen and I had discussed the healing method practised in Hawaii by Dr. Ihaleakala Hew Len. He called this healing *'Ho'oponopono'* and described it as *'cleaning'* or being responsible for recognising within ourselves what we are emotionally experiencing, focusing on this emotion and saying: *'Thank you for showing up', 'I'm sorry', 'Please forgive me' and 'I love you'*. I realised that I had missed a significant element related to what I had said in my account written on 26 April that I had initially called *'The Key'*. Cynthia's daughter Karen is trained in the healing art of *'Ho'oponopono'*. The second Karen that I met on the same day, had, some years previously, been my *'cleaner'*. I had been prompted to send the account of those events to Karen in Nottingham, but had missed the vital **'Key'**

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associated with Ihaleakala Hew Len's description of this as '*cleaning*'. I felt that this would be a private way for Karen to work on any emotions that she experienced in the future.

To complete my assessment of these events, there is a further symbolic element that I also feel deserves mention. This is the vision I had of the remaining abbey walls that were still standing, shaking as if by an earthquake and as though they were going to fall. I suggest that this symbolised the collapse of traditional religious teachings.

As usual I had sent out thoughts for fine weather over the conference weekend. It was beautiful, sunny and warm from Friday to Monday. I found a 5 pence coin, followed shortly afterwards by 2 pence – all of which go into grandson's moneybox. As I walked along the road where I had found the 2 pence, I was focussed on wondering whether I would find any more coins. Less than three hours later as we were leaving the abbey grounds, there on the lawn were 4 coins worth €3.70. I had little doubt that my earlier question '*Had my thoughts created the eventual events?*' was answered when the following morning while packing my case, from nowhere, the words '*Who is the control freak?*' sprang into my mind.

Based on past experiences, if I had to explain what took place in my 2010 vision, I would have little doubt that somehow I had become aware of a level of consciousness beyond what was usual in my normal waking state. On the surface I seem to have perceived not only what we refer to as 'the past', but also symbolically what was to take place in what we call 'the future'. The more I thought about this, the more I was reminded of the number of occasions on which I had been told that '*There is no time*' and everything is '*Now*'. I can only conclude that the visions were invitations to work on repetitious themes in order to help us to advance on our individual journeys. The poems together with the text of my visionary notes from the morning of 4 July 2011 seem to give clues as to the way forward and that is to '*Just 'BE' and send out love.*' Of course, the significance of 4 July being US 'Independence Day' could also symbolically correspond to the

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collapse of traditional religious teaching and the understanding that we are each responsible for finding our own inner truth.

Finally, as I completed this chapter one piece of mail arrived. As if in answer to my other question: '*Was my vision in 2010 a glimpse into the future?*' the mail that arrived on 26 July 2011 was a Christmas card! Was it for Christmas past, or Christmas future - or maybe 'Now'?

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CHAPTER 12

CREATING OUR OWN REALITY

While reviewing the previous chapters I was reminded of more events that took place in the late 1980's and early 1990's. During one of my meditation sessions I realised that I would be visiting mother a few weeks prior to Christmas. I knew that at some point during the visit we would be together with my sister Beryl, and nephew Alistair. I then had an idea of giving them all exactly what they wished for as Christmas gifts.

During the meditation I imagined that I would ask them if they would be willing to participate in an experiment. I imagined that they agreed and I gave them each a pen and sheet of paper. I suggested to them that they could have any gift they wished and invited them to each write down what that gift would be and how much it would cost.

I sensed that Alistair had written that he would like a car. At the time he was studying at university and I realised that if he had a car he would not be able to afford the insurance and petrol. At that point in my meditation I modified the procedure. After they had written their choice of gift and before writing down the cost, I suggested that they consider the implications of receiving that particular gift. I then said that if they wished to change their minds they should delete the original gift and write down their alternative choice. In the meditation, only Alistair changed his choice of gift. I then asked them to write down how much their gift would cost. My intention was to give them each a cheque to the value of their ideal Christmas present.

On the day we were together, in addition to mother, Beryl and Alistair, daughter Jan was also present. I knew that Jan could not take part in the experiment, as she had not been part of what I had experienced during my meditation some weeks previously. I explained to her that I would be giving her a gift separately. The exercise proceeded as I had imagined and only Alistair changed his

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choice of gift. When all was complete I asked mother what she had chosen as her gift. She said 'Good health' and that it would cost nothing. I explained that was her Christmas gift from me and wished her good health for the whole of the year. (As far as I recall I did not notice that mother had any particular health problem during the following year.) I then asked Beryl what she had written. She would like a holiday and it would cost £1,000. I left the room to fetch my chequebook and as I began writing, Beryl wanted to know what I was doing. I explained that I was writing a cheque equivalent to the cost of her holiday. Immediately she objected; she could not accept that; it was too much; if she had known what I was going to do she would have written something else. I laid the completed cheque on the table, wished her a happy Christmas and added that it was her choice as to what she did with the cheque.

I next I asked Alistair what he had written. He had written 'a car'. Before he could proceed Beryl almost shot out of her seat making noises about how he would not be able to afford to run a car. Eventually Alistair continued by saying that he had realised that he would not be able to afford to run a car so had changed his choice of gift to a ski holiday. I gave him a cheque for the cost of his holiday, wished him happy Christmas and said that his sister would receive a cheque for a similar amount.

Beryl reluctantly took her cheque with her when she left to go home. The next day she called to apologise for her reaction the previous evening and thanked me for her gift. I attempted to explain to her that I had already 'seen' what was going to take place in my meditation; that Alistair had initially written that he would like a car, and that was why I had inserted the option of changing the initial choice of gift before identifying the cost. I was not sure how convinced she was of my explanation, but I knew that I had set myself up to go through with this experiment, exactly as I had initially planned it.

The following day shortly after I began my journey home I was driving along thinking of the experience and laughing internally to myself at Beryl's reaction. Suddenly an inner voice said: *'That*

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was easy, wait until next time!" I knew there was more to come. I also knew that I was being shown that I had created that experience in my mind some weeks before it actually played out in this physical realm.

But I was then left with another question. In view of that inner voice, who or what had prompted me to create that experiment during the meditation in the first place? The more I thought about this, the more the aspect of everything being 'One' made sense, and that we are each simply a holographic expression of that 'Oneness'. Should we initiate a change in our individual consciousness, that change would be reflected throughout the whole of 'Oneness'. That inner voice was then simply another part of Oneness prompting another part of itself to experiment with a new experience, which would suggest help in understanding and re-integrating that individualised aspect into harmony with the whole of Oneness.

The process was becoming clearer to me as I was presented with each of these experiences. One thing, of which by now I had no doubt, was the reality of multi-levels of consciousness. Most of our time spent on earth is naturally focused on physical world activities. Once we accept and allow ourselves to become aware of other dimensions, then so many questions that relate to what have been termed 'paranormal phenomena' are answered. I speculate that the only reason they are termed 'paranormal' is simply because we have not understood quite natural, but as yet undiscovered, laws of the Universe. And such understanding is not aided by conventional science insisting on repeating experiments to prove specific reactions in this physical earthly dimension. By such action we are being discouraged by the 'gods of material science' from seriously investigating the universal laws relating to other dimensions. Only by studying and paying attention to these other dimensions and learning to understand the methods of communication of those realms, will we be able to move forward as a community of beings in the process of becoming enlightened.

It is now October 2011 and two months since writing the above paragraph. During that time news has been released that science has been thrown into turmoil at the thought of the implications of

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the speed of neutrinos being measured travelling in excess of the speed of light. I am reminded of a verse in the poem entitled 'Time' that was communicated to me from one of those other dimensions and which I received 24 years ago this month:

*Einstein had ideas and was on the right lines,
but it's hard to imagine what's true.
Unless you accept a complete new concept
which you'll only find deep inside you.*¹⁴

However the question of there being 'no time' still lingered in the back of my mind. The more I delved into looking at past experiences, the more I began to understand what appeared to be taking place.

During another seminar that I attended in the early 1990's I had recounted some of my strange adventures. As we were saying farewell, one of the participants suggested that what I was doing was the 'Silva Mind Control'¹⁵. This was something new to me so I questioned her about it. She briefly explained and commented that Jose Silva had written a book about his experiences. I had arranged to meet Pat for lunch that same day some three hours later. As I drove along the motorway I kept feeling that I must read that book. When I met Pat she insisted that we go back to her place for a drink before lunch. She apologised for arriving late at the arranged meeting point because she had been busy cleaning up her living room. As I sat waiting for Pat to prepare the drink I noticed that all her books had been put in the bookcase, except for three, which were propped up against the bookcase facing me. The book on top of the three, staring me in the face, was 'Silva Mind Control'. I arranged to borrow it. It took many years of research for me to recognise the subtle elements in what had actually taken place, rather than just brushing off the incident as being a fortuitous coincidence.

¹⁴ See 'Discovering Truth' Chapter 11 for further amplification associated with this aspect of my research.

¹⁵ See also the Introduction to 'Discovering Truth'.

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During the drive to meet Pat, at one point I had quite a shock. Suddenly I realised that although my body was seated behind the steering wheel and controlling the car, I can only describe what I sensed as my mind being 'outside on top of the car'. I suspect that this was similar to someone having an 'out of body experience'. I immediately directed my mind back into my body, or in other words, directed my consciousness back into this physical dimension. I cannot recall what I was thinking at the time, but clearly my consciousness was not totally focussed on what my body was doing and what was taking place in this physical realm. An OBE was not something that I had consciously intended, so I suspect that my mind was more occupied by thoughts of the need to read 'Silva Mind Control'. Now in accepting that everything is One, it was not difficult to imagine that Pat, another holographic expression of Oneness, had completely subconsciously sensed my desire. She had been prompted to clean up her living room causing her to be late for our rendezvous, but as a result had placed 'Silva Mind Control' in a position where I would eventually see it. This would also account for why she insisted that we return to her house for a drink before going to lunch. The speed at which my 'desire' had manifested seemed to be in direct relationship to the level of consciousness at which it was expressed.

But to return to the 'Silva Mind Control' for a moment, as far as I recall the book was about creating reality with our mind. Much of the focus was towards material gain, which was not my particular interest. But there was one exercise to which I was attracted. The idea was, in a meditative state, to imagine a screen in the mind and to see the number '100' on the screen. The exercise was to mentally count down from '100' to '0' while at the same time watching the numbers change on the screen. At that time I was already getting up half an hour earlier than normal to fit in a period of meditation before going to work. I did not have time to add this lengthy exercise to my schedule. My bright idea was to do the exercise but start at '10' instead of '100'. During my first attempt I noticed that the number on the screen and the one in my mind became out of synchronisation. I repeated the exercise beginning at '10' and again the number on the screen became out of synchronisation. Each

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time this occurred I would go back and begin at '10' and every time the same thing happened. Eventually I would give up and carry on with my habitual meditation. For over two weeks, every morning I would begin my meditation with this exercise and the same thing would happen. During that time I never once got past '4' without the numbers on the screen and the numbers in my mind becoming out of synchronisation.

I insisted to myself that I would eventually crack this apparently logical simple challenge. Then one morning after creating the screen and the number '10', suddenly the numbers on the screen quickly ran backwards one after the other down to '0', similar to what I had occasionally noticed at the **beginning** of a film. But this was different. After '0' there appeared on the screen the words '**The End**'. This was not 'The End'; I had not even begun the exercise. In my mind I questioned '*The end of what?*' And then came the shock. On the screen appeared the words '*Your life – now you will be working for us*'. I did not know who 'us' were, but I felt that whoever, or whatever they were, they were of a benevolent nature. I felt totally at ease with this situation. This was evidently going to be another interesting adventure.

But I now need to go back even further to address the possible reason why I felt at ease with '*working for us*'. As a young child, before falling asleep in bed, occasionally I would 'see' what I called clouds floating about in the darkened bedroom. I would be able to play with these clouds and move them about with my mind. Eventually I would become frightened, begin to cry, and mother would come into the bedroom. I recall explaining to her on one occasion that there was a man on top of the wardrobe. She turned the light on in the bedroom to clearly show me that there was no man there. She then left the door open and the light on above the stairway, so that I could go to sleep. Such events occurred on a number of occasions, but their frequency diminished to a point when, at about age seven they ceased. I do recall two similar events occurring, once in my late teens and again in my late 20's, but at the time I brushed them aside and got on with life.

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However, a few months after my first strange experience in my late 40's that signalled the beginning of my journey of investigation, while laying in bed a cloud appeared above my feet. I recognised this as being something similar to what I had played with in my childhood. I attempted to move the cloud with my mind. It did not respond, but slowly advanced upwards above my body. As it did so, I sensed that my body began to become paralysed. It was moving quite fast and as it did so, the paralysis moved with the cloud. By this time my whole body below the neck had become paralysed. I felt that if I did not stop it quickly, soon I would be unable to either breathe or shout out. The only thing I could think of was to say the Lord's Prayer, and as I did so, the cloud and paralysis faded away. As soon as I was back to full consciousness I became annoyed with myself. Here, after years of not having any similar experience, I had missed an opportunity of finding out what this cloud was.

It was about a month later when the cloud appeared again. Again it began at my feet and as it moved up above my body, so did the paralysis. Following the previous experience, I had wanted that cloud to re-appear. And here it was, but this time I was ready for it. I allowed it to come up to my neck and then projected my consciousness into the cloud to find out what it was. I immediately discovered that when I did this, there was nothing there - absolutely nothing. And in that instant I sensed that it had simply been a test for me to overcome fear. It appeared twice again during the next few months and on those occasions I dismissed it as if it had been an annoying fly. Twenty five years later I have had no further visitations of that cloud.

So it was that I gained a deeper understanding of how we are, and here I was going to say 'tested', but on reflection, I now consider this experience as being an aid to overcoming fear, one of the strongest emotions in this physical realm. I now attempt to treat and communicate with whatever I encounter in the other dimensional realms as I would with anything similar in this physical realm.

This brings me to a meditation experience on 19 July 2011.

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'I go down a slope until I reach a river. The banks are muddy. I go left along the bank until I reach a bridge. I cross the river by the bridge and while walking through a forest, eventually see three lights, from left to right – green, red and yellow. There is a door behind each light and the lights seem to be floating in front of the doors. The red symbolises STOP, the yellow MAYBE and the green is GO. I open the door behind the green light. (For me, the position of the doors from left to right, also symbolised past, present and future.) The whole of the doorframe fits completely inside the open mouth of a snake that is behind the door. I walk into the snake and it seems to be separated into segments that I pass through, one after the other. Eventually I notice on the right hand side of the snake, a door with a number '33' on it. I open the door to find an open area and a witch's broom up against the wall. I know I have to sweep the area clean. There are two sections, one each to the right and left of the door, on which are just a few scattered remnants that need sweeping up. I begin near the head of the snake (to the right) and work my way very quickly towards the tail. As I reach the end of the tail and turn to come up the left-hand side of the snake, a barking Scottie dog confronts me. I recognise this as being associated with a traumatic incident from my childhood.' (A friend had loaned me his roller skates. I could not skate and as soon as I had them on, a Scottie dog came barking up and I fell to the floor, unable to get up or run away from this dog.)

Having recently spoken about working with the Huna Ho'oponopono 'cleaning' technique, I realised that I needed to use this method to 'clean' the past incident from my consciousness. (In connection with the 'cleaning' that I had done along the exterior of the right hand side of the snake this corresponded to the future. I had not created any significant future karmic issues. The inside of the snake was the present. I had no concerns about walking along the inside of the snake and felt that the door '33' symbolised some form of initiation. The exterior of the left-hand side of the snake related to the past.) The Ho'oponopono method, relative to the symbolic

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image and associated emotional reaction is to say: 'Thank you for coming.' 'Please forgive me.' 'I'm sorry.' and 'I love you.'

'I complete this exercise and brush the area to the left of the snake clean, which had contained the Scottie dog. As soon as this is finished, another image appears in the next segment on the left-hand side of the snake. It is a cockroach, which again symbolises a traumatic incident from my past.' (It was while I was soaped up having a shower that a 5cm long cockroach appeared and began flying around in the enclosed area of the shower cubicle.) *'I really do not want to face this, but I perform Ho'oponopono and follow this by easily cleaning this second area.'*

It seemed as if all present day and future issues (inside and to the right of the snake) had been 'cleaned' and I had begun clearing residual issues from my past. There were areas beyond the cockroach area that I was not able to perceive, so I suspect that those issues are likely to come up for attention at some point in the future.

There was one question that remained in my mind. 'Where did those images come from?' Certainly they were not images that I wanted to confront, yet at the same time my emotional reaction to them was as real as if the events had occurred in this physical dimension. I had developed confidence during years of receiving information from non-physical dimensions in the form of answers to questions that had proved to be correct, and in writing poetry that I was not consciously capable of composing. I consequently decided to look at some of the earlier channelled communications that I had received in search of an answer.

But before moving on to that aspect of my journey I feel I should recount what came to mind while proofing this text two and a half years later on 10 December 2013. This was my experience from the previous day, during a group meditation.

'I notice a door in the partition separating the 'cockroach area' from the area beyond, that I had not previously been able to investigate. I open the door and am confronted by a gorilla.'

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My initial reaction is to half close the door, but I decide to open the door wide and spread out my arms. I am then in a hug with the gorilla that seems friendly and welcoming. Suddenly the gorilla comments that I don't smell too good. I respond that he doesn't smell too sweet either. I ask if he has anything to say or show me. He turns around, takes my hand and we walk off down a track into the jungle together. Quickly we reach an area that has been completely destroyed by fire. He simply says: 'This is your history, these are your ancestors.'

The area beyond the partition seemed to represent global, rather than personal karmic residues. It was time to work with ho'oponopono '*cleaning*' and say sorry for what we have been doing to the earth; of thanking the earth for bringing this to our attention; of asking for forgiveness and loving the earth and all life upon her.

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CHAPTER 13

WORKING TOGETHER

In the Foreword to this book is part of a communication that I received a few days after Maryline had committed suicide in 2007. The words kept coming back into my mind.

As long as we follow that changing pathway, not only will you gain the experience that you seek, but you will also draw to you your helpers and inspirers. For in effect what is taking place is that your inspirers are indicating to you the pathway. And you are then following the pathway that is being shown to you - although consciously you are not aware of this. So this is a two-way operation. Follow your heart, all of you, and you will receive gifts in abundance. The gift being that you will know that you are following your true way home.

It was on 15 August 2011 that I was presented with a clue that helped me put together more pieces of the puzzle I had been pondering on for some time. I had begun Chapter 10 on 25 July with the expression:

'The more I worked with the subtler realms of consciousness the more I felt it necessary to understand the language of communication.'

Then in Chapter 12 in response to my mental question:

'Who or what had prompted me to create the experiment to give mother, sister and nephew their ideal Christmas present'

I had postulated the following thought:

'The more I thought about this, the more the aspect of everything being One made sense, and that we are each simply a holographic expression of that Oneness.'

I then followed this with:

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'That inner voice was then simply another part of Oneness prompting another part of itself to experiment with a new experience, which would be an aid towards understanding and re-integrating that individualised aspect into harmony with the whole of Oneness.'

Kay and David had been to visit me on 13 August 2011 and before going out for dinner that evening we had a short meditation. Amongst other things, Kay had sensed that: *'I would be would be working in Montpellier in October.'* I did not have any specific activities planned for October, although there was no way that I could imagine being invited to do such work. However two days later I received publicity from the Écoute Ton Corps (Listen to your Body) Organisation in Canada. The publicity was for over 80 workshops, to be given by 20 different presenters, taking place in Canada, France, Belgium and Italy. All the workshops except one were based on various aspects of the basic 'Écoute Ton Corps' concept, the founder of which was French Canadian, Lise Bourbeau. There was only one exception in the programme and that was for a presentation by Lise, with whom I had participated in three workshops on various occasions in the past. Her particular workshop was to take place in Montpellier from the 14 to 16 October. Not only that, it was the only workshop with a different title: 'Écoute ton Âme' (Listen to your Soul).

I soon realized that this was either what Kay had linked into, or it had been presented to Kay as a clue in response to my mental questions. The questions I had posed were related to understanding more of the language of communication and everything being One. So, if we are working from the soul level and everything is One, it is immaterial who actually does the work in the physical realm. I feel that my questions and postulations had been prompted at the soul level and now I had received an answer confirming that the message from Kay was correct, but not in the sense that it would be physical 'me' that would be making the presentation. The fact that my question related to the *'language of communication'* also seemed to have been acknowledged (as a subtle form of confirmation) in that all the conferences I had previously attended

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associated with the 'Écoute Ton Corps' organisation were in French. This experience also seemed to be another method of anchoring within my consciousness that I would be working on my own.

It was 16 August when I next met other friends for a further period of meditation. My intention was to return to the situation recorded in the previous chapter associated with 'cleaning' any residual issues from my past. That was the idea, but as frequently occurs with this type of work, things do not turn out as planned. In the meditation:

I again go down to the river, but instead of crossing by the bridge, I decide to fly. I project my consciousness across the river and land on the other side to be met by an Amazonian who leads me through the forest. Quickly we come to what looks like an enormous spider's web made of rope, about 8 meters in diameter. The Amazonian climbs up this web and sits in the centre. I am following when suddenly he disappears as though he has been sucked through a tunnel. I eventually arrive and sit in the centre of the web and am also sucked through a tunnel to find that we are both in an empty space. The Amazonian remains by my side. There does not seem to be any wall or floor, but I sense that ahead of me there is a table, behind which sit three beings. I cannot see them, it is as though they are in a mist, but I know they are there. I mentally ask them if I can be shown anything more and am told that this is not appropriate until I have integrated and anchored all the recent new concepts and ideas that I have been receiving into my consciousness. This seems reasonable, so I then ask if they are angels. Their response is that this is what we in our physical culture would probably call them, but in their terms they are simply helpers, inspirers, teachers, guides or any other names'.

I got into bed at midnight that evening and thoughts of what I had experienced in the meditation were still in my mind. I had not made a note of what I had experienced and soon realised that I would not be able to settle until the above account had been

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recorded. I turned on the computer and worked on this chapter until 02.00 a.m. Four hours later I was reading Graham Hancock's book 'Supernatural'. Graham recounts his study of anomalies in academic interpretations of ancient cave art. I had reached page 203 where he notes many similarities between images in different countries and cultures and goes on to list some of these. Specific items catch my attention – *nets, ladders, spider's webs, lack of horizon or ground lines and figures that seem to float*. That is an exact description of what I had experienced in my meditation the previous afternoon. I had no doubt from earlier experiences that what I had been doing in the meditation was what was termed shamanic journeying. But not only that, I felt that the images from the previous afternoon had been shown to me to further anchor my understanding of the methods of communication between dimensions; of everything being 'One' and there being 'No Time'.

So somehow my waking consciousness seems to have been made aware of what had been described as 'helpers and inspirers' after Maryline had passed to the other side in 2007. It seemed to make sense that 'One' had also been the instigator responsible for the experiment associated with my Christmas gifts to the family.

The next two months were fairly quiet relative to receiving any additional pieces of the puzzle that would answer any of the questions associated with my research. However by 23 October 2011 I got round to listening to an Internet interview with Andrew D. Basiago of 'Project Pegasus' on Coast-to-Coast AM radio. The interview had taken place with George Noory two years previously on 11 November 2009. Andrew was a lawyer in private practice and held five academic degrees, including a BA in History from UCLA and a Master of Philosophy from the University of Cambridge. He explained that when he was about 6 years old he was with his father and they were '*teleported*' from New York State to New Mexico, 2000 miles away, in a matter of seconds.

There were two elements from the interview that affected me profoundly. Andrew described how he and his father had jumped through an '*energy field*' between two '*parentheses shaped objects*' about 8 feet tall and about 10 feet apart on the ground. When the

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device was turned on it generated a curtain of energy that appeared as if it was falling between the two armatures of the device. When they jumped through the energy field they appeared to be in a tunnel and soon found themselves in another place on planet earth.

In Chapter 7 I had described my 11 January 2011 experience in deep meditation as:

'I was taken along what could best be described as the inside of an artery [tunnel?] and quite quickly we passed through something like an airport scanner. The phrase I received to describe this, in answer to my mental query, was that it was a magnetic filter. I then found myself standing in an auditorium'.

Then above, I described another meditative experience from 16 August as:

'being sucked through a tunnel to find that we are both in an empty space'.

I then recalled that in Chapter 12 I had described another meditation experience from 19 July 2011 as:

'I walk into the snake and it seems to be separated into segments that I pass through, one after the other'.

I had little doubt that this was another symbolic expression of a tunnel that I had entered.

On 21 October, prior to listening to the interview with Andrew, I had recorded a TV programme by Derren Brown in which he shows how a hypnotised subject could be influenced to act as an assassin. I did not watch this programme until 24 October, after I had heard the interview with Andrew Basiago. Suddenly it became very clear that Andrews's experiences, which he described as 'teleportation', were actually experiences in altered states of consciousness. I suspected that the device referred to by Andrew, created some form of electromagnetic method of 'jumping individuals' into altered states of consciousness. At the end of the interview Andrew explained that the name 'Pegasus' was used

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because the technology would take subjects into non-ordinary states of consciousness.

Just before leaving Belgium to return to live in England in 2000, a farewell party was arranged for me. I was given a card that everyone attending the party had signed. On the front of the card was a picture of Pegasus. Unknown to the purchaser of the card, an artist in our meditation group in Belgium had drawn and given me a picture. Again it was of Pegasus. Had the procurer's of those

images been prompted to choose such a symbol to indicate that I would eventually be working with altered states of consciousness? At various periods in history, symbolic interpretations of 'Pegasus' have been understood to indicate the realms of the shaman and to which the poets withdrew to draw inspiration.



As an example of how individuals can be influenced to respond to help others without being aware of this, the following events also occurred during October 2011.

In the spring of 2008 I was persuaded by my doctor to have 6-monthly PSA blood tests to check for possible early stages of prostate cancer. I had been monitoring the results and until March 2011 the readings had gradually increased from 7 to 13. I was not concerned by this, but was surprised when on 4 October the latest screening results showed a reading of 26. After a physical check and commenting that in his opinion this could indicate cancer, my doctor recommended that I immediately see a specialist. From his non-committal reaction I cannot be sure that he heard my determined response correctly when I commented '*Well that's an interesting challenge*'. I then explained to my doctor that, at the time of the test I was recovering from a cold and felt that my

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immune system was probably otherwise engaged on healing that aspect of my body and that was why I had a high PSA reading. He responded that this should not have affected the reading, as PSA stood for **Prostate Specific** Antigen. I decided that when I saw the specialist that I would not be prepared to accept any treatment until I received the results of a further PSA test, to be taken when I felt that I was in good health.

Three days later (Friday 7 October) I received an email from an ex-work colleague who lives in Belgium. She was completely unaware that I had been having any recent tests. Part of the text of that email read as follows:

'Subject: Panel advises against prostate cancer screening.

WASHINGTON (AP) - Those PSA blood tests that check for prostate cancer do more harm than good and healthy men should no longer receive them as part of routine cancer screening, a government panel is recommending.

The recommendation by the U.S. Preventive Services Task Force, being made public on Friday, will not be a surprise to cancer specialists.

No major medical group recommends routine PSAs, and the government panel's guidelines had long advised men over 75 to forgo them. The new recommendation extends that 'do-not-screen' advice to healthy men of all ages.

Dr. Virginia Moyer of the Baylor College of Medicine, who heads the task force said: 'We have put a huge amount of time, effort and energy into PSA screening and that time, effort and energy, that passion, should be going into finding a better test instead of using a test that doesn't work,'

*Too much PSA, or prostate-specific antigen, in the blood only sometimes signals prostate cancer is brewing. It also can mean a benign enlarged prostate **or an infection**. Worse, screening often detects small tumours that will prove too slow-growing to be deadly.*

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The task force analysed all the previous research on this subject, including five major studies, and concluded: 'There's little if any mortality benefit.'

I intended to use the above when visiting the specialist to vindicate my position to reject any treatment prior to having a further PSA test in view of the infection. This eventually proved to be unnecessary. But I did check my reference book on possible causes of prostate cancer, which seemed to indicate '*unresolved childhood issues with one or both parents*'.

I mentally attempted to work on the '*any unresolved childhood issues*' however I found it difficult to hold my focus simultaneously on both the conscious and sub-conscious levels of attention. I consequently arranged with friend Sue, who is a past life regression therapist, for her to help me work on this issue. That experience took place on 24 October and apart from '*having a sensation of freedom*' the experience did not seem to shed a great deal of light on my childhood relationship with either parent. However, during the experience, other elements emerged which I will address in the next chapter.

Two days later I joined a local group for an evening of channelling. The lady organising the event said that there was a participant who had attended a course the previous week, which had included a regression experience. That person did not feel as though the regression work had been completed, so all attendees at the session agreed to support her to work on her unfinished experience. The lady organising the evening would lead the session. The more the evening went on the less it appeared like any similar experience in which I had previously participated. I felt as though the lady leading the session was projecting her own ideas on to the participant rather than assisting the participant to discover her own impressions. I began to become agitated until eventually I realised that this was associated with my relationship and my perceived controlling attitude of mother. Once I recognised what was happening I was able to release my energetic reaction. I also realised that the whole evening had been set-up for this to happen, including the way the lady leading the session had been prompted

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to work without realising that in fact she was acting to help me clear an issue. On the 10-minute drive home a track played on my iPod confirming that I had released any remaining attachments to mother. It was 'Born Free'.

So it behoves us to pay special attention to everything that is taking place around us particularly emotional reactions within the body.

Why did the friend in Belgium feel that she should send me that article just after my doctor had referred me to a specialist? It was exactly what I needed to support my inner feelings that I should not pursue any treatment without a further PSA test. Even then, and without such a report, I would have been very reluctant to accept any aggressive medical treatment.

And what was it that had prompted the lady to change the planned evening of channelling to what she felt was to help another member of the group? It was no doubt my responsibility to recognise how such action triggered an emotional reaction within myself and relate it to what I had been thinking. Certainly my feeling of '*having a sensation of freedom*' as a result of working with Sue seemed to have been confirmed by '*Born Free*' being played on my iPod on the way home from the evening of inner work at a different location.

So what conclusion was I able to draw from these events? It seemed evident that the doctor had mis-diagnosed possible prostate cancer. The '*unresolved childhood issues with one or both parents*' quoted as being causes of prostate cancer in my reference book, therefore may or may not be correct. Listening to our heart, feelings, and inner knowing are likely to be far more accurate than opinions of others, however highly qualified professionals they may be.

The day after writing the above text I had a further PSA blood test. The result showed a reading of 17.1. Three years later I have not had any further PSA blood tests and am feeling fine.

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CHAPTER 14

EGYPT 2011

I had arranged to travel across the Egyptian desert from Cairo to Luxor in November with a group organised by Sue. Sue had asked me if I had any thoughts on what our focus should be on 11 November 2011 at 11:11. The following day I received a large cardboard cut-out of a poppy from the British Legion. On the front of this was printed 11:11:11:11 together with *'For Them, For Now, For Ever'*. It was intended that the poppy be returned to the Legion for planting at a particular location on 11 November. Having previously sent a poppy on a cross for a similar memorial in respect of ancestor James, I was just about put this cardboard poppy into the recycle bag when I felt that it could be used during our meditation period on 11 November in the desert. I was prompted to add the following words on the back of the poppy. *'For all who gave their lives in North Africa for freedom from tyranny and peace'*. The more I thought about this, the more it seemed appropriate.

I recalled that in November 2010, during a previous visit to Egypt, Marcia and I had planned to visit the Commonwealth War Graves Cemetery in Cairo but had been denied access as, at that time, it had been out of bounds to tourists.¹⁶ There are 2,056 Commonwealth casualties of the First World War and 340 from the Second World War buried or commemorated in that cemetery. Earlier in 2011 there had been the Arab uprising in Tunisia, Egypt and Libya, and I was also aware that many allied troops had been killed in North Africa during the Second World War. I now felt that a short meditation on 11 November combined with burying this poppy in the desert could signal to these victims that their sacrifice had been acknowledged, and help to release any who were still attached to the earthly realm.

¹⁶ See also Chapter 6 above.

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In the previous chapter I referred to visiting Sue for her to assist me in addressing a personal 'past life' issue. However what occurred eventually seemed to be associated more with providing clues to the work we would be doing on 11 November, towards helping war victims release their attachment to the earthly environment.

Certain significant elements from that experience were:

I am wearing US army desert boots and a knobbly white cotton galabiya. On my head I have a Touareg type head-dress, but it is perched on top of my head. My hand is darkish skin, but not brown. (A hand that can turn to anything.) I am alone as though I am at the bottom of a funnel (but it is flat desert ahead of me). I have no particular feelings and am open to discovery.

There is the horizon, which I need to reach. On the left is a slight hilly section covering about $\frac{1}{3}$ in from the edge of my vision, whilst on the right I feel drawn to the centre of the higher hilly part. I move towards the base of the hills. There is nothing to stop me – FREEDOM.

I reach the top and am looking to see what is on the other side. I see nothing in particular. I can jump off the top and fly. I am flying – not seeing anything. I have a sensation of freedom. I am reminded of when I was a child in bed and used to attempt to go off into the Universe – but never reached a star before I fell asleep. The galabiya is flowing out, like a flying angel might look.

I am drawn towards an oasis – palm trees, water hole and a bar with 4 stools in front. It seems ideal, but I need something other than a stool. I consider a hammock or a chair and eventually decide to go into the water where I am floating and it is cool and refreshing. I dive down and there is a fish with an enormous mouth. I enter the mouth and eventually become part of the fish. I know that it's (my) tail is waving to hold my position in the water. Suddenly I shoot forward and I sense it in my tail. I am the only fish in the pool and there is not a lot to do – like a goldfish in a globe. It feels as if I've been in there

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long enough and I'd like to move on to something else. If I go from here where do I go? What do I do? [I subsequently understood the significance of this part of the experience as being symbolic of everything being One, and of shamanic experiences.]

It is raining and I am sheltering under a tarpaulin. Not the same boots; I am now wearing flying boots and flying gear. It looks like an airfield. It is as though I have come down on a remote airfield.

I am a pilot and ran out of fuel and landed in this field. I feel that the location is England but my nationality is New Zealand. I came from New Zealand to fight in the (First World) War and afterwards decided to stay. Then I became interested in flying. It is a private plane and I am one of four that own and share use of the plane. These are people I met during the war. I need to get back to them.

I advance in time and I am still in England. There are a lot of people and there is music and dancing. It is in a pub. I am on my own and am hoping to meet someone - a girl, Elizabeth, but she is not here at the moment. We have met a couple of times and I was hoping that she would be here. She arrives with another girl - Laura. Elizabeth and I are sitting talking getting to know each other. I walk her home. We are exchanging common interests and joking and it feels good. She is easy going, happy and laughing. We say goodnight and agree to meet up again. My heart is alive and I'm 'flying'.

In the next scene I see a wedding photo and the time is the early 1920's. We look happy, but behind I sense that it is quite a hard life. We have a very small rented place - kitchen, living room with a fireplace and two rooms upstairs. We're happy and just like being together. How do I get money? It seems as if I do little odd jobs. We don't need much.

Next scene is 1936 and we are not together and there are no children. I slowly realise that Elizabeth and I were only married from 1923 to 1926 when she died. We had nothing but

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we were so happy and she was fine for the first two years of our marriage. But she was ill during the whole of the third year. I was with her when she died. I have no family in England. Between 1926 and 1936 it is as if I had lost, or blanked out my memory, as a result of the shock of Elizabeth's death. I have the feeling that I spent those years either in an institution or I lived on the streets.

The last scene is in 1942, by which time I was military and was killed in the Second World War. I have conflicting flashes that I died in France. (But I don't recall there being any allied military in France at that time and conscious me was born in 1939.) Can't figure it out.

I feel that it is a release to have left my body. I am met by a 'welcome home' committee. I become part of them and they become part of me. Union. Oneness.'

The more I thought about the experience and the knowledge that I was born before the New Zealander was killed, the more I began to suspect that somehow a New Zealand victim from the Second World War had linked with me, rather than it being a personal past life experience. For him to have fought in both World Wars, he must have been over 40. I wondered if I could trace him on the Internet.

So I turned my attention to searching the Commonwealth War Graves web site for a New Zealand victim who had died in 1942. I began the search by selecting the parameters: Nationality – New Zealand; Year of Death – 1942; and Family Name – commencing AB, AC, AD etc. I was looking for any victim age 40 or above who had been killed in France. As I progressed through the alphabet I frequently noticed 'El Alamein War Cemetery' in the reports. I checked to see the exact location of the cemetery and discovered that it is about 400 km due north of where we were due to be in the desert on 11:11. So that was what it was all about. I realised that during our meditation at 11:11 on 11:11 we had to focus our attention on all the New Zealanders who had suffered so much in North Africa as well as all victims in general. By the time

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I reached family names beginning 'MA' during my search I noticed that there were 83 NZ victims, 48 of whom are buried in the El Alamein cemetery. Using similar parameters for names beginning 'MC' there were 147 NZ victims 68 of whom are also buried in the El Alamein cemetery. While making a note of all these details music was playing on the computer. And once again music confirmed my suspicion that I was on the right track. This time it was the Benny Goodman Orchestra playing 'We'll Meet Again'.

But on reflection, I should not have been surprised. The situation corresponded perfectly with the communication that I received in the 'Brigadier dream'¹⁷ from which I understood that I was going to be working in a different way.

I continued to check the details associated with the El Alamein cemetery. The records show that the cemetery contains **7,240** Commonwealth burials of the Second World War, of which 815 are unidentified. There are also **102** war graves of other nationalities. The Alamein Cremation Memorial commemorates more than **600** men whose remains were cremated in Egypt and Libya during the war, in accordance with their faith. At the entrance to the cemetery is the Alamein Memorial. The Land Forces panels commemorate more than **8,500** soldiers of the Commonwealth who died in the campaigns in Egypt and Libya, and in the operations of the Eighth Army in Tunisia up to 19 February 1943, who have no known grave. It also commemorates those who served and died in Syria, Lebanon, Iraq and Persia. The Air Forces panels commemorate more than **3,000** airmen of the Commonwealth who died in the campaigns in Egypt, Libya, Syria, Lebanon, Iraq, Greece, Crete and the Aegean, Ethiopia, Eritrea and the Somali lands, the Sudan, East Africa, Aden and Madagascar, who have no known grave. Those who served with the Rhodesian and South African Air Training Scheme and have no known grave are also commemorated in the cemetery.

Considering subsequent conflicts, the total number of victims in the above areas exceeded **20,000**. The enormity of the

¹⁷ See Chapter 6

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responsibility for attempting to assist any of the remaining victims to release their attachment to the physical domain became clear.

I had been wondering how I was going to handle the above situation when on the morning of 4 November 2011 I received a poem that I composed directly onto the computer. It took little imagination to realise that this was to be used during our meditation a week later. I printed a copy and cut it down to size for pasting on a card to take with me on the trip. As I completed this action I glanced at the clock. The time was 11:11.

RELEASE

*Some came to fight because they heard the call
and others came with hopes to end it all.
The dreams of those who stayed, were they in vain,
like grains of sand on Afric's land remain?
But consciousness endures in realms beyond
as those still trapped in traumas understand.
And so it is upon this final day
we come together for you all and pray
that each of you today will find release.
Let go your hold on earth to find the peace
and freedom which your inner being craves
and leave your memories lost in sandy graves.
So now just turn your minds towards a star
and travel to your lands of dreams afar
to realise that in those lands above
that once again you will be bathed in love.*

*Now all across this region who still roam,
let go with ease, and start your journey home.*

The following day I received an email explaining details of a different trip being organised by Patricia Diane Cota-Robles. The first paragraph read:

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'The Company of Heaven has asked us to take a group of Lightworkers on a sacred two-week pilgrimage to New Zealand during the influx of Light that will take place leading up to, including, and following 11-11-11. The reason we have been asked to travel to New Zealand is because of the critical role this sacred land is playing in Earth's Ascension process.

New Zealand receives the first impulse of every new day for the planet, so the first frequencies of 11-11-11 will bathe New Zealand and then spread around the globe in a wave of resplendent Light.'

I knew everything was going to plan.

So it was my turn on 11 November 2011 to lead the group of 12, who had travelled to this remote desert area in Egypt, in an act of remembrance. I described the background as to how I had become involved with helping release war victims and concluded by reading 'Release'. In the sand we buried a poppy; the cut-out cardboard image of the poppy containing the words *'For all who gave their lives in North Africa for freedom from tyranny and peace'*; and a copy of the poem. We then built a cairn as a memorial to all victims and I wondered when, if ever, the buried items would be discovered.

Shortly afterwards, as we continued our journey through the desert I felt a strong emotional presence and distinctly sensed the words *'Thank you, thank you, thank you, for what you have done'*. Two days later, instead of camping we spent the night in a hotel at El Badawiya. I was delighted when I received my room key. It was for room number 11.

As if that was not sufficient confirmation of thanks, upon my return to England I spent a couple of nights with daughter Julie and family. I re-set the tripometer in the car as I set off to return home. At one point I was prompted to glance at the distance I had travelled. It showed 111.1.

One further element of interest was at the hotel in Luxor at the end of our desert trip. I went outside to take a photograph.

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Immediately I was reminded of my 'past life' experience from the previous month. *'I am drawn towards an oasis – palm trees, water hole and a bar with 4 stools in front.'* There facing me beside the swimming pool surrounded by palm trees was a bar with four barstools.

From Luxor, we travelled by overnight train to Cairo, where we would have time to relax and visit the Giza Plateau, Sphinx and pyramids. Our plan was to visit the Great Pyramid on the last day. We were fortunate to be able to spend twenty minutes in the King's Chamber in relative privacy. This gave us the opportunity to sound a constant AUM, symbolising harmony and an appreciation of our visit.

From the late 1980's until 2010 I had been using photographs or designs together with poems that I had written to make my end of year greeting cards. Never once did I receive my 'end-of-year' poems any later than the end of October, and occasionally I received them as early as June or July. By December 2011 I had not received a suitable poem to accompany my greeting card. As a result I felt that I was being prompted to use the poem that I had received for the victims together with a picture from the Egyptian trip. So I sent a letter with the card explaining why the poem was somewhat different to those I had used as greetings in the past.

Margaret and Jan planned to travel to New Zealand on 25 December. In a letter to Margaret I had added that I felt that she should take the card containing the poem with her to New Zealand. I said I felt that she might come across some place (war memorial?) where the poem should be read to release any victims still attached to this earthly environment and it would be up to her or Jan to decide where it felt appropriate.

In response I received a reply from Margaret explaining her experience. She said:

'I decided to tidy up my desk. In the pile of things to be thrown away was the British Legion 11 November appeal. I was about to put it in the recycling box when 'something' prompted me to take out the cardboard poppy. I just couldn't throw it away but

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had no idea why I was keeping it. I then went shopping and when I got back found your letter on the mat. I have put the cardboard poppy in the envelope with your card and will take them with me wherever I go until I discover what I am expected to do with them.'

During the trip I had collected a number of stones. On the last evening we were invited to bring an object to place on an improvised 'altar' around which we were to spend a short time in meditation. I took one of the stones I had picked up. While waiting for the meditation to commence I noticed what appeared to be the image of 'a face', within concentric circles, on the stone. The more I looked at the stone the more the face seemed familiar. I later referred to this as 'The Face of Zeus'.

Upon returning home I felt I had to look up 'Zeus' on Wikipedia. There I discovered that in ancient Greek mythology, Zeus was the 'Father of Gods and men'. He was known for his erotic escapades, which resulted in many godly and heroic offspring, including Athena, Apollo and Hermes.

'Apparently, this time began the merger of Hermes with the Egyptian god Thoth, who flourished as the figure of Hermes Trismegistus.'

*'Both Thoth and Hermes were gods of writing and of magic in their respective cultures. Thus, the Greek god of interpretive communication was combined with the Egyptian god of wisdom as a patron of astrology and alchemy. Hermes, is the mythological Greek deity whose role is that of messenger of the Gods. Besides being mediator between the gods themselves, and between the gods and humanity, **he leads souls to the underworld upon death - both gods were psychopomps, guiding souls to the afterlife.'***

In Jungian psychology, the 'psychopomp' is a mediator between the unconscious and conscious realms. In many cultures, the shaman also fulfils the role of the psychopomp. Certainly the ceremony we had performed on 11 November to help victims of war or violence,

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who were still attached to the earth environment, to move on, corresponded to the definition of the task of a psychopomp.

But all this information brought back memories of events that I recorded following a dream I had on 3 June 1989.

'I am in some sort of cafe. A group of people is talking about using a pendulum. I become involved in the discussion. I say I will try with the pendulum - not expecting it to work. I am surprised when I place it over the first in a line of circles marked on what appeared to be a table. The pendulum swings out to 90° to the perpendicular and parallel to the table, in the direction away from the line of circles. So long as the pendulum remains central over the end circle, it remains at an angle of 90° to the perpendicular. [I wonder if it would work with a pendulum that I had recently made with a length of cotton and a bolt.] The one I am using in the dream has a metal chain. The pendulum did not spin or swing at all.'

I got out of bed, noted the details of the dream and had breakfast. I then checked the television guide to see what was showing that evening. As I flicked through the guide I came across an article that looked interesting - *'The Lost Power of the Pyramids.'* This is part of what I read - translated from the original French:

'The transmitter which they developed was a rudimentary looking device consisting of a long panel of wood on which there was a line of seven contiguous circles, which are used both as 'wave generators' and a means of measuring any 'vibratory imbalance'. Why seven circles? Because they correspond to fundamental principles put forward by Hermès Trismégiste, a highly revered scribe, who held a position in Egyptian tradition, very similar to that of Moses in the Judeo/Christian religion. As to the measuring instrument, it is nothing more than a pendulum. Physically not unlike those used by dowzers. However, in reality different, in that it is activated solely by the energy waves without mental intervention of an operator... Armand Hoppe (a lady referred to in the article) claims to be an adept in astrology and more

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recently in dowsing. What was the origin of her vocation? One night Mme Hoppe had, if not an apparition, then at least a strange dream. 'I saw at the foot of my bed the words - Hermès Trismégiste - written in letters of fire. I didn't know who he was. I thought he was a Greek God. It was only later that I read his works recorded by those with understanding.'

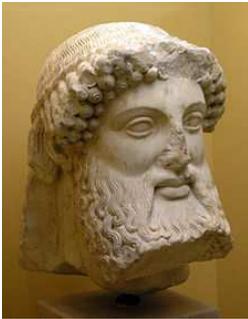
On the third page of the article was a picture of a Mr Demeulemeester, who had introduced Mme Hoppe to dowsing. He was holding a pendulum at an angle of about 45° over the last in a line of circles marked on a wooden table. The location of the table was in a room above his place of work, not a café but a restaurant.



Until reading this article I had never come across the name of Hermès Trismégiste. Exactly one week later on 9 June in the book that I was reading, 'Dreams' by C. G. Jung, not only does Jung make reference to Hermès Trismégiste, he also explains a few pages further on, much of the symbolism in my dream.

After further research on Wikipedia I discovered the image of a 5th century bust of Hermes. This seemed to have a close resemblance to the face on the stone. Then eventually I noticed on the reverse of the stone, a triangle pattern, symbolically representing a pyramid.

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I had been mentally questioning whether my imagination had been overactive in linking the designs on the stone to Hermes and the pyramids. By 13 January 2012, in order to still my doubts, during a meditation I asked for some form of clarification. Immediately afterwards I needed to go into town and on the way a large white vehicle passed me. Written on the side in letters that could be read at a distance of 50 meters was one word - '**HERMES**'.

Then on 29 January I received a routine email. Emails from that organisation do not usually show the other addressees to which it has been sent. For some reason, this email showed a list of 39 addressees in no particular order. My name appeared in the middle of these addressees as '**Nick Nicholls**' immediately followed by the first name only of the next addressee '**Hermes**'. The subject of the email was '*Hidden Meanings – Great Change*'.

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It was over a month after returning from the trip, on 27 December 2011, that I finally got round to editing the AUM that I had recorded in the Great Pyramid to remove clicks and occasional voices. I then turned on music to play in the background on my computer as I prepared an email to send to all the participants in the group, to which I attached a copy of the edited recording. At the exact moment the email was completed, the music that was playing changed. The new track began with the words '*See the pyramids along the Nile*'. A quick check revealed the title of that song to be '*You Belong to Me*'.

I immediately sensed the significance of this in relation to what I had recorded in Chapter 12 two months previously. The exercise that I had experimented with from the 'Silva Mind Control' eventually appeared in my consciousness as a film, which concluded with the words '*The end of your life – now you will work for us*'. But in that chapter I had also postulated that '*everything being 'One' made sense, and that we are each simply a holographic expression of that Oneness*'. I felt as though I was now being shown that what had originally been presented to me as '*us*', was now being shown to me in the singular form of '*Me*' in confirmation of that '*Oneness*'. Whatever was happening I had total trust in where I was being led and felt as though I had been presented with another stepping stone along my journey.

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CHAPTER 15

FURTHER CONFIRMATION

But another series of events is also worth recording. Roseline's birthday is in March. As I was going to be away for much of February, I decided to buy her birthday card and complete this before leaving, while I had sufficient time.

Despite there being a large selection of cards, I was drawn to an image of a wave tube on a card. The description of the photograph on the reverse was '*Rough seas pound the beach at Torcross*'. In 1944, 946 soldiers had died off that beach during training exercises for the Normandy invasion. As I began writing a poem to put in the card I recalled that, before I was aware of the details of what had happened to those soldiers, one winter night in 2001 I was driving along the road parallel to the beach. It was raining, windy and black. Roseline was with me in the car. When she saw the waves she insisted that I stop the car while she got out to go for a walk along the beach on that stormy night. I stayed in the car. About five months later after purchasing Ken Small's book '*The Forgotten Dead*' I discovered the events that had drawn him to recover and set up a tank as a memorial to those who had died in that tragedy. Whilst reading that book, suddenly I was contacted by some of the victims who wanted me to go and thank Ken for what he had done.¹⁸

It took me less than 20 minutes to write the following poem for Roseline's birthday card directly onto the computer.

¹⁸ The full account of my association with Ken is recorded in '*Discovering Truth*', Chapter 18.

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MEMORIES

*The crashing waves upon this shore
at Torcross, where in times of yore
the soldiers came and gave their lives.
They were the ones who left their wives
to come to fight; to set men free.
And that is where, one day with me
you left the car in tempest storm
to feel the spray. Was it to warn
those soldiers that they could be free,
remain no longer in the sea?*

*But lift their eyes to greater light
where they would leave behind the night,
the darkness of their past; and gain
a glimpse of their true life again.
But in those days, before we knew
how we could help, and what to do
to aid those souls stuck in their minds
in traumas, each of different kinds.*

*Now over years with knowledge gained,
our links with those deceased, not strained,
we can communicate with ease
to bring them peace and such release.
So on your birthday, send a thought
to those who knew, the love you brought
to those who lost their lives in vain
upon this beach in wind and rain.*

*They thank you for your selfless gift
that they received. Gave them a lift
to move beyond their watery grave.
You gave them hope. Their lives you saved.
So birthday wishes from them all.
With love. Thank you. You heard the call.*

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Four days later I met with friends for our fortnightly meditation. During this I managed to 'break through' from the physical level of consciousness to a deeper level. As I did so, I 'perceived' sparkling lights glistening on the surface of the sea and sensed the words 'Welcome to the realms of light'. As frequently happens on such occasions, I was unable to perceive what I could achieve with such an opportunity. No doubt as a result of the poem and memories from a few days previously, I decided to focus on the victims from the Torcross beach. I sensed that there were about 700 of them who had gathered together, more as a reunion, rather than anything else. I addressed them and explained that they were now free to move anywhere they wished or manifest anything they desired and that in order to do so, they simply had to focus their intention on whatever it was they wanted.

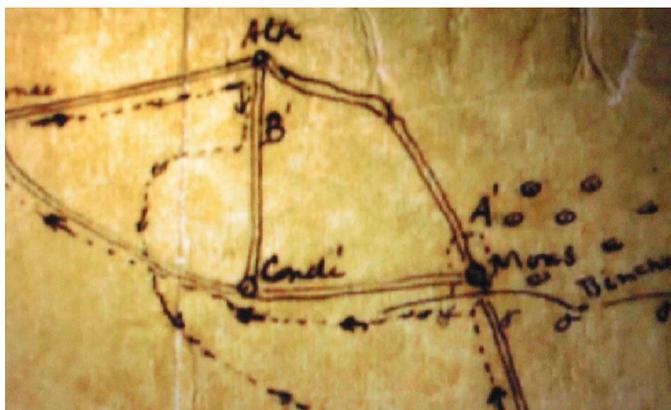
As an example I held up my hand, thought 'banana' and a banana appeared in my right hand. (This was not a physical banana, but more as one would imagine perceiving a banana in a dream.) I suggested that they try a similar exercise. One of them produced an orange, which seemed to remove some of the scepticism I sensed coming from most of the others. I then asked them to gather into groups of five and suggested that they try this amongst themselves. Eventually I approached one group to see how they were getting on. They had produced a 30cm high pyramid in the centre of the group, but I noticed that one of their number was missing. I asked what had happened to him. Immediately he re-appeared saying that he had wondered if it was possible to make himself invisible. No doubt more adventures would be forthcoming.

Well they were, but I was caught completely by surprise by the next sequence of events. It was 31 March 2012 when I watched a Channel 5 television programme that I had recorded the previous evening. The programme 'Revealed', documented how a group in New Zealand, working from original blueprints, had constructed some of the early flying machines. At the outbreak of the First World War the original aircraft were initially used for reconnaissance purposes. It was explained that in the very early

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stages, with there being no means of communication between the aircraft and troops on the ground, the pilots would overfly enemy territory, then return to base with drawn sketches of enemy emplacements. A copy of one of the drawings was flashed on the screen.

I was stunned and stopped the recording to check the details. The crude drawing covered an area around Mons in Belgium, where I



lived for 33 years. It also indicated what appeared to be possible enemy targets. One of these appeared to be an airfield, ('A' on the diagram) on which, eventually in 1966/67, was built the headquarters where I used to work. We had moved from France to live in Belgium on 31 March 1967 – exactly 45 years previously. The programme continued and eventually photographs were shown of the first two aircrew casualties who were killed on 22 August 1914. I made a note of their names, knowing that I had to visit their graves. They were Lt. Charles George Gordon Bayly (navigator) and 2nd Lt. Vincent Waterfall, (pilot) both of the Royal Flying Corps. On checking the Commonwealth War Graves Commission website I discovered that they were buried next to each other in the Tournai cemetery, some 50 km from Mons.

Since the turn of the year I had sensed that I might shortly be returning to France to visit war graves. For some time I had also

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wanted to add photographs to my records of the graves of the first and last allied victims from the First World War, who I had discovered, were both buried in the same cemetery on the outskirts of Mons. However I had felt that this could be combined with an eventual future trip to Belgium. I had no indication of any other particular graves that I felt drawn to visit until seeing the above programme.

The following morning as I got out of bed, my attention was drawn to an image of 'Pegasus' hanging on the wall. Behind this I knew was a card, on which was a different image of Pegasus.¹⁹ It had been purchased by Roseline and given to me at my farewell party when I left Belgium. With the contents of the poem that I had written for Roseline's birthday fresh in my mind, I decided to contact her to explain what I had experienced relative to the airmen and how the image of Pegasus had been drawn to my attention that morning. During the conversation I asked her if she had ever visited 'Pegasus Bridge' which was the site where the first troops had landed during the Normandy Invasion in 1944. She had not.

Although I had not seen Roseline for about 7 years, we arranged for me to stay with her while I visited cemeteries in the Mons area. We then agreed to travel together for a few days on a trip to Normandy. My objective was to stop by the War Cemetery at Bayeux where there was a particular headstone that I regretted I had not photographed during my 2010 trip. This would nicely combine with a visit to the museum at Pegasus Bridge. As for Roseline, for many years she had wanted to walk part of the 'Le Chemin de Compostelle' and she could do this from either Rouen or Caen.

By 6 April I had established a route, including a visit to my ancestor James' grave, booked accommodation, and sent an outline of this to Roseline. She responded by giving me suggestions as to possible routes that she might like to walk from either Caen or Rouen. I checked the details on the Internet and could not believe my eyes. The beginning of 'Le Chemin de Compostelle' from Rouen went

¹⁹ See also Chapter 13.

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right in front of the hotel that I had booked where we would be staying in the town.

After we had agreed on the arrangements for the trip, I commented to Roseline that I felt that it had something to do with 'completion'. Considering the graves that I had been drawn to visit, I wondered if this could be associated with helping to release the last of the First World War victims. It was on 30 April 2012 that I received an email from Roseline with an Internet link to an article by Marcus Mason about an eclipse that was due on 20 May. Part of it read:

'Powerful negative imprints, such as war, misuse of power or emotional trauma can block or damage the energy flow in a particular region of the planet, causing the energy to become distorted... Eclipses provide opportunities to release these negative energy imprints and enable new, positive patterns to become encoded into the Earth grids.'

After reading this I felt that my assumption seemed to be correct. However, I then came to details of times of maximum eclipse of planetary alignments and the appropriate significance associated with specific sites. As both Roseline and I are Picean, which is ruled by Neptune, I noticed that the significance of Neptune was *'Opening to new levels of unconditional love'*. My attention was then drawn to the first two sites in question. These were The Temples of Poseidon at Sounion, and Delphi, both in Greece. I was shocked again, this time into reflection as to the significance of what I had just read.

In Chapter 17 of *'Discovering Truth'* I had made the following statement.

'During our visit to Greece in November 2000, both Roseline and I felt that it was to the Temple of Sounion that she, in her 'past life', had been sent when she was moved from the Temple of Apollo in Delphi.'

I went on to recount what had occurred while we were on holiday in 2001, during an unscheduled visit to the Olympic Museum in Lausanne, Switzerland.

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I stood in front of a display of an arc of torches, reading the short history of the journeys of the Olympic flames of the modern day Olympic Games. I happened to glance up at one of the 5 television monitors above the torches just as the image of a lady dressed in a long white robe came onto the screens. She was standing in the ruins of what appeared to be an overgrown stadium (I presume the original Olympic stadium) handing a lighted torch to a runner. The robe was exactly as I had described worn by the lady in the exercise at the 'past life' workshop the previous October, holding a taper lighting candles on pedestals. I called Roseline over to watch the images which were repeated every 5 minutes or so. As the image recurred, we stood in silence watching the screen with tears in our eyes. Was this a sign that it was time for me to move on and start teaching? Whatever, at some deeper level I knew that this was an indication that Roseline was sending me on my way. 'We were to be separated' but at a conscious level this was something that I did not want to know.'

I concluded that chapter with the following paragraph.

I made a further trip [to Belgium] in June 2002 during which we considered separating for a while. Neither of us wanted this separation, but the difficulties that were being placed on our pathways were becoming so complicated that we knew that we had little choice. Roseline asked me how long I felt we should separate as we had earlier discussed this - possibly being until the end of August of that same year. I was shocked, surprised and unable to control the words that came out of my mouth. I replied 'Six years!'

The enormity of the symbolic significance of events then struck me when I realized that on 20 May 2012 the Olympic torch would pass immediately in front of my apartment. The conversation with Roseline referred to in the paragraph above had been in French. Had I mis-understood what had evidently been communicated to me from beyond my conscious self? Had I somehow mis-understood 'six ans' instead of 'dix ans' – ten years? That conversation took place in June 2002. Now, as a result of the

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events prompting me to return to Belgium to visit war graves, our planning would bring us together again on a trip in June 2012, exactly 10 years after our separation. If our separation had been signalled by images of torches in the Olympic museum, was the symbolism of the 2012 Olympic torch passing immediately in front of my apartment an indication that we were to be brought together again?

In the back of my mind I recalled something about another eclipse in June 2012 and decided to check the exact date. I was mistaken, but discovered an astronomical event that was due to take place, and which seemed to be equally significant. From Wikipedia I found that:

'Transit's of Venus across the disk of the Sun are amongst the rarest of planetary alignments.

They are so rare that only seven such transits have occurred since the invention of the telescope. The previous transit of Venus was in 2004, and before that was in 1882.

There is a pattern to the Venusian transits. Previous years they occurred were, 1631, 1639, 1761, 1874, 1882, 2004, and now the transit 05/06 June 2012. [The 5th of June was the day we were scheduled to visit the Pegasus Bridge memorial.]

This is the last Transit of Venus this century. It does not occur again until 11 December 2117 and then again on 08 December 2125.'

I had little doubt that our journey was in line with something beyond our conscious planning, and we had simply fallen into line with plans greater than our conscious selves could ever have imagined. Yet in the back of my mind was the question of our relationship. How would this develop after 10 years of separation?

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A dream on 19 May seemed to provide an answer.

I am attending a conference. It ends and I say goodbye to everyone. As I walk away from the venue I notice a man walking behind me. I turn to see who it is and as I do so I notice another man on the other side of an adjacent low wall. I then realise that the man behind me and the man on the other side of the wall look identical. The only difference is that the man behind me has what looks like the branch of a May tree across his face that is tangled in his hair. He is trying to brush it away even though he does not seem too concerned about it. The man over the wall does not have this branch across his face or in his hair.

I am excited because I seem to have seen this one person in two places at the same time. I decide to return to tell an attendee at the conference, what I have seen. As I turn and walk towards the venue the man over the wall addresses me as 'Mr Nicholls'. I hadn't realised that he knew me, even though he looked the same as the man behind me who had been at the conference. Although I had never met the man over the wall, the fact that he knew my name confirmed that he was the same person as the man behind me, rather than a twin.

I arrive back at the conference to tell someone what I have experienced, but they all seem busy and occupied in talking between themselves.'

INTERPRETATION. I suspect that the 'man behind me' is another part of my deeper-consciousness. Being shown that he has a branch of a shrub over his hair and face implies that he is not able to see clearly. There are three elements that need to be considered together:

If the man behind me is another part of myself, then the identical man over the wall must also be another part of myself.

The branch is of a May tree. This is the month of May. The branch does not impede the face and vision of the man on the other side of the low wall.

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I will be travelling to Belgium before the end of May. Belgium is part of what are known as the 'Low Countries'. I will have crossed over the low wall and be in the 'Low Countries' before the end of May.

The branch of the tree being absent from the face of the man over the wall indicates that I will be able to see more clearly (how our relationship would develop after 10 years of separation) once I had 'crossed over the wall' or once I arrive.

To answer the question, upon my eventual arrival in Belgium the gap of 10 years simply seemed like one day.

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CHAPTER 16

ALIEN INFLUENCES

In the mid 1990's I attended two lectures by John E. Mack and afterwards purchased a copy of his book '*ABDUCTION – Human Encounters with Aliens*'. It was May 2012 before I discovered that John had written a further book '*Passport to the Cosmos – Human Transformation and Alien Encounters*'. I immediately ordered the book and began reading it on 12 July.

The previous day I had received a phone call from Marcia. Could I help? She recounted that she'd had a feeling of giddiness as though she had drunk too much alcohol – but insisted that she had not. She said that it felt like a vortex in and around her head. Had I ever experienced anything similar? No I had not, and felt that I was unable to help. The conversation continued and Marcia recounted that a friend needing help had been to visit her. During the conversation with Marcia, the friend had commented that she had 'seen' sparks and lights around Marcia's head.

I immediately recalled an incident that had occurred some ten months previously. Another friend, Lindsay, had invited me to be present during the recording of a video of channelling for inclusion on her website. As the channelling was taking place I noticed what I described as sparks and stars around Lindsay's head. No one else noticed this. I was very relaxed at the time and could only assume that my consciousness had slipped into a state of awareness beyond this physical realm.

As a result, I suggested to Marcia that what her friend in need of help had perceived around Marcia's head seemed to be similar to what I had experienced. I felt that at the time Marcia was communicating with her friend, that she had been influenced by a non-physical personality, although she had probably consciously been totally unaware of this. Her friend had also slipped into an altered state of consciousness and had seen the same type of phenomena that I had experienced. I explained that I suspected that

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the 'sparks' had been caused by a difference in the energetic make-up of the influencer and the individuals being influenced (Lindsay and Marcia).

On 12 July 2012 Marcia received an email from a friend in South Africa which she immediately forwarded on to me with her comment:

'I think we should ask ourselves just WHAT is being deliberately obscured from us. Even those who have not had an experience of seeing a UFO, let alone an alien encounter; why is there not more curiosity about the continuing truly amazing and incredibly intricate crop circles? What are they saying to us and just how do they so suddenly and mysteriously appear?'

The email contained a link to an Internet site on which was the transcript of a 4 hour telephone interview between Rick Martin and Zulu shaman Credo Mutwa. Part the way through reading the transcript I discovered that the interview had taken place in 1999. My reading was interrupted by a Skype call from daughter Julie and family. Immediately after speaking with them I noticed that my other daughter, Jan, had just come on-line via Skype. I decided to give her a call. This is the image that appeared on the screen as soon as the connection was made.



Evidently something Jan's partner, Bryn had managed to set up on their Skype connection. But it felt so much in line with Marcia's

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comments and what I had been reading in the Credo Mutwa interview that I decided to take a photograph of the screen. We concluded our conversation and I went back to reading the transcript. In the very next paragraph was an account of Credo Mutwa's personal experience of his encounter with an 'alien'. This is what he had to say:²⁰

'And all of a sudden, in this strange, tunnel-like room, I saw what appeared to be dull, heady-looking, grey, dull-like creatures which were moving toward me. There were lights in this place, but not lights as we know them. They seemed to be patches of glowing stuff. And there was something above the far entrance which looked like writing, that writing against the silver-grey surface, and these creatures were coming at me but I was hypnotised, just as if the witchcraft had been put upon my head. But I watched the creatures as they were coming towards me. I didn't know what they were. I was frightened, but I couldn't move my arms or my legs. I just lay there like a goat on a sacrificial altar. And when the creatures came towards me, I felt fear inside me. They were short creatures, about the size of African Pigmy. They have very large heads, very thin arms, and very thin legs. I noticed, sir, because I am an artist, a painter, that these creatures were built all wrong from an artist's point of view. Their limbs were too long for their body, and their necks were very thin, and their heads were almost as large as full-grown watermelons. They had strange eyes, which looked like goggles of some kind. They had no noses, as we have, only small holes on either side of the raised area between their eyes. Their mouth had no lips, only thin cuts as if made by a razor.'

It was not so much the exact description corresponding to the image that I had just seen on the screen that attracted my attention, but more the timing of the event. There was less than two minutes between the time I closed the Skype link and began reading the above text. The appearance of the face combined with the

²⁰ http://www.metatech.org/credo_mutwa.html

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description, seemed to indicate that some form of intelligence had influenced these events. But this implied that Bryn must also have been influenced, prior to the event, prompting him to set up the 'alien' image on his Skype link.

In Chapter 1 I described how I had been prompted by a series of events to take a copy of Carl Jung's *'Memories, Dreams, Reflections'* on my trip to India in 2007. During the trip I felt I should not attend the teaching to be given by the Dalai Lama. (This was planned as an extension to the main tour and I had booked this in anticipation that it would have been the highlight of the trip.) I was then allocated room 313 in the hotel in Dharamsala. And finally at the end of the trip I came to the synchronistic text on page 313 of Jung's biography:

'What are you doing in India? Rather seek for yourself and your fellows the healing vessel, the servator mundi, which you urgently need. For your state is perilous; you are all in imminent danger of destroying all that centuries have built up.'

This had left me pondering many questions.

The other significant occurrence earlier in 2012 was that I received another email from Marcia, the contents of which confirmed to me that I had understood and implemented the method of how we create our own reality. In this particular case it concerned changing the projected date of my own death.²¹

The reason I am drawing attention to the above events is to highlight that, we as individuals are frequently (if not constantly) being influenced by *'Intelligence(s)'* beyond our conscious awareness. Conversely, we, by our individual thoughts, are emitting vibrations that influence aspects of Oneness. But are these *'Intelligences'* - *'alien'*? Yes they are, but only in the sense that they would not be communicating from the same level of consciousness as our primary ego expression in this physical realm. When we have been influenced we are usually unaware that such an event has taken place. However, when the *'communicated'* information

²¹ See *'Discovering Truth'* Chapter 24 for the full account of these events.

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is unconsciously passed on to the intended recipient, the recipient may recognise that they have received a response to a particular question or have been given a clue as to how to resolve a problem. In the materialistic scientific world this would probably be considered as a serendipitous event. In religious terms it would likely be attributed to an answer coming from God.

In the case of events surrounding my Indian trip, in summary:

I had posed a mental question: 'What book should I take with me on the trip?'

Shortly afterwards a friend asked to borrow Carl Jung's biography – but I would not be seeing her again until after the trip.

I then received an email from Roseline whose mother tongue and normal language of communication is French. Yet the complete text of her email was in English: '*Have you ever seen Jung speaking?*' Because of the peculiarity of expression and language, this caught my attention.

I received a postcard from Marcia on the back of which were the printed words '*First you had to recognise yourself as such and then that you are the 1 within the 3, the Divine Child of the Father/Mother – Your will, not my will be done.*' I had used this postcard as a bookmark during the trip. The '1 within the 3' only became significant when I was assigned to room 313 in the hotel in Dharamsala.

So, in response to my question as to which book I should take with me on the trip, 3 people had independently been prompted to draw my attention, in a 'language' that was understandable to me, and associated with the book that was being suggested I take with me. Following the same line of thought, the person allocating rooms at the hotel would also have been influenced to assign room 313 to me rather than to anyone else in the group. But on this basis, I then had to accept that my question as to which book I should take with me, was also probably influenced from beyond my ego self.

In Chapter 12, I explained that as a child I would 'see' what I called clouds floating about in the darkened bedroom. I would be able to

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play with these clouds and move them about with my mind. Eventually I would become frightened. Then in my late 40's when a similar phenomenon occurred I recognised this as being something similar to what I had experienced in my childhood. I attempted to move the cloud with my mind. It did not respond, but slowly advanced upwards above my body. As it did so, I sensed that my body was becoming paralysed. This exactly corresponded to Credo Mutwa's experience.

'I watched the creatures as they were coming towards me. I didn't know what they were. I was frightened, but I couldn't move my arms or my legs. ... And when the creatures came towards me, I felt fear inside me.'

However, my reaction was different to Credo's in that:

'It began at my feet and as it moved up above my body, so did the paralysis. Following the previous experience, I had wanted that cloud to re-appear. And here it was, but this time I was ready for it. I allowed it to come up to my neck and then projected my consciousness into the cloud to find out what it was. I immediately discovered that when I did this, there was nothing there - absolutely nothing. And in that instant I sensed that it had simply been a test for me to overcome fear.'

Then Credo explained:

'There were lights in this place, but not lights as we know them. They seemed to be patches of glowing stuff.' and *'They were short creatures, about the size of African Pigmy.'*

This also corresponded with the experience I had in January 2011. I had intentionally been attempting to enter an altered state of consciousness. I described this experience in Chapter 7 as follows:

'Each individual looked identical; each one was about 2'6" tall, oval egg shaped, without any limbs or faces. They were all pink and each exuded a soft incandescent glow, which was the only lighting in the area.'

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So my conclusion from Credo's account and my personal experiences is that 'we are surrounded by aliens'. Whether we are aware of it or not, 'they' do influence our experiences to the extent that 'they' seem to respond to our particular 'interests' or 'desires' and seem to manifest in many forms. I should be clear that in using the term 'alien' I do not necessarily consider an 'alien' to be a being from another planet. Everything is consciousness and as we expand our conscious awareness, slowly we will become more able to embrace, accept and understand the Universe around us.

But each experience is only valid to the experiencer. There seem to be strong correlations between my conclusions (up to this point) and with what Carl Jung calls the '*Collective Unconscious*'; Rupert Sheldrake terms '*Morphic Resonance*' and Lynn McTaggart refers to as '*The Field*'. And here again I suppose that a devout religious person might refer to the same phenomena as 'God', 'Allah' or similar expressions, although for me such terms with a religious connotation are likely to discourage scientific investigation.

There is just one further element from Credo's experience that deserves mention, and that is his reference to a 'tunnel-like room'. In Chapter 13 I have already addressed the subject of 'tunnel' experiences being a common factor when entering altered states of consciousness, and reference to 'passing through a tunnel' is also one of the common elements reported by individuals having had a near death experience.

It was around the late 1980's that I first met Marcelle in Belgium. She had occasionally attended activities we arranged associated with visits by mediums. After I met Roseline in 1996 we discovered that many years previously Marcelle had lived in a property that was subsequently converted into apartments, one of which was then being occupied by Roseline. I had kept in touch with Marcelle with my end of year greeting letters and had last met her around 2003/4. Roseline and Marcelle had remained friends over the years.

One of the first things Roseline did upon our return from Normandy was to call Marcelle. She was surprised to discover that

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Marcelle had gone into hospital the previous day. We immediately went to visit her. Her doctor had sent her for tests but at the time of our visit she did not know the results. We had said our farewells, but before leaving the room I felt I had to return and give another hug to Marcelle. As I did so she remarked that the next time we met '*would be in paradise*'. By the time we arrived back at Roseline's house (she had recently moved from the apartment) there was a message on her phone from Marcelle to say that the results of the tests had shown that she had cancer of the liver.

Over the following weeks, Roseline visited Marcelle regularly until she came to stay with me in England at the beginning of August. Roseline returned to Belgium on 11 August and contacted me the following day to say that Marcelle's condition had worsened considerably and she was now heavily drugged. Would I send out healing thoughts for Marcelle? I sat for a short meditation and during that period I sensed that I picked up Marcelle in my arms from her hospital bed and moved her to another area. She was so light in weight and I was surprised to notice that her breathing was at a different rhythm to my own, even though she seemed to have little 'density' to her body. I sensed that I laid her on what I could only describe as a massage table (although I did not 'see' any table) and then two or possibly three beings dressed in white came around the table. They placed their hands around her head, drew down a sort of light soft material over her face and communicated to her that she could now sleep.

Monday 13 August 2012. That morning I returned to reading '*Passport to the Cosmos*', beginning at Chapter 13. I had only read 7 pages when I was overcome by fatigue. I put the book down with the intention of going back to sleep. About 15 minutes later I felt that I had to get out of bed, turn on the computer and before breakfast, listen to an interview by Jo Conrad with David Icke that I had begun watching the previous evening.²² For me to be getting up at around 07.00 a.m. there was obviously something going on, but I was at a loss to understand what it was at the time. What

²² <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YnBhA2429SQ>

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David had to say related to humans being influenced by 'aliens'. He went on to describe the same conclusions that I had been attempting to articulate as to how humanity is influenced by 'energetic beings' from beyond the visible light spectrum in which humans express themselves on earth. Yet he had arrived at these same conclusions by a completely different route from the one I had taken.

I later spoke with Roseline and described what I had experienced in the meditation the previous day. She said that she felt that Marcelle would not remain in this world for much longer. At 10.00 p.m. the same evening Roseline called to say that Marcelle's earthly life had come to an end. Only while writing up this account did I realise the significance of the relationship between the date of 13 August; Chapter 13 (addressing near death experiences); 13 being the number of transition and beginning a new life, and how 13 had been so significant in events surrounding mother's passing, beginning with a dream on 13 August 1999, exactly 13 years previously.²³

It was the following morning that I picked up *'Passport to the Cosmos'* and continued my reading. I began where I had left off on page 268 where John recounts what one of his subjects had experienced. As this point it was my initial intention to quote from *'Passport to the Cosmos'*.²⁴ I needed copyright permission to do so and wrote to the publishers who directed me to the body holding the copyright. Part of their reply read: *'Unfortunately, it is our company policy not to grant permissions for self-published books. Please understand that this is not a personal decision...'* In order to explain how this related to my experience, I feel obliged to paraphrase what I read that morning.

Mack's subject recounted how she had felt close to a being in another dimension, very similar to the feeling I had in respect of my relationship with James – difficult to determine

²³ See *'Discovering Truth'* Chapter 16.

²⁴ *'Passport to the Cosmos'* by John E. Mack, M.D. Published by Three Rivers Press, N.Y. ISBN 0-609-80557-6

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if he had become part of me. She recounted that she felt her personality had been changed and of feelings similar to what I had experienced when deceased personalities had used my eyes to see what I was seeing. And finally she concluded by speculating the closeness as being similar to taking someone who is dying in your arms and comforting them.

I didn't need to read further. I knew I had to get out of bed again at 06.00 a.m. to write up what had occurred. What was it that had stopped me reading the previous morning $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way down a page in order for me to be able to read in the next paragraph, the morning after Marcelle's passing, a description of what I had experienced in a meditation two days previously? There was only one logical answer to this question, which also provided clarification to many other doubts and questions. I HAD BEEN INFLUENCED BY SOME NON-PHYSICAL ENERGETIC INTELLIGENCE! And if I had been so influenced, how many others are also being influenced and do not realise what is taking place? I suspect that we are all influenced to a greater or lesser degree. It all started with my innocuous question that I posed at the beginning of my 'journey of discovery'- '*What is this life all about?*' This was followed by subsequent questions of wanting to know how it all worked, which had seemingly prompted interventions by this 'Intelligence' or these 'Intelligences'.

So what were these other clarifications that this experience revealed? I was now convinced that ancestor James was a separate intelligence, yet his energy had influenced me on many occasions, as opposed to him being part of me. It brought clarification to the words '*now you will work for us*' that I had seen in a meditation many years previously²⁵. It also gave me the experience of working as a psychopomp, as earlier discussed in Chapter 14, but this time **prior** to Marcelle's release from attachment to this physical realm. There was one other element that I believe to be associated in working with energies beyond the earthly human expression. That is the need to be aware of how this affects our ability to recall

²⁵ See Chapters 12 and 14.

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events from our physical experience. I can only speak from personal experience, but I have discovered that events that I experience in a 'meditative' or non-focussed earthly environment, seem more real than normal earthly experiences. As it becomes easier to recall these non-earthly experiences, so earthly experiences become more difficult recall. It is as though memories of experience in 'different dimensions' are 'recorded' on separate CD's associated with the level at which the experience takes place. It is then necessary to be 'in tune' with whatever CD they have been recorded on, in order to retrieve the memory associated with the experience. I feel this would explain why I have begun to notice difficulties in recalling names of people and places in this world, yet not the details of the various experiences in other realms. A similar phenomenon would apply in the sense of having difficulty in remembering dreams when we return to full consciousness.

It was 11 November 2012 and I was loading the dishwasher when suddenly the name 'GHERITY' came into my consciousness. I had never previously heard the name and it made no sense to me at all. I then realised that it was Remembrance Day and wondered if it could be associated with anyone that had been killed in either of the wars. The following morning I checked the name on the Commonwealth War Graves Commission website and received '0' results from the search. If the name had been communicated to me, I could only assume that there must be some reason. This then prompted me to check to see if I had used the correct spelling. I tried again and this time used the spelling 'GERITY'. From over 1,700,000 entries on the CWGC website there was only one result from both world wars. He was a civilian in the Home Guard and was killed on 13 July 1943. I wouldn't have thought that this was particularly significant except that his home was Cleethorpes (which adjoins Grimsby - my hometown) and he was killed exactly a week after my sister was born. During a visit to my sister about 5 years previously we had gone for a walk around the cemetery where Sidney Gerity is buried.

My attention was then drawn to a short account on the CWGC website that referred to the number of civilians killed during the

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war. Further reflection on the significance of these events made me wonder how many people are aware of the number of Commonwealth civilians who were killed as the result of enemy action during the 1939-1945 War. The names of 67,092 are commemorated in the Civilian War Dead Roll of Honour, located near St. George's Chapel in Westminster Abbey, London. I have little doubt that 'Sidney' had wanted me to recall all of those civilians along with the rest of the military victims that were being remembered on 11 November.

Sidney was not an 'alien' in the commonly understood sense of the word, but nevertheless it seems as if he was able to communicate from a dimension beyond this physical realm. He was concerned that those civilians killed during the Second World War seemed to have been forgotten. Evidently, possibly because some years previously I had visited the cemetery in which he is buried, to him I seemed to have been the right person to ask to remember those like himself who had been killed during that war.

Early in 2013 a friend of my sister advised her that she had discovered from newspaper extracts that two of our 'Gatril' branch of ancestors had been buried in the Cleethorpes cemetery in 1887 and 1896. So while visiting my sister in April 2013 we returned to the same cemetery to look for these ancestors' graves. Whilst there we also looked for Sidney Gerity's grave, but were unsuccessful on both counts.

I again went to visit my sister in July 2013, this time to celebrate her birthday. While walking close to the Grimsby library I decided to see if they had any details of burials in the Cleethorpes cemetery. Yes they did and I obtained the plot reference where Sidney Gerity is buried. However I was advised that as there was no headstone on his grave I would need to identify Sidney's plot from headstones on adjacent graves. Later the same day I set off to try and identify Sidney's grave. That was very successful, but I was not prepared for the surprise that awaited my visit.

Sidney's plot turned out to be only about 20 meters from a Commonwealth War Graves Section of the cemetery, in which 49

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Second World War victims are buried. I was completely unaware of the existence of that section. Naturally I was tempted to investigate the war graves and my attention was drawn to just one headstone. It was for Bombardier Skevington who was killed in 1944 at age 57. I then noticed part of the inscription on the headstone, which read '(Late Major M.G.C.)'. He had been a Major in the Machine Gun Corps in the 1914-18 War, during which he had been awarded the Military Cross. When I set out on this 'birthday' trip I had no intention of visiting war graves, but in view of the connection to the Machine Gun Corps I began to suspect that ancestor James had other ideas.

I am often asked what I do when I visit war graves. I never know what to expect. In the initial contact with ancestor James, I concluded that he used my eyes to see what I was seeing while in the area where he is buried. Sometimes I write poems, most of which contain encouragement for those in the cemetery to let go of their earthly ties and move on. On other occasions each experience is personal. In the case of Bombardier Alan Percival Skevington, I felt that it was important to him that I noted, that after having been a Major who had been awarded the Military Cross and survived the First World War, that he had no doubt volunteered (due to his age) and as a private soldier had been killed during the Second World War. And in the case of Sidney Gerity I simply sensed a flood of appreciation that someone had visited a plot of neglected ground, which was his grave, five days before the 70th anniversary of his death and that he had not been forgotten.

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CHAPTER 17

2012 AND TRIPS TO WAR GRAVES

In Chapter 15 I recounted how in 2001 Roseline had got out of the car to walk along the Torcross beach on a stormy night and had subsequently been thanked by the deceased victims of Exercise Tiger via a poem for her birthday in 2012. Roseline came to spend 10 days with me at the beginning of August 2012. During that visit she decided that she would like to go for a particular walk. I felt that the weather was not suitable for walking so she took the bus to the beginning of the walk and I collected her in the car at a predetermined time and place. I only realised the significance of what she later recounted and how these events seemed to be yet another step towards helping release any of the victims still remaining in that environment. Roseline's walk in 2001 had been along the northern end of the beach, in the rain. This, her second walk, had been towards the southern end of the beach, also in the rain. During both visits she had been into the little St Andrews chapel at Beesands in which hangs a bell. It had been recovered from the schooner Lunesdale that had sunk in 1891. On both occasions Roseline had rung this bell, on the first occasion – once; on the second occasion – three times. It seemed as if, on the second occasion, she was symbolically completing walking the length of the beach and ringing the bell to indicate that time had now moved on.

I had reviewed and completed Chapter 15 shortly after returning from my trip to Belgium and France in June 2012. The next two months were spent mainly on catching up on practical activities together with writing Chapter 16. I was due to leave on 23 August to attend a conference followed by a retreat the following weekend, combined with visits to family and friends. I had felt that the period between Roseline's visit and before leaving on my trip would be quiet. It was 15 August when I noticed the clock in my bedroom had stopped at 01.25. I set the clock to the correct time, did not

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change the battery and it continued working normally. I suspected that this was a communication from 'beyond' telling me that time was getting short and I needed to 'get a move on'. But I was not sure what I was supposed to do. (Although clocks stopping are frequently associated with someone's passing, I felt that on this occasion this incident was not associated with Marcelle's death.) So the next day, within a couple of hours, I completed 45 rhyming lines of poetry for inclusion in 3 separate cards which I had bought for upcoming birthdays in September. I continued to respond to unread emails, but sensed that there was still something else that needed attention.

On 19 August I had replied to an email from Sue in which she had mentioned that she and a friend would be going to France. Then in the afternoon while walking and listening to music on my iPod, I noticed a song by Yves Duteil in which the phrase 'Dans la Maison de Normandie' seemed to be repeated frequently and which captured my attention.

The following morning I was literally given a 'wake up' call at 04.15 a.m. The previous evening I had watched an appropriately named BBC4 television programme *Timewatch – The Last Days of World War One*'. I'll come to some of the events recounted in that programme in a moment, but while watching it I realised that I had not written up my account of what had taken place during my visit to Belgium and our trip to France in June.

So I concluded that the above events, culminating in being woken in the middle of the night, were triggers for ensuring that I recorded what had occurred during our visits to the war graves. Details of the first airmen killed in the First World War are recorded in Chapter 15, but I had neglected to identify details of other graves we visited. I was particularly drawn to the graves of the first and last allied soldiers, also killed in the First World War, who are buried in the St. Symphorien Military Cemetery on the outskirts of Mons.

Private John PARR of the Middlesex Regiment was fatally wounded during an encounter with a German patrol two days

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before the Battle of Mons, thus becoming the first British soldier to be killed in action on the Western Front on 21 August 1914.



The following two soldiers were both killed on 11 November 1918 and are believed to be the last Commonwealth casualties of the First World War.

Private George Edwin ELLISON of the Royal Irish Lancers and
Private George Lawrence PRICE of the Canadian Infantry.



After visiting these graves, our journey initially took us to the Lochnagar Crater where there is a bench dedicated to the action of the 'Grimsby Chums' on 1 July 1916, the first day of the Battle of the Somme. This was followed by a further visit to the grave of ancestor James W. Gatrill, who I suspect had influenced Roseline

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in an attempt to indicate the direction I should follow in order to find his grave.²⁶ It was there that I received a further poem encouraging victims to release their attachment to this earthly realm.

IT'S TIME TO LIVE AS ONE

You came as one. We came as two to honour you and others too who gave their lives that we might be free as the birds. May you be free to leave this land behind at last; to leave your bodies here at rest.

It's time to live again I say, it's time to live another day.

Now look around this place and see the peace and love. You can be free.

Just take your mind into the sky beyond the clouds. Now, flying high look down and then look all around. You are no longer on the ground. It's time to move towards the light. You'll soon discover you're alright.

And any comrades that you know, just ask them if they'd like to go and join with you where it's nice, which once was known as 'paradise'. But that is simply in the mind. What're you think, that's what you'll find.

So long the time now lost in years, no longer need be lost in tears of pain, of sadness, or regret. Just leave it all behind - forget.

You're free and now it is you'll find, with all the others of your kind, that you may join as one in love. Not what was known as 'heaven above'; there is no 'heaven', or so it seems, it simply is our minds, our dreams.

So dream your dream, what're that be. I say again, let go, be free.

And one day we will hear the call and then together, one and all, we'll celebrate and live as one, when we complete our journey home.

The next stop on the trip was a visit to Monet's Garden at Giverny. Having noted that Claude Monet was buried in the local cemetery we decided to take a look at his grave. And here it was that we discovered why we felt we had been guided to this particular cemetery. There is another grave in which the seven Royal Air Force aircrew of a Lancaster bomber are buried together. The

²⁶ See 'Discovering Truth', Chapter 18 for a detailed account of these events.

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aircraft came down on the night of 7-8 June 1944 and in recognition of their sacrifice I record their names and ages:

Sergeant Allan Herbert Anderson,	19	Flight Engineer.
Pilot Officer Harold Arthur Foster	31	Air Bomber.
Sergeant Jack Leslie Fyfe Operator / Air Gunner.	22	Wireless
Pilot Officer Ronald Peter Maud	21	Pilot.
Sergeant Kenneth Penton	20	Air Gunner.
Sergeant Robert Donald John Sutherland	20	Air Gunner.
Flying Officer Ronald William Tovey	23	Navigator.

The final visit on the trip was to a grave in the Bayeux War Cemetery where Trooper Robert Murray, age 32, of the Royal Armoured Corps is buried. I simply felt that I had to have a photograph of his grave headstone, one of the few which did not portray a religious symbol of either the Christian Cross or Star of David.²⁷

Between visits to the cemeteries we spent time at the Pegasus Bridge museum at Benouville. This is where the first troops of the Normandy invasion had silently landed by glider at 00.16 a.m. on 6 June 1944. Capture of the bridge was imperative to the success of the invasion. There is an account to the exceptional exploit of Staff Sergeant James Wallwark, DFM, who was the pilot of the first glider to land. To safely land any aircraft, anywhere in the dark without landing lights as a guide, must be quite extraordinary. To land a glider within 50 meters of an objective must go down as one of the most spectacular feats of the whole invasion. We also noted a plaque to Lieutenant Herbert Denham Brotheridge, age 29, of the Oxford and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry who was the first British soldier to die on D-Day.

On an earlier trip I had been present at the Pegasus Bridge museum when a guided group of Canadians (including 3 veterans) had been

²⁷ See Chapter 6 concerning events leading up to and associated with this headstone.

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visiting. On that occasion I was able to hear a first-hand graphic account of events that had taken place on 6 June 1944. While reading the account of James Wallwark's exploits I was suddenly surrounded by 4 or 5 excited Canadians. One of them turned to me to explain that they had found what they were looking for. The daughter of one of their number was the partner of the nephew of James Wallwark. This 'James' went on to survive the war. *'We shall remember them'*.

But it was the 'Timewatch' TV programme, 'The Last Days of World War One' in conjunction with my clock stopping, that confirmed that 'time was getting short'. It was urgent that I completed my account of events surrounding and subsequent to my visit to Belgium and France. After introducing viewers to a number of battle sites the presenter, Michael Palin, went to the small communal cemetery at Nouvelles, just 6 kilometres from Mons. In that cemetery are the graves of 9 Commonwealth victims, four of whom were killed on 11 November 1918, the last day of the war; the other five were killed at the beginning of the war in August 1914. That was interesting, but nothing compared to the reaction I felt when I realised that Nouvelles was the adjacent village to Harveng. The cemetery at Harveng is where Roseline had asked me to take her 10 years previously. That is where her grandfather and stepfather are buried and on whose graves she had placed a rose before handing me a rose the following day; the last day of the visit before we had separated.²⁸

'Timewatch' research had uncovered some aspects of the life of Private Ellison, the last British soldier killed in the First World War. He had participated in the Battle of Mons in 1914, had gone through the whole war only to be killed some 90 minutes before the final cease fire at 11.00 a.m. on 11 November 1918. As part of the programme, it had been arranged for the granddaughters of Private Ellison to visit his grave in the St Symphorien Cemetery. The same grave that we had visited just 11 weeks previously.

²⁸ See '*Discovering Truth*', Chapter 17.

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Amongst other items in the programme were images of the grave and a photograph of Lieutenant Wilfred Edward Salter Owen MC, (one of the leading poets of the First World War). Tragically, it was also on the last day of the war that Wilfred's parents received news that their son had been killed seven days previously. I eventually realised what I can only describe as an 'inner knowing' related to my feelings when I saw those images. Although there seemed to be no way that I could prove it, I felt convinced that it was Wilfred who had been influencing me over the years to write poems to help release war victims from the traumas they were still experiencing. Of one thing I was certain, I knew that my conscious self was not capable of producing such poetry.

I looked up Wilfred Owen on Google and from one of his poems

'Wild with all Regrets' his words seemed to be a form of confirmation of the feeling that I had experienced as I watched *'The Last Days of World War One'*

*I shall stay in you, friend, for some few hours.
You'll feel my heavy spirit chill your chest,
And climb your throat on sobs, until it's chased
On sighs, and wiped from off your lips by wind.'*

Another event was that after sending an account of the trip to cousin-in-law, Irene, I received a card from her recounting that when she was small she had visited her grandmother. There she saw a glass case containing an illuminated citation and a medal. When Irene had asked about this she was told *'We don't speak about it!'* Years later Irene discovered that her grandmother had four daughters and one son. The son, Irene's uncle Alexander Campbell Boyd, was killed in the First World War. One sentence jumped out at me from Irene's comments: *'Is Alexander Campbell Boyd at peace, I wonder?'* She then added *'Those dear souls whose graves you visit must surely be aware and feel the peace your presence brings to them. I pray it is so.'*

I checked the Commonwealth War Graves web site to see if I could identify the grave of Alexander. There were ten 'Alexander Boyd'

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killed in the First World War. From the information available, only one of them could possibly have been Irene's uncle. I discovered a photograph of the cemetery where Alexander was buried. Then from the records I was able to identify the exact location of his grave, mark this on a copy of the photograph and send it to Irene.

While researching the above information I was mentally contacted by Alexander who led me to believe that it was such a relief to have been remembered. Not by me, but by Irene. That *'We don't speak about it'* was not what he would have wished, but would have loved to have been spoken about as if he was with the family at the time. He wanted me to thank Irene on his behalf for bringing the memory of him into consciousness. He specifically communicated to her: *'You are the only one who could do that – thank you'*. He then told me that I did not need to visit the sites of graves, but that in bringing memories of deceased ancestors into consciousness, it was often sufficient to allow them to release any remaining regrets they may have had associated with their time on earth.

But the significant element about this link was that in 2010 after Marcia and I had completed our round of visits to war graves, we spent a couple of days at Etretat. Alexander is buried in the Etretat cemetery and on one occasion we drove past the cemetery and must have been within less than 500 metres of his grave. Revelations seem to be hidden in the detail if we are prepared to look.

I mentioned at the beginning of this chapter about attending a conference to be followed by a retreat at the end of August 2012. At the time of my departure on that trip there were still a few revisions required to the above text. I arrived back home from the trip at between 15.15 and 15.30 on 4 September. At 17.00 I noticed that the time on the living room clock was showing 15.25. I wondered if this was mother-in-law (Irene's aunt) attempting to tell me that it was urgent that I completed this chapter. (I set the clock to the correct time, did not change the batteries and months later the clock was still showing the correct time.) The following evening as I turned on the light in the hall, the bulb blew. I then

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had no doubt that again mother-in-law was providing clues related to the urgency of what needed to be done.²⁹

During a meditation on 20 September 2012 for '*Healing of the Earth*' I received the words '*St Julien - follow me*'. I had no idea what this meant.

The following morning I continued reading the book '*Walking the Salient*³⁰ that had been sent to me by Pat a couple of months previously. This contained detailed walks around, and some of the history of First World War battle sites, in the Ypres area of Belgium. In the penultimate chapter I read:

*'The Canadian graves date from 1915 and are all 1st Division³¹ men who held this sector after the fighting near Kitchener's Wood and **St Julien**, during Second [Battle of] Ypres. ... New Zealand graves date from the Messines offensive in 1917, and the Australians from February and March 1918.'*

The text continued and made reference to the '*New Zealand Memorial*'. Having frequently been drawn to visit graves of Canadian and New Zealand victims, I sensed that I was being encouraged to visit this memorial on my next trip to Belgium. I then had the impression that I was being shown the date for that trip when I came to:

'On ANZAC Day, 25 April every year, there is a wreath laying ceremony at the memorial.'

I checked the Internet to see if I could identify the location of the New Zealand Memorial and in the process discovered the location of the small commune of Sint-Juliaan about 8 km north east of Ypres, right in the centre of some of the First World War battlefields. It is less than 5 kilometres from the largest

²⁹ Chapter 4 addresses the subject of mother-in-law manipulating clocks and light bulbs in more detail.

³⁰ '*Walking the Salient*' by Paul Reed. Published by Leo Cooper of Pen Sword Books Ltd. (1999) ISBN 0-85052-617-5

³¹ Only while checking this text over a year later did I realise the connection to the dream recorded in Chapter 6 where I was told that I was to be assigned to the 1st Division (albeit in Belize).

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Commonwealth War Cemetery and Memorial in the world at Tyne-Cot. I had little doubt as to the next war cemetery and memorial area that I was being encouraged to visit.

By the beginning of 2013, plans for the trip were falling into place. I also realised that this trip to Belgium would be a suitable occasion to visit the grave of Lieutenant Wilfred Owen MC. The cemetery where he is buried is in France, only about an hour's drive from Mons where I would be staying for part of the time. And as so many of the recent war graves I had been drawn to were of the first and last victims of the First World War, I also felt it would be fitting to include a visit to the site where the First World War armistice was signed in the Forest of Compiègne, France.

On 12 January 2013 I received an email from friend Katy whose son had been killed in Afghanistan. She was asking if I would be willing to join in a distant healing session for 'Bereaved Military Mothers'. I joined in the meditation at the appropriate time and received the name '*Margaret*' shortly afterwards followed by '*Nelson*'. I sensed that this related to a lady who was around age 50. I then had the name '*Tom*' and received some further information, which did not seem to make any sense. I was really at a loss as to where this information was coming from, but suspected that it was probably from 'Tom'. I soon discovered that this information made no sense to Katy who had asked me to join in the distant healing session.

This prompted me to wonder if what I had received could have been associated with a victim from either of the World Wars. So began another search on the CWGC Website. And here more pieces of my jigsaw puzzle began to fall into place.

The CWGC website records 35 victims with the name of '*T. Nelson*' killed in the First World War. 25 of these are identified as '*Thomas*'. I went through the details for each of them and eventually discovered more than I could have imagined. One '*Thomas William Nelson*' was in the Lincolnshire Regiment. The record shows that his name is on the Tyne Cot Memorial that I planned to visit. But not only that, he was the '*Son of Mrs M. H.*

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Nelson of 17 Abbey Walk, Grimsby'. When I visit my sister and walk into town, the route invariably takes me past or along Abbey Walk. I don't know whether Tom's mother's first name was Margaret, but I had the definite sensation that I was being encouraged to identify his name on the Tyne Cot Memorial.

I thought that was the end of my search, but then noticed that there were 4 other victims with the same names '*Thomas William Nelson*'. One of them was in the 'Machine Gun Corps' the same unit as ancestor James, who I feel has been influential in guiding me to many of the graves of other Machine Gun Corps victims. This '*Thomas*' is buried in the Coxyde Military Cemetery in Belgium, some 36 km from Ypres. Again I felt that I was being encouraged to visit his grave. Another '*Thomas*' was Canadian and his name is on the Menin Gate Memorial in Ypres, the town where I planned to be staying. The names of the other 2 victims with the names of '*Thomas William Nelson*' are both commemorated on the Thiepval Memorial in France, which I had been drawn to visit on two previous occasions.

While putting together maps and details of the sites that I intended to visit, I was confronted by another surprise. In the Messines Ridge British Cemetery (where the Messines Ridge (NZ) Memorial is located) there are 1,531 Commonwealth servicemen of the First World War buried or commemorated. Of the burials 954 are unidentified but special memorials commemorate a number of casualties known or believed to be buried among them, or who were buried in other cemeteries where their graves had been destroyed by shell fire. One of the 828 identified casualties on the Messines Ridge (NZ) Memorial is '*Private Thomas Nelson*' of the 1st Battalion of New Zealand Wellington Regiment who was killed on 8 June 1917.

'Healing of the Earth' also involves helping release all those who have passed over and are still attached to this earthly environment. The more I became involved in this work, the more I realised that in particular, it applied to military personnel who had been given an order that had never been countermanded. They had never been educated to understand that we create our own reality and they had

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consequently become 'stuck' in their mind state at the time of their passing. In many cases they simply needed to be given permission and clues as to how they might release their attachment to this earthly environment and move on to whatever was their individual desire.

Only after writing up the account of these events did I discover that the First World War '*Battle of Saint Julien*' had taken place between 24 April and 4 May 1915. I had arranged for my trip to take place from 22 to 30 April 2013 - 98 years later.

New Zealand Memorial near St Julien



Canadian Memorial - St Julien



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Many other elements were subsequently incorporated into the trip that had already been planned. This included identifying the grave of an unknown New Zealand soldier. His remains had been discovered during excavation work in April 2012. He was re-buried and honoured during a special ceremony on 25 February 2013 at the Messines Ridge British Cemetery. At the time of writing he is the last First World War victim to be given a final resting-place. I was also able to include a short visit to the communal cemetery at Nouvelles, near Mons, (mentioned above in the Timewatch programme) where the graves of 9 Commonwealth victims are buried.

But the subtle revelation from the trip was a response to my thought that there was no way that I could prove that Wilfred Owen had been influencing the poetry I had been writing to help war victims. On 28 April 2013 while visiting Ors cemetery in which Wilfred is buried, I took some photographs of the headstones and then sat to write the following poem.

MEMORIES OF WILFRED OWEN

TO THE FALLEN

*In France's fields on foreign shore, we came that they may be no more
held in repression by the ones who in their ignorance, the Huns,
came fighting for a cause unknown. Their sole desire; to return home
to mothers, fathers, sisters, sons, away from all this death and guns.
But theirs, this time was not to be, their lives they gave for you and me.*

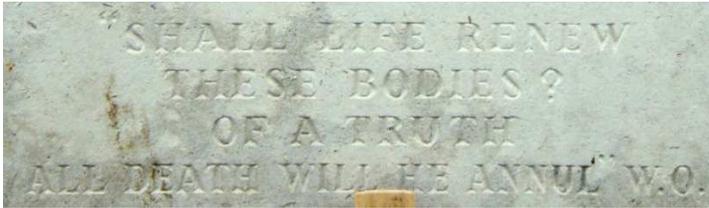
*And in their wake what have we learned? If they had simply just returned
to face the music of their soul, to grow in peace as they grew old
divested of the war and pain. Their shattered minds so filled with shame.*

*So now in peace their souls be blessed and be released at my behest
all memories of wrong or right. Just lift your eyes up to the light,
and always know, for evermore, you are remembered. And what's more,
respected, each for what you gave. May light protect your hallowed grave.*

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*So leave in peace the time is nigh, it's time to live, you did not die.
May light renew these bodies, healed, when truth at death, will be revealed.*

Two weeks later while sorting through the photographs that I had taken on the trip I noticed an inscription at the bottom of Wilfred's grave headstone. I looked at it more closely and these are the words that are inscribed:



"Shall life renew these bodies ? of a truth all death will be annul" W.O.

The words were almost identical to the last line of the poem:

'May light renew these bodies, healed, when truth at death, will be revealed.'

I felt that in influencing me to bring the headstone text and poem together, Wilfred was confirming that it was he who had been inspirational in getting me to write these poems at war cemeteries and this gesture also seemed to be a form of 'Thank you'. I suspect that since his passing he has had time to determine the missing word '?' from his headstone in order to complete the rhyme of the poem.

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CHAPTER 18

MANNA

While visiting Easter Island in 1997 I asked one of the local guides how the statues (maoi) had been moved from the quarry area to where they now stand a few miles away around the coast. It was evident from the look he gave me that I hadn't a clue. He replied with one word - 'manna'.

It was mid 2012 when I was given a copy of *'The Ferry Boat - Finding a Credible God'* by Michael Tod. On page 11 Michael made a comment regarding his upbringing, which had left him with a fear of God. He continued:

'Only when I was able to use a different name - Mana - in place of the word 'God' was I able to break through this barrier and open my mind to truly different ideas.'

Around that time I had listened to an Internet lecture on Altered States of Consciousness by Dr. Stephan A. Hoeller. He referred to research by Daniel Mercure who had published a book entitled *'Manna'* in which he postulated that the 'manna' received by the Israelites in Sinai on their 40 year journey from Egypt was a psychedelic.

I was intrigued by this remark and for some time had been intending to look up the Biblical account of the Israelites exodus from Egypt but had been too occupied with other activities. After arriving to participate in a retreat on 19 October 2012 I had about half an hour to spare before the first meal. In my room was a Gideon Bible. I wondered if I could find the reference to 'manna' and if this would shed any light on the 'psychedelic' speculation. The Gideon Bible contains over 1,300 pages. The first page at which I opened it was page 126. It included the beginning of Chapter 16 of Exodus. The chapter had the title *'Manna and Quail'*. I read the account.

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On arriving home from the retreat I read Exodus Chapter 16 again, this time in the New English Bible. I continued reading and eventually in Chapter 18, verse 3, I came across what Moses is reported to have said: ***'I have become an alien, living in a foreign land'***. There was a footnote against 'alien', which referred to ***Chapter 2, verse 22***. I was then intrigued to see what that said - ***'I have become an alien, living in a foreign land'***. Chapter 3 then begins with the account of Moses minding his father-in-law's sheep and verse 2 recounts that:

'The angel of the Lord appeared to him in the flame of a burning bush. Moses noticed that, although the bush was on fire, it was not being burnt up.'

What would be more natural than, in a relaxed state in a hot climate while watching sheep, to drift into an altered state of consciousness? Then to describe his experience as sensing ***'being an alien in another dimension'***. The further I read the more confident I became that what Moses had experienced was what today we might call an *'out of body'*, *'shamanic'* or *'spiritual'* experience. By the time I reached Chapter 4 the events recounted therein only added further to the conclusions that I was reaching and which seemed to be making sense. It appears that Moses recounted what he had experienced - again presumably whilst in an altered state of consciousness.

'The Lord said, 'Throw it [his staff] on the ground.' Moses threw it down and it turned into a snake. He ran away from it, but the Lord said, 'put your hand out and seize it by the tail.' He did so and gripped it firmly, and it turned back into a staff in his hand. ... Then the Lord said, 'Put your hand inside the fold of your cloak.' He did so, and when he drew it out the skin was diseased, white as snow. The Lord said, 'Put it back again', and he did so. When he drew it out this time it was as healthy as the rest of his body. 'Now,' said the Lord, ... 'fetch some water from the Nile and pour it out on the dry ground, and the water you take from the Nile will turn to blood on the ground'.

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All very similar to what people recount when in altered states of consciousness.

The Concise Oxford Dictionary definition of 'manna' is:

'Spiritual nourishment and sweet juice from manna-ash and other plants, used as a gentle laxative.'

Could these 'plants' contain a substance similar to mescaline obtained from the desert cactus, peyote, which is used by Native Americans in religious ceremonies as a hallucinogenic to induce an altered state of consciousness? The Biblical description of 'manna' sounded very similar to the way mushrooms or fungi appear overnight.³² I could well imagine becoming addicted to *'Wafers made with honey'* as a breakfast treat. Furthermore, individuals who have participated in ayahuasca ceremonies, which produce a hallucinogenic state, report side effects of vomiting and diarrhoea.

During October 2012 I had spent almost 3 weeks trying to arrange the manuscript of *'Discovering Truth'* into a format suitable for publishing, but without success. I had given myself a deadline of 7 November as a publication date.³³ On 25 October a card arrived from Marcia. Inside she had written *'Fly to the Light! To Nick for 7 November - your spiritual birthday.'* I put the card down on the desk next to Michael Tod's book. The front cover of *'The Ferry Boat'* is illustrated with an empty rowing boat pulled up on the shore with what I took to be a ferryman indicating the other side of the water to a man and a woman. The picture on the front of Marcia's card was of a misty sunrise. In the foreground was an empty rowing boat moored at a landing stage with three birds flying into the rising sun.

Inside the card from Marcia was a photocopy of pages 240 and 241 from Barbara Marciniak's *'Bringers of the Dawn - Teachings from*

³² Exodus Chapter 16, verse 14 - *'When the dew was gone, there in the wilderness, fine flakes appeared, fine as hoar-frost on the ground.'* And verse 31 - *'Israel called the food manna; it was white, like coriander seed, and it tasted like a wafer made with honey.'*

³³ 7 November was the 27th anniversary of my first awakening experience. Numerically '9' symbolised completion and when multiplied together with my request to have confirmation 3 times, equalled 27.

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*the Pleiadians*³⁴ which had been given to me as a present in the late 1990's by Roseline. In the margin, Marcia had written '*Do read it again*'. I suspected that because my apartment number is 22, she had highlighted the number 22 three times in the text. (Or could this have been a subconscious attempt to draw my attention to the significance of Exodus Chapter 2 verse 22?) The text after the 2nd highlighted number 22 reads as follows:

'22, a master number. This number is associated with imprinting and delivering into this version of physical reality a master teaching - a message that involves an encoding. The message is not simply in the way the words are strung together; there are layers of information hidden within the method and unfoldment of this book. Ideas are presented, conflicts arise, solutions are suggested, and inspiration weaves its way through, turning you always to that final commitment to inspire yourself.' (Underlining added)

I recognised that there were many layers in the symbolic language surrounding events that had been brought to my attention. The most urgent and important seemed to be that the information contained within '*Discovering Truth*' be made available to the general public as soon as possible. For this reason I decided that I must publish it as a free PDF download, without all the formatting.

In shamanic work, one often crosses water to enter into an altered state of consciousness. I suspected that this is what was being symbolised by the rowing boats (together with the people and the birds) on the book cover and the card - that we begin to become more familiar with working with our intuitive mind in this physical realm. This is the message we have been receiving in connection with changes that are associated with 2012. It did not escape my notice that no doubt quite unconsciously, Michael Todd, Marcia, Barbara Marciniak, Roseline and Stephan Hoeller, had all been

³⁴ '*Bringers of the Dawn*' by Barbara Marciniak. Published by Bear & Co (1992) ISBN 0-939680-98-X

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involved in establishing these individual pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. I was now in the process of attempting to put this puzzle together in order to make some sort of sense. Nor should the significance of the synchronistic event that drew my finger to page 126 in the Gideon Bible be ignored. But there was still the unresolved question related to my lack of understanding of the term 'manna'.

I recalled something that I had read in the text of a Rick Martin interview with Zulu shaman Credo Mutwa:³⁵

'Chitauli means 'the dictators, the ones who tell us the law'. These creatures then took away the great powers that human beings had: the power of speaking through the mind only, the power of moving objects with their mind only, the power of seeing into the future and into their past, and the power to travel, spiritually, to different worlds... and they gave human beings a new power, now, the power of speech.'

At a recent lecture my attention had been drawn to particular emphasis on the necessity of cementing physical and spiritual aspects of consciousness towards achieving a balance in everything. Suddenly I realised that this corresponded to the 'zone' to which I was able to direct my consciousness when I received poems or channelled communications. I also recognised that it was the zone between my normal physically awake state and a deeper state of consciousness. But it was more than that. It was the zone from which 'intent' eventually manifested in the physical realm.

I quickly reviewed some of my experiences. They were all associated with being in that 'zone' and all have been recorded above or in *'Discovering Truth'*. I was in an altered state of consciousness when the events occurred or when I perceived that they would occur. It was the same zone that Credo Mutwa was describing in terms of *'speaking through the mind'* of *'moving objects with the mind'* and *'seeing into the future and the past'*. It was a zone that was accessed by focussing the attention on another level of consciousness. Recent western culture has been dominated

³⁵ See Chapter 16 and http://www.metatech.org/credo_mutwa.html

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by focussing our attention on the physical aspects of speech and outer vision. What was evident was that in the western world we were generally not aware of the possibilities of living our lives from a state of attention within a deeper level of consciousness.

Once I had the 'key' it was so clear as to what had taken place. Initially it was the Roman church that understood the implications of being aware of such levels of consciousness - if this became public knowledge it would undermine their power to control the population. They contrived to attribute any attention to other levels of consciousness as communing with the devil, and over centuries had striven to suppress this knowledge by the Inquisition and persecution of the Essenes, Templars, Cathars, witches and the like. But such methods then subsequently continued to be applied by power hungry bodies for their own advantage. They symbolically corresponded to Mutwa's *'the dictators, the ones who tell us the law'*. Until we begin to apply discernment in all that we are told by politicians and corporate bodies, they, by manipulating the education curricula and controlling the media, now have a relatively simple task of maintaining humanity's focus on the material / physical aspects of our lives.

But to come back to 'manna', some of my experiences had given me clues that took me into the realms of speculation that I had no way of proving. Yet logically I could not exclude such speculation from my hypothesis. Let's start by looking at some of the evidence.

In *'Discovering Truth'* (Chapter 22) I recount how I desperately needed sunglasses to protect my eyes from a sandstorm in the middle of the Tunisian desert and found a pair on the ground almost immediately. There was the Egyptian artwork and a laminated map of the world, both of which were offered to me by others in response to, but without any conscious knowledge of my strong inner desire. Then in Chapter 12 above, I recount how I created events regarding giving Christmas presents to the family in a meditative state and the events played out exactly as I had envisaged. I have no doubt at all that these events (and many others) stemmed from an 'intent' within myself that I had initiated while I was in an altered state of consciousness. I was

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communicating with the 'Energy Web'; 'Collective Unconscious'; 'Morphic Resonance'; 'The Field'; 'The Matrix' or any other name we wish to use, and that had somehow responded to what I had intended in an altered state of consciousness. I had been in the 'zone' - 'manna'.

I then recalled an incident from the very early days of my research where I had discovered, as a result of holding a bracelet, that two sisters of triplets had died when young.³⁶ I was new to such experiences and during the following weeks I kept wondering how such information could have been communicated to me from a bracelet. I really felt that I wanted to hold that bracelet again to see if I could pick up any further information. I had booked to attend another workshop at the venue where this had occurred. However the owner of the bracelet, Christine, had mentioned that she had wanted to attend the same course but had been told that it was already fully booked. It seemed as if my desire to hold that bracelet again was unlikely to be met. On arrival at the venue four months later I was surprised to see Christine. How had she managed to obtain a place on the course? She explained that a week before the course was due to begin, a friend had fallen and broken her arm. As a result she had offered her place on the course to Christine. I began to wonder if my 'intention' had in any way been responsible for Christine's friend breaking her arm. I needed to be aware of what I was thinking at that level of consciousness.

But these were simply pieces of the jigsaw puzzle that I was attempting to put together to make some sense of what I was experiencing. I now have to bring to your attention two further pieces of the puzzle. First of all, in Michael Tod's biography *The Ferry Boat*³⁷ he wrote:

'One such afternoon I was lying on my sleeping bag outside my tent, under the shade of a large tree, wondering what special activity the elephants in my next novel could practise that

³⁶ See *'Discovering Truth'*, Chapter 1.

³⁷ *The Ferry Boat* by Michael Tod. Published by Cadno Books (2011) ISBN 978-189822-507-2

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would be original, interesting and would advance the story convincingly. Suddenly and without consciously willing it, I found myself walking up the hill behind our campsite, a hill covered in large rocks and baobabs. I had been in Africa long enough to have overcome the fear that behind every bush is a hungry lion and had learned that keeping alert and using reasonable care will keep you safe. I was walking quite purposely without knowing where I was going, or why, when I came to a modestly sized baobab with a stone slab at the base of its trunk. I sat down on the slab and a voice, inside my head or outside of it - once again I cannot say which - said, quite distinctly, 'Take off your clothes and stand on this stone.'

It was not a request, nor a suggestion, but definitely a command. I did as I had been told and stepped up onto the stone with my back to the baobab. My arms were drawn upwards and backwards against the trunk and the same voice said, 'Clear your mind and think of rain - nothing but rain'.

I stood there naked, arms back, with my head up, saying, 'Rain - Rain - Rain.'

Baobabs have fairly sparse foliage and I could see the sky above turning a greyish purple and then heard raindrops falling on the leaves above me and I could smell that distinctive 'African' smell of rain on dusty ground. How long I stood there I don't know - I was in some kind of a trance - but when I 'came to' the rain had stopped and I stepped down off the stone, dressed and walked back to the camp. For a hundred yards or so the ground was wet but after that it was as dry as it had been before. This happened in the middle of the Kalahari Desert where it had not rained for six months, if not six years! Once again I felt myself to be in that mysterious state of grace as I walked. Johan was still asleep when I got back to the camp and I did not tell him what had happened - I felt at that time it had been for me alone.

This synchronistic rain-making experience was exactly what I needed for my story when I came to write God's Elephants

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several months later. On several occasions in the book, my elephants 'make rain' in much the same way as I had done in the Kalahari Desert, except that they 'linque' trunks and do it as a small group.

Just as the squirrels in 'The Dorset Squirrels' and the dolphins in 'Dolphin Song' had led my thoughts into finding a way forward in spiritual matters, so too did my elephants. They taught me how important love is, or should be, in our lives and showed how God / Mana could inspire humans and in the book, elephants, to implement his plans for a better world.'

The second element was while I was attending a seminar in the late 1980's. I was sharing a room with John. John was still asleep in bed. I was getting shaved and glanced out of the window to see the whole sky covered in cloud, except for a very small patch of blue. In my half-awake state I mused that it would be nice if the whole sky was blue. No sooner had I had the thought than the patch of blue began to expand. *'Hey John, look at this.'* *'What?'* *'The sky is getting blue.'* *'So what!'* *'Well come and look at it. I just thought that it would be nice to have a blue sky rather than the clouds, and it's happening.'* That was more or less the end of the conversation. I timed it. It took exactly 12 minutes from the first thought until the sky was completely blue apart from a thin line of cloud on the distant horizon.

I noted what had happened and the 'focus of my consciousness' at the time, and with this in mind began to 'ask for' fine weather whenever I attended conferences or workshops. For over four years (with roughly three such activities per year) I always had good weather. That was until I attended another workshop. We were having a meal on the first evening when one of the participants commented that the forecast was for rain that weekend. I explained that I had been asking for fine weather when attending workshops. I then added that I had been doing this for a number of years and it always worked, and concluded with *'but I don't know how long it will continue'*.

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I learned much from that latter comment. I had sown a seed of doubt and the whole weekend it poured with rain, except that it did stop every time we moved outside from the workshop area to the dining area. I woke on the last morning and lay in bed reflecting on what appeared to have been a response to my doubts expressed on that first evening. Eventually I pulled back the curtain to see what weather we were likely to have that day. Have you ever felt that someone has been playing games with you and you never even realised that you were part of the game? There facing me was a complete rainbow.

Now, thanks to Michael's experience, I had confirmation that not only my thoughts, but also thoughts and desires of everyone else seem to be implicated in influencing the great creative process. It brought to mind a number of similar incidents associated with desire, involving others as well as myself, of which I had become aware over the years. Such 'desires' seemed to have influenced outcomes, not just of the weather but a whole range of situations in this physical realm involving the natural world, people, meetings, arrangements and many other events, which on the surface would appear to be quite normal.

But one vital element needs to be understood. In both Michael's account and my experience we had both been in a relaxed state (resting or having just woken up) with thoughts in our minds. Although awake, we were each in an altered state of consciousness. And with that understanding I ventured onto the next step of my research.

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CHAPTER 19

THE PYRAMID PARADOX

It was as a result of listening to an interview with shamanic teacher Sandra Ingerman that clarified my understanding associated with 'desire' and 'intent'. She recounted that during one of her personal shamanic journeys she had *'linked to'* ancient Egyptian mystics and healers and asked them *'how they did those things'* and about the pyramids. She said that the only answer she received was *'You don't have a clue what concentration means'*.

And it was that phrase that pulled so many of the pieces of my jigsaw puzzle together.

I was reminded of when I had been visiting Julie and family. When I stay there I sleep in Julie's therapy room (converted garage) so am isolated from any noise from the house. On the morning of 23 April 2012 I was woken at 03.40 by a sharp beep. The beep repeated 4 times followed by a few minutes silence. I was unable to determine where this beep came from. This sequence was repeated a further twice and from past experience I eventually concluded that there was probably some form of intelligence behind what was taking place. I managed to find my recorder in time to record the final beep of the last series of four and then settled down to go to sleep. I was not aware of any further beeps as words began in my mind. This is the poem that I spoke into my recorder in exactly 7 minutes.

FROM THE DEEPEST REALMS

*I am the Spirit of Truth and Light. I ring in your ears, I ring in the night.
I glide the heavens beyond your sight, the Spirit ever working right
within the realms so close and tight. We each vibrate, which is our right,
to dwell in realms beyond the sight of those in other realms at night.*

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Yet dreams become our way to speak to those in other realms that sleep and anchor in their memory deep, the light for which they search and keep a memory in their hearts so deep. Beyond this realm they cannot speak.

And as we dream we each will find we have a depth of truth divine.

This is a realm of deep creation, beyond what is imagination,
that power of all of those who dream to bring the truth upon their scene.
The realm in which you dream is small, and in no way could you recall
all of the realms beyond your space that has no body, has no face.
Whatever thought, that will create all realms beyond the hidden gate.

So take these truths into your mind and know that you will always find response to questions in your heart. Remember you are always part of that eternal realm above, which speaks to you in terms of love and always will be by your side as teacher, healer, spirit guide.

We thank you for listening. We thank you for hearing.
We send love to all in your domain. May we soon together meet again.
From the deepest realms. From the deepest realms.

Sleep, sleep and be with us again.

The answer was in that poem in the words I have highlighted in bold text: '***This is a realm of deep creation, beyond what is imagination***' and '***Whatever thought, that will create all realms beyond the hidden gate.***' But the answer to what?

Subsequent to three recent trips to Egypt I had become convinced that the 'official archaeological line' relating to the edifices on the Giza Plateau did not make sense. There were so many discrepancies that required answers. How had the massive blocks been transported? Different researchers speculated different time frames in which the work had been carried out. The pyramids were certainly not burial chambers. Why were they constructed in that particular location and orientation? What was the connection to Atlantis and geological alignments to similar pyramids at other locations? And how had some of these massive irregular shaped

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blocks of stone, not just at Giza but at other sites around the world - particularly in Peru, been formed to interlock with adjacent blocks with no space between the joints?

And from this point on, what I initially wrote I termed '*my realm of speculation*'.

I suggested that the '*zone*' in consciousness that I referred to in the previous chapter was between my normal physical awake state and a deeper state of consciousness. It was the zone from which '*intent*' eventually manifested in this physical realm and which corresponded to '*a realm of deep creation*' in the poem.

I felt that Sandra Ingrman's '*You don't have a clue what concentration means*' corresponded to '*beyond what is imagination*'.

And then I came to the expression: '*Whatever thought, that will create all realms beyond the hidden gate*'. In Chapter 7, I described that in an altered state of consciousness in January 2011, I had passed through something like an airport scanner. In answer to my mental query as to what this was I received the response that it was a '*magnetic filter*'. In order to board an aircraft (to take us to a different level) we have to pass through a '*gate*'. I had little doubt that the phrase from the poem and symbolism from my experience were showing the same thing. That '*thought*' at a '*deeper level of consciousness*' (beyond the '*gate*') initiates creation in this physical realm.

This neatly tied in with the Kahuna of Hawaii and Polynesian understanding of the term '*mana*' as being '*One's personal creative, mystical power, or force*'. And as historian and author Barry Brailsford explains, for the Maori of Aotearoa (New Zealand) '*mana is the spiritual essence of everything - everything has mana and it is to be honoured*'.

So my conclusion was that it was from a deeper level of consciousness, a zone, (mana) that the '*intention*' was set to create the edifices on the Giza Plateau and elsewhere.

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At this point the next sentence flowed into my mind from I know not where. *'They were not constructed by human hands'*. But this required some explanation. I understood *'constructed'* to mean *'designed by architects'*. I also realised that the following paragraphs were written whilst in my 'zone' of altered state of consciousness.

Atlanteans (and also Lemurians) were races that existed in a less dense form and lighter dimension than humans. They occupied levels of consciousness not generally perceivable within our present physical earthly dimension in which we are focussed, but were capable *'by intention'* of creating physical manifestations that would be meaningful to future inhabitants of a denser frequency. (Present day humans.) And here we find the answer to the question as to why conclusive physical evidence of the existence of *'Atlantis'* has not been found. It never was a physical expression in present day human terms, yet was totally *'physical'* to those who inhabited that level of frequency at the time. The earliest records we have of Atlantis have been attributed to Plato. However we need to consider whether Plato might have perceived his vision of Atlantis whilst in an altered state of consciousness. If so, this would then resolve so many unanswered questions. I would then suggest that Plato's students have interpreted what he perceived from the point of view of the physical reality in which they were expressing themselves at the time. In other words, humans have been attempting to understand the significance of the pyramids from a human perspective rather than from the perspective of their creators.

I referred to the Atlanteans and Lemurians as being races in the past tense. But in order to bring my speculation into a more understandable paradigm, we need to consider what we humans are. Where did we come from? What are we doing on earth - why are we here? And what happens after our physical demise? I have given sufficient examples in the above chapters and earlier in *'Discovering Truth'*, to convince me of the continuation of individual consciousness after we leave our physical body. From my research, individual consciousness appears to be identical

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immediately after death, to what it was the day before the demise of the physical body. So we don't seem to 'go' anywhere, but this still leaves the questions of why are we here and where did we come from?

My simple hypothesis is that each spark of consciousness is an eternal expression of part of Oneness. Each spark of consciousness appears to be constantly striving towards aiding evolution. This process includes manifesting across varying dimensions of the electro-magnetic spectrum, of which this physical expression is simply one of many. Manifestation in this physical dimension only appears to be the 'primary' focus of intent for a while, yet every expression is equally present in other greater or lesser dense dimensions at the same time, together with other non-physical expressions.

So after any expression of consciousness ceases to manifest in this physical realm it may continue to express itself, for indeterminate periods, in less dense forms together with other expressions in alternate dimensions. Within those lighter dimensions may also reside former expressions of Atlanteans, Lemurians and others. Considering the revelations expressed in 'FROM THE DEEPEST REALMS' and other aspects discussed above, I am bound to conclude that we have each created ourselves, by 'desire intent', for some specific purpose to experience life in this earthly environment. Then immediately we manifest in this physical domain, we forget why we chose to come here. But one key to the mystery seems to be that **the closer to the Source or Oneness at which consciousness is focussed (in conjunction with the intensity of desire) influences and determines the speed at which intent manifests in the denser dimensions.** (Which may otherwise be understood as 'prayer power'.)

And once we accept this concept, it simply dissolves any mystery surrounding, for example, UFO's, crop designs, ghosts, poltergeists and all similar phenomena that may be experienced in this physical realm. They are manifestations of 'intent' expressed in a dimension beyond this physical realm by sparks of consciousness, and which, for a time manifest in this physical dimension. They need to be

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studied from the point of view of the creators (even if humans, at times by focussed intent, are the creators) as opposed to them being something apart from our physical human perspective. They are signals showing us that it is 'time to wake up', to recognise who we are and the mechanics of how everything, including ourselves, is created from individual or combined intentions. Once we have integrated that concept into our psyche there will no longer be a need for religions, which have been the cause of so much suffering for so many millions who have been persecuted and sacrificed in wars over the centuries.

But now we have to come back to 'manna'. Evidence points to there being a zone, or zones in consciousness, at which, when a desire is focussed upon with concentrated intent, will cause the subject/object/event to manifest. I am suggesting that the intent and the manifested response affects all levels of frequency (the energy web - matrix) at the same time. We verbally ask a question of someone and receive a response in words. We send out a thought and in response we receive a reply. Sometimes that reply is in the form of a thought or feeling (inspiration); a verbal comment by someone; you may be given a book; we have a dream; we notice a series of synchronistic events or any other meaningful method that the questioner's mind is amenable to interpreting. The point is that we always receive a response, but we do not always interpret the 'language' of the response correctly.

Masaru Emoto in his magnificent work *'The Hidden Messages in Water'* clearly shows, through photographs of frozen water, that intent has an effect on the physical environment. I am suggesting that focussed intent from a deep level of consciousness 'manna' is capable of creating any manifestation in this physical environment.

So why would the Atlanteans / Lemurians want to create pyramids and similar monuments in this physical environment? Keep in mind that the reason for their manifestation in their domain was an experiment in evolution. I suggest that the *raison d'être* of present day humanity is a continuation of that experiment in evolution, but like a dream, no sooner do we arrive on earth than we forget why we came. Evolution is constant and consequently Atlanteans /

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Lemurians would have understood that eventually a race (present day humans) would manifest in a dimension, denser than that in which they were experimenting. Some elements (souls) of those ancient races would form part of that future 'human' family. They recognised that similar to waking from a dream, knowledge of their *modus operandi* from their dimension would be 'forgotten' once they arrived in this physical domain. So in order to establish some form of reminder of the consciousness with which they were familiar, they needed to construct, by 'intent' (mana), a form of aide memoir that would survive centuries to be available to them upon their eventual arrival in the next stage of their evolution experiment. The megalithic monuments are those reminders in symbolic form, eventually to be understood by their creators (our former Atlantean / Lemurian selves) in a future incarnation.

Now getting to grips with understanding the significance and symbolism of the megalithic monuments, pyramids and Sphinx begins to make sense. But that is another avenue of research.

I had arranged to attend a conference in Jamaica at the end of February 2013, prior to which I felt the urge to offer a presentation. Initially I had planned to speak about my experiences and exchanges with war victims. However I then felt that I was being encouraged to change the theme and speak about the significance of thought/desire and how this manifests as creation in this physical realm. But I realised that what I had speculated about the creation of the pyramids was simply that - pure speculation. It could not be proved. I then recalled that at the beginning of my research I had received many quotations from the Bible and that they had always provided answers to any doubts that I may have had.³⁸ I wondered; if I asked for a quote from the Bible, would it give me a clue as to whether I should refer to the creation of the pyramids in my presentation? I linked my mind into 'my zone' in consciousness and asked.

This is what I received. '*John Chapter 3 verse 12*'. I looked it up.

³⁸ See '*Discovering Truth*' Chapters 1, 7, 8 and 11.

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*'If you disbelieve me when I talk to you about things on earth,
how are you to believe if I should talk about the things of
heaven?'*

I knew that I was being encouraged to go ahead with my 'pyramid' presentation.

Upon arriving home from Jamaica on 1 March I was surprised to discover an email from a friend in Iceland dated 28 February with the title '*Bosnian Pyramid*'. It contained a link to an interview with Dr. Sam Osmanagich. Associated with that interview there was a further link to a 5-part presentation by Dr. Osmanagich on what he and other scientific researchers from around the world had discovered related to studies of a pyramid in Bosnia.³⁹ He began his presentation by saying '*Almost everything they teach us about the ancient history is wrong - the original man, civilisations and pyramids*'. I was hooked. Ten minutes into the final (fifth) part of his presentation Dr Osmanagich explained that below the area around the Bosnian pyramid they had discovered a number of megalithic blocks each weighing thousands of pounds, made of artificial ceramic material. On one of these blocks were symbols, seven of which were identical to the runic symbols. Based on Ralph H. Blum's '*Book of Runes*', they attempted to decipher the meaning. Their interpretation was:

*'Gate is closed, we're on standstill. We will have to fight to
defence [defend?] and conquer, until we're able to go through
the gate'*

What was the line in the poem that I received in the early hours of 23 April 2012?

*'Whatever thought, that will create all realms beyond the
hidden gate.'*

And how had I interpreted the symbolic meaning of the '*magnetic filter*' in my meditation from January 2011?

³⁹ http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OPYZH1W_hBk

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That 'thought' at a 'deeper level of consciousness' (beyond the 'gate') initiates creation in this physical realm.

But that was not the only clue from Dr. Osmanagich's scientific research. Twenty-five minutes into the fourth part of his presentation he explained that a team came to the site to measure electro-magnetic phenomena. They checked all around the area and the pyramid without any reaction, until they reached the top. There they detected an electro-magnetic field of 28 kHz. They concluded that, within a 13-foot radius, there was a continuous electro-magnetic energy beam going through the apex of the pyramid. Over the following months three different international teams came to check for similar phenomena and confirmed exactly the same results. However, when the strength of the signal was measured 10 feet and 20 feet above ground level there were what were described as 'astonishing results'. The further away from the pyramid the measurements were taken, the stronger the signal became. It is to be expected in this material world that the further away from any energy source, the weaker the signal would become. So where was the source of the energy?

Dr. Osmanagich had satirically suggested that everything in Bosnia was upside down. But in light of what I had simply termed '*my speculation*', his study results suddenly seemed to confirm what had been suggested to me as I wrote the earlier text. If the source of the energy (manna) was issuing from 'intent' from a level of consciousness far more intense than that in which we are normally focussed in this physical realm, then the symbolism of the pyramids 'pointing upwards' (amongst other symbolic messages) seemed to be saying '*this is where to look*'. I am suggesting that there are 'layers' of zones of which this physical realm is one of the denser. The further away from this physical realm, towards the Source, the finer the energetic frequencies become, while at the same time any intent originated at such finer levels, the more powerful impact such intent would have on more dense frequencies. Human energy measured in hertz shows that the sicker the person, the weaker the hertz measurement.

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I have already mentioned the phenomena of light bulbs needing to be replaced when I returned from trips. On my return from the Jamaican trip the bulb in the light outside my front door had blown, yet I failed to recognise the significance of this event. It was only brought to my attention the following day when I noticed that the clock in my office had stopped at about the time that I had arrived home. As usual, I removed the battery, cleaned the terminals, replaced the battery and set the clock to the correct time. Months later the clock is still working with the same battery.

By mid-March 2013 I felt that this chapter was complete. However, as frequently occurs, further confirmation of what I had written came in the most unexpected way. The first part of the above text concerning the pyramids was originally written towards the end of October and finalised in early November 2012 as part of the previous chapter 'Manna'. Subsequent to learning of Dr. Osmanagich's scientific research I split the original text into two separate chapters.

No sooner was this completed than I was confronted with further revelations in the form of information that was channelled through James Tyberon on 17 Nov 2012 via his website.⁴⁰ These are some of the phrases that were communicated via James.

'Atlanteans [and] LeMurians ... understood how to alter their reality under certain shamanic disciplines.' 'Earth ... contains ... dimensional gateways' 'Frequential worlds' 'All life that passes to the Earthplane passes first to the gateway ...' 'the technology utilised responded to and was operated by high frequency thought'

I somehow felt that James and I had been '*listening*' to the same broadcast, presented or perceived in a slightly different way.

The more outlandish these ideas appeared, the more frequently I would doubt the validity of the communications that I was receiving. Were these ideas coming from the consciousness of personalities from beyond this physical realm or was it simply that

⁴⁰ www.Earth-Keeper.com

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my imagination was overactive? Initially it seemed as if when those 'doubts' were expressed at the level of what I have been referring to as the 'zone', a response would be forthcoming. But the further I delved into this phenomenon, the more I began to understand that it was more complex than what appeared to be a simple question and answer exercise. I realised that there was the phenomenon of there being 'no time' in the realms beyond this physical dimension. Consequently the exercise in which I was involved had to take into account that the answers were known (beyond this physical realm) before my mind was influenced to raise the questions. It was as though I was being educated from beyond.

If my experience of receiving assistance in writing poetry from Wilfred Owen⁴¹ was the confirmation I needed to remove any doubts as to whether my mind had been influenced from the consciousness of personalities from beyond, then I must also accept that the 'communications' that I received in respect of the Atlanteans and the construction of the pyramids and megaliths were equally valid. Neither did it escape my attention that my mind was possibly being expanded further simply through being synchronistically introduced to the name of Dr. Os(mana)gich.

I then recalled, as recorded in Chapter 15, what occurred during a meditation exercise when linking with a group of deceased soldiers. I had explained to them that they had died and were now free to move anywhere they wished or manifest anything they desired. In order to do so, they simply had to focus their intention on whatever it was they wanted. As an exercise I asked them to gather into groups and suggested that they try this amongst themselves. One group produced a 30cm high pyramid. Was this another confirmation of the mechanics of the creation process and a clue to awaken my consciousness to even greater revelations to come?

Again I felt that this chapter was complete until I was given a further clue that seemed to justify my speculation. I completed

⁴¹ See Chapter 17

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reading my current book and was then drawn to re-read '*Serpent of Light - Beyond 2012*' by Drunvalo Melchizedek which I had read some months previously. In Chapter 4, Drunvalo, who lived in a remote desert area of New Mexico, recounted how one day four young men arrived and wanted to discuss the symbol of the 'Flower of Life' with him. He in turn wanted to know why they were interested in this design.

They recounted that an exploration team had identified the presence of a white pyramid in an inaccessible area of the Western Himalayan Mountains but had not investigated further as they were not prepared for the trek. The group with Drunvalo explained that it had taken six months to reach this isolated pyramid during the brief period when it was not covered in snow. The pyramid was not sealed and the 'Flower of Life' was the only design in the main chamber inside the pyramid. They were puzzled as to the significance of the design and why and who could have had constructed this unusual pyramid in such a remote area. Interestingly 'Flower of Life' designs are also inscribed on the walls of the Osirion behind the Temple of Seti I at Abydos in Egypt.

Only you can decide whether '*my realm of speculation*' sheds any light on the anomalies of the mysteries of the edifices on the Giza Plateau and pyramids elsewhere in the world.

But I was not left completely in the dark in response to my speculation and questioning. Friend Katy's son, Dale, who was in the Marines had been killed in Afghanistan and she is a member of a support group for mothers of war victims. She had asked her friends if they would sit for meditation on 25 May 2013, the fifth anniversary of Dale's passing. After dining with Katy and other friends, I was walking home on the evening of 24 May when I briefly noticed what I thought were white poppies growing between the footpath and the wall. As I woke the following morning I felt that I had to go and take a photograph of these poppies and sensed that there were five - symbolic of Dale's anniversary. Then while getting washed a poem came to me in less than 10 minutes. Eventually, I went to take the photograph of the flowers. Yes, five of them were open, but they were not poppies

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and they were yellow. I did not feel that I should take the photograph.

I began to wonder what seemed to have gone wrong. I continued walking and as I turned the corner and approached the war memorial I noticed just one big red open poppy in the adjacent flowerbed, which I then realised made a perfect link with the first words of the poem.

I sent my account of what had occurred to Katy together with a copy of the poem from Dale to her and a photo of the red poppy. She responded by recounting what had happened during the meditation. It transpired that she and another friend living miles away had each independently sensed that Dale was helping the young soldier, Lee Rigby, who had been brutally murdered in London three days previously.

POPPIES

*Poppies red and poppies white, just a sign that I'm alright.
In this land of in-between, where the grass is always green
that sometimes you feel you've seen, yet in truth you've never been.
All is energy, all is thought, that on earth is what you've bought
into - consciousness around. But in fact there is no ground.
All is in the mental plane. Simply think of me again
and I will be there on hand. That before, is what we planned.
On this day of birth I ask, carry on your earthly task,
know that I am by your side as through life you're free to glide.
And remember times of past, they're just memories, they don't last.
Onward into future realms, each to guide respective helms
through their journey to the light, following those poppies white.*

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CHAPTER 20

CONSOLIDATING REFLECTIONS

It was December 2012 when I was prompted to review and assess the significance of some elements from my earlier research. On reflection, it was as though I had found one piece of a jigsaw puzzle that fitted into the picture I had been working on, and like a link it tied together many other elements that had been identified but left in abeyance waiting to be connected. In order for you to remain with me during my thought processes it is worth recalling what Carl Jung had said:

'Think carnally and you will remain flesh, think symbolically and you will become spirit.'

In Chapter 5 of *'Discovering Truth'* I recounted how friend Chris had come to visit us in the late 1980's. He had been friendly with a popular medium, Ron Baker, before Ron passed into his next life in 1986. I also recounted how Ron had confirmed his continued interest in this physical realm from beyond the grave and proved this to me through one word *'Sugar'*. Although I never met Ron in this world, he seemed to have taken an interest in my research. I had been discussing some aspects of this research when shortly afterwards, while driving, I noticed a vehicle with the registration letters RJB. These were Ron's initials and I wondered if he might have been attempting to communicate something to me. (It was only years later that I came to recognise that images from non-physical dimensions could be projected into my mind, which, if I was in an altered state of consciousness I would perceive as physical objects.) But I dismissed this thought as being just another coincidence that I had noticed the letters on that car registration plate. Less than 5 minutes later above the cab of an approaching lorry in big letters were the words RON BAKER. I then accepted that the RJB had been of some significance after all, but in those early days I had not taken my thoughts any further.

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On a subsequent visit in 1989 Chris gave me a copy of a book '*GENISIS - The First Book of Revelations*' by David Wood. Chris explained that Ron had 'communicated to him' that he should purchase 'GENISIS' for me. I devoured the 300 pages in three days. GENISIS recounts Wood's adventures associated with how sacred geometry related to the mystery of Rennes-le-Chateau in Southern France and on speculation that treasure could possibly be buried in the area. It also touches upon mystical numbers, ancient Egyptian mysteries and Atlantis. However, I specifically recall one significant sentence that I read on page 197 just before closing the book and going to sleep. Wood had warned treasure hunters to '*be aware that the 'seed' is NOT gold*'. I woke the following morning with the impression in my mind that Wood's text had been written as '*the seed is not GOLD*'. The image of 'GOLD' in my mind then changed to 'Gold'. It was at that point I realised that if 'Gold' was written in the lower case the 'l' could be confused with the numeral '1'. Or it could also equate to 'I' within God, as 'Go(I)d'. This would have most likely escaped my attention, except that later the same day I reached page 246 where Wood made reference to the river Sals that flowed into Rennes. This he had written as 'SALS' and then suggested that by changing the capital letter 'L' to the lower case it would read 'SAIS' (SAIS), an important ancient Egyptian city now in ruins on the Nile delta. To me it was not the significance of the clues that Wood was following in his adventure that captured my attention. It was that a few hours previously I had mentally performed the same exercise of changing a capital letter 'L' to a lower case in the third position in a four-letter word to give me 'I' or '1' and a significant a clue in my research.

As my journey of discovery continued, I recognised that within many of the poems that I had written, were clues towards providing answers to my initial question of 'What is this life all about?' And as each new concept anchored itself within my consciousness, I realised that the 'zone' within my focus when I wrote poems was similar to the 'zone' in which I received channelled communications. I needed to review the poems and channelled texts that had been communicated to me over the years in order to

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identify what I could only define as a mechanism that seemed to be answering my questions.

When I reviewed the folder containing over 90 poems, the first poem that I was drawn to, written on 12 April 2010, was:

SOUL JOURNEY

*Know every seeker's journey is the soul
in search of truth; to journey and be whole.
It is the way to join and become One
with 'All That Is'. Forever carry on.
For in eternity there is no end,
just simply evolution to extend
the understanding of our inner being.
It is not what we hear – nor what we're seeing
but that magnetic pull to be again
that Oneness that we left; from whence we came.*

I do not recall the situation in which this poem was written. I can only assume that it was prompted in response to my thoughts and questioning and possibly came to me as I woke that morning. As explained earlier, when I have completed writing, whether it is a poem or 'channelled communication', when I return to full consciousness, frequently I am unaware of the detail of what I have written. Nevertheless, reading this poem over three years later, I have no doubt that I now have a deeper understanding of the concept and meaning communicated within the text.

Next I read the following poem written on 11 June 2009:

MORE TRUTH

*Our days and nights are numbered as we wander on earth's way.
Our lessons learned, or maybe not, but soon will come the day
when our time is up on earth, the end of time to roam
in an expression physical. Then so soon to go home
into the arms of Greater Love that brought us to this realm.*

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*We are but specs of everything, yet guided at the helm
by Greater Powers beyond our mind, that are beyond a dream.*

*Yet in the hands of our Creator, always will it seem
that we are guided and protected - shown the way to go.*

*But then how often do we fail to listen, and say 'No'
when challenges in life prevail. We often miss the chance
to learn a lesson, grow in truth, and maybe learn to dance
the way of life. Why did we come, to express here on earth
some element of our being, then wonder was it worth
the effort that we made to come? The answer we all know
within our deeper self, our soul, then question: 'Did I grow?'*

*So only by reflection of our inner deeper self
will we determine our truth. Have we each drawn the wealth
from our experience on this earth? Can we hold our head high
when we return to our Source, not some 'home in the sky',
but deep within our inner being, where we reflect at last
upon experience where we gained, yet other times we lost.*

*But in the end, we each will gain some element of truth.
Recall what we might have believed when we were in our youth!*

*And when we come to end our days and look back we will find,
if only we had been awake, and not spent our time blind
to all the possibilities that on earth came our way.*

*Maybe that once we realise, upon another day,
we'll come back down to earth again and recognise next time
that our journey has no end; there is no 'yours' and 'mine'.*

*There simply is experience to help our soul to grow.
Remember we create ourselves, and onward as we go
may truth reveal itself in love, forever may that be.
And may that truth express itself in forms as you and me.*

So if this poem was entitled 'More Truth', was there another poem in my folder called 'Truth'? Yes there was, and re-reading it again

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I understood that it also was providing responses to questions I had posed in the early stages of my research. But then my eyes fell on the title of a poem written on 1 October 1992 that seemed to respond to a question that I suspect eventually we all ask ourselves:

WHO ARE YOU?

*Have you ever put a thought to who you really are?
Have you ever asked yourself, or maybe you don't care
why you came on to earth to live a life among the dead,
away from all reality where truth is never said?*

*For truth just is, it needs no words, it simply is just thought.
What we express upon this earth are words, because we're taught
to think that way. Yet if we probe and search we always find
that in effect reality's expression of the mind.*

*What're it thinks, in all its shapes, in fact it is just one
expressed in all its many forms, and that is where we're from.*

*We're part of all creation. We're not on earth alone
as we may think, or have been taught. We need to find our own
reality for what it is, and not be led by those
who think they know and for our own good tell us what they choose
of what they know, of what in past has been revealed to them.*

*The secrets of reality are there for everyone
to understand. It just takes time and patience at the start
to ask yourself the question 'Why?' But ask it from the heart,
and need to know, don't just accept what others tell to you.
The answers you'll find deep inside; be sure they're always true,
they're as a light cast on your mind. Remember never doubt
when're you raise a question, you always will find out
the answer from within yourself. So if you really care,
just ask yourself the question to find out who you are.*

At this point (June 2013) I was at a loss as to how to conclude this chapter. I decided that I needed to be patient and wait for inspiration. It was as if I needed some form of confirmation to validate my '*speculation*' recounted in the preceding chapters

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concerning manna, Atlantis and creation of the pyramids and monoliths. It was 10 August 2013 when I received a phone call from Kathy who I had met during the trip to Egypt in 2010. Apart from initially exchanging a few photographs and end of year greetings, we had not been in contact during the intervening period. Kathy was going to be staying with a friend close to where I live. Could we meet up as she had a book that she felt she had to give me? We met two days later and I received the book with great pleasure. This was the confirmation that I had been waiting for. But before I reveal the title of the book I need to refresh your memory of some elements from my earlier communications from 'the beyond'.

I had concluded Chapter Five with the following communication from 10 May 2010:

*'We enjoy the fun of watching where this takes you and we react accordingly. When you reach the 'end of an experience' that is to say, a deep subconscious understanding which then becomes part of your character (wisdom), it is then time to move on to another aspect of learning. Don't believe you will ever get to a complete understanding in a universe that is constantly evolving – that is impossible. The way to create the changes which manifest in the material world is not to attempt to influence the microscopic aspect, but **create the blueprint**, then sit back and allow the natural laws to bring that design into being.'*

Then in Chapter Eight there is a channelled communication entitled '*The Unplanned Search in the Depths of Non-Understanding*'. A paragraph from this communication that I received on 5 February 2011 reads:

*'We now come back to the earlier guidance we gave concerning establishing a **blueprint** and allowing that expression to come to the surface in the physical realm. It really is as simple as creating a **blueprint** and allowing it to manifest through all of the levels until it reaches the skin. Set the **blueprint** in the heart, step back and wait.'*

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The significant title of the book that Kathy gave me is '*The Atlantis Blueprint*' by Rand Felm-Ath and Colin Wilson.

It appears that in May 2010 I had not taken to heart the initial guidance to '*create the blueprint, then sit back and allow the natural laws to bring that design into being*' and consequently had to be reminded of the concept again in February 2011. On that occasion, 'three times' in line with conditions that I had insisted upon being given at the beginning of my search.

I then recalled an incident from my teenage years. I had heard mother comment that she dreamed of living in a house on a particular avenue. This was a prosperous residential area and no way could I imagine my parents being able to afford a house on that avenue on father's salary. I now have to jump forward some forty years to 1995 and fifteen years after dad had passed on. Mother had been living on her own and just after her 82nd birthday, she decided to call the local social services to see if it would be possible to spend a couple of weeks respite in a residential home. Yes it would. There happened to be a room available in one of those houses on that particular avenue which had been converted into a residential home. Mother spent the last four years of her life in that residential home - presumably living out her dream, but probably not in the way that she might have originally imagined. I mention this to illustrate what I have come to understand relative to the level of consciousness at which we '*intend*' any particular desire. I do not believe that mother really expected that she would ever be able to live on that avenue. I suspect that her expressed desire had simply been a passing comment in conversation and the eventual outcome may have been very different had she expressed that same original desire in a deep 'zone' of meditation.

It was in Chapter 18 that I recounted a number of people had been involved in establishing pieces of what I described as a jigsaw puzzle that provided pointers to answers to my questions. Similarly, in Chapter 1 I recount how various people had been involved in suggesting that I take '*Memories, Dreams, Reflections*' to read on the trip to India. I also suspect that Kathy had been influenced from a deeper level of consciousness to pass '*The*

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Atlantis Blueprint to me in response to my desire for confirmation of my *'speculation'*, and trigger the inspiration necessary for me to continue this chapter. I also wonder if dad might have had any influence in suggesting to mother that she call the social services just at a time when a room was available in a residential home in that particular avenue?

But in reviewing the links needed to conclude this chapter, I was taken back to another series of events that are also recorded in Chapter 1. I recounted noticing a car with the registration number URV 1. My initial attempt at interpreting this gave me:

'U = You, R = are, V = the, 1 = **one**'.

I questioned 'One what?' as I was not really convinced as to the significance of that interpretation. It was 3 months later when I saw another car with the registration 'URV 3'. Only now am I able to come to a deeper understanding of the significance of what had been communicated to me some twenty years previously. Within days of seeing the registration plate 'URV 1' a work colleague recounted that he had been to visit the German launch site of the Second World War V-1 and V-2 rockets, where there was also a model and *'blueprint of the V-3 rocket'*. The communication of URV 3 I now understand as:

'U = You, R = are, V = the, 3 = **blueprint**'.

By thoughts, I have been establishing *'blueprints'* that eventually manifested as what we refer to as *'reality'* in this physical realm. But if this applied to me, it must then also apply to everyone else. We are each constantly in the process of creating physical reality by our thoughts, desires and intents. And the initial communication, (URV 1) had I been sufficiently aware, was saying 'You are the **One**'. We are all part of Oneness. We are all part of God if you wish. But more importantly, by our thoughts, we are each in the process of creating what manifests as reality in this physical environment.

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I was reminded of a communication that I received on 24 April 2001 and which is recorded in Chapter 23 of *'Discovering Truth'*. Part of that text reads:

*'For there was in the beginning a thought. An 'earth shattering' thought you might say in your language. But nevertheless, it was a thought. And from that beginning all else flowed. The thought did not recognise itself as a thought and could never imagine the consequences of such an act. But it was a thought nevertheless. It was the **blueprint** or model for everything else that was to follow. The whole of nature developed on the same lines as that one thought.'*

I do not believe that it was intentional, but growing up as a child I felt that I had been deceived. I knew that storks did not bring babies into the world, nor were babies found under a gooseberry bush. (I eventually discovered the truth behind that myth.) Neither did the concept of 'tooth fairies' ring true with me. As I grew older, so many other things did not seem to make sense. What were all of these ancient myths of gods, angels, archetypes and fairy tales about? Why not look at what exists today instead of attempting to remember the names of dreamed up characters from the past? In a supposed democracy, why members of parliament were not allowed to vote with their conscience was beyond my comprehension. I suspect that I eventually put such anomalies to one side and got on with life as best I could. But this sense of deception did not go away. In church the preacher would occasionally say 'And Jesus said...' - and my reaction would be 'how could he possibly know'? It might have been reported in the Bible that Jesus had said something, but if as historians and theologians claim, the earliest book of the New Testament was written at least 40 years after the reported death of Jesus, how could the authors have remembered what Jesus had said? I was unable to remember what we had been taught in class a week earlier.

Although I had no education in the scientific domain, I would listen to science programmes and often seemed to know that an expressed opinion could not possibly be correct. Later I occasionally discovered that different disciplines put forward different opinions

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on the same subject, or that meanwhile opinions had changed. Fred Hoyle seemed to have a handle on one aspect of relative truth in refusing to accept the concept of the 'Big Bang' despite being largely in the minority of his peers. It never did make sense to me that a 'big bang' could originate from nothing. If these so-called experts, the scientists, cosmologists, geologists, archaeologists and other academics could not agree and did not have the answers, how could the layman expect to understand what life was all about?

I recall that at about age 12 at school a question was asked in class. A minority of students put up their hands in response to the question. Some then realised that the majority were not answering in that way and one by one they began to put their hands down, leaving only myself and one other with their hands up. It transpired that we had the right answer. This was certainly no guarantee that we would always be right in life, but it did show me that I had to be true to myself. And with that background I realised that if I wanted to get answers to any question, I had to find the answers for myself.

Apart from the title '*The Atlantis Blueprint*' being a significant clue towards getting me to make progress in completing this chapter there was one further element that caught my attention. I was skimming over the legend of how Cuzco had evolved and noticed reference to a '*celestial pair, brother and sister, husband and wife*' which, as usual in legends and myths, seemed to be rather incongruous. (Maybe it was simply indicating that there needed to be a masculine and feminine balance in all things?) But the legend went on to say that '***they bore with them a golden wedge***'. A short while later (page 287) it is recounted that [Zecharia] Sitchin calls the '*golden wedge*' a '*golden wand*' which seemed to be a kind of homing device that led the 'Children of the Sun' directly to Cuzco. It was the expression '***golden wand***' that was significant to my research.

And here I have to refer back to Chapter 9 in which I had quoted a poem that had been communicated to me on 4 May 2011 for inclusion in a birthday card. Recall that some of those words from '*God and the Angels*' were:

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*Remember, that is why we all have angels by our side,
to let us know when we expand our consciousness beyond
the earthly realm, astral domains, we get our 'magic wand'.
And that is 'thought', 'desire' and 'will' with which we each create
the knowledge we have gained and share with those who turn up late
in understanding all of life and constant evolution.*

I had put the words '**Magic Wand**' within quotation marks feeling that it was a strange expression. The next morning I came across the following words in the book that I was reading:⁴²

*'The **magic wand** of your karma touched you, and you were gone! Though you lost sight of me, never did I lose sight of you!'*

So now we have Sitchin's '**Golden Wand**' or the legend's '**Golden Wedge**'.

While much of '*The Atlantis Blueprint*' focuses on the physical disposition of megalithic sites around the earth, in relation to astronomical alignments in various era's in the past, here was one clue that seemed to tie in with where my research had led me. The '**Magic Wand**' or any other similar expression appears to relate to my '**zone**' in an altered state of consciousness, which seems to be the '**Zone of Creation**'.

At this point I was reminded that I needed to again clarify the subject of '*angels*'. From the experience recounted in Chapter 13 I had asked the beings that I had encountered in another level of consciousness if they were angels. They had responded as follows:

'This is what we, in our physical culture, would probably call them, but in their terms they are simply helpers, inspirers, teachers, guides or any other names.'

Remember, we are each students in the process of creating the reality of this physical realm by thought, desire and intent. Remain aware of this. Check it out. Keep asking the questions. But most of all remember you are part of the Creator God.

⁴² '*Autobiography of a Yogi*' by Paramahansa Yogananda.

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I had been invited to give a talk at the Soul Voyager's retreat in October 2013 about my recent work with war victims and the concepts in this book, which at that point I had not completely clarified. In the back of my mind I still had doubts as to the validity of what I had been 'speculating' regarding how the pyramids and megalithic structures had been created around the world. Despite having spoken about this subject at the conference in Jamaica earlier in the year and then receiving the link to the research by Dr Osmanagich the day after my return, plus all the other personal evidence, I still had a lingering doubt as to whether simply by '*establishing a blueprint*' this would really work.

I regularly record a radio program transmitted at 06.00 on Sunday mornings which I later listen to while having breakfast. My old cassette recorder has developed a problem in that when rewinding it tends to get slower and slower until eventually it stops before completing the rewind. In order to release the blocked tape I play the tape forward for a few seconds and then continue the rewind as before. It was the last Sunday before leaving home to attend the retreat. If I had any doubt as to what emphasis I should put on my talk, I soon realised that I was being given a reminder. The first word that I heard as I played the blocked tape forward was '**blueprint**'. Even the title of the programme '**Something Understood**' then seemed to take on profound significance.

At this point I felt that this chapter was complete and moved on to Chapter 21. But as a result of subsequent events I realised that I had to add another piece to my puzzle. In '*The Atlantis Blueprint*' very brief reference was made to Madame Blavatsky. I subsequently came across a book review which indicated that a particular book also contained reference to Blavatsky's work. I felt compelled to order the book immediately.

A parcel arrived a few days later by which time I had forgotten the title of the book I had ordered. I put the package on the footstool whilst I read other mail that had arrived in the same post. Suddenly the package fell to the floor. Was I being alerted that it contained something important of which I should be aware? The title of the

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book was *'The Rise and Fall of Atlantis'* by J. S. Gordon.⁴³ Eventually on page 199 I came to a note which seemed to confirm what I had received regarding 'creating' by establishing a blueprint. Gordon recounts his study of the work of Blavatsky concerning an ancient belief that the Druids had built the great prehistoric stone monuments in Europe. However, he then quotes from Blavatsky's *'Secret Doctrine'*⁴⁴ which contradicts this notion.

'They are not Druidical ... Nor did the Druids build them, for they were only the heirs to the cyclopean lore left to them by generations of mighty builders and magicians, both good and bad.'

And what is this *'cyclopean lore'*? Simply the knowledge of the ability to focus with intent and concentration upon the *'third eye'* (my zone of creation) symbolising the pineal gland. Blavatsky also understood that these prehistoric monuments had been created - note Blavatsky says the Druids did not *'build'* them - but rather refers to the creators as *'mighty builders and magicians'*.

⁴³ *'The Rise and Fall of Atlantis'* by J. S. Gordon. Watkins Publishing (2008), ISBN 978-1-905857-43-2

⁴⁴ *'The Secret Doctrine'* H. P. Blavatsky, vol. 2. P.750.

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CHAPTER 21

THE HIDDEN PARADIGM

Having had the so-called 'dead' communicate with me so convincingly, I am able to assert without any doubt that many individuals deceased from this physical life continue to exist, initially in a dimension close to, but not normally perceivable within the frequency range in which those of us in physical bodies manifest.

Each personality is a spark of consciousness that may, by intent, manifest for a time in a physical form. Eventually when consciousness detaches from the physical form, personalities generally seem to release their interest and attachment to the body, over longer or shorter periods, and continue to have experiences in other dimensions. However, other personalities seem to maintain an interest in helping humans to come to terms with grief and varying personal traumas, and also to aid humanity to come to an understanding of the concept of personal and planetary evolution.

In order for humans to 'communicate' with personalities in non-physical realms it is necessary to establish a reciprocal language. Any such language logically cannot be verbal and consequently will generally be based on thoughts, mind images and emotions, most frequently termed clairaudience, clairvoyance and clairsentience. However, languages seem to be personal for each individual. In the early days of my research I began to notice light bulbs failing in association with specific events, clocks being manipulated and my attention being drawn to vehicle registration letters and numbers. This language continued to expand to include dreams, tune titles and actions or comments by others that seem to be out of context. It then became my responsibility to interpret and understand the meaning of such events. An equally important element associated with communicating between different dimensions is that those of us still in this physical realm will need to be willing to allow our focussed attention to accept and become

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aware of other dimensions. We need to allow our consciousness to focus on dimensions other than this physical realm where we are normally focussed.

As everything is energy, including human beings, whatever energy we emit within whatever dimension we are manifesting, in the form of thoughts, actions, desires, intent, those are the attributes that we will attract into our environment, not only from within this physical realm, but also from other dimensions.

In Chapter 19 I had concluded that it was as though I was being educated from beyond. This reminded me of the communication that I received in May 2010⁴⁵ which began: '*We enjoy the fun of watching where this takes you and we react accordingly.*' Earlier in Chapter 13 I recounted that when I was in communication with these invisible personalities I had asked if I might be given further information. I was told that this was not appropriate until I had integrated and anchored all the recent new concepts and ideas that I had been receiving into my consciousness.

I sensed that the above, and similar channelled communications that I had received from 'realms beyond', came from caring personalities (teachers) that I could trust and who had taken an interest in my research. Receiving poetry that I knew that I could not consciously have composed backed up this feeling.

These 'teachers' seemed to respond to any question that I posed in my mind, in a personal language that I continue to develop in conjunction with them. There also seems to be a hierarchy of 'teachers' in different disciplines, as we might imagine within a school on earth.

Taking together what I have experienced and what has been communicated to me over the years, finally I have come to accept that creation is as simple as '*setting a blueprint and waiting for the desire to manifest*'. Logically then, when a spark of consciousness has intense desire to experience life on earth it will eventually manifest in this physical domain.

⁴⁵ See Chapters 5 and 20.

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The strength of the intent and depth of consciousness at which it is expressed, seem to determine the speed at which the desire manifests. Contrary to what might logically be expected, it appears that the less dense (i.e. further from physical consciousness) at which the intent is expressed, the more immediate the manifestation.

So are we still left with questions that researchers have been attempting to answer by assessing the evidence? This is no different from attempting to understand an ailment simply by addressing the symptoms. We also need to address the cause. Whatever we look for on the outer layer in which we ourselves are manifesting, will never be found, because what we are looking for will have always been initiated by intent from an inner desire. By asking questions we are creating, by inner energies, what it is that we are looking for. For over 30 years researchers have been attempting to understand the origin and meaning of crop designs that are now regularly appearing around the world. Since the early appearance of these designs they have become increasingly more intricate. A similar analogy can be applied to researchers into the phenomena of UFO's and orbs.

First of all, as I have attempted to convey, there are personalities, (teachers) that exist in dimensions normally invisible to humans. What then would be more natural than for them to respond to questions that humans are asking? I suggest that many of the crop, UFO and orb manifestations are most likely attempts by 'teachers', using a non-verbal language, to provide answers to researchers' questions. Simply by accepting this probability would be a big step towards understanding what is taking place. For those willing to learn the specific 'languages' that are used by 'teachers', they will reap the benefits of their research. These 'teachers' have frequently been referred to as 'aliens' and in a sense they are alien to this physical realm. But 'alien' should never be interpreted as personalities coming from another planet '*travelling in intergalactic space vehicles*'. From the perspective of an atom, humans may also be perceived as gods or aliens. Everything is structured in a similar way.

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Taking this line of thought to the next level, I need to remind readers of my personal experiences of how sunglasses⁴⁶ and 4 coins worth €3.70⁴⁷ manifested in response to my inner desires - both expressed whilst in altered states of consciousness. The phenomena of orbs or spheres seemed to come into prominence when they initially appeared on digital camera images. I suggest that manifestation of increasing numbers of similar phenomena are created by intent by personalities in dimensions close to this physical domain in response to questions raised by humans in an attempt to understand the significance of these orbs.

Keeping in mind what I have termed a 'hierarchy of teachers' and the amplified effect of 'intent' being expressed within a dimension further from physical consciousness, logically we should not then be surprised when objects other than my sunglasses and coins referred to above are found around the world. So in addition to creation of the pyramids and megalithic monuments discussed in Chapter 19, this may explain why strange spherical rocks up to 3 meters in diameter come to be scattered around an area of the Río Terraba delta in southern Costa Rica and also on Isla del Caño. Smaller spherical rocks also mark what is considered to be a sacred site on Easter Island. Similar phenomena are also to be found at other remote sites around the world. Taking the same analogy, and this will stretch my credibility to the limit, I now have again to refer you back to the extract from a communication from the 'teachers' which was recorded in *'Discovering Truth'* and also in Chapter 20 above.

'For there was in the beginning a thought. An 'earth shattering' thought you might say in your language. But nevertheless, it was a thought. And from that beginning all else flowed. The thought did not recognise itself as a thought and could never imagine the consequences of such an act. But it was a thought nevertheless. It was the blueprint or model for everything else

⁴⁶ See Chapter 18

⁴⁷ As recounted in Chapter 11.

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that was to follow. The whole of nature developed on the same lines as that one thought.'

I will leave you at this point to consider that if such 'thoughts' or 'intents' originated at the Source, would they not have initially manifested as spheres, as planets, and suns throughout the Universe?

I hope that by sharing part of my adventure you will become aware of the type of 'language' that is available to those of you interested in developing a method of communication with deeper realms of consciousness. Remember that in any event, whatever is your interest and personality, that same type of personality will be attracted into your environment. And whatever thought or intent you express, you will be responsible for it becoming part of Oneness that will be experienced somewhere by someone out there.

Since the beginning of 2013 there has been much speculation regarding '*living in the Fifth Dimension*' and changes that were anticipated would come about at the end of 2012. As the anniversary of the publication of my '*Discovering Truth*' approached, a number of unusual events came to my notice.

A while ago I joined a group of friends that meet once a month to dine together in local restaurants. The day after the gathering on 2 November 2013, I felt that I needed to circulate an updated list of contact details to all members of the group. The email I sent out was timed at 17.13. Shortly afterwards I received a request for an updated list of contacts from the person who had agreed to organise the next dinner. The timing of his email was 17.12.

On 7 November I responded in an email to a friend at 15.03 and raised a question on a particular subject. The next email that I opened was from that same friend with a detailed answer to my question. However her email was timed at 03.19 - 12 hours before she was aware of my question. Why would anyone be prompted to send an email in the middle of the night if it was not important?

Julie and family were coming to stay in the area during the last week of October. Whenever I found any money I would put it aside

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to go into grandson's moneybox. Before their arrival the thought crossed my mind that since I had last seen my grandson I had not found any money. It was the last day before the family's return and they were due to have lunch with me. I needed a few small items from the local supermarket. I went to the self-service checkout. The bill came to £5.17. I put in the 17 pence and a £10 note. I reached to collect my £5 change and there in the change tray, in addition to the £5 was a £20 note. That day grandson hit the jackpot. But was this simply a response to a vague thought I'd had a few days previously?

Is this what we should begin to expect as the norm once we begin to focus on living in the 'Fifth Dimension'? Maybe we are beginning to return to living consciously '*by thought*' as had been our modus operandi before losing this ability.

I then recalled that in my 2011 end of year letter I had commented that for the past 25 years I had always received a poem to accompany my greeting card before the end of October. But that year, because I had not received a specific poem, I explained that I would be using one that had been communicated to me on 4 November to be read at a memorial gathering for war victims and for peace.

In 2012, I can only assume that because of my 'mental' complaint about not receiving a poem for my 2011 end of year card, I received two suitable poems for the 2012 end of year card during the preceding March and April.

This year, 2013, towards the end of October I vaguely wondered what poem I could use in my end of year card. During a 15-minute meditation gathering with friends on 28 October a poem was communicated to me. So I would like to close this chapter of my life journey so far with this special poem that accompanied my 2013 end of year greeting card.

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A TIME TO LIVE - A TIME TO DIE

*A time to live, a time to die, a time to work, to rest, to cry,
a time for joy, a time for pain. And as we live we find again
a journey onward through the stars with energies that are not ours.
For in those realms beyond what's known are influences - not our own.
Know as we learn to join as One, our journeys home are never won.
We each are learning to release attraction to this earth. Then peace
becomes a way of being, and not just what our eyes are seeing;
but energies which guide our light towards the way that brings delight
to all the realms in which we reign. May we each work in our domain
to bring a realm of peace around, upon this earth, upon this ground.
And know that what it is you do we are behind supporting you.
So go in peace, our love to all, and in due time you'll hear the call
to join us in the realms above. And until then we send our love.*

The Teachers