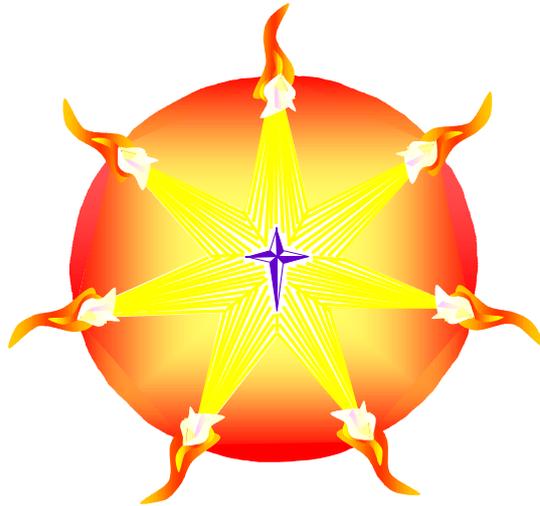


DISCOVERING TRUTH



PROOF OF INTELLIGENCE

BEYOND

INDIVIDUAL PHYSICAL

CONSCIOUSNESS

DISCOVERING TRUTH

Dear potential reader:

The world is changing – fast. Gone are the days of allowing ourselves to be influenced by what politicians, bankers, multinationals, the pharmaceutical industry, religious leaders and the media may wish us to believe. To some extent this also applies to the publishing industry. Consequently I have chosen to publish the results of my 25 years of investigation as a free download from the Internet as my contribution towards ‘The 2012 Disclosure’ that we have been waiting for, for so long. 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.

This is not about making money. It is simply my attempt to bring ‘hidden knowledge’ to as wide an audience as possible, in the shortest possible time. In this context I ask that, if what I have identified in ‘Discovering Truth’ rings true with you, I would be grateful if you would please forward this link on to at least 3 people who you feel might also benefit from this work.

In reviewing the manuscript Larry Dossey, MD, author of ‘*The Power of Premonitions*’ and ‘*Reinventing Medicine*’ described the book as ‘*wonderful, beautiful, impressive work!*’ His endorsement reads:

"Discovering Truth is a marvellous description of how the world really is - not a disconnected jumble of people and events, but a unified pattern in which everything is connected through space and time. Nicholls is a compelling writer whose message of oneness is utterly important; indeed, our future as a species may depend on it. Highly recommended."

Dr. Peter Fenwick, Emeritus Consultant Neuro-psychiatrist, Maudsley Hospital and Honorary Consultant Neurophysiologist, St Thomas Hospital has also reviewed the work. He is President of the Scientific and Medical Network and President of the Horizon Foundation. This is what he had to say:

"What you write about certainly reinforces again and again the non-local nature of mind, and the significant relationships which we can gather about each other, the future and the world, if only we are quiet and look and are open to them. Your chapters led me to think what a different world it would be if we all used this capacity to the extent that you can."

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
7 November 2012

discovering-truth.com

DISCOVERING TRUTH

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 on 7 November 2012

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

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I must first of all thank Margaret, my wife, who not only dedicated many hours to editing and proofing this work, but also contributed a number of very constructive suggestions. I acknowledge that at times this must have been emotionally very difficult for her considering the circumstance, but I trust that as a result, we have each come to a deeper understanding of our *raison d'être* in this life.

Although I was never close to either of my parents, I acknowledge that they were chosen by me to provide a stable grounding for the specific challenges that I chose to tackle in this life. I am grateful that subsequent to their moving into finer realms they have been able to communicate their continued presence in my environment. So I thank them for bringing me through my early years.

To name all who have contributed to my journey would be impossible. But first of all a big thank you to my family; daughters Jan and Julie, sister Beryl and son-in-law Chris, for putting up with my accounts of what I initially referred to as 'coincidences' but which subsequently became more complex as my journey progressed. A special 'thank you' to cousin-in-law Irene, who has been a constant source of encouragement. Then to Pat and Roseline, not only for their support over the years in this lifetime, but as eventually revealed, companions from my history. Thank you for that support and for allowing me to reveal our relationships in this work.

To my teachers and helpers over the last 25 years I offer grateful thanks. Without dedication to their work I would no doubt have remained in the dark for many more lifetimes. If I have omitted anyone, I ask forgiveness, but I must specifically mention (in alphabetical order) those who have had a profound effect on my journey. Some I have met personally; others have become even closer to me through their work. Some are still with us, others have already moved on to finer realms. Omraam Mikhaël Aïvanhov, Sri Sathya Sai Baba, Alice Bailey, Ronald Beesley, Lise Bourbeau, Paul Brunton, Carlos Casteneda, Edgar Cayce, Arthur Findlay, Don Galloway, Peter Goldman, Elisabeth Haich, Gordon Higginson, Carl Gustav Jung, John E. Mack, Hamish Miller, James Twyman, Neal Donald Walsch, John Walsh, Dr Brian Weiss, Hank Wesselman, Roger Woolger, Paramahansa Yogananda, Martyn Young.

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', thank you. Also a special 'thank you' to Larry Dossey and Peter Fenwick for taking time to review and provide encouraging endorsements to this work.

And ultimately to those helpers in realms beyond this physical domain who have guided, encouraged and supported me in many ways, some I have recognised, others not. But nevertheless I acknowledge that their presence has never been wanting whenever I have had need.

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FOREWORD

Ronald Beesley wrote in his 'Service of the Race':

'There is no such thing as an isolated event. Every event which takes place in our lives is linked to millions of other events which are taking place in other lives, and to events which will occur in the unfolding destiny of the human race, far beyond our comprehension of time. This great visionary future, which is beyond the grasp of these small minds of ours, is incomprehensible because it is so vast, yet there is no detail which is overlooked, there is no life which is ever forgotten, and no occurrence which was not foreseen and provided for.'

How many of us ever notice such events, or even imagine how our innocent actions might have a bearing on the rest of the Universe? Do we ever consider that we might have been unconsciously impressed to say or do certain things, which to us appear to be quite normal, yet remain unaware of how our words or actions could influence the lives of others? If we do happen to notice them, where do such impressions come from and what is the purpose?

Over a 25-year period of investigation I became increasingly aware that many diverse teachings were frequently frowned upon or specifically excluded from specialised fields of study. As a layman I had the advantage of being able to straddle these diverse disciplines without restriction or peer rejection, and consolidate a wide range of ideas into some sort of coherent paradigm. Through observed and recorded personal experiences I began to realise how many disciplines seemed to be interlinked. My investigation was triggered by what at the time I referred to as 'coincidence' or 'synchronicity'. This led into me considering aspects of levels of consciousness from dreams to inspiration, and how inner imbalance, if not attend to could manifest, not only in illness, but also disturbance in our physical surroundings. Eventually I recognised the significance of individual thoughts and how they influenced the world around us. This in turn seemed to provide answers to many of my unanswered questions.

I was then forced to conclude that my thoughts, words and actions must therefore sometimes unconsciously affect, or respond to questions in the minds of others.

Singular events initially took on the appearance of being a small piece of a jigsaw puzzle, and yet, eventually what appeared to be a completed puzzle subsequently became just part of another even larger picture of which we ourselves are part. Sceptics, of whom I was one, may initially consider such events to be chance, coincidental or accidental. I no longer have any doubt that many of the events, to which I have been witness have been influenced, guided or initiated by forces beyond our physical realm. Somewhere, hidden in the depths of the Unknown, there appears to be some law or directing intelligence controlling what is taking place. As my adventure progressed and the basic laws of creation and evolution were brought together in a coherent way, what had previously appeared to be strange phenomena no longer seemed strange. The implications of understanding the mechanics of such events are far reaching. In some way they are the living example of James Lovelock's 'Gaia Theory'. We are all linked together; we are all part of one ocean of

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consciousness. This inevitably leaves us with at least two questions ‘How much are we ourselves involved and responsible for our actions?’ and ‘Who or what is doing the influencing?’

Nothing in this Universe is new. Somewhere, the answer to any question we pose seems to have been documented and written about. The scientists, biologists, nuclear physicists, physicians, psychologists, anthropologists, theologians, all the adventurers and researchers, in whatever field are continually re-discovering parts of the Great Story. They have used their own terminology to express what they have found, and in the process and enthusiasm, have left behind many who are not of their own persuasion. Many have been moved to leave their specific professional field, because along their pathway they found some reality, some truth, which the body of their academic speciality was unwilling to consider incorporating into its doctrine. The new discovery appeared as a threat to that speciality’s historical lineage.

My story then is my story, no more, no less. To those prepared to consider the possibility of what has been revealed to me, it will have been worth my while recording these experiences. What have I understood? There, I cannot be sure, as somehow the journey of experience seems to be unending. It does not matter where I start; in fact I can only start from where I am now. And NOW is all there is. Once we recognise there is no past, no future, no time, no death and all creation stems from Consciousness, then our vision of reality begins to change. We need to ask ourselves ‘Are we, our ego selves, ready to change to meet the challenges of that reality? Are we ready to accept that guiding power that is there for the asking? Or do we insist on remaining in our apparent ‘comfort zone’ despite having peeked through the door and perceived something greater?’

I will give you a glimpse of the type of series of incidents that drove me to question what was taking place and which involve a number of apparently unrelated, unconnected individuals and events over a period of several months. Yet what emerges leaves questions that Western cultural belief would have difficulty in explaining. Our different professional bodies may use terms such as psychosis, the collective unconscious, the Grace of God, synchronicity or whatever, in an attempt to provide an explanation. But what do such words mean to the layman? To me, as a member of that community, I observe that individuals frequently tend to dismiss ‘strange’ experiences out of hand, whilst more often than not, such experiences would be treated with derision by the media. Any experience in isolation may convey very little meaning, but when a series of strange incidents are linked together they could become very significant and bring enlightenment into our consciousness.

I lived in Belgium from 1967 to 2000. I was born in Grimsby on the 24th February 1939. On that anniversary in 1998 I specifically travelled to England to visit my mother. This was to be a surprise for her and I had the intention of jokingly wishing her ‘happy birthday’ - for having me. I was not surprised when she completely missed the joke. However, she insisted that my birth date was the 26th February. My sister and I, with whom I stayed during that visit, had a laugh about that. But then my sister reminded me and jibed that it must be a family trait. Two years earlier I had drawn up a family tree on which I had mistakenly shown my daughter Julie’s birthday as 2/6/68 when in fact she was born on the 1st June 1968.

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After visiting my mother and sister, I attended a course at the Arthur Findlay College, at Stansted Hall, from the 28th February to the 7th March. I was among a group of a dozen people that remained together throughout the week. In the group were Swiss female twins. To look at them one would never have suspected that they were twins. One was dark with a narrow face while the other was blond with a rounder face. On the last full day we sat as a group in a circle. The twins were sitting opposite me. The colours they were wearing caught my attention. One was wearing grey socks and blue trousers; the other had blue socks and grey trousers. One had a white T-shirt with a blue and orange pattern, while the other wore a blue blouse with a white and orange design on it. Yet they were both wearing black shoes. I have no idea why this should have caught my attention, but I felt it had a meaning.

Outside of the group, the twins and I had exchanged very little conversation all week. By the end of that afternoon session I was overcome by an overwhelming feeling that I must explain to the twins that I felt the significance of their dress indicated that they were to each independently develop their own character and skills in life, but they should assist each other to follow a similar pathway. I went to speak to the blond twin and was more than surprised by her initial response. She said that about a year earlier, a medium had told her that someone with the name of 'Nick' or 'Nicholls' would have something to say to her that was important. She said that when we had introduced ourselves at the beginning of the week, she had felt that I was the 'Nick' in question.

Because of what I told her involved both twins, I added that I would also like to give them a card. The card was one that I had made for my end of year greetings a couple of years earlier that contained a poem. I had a spare copy together with a collection of other poems in my case. I wrote a short message on the card, signed and dated it, then passed it to the blond twin at the next mealtime. The following morning the dark-haired twin came and thanked me for the card. She then asked me why I had dated it 6/2/98, when in fact the date was 6/3/98.

What happened next took place in less than a second, but it will take me a few moments to explain. I immediately recognised that all the mistakes relating to dates that had been brought to my attention during the previous 2 weeks, involved '2' and '6'. The mistake that mother had made relative to my birthday; my slip concerning daughter Julie's birthday on the family tree, now followed by my error in dating the card. What did it mean? My reaction was to respond to the lady '*Well, in that case, you must be connected to royalty in some way.*' (As far as I knew, there was no royal family in Switzerland. Yet somehow my logical thought process had been involuntarily overridden.) Consequently I was extremely surprised by her reply which was '*Yes, but what made you think that?*' To which I responded, equally illogically, '*Because King George VI of England died on the 6th February 1952.*' Her comment to that was '*My mother's birthday is on the 6th February.*' That was the end of the conversation.

What all of this might have meant to the lady, I have no idea. To me, my responses to her questions appeared to be absurd, but I have no doubt that I was influenced in some way to express the words that came out of my mouth. Is it all a question of listening to 'the universal guidance' and following what we are being told, even if it seems to make no sense whatsoever? We might simply call it listening to our intuition. But

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here was a relatively simple sequence of events where it can be seen that many elements had to come into play for me to realise that these were not just, as many may call them, 'coincidences'.

A year before, a medium had mentioned that 'Nick' would have something important to say to the twin. At that point I had not met either of the twins. Why had I made a mistake with my daughter's birthday when I recorded it on the family tree? Why had mother suddenly felt that I was born on the 26th rather than the 24th? Even when I showed her the birth date printed on my passport she denied it and claimed that they must have made a mistake. Why did mother have to claim it was the 26th not the 23rd or some other date? How could a father (myself), and mother, make a mistake in remembering their children's date of birth? What had prompted the twins to dress the way they did on that particular day that attracted my attention? And last but not least, why would anyone in their right mind imagine that Swiss twins would have any connection to royalty? The only reason is because all of the other 'mistakes' drew my attention to the date of the passing of King George VI (which obviously was deeply embedded on my memory). Without those pointers, there is no way that I could have made any connection with royalty. So what we tend to identify as 'mistakes' in our lives may be important indicators that at some point in the future they can be used for some purpose, even though we (as in my case with the twins) have no way of knowing what that influence may be. Incidentally, some 4 months later during a further visit to see mother, I asked her my date of birth and received the indignant response '24th February of course'.

So this is a little of what this book is about. Events which may have appeared strange or even simply routine in isolation, yet in the context of some larger model seemed to have a deeper hidden significance. For me, it has been a voyage of discovery that has taken me beyond the boundaries of what I would have previously considered 'normal'. I have no doubt that my journey has not reached its end, for in my search I have realised that whenever I posed a question, sooner or later an answer would be forthcoming. Although I attempt to add my own interpretation and meaning to these events there is no guarantee that I have come to the correct conclusion. I can only offer the reader the benefits of my experiences in the hope that each will ask their own questions and draw their own conclusions. So this is what I discovered after I put together a heap of bits and pieces, which eventually became the car for my journey. Yet in a strange way, the building of my car is my journey.

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INTRODUCTION

June 2001. I began to reflect on when I first recognised that I must write or teach in some way. (Most definitely not what I had in mind for my retirement, I must admit.) As I mused over the numerous signs and symbols that seemed to have been telling me just that, I concluded that the first indication was probably after reading the book 'Silva Mind Control'. I referred to my notes to confirm that I had read the book during the spring of 1992. But whilst checking I came across an earlier note from May 1991 related to a book that I read on a plane returning from Turkey.

The book I had taken with me on that trip was '*...and the greatest is LOVE – My experiences with Bhagwan Sri Sathya Sai Baba by A.M.*'. On the last page I read the line of a poem '*When will you start your work, oh man?*' Those words 'spoke to me', but evidently 'ego' me at that time was not ready to listen. As I continued reading, in the back of my mind I recalled the numerous occasions associated with Sai Baba, on which I had seen rainbows. For me, such events seemed to symbolise that I was on the right path. I now procrastinated that if the words I had just read were directed at me, then I needed to see a rainbow, and there could not be a rainbow up here above the clouds. I reached the last words at the bottom of the page. As I did so, the plane banked very slightly. The effect was for the rays of the sun passing through the porthole to spread all the colours of the spectrum across the plain white page opposite. It was clearly an indication that I seriously considered making a start on what needed doing. But what was I supposed to do? Ten years later and I hope somewhat wiser, at last I feel able to make a start on writing up my journey of discovery.

I was exchanging last farewells with a lady after attending a seminar when she commented that I seemed to be doing the 'silver' mind control. It was evident that I was completely ignorant as to what she was referring. She briefly explained that an American, Jose Silva, had written a book about controlling the mind. The more I thought about it during a 3-hour drive to meet friend Pat for lunch, the stronger became my desire to read the book. When Pat arrived late at the rendezvous, she explaining that she had been busy tidying up her apartment and insisted that we went back to her place for a drink before going out to eat. I sat waiting in her living room while she made a drink and noticed that all of her books, except for three, had been neatly arranged on the shelves. These three books were propped up against the bookshelf. The top one facing me was 'Silva Mind Control'.

I had to borrow the book. Much of the detail added to my general knowledge in trying to understand what life was all about, but I felt that Silva's emphasis was too focused on material gain. Nevertheless, one of the exercises designed to help achieve a deep meditative state seemed interesting. The objective was to create a 'screen' in the mind and while mentally counting down from 100 to 0, to see each number on the screen. I did not have that much time to spare during my morning meditation before going to work so contrived my own abbreviated version of the exercise. I would commence counting down from 10 to 0; this was going to be easy.

Over the next two weeks I failed to keep a record of the number of times I had to recommence counting. Creating the 'screen' on which I saw '10' was simple. However, counting down mentally from 10 to 0 whilst simultaneously seeing the same number on the screen was a different story. My greatest success, in frequent

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daily attempts, was on one occasion to reach 4, before the number in my mind and the number on the screen became different. Why was such a simple exercise proving to be so difficult?

Then one morning I created the screen, saw '10', and to my amazement, without any effort on my part, the numbers sped down 9 – 8 – 7 – to 0, and terminated with the words *'The End'*. The experience was similar to occasionally seeing numbers at the beginning of a film in a cinema. But something was not right. In the cinema, the numbers are usually seen before the film begins, yet what I had 'seen' in my mind was *'The End'*. So where was the film? I mentally questioned *'The end of what?'* only to be given another surprise. The screen then responded with *'Your life. Now you will be working for us'*. I had not the faintest idea who 'us' was, apart from earlier experiences which had served to convince me that information obtained from this 'source' was to be trusted. I had never received erroneous information, although I do admit that I had occasionally misinterpreted what I had received. It was only with experience that I learned to be more discerning and what to do with such information.

So those were two of my earliest experiences in understanding that I was to do something. But what, and how? Eventually, drawing on conclusions from a series of further experiences, I felt that I was being encouraged to teach, but 'what' and 'how' still eluded me. I am not trained as a teacher, and am even less qualified in any particular subject. Yet as my search and knowledge expanded I began to realise that all that I desired to know appeared to be available somewhere. It therefore seemed pointless to attempt to teach what can be obtained from experts on any subject, or from books written by those who have often spent lifetimes researching their own particular field. We may not know where or how to find what we're looking for and if we do find it, it may not be available in our mother tongue. It may be couched in technical jargon, and even if we were able to read or understand what was being communicated, it is possible that all the content would not necessarily fit into our area of interest at that particular period of our experience.

In addition, there were often many conflicting views on any particular subject. How are we to arrive at an authoritative understanding? For example, in the medical profession, different disciplines have varying opinions as to the value of homeopathy, placebos, various types of healing, hypnotherapy, etc. the list is endless. But this is not a reason to accept or deny any particular treatment without discernment. No two individual patients, or doctors, think in the same way. Therefore it must be the responsibility of each individual, not the medical profession, not the media and not society, to determine whether any particular treatment is suitable for them at that point in time.

Again from experience, I concluded that there was something beyond the world of recognised physical reality that was available to help us on our journey through this life, if only we were prepared to ask for help. In the Christian tradition, this would probably be referred to as prayer. But has anyone ever studied and explained what 'prayer' is, how and why sometimes it seems to work, and at other times it does not? As children we are told to 'have faith' in God. But I needed something more than a nebulous grandfatherly figure somewhere out there. This certainly did not satisfy me, and I suppose it was this dissatisfaction and curiosity that led me into my first, and last, experiment with electricity. I was about four years old and had made an elephant

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of modelling clay. Even at that early age I had realised that when electricity was passed through a filament of a bulb, it created light. Somewhere in the back of my mind I remembered that there was a length of flex in a drawer with a plug on one end. I wondered what would happen if I connected one of the loose ends of the flex to the trunk and the other loose end to the tail of my elephant, then insert the plug on the other end of the flex into the socket. Would my elephant light up? It was during the war and father was away so I could not ask him. I never felt that mother was technically minded, so I had no option other than to experiment by myself. I soon found out. There was a brilliant flash, a loud bang, and I lived to tell the tale. Not only did that end any thought of a future career as an electrician, but it somewhat dimmed any desire I may have had to become a sculptor as I was forbidden to ever bring modelling clay into the house again.

As well as there being something 'out there' to help us on our journey through this life, there seemed to be something equally capable of hindering our journey through evolution. We seem to need to learn and understand lessons in this school of life in a particular sequence before we are able and ready to progress to the next step. The evolutionary process appears to be similar to the schooling system here on earth whereby, initially, we learn the ground rules in many subjects and later, we may or may not choose to specialise in a particular field.

Although I did not train in a particular profession, I realised that events that led me into writing this book began shortly after I had mentally asked myself the question 'What is this life all about?' I had experienced so many unexplainable events that I developed an intense desire to know. In respect of those who do specialise (i.e. those who have a desire to investigate any particular subject here on earth) I have often reflected on how they seem to become trapped within the constraints of their particular profession. For various reasons, this may prevent them accepting many of the concepts I will be proposing in this book.

I spent the greater part of my life working in a military environment and in a certain sense felt restrained by having to comply with the Official Secrets Act. I eventually realised, however, that what I had stumbled upon led me to the conclusion that no information was ever 'secret'. All information could be tapped into at any time, providing that the person doing the 'tapping' had sufficient desire to achieve this. The only 'secret' seemed to be the method of attuning the mind to retrieve what was being sought, together with the ability to interpret a universal symbolic language. (This revelation seemed to be supported when I subsequently discovered that for many years the US military had engaged Igor Swan, and others, to test their ability to remotely view (in their minds) with some considerable success, Soviet Block military installations.) My place of work was a very down-to-earth environment, (the last 5 years were actually spent 6 meters underground) not generally benevolent to the world of inspiration and the unseen. Yet eventually, I found that I was unable to live a life without discussing 'strange' events occurring in my daily life, which I will recount in due course. Initially, some colleagues were willing to listen and take on board some of my experiences. Some thought, and I suspect still do, that the time had come for me to see a psychiatrist. Others, often those who had encountered similar experiences but who also felt restrained from talking about such events, were keen to discuss and try to understand what had been taking place in their own lives.

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There are three professions, where the proposals I am to postulate are likely to be particularly unwelcome. These are the sciences, medicine and religion. Understandably, the scientist is involved in investigating, testing and repeating experiments of the mechanics of the natural physical world. To consider propositions involving the non-physical world would risk the scientist being ostracised by colleagues, not to mention the risk of losing support of their sponsors. The medical profession is, on one hand severely restricted in resources and on the other, deeply under the influence of the pharmaceutical industry. To purport that complementary forms of healing could be more efficient and beneficial with little need for the use of drugs could equate to committing financial suicide. The third source of contention is likely to come from various religious establishments. Many of their leaders still seem to be hanging on to ideologies and power struggles left over from ages past. When are they going to recognise that, what might have been valid centuries ago needs to be brought up to date for it to be valid to the present day generation? To recognise that priests are no longer required as intermediaries between the individual and what they proffer as 'God' would undermine what little of their power that still remains.

But to return to my scepticism and need to understand how things worked. I began to realise that in normal circumstances we tend not to perceive or take notice of the mechanics of this 'other dimension', although glimpses of the world beyond occasionally penetrate our physical senses. The general attitude is to simplify or dismiss possible 'communication' from this other dimension as something being synchronistic or just a coincidence. If we were to approach our doctor explaining that we were hearing voices or seeing things that only we were able to see, we would most likely be treated with drugs and referred to a psychiatrist. Is this not just a short step away from being diagnosed as 'hallucinating' and being treated with even stronger drugs, or worse still, committed to a psychiatric establishment?

I discovered that the language of communication between minds, 'telepathy' if you wish (but not restricted to communication with other human beings) usually appears to be peculiar to each individual. To attempt to explain this to others, in general invites scepticism from those who have not learned a similar 'language'. Consequently, as a child learns a language, anyone in the realm of communicating with this 'other dimension', must each become responsible for learning their own language and asking their own questions, with little support from others. The next step is then to become responsible for listening to, and acting upon the answers to our questions, which may often appear to be contrary to our own beliefs and desires.

It takes time and patience to learn to differentiate between our own ego desires and these 'communications' coming from elsewhere. Such communication may be perceived by any of the physical senses. Further experience is then required to 'test' and develop confidence in whatever it is that is communicating with us. We need to recognise that we were all born with the ability to communicate with this 'other', yet we have been indoctrinated and have self-repressed this ability, in order to survive in this world. Simply the idea that there is 'something' beyond our five physical senses, which is somehow able to communicate with each one of us in a unique 'language', was a very difficult concept for me to take on board.

When, at age 46, the awareness of this 'other' existence was thrust into my life beyond any doubt, I became extremely disillusioned with what I had been taught as a

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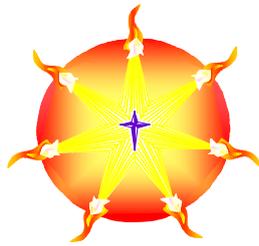
child and what traditional western educational systems continue to ignore. I consequently felt compelled to develop a means of verifying, to my own satisfaction, that what I perceived in many diverse forms, was valid information. I was not going to be deceived again. I resolved that in order for me to accept anything, I needed to receive the 'information' *three times, in a 'documented' form, from outside of myself.* The definition of 'a documented form, from outside of myself' I left wide open. I have come to realise that as part of my 'language', which continues to expand, this encompasses many diverse forms, which I will address in more detail later. However, I have found that one of the greatest difficulties in communicating with this 'other' is interpreting and treating the answers we receive with discernment.

If such 'communication' is so complicated and imprecise, one may be tempted to ask 'Why bother?' In my case, simply because of the deception I felt that I had experienced during my early life. My journey of discovery has in many respects counterbalanced this deception by the comfort that I have received in knowing, through experience, that the answers I receive from this 'other' are to be trusted. What I found that I needed most during this initial learning phase, was understanding, encouragement and being able to share what initially appeared to be strange experiences with others, without being considered mentally deranged. I thank the many that I have encountered since my journey began in 1985, with whom I have been able to share my experiences, and who have shared their experiences with me. So although I may not be a teacher in the generally recognised sense of the word, I am willing to share my experiences in the hope that others on their journey of discovery may draw comfort in the knowledge that they are not alone in their search.

If there was one thing I could change in this world, it would be the ground rules of our education system, so that children were given a clue as to who and what they are, and why they are here on earth. But how can we expect that to happen if their teachers have never been taught this? We are the teachers of the teachers of the future. It is our responsibility to present as clear a picture of who and what we are, a road map of the journey of life free from dogma and ritual, to generations of the future in order to allow them to pursue their own journeys. Had I known and understood the ground rules as I see them now, I doubt that I would have lived my life the way that I have so far.

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SECTION ONE



GATHERING THE EVIDENCE

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CHAPTER 1

Shock and Confusion

I suppose the best place to start is with the experiences that initially drove me to investigate the occult world. (Defined simply as 'beyond the range of ordinary knowledge'.)

My wife, Margaret, and younger daughter Julie attended a seminar at the Arthur Findlay College, Stansted Hall, in July 1985. Arthur Findlay had bequeathed 'The Hall' to the Spiritualist National Union for the study and advancement of psychic science. It was shortly after their return that I noticed and commented to Margaret that there was something different about her. She replied that she knew and the only way I would understand why would be for me to attend a course. She had booked for me to attend during the first week of November! She told me that her whole concept of life and so-called death had been changed on the first evening of her stay. They had arrived in time for the evening meal and knew no one else attending the seminar. During that first evening there was a demonstration of mediumship, which she had never previously experienced, by someone she had never met. The second person for whom the medium had a message was Julie. The medium told Julie that she had recently had a birthday and that she had wanted a particular type of handbag. He then described the handbag in detail and the exact circumstances in which it was bought. Every element of this 'communication' was perfectly correct. The medium concluded by saying that a lady in the spirit world, whose description fitted Margaret's mother (who had died 8 months previously) wanted Julie to know that she was with her while she was buying the handbag. This had left Margaret in a state of shock.

By the following November, as a result of the intervening discussions on the subject, Janet our elder daughter had now become intrigued. So she joined me for the week at The Hall. My attitude was that the only evidence that would convince me of 'life after death' would have to be some sort of information from my father, who had died in 1981, and of which only he and I were aware.

Throughout the week I heard many people receive personal messages from mediums, all of which appeared to be quite convincing to the recipients. I found the lectures fascinating and the students and mediums, all interesting to talk to, but I remained very sceptical. After lunch on the Thursday it was announced that there would be no lecture in the afternoon as the lecturer was going to give a trance demonstration that evening. However, we were not going to have the afternoon free. We were to choose someone to whom we had not yet spoken, go into a quiet place somewhere and tell our partners about each other. I partnered up with a lady to whom I had not previously spoken. After she had finished telling me about me, all of which was basically correct, it was time for me to tell her about herself. Where could I start? Where would you start?

Well, if Margaret was different after her visit, I was to have the biggest shock of my life in the next few minutes; so much so that I was unable to speak about it for weeks afterwards. What I initially described to the lady were general everyday events, although how I knew of them eluded me. However, as my description became more detailed and she continued to confirm that what I was saying was correct, the more I

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wondered where this information was coming from. I can only explain the experience as like watching a film in a dream state and describing this as it took place. I eventually had the impression of an elderly lady wearing a long skirt, (early 1900's style) with her hair pulled back in a bun, and said that her name was Lilly. Up to this point my partner had confirmed that everything I had mentioned was correct. I continued by describing a room in a house, which had a window in an end wall. My partner responded that there was not a window in the end wall. Immediately, the 'film' in my mind stopped, so I explained that I had no further information. The lady suggested that I ask for help. What did she mean? My logical mind was saying 'I cannot ask her, and I do not know, so who else can I ask?' It was probably more in desperation than anything else that I eventually concluded that the only other 'person' around was Lilly. The thought that went through my mind was 'Lilly, can you help me?' To my stunned surprise, the film immediately started up again and there was a man standing at the side of Lilly. The picture in my mind was so clear that it was very easy to describe him in detail. Somehow I knew that his name was John and that he had Irish connections. I saw from the image in my mind that he had his left arm around Lilly's shoulder. The lady replied 'Yes, that is the sort of thing he would do - it is my father.' I was somehow aware that his hand was fixed at an angle of 90° to his arm and he was unable to move it. I continued, 'But there is something wrong with his left hand, he cannot straighten it out.' 'Oh yes' was the matter of fact reply 'that is because he had a stroke three months before he died and he was paralysed on his left hand side.'

I do not know what the lady thought about my description of the 'film' that I had just given her. However, I had no doubt that this was the type of evidence needed to break through my scepticism in order for me to KNOW that there was definitely something beyond this physical existence. As if this was not sufficient for one day, during the trance demonstration that evening, the first person to receive a message from the medium was this same lady. Again it concerned her father and she was told similar information to that which I had described in my 'film' in the afternoon, plus much more. The medium then had a message from my father, not to me, but to Janet. The day ended in the bar, where by this time I certainly needed a drink. My partner from the afternoon came over and apologised to me saying that she had made a mistake about the window not being in the end wall of the room that I had described. In fact she recalled that there had been a window, but it had normally been obscured by a large piece of furniture. I went to bed that night wondering what had hit me.

There was no logical way in my concept of the functioning of the world that I could possibly have known any of the information associated with that lady. I spent many weeks reflecting on what had happened; how was it possible, how did it work? Until that point in my life, I had developed a model or jigsaw puzzle of worldly reality. Having now turned over one piece of that puzzle I had no option but to accept that the image I perceived on the reverse of that one piece was correct. Logically then, if that was correct, I could only conclude that the reverse of the whole of the remainder of my puzzle must also be correct. I could either ignore what had happened or delve into the mystery to discover further how and what had taken place. In reality I had no choice – I needed to know what had happened.

It was a year later before I returned to Stansted, this time accompanied by a friend. Half an hour after starting our journey we saw a rainbow. I remarked that it was

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interesting, because just after Janet and I had left Stansted the previous year, we had seen a rainbow. It had ended on the motorway about 300 yards in front of the car and seemed to stay there for two to three minutes as we drove along. These incidents may not seem to be of any particular interest at this point, but I have found that what may appear to be a common everyday event often, in retrospect, takes on significance.

This second visit to Stansted turned out to be as interesting as the first, if not more so. In the bar one evening we were discussing the events of the day. Without knowing either what it meant, or how to spell it, I commented that I had been told that I should try 'psychometry'.¹ Immediately a lady sitting at the same table took off a gold bracelet, passed it to me and asked what sensations I felt. This time it was not a 'film' that started up in my mind. It was like seeing a black and white family photograph. Two adults were standing behind three children, who were all the same height, about 6 years of age. My initial thought was to ask 'Do you have triplets in your family?' However, logical mind was saying 'Don't say triplets, the chances of that being correct are pretty remote.' However, as I spoke, I was unable to prevent the word 'triplets' coming out of my mouth. To this the lady replied 'Yes.' At that instant the picture changed. The child in the middle of the picture became taller than the other two. 'Well why would there be one of those triplets taller than the other two?' was my comment. The lady's reply made me grab for my drink again. 'Two of them died when they were young!' She then confirmed that they had died at about age 6, over 40 years previously.

During the following weeks my thoughts kept returning to the question of why I had said triplets, when it would have been just as easy, and more likely to have been correct if I had said three children. There was also a recurring feeling that I would like to have another opportunity to see if it was possible to pick up anything further from that bracelet. I did not have long to wait. On returning to The Hall four months later the same lady was there. This time upon holding the bracelet I felt that there was some connection with a queen. The lady then told me that the two girls who had not survived had been called Victoria and Elizabeth and that she had inherited the bracelet from her sister, the children's mother.

However, back to the end of my second visit to Stansted after which my friend and I spent a few days visiting my mother before returning to Belgium. It was a bright sunny day and the friend jokingly remarked that we would be unlikely to see a rainbow that day. I made some comment to the effect that because one of the mediums had told me that my father, who had died 6 years earlier, would be in the car with me when we passed Farthing Corner, I did not expect to see any rainbow until we were near Maidstone. Slowly I was beginning to believe there was something in this after all. What that something was, I had no idea. However, I was not prepared for what happened next. As we cleared a wooded area, there in a bright blue sky was a complete rainbow. I stopped the car to take photographs, during which I noticed that one end of the rainbow terminated on an electricity generating station, the other on an electricity pylon. There was not the slightest sign of rain. I do not recall ever seeing such a phenomenon before. Is it normal that a rainbow would appear in a clear

¹ Concise Oxford English Dictionary definition: *'faculty of divining from physical contact or proximity, the qualities of an object or of persons that have been in contact with it.'*

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blue sky? At the time I could only ask the question. However, later events lead me to believe that there was more to that rainbow than met the eye.

Rather than writing letters, I exchanged cassette tapes with mother. On the next tape from her she asked a question related to our discussions and some of my experiences. I did not have an answer to her question. The morning after listening to that tape I woke at about 4.00 a.m. with an idea or thought that kept going round in my mind that the answer could be found in the Bible, and kept 'hearing' Corinthians, Chapter 14. Never having read the Bible, and it being some 30 years previously that I had even looked at one when it was my turn to read the lesson at the youth club, I attempted to dismiss this thought. However the feeling was so strong that when I got up I decided to take a look in the Bible to see what Corinthians, Chapter 14 had to say. It said nothing. There was no Chapter 14! My imagination was running away with me. I had better be careful before they took me 300 yards up the road to the asylum.

I normally replied to mother's tapes within the week. This one had been laying around for nearly two weeks and still I had no answer to her question. The thought went through my mind as I got into bed that I really must reply to the tape the following evening. The next morning, again at about 4.00 am, I woke with the thought 'Read Corinthians Chapter 14.' I turned over and tried to go back to sleep, but it persisted: '*Read Corinthians Chapter 14.*' I knew there was no Corinthians Chapter 14, I had already looked. What was going on? Three quarters of an hour is a long time trying to get back to sleep. By 4.45 am, despite the fact that the central heating had not yet come on, it was the end of November and I was dressed in next to nothing, I could hold out no longer. Something was pushing me to go and have another look at the Bible. Imagine my thoughts as I wandered through the darkened house, trying not to wake anyone, on the way to look for something in the Bible, which I knew was not there. I must be going out of my mind. I found the Bible and opened it in the general area of where I had looked before. On the right hand page was the start of Corinthians Chapter 15! I had to sit down. Only then did I realise that there were two letters from Paul to the Corinthians. The first time I had checked I must have looked at Paul's second letter, which concludes at Chapter 13. The title above Chapter 15 of the first letter was '*Life After Death.*' I quickly turned the page back. The title above Chapters 12 - 14 was '*Spiritual Gifts.*' There were the answers to all mother's questions. But this only served to raise further questions in my mind. Where had these thoughts come from that I should read Corinthians Chapter 14?

On seeing the results of the photograph of the rainbow I decided to make copies and use them to make Christmas cards. At the back of my mind there was also the thought that somewhere in the Bible was a reference to a rainbow and maybe I could quote this in the card. But where was it? I did not have long to wait for an answer. The next morning at some unearthly hour I was woken up with 'Genesis, chapter 7, verse 14' going round in my mind. By this time I was intrigued and went to look it up. Initially I thought that it was not what I was looking for - it was the first verse at the top of a left-hand page starting the story of Noah. Suddenly, I recalled that reference was made to a rainbow somewhere in the story so I read on. I had to read the whole two pages before reaching the last words on the bottom of the right hand page, which read '*The bow shall be in the cloud.*' I could not use it - my photograph was in a clear blue sky!

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Over the next few weeks my reaction was to attempt to understand what had been happening. Where had these thoughts come from? How had the chapter and verse, that I was looking for been placed into my mind, or was it all my imagination? As if in answer to these questions I received two further quotes - Matthew Chapter 8, Verse 26 *'How little faith you have.'* and Matthew 16, Verse 9 *'Where is your faith? Do you not understand even yet?'* Well to be quite honest I did not understand, and these references in the Bible only served to raise more questions and doubts as to what was happening to me. I suppose more clarification came in the next early morning revelation which was from John Chapter 3, verse 12 *'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?'* But even then the most I was really prepared to do was to take note of the information and recognise that there was something going on which was beyond my comprehension.

I had invited a medium, Martyn, who had led a group at Stansted Hall to visit us. He agreed to come at the end of February 1987 to give a couple of evening talks. I felt that as an introduction I needed to explain briefly how I had become involved. This I did prior to Martyn's first lecture. I then decided that he could do all the speaking at the second evening. However, between the two lectures a number of incidents occurred that made me wonder if I should refer to these as an introduction to the second talk. I lay in bed on the morning of the second lecture mulling over the idea of introducing the evening talk when suddenly I had the shock of my life. I opened my eyes and there suspended in mid air three feet above me was a right hand holding what looked like a cardboard tube about 4 inches in diameter. That is all there was – just a hand, from the wrist to the fingertips, holding a tube. As I watched, the hand tipped the tube, pieces of a jigsaw puzzle scattered down onto the bed and a voice said *'Here, put that lot together, and I want it done by tonight.'* The whole episode lasted only a few seconds. I put my hands outside the covers to feel for the pieces of jigsaw puzzle and there was nothing there. It could have been my imagination, but I knew it was not. When you tell yourself a joke, you do not laugh. When this happened to me I just lay there letting tears of happiness roll down my cheeks. That was how I knew it was not imagination. I got up, had breakfast and was reflecting on what I was going to say that evening, when another thought went through my mind. For the first introductory talk I had had six weeks to prepare it and for this evening I only had six hours. Before that thought was finished 'the voice' was there again: *'And the next time it will be sixth sense!'*

I had heard of clairvoyance and clairaudience (seeing and hearing things from a dimension beyond our normal physical senses) but had not put much thought as to how it might work or whether there was any validity in such phenomenon. Now, after 46 years of what I considered to have been a relatively 'normal' existence, suddenly something was happening to me! I did not know what it was and needed to know. Why had no one ever explained the reality of these 'other dimensions' to me in a form that made sense? In light of my experiences, I was beginning to realise that something beyond my conscious self was able to provide answers to questions that I posed in my mind. Not only that, the answers always seemed to be correct. They could not be coming from a sub conscious level within myself, because in my earliest experiences at Stansted there was no way that I could possibly have known that information. All this left me with a feeling that I had been deceived throughout my life up to this point. If I was to investigate this further, (and I was not even sure what

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'this' was) the only person I felt I could trust to come up with an acceptable answer was myself. It was back to turning over more of my jigsaw puzzle and trying to fit each of these pieces to those I knew to be valid in my new paradigm of thinking. Some pieces I could fit. Many were doubtful. The majority seemed to be totally isolated. I put them to one side for future evaluation when I hoped that I would have sufficient pieces that matched together to begin to show the new larger picture of what this life was all about.

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CHAPTER 2

Still Doubting

In order to appreciate what follows, I need to make reference to what happened in the summer of 1986 and our holiday in Indonesia. One of the objectives was a trip to the top of Mt. Bromo on the island of Java. My hobby is photography and I wanted to be at the top of this active volcano, not only for sunrise, but also on the night of the full moon. When I tried to book the holiday, five different companies had various options, but every one would get us to the top of Mt. Bromo either a week before or a week after the full moon. Reluctantly, I booked for something that I was not completely happy about. Two days later the travel agent called to say that the overland Java departure dates had been re-scheduled. We were able to re-arrange that part of the trip so as to arrive at Mt. Bromo for the full moon.

Margaret and myself were the only two from our coach party taking the optional extra tour to the top of the volcano. At midnight we joined another couple who were travelling independently. They were Belgians. I will call them Jack and Jill, not their real names. We discovered that, like ourselves, they too were travelling on to Bali and planned to tour around the island. They wanted to visit similar sites to ourselves and were interested in photography so we agreed to share in the hire of a vehicle and tour together. However, they were leaving for Bali immediately after descending Mt. Bromo and did not know where they would be staying in Bali. Our tour did not leave Java until the following day. The tour guide had informed us that the hotel on our itinerary for the first night of our stay in Bali had been changed. We did not know the name of the replacement hotel, so as a contact point we gave Jack and Jill the name of the hotel where we would be staying the second night. On our arrival in Bali some 36 hours later, as we stepped off our coach, standing less than 4 feet from us were Jack and Jill. They were staying in the same hotel as we were for our first night.

In isolation, most people would probably consider such an event as simply coincidence. However, when taken in conjunction with other factors, one had to question how many coincidences were necessary before they started to become an indication of something beyond our comprehension.

It was the second night that Jack and Jill had spent in that hotel but they had decided to move further along the coast for the remainder of their stay. The following morning our tour guide advised us that our accommodation for the remainder of our stay had also been changed from that shown on our itinerary. We eventually discovered that this was attributable to the agency back in Brussels. Nevertheless, had we not been staying in the same hotel as Jack and Jill for that first night it seemed highly unlikely that we would have met up with them again. Or would it? Early on that first morning in the new hotel I went down to the beach to take photographs of the sunrise. The only other Europeans about were Jack and Jill. The hotels that both they and we had moved into, about a mile away from the first hotel, were next door but one to each other. The whole of the sea front was made up of hotels yet we were lodged less than 60 meters apart.

We jointly hired a vehicle and set off on our tour. One day we agreed to send the driver with the vehicle back to a market we had passed earlier, while we walked along

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a jungle track by the side of a lake. We arranged to meet up with the driver again at the market. This had seemed a good idea until we were unable to find a track from the lake back up to the road. Fortunately a young local lad passed who showed us the way, but even then on reaching the road we were not sure whether to turn left or right. I suggested that we went right and started walking commenting that someone had once read my palm and had said that I was not a leader, but that people would follow me anywhere. However, I joked that the person reading my palm had not said for how long. Jill became interested and wanted to know where I had had my palm read, which brought up the subject of our visits to Stansted Hall.

On my second trip to Stansted I had met a couple who lived in Brussels. We had arranged that Martyn would spend some time with them during his visit to Belgium. He had agreed to give private consultations and we had sent invitations to people that might be interested, including Jack and Jill. I was somewhat surprised that we received no response from them in view of Jill's apparent interest. Nevertheless, we did receive a call from a lady that we did not know who lived in Ghent, over 60 km away. Someone who had received our invitation had put her in touch with us and she wished to make an appointment to see Martyn. We suggested that it might be more convenient for her if she could arrange to meet Martyn in Brussels as this was much closer. Within the hour she called back to say that all appointments in Brussels had been booked and so arranged to visit Martyn while he was with us. Her reason for wanting to see him was because she suffered from psoriasis. Margaret explained that Martyn was not intending to do any healing work, but the lady insisted that she would still like to see him. Two days later she called again to apologise and would have to cancel the appointment *'because her husband had found out about it and would not let her come'*.

After spending his two days in Brussels, I chatted to Martyn about his work as I drove him back home. Things had gone quite well except for one lady who he had been unable to help in any way. He explained that after 10 minutes he had been obliged to cancel that session and refund her money. However, during this short period another lady had arrived at our friends' house and was prepared to wait for a consultation with Martyn, on the off chance that someone may not turn up or until the end of the afternoon if necessary. She had not booked previously *'so that her husband would not find out'*. She was able to take the place of the lady who Martyn had been unable to help.

I do not know what prompted me, but I asked Martyn if this lady was called Jill. She was, and it was our friend that we had met in Indonesia. It no longer mattered that she had not replied to our invitation. On arriving home Margaret was overjoyed with the news. Jill had had a problem with her ear for about 15 years and Margaret had promised that she would try distant healing, but of course she had had no indication as to whether it had been successful. She asked Martyn if he had noticed if Jill had any problem with her ear. Martyn's reply could not have been anticipated. *'No, but she did have psoriasis'*.

Two ladies with psoriasis who appeared to have allowed themselves to be in fear of what their husbands might think! Jill had turned up prepared to wait all afternoon if necessary and had to wait less than ten minutes because a consultation with someone else did not work out. If she had tried to book she would not have succeeded, as there

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was a waiting list of over 20 people. Added to our encounter outside the hotel in Bali, the coincidences were beginning to mount up. Was there a connection between psoriasis and the relationship between husbands and wives? At this point I had not even questioned or considered the significance of the change of dates of the Java overland trip - that only came much later.

Following Martyn's visit, we decided to hold a regular weekly meeting where those who were interested could come together to exchange ideas. I began to notice more and more events that I had previously referred to as 'coincidences'. Over a period of some months I had been making notes of all these events. However I was not prepared for what happened on 12 June 1987. I woke up at 4.20 a.m. and was thinking over something which had been on my mind the previous day. During an extended period I had been seeing rainbows on an almost weekly basis. I wondered, in view of the connection between rainbows and seeing these on visits to Stansted, if they were significant in any way. Or was my imagination creating a connection to something that was quite natural. My thoughts continued '*What I really need is some sort of positive proof.*' when at that point a voice said:

'Isn't this enough. I've given you something outside yourself to prove that everything is one. I am everywhere.'

I lay in bed in a state of shock, knowing that although I was not fully awake, I certainly was not asleep either. I looked around the room and could see nothing by the dim light of the full moon through the shutters.

I somehow managed to reason that if I could hear a voice then presumably the voice had 'heard' my thoughts. So what I needed to do was to ask a question in my mind. I can only describe my feelings at this stage as like being woken up in the middle of the night, placed in front of a president or a king and told you can ask any question you like. What would you ask? I could not think of a question of any significance. I subsequently came to understand that the reason was because I was in an altered state of consciousness, but this I will address in more detail later. I had recently been reading books about Sai Baba who was considered by many to be an avatar living in India. Dozens of books have been written about him, the healing that he gives and the 'miracles' that he performs. Suffice to say that with all this recent reading and recalling that it had been reported that Baba had been seen in more than one place at the same time, the best I could come up with as a question was:

'Are you Baba?'

The reply I received was:

'I am everywhere.'

The conversation continued:

'If I want to call you back again what do I call?'

'Tweedle Dum - or anything you like really.'

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(Here conscious mind interjects 'You are going round the bend.')

'Are you God?'

'I am everything'

'How will I know when you are there?'

'You know already.'

In fact occasionally I did have a feeling, when writing letters, that I knew that what I was writing was correct but the ideas did not seem to come from my conscious self.

'I know you have been helping me, what do I have to do?'

'Write it down.'

'Am I supposed to write a book?'

'Yes.'

'How do I know it will be published?'

'Don't worry about it.'

'Should I call it 'Over the rainbow?''

'Don't worry about it.'

The conversation continued until I reached a point where I realised that I was running out of questions and began thinking *'This is fantastic I must not forget a word. It is going to be one hell of a job trying to remember all this. How long is it going to take to write it all down? I should have had a tape recorder in the bedroom. Maybe I should wake Margaret up and ask her if she has any questions. No, she would want to know why I had woken her up and what I was talking about and really would think I had gone mad if I had lost the contact. What else can I ask?'* As I started drifting off sleep 'the voice' came back again and said

'If you do, you'll forget it and regret it.'

Reluctantly I got out of bed and wrote down the conversation. I have noticed over the years, that whenever I forced myself to become fully aware and write down what was communicated to me in such a way, I was never tired the following day. In fact I always seemed to be more alert than normal.

All of this might have been fine for me, but there was a constant nagging thought in the back of my mind that it was not going to convince anyone else. I needed something more evidential. I did not have long to wait.

DISCOVERING TRUTH

Although it was June, I had not yet purchased my sister's previous year's Christmas present. She had mentioned that she would be going to a seminar at the end of July. The idea had crossed my mind that it might be appropriate if she had a small tape recorder to be able to record the lectures. I had considered sending a cheque so that she could buy one but had not got around to it. On the point of dropping off to sleep on 22 June I realised that Janet was going over to England on 24 June. It would be nicer for my sister not to have to go looking round shops, so the following day I bought a recorder, wrapped it up and asked Janet to post it while she was in England. It was posted on 25 June. The following week I received a post card from my sister on which she said:

'Many, many thanks for the recorder which arrived today Sat 27th. Diary of some of my thoughts:

22 Jun. Wonder if I could afford a small cassette recorder - checked prices and types in catalogue.

24 Jun. Mention to Fiona (daughter) what my intentions and thoughts were on same. She said she would come into town with me and show me what I ought to look for.

26 Jun. In town by myself - actually went into two shops and had a look at possible suitable machines.

27 Jun. Your parcel arrived.'

I am sure it was not just coincidence that the idea came to me to buy the recorder the same day my sister was thinking about buying one. Telepathy – possibly, but what of the other elements involved in the incident? I had known for three weeks that Janet was going to England, but it had not occurred to me sooner to buy a recorder for her to post. Why had I done nothing about sending a cheque when I first recognised that a tape recorder would probably be appreciated? And was it normal that a parcel, which was posted second class rate on Thursday, should arrive on the Saturday morning, the very day my sister and niece were planning to go out and buy a recorder? My mind was now questioning if and how telepathy might work.

On 3 July a friend, Bob, visited us from England. We were discussing music and I mentioned that I had recently heard the words of John Lennon's 'Imagine' and thought how deep they were. I explained that it was only a week after I had felt that I must get a copy of the words, that one of the members of our discussion group said that he had the record with the text of all the words with it. Bob then commented that he had brought a cassette for us, but had swapped it for another, with someone on the train earlier that day, then afterwards had wondered why he had done it. My reaction was to ask him the title of the cassette, to which he replied 'Clannad'. My next question was to ask him if it contained The Theme from Harry's Game. I need not have bothered, of course it did. For about three months I had been carrying around a grubby piece of paper on which was written 'Imagine – Lennon' and 'Clannad - Harry's Game'. Bob later sent us a copy of the cassette in question. Was this again telepathy, or was it something else? My desire to obtain both of those pieces of music

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had extended to writing down the titles and carrying that piece of paper around with me.

After Bob's departure on 5 July I picked up a magazine that had been loaned to us some weeks earlier. It contained nothing further that interested me and was waiting to be returned. Now, for some reason, I felt drawn to read an article on dreams. However, I soon had to stop because of a splitting headache, which prompted Margaret to offer to try healing. I had never had any experience of healing, but was willing to try anything if it could get rid of that headache. During the five minutes that I sat quietly, I recalled a book review from the same magazine that I had read the previous evening which said that 'Headaches can be the body's warning that you are tired, overworked or hungry etc...' When Margaret finished the healing, apparently without any success, I went back to reading the article on dreams but within a few minutes fell asleep for half an hour in the chair.

The article on dreams was in a magazine published in 1977, but it had originally appeared in 'The Mystic Triangle' in July 1928. It explained that dreams are periods between sleep and awake states when our minds are more receptive to external influences and contained the following interesting angle on telepathy.

'Perhaps someone somewhere is thinking of us so concentratedly that there is a transmission of the thought which acts as a key and unlocks impressions regarding the person whose thought reached us while we were in the borderline state.'

The whole episode raised many more questions in my mind. Firstly, until this point I had never taken the slightest interest in dreams. In fact, when anyone mentioned dreams in conversation, it had the same effect on me as having to read an insurance policy - it just turned me off. Why then, was I drawn to read this particular item in the magazine, which I had already discarded? Did I need to read it because of the connection with telepathy? Most certainly I had been thinking of my sister 'concentratedly in a borderline state' of consciousness just before dropping off to sleep. Had Bob consciously been thinking of visiting us and unconsciously picked up my desire to obtain Harry's Theme? I knew I had to write notes on what had occurred during Bob's visit and as I made reference to the headache I realised that it had gone COMPLETELY. There was not the slightest trace remaining, as was normally the case when I had previously suffered headaches. Whether this was as a result of the healing or sleeping I do not know. What I do know is that during the healing I did sense heat passing between my temples for about five seconds of the five minutes.

Well, at least now I had some tangible evidence on which to work - a cassette tape, the text of 'Imagine' and a post card from my sister. But I needed more than that.

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CHAPTER 3

Summer 1987

I continued to note all of these events, which seemed to increase week by week. By the end of June it was taking me most of each Saturday to type up what I had written throughout the week. In over 25 years in the same occupation I had always found it necessary to work about 40 hours overtime during June and July, most of this on Saturdays. One morning while laying in bed I again made contact with this 'voice'. My thoughts were that the writing would have to stop, as I would soon have to start working overtime. The immediate response to that thought was:

'Carry on writing'.

It was probably more in frustration than anything else that I countered with:

'OK, I'll carry on writing - you take care of the overtime'.

I gave it no further thought except for being aware that I had to continue making notes of incidents, typing these up and writing letters, all of which kept me fully occupied on Saturdays. However, by early August the big annual job at the office was completed. I had not had to work one hour's overtime. It did not seem logical considering that the number of line items with which I had to deal had increased 60% over the previous 3 years. That was in 1987. From then until I retired in 1998, never once did I have to do any overtime to complete the big annual job; and I kept on writing.

Of course writing requires a supply of paper. In the office it was my habit to save the leading and trailing blank pages from computer generated reports. These I would have cut down to A4 size for use as scrap paper. There was, however, far more than could ever be used in the office so I took some home and used this for typing up all my notes. I noticed that most of the paper used for the reports, which came from a remote central computer with its own printer, was plain white on one side with pale green lines on the other. Occasionally there were sheets that were plain white on both sides. One day while putting more blank sheets onto the pile waiting to be cut, the thought went through my mind that my notes at home would look neater if they were all printed on plain sheets rather than on those with green lines.

A few days later, the computer terminal operator who worked on my documents went on holiday. While he was away I had to produce my own reports. The following day I went to collect the first of these from the computer centre and noticed that it was on plain white paper. There was also an outstanding report from the previous day printed on paper backed with green lines. During the operator's three weeks absence I ran a minimum of one report per day. Every one was printed on plain white paper. The first report after the operator's return was on paper with green lines on the reverse. There seemed to be no logical reason why the timing of this apparently irrelevant incident should have coincided with the operator's absence, or was there? I made a note that my 'desire' had been for something to happen, and it had. But that was not quite the end of the paper saga. Eventually my stock of plain white paper at home again began to run out. I needed more.

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About that time an office reorganisation was taking place. One day a colleague, who knew nothing of my writing nor of my desire for more paper, popped his head around the door and asked: *'Have you seen all that paper in the corridor that is being thrown away?'* I could hardly believe my eyes. More photocopiers and computers had recently been installed around the headquarters, making carbon copies redundant. The stock of carbon copy paper was being destroyed. This time 'The Universe' really seemed to have gone overboard. There were 10,000 sheets, enough I suspected to keep me in paper until the end of my days!

It was Saturday 12 September 1987 when I came to type up the events that had occurred while we were on holiday, the details of which I will recount in a moment. I commented to Margaret that our electric typewriter, which had a small memory, was not really suitable for typing up all these experiences and maybe we should purchase a word processor. It was really more a passing remark rather than a serious proposition and I did not feel all that strongly about it. However, upon my arrival home from work two days later there was an envelope addressed to me. It was from a shop in town that sold office equipment. I had never been into the shop, although Margaret had bought a filing cabinet from them about five years previously. The envelope must have been posted on the Saturday for it to arrive on the Monday. The shop was offering up to the equivalent of £300 off any old typewriter against the cost of a new computer or word processor, depending on which model was purchased. Now what was going on - was I not able to think without someone picking up the thought? However, there was no rush to make a decision, as the offer was open until mid November. Maybe if we were going to invest in a word processor we should look at other options more seriously.

On the morning of 25 September, while getting shaved, an image flashed into my mind. I realised that it was connected with some publicity that had been on the TV as I turned it on the previous evening. It was like a large red letter B with an arrow going up from the bottom of the B to the right. I had not consciously taken any notice of the advertisement. Now I wondered if it had been for the office equipment exhibition that usually took place about that time of year. ('B' standing for 'bureau' in French.) As Janet was leaving to go to work in Brussels, I asked her to keep an eye open for such a symbol. If she saw one, would she look to see if it was for the exhibition, and if so what date it took place. I jokingly added *'Of course if you can get me a free entry ticket that would be even better'*.

I was out in the garden mowing the lawn when Jan arrived home that evening. She walked over, took something out of her bag and said:

'Is this what you want?'

It was a free entry ticket to the exhibition.

'Where did you get that from?' Was my reaction.

'Oh, I was just sitting in the office when the other secretary said, I don't suppose you want this do you?'



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The following day was the last opportunity I had to go to the exhibition.

These events alone were sufficient to convince me that all of this was not just coincidence. So what had taken place a month earlier while we were on holiday in Spain just added to that conviction.

We regularly met a group of friends on the beach who visited the same place each year. During one of my conversations with George I recounted my first experience concerning the window in the end wall of a room and how the lady only later recalled this as being correct. George, quite reasonably, wanted to know how I knew there was a window in that wall. I had no idea.

For some reason I had assumed that because I was on holiday, 'the voice' would also be on holiday. How wrong could I be! I went to bed at 1.00 a.m. and three hours later I was woken by 'the voice' saying:

'I will give you the answer to the window question, but only on condition that you promise to get up and write it down.'

What a decision to have to make after only three hours in bed. I could not refuse. This is what I was told:

'A person can transmit the thought of a window - a thought is a thing. But also a thing is an illusion. Imagine you take a photograph through a window, the window will be there but you will not see it on the photograph, unless you focus the camera on the windowpane, in which case everything else will be blurred. You can only tune-in to one thing at a time. Like you have a TV set, which is capable of picking up many stations but only one at a time - except in freak conditions when you can receive ghost images. This is why some messages received are misunderstood or are not for the main recipient of the transmission.'

My reaction to this was:

'What is the difference between a spirit projecting an image of a window and picking up a window from the akashic record?'

To which I received the response:

'What is the difference between you having something described to you and actually seeing it for yourself? How do you see a window in a dream, is it not through your inner thoughts? When you see a window in a dream - you know it is a window, you did not need for it to be transmitted to you by a spirit or by itself.'

Well this all seemed to make sense to me, but would it make sense to George? I needed something to convince George that this was not just my sub-conscious idea on the subject. As I had that thought, so a Greek priest appeared in my mind. I should mention that George is of Cypriot origin. I mentally asked this priest to tell me something that would convince George that this was not just a figment of my

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imagination. A couple of days later I met George again and told him what had happened. He understood most of what I had been told by the Greek priest, except for some minor details and three specific points that he needed to check out with his father. These were a journey on a large boat, the date of 23 Feb and the name of METAKIS.

Back home, during my morning meditation on 15 September, again I 'saw' the same Greek priest in my mind. My reaction was to ask why George had not recognised the name METAKIS?' I then had the impression of seeing the word spelled out in front of me but it was as though there was a cloud over the letters ET. On 16 September I received a letter from George dated 15 September. He said:

'Concerning the notes you gave me, all correct - 23 Feb was our arrival in England by boat in 1946 after being evacuated from Cyprus at the end of the war. But, no luck on the name METAKIS - although our next-door neighbour in Cyprus was called NAKIS.'

That was close enough for me. When I took the ET out of METAKIS it left me with MAKIS. There was proof enough both for George and myself that if these answers were correct, then the answer to George's window question was also correct. But it could not have been telepathy if George had to check out the details himself. And who was this Greek priest? Where did he fit into the story and why had I 'seen' him again in my mind the day that George had written his letter to me? Could this be some sort of telepathy, not just between persons in this world, but also between those in this and the next world? I eventually discovered from George that when he was born, his father had wanted to baptise him 'Lenin'. However the priest had refused and eventually he was named after the priest - 'Giorgio'.

But that was not the only unusual event that occurred during that holiday. A new building was under construction opposite our apartment. A neighbour was visiting and with the French windows open, it was difficult to follow the conversation above the noise of a hammer drill that was in use across the road. This prompted the neighbour to remark that he had a relative who had lived opposite a construction site where there had been similar constant noise for weeks on end. Eventually the relative could stand it no longer and 'wished' that the person using the hammer drill would fall off the scaffold. Apparently within minutes, he did, and died. The reason I mention this, apart from drawing attention to the power of thought, is to highlight that it was the neighbour that raised the subject of a 'strange' event. This in turn brought our conversation round to the 'paranormal'. It was eventually to provide me with more pieces of my 'jigsaw puzzle' that I was turning face upwards on the table - even if they did not fit within my picture that was starting to build by that time.

I cannot be sure whether it was 'the voice' that was waking me at unearthly hours of the night, the food, the wine, or the heat that made me so tired. However, after speaking with the neighbour, following lunch that afternoon I was forced to put down my book and lie on the bed for a traditional Spanish siesta. Within 20 minutes I was awake again and was in contact with 'the voice'. Elation! What question could I ask? Despair! I was unable to think of a question. It was at this point that I recognised there was a definite change in my level of consciousness. When I was in contact with 'the voice', I no longer had the ability to form questions in my conscious mind.

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However, I was able to respond to answers given to me in this altered state, and to remember clearly what had been communicated to me upon my return to full consciousness. Here was an opportunity not to be missed to ask questions. What could I do?

Never having previously spoken out loud while in this state, I had somehow assumed that if I did the contact would be lost. Eventually I concluded that as I was unable to form any question, I wondered if Margaret might be able to. She was reading on the balcony just outside the open bedroom door - *'Quick, I have a contact with 'the voice', give me a question.'* To that I received a reply on the lines of *'How do you expect me to come up with a question just like that?'* After that, silence.

Frustration. Margaret was presumably fully conscious and could not even think of a question. What could I do to make use of this contact? In light of the discussion with the neighbour earlier in the day, I wondered if I could obtain some evidence for him. This seemed to be quite successful so I wrote down all the details. I then complained to Margaret about her not being able to come up with a question. She commented that after she had replied and left a period of silence, she felt it might disturb me if she said anything further, so had attempted to communicate with me telepathically. I wanted to know what she had communicated. *'Try and see if you can get something for the neighbour!'* was her reply. Elation again.

A few days later I saw the neighbour and asked him if what I had noted down made any sense. No it did not, except one thing that was rather general and could have applied to almost anyone. So one minute I am excited thinking that telepathy had worked; the next I am trying to figure out what went wrong and why the neighbour was unable to make any sense out of what I had received from 'the voice'. Could I rely on 'the voice' anymore? Whatever else, I was certain that it was not my imagination.

It was two years later before the answer to that question was clarified. We went to Spain again and the same neighbour was there. He was the first person that I recognised upon my arrival on the beach. *'I have been waiting to see you and missed you last year. Do you remember you told me some things that did not make any sense to me?'*

'Well I remember telling you something, but have no recollection of the details.' was my comment.

He continued: *'You told me the name of Isherwood and something to do with a swimming pool. Well when I went back to England I saw my elder brother and asked him if it made any sense to him. He replied "Of course, don't you remember when we were kids, the chap next door was called Isherwood and he drowned in a swimming pool?'"'*

It had taken two years for it to be confirmed that the information from 'the voice' was correct. Not only that, there appeared to be no telepathy between the neighbour and myself, as he did not recall this incident from his childhood.

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Just before going on that holiday in 1987 I had another strange experience. A friend had asked me a question to which I did not know the answer. However I did recall that I had recently read something on the subject in a booklet. I decided to read the booklet again the same evening to find the answer. I eventually took the booklet to bed and continued reading until I arrived at the point relating to the question. I kept pieces of scrap paper for making notes at the side of the bed and could quite easily have used one of these to mark the page in the booklet. Until some months previously I had been using a 100-rupee note as a bookmark, however, I had switched to using photographs of Sai Baba when 3 of these had been included with some books I had ordered. For some strange reason I now had a strong inclination to use this 100-rupee note to mark the place in the booklet. Margaret was on the point of falling asleep and I risked disturbing her by making a noise, yet still I insisted on pulling this note out from under money, keys, pen and other oddments on the bedside table. Then despite it being after midnight, which was my usual time for going to sleep, I felt I had to read another chapter of my current book 'Bhagavan Sri Sathya Sai Baba - The Man and the Avatar, an interpretation by V. K. Gokak'. The third to last paragraph of that chapter reads

'As Baba has explained, "All that the master does for the disciple is to enable him to discover himself. You have misplaced a hundred rupee note when you were reading a book. You can't remember now where you have kept that currency note. The master is your friend who turns over the pages of the book of your heart and shows you exactly where you have slipped in this currency note amid the pages of your book."

Coincidence? How many people use a hundred rupee note as a bookmark? What was it that caused me to search out this note again to mark a page in a booklet that I had previously read? Then what was this urge after midnight to read a chapter in another book that just happened to refer to finding a hundred rupee note between the pages of a book? I had only placed the hundred rupee note in the booklet fifteen minutes before reading this text. This certainly had nothing to do with telepathy - at least not between minds in a physical body.

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CHAPTER 4

An Unexpected Communicator

But even this was not the end of the incidents that occurred during that summer of 1987. The following sequence of events spanned a period of a year and involved a number of people other than myself.

In December 1986 I sent out my regular batch of Christmas greetings. However, instead of the usual card, to some people I sent a photograph from our holiday trip to Indonesia of a man silhouetted against the moon setting over the crater of Mt. Bromo. This was accompanied by the story of how we had met the Belgian couple and of our meeting again in Bali. I had called the account 'COINCIDENCE?' but implied that I felt the answer was not as simple as that.

Mother's sister, my Aunt Bessie, died in 1979. After that I continued to send Christmas greetings to her husband Alf, but never received a card in return. However, in January 1987 we received a letter from Alf in response to the photograph and story. He commented:

'The kaleidoscope of life often brings into being coincidence (an unexpected relation of events) and I do not believe we should read more into them than just that; things, time, places are drawn together as though by a magnet.'

The letter also referred to a book he had been reading from which he quoted:

'the transition we call death is like walking through a door'... 'I believe it is best to leave it until the happening.'

In response I briefly explained what had caused me to send the unusual greetings. I also mentioned that we were going to be visiting my mother shortly and asked if he would like to join us when we went to the local spiritualist church. (At this point I was investigating any avenue which might give me clues or answers to my questions.) I quote from his reply:

'I am not decrying anything that you have written about.... but I would not read too much into them. ... LOVE is the link that binds us to those who have gone before. ... I appreciate your invitation to worship with you...but I feel that I must worship with and in my church.'

I imagined that that would be the end of any regular communication between us. However, about two months later Margaret had an overwhelming urge to write to Alf and send him a copy of something she had read. Almost by return we received a reply enclosing what he felt 'was the correct way to understand and deal with death.' It was a communication from Henry Scott Holland, 1847 - 1918, a Canon at St. Paul's Cathedral for his wife, which starts out:

'Death is nothing at all.... I have only slipped into the next room ... and I am I and you are you ... whatever we were to each other, that we are still,' and

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ends *'I am but waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near, just around the corner ... all is well.'*

As I read this I felt that before I did anything else I must write down my 'feelings' on the bottom of the quotation. I wrote *'That is exactly how I feel, however if Henry Scott Holland's wife had not been prepared to listen to the words from her deceased husband we would not have been able to benefit from his words today.'* I then put the paper to one side, decided that I had done all that I needed to do and had no intention of sending my thoughts to Alf.

'I' had not taken into consideration the possible feelings of those in the world beyond! Another month went by before someone loaned me a book and in the flyleaf was the same quotation from Henry Scott Holland. Four days later there it was again, the last item to be read out on a BBC radio programme. The following day on BBC's Pick of the Week was an item all about coincidences. I returned the quotation of Henry Scott Holland to Alf with my thoughts written on the bottom and briefly explained that because of these incidents I felt this was an indication that I should return it to him with my comments.

Shortly after this we went on holiday to Spain. As I have said, I went with the expectation that because I was on holiday, 'the voice' would also be on holiday. However, on Sunday 23 August something strange occurred while I was reading the book that contained the Henry Scott Holland quotation. It was mid afternoon and after reading a page twice, I recognised that I had not consciously registered any of the words. Instead, I realised that I had been involved in a mental conversation with Bessie. I wrote down my thoughts as follows:

Had an overwhelming feeling that Bessie was trying to tell Alf that he should go to the spiritualist church so she could contact him.

Bessie. It would only be a 10 pence bus ride. In fact if you went out of the house at just before 5.30 and went for a walk, you could be there in time for the service.

Me. I don't think he wants to listen.

Bessie. Would I help and tell Alf that she had asked me to ask him if he would go?

Me reluctantly. I will if you cannot succeed any other way, but I think you first ought to try to influence him from your side to get him to go - good luck. I'll do what I can from here.

On 26 August at 05.30 a.m. I woke and had the impression of Bessie weakly trying, almost pleading with me, to ask Alf to go to the spiritualist church. My notes on this read:

'I tried to resist and don't want to get involved further - yet, but she insists. I then decide that if I am going to help I must have some evidence that will convince Alf that I am not making all this up and letting my imagination run away with itself. Bessie gave me some details and at one point I became

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impatient with her for giving me the impression of a black mongrel dog and brusquely responded 'that's no good, I know you used to have one.'

Later that day I reluctantly decided that I would have to write to Alf and give him all the details of my mental conversation with Bessie. I explained that I had no personal motive for doing what I felt I had to do. I said that he could do whatever he liked with the information I was sending him, but in my heart I had made a promise to Bessie and that was the only reason I was writing.

Just before going on that holiday I had spoken with my sister on the phone. She mentioned that she had been given a communication by a medium while at a symposium. It concerned a lady who used to like going to the cinema in the afternoon to see Fred Astair films. She had had quite a hard life, plus a few other minor details. She asked me if I could identify the person. I had no idea. My sister went on to say that she had asked mother if she could identify the person and mother had suggested who she thought it might be, which confirmed her own ideas. She then asked me to think about it and if I came up with anything to let her know, otherwise she would tell me the next time she wrote. I was at a loss to identify the person.

Upon my return from holiday there was a cassette tape in the mail from my sister in which she explained that both she and mother felt that the person who fitted the description was Bessie! She went on to say:

'Furthermore, I saw Alf walking down the road in our village the other day. I had not seen him for years! I gave him a lift and he mentioned that he had had a letter from you, and that you seemed to be very interested in spiritualism.² I replied that I also was slightly interested and went on to explain that I had just been to a symposium and briefly expressed my opinions on the subject. I then said, I'll leave you with this thought and told him about the lady going to see the Fred Astair films. I did not mention who I thought it was. I thought I would let him think about it and see if anything transpired.'

I replied to my sister recounting some of the events from our holiday, and mentioned that following on from the communication from Bessie, I felt that I had to write another letter to Alf. Although I did not tell her what was in the letter, I did say that I would not be surprised if Alf came to see her. In her reply she said:

'I happened to see Alf yet again when I decided to pop out for a walk. He said that he was just coming to see me. He mentioned that he had had another letter from you and as a result he thought he would go to the evening of clairvoyance at the spiritualist church the following Saturday. I decided that I had better go as well to see what happened. The evening was almost a complete disaster. When I saw Alf later he said that despite that, he would try again.'

As I put my sister's letter into the desk drawer the name 'Margaret Pearson' (a medium, whom I had heard of but had never met) came into my mind. I replied to my

² I ascertained later that this was not the letter written whilst I had been on holiday, but related to our earlier correspondence concerning the message from Henry Scott Holland.

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sister saying that if she ever heard that Margaret Pearson was coming to the local spiritualist church she should make sure that she arranged for Alf to be there.

Six weeks later I attended another workshop at Stansted Hall. Although Margaret Pearson was not scheduled to be working there that week, she had been asked to replace another medium that was ill. I felt that I had no choice but to have a private consultation with her, with hopes that there might be some communication for Alf. Part of the transcript of the recording of that consultation reads as follows:

'There is Bessie also that comes in with love to you. ... I am not saying she sang this hymn, but she has brought these words - Oh love that wilt not let me go ... and did Bessie like roses? (Me - Possibly) Because she has brought the rose 'Peace,' and she has written the word Peace in front of your face. And I know that you will have peace...'

I took this as a 'Thank you.' from Bessie to me for trying to help in some small way.

However on arrival home I was unable to settle and felt the need to write to Alf and quote word for word the complete text from Bessie from the transcript. The feeling after I had done this was as though a great weight had been lifted from my shoulders.

Another letter arrived from Alf dated 8 January 1988. Part of it reads as follows:

'Just recently I read a book ... from this it appears to me that one must pick out the gems lying among the dust. Margaret Pearson spoke of the hymn, not Bessie's favourite hymn, but one she so enjoyed singing and the hymn contains the lines:

*I lay in dust life's glory dead,
and from the ground there blossoms red,
Life that shall endless be.*

Some ten years ago after the house had been modernised and decorated, the front garden was cemented over and a small diamond left in which to plant a rose! A friend bought us a rose bush and today, I ascertained from her that the name of the rose was Peace!!

I thank you for your words (not mine, but what a privilege it was to have been such a messenger) which have certainly had a great significance for me! The last time I went to the spiritualist church the medium said in a conversation with me, 'You seek for proof and it is all around you. Just a rose bush!'

It took one year to get the message across, if one counts the starting point as being the first letter that I received from Alf. What prompted him to respond to my story after six years without us having any contact? Evidently Alf needed more than reluctant messages from me to prompt him to consider that there was possibly something in what the world beyond was trying to say. Why did I feel that Margaret Pearson was involved in all of this before ever meeting her? How was it arranged that my sister should receive a message related to Bessie through a medium at a symposium and then within a few days of her return, to see Alf whom she had not seen for years?

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Possibly without that meeting Alf would still not have been willing to accept what I was feeling compelled to tell him. Was it another coincidence that my sister had been invited to attend that seminar by a third person? I have no doubt that she was meant to be there. She had told me that she felt she would like to go, but really could not afford it, yet within a few weeks an invitation arrived. How long prior to that were the first seeds sown to bring about this sequence of events?

It is unlikely that we will ever know, and it surely does not matter. What is important is that the message got through. Is it not all summed up in Alf's second letter when he said:

'I believe that LOVE is the link that binds us to those who have gone before.'

And Bessie's reply:

'Oh love that wilt not let me go'?

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CHAPTER 5

The Search Continues

We learned that Coral Polge, a notable psychic artist who we knew, was coming to work in France, an hour's drive from our home. We were fortunate to be able to arrange for her to come and give a demonstration of her work for people living in our area. However in order to make the most of her visit, we needed a room larger than our living room which we had been using for other events. I felt that the international, inter-denominational chapel centre would be a suitable place. So in my enthusiastic naiveté I went to see the person in charge, who happened to be the Anglican padre, about using the community room.

In anticipation that he would want to know why I wished to use the centre I took a copy of Coral's biography³ for him to read and a cassette tape of one of her lectures. I well understood that he would not want any crank coming along to use the centre and felt confident that these items would be sufficient to remove any doubts and confirm the sincerity of the work that Coral was doing.

A few days later the padre phoned to say that he would like to return my book and tape. He wished to know more details and from the questions he asked I realised that he was not going to agree to the use of the centre. During the discussion I mentioned 'the voice' and explained, in reference to receiving quotes from the bible, that I had no doubt that the information was authentic. It is unlikely that he realised it, but his response to that remark was to have a profound effect on my future belief in anything at all. It certainly crushed any last grain of faith I might have had in orthodox religion, and had entirely the opposite effect to the message that I felt he was probably supposed to be communicating. He simply asked me '*Was the voice God or your higher self?*' I had no idea. By this time I had heard of guides, spirit helpers, and the like and had considered that they may have been the source of the voice. However at that stage of my investigations and after years of inculcation within orthodox religion, I certainly was not prepared to consider that I might be communicating with what I had been led to understand was 'God'. In any event, there was no way that I could prove what I might have thought it was. He then explained that if the chapel centre were to be used for anything out of the ordinary, it would have to be approved by his superior commander. This would be on the basis of a recommendation by himself, but of course if his bishop were to find out that he had made such a recommendation, '*he would be out on his ear!*' I had found something far greater than I had ever previously encountered and was not going to be deterred by such an insular attitude.

My reaction as I left his office was twofold. Initially, I felt that if he did not know whether the voice I had been hearing was God or my higher self, on what authority did he stand up every Sunday expounding God to his congregation? It did not make sense. There were only two options. Either he knew, and was not telling the whole truth, or he did not know and was perpetrating this ignorance. Whatever the option, this simply confirmed my conviction that the only person I could trust to find answers to my questions was myself. But this then left me with a further question to ponder:

³ 'The Living Image' by Coral Polge and Kay Hunter.

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‘What had I stumbled upon that could be so detrimental to orthodox beliefs that would cause such a reaction if this was to be discovered by his bishop?’

Between loaning the book and tape to the padre and his returning it to me, I had to attend a meeting in a room that had recently been re-decorated. Immediately upon entering that room I felt that it would be perfect for Coral’s demonstration. Prudently I made enquiries about the conditions for use of the room in the event of being unable to use the chapel centre. So it became clear, after my second conversation with the padre, that this room was just the right place for the demonstration. It is worth mentioning that not only was I able to obtain the free use of an overhead projector and screen, but neither was there any charge for use of the room. The donations received that evening in support of Coral’s work were within £1 of the amount I had earlier given Coral, which was double the amount that she had suggested would be reasonable.

Earlier that same year, Chris, a friend from England came to visit us. He had been a close friend of Ron Baker, a well-known medium who had died in 1986. I never met Ron although I had heard Chris talk about him. During Chris’ stay I woke one morning at about 05.00 a.m. and heard what I could only describe as someone clicking their fingernails together. By this time I had become aware enough to realise that anything out of the ordinary may be some form of communication, so in my mind I asked for identification. In reply I received the words ‘*Aquarian School*’. Knowing that Ron Baker had started the school my next question was ‘*Message for whom?*’ The personal information that was communicated to me was for Chris, but there was no proof in it to me that it was coming from Ron Baker. I thought ‘*I need some proof that this is from you.*’ Clearly, I then saw in my mind the word ‘*SUGAR*’.

On recounting the above to Chris, his immediate reaction was to go to the bedroom and return with two small packets of sugar which Ron had given to him over two years previously. Ron, who had suffered from diabetes, had asked Chris to carry these with him in the event of an emergency. Chris then confirmed that all the personal details Ron had communicated to me were correct.

I suspect that most people would have been satisfied with visible evidence such as packets of sugar. However, I had known from earlier conversations with Chris that Ron had had diabetes and within a few days doubts started to creep in and I felt it could have been my sub-conscious mind at work. I was not convinced.

A few weeks later Chris came to visit again. This time he brought a book for Julie to read entitled ‘*Automatic Writings of Ron Baker*’. It had lain on the table for 3 days before I decided to take a look at it. On the back cover was an explanation of how Ron had been drawn into becoming a medium. One paragraph stated:

‘That was how he came to spend a number of very happy years at the St Helens Spiritualist Church, where he was first given a simple communication from spirit helpers. It was the one word – ‘SUGAR’.

Now I was convinced. But convinced of what? Certainly the communications that were coming into my mind could not have been from my conscious self. They were providing me with information that I could not possibly have known, thereby

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establishing proof of the existence of something beyond ego self. If it was beyond ego self, then it must be beyond the physical body. Was it mind? I needed to get the picture straight. My old philosophy did not include the feasibility of my being able to communicate with something that I knew did not exist in a physical form. Whatever it was, the information that was being communicated was correct. It is natural to resist change, but I had reached the point where these revelations were too strong to be ignored. I knew that the concept of my understanding of life up to this point, which had been based on conventional teaching, had to be dismantled and I had to start again. I was angry, very angry. I felt as though 46 years of my life had been wasted conforming to traditional western scientific thinking and what orthodox religions claimed to be truth. I must have felt like a child finding out the fallacy of Father Christmas or the tooth fairy, but on a far higher intellectual level. The shock was that much greater. Surely I was not the first person to discover that there was something rotten in the system, and if this was the case, why had not church leaders sought to correct what was wrong? Had they something to hide. And was this the reason why the padre had a problem with his bishop? I had to continue to take each piece of the puzzle apart, turn it over, and then try to fit it back into a new concept.

It was not simply the communications with 'the voice' that had driven me to these conclusions. It seemed as though a higher force, not only beyond our understanding, but also beyond our personal control, was in some way directing everything. That is hard for the individual ego to accept. We want to be in charge. This of course raised the question of freewill and destiny. Are the two compatible? It is only by looking at facts that we are able to draw our own conclusions. But how many of us bother? It is too easy to sit back and be told what is, rather than take the trouble to find out for ourselves. Other's accounts of their personal experiences (including my own) are no more or no less than just that. They will not serve to convince anyone of anything, but they could be useful as an indication of the type of phenomena of which to be aware.

By this time I was beginning to recognise that people seemed to be drawn together. Whether the reason for this phenomenon was amplified simply because I had noticed one or more such incidents, or whether it was for some other purpose, I cannot be sure. However, the following illustrates the type of situation to which I am referring. To me it did seem to indicate 'that people are drawn together for a reason', even if it was only to confirm to me that we do not meet purely as a result of coincidence. Nevertheless, it is up to each individual to find their own reasons for meeting, if that feels appropriate.

I arrived to commence a seminar at Castleton just prior to a meal on the first evening. I knew none of the 70 or so other participants, although I had spoken to the booking secretary and organiser on the phone. After the meal, I went to introduce myself to the secretary, Reta, and discovered that she used to work in the same street that I lived until I left home in 1958. She and her husband kept a fish shop about 100 yards along the road and we must occasionally have met when I was a child and went into that shop. Two months later Margaret and I attended another seminar at Stansted. By this time I had given up eating meat so we sat at different dining tables. After the first meal, Margaret introduced me to the person sitting next to her, Roy, who also used to live in my hometown, Grimsby. He had not lived there for many years and nothing in our conversation led me to believe that we had anything in common. However, there

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was a lady sitting almost opposite me at the dining table and I had a feeling that we had met somewhere before, although neither of us could identify any possible occasion when this might have occurred. By the middle of the week I felt I needed to get to the source of this feeling, so after lunch we went for a walk round the grounds to discuss this further. She mentioned that her father used to own a fish shop but was now retired. Only when she said that her father was sitting next to Margaret did I realise that she was Roy's daughter. We eliminated the possibility that we might have met in Grimsby, as since childhood she had lived in other towns. Soon afterwards we met Roy and his wife walking in the opposite direction. In an effort to clarify my feeling, I asked them if they could shed any light on the subject. It was then I discovered that when I was a child, Roy and his wife had lived about 100 yards from where I lived, but in the opposite direction to Reta, and in the next street. I suspect that the 'feeling' of 'having met before' was nothing more than what I would now call a 'key' in my search. 'Feeling' as an emotional sense, seemed to be coming more into play in helping me discover dimensions beyond this physical realm. To the uninitiated, it may sound as if I am trying to make things fit. But what are the chances of meeting two people at two consecutive seminars, who had both lived about 100 yards from myself but in opposite directions, during the same period? Both had owned a fish shop, and as if that was not sufficient, it was only later that I discovered that Reta's husband, who had died some years previously, was also called Roy!

But in the context of people being drawn together, what occurred in 1992 seemed to explode my awareness beyond the realms of credibility. It was March and again I was participating in a seminar at Stansted. After the introductory session on the first evening I felt so tired that I retired to bed early instead of joining most of the others in the bar. I decided to read for a while, but before I had finished the first page I realised that something strange was taking place. I had read the words on the page but they had not entered my consciousness. In my mind I had been 'watching' a scene as though I was there. I had no doubt that I was in Bombay. (How I knew it was Bombay, I have no idea.) There was a body on the road wrapped in white cloth. Five men came over, lifted the body and placed it at the side of the road. This was far more fascinating than the book. I put the book to one side, lay back and followed the story as if I was watching a film. The next thing I knew, I was waking the following morning. I had no recollection of what followed the above events except that the 'road accident' had made headlines in the newspaper, together with a picture of the man who had been killed.

Later that day we were placed in groups to work on developing our awareness. We were asked to link in to another level of consciousness and see if we could pick up anything for any other member of the group. Immediately the accident scene came to mind. I did not obtain any further information in connection with those events, but 'saw' a slim Indian lady aged about 55 carrying a water bottle. I mentally asked what she wanted and received one word, something close to 'Mwana'. It made no sense to me at all. At the end of the exercise we were asked to recount what we had experienced and to identify the person within the group to whom the information might apply.

In the group was an Indian lady called Monica who I had not previously met. As I felt that the incident had taken place in Bombay I commenced by describing the slim Indian lady and asking Monica if 'Mwana' meant anything to her. She jumped out of

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her chair exclaiming that, although I had not got the name quite correct, it was her grandmother. In that instant I felt as though my whole body had become enveloped in a sheath. I became the man whose body I had seen wrapped in the white cloth. It was Monica's brother who had been killed in a car accident two years previously. I had no idea what was taking place but simply allowed Monica's brother to express what he wished to say. When he had finished, Monica confirmed that she lived in Bombay and that is where her brother had been killed. Yes it did make headlines and there was a picture of her brother in the newspaper. All that 'he' had said, using my body, made sense to Monica.

So here was another experience and piece to add to my jigsaw puzzle. But as so often happens, that was not the end of the story. Seminars take place at The Hall about 48 weeks of the year. I returned six months later to continue my journey of adventure and discovery. But again I was not prepared for what was to take place that first evening. The tables for the evening meal were each set for 8 people. Initially 6 people occupied our table sitting 3 on either side. I occupied one of the end seats. During the meal a lady joined us and sat at the head of the table distant from where I was sitting. She introduced herself, but I did not catch her name. At the end of the meal I walked round to her, explained that I had not heard her name and introduced myself as Nick. Her reply astounded me: *'So you must know Monica?'* I then discovered that this was Monica's mother. What had drawn her to travel from Bombay to England this particular week and then sit at the same table as myself? Neither she, Monica nor myself had been to Stansted during the intervening period.

By the middle of the week Monica's mother was becoming desperate for some contact with her son and asked if I could help. I explained that, for me, linking into the 'other world' did not seem to function like it did for most of the mediums who worked at Stansted. I promised that I would remain aware and let her know if I was able to help in any way. That evening as I opened my bedroom door words came into my mind and I knew that they were the beginning of a poem. As I wrote I quickly realised that it was a communication giving guidance to Monica's mother.

During our farewells at the end of the week Monica's mother remarked that she had come all the way from Bombay – just for that poem. But how could she possibly have known that I was going to be there to write the poem that week?

THE SEARCH

2 Sep 1992

A lady went to Stansted to find out what to do.
She also had a deep desire to know what's false and true.
She searched so many byways and avenues in hope
of finding answers in her quest for which she had to grope
in darkened corners of her mind, where all the truth is hidden.
All she could find at Stansted was, what seemed to be forbidden.
To search inside herself, for that is where we find the truth,
to make a contact with her son who left while still a youth
of tender years, to join the realms and live the life beyond.
He will be waiting there to greet a mother, oh so fond.

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The loss is great both sides of life and often hard to bear,
but like the love that is so close, it's also hard to share
with someone in another realm, when they cannot be seen.
But never doubt that love remains, in fact it grows so keen
as time flows by. And then one day, will be time to rejoice,
to join with her son again, when she will hear his voice
speak words of comfort then to help her live her new found life
with him and those who've gone before who also suffered grief.
So never doubt that day you think you hear your son call low,
one day you'll meet again with him, when your time comes to go
to higher realms and higher minds upon your second birth.
But until then, remember, you must live your life on earth.
Until that day when you will join in harmony above
remember always, be at peace, until you meet in love.

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CHAPTER 6

Poppies

By this time many other synchronistic events were occurring regularly, far too numerous to relate. However, one in particular concerned being drawn to take a photograph of some poppies, which in retrospect seemed to be a key to unlocking part of the puzzle. But before recounting the details of that episode, I would like you to re-consider some of the thoughts that I had relating to these events. I felt certain that each element was for a purpose and helped to mould a new concept that I was striving to understand. It seemed as if, whenever I had a question on my mind, the answer would be provided in some form or another. Not necessarily immediately, nor were the answers received in the same sequence as I had posed the questions. These were not verbalised questions, but thoughts, in attempting to sort out the confusion that had been sown in my mind as a result of turning over that first piece of my giant jigsaw puzzle. There appeared to be a picture on both sides of this puzzle. Each side was put together in a different way, yet when completed, they each apparently presented a complete picture. I had been brought up in a social environment that looked and saw only one side of this puzzle. Now here was I turning over all of the pieces and trying to put back together the other side which was slowly beginning to make some sort of sense. When one looks at a jigsaw puzzle that is complete, the natural reaction would be to assume that is how it should be. If you then remove one piece from that puzzle and find that on the other side there is part of a picture of yourself, which you recognise, yet it is still part of the multi-dimensional puzzle, then the only conclusion that can be drawn is that there must be more to the picture than meets the eye.

One of the greatest factors in helping to solve my dilemma was meeting people at seminars who had experienced similar strange experiences. They had often turned over different pieces of the great puzzle. By exchanging experiences I was able to take on new ideas more quickly and easily than by working on the problem alone. However, on the one hand this created a situation where I was left with many pieces of the puzzle turned over that did not fit into any particular pattern. On the other hand, having met so many people who had had similar experiences, it was comforting to realise that maybe I was not mentally deranged after all.

I soon began to notice significant changes in my habits. I have already mentioned that I stopped eating meat. Some time later I had to give up eating fish. Not for any ethical or moral reason, it just seemed as if my whole body was rejecting it. (It was 3 years before I was finally able to eat fish again and even that was a struggle.) I stopped taking sugar in my coffee, and about a year later stopped drinking coffee completely. This was accompanied by limitations in types of programmes that I could support watching on TV, followed by the realisation that the majority of daily conversation, when analysed seemed pointless. As I changed, so friendships changed. People with similar interests seemed to be drawn into my environment. Eventually I concluded that this must somehow relate to a natural attraction associated with thought. An inner peace was beginning to grow within me and if others were happy to remain static, that was their choice. If I wanted to remain happy, I would have to move on. I could not 'un-know' what I had discovered. This in turn required significant discretion in conversation about these revelations. So with banal conversations on the one hand and discretion concerning what I considered to be

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interesting on the other, my participation in daily discussions diminished considerably.

Another change that occurred was that I began to notice subtle feelings within myself. Very difficult to describe in words, but the nearest I can come to explaining one of these feelings is the kick that you might feel in the solar plexus upon hearing some very happy or shocking news quite unexpectedly. It was by noticing such feelings and relating them to what had been taking place at the time that I soon recognised that there was a connection between apparently quite insignificant happenings and my emotions.

A few special events during my life such as weddings, births and occasional birthdays, had prompted me to write poems. The number of poems written in the period after the start of my search increased considerably. My early poetry had always been created starting with the last word of each stanza, before completing the remainder of the verse, to ensure that it rhymed. Whilst on holiday I had taken a photograph and decided to use this to make my end of the year greeting cards. Then I had the idea of writing a poem to accompany the photograph. I composed two verses before leaving home one morning and a further two in the car on the way to the office. That evening I settled to complete the poem. Two further verses were composed in my habitual fashion followed by the first line of the next verse. At this point I became concerned as to how I would be able to get the verse to rhyme. I need not have worried, the words just flowed. For six verses they flowed as if coming from an unknown source. In order to complete the two last verses it was necessary for me to revert to my former method of writing, which then seemed far more difficult. Not only did those six verses rhyme with the correct metre, but they complemented the verses I had written using my method, while at the same time forming a distinct complete independent poem. I knew that my conscious self had not composed that section of the poem, but where had those verses come from?⁴

On 13th February 1988 I received a phone call to say that a friend, Trevor, whom we had known since 1960 had died of cancer after some months of illness. We were unable to attend the funeral but arranged to visit his wife, Eileen, while in England a few weeks later. We spent the afternoon and evening with her, but while driving back to my mother's home some 80 miles away, the thought came to me that I should write a poem for Eileen. Overlapping this thought was, what I can only describe as another thought, of my father who had died 7 years earlier saying to Trevor '*Well go on then, ask him, he did one for me*'. (In fact I had written a poem at the time of my father's death to put in the local paper as acknowledgement and thanks to all who had supported him during his long illness. That was something I had felt compelled to do because the standard thank you notices seemed so inadequate. But at that point in my life I had not embarked upon my journey of discovery and certainly had no inkling that my father might have had anything to do with the poem.)

I woke the following morning with the first eight lines of a poem in my mind. These I wrote down and after breakfast sat to try and finish off the verse. Twice I was interrupted by having to answer the telephone, both calls being for me within the space of 5 minutes. Both calls were from people I was not in the habit of speaking

⁴ See Chapter 11 for more details and the poem concerned.

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with. One did not even know my mother's phone number but had called from England to Belgium to obtain it. This made me wonder if I was not supposed to try to finish the poem. Looking back on what happened I am convinced that this was the case. The following morning while lying in bed between being awake and asleep, the last four lines came to me. The poem was in the form of a letter as follows:

TREVOR

19 March 1988

Dear Eileen, it's so hard to say, what I feel in my heart.
The times we've had along life's way, then so soon do we part.
I knew that I was going to leave, I didn't want to know.
I fought believe me, yes I fought, but lost and had to go.
My question, 'Am I going to die, please tell me is this it?'
Then my reaction tells so much - in simple words 'Oh shit!'
There's no remorse, no bitterness, some disappointment - yes.
The things we'd planned to do someday, will have to wait I guess.
This journey through life's earthly plane, is transient you see.
One day we'll meet again in heaven, then you'll be close to me.
But meanwhile, as you live your life, I'll be with you forever.
Remember me in Calvados, au revoir for now, Love Trevor.

There was nothing in that poem of which I was not aware, and Eileen had told us that Trevor had asked for his ashes to be scattered in France near St. Malo. Not quite the Calvados region of France, but nevertheless one of, if not his favourite drink. I sent the poem to Eileen with a note thanking her for the time we had spent with her, and reminded her of the invitation to come and stay with us for a while. She eventually came for a long weekend at the end of May.

In previous years by the beginning of June we had always arranged where we would be going for our summer holidays. This year we could not seem to make any final arrangements. Margaret felt that she would like to see the spiritual healers in the Philippines but this was of no great interest to me. By 11 June she had decided to go. I vaguely considered going to the Kalahari or Namibian desert, but in the back of my mind there was an idea that had been there for over a year. I felt drawn to touring around Brittany with the specific objective of sleeping at least one night in the car near Carnac in order to take photographs of the 'dolmen' or standing stones at sunrise.

About this time, one morning on the way to work I noticed a band of poppies growing along the side of the road bordering a field of barley. They would make a good photograph but the light would have to be just right. The image was clear in my mind. I had to take the photograph with a wide-angle lens. The poppies would be in the foreground; the barley field would fill the middle ground extending into the distance, with a thin strip of sky at the top of the picture. Eventually on the morning of 14 June the sun was bright, and I had plenty of time to take my photograph.

At least 3 work colleagues drove past while I was lining up the camera and during the day the subject of the photograph came up in conversation with them. One person wondered why I was taking photographs of cows. Another suggested that I was likely to get run-over wandering about in the middle of the road. The third one thought that

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I might be taking a close-up of a poppy. It was interesting to note how people apparently see the same thing differently.



On the way back to the office that afternoon I called in the bookshop to buy a TV guide. The shop had recently been reorganised. This prompted me to glance around to see if they had any interesting new books in stock. I was drawn to one book 'The Ridgeway' by Richard Ingrams, a collection of paintings depicting Europe's oldest road. I open the book and a picture jumped out and hit me as though I had been punched in the solar plexus. It was not the same picture, but the composition was identical to the photograph I had taken earlier that day.



I put the book down and walked out of the shop in a state of dazed shock. After 50 meters I realised that I had not paid for the TV guide so returned to pay, apologised and explained what had just happened. Back in the office, for the next hour and a half, I was unable to concentrate. The only thought in my mind was that I had to buy that book and I knew that I would never be satisfied until I could compare the picture in the book with my photograph when it was developed.

On leaving work that evening I stopped and bought the book. While waiting for my change I again glanced at the paintings in the book. As if one shock in a day was not

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sufficient, this time staring me in the face was a picture of standing stones in the early morning mist. Not the dolmen at Carnac, Brittany, but the standing stones at Avebury in Wiltshire. I knew I had to go to Brittany for my holiday.

I had driven along that road every workday for 15 years and had been a keen photographer for even longer, yet it was only during the preceding 2 weeks that I had had the urge to take the photograph of the poppies. I went into the bookshop at least once every week but actually looked at books only 3 or 4 times a year. What are the chances of taking a photograph in the morning and then discovering a picture with identical composition in a book later the same day? This to be followed by a second picture from the same book, the subject of which was closely linked to my probable holiday plans? Could it be that in some way I had 'seen' inside that book without my conscious mind being aware of it, and that this is where the idea for both my pictures originated? If this were the case, I would then have had to have been drawn to pick up that book on the day that I took the photograph for it to have the impact on me that it did. Alternatively was it the universal force, call it God or any other name, that had contrived to inspire those artists to paint the pictures, the author to bring those pictures together in the book and present the whole as a pointer to me as being the right way to go as far as my holiday plans were concerned, yet still leaving me with freewill to accept or reject this suggestion? Would I be content if I rejected the suggestion, and if I was not content, could this be the first step to the cause of disease? As outrageous as it may seem, since I started to develop a 'wide angle' mind, it appears to be a far more likely explanation than simply coincidence.

I sent an account concerning the poppy photograph to two people a week apart and received a reply to both my letters on 7 July. The first one comments on the text as follows:

'I found myself wondering if the poppy itself is significant to someone in the spirit world connected to you, if so, perhaps there will be another reason, memory or message in getting that particular book.'

The second person to whom I had sent a letter was Eileen. I had realised that Eileen would be scattering Trevor's ashes sometime during the summer in the St. Malo area. Now that my holiday plans were becoming clearer I felt I would like to be with her when she did so, providing that the timing was right and that I was not intruding on what she may wish to keep as a private family occasion.

Here is part of Eileen's reply to my letter.

'I would be very pleased for you to share in the scattering of the ashes. You can not know this, but poppies have a very important association with Trevor. When we were on holiday two years ago, Trevor liked, amongst other pictures, Monet's 'Les Coquelicots,' in fact we both did. (Monet was Trevor's favourite artist.) Last June before we knew how ill he was we came across a field of poppies near Concarneau and it looked so beautiful I asked Trevor to stand by them to take his photograph. After his death I had 2 photos enlarged, one of which was the poppy one. During my stay in Switzerland [early June 1988] I had been walking alone before breakfast and was feeling a bit low, when gradually my spirits lifted and I felt really calm

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and peaceful. I turned a corner and there in a meadow were 3 poppies at the side of the path right in my view. Several times I passed them during my stay. The rain one evening battered them and I collected a petal to dry and press. I put it behind Trevor's photo when I got home. Then I read your letter. Next morning whilst putting things away in the spare room, I realised what was so obvious. The duvet cover of the bed in which Trevor died has a pattern of poppies on it.'

Eileen's letter invited me to have lunch with the family on the day we were to meet and also contained a copy of the photo of Trevor in the poppy field.

It was then so obvious to me why I had felt compelled to take the photograph of the poppies. I feel it an honour and a privilege to have been instrumental in bringing loved ones together again between the two worlds.

How frustrated Trevor must have been at my mental gymnastics in trying to figure out how it all worked. Does it really matter? If we would just listen to our inner selves and do what we feel is right, would we not all feel healthier and happier? What a treasure that photo of Trevor among the poppies is to me, to remind me to listen to my inner self.

When I arrived home in the evening I was keen to show Margaret the two letters. However she was just as keen to show me her revelation for the day. She had been to the travel agent to ask if they had any documentation on the Philippines. They had loaned her a French magazine, GEO from October 1986. In addition to the feature article on the Philippines there were three other articles in it. One concerned a tour of Brittany!

That evening we had been invited to a reception hosted by the French community which was due to start at 7.00 p.m. As I got out of the shower at about 6.30 there was thunder, lightning, and the rain outside seemed more intense than the water in the shower. The sky was black. The illogical thought crossed my mind that if all of these symbols of poppies were meant to be for a reason, maybe we would see a rainbow on the way to the reception.

While waiting to leave that evening I glanced at the pictures accompanying the article on Brittany in the GEO magazine. I was then struck by the strangeness of an advert in this French magazine to take out a subscription to an English book club. I looked closer and noticed that one of the books featured was a selection of works by D. H. Lawrence. The title of the last one was 'The Rainbow'. As we set off at about 7.10, I kicked myself for not putting the camera in the car in case we saw a rainbow and mentioned this to Margaret. We had gone less than 3 km when, as we cleared a built up area and trees to cross the canal, there was the rainbow.

Incidents like this raise so many questions. Had Margaret been ready sooner I would not have had time to look at the article in GEO, nor would I have noticed the title of the book. Undoubtedly the rainbow would not have been evident at an earlier time. Why I should feel that we would see a rainbow when the weather was so bad, and why the French reception was taking place on 7 July instead of their National Day on 14 July are beyond me. Maybe the answer is so obvious that we just do not see what

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is staring us in the face. For example, when writing up these incidents I checked that the initials of Lawrence in the GEO magazine were D. H. and then noticed that a title of one of his other works was 'The Man Who Died'.

10 July. I replied to Eileen and suggested a date and time that might be convenient to meet. I also enclosed a sealed envelope with the letter saying that it should not be opened until after her return from France.

29 July. I had 15 minutes to spare before leaving for work, so here was a good opportunity to check through a tourist book on France. I turned to the section on Brittany and spent the time looking at the pictures and getting ideas of the places I would like to visit. Opposite the last page of this article, the next section began with a full-page picture of a cornfield, with one poppy at the front edge of the corn. That same day, a letter arrived from Eileen confirming our time and meeting point for the end of August. She referred to one more incident relating to poppies and I quote her letter.

'The Sun Alliance Gazette which contained Trevor's obituary arrived last week. Looking through the rest of the magazine, the winning entries of a photo competition were published. 1st prize The Poppy Field! Coincidence?'

That evening, within a few moments of getting into bed, words started going round in my head. '*Some ancient monuments to times gone by.*' They seemed like the first line of a poem. Having previously had similar experiences, I knew there was only one way that I would be able to get to sleep and that was to write down the words. I would certainly not be able to remember them in the morning. I also realised that if the normal pattern followed, I would write one line, lay down, a couple of minutes would go by, then the next line would come into my mind and so on until the poem was finished. I decided to wait with pen in hand and see what transpired. The poem was completed within fifteen minutes. I have already mentioned the poem that came to me in a similar manner, which I used to accompany a photograph with my end of year greeting cards. By the end of the second line of this poem my conscious self was considering that here was the poem for this year's card. However, I was also intrigued in noting that, unlike the previous occasion, I had not yet taken the photograph of the standing stones. How wrong could I be? Here is that poem.

Some ancient monuments to times gone by.
These monolithic fingers ever pointing to the sky.
Reminders of ancestors dreams of gods,
or measuring devices - what's the odds?
For centuries they've mesmerised man's mind,
and ever thwart his efforts to solutions find.
My call to come and feel this standing stone,
was not from me, in this I'm not alone.
It was from one who once passed ere this way
who whispered gently: 'Be with me today'.

Trevor of course had been to Carnac. If, when we lose our physical body, we continue to exist on another level of vibration, normally unseen in our physical world,

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what would be more natural than for Trevor, in return for me writing a poem for him, to send a poem to me, inviting me to join him and Eileen for lunch on the day we scattered his ashes? Or was it just another coincidence that the poem arrived on the same day as Eileen's letter? Is what we call instinct or intuition, just another name for telepathy with friends in another dimension? We have freewill to listen or not to what they ask of us, but is it not so much nicer when we listen?

31 July 1988. During breakfast I was listening to the programme 'Morning Has Broken' on the radio when the presenter announced the next piece would be the hymn 'O Love that wilt not let me go'. He then went on to read some or maybe all of the words, I was not really taking that much notice, until he came to '*I trace the rainbow through the rain*'. This grabbed my attention. I had not realised that there was any mention of a rainbow in the hymn. Nor had I bothered to look it up when I had previously been told by a medium that Bessie was sending this hymn to me.⁵ I had thought that her communication was to be passed on to Alf. However, on reflection I suspect it was probably intended for us both. I have come to appreciate that communication from the other world is often far more subtle than we are initially capable of grasping.

Later in the day I mentioned the incident of the hymn to Margaret. She said that she thought I must have mis-heard because she knew the words off by heart and recalled something to do with 'ray', but she could not place 'rainbow'. Off I went to check. At about the same time as I found the correct page she shouted, 'You have missed the point, the message is in the last verse.' The line I quoted from the third verse above is perfectly correct, however the end of the last verse reads:

*'I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there BLOSSOMS RED,
Life that shall endless be.'*

I wrote and told Eileen what had occurred, except for the poem, which seemed more like a formal invitation from Trevor. This I felt I should give to Eileen on the day of the scattering of his ashes. I had no doubt that it was '*rainbow*' that had attracted my attention to the hymn. Even though so many things had occurred related to rainbows, I was still only just beginning to see the significance of these small pointers along life's way.

I also sent the above account to Margaret's cousin Irene, knowing that she was interested in our investigations.

On 16 August the following short note from Eileen arrived: '*O love that wilt not let me go*' was the hymn I chose for Trevor's funeral.'

On my return from the trip to Brittany there was a reply from Irene waiting, written on 14 August:

'Odd, I am in the midst of this letter and feel the urge to switch on the TV - and I do not even know what is on. Never mind I shall switch on ---- that was

⁵ See Chapter 4

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amazing! I switched the set on at whatever channel the TV was pre-set and a programme was in its final few minutes, 'Hungerford, A Year After The Massacres' and how the place has come to terms with the murders which took place there. The credits at the end of the programme showed a ripe cornfield with scarlet poppies in the foreground. Just that! I switched off! I had seen what I was meant to see!

29 September 1988. A letter arrived from Eileen referring to the contents of the sealed envelope that I had sent her. My envelope had contained the following text.

'When in Paris (I knew they planned to go) you will go to Notre Dame. You will feel you should light a candle for Trevor. Whether you light a candle or not does not matter, but you will know the moment and Trevor will be with you then.'

The background for sending this note was that in April we had visited Paris and Notre Dame. There I lit a candle for Trevor. I had never lit a candle for anyone in my life before and I felt that I should be on my own while doing this. This feeling was probably something to do with the fact that Trevor and I had originally met in Paris. I had therefore waited for the rest of the family to move on so they were unaware of my action. While writing to Eileen in July something left me with the feeling that she would have a similar experience. Here is part of the text of her letter.

'Regarding the candle - you were nearly right. On Friday 2 September we went to Mont Dol (Normandy) and there we lit candles in the little chapel and I did feel Trevor close. However I really feel the incident you meant was in Paris (not Notre Dame, but Sacre Coeur). I went in alone on the following Sunday afternoon whilst mass was being said. We had all been sitting outside recovering from climbing the 326 steps when I just decided to go in to remember a previous time. I did think about lighting a candle as I was sitting looking at them, but I felt it was not necessary after Friday. I felt very peaceful and happy.'

I have come to notice that so often when evidence is provided which appears to support survival after physical death, there seems to be one small element that is not completely correct. Whether the reason for this is to hold the ego of the medium in check or to encourage us to keep on searching and asking is pure speculation. However, in this case, Eileen's letter raises two interesting points. While in Brittany I had also visited Mont Dol and taken a photograph of the outside of the church. At that moment I had noticed someone taking a photograph in the opposite direction. Upon turning round I saw a rainbow above the roofs of the houses. Not an inspiring photographic composition but interesting relative to the previous incidents connected with rainbows. The second point relates to the candles in the Sacre Coeur. In over 30 years and thousands of photographs taken around the world, I do not recall taking any specific photograph of candles, except one that was taken in the Sacre Coeur in the mid 1960's.

A year after writing this, something prompted me to look up the name of the little chapel at Mont Dol. It is 'Notre Dame de l'Espérance' – 'Our Lady of Hope'.

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CHAPTER 7

Ayo

In chapter two I referred to my desire to be at the top of Mt. Bromo on the night of the full moon and how the departure dates of our trip to Indonesia in 1986 were changed for this to be realised. During the planning of my trip to Brittany in 1988 I had checked a calendar, which left me with the impression that there would be no significant visible moon at that time. One evening I glanced out of the window and noticed the full moon. I realised that a month later I would be at Carnac and I would be there on the night of the full moon. Intrigued, I went to check the calendar on which I had originally verified the phases of the moon, only to discover that it was two years old. Although it was something I had not consciously planned, I can only say that on this occasion and other similar trips, being in specific places at the time of the full moon 'just felt right'. It appeared that there was something more than conscious desire for me to do certain things in conjunction with the full moon.

It was during February 1985 that I went on my first trip to the Sahara. The objective was photography, and I had chosen a route that would take me to the top of the Assekrem Mountains on the night of the full moon. My second trip, a year later, to a different area and for more photographs, was also planned during the period of the full moon. Again, both trips had 'felt right'.

By February 1989 I decided that I needed more photographs of the Sahara to complete a slide presentation I had in mind. I particularly wanted to see the 4,000 - 6,000 year old cave drawings and the 3,000 year old cypress trees in Le Vallée des Cyprès. I also felt that I would like to go to the top of the Assekrem again. I checked with the travel agent, but the company with whom I had travelled previously no longer organised that particular trip. Reluctantly, six weeks before the trips were due to depart, I opted for either of two alternatives, neither of which had sufficient participants booked, so were unlikely to take place. Shortly afterwards while discussing my plans with a colleague, he said that he had a brochure from a different company that contained the exact trip that I wished to make. On the first available occasion, I went to book the trip. Not only did it 'feel right' but I also obtained the last available space in a group of 24 participants. There would be a full moon while I was away, but I was slightly disappointed that it would not be while I was at the top of the Assekrem. Moreover I noted that there would be a lunar eclipse on the day of the full moon, but that would occur during daylight and would not be seen in the Sahara.

The day after my departure from Brussels I was to meet up with the rest of the group who would be travelling from Paris. They would provide me with my ticket at Algiers airport for the onward flight to Tamanrasset. Check in time was 04.15 a.m. but by 05.00 there was no sign of either the French group or my ticket. A check with the flight desk revealed that there was a French group of 12 that had not turned up but my name was not on the passenger list. It was evident that something was amiss because I was supposed to be travelling with a group of 24. Of course at that time of day there was no way of checking and my only option was to wait. Eventually I discovered that the flight on which the French group was travelling had been delayed because of technical problems. To my great relief I eventually met up with them 24

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hours late after spending my second night in Algiers airport so as not to miss them. It transpired that the original group of 24 had been split into two groups of 12. One group would travel as planned; the other would take the circuit in the opposite direction to that advertised in the brochure. I was with the group travelling in the opposite direction, which explained why my name had not been on the passenger list. However, it did not take me too long to realise something else, which made all the waiting worthwhile and to me confirmed why the trip had 'felt right'. With the 24 hours delay and because I would now be travelling in the opposite direction to that planned, I would arrive at the top of the Assekrem on the night of the full moon!

Only years later did I realise the significance of another event that had occurred while I was waiting for the French group to arrive. Imagine my state of mind at the time. I was going to be in the desert for nearly 2 weeks and consequently had brought little money with me. I did not have a credit card and only had the ticket for my return journey from Algiers to Brussels, but that was for 12 days ahead. Furthermore, I was then told that my name was not on the passenger list for the onward journey to Tamanrasset. I felt totally lost in trying to decide what to do. Suddenly I saw a person walk into the airport who had been the assistant guide on my 1985 trip into the desert. I spoke to him and he gave me advice as to how I could identify someone who would be able to help me later that morning. This turned out to be perfectly correct.

In 1993 I met a lady who recounted a personal experience that had occurred some 60 years previously. In 1933 a man had appeared in her bedroom. He gave her a book and a lapel pin, then 'disappeared'. (She showed me the pin and subsequently sent me a copy of the forward to the book.) A similar strange event had happened to Margaret during her trip to the Philippines in 1988. She had fallen asleep at the side of a track while resting on a long walk across rice fields to reach a road. She explained that she had been woken by an Israeli soldier, on holiday, who gave her water to drink then carried her rucksack for a while. Eventually Margaret said that she was feeling better, took her rucksack and said that she would continue walking at a slower pace. The soldier went on ahead and Margaret saw him go round a bend in the track. When she reached a point where she could see way into the distance, there was no trace of the soldier. In view of these and many other similar extraordinary events that had happened to others that I had read about, I began to wonder whether the conversation with my '1985 guide' had been to a physical being or with 'something else'?

The first night of that trip we slept on the floor of a refuge hut at the base of the Plateau de Tassili n'Ajjer. The following morning I went to take photographs before we set off on our trek to the top of the plateau. On my return to the group I noticed a stranger talking with our guide. I assumed they were speaking in their native tongue rather than French, which was the language used between the guide and our group. However, while packing my rucksack I overheard the stranger speaking in English, he was crying and holding a broken flip-flop. Only then did I realise that the guide spoke no English, nor did anyone else in the group. I had no choice but to try and find out the cause of this man's distress.

He was a Nigerian travelling with a score of others that we had earlier seen pass by. He explained that they were intending to climb to the plateau and cross into Libya in the hope of finding work. (On seeing the main group our guide had commented that

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they would be crossing the border illegally and would probably get involved in some sort of illicit trading.) The strap of the Nigerian's flip-flop had broken making walking almost impossible once their group left the sand track and started climbing the shale and rocks. Consequently he had fallen further and further behind. He was in his early 20's and said that he wanted to earn enough money so that he could complete his studies. He was wearing an old raincoat, torn trousers and had a blanket rolled up tied with string across his back. Between sobs he told me that he had no food, no water, no money, he was the only son and he was responsible for his mother who was at home. He also said that his only other possession was his Bible and he was a Christian. He had somehow travelled 2,800 km and now here he was, about 40 km from the Libyan border and had neither the will nor the inclination to go further. I had noticed an old flip-flop round the side of the refuge hut and as I went to find it the rest of the group wanted to know what he had said. I found the flip-flop but the strap on that was also broken.

Thoughtfully, on walking back I realised that, more or less as an afterthought, I had put a pair of old lightweight summer open weave shoes that I used around the garden into my rucksack. They would be more use to him than to me, and anyway, I had another pair at home that I could use for gardening. I gave him the shoes, put my hands on his shoulders and started talking. My recall of what I said is vague. However, I do know that I told him that he should return to the village where he had just come from, (an hour's walk away on sand) and find some work until he had earned sufficient money to be able to return home to his mother. The handing over of that pair of shoes acted as a trigger to the rest of the group. As I spoke to him, gifts of food, money and clothes were collected and packed into a plastic bag. He, very gratefully, went back the way he had come and we set out on our trek.

During that day thoughts kept coming into my mind 'Had I said the right thing? How was someone who could only speak English going to find work in an area where they only spoke the local dialect and French? It must be a better solution than getting involved in some illegal work or smuggling goods across the border. How long would it take him to earn enough to live and pay his way home? Would we see him again when we arrived back in the village?'

On awaking the next morning I was aware that I had had a dream; a very short dream, but on reflection, very significant. *'The Nigerian was marrying my daughter, Janet. It was a very happy occasion.'* The village to which I had sent him was Djanet. For a number of years Janet had changed the spelling of her name to Djan. Suddenly, it seemed evident that I had done the right thing in sending him back to that village.

Nevertheless, even though I was initially convinced by the dream, over the next few days, another thought kept popping into my mind. Was it just my subconscious mind that had caused me to have the dream, or was it really confirmation? Where had the dream come from?

During our walk through Le Vallée des Cyprés I went ahead of the group to take photographs. Upon rejoining them, one said *'We have a present for you. We found them scattered all around. They must be for you because they are in English.'* and gave me about 20 pages from the Bible. I politely thanked them and pushed the pages into my pocket intending to put them onto the fire that evening. How was it possible

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that I had not noticed the pages from the Bible when I had passed that way ahead of the group? How had a score of pages from a Bible in English become scattered in a remote part of the Central Sahara? The number of English tourists to visit that area was so low that in the local museum their numbers had been listed under the 7% of 'other nationalities'. It was difficult to imagine how anyone English speaking, who had taken the trouble to bring a Bible into such a remote area, would then be so careless as to leave pages scattered around. I could understand someone losing a complete Bible, but not 20 pages. It did not seem to make sense. Maybe I should read the pages before putting them on the fire?

During the next week I had a further dream:

'A woman is chasing me. A man is unsuccessfully trying to stop her. I enter a large hall that is ornately decorated and ceiling mouldings have fallen to the floor due to heavy rain that has come through the roof. Large sheets of plastic are suspended between the walls to stop either the rain or more plaster falling onto people below.'

While writing up an account of the dream I recognised 'the hall' as being the post office in Algiers. The dream made no sense to me at all. Three days later we arrived to spend our last night at Tamanrasset. Instead of sleeping out in the open, as we had done on the rest of the trip, we were to spend the night in 'zeribas'. These were wooden frames erected around a concrete floor. The frames were covered with reeds on the outside and material on the inside. There were two beds, mattresses and blankets in each. Our group of 12 consisted of five couples, a French lady who was the sister of one of the wives in the group and myself. We were allocated 6 double rooms. My initial thought was that the sisters could share one room and I would share with the husband. Before I could speak, the single French lady said that she would share with me. I suggested that I share with her brother-in-law, but she insisted that there was no problem. Why should I worry? I took the key and unlocked the door. The sight that met my eyes brought the dream back in a flash. Plastic sheeting was stapled to the wooden frame under the ceiling, obviously to prevent water getting onto the beds in the event of rain. If the brother-in-law said anything to his sister-in-law suggesting that he, rather than she, share the zeribas with me, I am not aware of it. If he did say anything, he was not successful. Probably the only building, the interior of which I would have recognised as being in Algeria, was the post office in Algiers. The rest was too obvious.

But what was interesting is that the symbolism in this second dream, which occurred before the actual event, convinced me that the earlier dream, which occurred after the event, was from a source deeper than my individual consciousness. At last I felt satisfied that I had said the right thing to the Nigerian.

On arriving home I turned out my pockets and found the 20 odd pages of the Bible. There was still this feeling in the back of my mind that I should read them. Part of the text is from Luke Chapter 3. Verses 4 and 5 read as follows - John the Baptist speaking says:

'As it is written in the book of the words of Isaiah the prophet, saying. The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make

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his paths straight. Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways shall be made smooth. Then in verses 10 and 11: *‘And the people asked him saying, “What shall we do then?” He answereth and saith unto them. “He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none, and he that hath meat, let him do likewise.”’*

Any remaining doubt I may have had regarding sending the Nigerian back to Djanet was now expelled.

In June 1989 I received the first letter from Ayo, the Nigerian. He had returned to Djanet and eventually crossed into Libya. In his second letter he said

‘When I was in dilemma in the desert, I shall never forget that time throughout my life, because on three days journey to Libya, many Africans lost their life, but almighty God was kind to spare my life.’

In November I received another letter from Ayo explaining that he had worked for 3 months and had not been paid and had now moved to a different town. He said how difficult it was for aliens in Libya and that he hoped to move to Europe. In my reply I said that he should not try to come to Europe because of the high level of unemployment and recommended that he go home as I had originally suggested.

A further letter arrived from Ayo that read:

‘I got your letter very late due to hell of trouble I encounter with the state security on my way to Sebha for my previous salary. Things are bad. All blacks are being abducted by force. In fact I manage to secure release miraculously. I am very strain and tired, but still having hopeful. When I got home I shall try to obtain a teaching appointment. I lost even everything at the detention.’

What could I say? Twice I had suggested that he return home and twice I had felt that was the right thing to do. Now Ayo at least seemed to have the intention of returning home. I needed to say the right words that I hoped would help him. I sat down to think and it was as though I was being told to read St. Mark, Chapter 5. So having faith in my previous experiences of knowing that the right words had always been there, I picked up the Bible and read. Verse 19 had the answer.

‘Go home to your own folk and tell them what the Lord in his mercy has done for you.’

His letter arrived on 8 February 1990, the day before a full moon with a full eclipse.

Eventually it comes down to knowing whether or not what we have done or said is right. There is some feeling inside that tells us. Probably most people would call it instinct. However, even when they have had the experience and proof that their instinctive reaction was right, the conscious self of the majority will still not permit them to accept facts. Ego will fight for recognition and insist that everything has to be proved by science. Of course I could have imagined that the third trip to the desert

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only 'felt right' after all the events had taken place. But my notes tell me the contrary. If I had left Algiers on the right day, or gone with the other group in the advertised direction I would not have met Ayo. True, I would probably have had other experiences, but would I have made the most of the opportunities? Nevertheless, it still leaves many outstanding questions. Where did the pages of the Bible lying around in the desert come from? How was it that the second dream was confirmed by something that only took place later? Was it anything more than just coincidence that the person to whom I mentioned my holiday plans had a brochure and remembered that it contained exactly the trip I wished to make? (He was not someone who had been, nor was he planning to go to the desert.) Why was the group split into two; what caused the plane to be 24 hours late; and was there something behind the decision to include me in the group going in the opposite direction to that advertised? All of these events resulted in the fulfilment of my desire to be at the top of the Assekrem on the night of the full moon. Then what was it that prompted me to read St. Mark, Chapter 5 that provided written confirmation of my thoughts? I suppose the letter from Ayo arriving the day before the full moon with a full eclipse somewhat spoiled the icing on the cake. But of course I had not seen the eclipse that had occurred while I was in the desert because it had taken place too early during daylight.

About a month later when checking on dates for our summer holiday, I noticed there would be a full eclipse on the night of the full moon right in the middle of our holiday. That holiday had been booked before the desert trip!

It was a further 20 years later, while incorporating this account as part of my adventure, that I finally realised the significance of the pages from the Bible. I had insisted that for me to accept anything metaphysical, I needed to have it confirmed three times, in a documented form, from outside of myself. I had set myself up! I had repeatedly questioned myself as to whether I had done the correct thing in sending Ayo back to the village. My dream the following morning told me that I had. The second dream confirmed the first dream. And finally the third written confirmation was contained in those pages from the Bible.

But I am still left wondering what the chances were of my '1985 guide' turning up in 1989 to help me at 05.00 a.m. in Algiers airport when I was feeling lost?

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CHAPTER 8

Questions and Answers

The more I searched, the more questions were raised. So long as satisfactory answers were not forthcoming, these questions would stay in my mind and become my prime concern. There was an unyielding need to complete this partially turned over jigsaw puzzle that I had been drawn into. Eventually the realisation dawned on me that whenever I posed a question the answer would always be provided. It may take a few days or even months, but it always came if I was prepared to recognise it. Sometimes it would be as a dream or a sentence in a book; or it maybe something from a radio programme or words in a conversation that seemed to be out of context. Initially, the greatest difficulty was accepting that it was the answer. The more it happened, the more I came to accept these answers and knew they were correct. Expressed differently, again it could be called listening to my intuition.

I have already made reference to the poems that I had been writing quite regularly. A passing thought one day went through my mind that it had been over three months since I had written a poem. That night I woke up at some unearthly hour with words going round in my mind *'When I want to see the sea I'll see the sea, like that. Like that, when I want to see the sea, I'll see the sea like I want to see the sea.'* and so it went on. It seemed as though I lay there with this apparent nonsense going round in my head for hours unable to get back to sleep. Eventually there appeared to be only one way to stop it and that was to get out of bed and write down the thoughts. Even on the way back to bed after completing the writing, my impression was that the phrases seemed to be ridiculous. Only the following evening, after putting in the punctuation, did they make any sense.

On another occasion I woke up and glanced at the clock. It was 3.00 a.m. The next night I again woke at 3.00 a.m. I put the cause of this down to the hot weather, until the following night when again I woke at 3.00 a.m. On each occasion it was not a minute before or a minute after – it was exactly 3.00 a.m. What was happening? Maybe I was supposed to write a poem, but there were no words going round in my mind this time? Nevertheless I put on the light, found a pen, but had no scrap paper at the side of the bed. 'Oh forget it and go back to sleep.' was my reaction. The moment I lay down and tried to sleep the words of what turned out to be a poem started in my mind. The only option was to get out of bed and write it down.

The following weekend while writing to Margaret's cousin I decided to send her a copy of this poem. As I was waiting for it to print, I recalled that somewhere in the Bible there was something about Samuel being woken up in the middle of the night three times. I wondered where it was. By this time the printing was completed and I returned to writing the letter, but only succeeded in writing one further paragraph before feeling extremely tired and unable to concentrate. It being Sunday afternoon I took the opportunity of having a nap in the armchair. Some twenty minutes later I slowly came back to consciousness with *'Samuel Chapter 11 verse 3'* in my mind. After my previous experiences of having verses quoted from the Bible and them being correct I went to look up the quotation. I naturally expected it to be the story of Samuel being woken up in the middle of the night, but it was not. I went back to writing the letter, but was still unable to concentrate. Why was that quotation not

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right? What had gone wrong? How was it that all the other quotations that I had received had been correct and this one was not? Eventually, I wondered if I had received the quotation the wrong way round and went to look at Samuel Chapter 3, verse 11. Sure enough, there it was '*Samuel answered, Speak; thy servant hears thee*'.

The following Sunday, 30 July 1989, I was writing to someone else and telling them the background related to receiving the quotation from the Bible. I was unable to recall the exact words and went to look up the quotation. Only then did I realise that what I had read was only part of verse 11. The full verse reads:

'Samuel answered, Speak; thy servant hears thee. The Lord said, soon I shall do something in Israel which will ring in the ears of all who hear it.'

That was the weekend that the Israelis captured Sheikh Obeid and the Palestinians claimed to have hung Colonel Harris. Pictures, claiming to be that of Colonel Harris were on TV screens around the world. Was that quotation more than an answer to my question, or was it just another coincidence? If it was not coincidence, then the next step was to consider where had the question come from that 'I' asked relating to the quotation about Samuel?

The more I thought about this, the more it bothered me. Maybe, I speculated, that at sometime in the past I had read, or heard read, that quotation from the Bible, and had somehow retained the knowledge of the associated chapter and verse, which had then been retrieved from my sub-conscious mind. But on reflection and relating this to other events, it did not seem to tie in with that hypothesis. One example was of hearing a text of prose being read on the radio that I liked. I mentioned this to Margaret and commented that I regretted not having recorded it because I would have liked a copy. On a couple of occasions during the following days, similar thoughts went through my mind regarding missing the opportunity of recording the text. Within two weeks I received a letter from someone living 400 miles away who, as far as I was aware, knew nothing of my thoughts. Enclosed with that letter was the text of the prose that I had heard on the radio. This then led me on to the realisation that every time I had a strong desire it seemed to be fulfilled.

It was at this stage that my mind went back to the Bible again. In some way it seemed to be a reliable point of reference in that quotes from it were always correct. My situation seemed to be analogous with '*Ask and it shall be given, knock and it will be opened*'. This prompted me to wonder where this text was in the Bible. The next morning on Radio 4's Prayer for the Day the reading was from Matthew Chapter 7 verse 7. '*Ask and you will receive; seek, and you will find; knock, and the door will be opened.*' There it was again. Another of my questions had been answered, but this time not from my sub-conscious mind. There was more to it than that. I now had to consider the origin of my question. Had it been raised at a conscious level, or had it filtered into my conscious mind from a sub-conscious level? If it was from a conscious level, this would imply that the reading in Prayer for the Day had been chosen after I had had the thought in order for my question to be answered. Alternatively the question could have filtered into my conscious mind from a source that was already aware of the reading that had been chosen for Prayer for the Day. By

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now I had sufficient evidence to convince myself that it was not the other less likely alternative - pure coincidence.

This led to the need to look at other facts more closely. At a seminar together with about 50 participants I was invited to take part in an exercise. I was asked to look around the room, feel drawn to someone, and then try to make a contact with someone else in 'the other world'. The objective was to obtain proof of survival of life after death that would be meaningful to the person I felt drawn to.

On an earlier occasion that I had tried such an exercise I had picked up some information, but had not known to whom it related. As a consequence I had developed a method of asking in my mind '*Who is it for?*' and would receive the impression of what the person concerned was wearing. For example, in my mind I would 'see' a red sweater or a blue blouse with flowers around the neck, etc.

This exercise was a new approach, so I glanced from right to left and felt drawn to one person. I tried again, this time working from left to right and still felt drawn to the same lady. I closed my eyes, picked up some information, asked who it was for and saw a broad black diagonal band from the bottom left to top right across a sweater. I opened my eyes and looked around. No one in the room was wearing anything that looked like the image I had seen. What was I to do? The lady sitting next to the one to whom I had felt drawn was wearing a sweater with five large diamonds knitted into the pattern. I decided that three of these diamonds formed a broad diagonal band so asked if the information I had picked up meant anything to her. It did not. However the lady sitting in front of the one with the diamond sweater said that she understood the information. I continued explaining what I had received, all of which was accepted until I asked if she knew Dick and Doris. 'No' was the reply. At this point the tutor interjected and explained how the presentation should have been given, during which the bell rang for lunch.

This left me more confused. If what I had been receiving up to this point had been correct, why did this lady not know Dick and Doris? Why was there no one in the room wearing a sweater with a black diagonal band across it? I sat with my back to the door of the dining room mulling these questions over in my mind. Shortly afterwards, the lady to whom I had initially felt drawn, walked in for lunch. She had put on her cardigan which she had not been wearing during the exercise. As she walked past, I almost fell off my seat in surprise, delight and disbelief. Across the back of her cardigan was a broad black band going from bottom left to top right. I could not wait to ask her if she knew Dick and Doris. Of course she did. They used to be neighbours of hers, and yes, all of the other information did make sense to her. Another lesson learned the hard way. I find that in this sort of investigation one learns more by mistakes than by getting the answers right. Nevertheless, as long as we are prepared to continue to ask questions, to find out where we may have gone wrong, and above all have faith that what is being provided is correct, then those questions will be answered.

But surely, this could not just be happening to me. It must be happening to everyone. Why were the majority of people not prepared to accept that there was more to the physical world than met the eye, or ear for that matter. Everyone must be experiencing what I had been calling coincidences and not noticing them. Then I

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realised that I had not noticed them for over forty years either. Or was this all just my imagination? I did not have long to wait for an answer to that question.

Ann and John (not their real names) lived in Belgium. John, who was in the army, died in the spring of 1989. He had a heart problem and had agreed to participate in some trials with a new drug. Shortly afterwards, while travelling alone on the ferry from Dover to Calais, he peacefully passed into his next life.

Two evenings later in our group meditation I had the impression of John wanting me to let Ann know that he was all right and that he wanted to help her all he could. In my mind I asked him for some evidence that would be proof to Ann that he had actually communicated with me. He gave me the impression of a number of things but two I felt to be more significant than the others. The first was of an oval picture frame that was gold or red and showed clearly a picture of two people with a third person not so clear. The second was of a pair of blue and white striped pants as though there was something amusing about them.

It was nearly a year later before it was appropriate to invite Ann round for dinner and I was able to raise the subject of the communication from John. There were pieces of the information that had been communicated to me which more or less made sense, but I felt the real evidence related to the picture frame and the pants. Ann had an oval picture frame on her bedside table that was red and gold - it contained a picture of John, not the image that I had seen in my mind. Ann also explained that she had some blue and white striped pants and whenever she wore them the whole family would refer to her as Andy Pandy.

Ann told us that her main concern immediately after John's death was not knowing how he had died. His body had been taken back to England and she went to Calais to cross to Dover for the funeral. There was a special reduced rate for forces personnel travelling across the Channel when tickets were purchased at the point where forces were stationed. In the rush, Ann had decided to purchase the ticket at Calais and asked if it was possible to have the reduction. The person on the ticket desk asked if she had any proof of identity, which she provided. This was taken into the office where her name was recognised by someone who worked for the ferry company. He had been the person sitting opposite John when the ferry had docked at Calais and had gone to wake him thinking he was asleep. Although he worked for the company, the day that John had died, he should not have normally been on the ferry. He had only crossed in order to purchase some duty free drinks. He was thus able to put Ann's mind at rest, first hand, as to what exactly had happened. What are the chances of such a meeting?

Ann told us that after John's death she had decided to return to live in England. She then recounted some events surrounding replacing her car. She said that her estate car, although relatively new, was now too big so she had investigated replacing it with a smaller model. She needed to have owned the new car for at least six months in order to import it into England without paying import duty. A number of dealers with whom she checked, all told her that the delivery delay for the model she wanted was 6 months. This would mean that she would either have to stay in Belgium longer than she wished, or pay the import duty on a new car if she returned by her originally planned date. During her son's visit, she asked him if he would check with another

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car dealer some miles away if he could obtain the specific model that she wanted in less than 6 months. Her son was also told that it was not possible, but before leaving the dealer's showroom he stopped to look around. During this time the phone rang and the dealer called for him to wait. Another dealer had just had an order cancelled and was ringing to ask if the first dealer could sell this particular model as he was obliged to take delivery. The car was right hand drive and that was exactly the model including all the extras that Ann wanted. The only thing that was not to her liking was the colour. It was silver grey and she would have preferred red. However, she added that John did not like red cars and his favourite colour was silver grey.

She committed to buy the car and was telling part of this story to someone visiting her office when this person said that his boss might be interested in buying her old car. Ann met his boss, quoted a price and sold her old car immediately for exactly the cost of the new car, without needing to advertise it. John had asked me to let Ann know that he wanted to help her, but I have the impression that he also wanted to let her know that he still preferred silver grey cars. Ann's question to all of this was 'What made the other person cancel the order?' Who knows?

There are two elements related to these events which I feel are significant to our understanding of life. Both concern what we call desire. Ann needed to know the circumstances of John's death to put her mind at rest and she also needed to change her car within a short time period in order to permit her to do what she felt she should do. Both of these desires had been expressed from the heart. In the second case the conscious mind may have analysed the situation and worked out a conscious solution as to timing, but I feel that the actual decision had been taken at a deeper level than that. If we listen to our inner selves and remain fully aware of everything that is going on around us, I am convinced that we will notice that what we call coincidences occur all the time. In many instances, they seem to be confirmation that what we are doing is right.

But all this just leaves even deeper questions to be answered. If it was not simply coincidence, how had it been 'arranged' that the ferry employee had twice been in the right place, at the right time, in order to be able to put Ann's mind at rest? And what had caused one car dealer to call another car dealer at just the moment when Ann's son was in the showroom? I doubt that it is up to me to attempt to answer these questions, but what happened in 1990 might add further food for thought.

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CHAPTER 9

New Zealand

By the spring of 1990 I had come to recognise that events which I had been experiencing seemed to grow around a 'key' or specific incident which was the seed. This seed was recognised at a deeper level in my consciousness as being the key, and once I learned how to fit together the puzzle, eventually the key was turned and I was able to make some sense of the picture. There is no point in trying to understand what the growth of an unknown seed will look like by digging it up and looking at it. The only way to find out is to recognise that it is a seed, plant it and watch it grow, rather than reject such a small element as being of no significance and throw it aside.

One such key came to my attention during a seminar at Stansted. The adjacent chair to me in the dining room was empty on the Saturday and Sunday but on the Monday morning it was occupied by a man who introduced himself as Murray. That is the name on my birth certificate. It was the first time in 50 years that I had actually met someone with the same first name. Later the same day I glanced out of a window and noticed a car bearing my hometown (Grimsby) registration. Investigation revealed that the owner of the newly arrived red MG was Murray. Naturally I asked Murray if he was from Grimsby, but he was not, he was from New Zealand. He had bought the car with that registration. Some inner feeling left me with the impression that this was a key. It was too much of a 'coincidence' for me to be meeting someone for the first time with the same first name as myself, and for him to be driving a car with my hometown registration on it. But what had this to do with New Zealand?

Two days earlier, on the way to that seminar, something occurred which only later turned out to have a connection with events that were to follow. Driving along in a relaxed mood with music playing, the thought went through my mind that there would be someone at the seminar who I would know quite well, but I had no idea as to who it might be. Suddenly a road sign seemed to stand out more than all the others. It was to BARRY. Realising that my attention had been drawn to the sign, I reacted by wondering if it might be significant and had the immediate impression that the person I was going to meet would be Lesley BARRY. On arrival at the college the lift door had been left open on the first floor which obliged me to walk through the main hall and up the stairs. The first person I saw sitting in an armchair at the bottom of the stairs was a lady I had met at a previous seminar - Lesley Barry!

On my way home from that seminar, around the Canterbury area I stopped to give a man a lift. In retrospect it seemed to have been a strange encounter. He was a New Zealander who carried a very small bag. He was not very communicative and seemed not to be going anywhere in particular. He said that he would come with me to Dover. He then decided that he would also cross the Channel and come with me when we disembarked. He went to buy a ferry passenger ticket and returned to the car saying that he now needed to obtain money from a cash point. We arranged to meet on the boat in order for me to give him a lift from Calais. That was the last I ever saw of him.

On arriving home and while unpacking my case I turned on the radio to listen to a science programme. The first item was about a new telescope that had been set up in

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New Zealand in an attempt to detect the tenth planet. Shortly afterwards I put on a recording from the seminar for Margaret to listen to a part of one of the lectures. Not being sure where the particular item was on the cassette tape, I fast-forwarded this to where I thought it might be. It was not what I wanted, but the first words spoken when I turning it on were 'When I worked in New Zealand.' What was going on with NEW ZEALAND?

We arranged to have a discussion group at home on 13 June, the theme of which was 'What is a Coincidence'. I wrote the invitations and posted them on 30 May and on the same day received a letter from friend Bob, who lived in England. His letter contained 3 copies of a photograph, originally taken of a computer printout image of Christ, as seen in the Turin Shroud. There was an explanation with these photographs as follows:

THE STORY BEHIND THE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE RISEN CHRIST

'This story describes how a very special photograph of the Risen Christ was manifested by Sathya Sai Baba for a visitor to one of his ashrams known as Prasanthi Nilayam - which means the Abode of Peace - in Puttaparti, India, in 1985. I relay the details to you as they were conveyed to me by Barbara McAlley, a friend who I met "quite by chance" amongst a throng of people at Bombay airport in July 1987. We established an immediate rapport, both being English, although she had been living in New Zealand for the past twenty years. When Barbara first showed me this wondrous photograph of the Risen Christ in our hotel room in Bombay, I could not wait to hear her story of how it had come into being, knowing it was more than just a coincidence that we had met. Barbara had been a devotee of Sathya Sai Baba, who many people feel is the Avatar of this Age, for a number of years. Now she was just returning from her second visit to see him. She was carrying this photograph of the Risen Christ with her, not only because it had originated in Puttaparti in the first place, but also because she always took the picture with her when she travelled.

In 1985 Barbara had gone to Puttaparti with a friend from New Zealand. Her friend, who at the time was very much caught up with the suffering of Christ, had with her two items which she hoped Sai Baba would bless for her - a crucifix and a black and white photograph of a computer printout of the image of Christ taken from the Turin Shroud. Daily they had attended Darshan, a Sanskrit word meaning the devotional seeing and gazing upon (as a blessing) of the Master, in order that they might sit at the feet of their Lord.

On one such occasion Sai Baba stopped in front of them and looked at the items that Barbara's friend held out to him for a blessing. However he refused to accept the crucifix. When will we Christians take Christ off the cross and place him in his proper context? It has been said of the cross at another time, "Let the longer piece of the cross represent God's Will and the shorter piece your will. If you lay the two pieces side by side, parallel to each other, there is no cross. It is only when your will conflicts with God's will, when you cannot say Thy Will be done, O Lord, that the cross is

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created. If your will acquiesces with God's Will, there is no cross. The way to take down the cross, therefore, is always to accept gladly and lovingly whatever trial, pain or loss God sends and surrender your ego." Then, as Sai Baba focussed his attention on her friend's photograph of Christ, Barbara watched spellbound as with a lift and a wave of his hand Sai Baba drew from that photograph of the Turin Shroud the black and white image of Christ until there was nothing left but a blank sheet of gloss paper. Then, in the same manner, he created on that blank sheet (just as if it were in a developing tray in a darkroom) the colour image of the Risen Christ as you see it today. This image has eyes so full of love and compassion that they comfort and touch you on a deep inner level when you come into its range of vision. Then, with a blessing for the two women from New Zealand, Sai Baba went on his way, knowing full well that life would never be the same for them again! This seems to be the case for all those who visit Sai Baba, including myself.

Barbara has commented that if she does nothing more with her life than pass on copies of this photograph, she will be well satisfied! She has also said that this experience with Sai Baba has proved to be an encouragement for her to go on and achieve things which she had previously thought to be quite impossible. Although I did not choose to create an opportunity to see this photograph of the Risen Christ, or to meet Barbara when we were together at the ashram, it would seem that it was "arranged" by Sai Baba that we should meet shortly afterwards in that hotel lobby in Bombay so that I might be instrumental in distributing this very special photograph in Europe and America and in various other countries around the world.

Barbara said, during our first conversation in the hotel, that it was apparent to her that Sai Baba wanted me to have the photograph and to take it back to England. Apparently I had ignored the invitation whilst staying at his ashram, and so the photograph had to be placed before me in such a fashion that I could not ignore it! It was a case of when Mohammed won't come to the mountain, then the mountain has to go to Mohammed. Barbara and I continue to keep in touch with each other's progress and we are both very much aware of how close we are, not only to each other, but also to The Source.

CAROL BRUCE.'

The story of how the photograph came into Bob's and my possession is no less intriguing. I quote from his letter.

'I had been recently through the West Country and was passing Glastonbury when, as always, I felt the urge to journey into Glastonbury, which on this occasion I chose to ignore, and decided to go straight home. On my journey home the name "Carol B." kept popping into my mind and finally I had to accept and hold the name until I could place it. That evening I went to see Cynthia (a mutual acquaintance) where I saw this beautiful picture of Jesus. For some reason I instantly thought "This has got to be linked to Sai Baba," even though I had not given any thought to Sai Baba for some time.'

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Bob's impression of the name 'Carol B.' coming into his mind evidently related to Carol Bruce who had written 'The Story Behind the Photograph of the Risen Christ' which had been obtained from the Ramala Centre, Glastonbury. Bob also mentioned that he had had the pictures for some time and would have liked me to have them before Easter.

On 31 May we had our weekly group meeting. One lady explained that during the meditation, as on a number of previous occasions, she had become extremely hot. We had discussed this experience, and she commented that it must be like being in the presence of Jesus. On this particular occasion she had the impression of holding planet Earth in her hands and of hearing the words '*Listen to the wisdom of the soul, with this you can achieve wonders*'. and '*Sai Baba*'.

In response to the above, daughter Janet commented that while she had been in England (from 23 to 28 May) she had seen a picture of Jesus at a friend's house and had thought that it would be nice if the lady in our group could see it. I went to fetch a copy of the photograph we had received the previous day from Bob and showed it to Janet. Her reaction was immediate. '*Wow, that's a miracle! Where did you get that?*' It was the same image.

The interesting elements surrounding these events are that Bob had had the photographs for more than 6 weeks before he got round to sending them. Janet had seen the photograph on 24 May and had this strong feeling that she would like it to be seen by the lady in our group. Bob's letter was dated 25 May, - had he picked up Janet's thoughts? If not, where had the thought come from to prompt him that the moment was right to send them? Who knows, but had they arrived at any other time the impact would not have been the same.

But this was not quite the end of the story, nor even the beginning. I need to refer back to 20 May and an interview with Judith Pinhey on the Radio 4 programme 'Sunday.' It concerned her book '*The Music of Love*.' Something made me write to Judith, as many of the things she said seemed to parallel my own experiences. Over the weekend of 9-10 June I tried to put some ideas together for the discussion group that was to take place on 13th June and made no headway. The thought passed through my mind that it was to be on the 13th which triggered a memory that on the 13th April, while at the seminar, I had been asked to give an impromptu talk. All the information needed for that talk had come to me in bed the previous evening and was as the result of someone talking about Friday the 13th. In that instant of recognition I 'knew' that something was going to arrive in the post on the morning of the 13th June which would be the key to the discussion in the evening. I had no idea what it would be, but was so convinced, that contrary to my normal routine, on the 13th I went to look in the post box before sitting down to breakfast. There was a large envelope that contained a letter from Judith and a signed copy of her book. On the second page of the book there is the title, under which are the words '*Images of the Risen Jesus*.' The first line of the introduction reads '*I began to receive these words in November 1985...*' My very first experience of being in touch with the unknown occurred on 7 November 1985. Just coincidence? Never! Eventually I realised another strange event. The routine mail was not normally delivered until about 11.00 a.m. How had it come to be in the box well before 08.00 a.m. just on that specific day?

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On 10 June I sent details of the story of the photograph of the Risen Christ to my sister together with the explanation of how I had come to receive it. Part of the text of a card she sent in reply, received on 18 June, reads as follows:

'I assume you know that the said Carol Bruce of Glastonbury is Monica's cousin. (Monica is my sister's longest standing friend from her first years at school.) She was formerly Carol Jackson and she lived in (Less than a quarter of a mile from where myself and sister lived as children.) I heard from Monica that Carol had been out to India en route round the world following the tragic death of her husband - killed in a road accident.'

As I have said, my hometown is Grimsby and my sister and Monica still live in the area. Of course I had no idea that Carol Bruce was Monica's cousin, nor that we used to live so close to each other when we were younger.

I now feel that the story, or at least the part that involves me, is complete, apart from trying to understand why all these apparent 'coincidental' events occurred. Here we each have to draw our own conclusions, but before doing so it would be interesting to ask questions and analyse facts.

I felt that the 'key' was meeting Murray and him having a car with a Grimsby registration, although at the time I was unable to make sense of any connection with 'New Zealand'. Only afterwards, after having it brought to my attention on three occasions, did it become evident that this was probably a vital clue. Within me was this strong desire to know the answer to this question. Three times in the text of 'The Story Behind the Photograph of the Risen Christ' the words 'New Zealand' are repeated. The symbolism of things being repeated 3 times is evident. This is applicable to all these events when the details are analysed carefully. I had received three unsolicited photographs each, of Sai Baba (see Chapter 3) and of the Risen Christ. Why had Bob felt it necessary to send three copies of the photograph when one would equally well have illustrated what he wished to express? Bob and myself had both had thoughts come to us as we were driving; the registration of Murray's car forming the third element of the car association triad. Barbara's experience when Sai Baba had produced the photograph occurred in 1985, as did Judith's and my first experience with the unknown. What was it that caused me to write to a complete stranger as the result of an interview on the radio? How did I KNOW that something was going to arrive in the post on the morning of the group meeting that would relate to the discussion on 'coincidences'? How was it arranged that the book should arrive on that morning and contain the text '*Images of the Risen Jesus*'? The triplet occurs again in association with Grimsby (part of the initial key) – Carol, my sister and myself, all now living many miles apart. There is one further connection in this respect, of which at this point only I was aware, and that is that when I initially met Bob it was just before Easter 1987. He was one of a group, among which were Cynthia (the person at whose home he first saw the photograph) and Lesley Barry. Little did I realise then how our lives would impinge on each other's three years later. And how did I know I was going to meet Lesley again at the seminar? There is of course one other obvious significant factor, that of the timing. I met Lesley again during Easter week, Bob had wanted to let me have the photographs before Easter and

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on reflection I now realise that the day I was asked to give the impromptu talk was Friday 13th April - Good Friday!

Is there a conclusion to these events? I do not believe there is a conclusion to anything. But along life's pathway we are given signposts (Barry?) to help us on our way. My part in all of this has been simply to record these events so that those who are ready to appreciate their significance may do so. What conclusions they draw is not my affair. They may consider that I am just making things fit. That is their prerogative. I accept that it is possible that some of the elements could be wrongly associated - but the chances of so many apparently non related events being brought together to form a meaningful mosaic, seems to be far in excess of what we would generally term coincidence.

I sent the above story to the Ramala Centre asking them to send it on to Carol Bruce. I received a very enthusiastic reply from Carol, and in her second paragraph she said

Since November 1985 (Yes me too) I have a vision of Swami delivering his 60th birthday message and sending out all these cosmic seeds of enlightenment.'

In some way it was as though all who had boarded the train for the journey in November 1985 were starting to meet up with their fellow passengers.

After initially writing up these accounts of my journey, I felt that that element of the picture was complete. However, some 5 years later, a further revelation came to light that simply added to the mystery. The stretch of road on which I saw the signpost to BARRY is the A1 travelling south from Newark, which then joins the M11 and on to Stansted. Over the intervening years, although I must have used that road at least ten times, it was only towards the end of 1995 while once more travelling the same route that I realised I had never noticed the sign again. So on this journey I paid particular attention to look for it, yet I still did not see it. Six weeks later I again drove the same route and decided that I was going to check every signpost along that road. There is no signpost to BARRY. There is no town or village called BARRY in that area. The only places called BARRY on my road map are in Scotland and Wales. Which then left me with the question:

'What had I seen that convinced me that I would meet Lesley Barry at the seminar?'

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CHAPTER 10

Symbols

In 1986, friend Pat, who lives in England, sent me an unsolicited 'auragraph'.⁶ In the centre was purple cross surrounded by yellow. Over two years later at a seminar in Belgium, during an exercise on perception of colours related to people, someone to whom I had not previously spoken said that she had the impression of a purple cross surrounded with yellow associated with me.

We had organised a discussion group for 19 July 1990 and one of the attendees was Kristine from California, who was in Belgium visiting her family. Because of her interest in Margaret's work with hypnotherapy she arranged to visit us again the following Sunday. At the end of a long conversation I showed her the auragraph. She looked at it for a moment then took a small silver and purple glass crucifix out of her bag. It just fitted into the design in the auragraph. I held the cross for a moment, but quickly passed it back when I felt it burn my hand. Kristine was incredulous that it could be so hot; it was not hot when she had taken it out of her bag. She said that it must be a gift for me. She explained that she had bought it the previous weekend at a flea market, even though she was not in the habit of buying crucifixes. Then on reflection she commented that she was not even sure why she had bought it.

There seemed to be something special about that crucifix but it was going to be a year before further clues were revealed as to what it might be. The following day I continued reading 'Isis Unveiled' by H. P. Blavatsky. On the third page was an explanation of the symbolism of the cross '*According to King.... it was the symbol of eternal life*'

A few weeks previously, for three weeks in a row in our meditation group I had received the impression of a round table cloth. The first week the cloth had seemed to move from the left to the right and back again. The second week it was as though there was a football under the cloth in the centre and it was rising up in the middle. On the third week as I perceived the cloth, the first line of the hymn '*The King of Love my Shepherd is*' kept running through my mind. None of this made any sense to me, so I mentally asked what it meant. I then 'saw' the round tablecloth again, this time on a table and two places were set for a meal. It still made no sense, which again prompted the question '*What does this mean?*' Instantly I had the impression of a hand bringing a large crucifix down with a bang in the middle of the table. The feeling was as though the owner of the hand was becoming impatient with stupid questions and was trying to get some message across. It was only later when I looked up the words of that hymn did I discover that the last line of the 4th verse and first line of the 5th verse read: '*Thy Cross before to guide me*' and '*Thou spread'st a table in my sight.*' There was no need to search further for the meaning of the symbolism of the third week. But the significance of seeing the tablecloth during the previous two weeks still eluded me.

⁶ An inspirational drawing which represents the aura surrounding a person in which colours and symbols correspond to a person's ego, conscious emotional relationships with the earth and unconscious hopes, dreams and spiritual ideals.

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As I continued to read *Isis Unveiled*, other elements seemed to come together and make sense, even if only to myself. The spreading of a tablecloth seemed to symbolise the preparatory phase of something more significant than a meal. The second week's cloth reminded me of a demonstration of physical mediumship where I had seen ectoplasm rise from the floor in a similar way (implying the continuity of life). Somewhere in the back of my mind I recalled that '*The King of Love*' was based on the 23rd Psalm. I then considered that if it had been the other hymn '*The Lord's my Shepherd*' also based on the 23rd Psalm, it would not have had the same impact when I considered that Blavatsky had referred to the work of 'King' in explaining the symbolism. Recalling that my condition of acceptance of any evidence was that it be presented three times from outside of myself in a documented form, the production of three crosses certainly met those conditions. However I was not sure that I was ready to accept what I construed as their meaning.

On Sunday the 29 July 1990 I was up earlier than usual and turned on the radio to listen to the programme 'Morning Has Broken'. The first tune that was played was the hymn 'Take Thou My Soul'. The presenter explained that the author had been reading something when within the text he came across the words 'Take Thou My Soul'. He had felt that those words seemed like the first words of a hymn, which prompted him to write them down. He eventually wrote the whole hymn, even though he had never considered himself to be a hymn writer. I was more fascinated in the parallel of the mechanics related to some of the recent poetry I had written, rather than to the words of the hymn. Lost in thought I failed to notice the title of the next piece to be played, but my attention was alerted when the third tune was announced as being '*The King of Love My Shepherd is*'. The Pasadena Choir, from California, sang the next item of music to be followed by a piece conducted by Andrew King ('California' – Kristine's home, and 'A. King', again was there any significance in this?) The final title 'Open my eyes that I may see the light' only made me wonder if I was being prodded into looking more deeply into the significance of symbolism. It was explained that '*The King of Love*' had actually been based on Psalm 108. This rang a bell with me as probably being one of the numbers of symbolic mathematics of ancient doctrine, and prompted me to read Psalm 108. There seemed to be something odd about it in that the second part was on a different theme to the first part. My attention was then drawn to a footnote that referred to Psalm 60. There I discovered that Psalm 108 verses 6 to 13 were a repeat of Psalm 60 verses 5 to 12. Why would this text be repeated in two different Psalms if it were not to indicate something hidden? I will refer further to the symbolism of '60' and the probable explanation in the next chapter.

Again, readers could understandably be forgiven for accusing me of making things fit. However, two days later while typing up my notes, I felt that I had to refer back to the occasion when my attention had previously been drawn to a hymn on the programme 'Morning Has Broken'. That was '*O Love that wilt not let me go*' and how it had been significant in events surrounding the story of Poppies.⁷ That had occurred exactly two years previously on Sunday 31 July 1988. Another coincidence, or was this confirmation that there was something beyond my conscious self in control? Could it possibly have something to do with the subject of 'time'?

⁷ See Chapter 6.

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I wrote to Kristine and sent a copy of the page dealing with the symbolism of the cross. At the end of the year we received a reply, part of which is quoted below:

'Two days after my father's death, my four year old daughter Sarah ran to me with a necklace in her hand. A beautiful old Indian choker made out of bone beads, brass beads and black jet beads and two shells strung on leather. Two bone beads and four brass beads were missing. She said she had found it next to the swing under the oak tree. Both my children showed me where it was laying. Incredibly we have lived here for 9 years, the children play at the swing just about every day, we cut the grass around the tree, and have dug for treasures with the help of our metal detector. We never saw it. The property is fenced in. We have no near neighbours as we live on 8 acres. The necklace is gorgeous! Not muddy, nor rotten, nor discoloured apart from the beads missing. Even my intellectual husband is dumbfounded. We had never seen a necklace like that. A few days later I went to town and entered a little jewel store and there saw a necklace in the same style. I found out that an Indian lady makes them and she could probably fix mine. I took mine back to have it repaired, all the while wondering if I would ever see it again. (The law is such that any Indian artefact is confiscated by the Indian society and if found on your property, they have a right to come and dig whether you like it or not.)'

*'After a few weeks I decided to pick up the necklace, **wishing ardently** to meet that Indian in the hope that she would give me some clues about it. When I entered the store, the Indian lady was there with her husband. The shopkeeper explained that I was the lady of the Indian necklace. They both studied me from head to toe but did not say anything. I did not dare venture any information. I finally just asked what they thought about it. She said 'Oh I like it, it's very old.' That's it. A silence heavy with unsaid words. Yesterday I talked to my mother and she said my father was always crazy about necklaces. During our last stay he insisted on buying pearl necklaces for my daughters.'*

I kept the crucifix given to me by Kristine on my car key ring. The letter, recounting the above events, arrived while I was away in England. During that trip my aunt had died. Not only that, but the crucifix disappeared from my key ring. The last time I recalled seeing it was as I opened the car door to drive to my aunt's funeral, which in the sense of the symbolic meaning of 'eternal life' seemed to be quite significant.

However, the next letter from Kristine held further revelations. She explained that after telephoning her mother, she had been thinking about her father.

'I did not want to ask him anything in fear of keeping him earthbound. I just talked to him and prayed. I felt at peace. All that for no reason.'

Her other daughter Dominica went out to play with a friend in the garden. Kristine continued:

'Shortly afterwards they ran back to the kitchen with what they had found. It was a beautiful cross and chain. They had found it a few yards away from

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the choker under the other oak tree. In both finds what is extraordinary is that both pieces of jewellery were absolutely clean. The leather of the choker should have been rotten or chewed up by animals. The chain of the cross should have been caked with mud. We have just had a whole month of rain, snow and hail and this earth is very red and sticky. Both pieces were found in a highly frequented area, as if gently deposited on the grass. And each was found by each one of my daughters. It is my father all right! He would never favour any of his children. He loved us all the same way. The thought had crossed my mind many times when Sarah found the choker – “Why didn’t I find it? Sarah will inherit this when she grows up, but won’t this make Dominica jealous? etc.” Well the problem is solved. Both children are delighted and I in the meanwhile enjoy these beautiful things.’

Kristine then went on to say that, like me, she tended to want a third sign to be really convinced. This she received in that a silver bracelet, only recently given to her as a present, disappeared. She felt that it had been taken by some neighbours’ children and had been very upset by this loss. However, as the result of feeling like walking half a mile up a hill to check the mail, she found the bracelet just before reaching the mailbox on a dirt road normally only used by cars. It just happened to be Thanksgiving Day.

I was sad at losing the cross that Kristine had given me and felt that she would be even more disappointed than I was. However, in the light of what she had now told me, I was able to see things differently. If she felt that her father had had something to do with the appearance of the jewellery, then logically there was no reason why he should not have had something to do with the disappearance of jewellery. In my next letter to Kristine I suggested that she re-consider whether or not it was the neighbours’ children who had taken the bracelet or whether there might be some other reason for its disappearance. I also suggested that, like me, she was probably more concerned with what the giver of the gift might think of her for having lost it, rather than trying to understand the lesson in the event itself. I felt better for having told her that I had lost my cross. Five weeks later on the 17 July 1991 as I stepped into my car, there in full view on the floor in front of the driver’s seat was the cross that I had lost seven months previously. Naturally I had searched the car when I first noticed that it was missing. The car had been in daily use during those seven months. How was it possible that I had not previously seen the cross, unless of course it had not been there to see?⁸

I wondered if in some way the date that I found my cross could have been significant. However it did not seem to fit with any previous event that would make sense. And furthermore there was another aspect that required consideration. Despite Kristine’s feelings that it was ‘her father’ who was responsible for the appearances of the necklaces and my associating the appearance and disappearance of jewellery as being part of the same phenomena, Kristine’s father was still alive at the time she was drawn to buy the cross which she gave to me. It would have been a year to the day that I met Kristine, had I found my cross in the car on 18 July 1991 or on the anniversary of our meeting had I found it on 19 July 1991. But I found it on 17 July

⁸ See Chapter 23 concerning manifestation of jewellery.

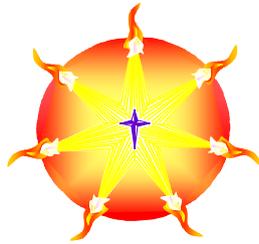
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1991. So at the time of writing my original account, the mystery remained and I concluded that maybe only time would tell.

In fact maybe time did tell - but what? Exactly a year later, on 17th July 1992 Margaret had a visitor who left the house at 15.30 for another appointment. Margaret was in no doubt that the clock was correct at the time the visitor left. That same evening I turned on the TV to watch the news, which started at 19.30. As I did so I glanced at the clock which showed the time as 18.00. Upon checking, the actual time was 19.20. The clock had become 80 minutes slow in a period of less than 4 hours. I re-set the clock to the correct time and a month later it was still correct. I realised that I had found my cross on the 17 July 1991 at about 17.45; that is during the same period that the clock lost those 80 minutes, but exactly one year later. There definitely appeared to be something indicating that I look in more detail at the subject of 'time'.

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SECTION TWO



RELATIONSHIPS

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CHAPTER 11

Time

The element of TIME has periodically caused me to raise questions throughout my research. In the present physical world we need time to maintain some sort of order. For centuries man had striven to calculate time in attempting to predict seasons, for a deeper understanding of astronomy and to establish longitudes in their search for other lands. Yet it was only with the advent of the railway engine in the nineteenth century that the synchronisation of clocks throughout England became essential. Previously the sun had been used for measuring time in areas surrounding towns, so that, for example, there could have been ten or fifteen minutes difference between local times in London and Bristol without anyone being too concerned about it. But let me expand on a series of apparently unconnected events which, when looked at together, may help shed some light on our understanding of time.

In Chapter 6 I referred to my first experience of writing part of a poem and not knowing from where it came. The title of that poem is TIME, and the verses concerned read as follows:

Now what is this time to which we're a slave?
An obsession that we can't resist.
But look at it carefully and give it some thought
and you'll realise time doesn't exist.

It's only a notion devised by Earth man
for measuring sequential events.
If only inside we could recognise
how much man's progress it prevents.

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.

Imagine that everything always exists.
Past, present, future and now,
and by changing vibrations we can be in each one.
We only need to learn how.

Have you ever thought of Christmas in August?
Or New Year any day of the week?
Just take your mind back to being a child
and remember before you could speak.

The only reason we have these ideas
is because of what we were taught.
Just throw off the shackles, let your mind be released,
and try some original thought.

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I was concerned as I wrote those words in October 1987. Who was I to suggest that Einstein had got his theory on time wrong? Should I proceed with my intention of sending this poem out as part of my end of year greetings card and risk people thinking I had gone mad? Well I did, and if they had any such thoughts, they have not yet expressed their opinion to me. (In retrospect, of course, I only wrote those verses, I did not compose them.) It took another three years for me to be at ease with what I had written. But during those 3 years, pointers kept popping up as if to say '*Can you understand it now?*'

The next incident occurred in January 1988. A new calendar had been hung on a hook made from a bent paper clip attached to the top of the fridge with a strip of adhesive tape. The calendar kept falling onto the floor. Margaret and both daughters had repeatedly replaced it on a number of occasions over a period of weeks. Eventually I became weary of the calendar littering up the kitchen and complained that it had not been attached properly. After a lengthy explanation as to how they should have placed the sticky tape so that it would not become detached, I replaced the calendar myself. During the following night, nature called, and I walked through the kitchen in the dark, only to trip over the calendar in the middle of the floor, well away from the fridge. In that half sleep, half-awake state, suddenly it dawned on me that a calendar was a measure of time and I had been trying to come to terms with the idea of time not existing. The sticky tape and bent paper clip looked as if some great force had been used to pull them away from the fridge allowing the calendar to fall to the floor. Later that day Margaret replaced the calendar, using the same piece of tape that I had used. It stayed for a week, fell to the floor once more, then a calendar remained in place for at least the next four years without any further problem. Although these events may not seem significant in isolation, it is curious that as soon as I recognised that the calendar represented a measure of time, such events coincidentally ceased.

While attending a seminar in September 1988, two ladies gave a demonstration of automatic writing. One of the 'communicators' was named Dorothy. She claimed that she had been a don at Oxford and that she had passed into the higher life in the early part of the 20th century. The ladies doing the automatic writing had not made any attempt to verify Dorothy's earthly existence, but had no objection if I wished to investigate. Enquiries at Oxford did not meet with any success, mainly because records of names of female dons there were not kept prior to 1921. In August 1989 during a private consultation with a medium I was asked if I knew anyone by the name of Dorothy. I gave a non-committal answer and eventually the medium went on to describe Dorothy as a teacher and someone with books all around her. I transcribed that part of the communication and sent a copy of the text to the ladies who did the automatic writing.

In the autumn of 1989 Margaret and Janet decided to study graphology, the classes of which took place on Tuesday evenings. As a result we changed the evening of our group meetings from Tuesday to Thursday. The first Thursday evening we were due to meet was 12 October 1989. That day a letter arrived at my office address containing a transcript and copies of all of Dorothy's writings covering the period between January and December 1988. Not having time to read the detail I glanced quickly at page 5 of the transcript. There at the top of the page was the text which had been written a year to the day previously, Thursday 13 October 1988. It read:

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'We did know of your intention to write tonight and we are ready for you. [The ladies doing the automatic writing had been in the habit of writing on Friday but had changed to Thursday.] It is quite good that we can re-arrange things as needed. You will by now have realised that we do need to do this, for you will be called to other things.'

In a strange way it seemed as though this text was addressed to us and it had been known exactly a year ahead that we also were going to change the day of our meeting. Surely this was too far fetched to be feasible. It must be me making things fit again. But then I noticed the date that I had typed up the poem TIME and had begun to wonder. It, in turn, had been written a year to the day previously, Thursday 15 October 1987. (1988 was a leap year.)

Shortly afterwards we invited round a group of friends who were interested in our investigations. I put together a programme of pieces of music and poetry, all of which had come into my possession in some unusual way, or had an intriguing history surrounding them. I chose the day we should have this get together, Margaret chose the week. It was Wednesday, 22 November 1989. On the evening of 20 November I went over the programme to make sure I had things clear in my mind. Everything was fine until the last piece of music, which I realised, had not come into my possession in an unusual way. It was 'Etude' from the soundtrack of 'The Killing Fields'. I had wanted to obtain the music for some time and eventually bought a recording while on a visit to England. Why had I included this as part of the programme? I decided that I would close the evening by saying that it was because I particularly liked it. But why did I like it? When had I first heard it? Then I recalled that it was in the car on the drive home from my mother-in-law's funeral. Suddenly it dawned on me. Her funeral had been on Wednesday, 21 November 1984 - 5 years to the day previous to the date we had chosen for our reunion. Was it possible that this pointer to TIME was coming into play again? It was only later when I came to write up these events that another element seemed to fall into place in relation to the writings of Dorothy; mother-in-law's birth date was 13 October.

Over the Christmas holiday I wrote an invitation letter for a talk I had decided to give in January. I suggested that we should have it on Wednesday 24 January, but Margaret wanted to bring it forward to the 17th because she was going to be busy on the 24th. At the time I sent out the invitations I knew the title was going to be 'WHO AM I' and the conclusion would be in the form of a mirror image of the title 'I AM ONΣ'. I had not the slightest idea of what was going to go between those six words. During the holiday break something drew me to re-read '*GENISIS, The First Book of Revelations*' by David Wood. I had only read it the previous May and had never in my life before read a book twice. It was certainly not for lack of reading material, but something compelled me to do this. The reason soon became clear. In his introduction, Wood makes reference to the text of a book entitled '*Le Serpent Rouge*' which primarily consisted of clues, for him, towards uncovering the mystery of Rennes-le-Chateau in France. He reproduced the text as an appendix in his book in the form of '13' signs of the Zodiac. Before reading further I decided to refresh my memory as to the clues. Under the last sign Capricorn, reference was made to 17 January - the date on which we had decided to hold the meeting. Was this another sign? I returned to read the introduction. It is initialled DW and dated January 17th

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1985. Here was the same phenomena again, a link to an event exactly 5 years prior to our meeting date. It then became clear what I had to talk about.

A further clue towards my understanding the mystery of TIME had already been given and noted, although the meaning was not to be revealed to me until later in 1990. During our group meeting that had been held on Tuesday, 3 October 1989, I had the impression of an East German shaking hands with a West German. (How I knew they were East and West Germans I have no idea, but I had no doubt as to what I had perceived.) Five weeks later came the fall of the Berlin wall and we speculated that the impression I had received was what this had symbolised. However, the meaning of this symbol only became clear and shed a little more light on the question of time when exactly a year later on 3 October 1990, the formal German re-unification took place.

I must now jump forward to 1991. On 22 April a booklet I was reading quoted what Einstein had said on his 70th birthday.

'Now you think I am looking at my life's work with satisfaction. But on a closer look it is quite different. There is not a single concept of which I am convinced that it will stand firm and I am not sure if I was on the right-track after all.'

This rang a bell with the poem 'TIME' from three and a half years earlier. The verse:

'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.'

I then recalled the episode of the calendar, which kept falling onto the floor, when I had been asking questions related to TIME. Was this, as implied elsewhere in the poem, telling me to ignore the concept of time and listen to my intuition? Over the next two days, it was as if this is exactly what was being communicated to me. Twice I tackled jobs in the office and completed them for no other reason than I felt like doing them. They were not urgent, in fact if they had not been done, eventually they may have gone away. There were other jobs that were certainly more pressing. However, on both occasions within a few hours of completing the 'unnecessary' jobs, I was asked questions, the answers to which I could only provide because those jobs had been completed. It was as though time had in some way been inverted. I had produced the answers before being asked the questions.

In order to be able to follow my reasoning I need to provide some further background. In addition to earlier events already mentioned surrounding rainbows, I had noticed other phenomena occurring in the sky, which seemed to indicate that I was 'on the right track' or that the phenomena were responses to my feelings. On one occasion subsequent to hearing an interviewee on a radio programme describe the aurora borealis as being like a pink fan in the northern sky, I felt that I would like to see this. The next morning on pulling back the bedroom curtains, I was more than fascinated to be faced with a western sky, which looked like an open pink fan. A similar incident occurred in September 1990 while attending a seminar. One morning the sky was

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heavily overcast and completely covered in cloud. I stood gazing out of the window while shaving and casually thought that it would be nice if the sky was blue. Within a minute a small spot of blue appeared. I became fascinated and excited as I watched this patch of blue grow. Within 12 minutes there was not a cloud to be seen except for a thin line along the crest of the distant hills. The weather was still, so the clouds had not been blown away - they just seemed to dissipate. Later that same morning while sitting in the lounge reading before breakfast, someone came in from a walk and commented in passing 'Did you see that beautiful rainbow this morning?' I feel that it is significant to note that these and many other similar phenomena occurred while at, or journeying to or from, seminars that I was attending in an attempt to find answers to self initiated queries.

But I was still no closer to finding an answer that would help me understand the concept of 'TIME'. On 25 April 1991 I decided that in my meditation I would attempt to discover what it all meant. I seemed to make no progress until, more in frustration, yet in the knowledge that I could always trust the guidance that I had been given this way, I asked for a quote from the Bible. I received 'Matthew Chapter 16 verse 3'. To complete the sentence, verses 2 and 3 together read:

'(2) His answer was - In the evening you say it will be fine weather, for the sky is red (3) and in the morning you say, It will be stormy today; the sky is red and lowering. You know how to interpret the appearance of the sky; can you not interpret the signs of the times?'

Well to be quite honest - no! There was evidently something that I was still not 'getting'. So this drew me back again to the poem 'Time' and what Einstein had said on his 70th birthday. I had come to accept over the years that what sometimes appears to be the end of a message from the beyond, often turns out to be only another clue in the mystery. What prompted me to count how many words there were in the last sentence of Einstein's statement I will never know. There are 30. I was then drawn to count how many words there were in the corresponding verse of the poem. Again - 30. This was too much to be coincidence. They were equally balanced, they said the same thing and together the words totalled 60 - the mathematical symbol of time. This led me back to David Wood's 'GENISIS' where he quotes the mystical meanings of numbers:

'60 - The number of time, where time is the cage of the concept of the human mind.'

I needed to look no further; this was already paraphrased in the last lines of the poem:

*'Just throw off the shackles, let your mind be released,
and try some original thought.'*

I needed to read the whole of the poem 'TIME' again.

*'Imagine that everything always exists.
Past, present, future and now,
and by changing vibrations we can be in each one.
We only need to learn how.'*

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There was definitely some form of answer within the text of that poem which responded to questions in my mind. The deeper I probed, the more intrigued I became. The fascination grew as I realised that I had written that poem years before I read 'GENISIS' or knew anything about symbolic numbers. Furthermore, I had been given the copy of 'Genisis' by Julie's friend Chris, who said that he had been told to give this book to me by his deceased medium friend Ron Baker.⁹

But eventually doubts began to creep in, and again I wondered if I was just making things fit. However, I had come to realise that whenever I had these doubts, it would only be a short while before further clues to aid my understanding would be provided in a more physical form.

Over the preceding two years, I had eventually realised that every time one of the family went away (or more precisely, came back) one of the light bulbs in the house failed. Julie arrived home at the beginning of July 1991 and had only been in the house a few hours when one of the strip lights refused to work. Margaret went to a seminar at the end of July. The day after she left I noticed that the clock in the living room was 15 minutes slow. I changed the battery but the next day it was again 15 minutes slow. I adjusted the timing and the following day it was 2½ hours slow. I put the clock back to the correct time and the next day the clock still showed the right time. The following day it was half an hour slow. I re-set the time in the morning and bought a new battery in case the replacement was faulty. I did not need to use it. For two days the clock kept the correct time. I then wrote up what had occurred and concluded that there must be a message hidden in these events for me. What was it? Maybe I should stress the factor of time in the book, or maybe I was just being a 'bit slow'? I decided that I would do some writing that afternoon, but failed to get round to it. By the following morning the clock was again an hour slow – I guess I still hadn't 'got it'. I re-set the clock and when Margaret arrived back home no further bulbs had failed. Was the clock timing taking over as the new phenomena instead of light bulbs?

Two weeks later Margaret and I arrived back from a seminar. A light bulb had failed during our absence. The following weekend I went on holiday. Upon my return I wanted to know if any light bulbs had failed and how had the clock in the living room performed? No light bulbs had failed. The clock in the living room was performing perfectly. But, the clock on my side of the bed had been up to 5 hours slow one day and then righted itself. If this chapter does not help to shed a little light on TIME for readers, then I hope it will at least make them aware that everything may not always be what it seems and encourage them to investigate further for themselves.

I completed this chapter to this point on 2 November 1991, the day before Margaret was due back from a 2-week trip. I went downstairs from the office and turned on a light - the bulb had failed. At least that seemed to answer my question and confirm that bulbs failing and clocks seeming to take control of their own time were two entirely different phenomena with different meanings.

Two days later, 4 November 1991, I received a letter from England containing an envelope on which were written the words '*Open when the time is right.*' The word

⁹ See Chapter 5.

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time was underlined. The same text was written at the end of the letter. The letter had been posted on Wednesday 30 October and would normally have arrived on Friday. But 1 November was a holiday in Belgium and there was no postal delivery. Nor was there any postal delivery over the weekend. 1 November was the day that I wrote up the majority of this chapter on TIME. Of course it could still just be a coincidence.

If that was a statement of self-doubt again, I then had to take into account two further events that occurred within the next 7 weeks. The first was a letter from a friend in USA in which he said '*I am sending you this that arrived in the post with your letter. It does have a meaning.*' Enclosed was the front cover of some publicity for the American Express credit card. Across both sides of the sheet were the words '*Gifts in the Nick of Time*'. Another letter from England contained the following words within three lines on the first page '*...each time I look. Very good timing involved there Nick finding yourself in the right place at the right time for the photo.*' I could no longer doubt that the bulbs and clocks were in fact some form of phenomena associated with me attempting to understand the concept of 'TIME'. My conditions for acceptance had been confirmed three times, from outside myself in a documented form. In fact the last letter did seem to be rather insistent.

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CHAPTER 12

Miracles or Coincidence?

By the spring of 1991, plans for my summer holiday arrangements had fallen into place. For some time I had had a desire to visit ancient sites in the south west of England from Avebury down to Land's End. I particularly wanted to sleep in the car at Avebury around the night of the full moon in order to take some early morning photographs. The phenomena, which started out as crop circles, had now developed into what were being called pictograms and I wanted to see these for myself. I also planned to take photographs of some of the 'white horses' etched into the landscape in the area together with visits to Tintagel and Glastonbury triggered by their association with the Arthurian legend. The basic objective of the holiday then, was to go where and when I felt drawn, taking photographs along the way. This week was to precede a seminar that I had booked some 6 months previously.

One of the sites I wished to visit was the White Horse at Uffington. After taking a few daytime photographs at Avebury, I set off for Uffington. Half way along the main A4361 road heading towards Swindon is a junction to the right. For no apparent reason I stopped and checked the map to see where this road went. It went nowhere in particular and in fact was a longer route to get to Uffington; nevertheless I decided to take it. After a short while, there cut into the hillside was a white horse. (Not indicated on my map). I took a photograph and continued. Shortly afterwards, across the valley was a wonderful view of a cornfield with a pictogram. A couple of miles further on excitement welled up inside me. There was another cornfield, this time containing two pictograms. This warranted more photographs and a visit to the smaller of the two phenomena. It was in the form of two adjoining circles, surrounded by a larger circle that had two protruding arms. From my position, a long arm at about 4 o'clock and a shorter one at about 7 o'clock. I drove on in ecstasy at having been led to three 'photographable' crop phenomena, wondering what were the odds of finding even one such phenomenon by chance.

Despite many attempts, there was no way that I could take a photograph of the Uffington White Horse from the ground that would do it justice. I slept well in the car and was up in ample time for my intended photograph of the Avebury standing stones silhouetted against the light of the setting moon. However, by the time I was on site with the tripod set up, a ground mist had risen to a point where, although I could see the moon, it was practically impossible to see the stones. This did not make sense. This was my third visit to Avebury on this quest. The first time it had rained; the second time my photographs were lost in processing, and now I was unable to take the photograph I had planned. I knew in my mind that I was supposed to be there. I knew that I was supposed to take a photograph. What had gone wrong? There seemed to be no answer! I decided to walk round the bank surrounding the Avebury site. On one of the National Trust explanation panels was a full diagram of the Avebury henge. It consisted of two central circles, enclosed within a larger circle, off which were two arms formed by present day roads. A shiver of excitement ran through me as I realised the correlation of the symbolism, including the length and position of the arms of the crop circle I had seen the previous day. Was this significant? By the time I reached my point of departure around the bank, the sun had risen. There greeting me were shafts of light shining through a copse of trees,

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piercing the mist in all directions. I knew then that this was the photograph I had come to take.



During the remainder of the week everything went like clockwork. (Maybe not quite the right choice of words after the events of the last chapter, but nevertheless hopefully expressing what I mean.) The weather was perfect and I had a wonderful time just going where I was led. While buying postcards I noticed one of the sun shining through a copse of trees in the morning mist, similar to one of the photographs I had taken at Avebury. I had to buy one.

I finally arrived at Glastonbury late on the Friday morning and while walking around the Abbey, had an odd feeling that I would meet someone there that I knew. In fact half of my time was spent looking at the Abbey ruins and the other half glancing at other visitors. Eventually I left for lunch but on passing a bookshop, I called in to see if they had a copy of a book that had been recommended to me. Then while waiting to pay I felt a tap on my shoulder and heard a voice say 'Don't I know you?' It was someone I had met two weeks previously when he had attended a seminar at Stansted as a day visitor. He did not live in Glastonbury, but like myself was just visiting. We spoke for a while and as we parted he remarked that as we had met twice, he felt sure that we would meet again. I agreed but commented that I had no idea of where or when.

Two hours later I turned a corner on the way back to the car, and this same person was walking towards me. We both held up three fingers indicating the third meeting. We had another conversation during which I told him of the feeling I had had while walking around the Abbey and that I had only ever noticed a similar feeling once before. I went on to explain that I had once seen a sign at the side of the road to a village called BARRY and the first person I met on arrival at my destination was called Leslie Barry.¹⁰ At this point shock brought my speech to an abrupt halt. I realised that the person to whom I was talking was called Barry! We parted again, somehow knowing that what had taken place was meant to be and I returned to the car to drive to the base of the Tor. I stopped to take a photograph before getting too close. As I returned to get into the car, who stepped over a stile about 30 meters ahead - Barry.

¹⁰ See Chapter 9.

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I went to bed at 8.00 p.m. that evening and woke early the next morning trying to figure out the significance of meeting Barry three times in one day. If I had not previously experienced something similar to what then took place, I would probably never have given it a second thought. Suddenly 'the voice' was laughing in the back of my mind. I directed my consciousness towards the laughing and it felt as though someone was having a great joke, at my expense, but the sort of joke that I would appreciate. Within a split second many elements within my subconscious fell into place. It was as though a magnet had been plunged into a nest of filings and they had all jumped together. There was an expression of knowledge and truth, beyond explanation, within that experience.

Whenever during the week anyone had mentioned 'good weather', my jocular response had been that they should not worry as I had reserved good weather for the whole week. If the meeting with Barry was some kind of a joke, the weather was certainly not. It had been perfect, just as I had desired. Based on previous experiences and 'signs in the sky', in some way beyond my comprehension, I knew it had all been arranged. I had had nothing to do with it. (Or had I?) It felt as if God was playing games with me and I was just a puppet in the play called 'Life'. By this time the laughing had increased. Oh yes, I was fully awake - I was not dreaming. I felt as small as an ant in this universe. It was as though God had lifted up a stone and found an ants' nest underneath. He had selected one, me, said 'What would you like?' and given me just what I had desired. Mentally I flung myself into the arms of this 'Everything' with which I was in communication in complete surrender and cried 'Why me?' The answer came back - so simply '*But you were the only one who wanted to listen.*'

My room for the week at the seminar was number 43. (Our house number was 43 and I had no doubt, confirmed by other events during the week, that this symbolised 'reaching home' - whatever that may mean.) In the room was a picture of a white horse. I had only taken pictures of two white horses earlier on my journey - this made the third. I came out of the dining room after the first meal to be faced with a framed photograph of the sun rising from behind a copse of trees with shafts of light shining through the morning mist. If I needed any further confirmation, this was it.

After the seminar I spent a day listening to lectures at a conference organised by the Society for Psychical Research. There I bought a copy of the August edition of the *Cerealogist*. It contained an aerial photograph of the same crop circle that I had visited, the symbolism of which I had considered may, in some way, correspond to the layout of Avebury. The caption of this photograph read: '*Tennis balls, two eggs in a pan or a ground plan of the old Avebury temple?*' This seemed to confirm that there was more than just my imagination at play.

The last day of the holiday was spent with friends. The following morning I woke early and so as not to disturb anyone I sat on the bed to meditate a while. I checked the time and decided to 'come back' at 7.00 a.m. When I opened my eyes and looked at my watch it was exactly 7.00 a.m. - to the second. I mentioned this over breakfast and remarked that I wanted to be on the road by 8.00 a.m. One of my friends drove ahead to direct me onto the motorway. As I drove down the slip road I glanced at my watch. This time it was exactly 8.00 a.m., again including the second hand. I reached for my pen and made a quick note of these two events. When I brought my attention

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fully back to driving, immediately in front of me was a van. Written across the back were the words '*THAUMATURGY - is the art of working miracles*'.

Not necessarily miracles, but something was taking place that I was slowly beginning to understand. Either these events were simply a series of coincidences¹¹ or they were something else. There was little doubt that events over the previous 6 years had begun to change my view of earthly reality. Something was not only responding in physical form to my feelings and desires, but I also realised that I seemed to be receiving encouragement to delve deeper into many aspects of western philosophy. Eventually it became apparent that the reason for the physical manifestations (or responses) was probably because I had laid down my own conditions that I was only prepared to accept anything beyond my previously held view if I received confirmation three times, in a documented form, from beyond myself. Those conditions were certainly being met – and my journey was to continue in that manner, even though by now I felt that 3 occurrences were not really necessary.

Up to this point I have provided facts. I vouch that every word in this account is as accurate as I am able to recall and based on notes taken at the time of, or immediately after the events occurred. There were many other events recorded over the same period, which although not included in this narrative, have helped lead me to my present conclusions. I doubt that these conclusions are definitive. However, at least they provide some sort of beginners guide to the new jigsaw puzzle of life that has been revealed to me. After turning over one piece of the puzzle I am unable to deny its validity.

Carl Jung wrote:

'The only real adventure remaining to each individual is the exploration of his own unconscious. Whoever denies the existence of the unconscious is in fact assuming that our present knowledge of the psyche is total. And this belief is already just as false as the assumption that we know all there is to be known about the natural universe.'

Nothing in this universe is new. It is just a question of time, in worldly terms, before the ego self decides to investigate certain aspects of reality. Our basic impression of that reality is determined, to a great extent, by what we physically perceive. This impression is further moulded by what we have been taught, and on physical and mental genetic memory based on correct or erroneous conclusions drawn by previous generations. Man is naturally wary of change, and the comfort of having lived his current life within concepts which appear to be valid, only reinforces his desire to hold on to that apparent reality.

Before proceeding further I would like to consider factors that may not be evident from physical data alone. In the field of psychic research, conditions beyond physical manifestations and the physical environment are of paramount importance. Many writers attempt to deal with the subject of parapsychology without having had personal experience of the phenomena. Readers are often presented with well-

¹¹ Defined in my dictionary as being 'a notable occurrence of events or circumstances without apparent causes'

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assembled data and left to draw their own conclusions, without any knowledge of conditions prevailing at the time. Without personal experience, an author is unlikely to be aware of all elements, in all cases, relating to the subject. I am not suggesting any lack of integrity on the part of such authors. Nor do I claim to have been aware of all the probable subtle finer details that have been presented to me in my research. However, I do believe that such experience is essential in understanding the phenomena. The sort of elements to which I am referring are: what a person has been thinking during the period (be this from seconds to months) before the phenomena occurred; what they have been reading; what physical changes they have noticed within their body or what they were doing at the time. Many other factors also have a bearing on the events recorded in the preceding chapters. I am not technically qualified to affirm categorically that the points to which I will draw attention are valid, but they do hold firm on the basis of my research, knowledge and testing hypotheses at this time. More importantly however, before dismissing these ideas it must be taken into account that other investigators have arrived at similar conclusions through different avenues of research. I now, in 2009, have the luxury of hindsight and realise that while writing and assembling the original draft, even then I was only beginning a long journey. The mysteries held within The Universe seem to be the driving force behind our human existence.

One of the greatest misconceptions throughout generations is the belief that the mind is in the brain. This concept, which I am tempted to term ‘the immaculate misconception’, is slowly being revised. But it is difficult, if not impossible without having explored ones own unconscious, for anyone to grasp that what may appear to be ego conscious thoughts, could equally well be expressions of the Oneness of The Whole or part of the whole.

All these ‘thoughts’ then are expressions of the expansion of The Whole. However, the ego will strive for self-recognition and will prevail until reality is revealed through education rather than inculcation. The brain then, primarily acts as a transmitter/receiver, not only for regulating bodily functions, but also between the ego self and Higher Self. There are many terms used throughout literature to describe this Higher Self and I suspect there are subtle differences in meanings of the authors of such works. Nevertheless I would like to propose, as far as I am able to determine, that the ‘Higher Self’ is everything beyond the ego self. Teachings reaching back as far as Socrates reveal that there have been many in history that have understood this concept and have tried to express this reality. But over the years these truths have been distorted, suppressed and eventually either unwittingly, or worse still knowingly, used by individuals or groups for their own benefit.

The next element I wish you to consider is that what we perceive in this physical world is an illusion. To us as individuals, everything we touch feels solid, but this illusion is created because we are an expression of part of The Whole in the same vibratory frequency range as the object that we perceive. Scientists tell us that the atom is made up of particles (photons, electrons, etc.) which appear to circulate around a nucleus at speeds that leave the observer with the impression that the atom is solid. Yet the same scientists tell us that the life span of these particles is only a minute fraction of a second. What is perceived is not a continuous circulating of particles around a nucleus, but the equivalent of a series of particles which appear to be continuous. The same principle can be applied to a movie film. When the film is

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projected, the observer sees for example, a person walk across the screen in apparently the same way as they would if the walker was a physical being. Yet when the film is examined as individual pictures, there are gaps between the images of the movement of the walker. Medical science also accepts that all the cells within the human body are replaced every seven years (although according to some sources, this period may be considerably shorter). When this concept is expanded onto an even larger scale, a similar phenomenon is perceived with the planets in our solar system circulating around the sun. (The earth for example, equating to a particle and the sun to the nucleus of an atom.) Astronomers predict the life span of the earth to be so many million years. The same principle is therefore apparent at all levels, from the smallest atom to the largest planetary system, and no doubt beyond.

From the human perspective, we tend to look at things in isolation. Who would claim for example that the solar system is solid? Yet if the same principles apply throughout the universe, then the solar system would appear solid to an observer whose size was in the same ratio as man's size is to the atom. However, taking that all that man perceives falls within the frequency range at which the human senses operate, it must be considered that there are equally valid realms that exist beyond the range of human perception. For example, we can hear what we call sound, but an oscilloscope or similar instrument is needed to convert that sound into something that can be observed with the human eye. Similarly, a dog whistle not normally heard by humans, can nevertheless be heard by a dog whose auditory range is different to that of a human. One then has to accept that whatever exists beyond the perception of the human senses is equally valid within separate vibratory frequency ranges, even though we humans are not normally aware of this.

The third point that must be clear is that 'mind' (or consciousness) is the creator. Mind is also the communicator. Creation and communication are recognised in human terms by what we would call vibration. The way total mind (The Whole) thinks determines its expression. A part of that expression is in a form that we perceive. A change in the way of thinking will change its form of expression. Mind, through vibration, controls what is perceived in physical form as particles. These are drawn together by the law of natural attraction (and of course kept apart by natural repulsion). A particle, as part of the expression of The Whole, is itself also a whole, and has the ability of expression and creation within its individual vibratory frequency range. Particles therefore have their individual form of 'consciousness'. A group of particles drawn together to form a whole (whatever that may be) also has the ability of expression and creation as a whole. We as individuals are groups of particles. Each of us is therefore a whole, and we have the ability, by the way we think, of expressing ourselves in whatever way we choose, again within our individual vibratory range. We as humans tend to do this in physical forms because we are expressing ourselves as physical bodies in a physical world. But this must be an artificial restriction if we consider that we are generally unaware of the full potential of our individual and collective mind. There appears to be a hierarchy in which any greater whole is able, by intention, to influence the lesser particles of which it is created or those within any equal or lesser sphere to which it is able to attune. The well-known phenomenon of spoon bending, as performed by Uri Geller for example, is then explainable as being a demonstration of mind over matter. Geller has the ability to tune his mind, at will, into the same frequency vibration of the particles making up the metal which he is intending to bend and concentrated intent takes care of the rest. The corollary of this

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concept implies that we humans as individual wholes (collection of particles) are susceptible of being influenced by greater wholes beyond our conscious awareness. In some beliefs these influences may be referred to as 'angels' or 'guides'. But keeping in mind the natural laws of attraction and repulsion, we will only be influenced by energies of similar vibration. Therefore it is imperative for us as individuals to remain fully aware of the way we think. One further point of which to remain aware is that once released from attachment to a physical body, the individual mind (consciousness) will initially continue to operate in exactly the same manner as it did within a physical body.

It should also be understood that all, (from The Whole, down to its expression in the smallest particle) communicates by what we call thought. However it would be more precise to replace the term 'thought', which in human terms tends to be related to brain activity, by the term 'desire' or 'intent', which are deeper senses of expression. In order for us to understand the implications of this we need to be fully aware that communication is always a two-way operation and is constantly taking place. Whatever any element of The Whole 'thinks', instantly becomes part of The Whole or what Jung terms the 'collective unconscious'. It is as though The Whole is constantly being re-programmed by thoughts, just as a computer would be by changing the software. The Whole also appears to respond to thought without question. Whatever we desire (intend) will be realised.

What we as individuals do is either a sub-conscious reaction to the desire of The Whole, or part of The Whole; is an individual expression of the ego self, or is a response to a lesser part of our whole ego self. The level to which we are attuned determines to which of the levels we are responding. Of course we are often responding to more than one level simultaneously. Our actions represent experiences that constantly cause a change in the way we think, which in turn results in sub-conscious re-programming of The Whole. Once we can accept this concept, it is only a matter of developing an awareness of the different levels at which we operate and react as individuals, to sub-consciously initiate re-programming by thought to cause other elements to react to our desire. (i.e. self healing) Hypnotherapy and neuro linguistic programming are conscious aids used by one individual to influence another who has not recognised this capability within themselves. It is consequently worth noting that one should be very aware of the implications of the use of subliminal communications. Not only that, but when this concept is viewed on a global scale, the implications are tremendous. There are individuals who are focused on improving conditions for mankind; others are fixed on less idealistic pursuits, even though they may misguidedly believe that their aims are for the good of all. It is for the individual to assess the implications of what is taking place for themselves. But if nothing else, it does provide an answer to the frequently posed question as to why 'God' allows certain events to occur. We are all part of The Whole. We are each responsible for our individual thoughts. We are constantly updating 'The Whole' computer by our individual thoughts.

There appears to be a constant striving for expansion of The Whole and a desire of elements within The Whole to support that expansion. Those elements at the leading edge, at least in conscious human terms, seem to fail to recognise that they are part of The Whole, and consequently, until they do, their natural desire is self-preservation. Once an individual questions its own existence, it begins to recognise itself as part of

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The Whole and the way that other parts of The Whole respond. The responses come to humans in thought forms, symbols, illnesses, dreams, accidents, mistakes and unlimited signs, as a type of new language which is adapted based on what each individual is able to recognise and accept. Such symbols and signs may also cause the individual to question his own existence. Everything is for a purpose. Whatever pathway an individual chooses to pursue, the appropriate signs will be placed along that pathway. It is the choice of the individual whether or not he pays any attention to what is being communicated.

The experience of life on earth could be analogous to going on a holiday to a foreign country. On arrival we may not understand the language or customs and the locals, who vary from region to region, each have their own beliefs. As visitors on earth we are born into one of these groups and initially accept what that group believes. It is not until we have the courage to break away from these inherited and inculcated beliefs and search for the truth, that reality slowly begins to be revealed. However to break away from conventional thinking is disturbing to the remaining members of any group who are quite content to follow the majority view. The consequence of any attempt to reveal new possibilities, which in turn is likely to disturb the power structure of that and other groups, is met with counter reaction and rejection. There is also the illusion that life begins at birth and ends at death of the physical body, because that is what is visible within the physical spectrum of reality. When we take an earthly holiday our attention is directed to enjoying the experience rather than reflecting on what needs to be done at our place of work. The same applies to our physical 'life-holiday' experience on earth. Eventually when our earthly experience comes to an end and we return home, we will be able to look back and determine whether we have enjoyed ourselves and have contributed anything as a result of our visit.

So how did these hypotheses evolve from what began as a series of apparent coincidences? At some point I must have noticed a connection between two events which I called a coincidence. Further incidents occurred in a similar manner, which seemed to catch my attention. They were then repeated which, to me, seemed to be a means of communication, or attracting my attention, until I eventually recognised that they were occurring far in excess of the frequency that such events would normally occur. It is of course feasible that the phenomena were constantly occurring with such regularity but I had not previously recognised what was taking place. However, it certainly required a complete change in my perception to connect an event with a thought or a question that I had posed some considerable time earlier. We do not question that the birth of a child is the result of an act that took place some 9 months earlier, but how long did it take man to realise the connection?

As I was initially unable to accept apparent coincidental events as being anything other than just that, I set up my own parameters that would satisfy me beyond reasonable doubt that such events were in some way meaningful. I specified that I needed some form of confirmation at least three times, from outside of myself, in a documented form. Never having read the Bible, I was initially satisfied that the quotes I had received in my mind fitted into this category. But as time went by, doubts crept in and I wondered if I had read or heard these texts in the distant past and they were hidden away in my sub-conscious. However, soon events began to occur involving other people. I would receive answers from people I knew could not know

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that I was questioning certain subjects or had certain desires, yet in various ways they would respond with answers. But to return to the Bible for a moment, it is important to note that I could have ignored all of these quotes and missed what was being conveyed to me. I suspect that had I ignored the first two or three, there would have been no further 'communications exchange' in that form. It would have been like sending letters to someone who never replied. Eventually 'the author' would give up writing.

These 'answers' eventually began to apply to any question that I had on my mind. In a way they served to eliminate any further doubt that I may have had regarding the Bible quotes being drawn from what I will call my 'personal' sub-conscious. For example, one evening a small plastic plug, about 8-mm in diameter, fell off the end of the watering can ramp as I was spreading weed killer along a gravel pathway. I was unable to find it and was still wondering where it was the next morning while getting washed. As I sat for my usual meditation, in my mind I 'saw' the position of the plug on about 90 square meters of gravel. I later went to look on the path and the plug was exactly where I had 'seen' it. I had a 'strong desire' to find that plug.

Slowly the time lapse between 'questions' and 'answers' became shorter. It consequently became easier to recognise the connection between the question and the answer; nevertheless, it was still a learning process, which could only be understood when viewed in retrospect. This process continues, and as a child learns a language he eventually begins to communicate. However that child does not learn the whole of an encyclopaedia off by heart. But that is not the purpose of life. We are here to learn and as we understand one aspect of reality so we then move onto the next.

Eventually I came to recognise a common factor applicable to all events; that whenever I asked questions of myself or received answers in my mind, I was always in an altered state of consciousness. I do not mean that I was in trance in the generally accepted sense of the word, but my mind was at rest or I was deeply occupied on a specific subject in a quiet atmosphere. This often occurred in the office which I occupied alone, whilst driving alone, the period just before or just after sleep, when getting washed, shaved, gardening and even while reading or writing. There was also the other element that I have already mentioned, but will repeat because it is vital in understanding the process of what takes place. It is that of my **desire** to find answers to questions or do certain things. To summarise this very simply, I was searching for answers and prepared to accept any idea *with an open mind*, regardless of whether or not it fitted into my concept of reality at the time. In the early stages, most of the pieces of the puzzle only made sense after other elements had fallen into place. The journey had so far been one of exciting discovery, but I could never have imagined what was in store for me in the years to come.

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CHAPTER 13

The Next Three Years

If the period between 1985 and 1992 had been years of discovery, then 1993 to 1995 brought signs of the beginning of change. But before proceeding I need to spend a few moments providing some further background.

In Chapter 10 I made reference to friend Pat drawing my auragraph. Pat and I initially met on the first evening of my second visit to Stansted Hall on 1 November 1986. We were a group of six sitting at a table in the bar after the first evening session. Five of the group had attended a similar week a year earlier, although we had made no conscious arrangement to meet again in 1986. The new addition to the party was Win. Although she had shared our meal table she only reluctantly came to join our table in the bar because she was waiting for her friend and there was only one spare chair. We pulled up an additional chair and eventually Pat joined us. As she sat down next to me I had the impression that she had divorced about 18 months previously. But that was not the sort of comment one would make to someone to whom you have just been introduced.

As the evening wore on this impression grew stronger. Eventually Pat went to buy drinks and I was unable to resist asking Win if Pat had divorced between 1 and 2 years previously. She replied that she had not. I felt disappointed and muttered something on the lines of 'Well I don't know but I just felt that she divorced about 18 months ago.'

'Wait until Pat returns and tell her what you just said' was Win's comment.

Pat's response when I told her was that she used to live with Win's son but they were now separated. When I calculated the time of the separation it was 18 months and 2 weeks previously.

I had taken music with me in anticipation of there being free time to play one of a number of pianos to be found around the Hall. When Win discovered this, she mentioned that Pat had brought her guitar and maybe we could put something together for the concert that was usually held on the last evening. So on a couple of evenings Pat and I practised a few pieces that might be suitable for this event. However, within me, things were happening that I had never previously experienced. I can only describe it as a build up of something, and as I was happily married, I had no desire to pursue my feelings that I wanted to put my arms around Pat. But by the Wednesday evening the feeling was so strong that I could stand it no longer. I had to do something about it. I asked Pat if I could give her a hug before going to join the others in the bar. I put my arms around her and held her for about ten seconds. It felt as if a massive explosion of energy had been released from my body. I loosened my arms and stepped back.

My reaction was to comment '*I don't know what happened, but I feel better. Thank you.*'

'*What did you do?*' was Pat's astonished comment to my reaction. I had no idea.

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We went and joined the others in the bar.

How I knew that Pat had separated about 18 months previously, and what that 'energetic explosion' had been, I had no idea. It was something new and I needed to understand what was taking place.

My belief now is that everything happens at the appropriate time. That was not my understanding in 1986, but in retrospect I can appreciate the significance of what occurred on the last morning as we were leaving the seminar. I was handing in my room key as the receptionist asked if Pat was still around because she had left her scarf on the desk. Pat had left a few minutes earlier. I had promised to send Pat a recording of parts of the Friday evening concert so offered to take the scarf and send it with the tape. This was the beginning of a relationship that was going to take me years to understand.

I told Margaret what had occurred at the seminar and kept in touch with Pat. She and Win came to visit us in Belgium for a long weekend in the spring of 1988. During December of that year I was delayed at an office meeting and unexpectedly arrived home late from work. As I walked into the house, Margaret was on the telephone talking with Pat. There appeared to be nothing unusual about such an event. However in February 1990, again unexpectedly, I was delayed at work and again Margaret was on the telephone talking with Pat as I arrived home. What attracted my attention to these similar incidents was that I only spoke with Pat very infrequently.

After the call I asked Margaret how often I unexpectedly arrived home late from work, to which she replied 'almost never'. Occasionally, I anticipated that I might be late home when attending meetings in Brussels, but when this was likely, I would always mention this to Margaret in advance. On these two occasions, meetings had been planned which I anticipated would be finished before lunch, but they had extended late into the afternoon. Consequently, I had not alerted Margaret that I might be late. On another occasion I was travelling back to Belgium from England with Janet. We had booked the ferry for 13.30 but were delayed by fog. We arrived at Dover at 13.20, too late to check in, but we were accommodated on the next sailing. On arriving home Margaret recounted that Pat had phoned earlier in the day. Further questioning revealed that Pat had called between 13.15 and 13.30. Was there some invisible link between Pat and myself that would prompt her to call when I was unexpectedly delayed?

As far as I am aware, I was not consciously thinking of Pat at the times she rang Margaret. It is very likely that on the two occasions when I was late home from work that I had been dozing (i.e. in an altered state of consciousness) in the mini-bus during the one hour journey from Brussels. On the other occasion, it was also likely that I was in an altered state of consciousness, driving, but consciously focused on getting to Dover to catch the ferry. Could the transmission of some inner need within me to let Margaret know have been picked up by Pat, causing her to call?

During a meditation at a seminar that Margaret, Pat, two other friends and I attended, I had posed the mental question: 'What is our relationship?' In my mind I saw what I described as a piece of flex. Five wires were bound together at the top. Each wire

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broke away from the main strand at different points and I felt as though this indicated our relationships. I could only describe the relationship between Pat and myself as 'twins' as a single wire separated from the main strand and then split into two, representing Pat and myself.

About a year later I attended another seminar at which Pat was present. During a meditation exercise we had been asked to disperse around the room and to visualise a colour. My colour was yellow, but there was a shaft of green entering it. At the end of the meditation I opened my eyes and realised that the shaft was coming from the direction where Pat was sitting. I asked her what colour she had visualised - it was green.

On another occasion when Pat was not present, during a group meditation this time with no particular guidance, I had the impression of seeing a Maypole with alternate yellow and green ribbons hanging down. Mentally I saw each person in the group take one of the ribbons and at that point the ribbons became an energy flow to the Maypole. The pole then became a fountain with water spraying out of the top in a 360-degree circle. As the water reached the floor level it was drawn back to the centre and up into the Maypole to become a constantly re-generated fountain. I made a small pen sketch of what I had visualised and forgot about it. Over a year later I came across the sketch and felt that I should draw it as a colour image. I called it 'The Fountain of Peace'. When it was completed I then felt that I should send it to Pat. Imagine my surprise when, in thanking me for it, she said that over the weekend that I had drawn the colour image, she had been on a trip with members of 'The Fountain Group' to pray for peace at Avebury.

There was obviously something taking place that I was unable to understand - but what? Something within me kept drawing me to link with Pat, yet we only exchanged correspondence or phone calls 3 or 4 times a year. To the uninitiated it might have been called love. Maybe it was love, but it was not what I had experienced as earthly love. I had a relationship with Margaret that I understood as love. My relationship with Pat was different and I needed to understand what it was. Both Pat and I felt, and agreed, that any physical relationship would be entirely inappropriate.

During the summer of 1992 I had planned on taking Pat to visit Glastonbury while on a trip to England. When Margaret realised this, she insisted that this was totally unacceptable so I agreed that I would not take Pat to Glastonbury. Upon my return Margaret asked if I had been to see Pat and I confirmed that I had - I had simply been to see her, we had not been on any trip. Despite my inadequate attempts to explain my need to understand our relationship, (How do you explain something you do not understand yourself to someone else?) Margaret was unable to accept this situation.

I was becoming stressed by my inner conflict surrounding these events and during that trip wrote a poem over a two day period which I feel sheds some light on my true feelings.

THE ABYSS

8/9 September 1992

Awake my soul, awake, from reverie and slumbers.
Recall the ancient maxim that there is safety in numbers.

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But when that number is just one, plus one more that makes two,
it's then the safety valve is blown, what are you going to do?
You are between, in no man's land, what is your next intent,
do you move left or to the right? Your energy is spent
in contemplation of the choice. Your life is at an end
until a clear way forward comes to mind, and then you send
a thought into the ether with clarity defined.
It's only then will it be realised and then you'll find
you can get on with living once again as in the past.
The happiness you knew before, will come again at last
to lift you from the abyss into which you dug yourself.
The way to go, it must be found. It will affect your health
in limbo with no path defined, just like the end of time.
The pendulum without a swing is dead and tells no time.
There must be movement in this life, one cannot lie in wait
for others to decide for you. Your choice is to create
an opportunity to live and do what you should do,
with energy directed into one end, and not two.

Oh tell me which way I should turn - where my true pathway lies?
My heart is in a turmoil now, despite the shouts and cries
for help to render my dilemma from within my hands.
But even then, I know I am responsible for plans
which come to pass in earthly forms. Please help me count the cost
of my decision to be taken - otherwise I'm lost
between two hearts, both close to me, but each in different ways.
I cannot live between two hearts 'til the end of my days.

One is a love in earthly terms where here we live a life,
and that love deep, I give forever to my darling wife.
The second love beyond this earth, is like an emanation
from way beyond the stars in heaven. It is of the creation
from whence we came, reflected in two souls alive on earth.
When each is brought together for a while, they spark a birth
of happiness, of light, and love, but not of earthly kind.
It is a love beyond the comprehension of the mind
of earthly beings. It is love between the hearts of souls
which yearn to be together, even though they will not hold
each other but for fleeting moments on this earth of ours.
Yet one day they will meet in heaven and journey to the stars.

What is my choice that I must make? Can I continue now
with one foot still in either camp? Maybe I can learn how
to reconcile and live in peace between two hearts of mine
until the day when I return into the life divine?
But what of those who share my hearts, will this affect their lives?
Will they forgive and understand that I share - like two wives,
on different plains, with different hearts, with feelings oh so rare?
Yet each is individual. I wonder, can they share
in happiness that each one brings to me in different ways?

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Oh God forbid that I must wait until I end my days
on earth to find the answer that I seek. I really care
for both those hearts, in different ways. God please end my despair!

The answer son, lies deep inside, is hidden in yourself.
You are the only one to take the choice from off the shelf
of earthly things, of heavenly hopes, of days in ecstasy.
How can you know the future course that's planned for you and me?
Without each other we are lost, but each, we'll do our best
to lead a life that is worthwhile and then you'll earn your rest
when we will join in heaven one day, then look at what we've done.
The choice is yours - dear Nick old friend. What ere you do, you've won.

During the day that I finishing writing that poem I stopped to pick up a hitchhiker. I had not planned to visit Wells, which was his destination, but as it was only slightly off my route and I had time to spare, I decided to have a look around the famous Cathedral. I received the shock of my life as I walked down the central aisle towards the altar. There hanging from the front of a lectern was a banner on which were embroidered the words 'Awake my Soul' – the first words of my poem.

Eventually in December 1992 Margaret was unable to endure the situation any longer and insisted that I made a choice and either I agreed to cut all communication with Pat or she would leave. I reluctantly wrote to Pat explaining that in an attempt to preserve our marriage, I would cease any further communication with her.

What was taking place at a sub-conscious level from that point on I am unable to say. Only in retrospect am I able to pinpoint clues as to what might have been happening. I began to notice physical manifestations of disharmony in our domestic environment. However, the eventual outcome was that in August 1995 Margaret and I separated when she left Belgium and returned to live in England close to younger daughter Julie.

So what were these physical 'clues' that were so clear that they eventually helped me, and again I must stress, retrospectively, to understand this period of my life's journey.

The first incident that I noticed occurred in August 1993. Margaret and I were attending a seminar in Derbyshire where we shared a meal table with another couple. I left the table for a short while and when I returned Margaret showed me, with astonishment, what had occurred during my absence. A small piece of gold, about a 3mm cube had fallen out of the back of her engagement ring leaving a clear gap in the ring. How could a piece of gold fall out of a ring? 'Dis-engage' was the word that immediately came to mind, but I did not want to hear that and pushed it deep into the recesses of my mind.

I noticed that household appliances began to fail; the washing machine, clothes dryer and hot water boiler all had to be renewed, together with a few other lesser repairs and replacements that I do not recall in detail. But the event that really caught my attention occurred in July 1994. Margaret had gone to visit some friends for the day. I arrived home and was met by the sight of a police vehicle parked in front of the house. Then I noticed the electrically operated double garage door, which had been

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smashed beyond repair, hanging from its mountings at a precarious angle. I was at a loss to imagine what had happened. The length of the street is about 100 meters. The house is situated centrally on this street, and is set back off the road. Access to the garage is directly onto the road via a short wide driveway without gates. From turning into the street, in a distance of about 50 meters, a lady had apparently lost control of her vehicle and for whatever reason, chose to stop it by running it into the garage at what must have been a phenomenal speed. Why anyone who claimed that *'the more she put her foot on the brake, the faster the car went'* should choose to make a 90 degree turn to smash into a garage door rather than continue for a further 50 meters in a straight line while trying to stop the car, certainly raises questions. By the time I arrived home the car had been removed. But the car not only destroyed the door, it had continued until it crashed into and came to a stop against the central heating boiler, fracturing the gas pipe connection. Fortunately it was summertime and the heating was not working, and when a neighbour investigated the noise, he noticed the smell of gas and turned off the main supply.

Although on the surface these were incidents which, in isolation, would appear to be totally unconnected, over the years I came to understand that, no matter at what level a trauma originates, unless it is resolved it will continue to develop through different levels until eventually it manifests in physical form, initially in the body (causing illness) and subsequently in the surrounding environment. But I will address the concepts associated with this aspect in more detail in Chapter 23. Sufficient for the moment to note that I now have little doubt that these outward expressions were manifestations of what was taking place inwardly, and being suppressed, between Margaret and myself.

For many years I could never understand why I felt, and certainly could never explain or even suggest that Margaret and I would be married for 33 years. The incident of the gold falling from Margaret's engagement ring could be taken as an indicator of things to come – had I been prepared to consider and accept what the symbolism was showing me. But apart from Margaret's ultimatum relative to me ceasing communication with Pat, this was something that was never even spoken about. We were engaged in Paris on 6 December 1961 and married in England on 1 January 1962. However, as we approached the end of 1994, 33 years later, I began to notice more indicators that changes were afoot.

In October 1994, I was asked if I would be able to attend a meeting in Paris in the near future. This was to discuss a subject that partly overlapped my area of work. I could just as easily have resolved my aspect of the subject by correspondence; however, although I preferred working from my desk, I agreed to attend the meeting. I asked Margaret if she was interested in coming with me on the trip. She said that she would like to come. At that point, the date of the meeting had not been arranged. Eventually the meeting took place in Paris on 6 December 1994, the 33rd anniversary of our engagement. But not only that, it was in a building in which Margaret used to work during the early days of our marriage. As a Christmas gift in 1961 Margaret gave me a grey, V-neck, long sleeve sweater. At Christmas 1994 again Margaret gave me a darker grey V-neck long sleeve sweater. I somehow knew that this would be our last Christmas together in this relationship.

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But to bring our relationship more into perspective, since I began investigating ‘other dimensions’ Margaret would often ask me questions to which I was simply unable to give an answer, and even now I am unable to explain why. At one point she said she often felt as though she was addressing two different people when she was talking to me. After we had separated I heard an interview on the radio with a schizophrenic and was able to fully relate to all that he expressed. He said that everything was clear to him, yet he was unable to understand why he was so often misunderstood. He went on to explain that he felt that because of lack of understanding of the condition, schizophrenia had been associated with violence and the need for sufferers to be locked away to protect the general public, yet violence was not necessarily associated with the condition. His condition was being controlled by the use of drugs. In my opinion that was purely a means of suppressing the symptoms and not an approach to understanding what was taking place. Did I then have to look at myself in a new light? Did I have some form of non-violent schizophrenia, manic depression or bipolar disorder? Certainly I did seem to be experiencing something greater than the single aspect of myself, which had been all I had known for the first 46 years of my life. Whether or not this was a different ‘personality’ or just an ability to focus on an alternative aspect of myself and bring it into consciousness - that was an ongoing process. But at least having a clue where to look made the search that much easier. I certainly feel that I am now more capable of understanding Margaret’s comment concerning talking to two different people. My simple analogy in attempting to describe the phenomenon is that it is as if communication takes place and is recorded on a CD in a stack of CD’s – the totality of which is consciousness. When we try to retrieve the memory of the recording, unless the mind is searching the CD on which the recording took place, it would be impossible to recall this information. Obviously the mechanics are far more complex than this, and interleaved between the CD’s (layers of consciousness) are minds of other personalities. But again I will attempt to clarify this aspect in Chapter 23.

Margaret had once asked me why I treated her like my mother. (This appears, from her point of view, to have been one of the underlying difficulties in our relationship. Only after our separation did clues slowly emerge to give me an indication of what she might have been feeling.) At the time I was unable to understand or relate to that remark in any way. What was it that made Margaret feel that I was treating her like my mother? But if that was how she felt, the question had to be asked ‘Was this relationship reciprocal in that I felt that she was treating me like a child?’ Regardless of what Margaret’s understanding may have been there did seem to be some evidence in my interpretation of symbols to confirm this.

While I was in Glastonbury in the summer of 1992 I wondered what I could buy as a present for Margaret and came across a bronze statue of a sphere from which a mother holding a child emerged. I felt this was a beautiful sculpture and could just envisage it in our living room. I was shattered by Margaret’s reaction that she thought I had bought this as recompense because I had been to see Pat. In retrospect I wondered if the hidden provocation behind Margaret’s reaction was the symbolism which I had presented to her of a mother (her) holding a child (me), which would of course further represent me treating her as my mother. But of course these speculations only came to me months, or maybe even years later.

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I earlier referred to the meditation in which I saw 'relationships as a diagram of a piece of flex'. In that, my interpretation had also been that Margaret equated to 'mother'. As a child during the war a blind lady looked after me while mother was working. To me this lady was in effect a surrogate grandmother as I was never close to any of my grandparents. The blind lady's daughter and my mother worked together. After the war, although mother had stopped working, I continued to visit the blind lady and daughter every weekend, occasionally staying overnight. When I was age 11 the blind lady died. I was not permitted to attend her funeral. During the following week mother instructed me to tell the daughter that I would no longer be allowed to visit her over weekends. To put this into perspective, the daughter was about 10 - 15 years older than my mother. At my age I was unable to understand the logic of such reasoning, yet at the time sensed that I had no real alternative. I complied with mother's instructions. The only thing that seemed clear to me is that, what I did in obeying mother, was wrong. In my naivety I told the daughter of the blind lady that, despite what mother had said, I would still visit her. To see the daughter break down in tears was quite a shock – no doubt to both of us.

Sometime between 1992 and 1995, Margaret told me that my mother had recounted the outline of these events to her and added that 'he cried himself to sleep and the next day he was never the same again'. After the incident, I recall that I did not speak a word to mother for over a week. I had never given this incident any further thought; however, in retrospect, it seemed that I was being tested in similar circumstances. Margaret had insisted that either she left or I wrote to Pat to tell her I would not see her again. My method of coping with a situation at age 11 was apparently repeated when I suspect that I sub-consciously cut my connection with Margaret and withdrew into myself. The similarity of the situation became even more evident when I realised that Pat's mother had died on 28 May 1988.

Between Christmas and New Year 1994 we went to Israel. We had been invited to spend a few days with a couple of ex-Russian Israeli friends who had stayed with us a few years earlier. We felt that it would be interesting to visit Israel, which was relatively peaceful at the time. After dinner one evening they suggested that we have a short meditation. The wife of our hosts went into trance and spoke in Russian, which her husband interpreted into English. Part of what was received I transcribed from the recording as follows:

'You are a very old soul Nick. You began, grew up, many, many, many years ago. I see Egypt. It is a place that people pray to the sun. Like the sun is God. You are in white clothes and on your head is a kind of a crown, something that gives me the idea that you were probably a priest in the temple of the sun.'

'You forced the women to pray, looking all the time at the sun and because of that these women were blinded. You didn't give them permission to close their eyes, so in time white spots appeared on their eyes. You yourself had your vision impaired because you also prayed all the time looking at the sun. But you had the skill and knew how to turn the pupil of the eye down, as if looking upon the sun with empty eyes and because of that you managed to preserve part of your vision. You knew many deep spiritual secrets and were very developed philosophically and you respected very much these young

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unmarried women who were blinded. Because of that they were ready to become blind because they knew that you loved more, those that were blinded because of their prayers. Love in the sense of respected and cared about. Your relations with Margaret started in that incarnation and because of that she is now struggling so strongly to survive. And you still continue to look upon the sun.'

'I told you this story of Egypt to show you that, that part of you that gave no respect to those who suffered and became blind, this part of you is still with you even now, as if from incarnation to incarnation you never forgave yourself it. And time and time again, encounters with the situation, it is as if you kill that which you love. This gives you the feeling of uncertainty and fear. And again and again you show separateness while striving inside yourself for unity. To free yourself from this feeling you have to allow yourself to open yourself from inside and from a great depth. And only then you will get the reward of the freedom and its influence upon your spiritual understanding.'

Although I did not reject re-incarnation or past lives, I had not taken any serious interest in studying the subject. On one hand I was sceptical that past life information could be proved, and on the other, I was unable to understand how such information could be of any value in our present lives. My sceptical reaction to these specific revelations was to consider that many people who claimed to have had past lives frequently seemed to have been priests in Egypt. There was no way that I could prove or disprove what I had been told. The information was noted, put to one side, and more or less forgotten. But another incident from that trip did have a profound affect on me. Margaret had a particular desire to be at the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem on 31 December 1994. Our 33rd wedding anniversary was the following day. I still do not know what caused my reaction, but I knew at the time that absolutely nothing would get me to go closer than about 50 yards of that wall. Whether or not this had anything to do with '33', the age of Jesus and close to the location at which he was crucified, or my feeling related to the clues I had been given in respect of the duration of my relationship with Margaret, I have no idea.

However, what happened six months later left me with no option but to look again at what I had been told about that 'past life' in Egypt. Keith, another medium, came to visit us for a week in July 1995. He explained that he had recently developed a method of linking with the bodily chakras (energy centres) which then led him into 'past lives' of clients. I asked him if he could explain the mechanics of this in more detail and as a result he suggested that he give me a reading so that I could have the experience myself. This is part of the transcript of a recording of what he said:

'One of the first past life connections I see with you is the connection into Egypt, which seems to be one of the very strong, what we would call causal incarnations, that is affecting you now. You are working through some Egyptian stuff. It's not nice. The problem is this incarnation is quite negative in some... well negative, it was painful. Firstly you had power. I see three connections to Egypt, three incarnations, and in two of those you had great power. You were involved in the priesthood, in the training of priests and the training of sacred personnel, and in another one you were a victim of the

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priests. In all three you came to a rather, well not a good end. It was not a good end at all. And one of them I feel you were - I see a picture of you being sealed up in a tomb with no food, just left. Just left in a tomb, which left an emotional scar which is held deep within your heart and solar plexus through all your incarnations since, and it still is a bit of a block on the heart. Another Egyptian life, you were actually staked out in the sun and just left. Out in the sun, staked out and left to roast. So those incarnations and your attachment to Egypt is really not that good. But there are valuable lessons there and one of those lessons is not to misuse power. And you really haven't done so since, not to any great extent anyway. Since then you have often been the victim, the other side of the fence of powers - of misuse of powers, especially religious powers. And these karmic connections to Egypt set up this dualism which has transferred itself, since that time down your incarnations right into the present one. It does mean that you have many ideas, but there is a part of you reluctant to use those ideas, because you are frightened on the deep level in case you misuse power. In case actually people did start taking notice of what you were saying and you became bigger and you did things and you gave talks etc. There is part of you frightened that that would lead to misuse of your power. I would say to you I just don't think you would misuse power now, but there's a part of your soul thinks you would and that is unfortunate in some ways. But then knowledge comes to us when we need it. Maybe it will change now that you link into that and you think about it. You may suddenly say 'Yes I can take up my power.' You really were not even so bad in those incarnations. Actually you followed orders more than anything else, blindly, and the excesses that you committed, they were taught to you. You were just copying someone else; although that person had passed over by the time you were committing the excesses. Nevertheless it was taught. You thought it was acceptable because this so-called 'holy priest' had done it before you. So it was nothing new in the land. You just got caught doing it by a more enlightened pharaoh, whereas others got away with it, you didn't.'

'So your guides are saying to you, really, where this connects into the present "You're forgiven, and it's time you forgive yourself, and start taking up your power again." So I am going to put you in Egypt, at least three incarnations. I think there was a much earlier incarnation; it was more nomadic in that, so I should really say four. OK, one nomadic, I'll put misuse of power and I'm going to put through blindness because it was. (Nick. 'By that do you mean blindness on my part?') It's a pun on words really. ('I thought it was.') It becomes physical blindness. I think you were blinded in one of these lives, either your eyes were actually put out or they put something in that burned the eyes, but you were actually blinded and you were actually put out in the desert to lose your power. You see, I see a sun. It is so large, it is almost as if they have put it through a telescope and you're looking at it - the power of the sun - have you noticed how many times you have photographed the sun? You see, it's sun worship.'

The similarity between these parts of the two readings, neither of which were sought, was strikingly evidential to say the least. Maybe it explains why, up until that point, although I always had a vague interest in Egypt, I had never had any desire to visit.

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But a shocking revelation only occurred to me as I was proof reading this chapter. Suddenly the words *'they were ready to become blind because they knew that you loved more, those that were blinded because of their prayers. Love in the sense of respected and cared about.'* Was there any connection between my blind surrogate grandmother, the young girls I had caused to go blind, past lives, reincarnation and karma?

If these readings were accurate then I had little option but to take a closer look at 'past lives'. However, in doing so many years later, further clarification surfaced as to why Margaret could have felt that I was treating her like my mother. What I eventually discovered was, that on at least one occasion in one of my Egyptian lives, Margaret had been my mother.

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CHAPTER 14

More Signs and Symbols

Before moving further onto to my adventures in 'past lives' it is worth recording events that convinced me that symbols were a valid part of my internal meaningful language. However, it should also be clear that these symbols are personal to me. I believe that each individual delving into the occult realm will develop their own symbolic language, although Carl Jung certainly advocates the validity of archetypal symbols.

A number of incidents occurred shortly after Margaret's departure, on 2 August 1995, which began to shed further light on the way ahead.

In the middle of August I had a dream.

'I am outside a house and on the floor in front of a door is a butterfly. It is shouting out as though it is in pain. I call for Margaret to come out of the house to look at it. She does not come. The butterfly, which has just emerged from a chrysalis, has managed to escape from a spider nearby, which is exhausted from the fight. The butterfly only needs a short time for its wings to dry off before it is able to fly away. Suddenly I become the butterfly and Margaret becomes the spider.'

I was left with little doubt as to the interpretation of that dream on many levels.

Two weeks later I arrived home to discover that the house had been burgled. The police were unable to identify any unusual fingerprints. There was clear evidence by displaced objects and part open drawers that the intruders had been all around the house, but unlike many reports of wanton damage, only the drawers from the bedside units had been tipped onto the bed. Margaret had taken some of her jewellery with her so it was impossible for me to determine if anything of hers had been stolen. I do not have a record of the exact dates, but almost a year to the day after the August 1995 burglary, I arrived home to discover that the house had again been burgled and the contents of the bedside cabinet drawers tipped onto the bed. On both these occasions we concluded that no articles were missing. At the time I was unable to come up with any conclusion as to the symbolic meaning of these events.

Margaret went to England in July 1994 and while there she bought me a fossil. I went to England the following month and I bought her a fossil. The one Margaret bought me was half a geode with a crystal cavity in the centre. The one I bought Margaret was a smooth dark stone with two light coloured elongated fingers of fossils on it. Only after discovering that we had bought the stones in the same shop, in a town neither of us had ever previously visited, did the deeper symbolic significance of the fossils begin to emerge. First of all the town where we bought them was Lyme Regis, fairly central on the south coast of England. This I took to be a representation of the base chakra, indicating our physical relationship within this life. Then the symbolism in the shapes we were offering to each other appeared obvious with a particular meaning to the two fossils (children) on the stone I had purchased for Margaret. In this respect and in trying to understand our relationship more clearly, it was obvious

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from 'The Abyss' that my love for Margaret was at a physical level. Had I instinctively chosen her as being the most suitable person to be the mother to my children? Was this an animal instinct of which I was only able to recognise after becoming aware of a spiritual dimension? These are simply more questions which seem to have been answered by even more surprising revelations which I will explain in a moment.

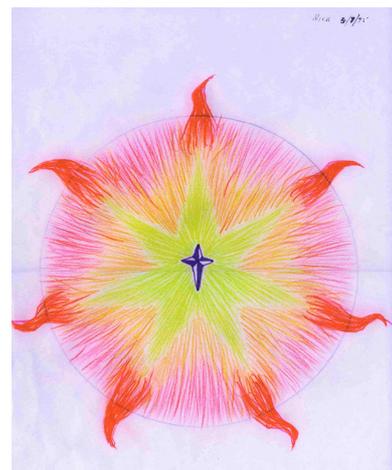
In mid July 1995 (prior to our separation), daughter Julie gave me some publicity for a seminar due to take place in November, the title of which was 'Freedom Through Change'. I felt drawn to it and sent off my booking registration.

It was on 4 August 1995 (2 days after Margaret had moved to England) while watering the garden that I suddenly 'knew' I must sell the house, retire and return to live in England. I knew that this was the right thing to do, yet without specifically knowing what I would do. I mulled over the idea until eventually on 20 August I mentally asked 'Am I doing the right thing?' and in anticipation of receiving an answer took a Sai Baba card. This read:

'Be willing to be nothing. Let all dualities subside in your neutrality. Walk this earth with your head held high. Your Spirit soaring, your heart open to love. Believe in yourself and in the God within you. Then all will go well.'

On 3 September 1995 I attended a workshop in Brussels run by Stan Grof. During the meditation I received indications that in the future I would be teaching spiritual topics, although this was completely beyond my comprehension or belief that this could be possible. At the end of the meditation we were invited to draw a mandala on a sheet of paper on which was printed a large circle. As usual, I wrote my name on the paper and dated it. The date I wrote was 4/8/95. I recall almost writing 4/8/96 but recognised this error and changed 96 to 95. Yet I did not realise that I had written '4/8' instead of the correct date of '3/9' - 4 August being the date I had the revelation that I must retire and move to England.

The mandala I drew was a purple star-cross in the centre of a yellow seven-pointed star, between the arms of which orange and red rays emanated to the inner rim of the circle. During Stan's comments on the interpretation of the mandalas he remarked that when the design crossed the boundaries of the circle this signified that understanding of the spiritual realm was being communicated into the physical realm. At that point, due to lack of time, my image was incomplete but when eventually completed it had red flames emanating from the ends of the seven yellow points beyond the boundary of the mandala circle.



On 11 October 1995 I realised that I was whistling as I stepped out of the shower. What was the tune? I soon recognised it as 'Born Free'. The same day a letter arrived from Margaret's cousin. In her first paragraph she said, relative to me having recounted my decision to sell the house and hand in my notice.

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'A big step... for what? I'll tell you - for the most exciting time of your life if you think of the next part of your life as an adventure - not a reckless plunge into the unknown, ... but an opportunity to be free to explore lots of avenues.'
(The word free was underlined.)

I replied to this letter on 15 October and commented: *'All the things you say about this being an opportunity to be free and explore life as an adventure really do seem to be appropriate at the moment.'* At the end of the letter I recounted the episode of noticing myself whistling the tune in the shower. I then put the completed letter in the unsealed envelope on the kitchen table. Next I walked into the living room where I turned on the television, which automatically tuned into BBC-1. In the programme that was being transmitted, lions were being put into containers for transportation. The first words I heard the female commentator say were: *'will travel with the lions and I will go ahead to make sure there is a home for them when they arrive in England.'* The tune playing in the background was 'Born Free'. Written on the side of the containers in big letters were the words 'BORN FREE'. I had no doubt as to the meaning of the symbolism and my planned return to England.

I frequently listen to the Radio 4 programme 'Desert Island Disks'. As if I needed any further confirmation regarding my future adventure, a week after writing the above letter the personality invited to spend time on a desert island was Don Black who wrote the lyrics to the music of the Oscar winning film - Born Free.

A month later on 12th November 1995 I walked into a room to join a group of others for the first session of a week at 'The Hall'. What faced me took my breath away. On the mantel shelf, in a building that was excessively centrally heated, was a box of firelighters. The design on the box was a semicircle surrounded by yellow and orange flames. Inside the semi-circle was the brand name 'Sunny Jim'. From the week before we married, triggered by a recorded Tony Hancock sketch, Margaret frequently called me Jim and I always called her Jim. I was left in no doubt from the semi-circular image on the box, that from that moment on we were to live our separate lives.



Three evenings later I had only been in bed a few moments when I faintly heard a watch beep. I reasoned that this could not be possible. My watch was not set to beep. There was distant traffic noise outside from the motorway and I would not have heard the faint beep of a watch had it been outside the room. I attempted to go back to sleep. Again I heard the watch beep. This time I knew from experience that I needed to mentally 'tune in' to the beep. This I did and the face of an unidentifiable female appeared before me in the dark. She beckoned me to follow. Behind the face was a doorframe decorated with stars and Christmas tree lights. While still fully conscious of my body laying in bed, I allowed myself to go through the doorframe only to discover that I was then outside the building, standing on the roof. The face again appeared to me, this time inviting me to jump. As I was already into the adventure, I jumped. What happened? I was flying. I realised that I could 'fly' anywhere I

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desired to go. Not having seen Pat for over 3 years I decided that I would visit her. The next second I had another massive shock. I saw Pat and myself floating in space together. To the right of that image were two further separate images of Pat alone. I then became aware of myself, quite some distance away and further to the right, looking at these images. But the real stunner was that I was also out of my body in the bedroom, watching all of these images, while still being completely aware of being in my body in bed. There was no doubt in my mind that each image was 'real' but each was in a different dimension and somehow I had been able to focus on multiple dimensions at the same moment. That experience lasted only a few seconds before I again became fully conscious in the room, but the effect will last a lifetime. My notes I wrote immediately after that experience read: '*I saw her in three situations, one after the other, but knew they were all simultaneous and there was NO TIME.*'

Two days later while packing my case before leaving to attend another seminar on the edge of Dartmoor, a poem started in my mind. Realising that I would continue to be disturbed by this poem until I had written it down, I stopped the packing and in 10 minutes completed the poem. As I read the poem back to myself I began to feel that I should send it to Pat. But I had told Pat that I would be ceasing all communication with her. I had a strong sense that it would be inappropriate to make any contact with Pat, just because I was now free to do so, after having cut my link with her in the past. I completed packing my case and set off for Dartmoor.

The words of the poem continued to nag me throughout the journey until I eventually became so agitated with myself and concluded that if I was supposed to send the poem to Pat, then I needed some form of confirmation. I arrived at the seminar venue and joined the other participants. The book I had taken with me to read on the trip was 'The Bridge Across Forever' by Richard Bach. We stood as a group chatting when one of the participants commented to everyone in general 'Have you read 'One' by Richard Bach'. I knew that I had to contact Pat again. But the sequel to this episode will follow shortly.

Other events that took place in 1995 are that elder daughter Janet married in May and mother moved into a residential care home in July. My sister assembled together all the family photographs from mother's affairs and during my next visit to her we spent considerable time sorting through them. One photograph had a profound effect on me. I had never previously seen it. I discovered that it was of Lizzie, a sister of my maternal grandfather. I learned from mother that Lizzie had never married and died when she was in her 30's. The likeness between Lizzie and Janet was so striking that I took a photograph of Janet from my wallet and sat gazing at them both for quite some time.



Lizzie



Janet

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Eventually I recalled something that Margaret had mentioned many years earlier. Apparently, when Janet was about 15 years of age she had said that she would not live beyond age 30.

As a result of the similarity of the faces in the photographs and with the recent information that I had been given concerning my 'past lives' in Egypt, I wondered if Janet could possibly be a re-incarnation of Lizzie. I needed a copy of Lizzie's photograph to test out my hypothesis.

On my next visit to Janet I explained that I had a photograph that I would like her to see, but asked her to look at it in a mirror. She stood holding the photograph and gazed into the mirror for a while before silently sitting down. She turned the photograph over and continued to stare at it without a word. Eventually I asked '*What do you think?*' I was not at all surprised by her reply. '*It's me.*' If this was correct, had Janet come back into this life to continue what she had not completed in an earlier incarnation? Furthermore, this time at age 30, she had married and her life had not come to an end.

These thoughts then triggered further reflections. Before Margaret and I married I recall saying to her '*I want you to have my child*'. Immediately afterwards, I realised that I had never given any previous consideration to having children. Margaret had responded that after her experience of being an only child, she did not wish to have only one child and we consequently agreed to have two children. Janet was born some 3½ years later. Was this the reason we had married – to bring up children? If so, it was then not surprising that with younger daughter Julie already living with a partner, that within 3 months of Janet marrying, Margaret and I separated. The more I thought about this, the more it made sense. And as outrageous as it may appear, I began to suspect that I had been 'chosen by great aunt Lizzie' to become her father, in her life as Janet, and that she had also influenced me to choose her mother. Could this also go towards explaining my feeling that we would be married for 33 years?¹²

Having sent out the 'thought' that I needed to investigate 'past lives', I soon began to notice publicity for workshops dealing with the subject. But a feature that I had now come to realise was that simply 'posing a question' or 'expressing a desire', somehow seemed to set in motion some unspecified mechanism that would manifest the answer or response to the expression. The time delay between 'question' and 'answer' was variable, but this seemed to be affected by different factors, including the 'strength' of the desire, the level of consciousness at which it was expressed, and the acceptance, or complete absence of doubt, that it would manifest.

But before recounting the symbolic incidents that encouraged me to look deeper into 'past life' experiences there is one further event that seemed to respond to my stipulation to have things confirmed three times. I earlier referred to the two burglaries that occurred in August 1995 and 1996, and in Chapter 11 recounted how a calendar falling to the floor had come to symbolise 'time'. I now have to move forward to events that took place in 1997 and 1998.

¹² See also Chapter 13.

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During the summer of 1997 I began to think more urgently about retirement. In a meditation on 15 September I 'saw' a green ribbon stretching ahead of me. I followed it up and the end was attached to the top of a lighthouse. As I watched, letters began tumbling around in the light beam to the left. They eventually stopped and became the word 'TIME'. In the same instant, letters began moving around in the beam to the right. They formed into the word 'NOW'. I was left in no doubt that it was time for me to retire. However, if I were to take advantage of a number of financial benefits, I would have to continue working until the end of March. That would give me sufficient time to replace my computer, which I would have to keep 6 months in order to avoid paying VAT (value added tax). The end of March also seemed to be an optimum time of the year to retire.

By 30 September I had done nothing about purchasing a computer. So long as this was not done, it would delay my departure date. Uncharacteristically, that evening I ate my meal at the kitchen table, during which the calendar and hook holding it onto the refrigerator fell to the ground. I recalled the similar incidents from a number of years previously. The calendar had not once fallen off during the intervening years. I suspected that someone was becoming impatient that I had not listened to the message that the TIME was NOW.

Eventually, at the end of February, I handed in my notice to retire on 3 June 1998. Later the same week I discovered that two other colleagues had also handed in their notice to retire. When I mentioned my leaving date as being 3 June, one of them asked if I was aware that pensions were only paid from the 1st of the month following the month in which we retired. I was unaware of this, which meant that I would receive neither salary nor pension for practically the whole month of June. I regretted that I could have resolved this anomaly had I opted to retire 3 days earlier. I have no idea if my feelings had any influence as to what then occurred, but my superior became concerned that a job on which I was working was unlikely to be completed before my departure. As a result, we mutually agreed that I would continue my employment until 30 June and he would negotiate this change with the administration. On 24 March I handed a letter to the administration confirming my agreement to extend my departure date. This of course would provide me with a salary during June plus a number of other financial benefits.

That evening on arriving home I drove into the garage and saw that the door into the living area was open. Instantly I knew the house had been burgled, yet I felt strangely at ease. (This was now the third burglary – but what was it telling me?) Upon investigation I discovered that the only thing that had been taken was the equivalent of about £20, which I had left for the lady that came to clean for me. (She was ill and had been unable to come the previous day.) Nothing had been damaged, only the two small drawers in the bedside cabinets had again been partially emptied out onto the bed and on leaving the 'visitors' had kindly closed, which automatically locked, the patio door which they had used to enter the house. Within five minutes, all was back in order.

That same day I received a booklet from England. In it, the author offered some interpretations on prophecies associated with earth changes and he also commented that certain prophecies in The Bible in the Book of Revelation, chapters 8 to 13, were also expressed in Matthew chapter 24. I noticed that the above comment was on page

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24. Chapter 24, on page 24, arriving on the 24th March! This was too much of a coincidence; I had to read Matthew chapter 24 to see if it contained anything significant. I lived at number 43 and it was verse 43 that was the stunner. It read:

'Remember, if the householder had known at what time of night the burglar was coming, he would have kept awake and not have let his house be broken into.'

I felt an extraordinary sense of elation when I realised that the Universe seemed to be giving me a slap on the wrist and saying:

'You should not have extended your departure date for such small financial benefits'.

Nevertheless it seemed to be a nice confirmation that my choice to leave had been the right thing to do. Years later I came to understand the significance of the two earlier burglaries. On those occasions we had concluded that nothing had been taken. The symbolic message then seemed to have been associated with material possessions. Had I understood that meaning earlier I would have realised that there would be some upheaval, (the drawers being tipped out onto the bed) in our lives, but there would be no financial loss. After proofing this chapter, Margaret reminded me that many years ago, while we were attending a workshop, the facilitator had explained that thieves are sub-consciously attracted to grief or loss, in a similar way that muggers are attracted by fear.

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CHAPTER 15

Time and Time Again

I had felt that I needed to look more closely at past lives. So I should not have been surprised at what followed. There seemed to be an interplay taking place between my mind and The Universe, or at the least other minds in the universe.

It was 26 November 1995 when I finished writing my end of year greetings letter. In it I had explained that Margaret had gone to live in England; I had decided to retire, sell the house and eventually planned to move to England. Part of the text read as follows:

'I am looking forward to the new adventure. I guess Columbus must have felt a bit like that when he crossed the Atlantic. He didn't actually find what he set out looking for, but as I don't have a specific objective in mind, I can't very well be disappointed.'

At our weekly meeting on 12 December, only Martine and I were present. After the meditation Martine, who was not aware of the text of my letter, said that she had a link with me. I noted her comments as follows:

'Thought of Nick - I must follow my path. Coming out of water were three ships like those of Christopher Columbus. They had three masts. They were made of shining gold like the sun. Different boats behind coming towards Martine.'

The following day a greeting card arrived on which was a design of the sun in red, and below this were three sailing ships. The words written in gold on the front of the card were *'I saw three ships come sailing in on Christmas day in the morning'*. I had not at that point posted my card and letter to the sender of that card. Two days later while driving to Brussels with other members of our group, I recounted the above incidents concerning the three ships. Immediately afterwards I randomly selected a tape to play on the journey. It was dark and I was unable to see the title, but what began to play was the theme music from the film Columbus – *'Conquest of Paradise'*.

On 24 December I wrote to the lady who had sent me the card with the three ships on it, to let her know how she had been *'involved'* in my adventure. I finished by saying:

'And that about sums it up. I know I have to give up my job and sell the house. I know I have to return to England. And I know that there is work I have to do there. But what it is, how I'm going to do it and where it is going to be, I have no idea. But there's a great adventure waiting down the road. I just wonder what Santa will have in his bag as a surprise for me tomorrow morning?'

After printing the letter I reflected that the comment about *'Santa's bag tomorrow'* seemed a stupid thing to say, but then pondered that after all, the card did say *'on Christmas day in the morning'*. I had been attempting to give up Christmas over recent years and avoided exchanging presents as best I could; however I had been

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given two. One was from daughter Janet and from its shape I recognised it as being a framed photo, which I correctly assumed to be of her wedding. The other parcel was from my sister. I concluded that as my 'Santa' comment had come from a non-conscious level, there must be an answer somewhere. There being no post on Christmas day, the answer could then only be in my sister's parcel. What could it be? At this point conscious mind took over and I realised that it was probably some sort of toilet product. Of course, 'Old Spice' had a logo of a sailing ship! I surmised that there would be two articles in a box. The box would have a picture of a sailing ship on it, as would each of the articles - in all, three sailing ships! I went to sleep believing I knew all the answers. Well as far as I had gone, I was right. However, what I received as my Christmas gift from The Universe, again playing games with me, could not have been anticipated. The Old Spice logo had changed. I had an old bottle of aftershave on which the logo was a three-masted sailing ship in shining gold. The new logo is a sleek white modern racing yacht. Martine had described '*Different boats behind.*'

I felt that that was the best Christmas present I had ever had. What symbolism for the way ahead? How many people were involved in preparing that present? When we realise that we are probably all playing a part, all of the time and it is having its influence somewhere, then will we think differently and start to see the beginnings of the 'New World'?

After writing up the above text, the next day (26 December) I read what was to become the first paragraph of the Foreword to this book, from Ronald Beesley's 'Service of the Race'.

I thought I had reached the end of that part of my adventure, but there was still more to come. I glanced in the TV guide to check the programmes for 31 December. For some obscure reason my attention was drawn to a film being shown on a channel I could not receive. The film was 'Mrs Doubtfire'. This time the stunner was the name of the producer, a certain 'Chris Columbus'. And therein lays another tale.

Since being confronted by the confirmatory box of firelighters some 6 weeks previously, I frequently had doubts as to how I was going to teach spiritual topics. In light of this, 'DOUBTFIRE' suddenly became significant. The fact that the film was being shown on 31 December signified the end of a year of doubts. Could 1996 be the year to conquer paradise? Maybe my task was aptly summed up in the words that were written inside the card with the three ships on the front:

'With every sunset, with every rainbow, with every unique snowflake that falls upon the surface of your task, there is beauty beyond compare in The Universe. Let your visions of hope begin with these works of art that are so accessible to you, and then move out and beyond every limitation you thought was in your way. You can love far more than you ever thought possible. Begin erasing the past today, by loving more and more with each tomorrow'.

Never doubt that answers to any question we have will be provided to us. Sometimes we will not hear the answer. Sometimes we will mis-interpret what we are being shown. And often we will miss the obvious. But suffice that we know that so long as we ask, so shall we receive.

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It was 29 January when some publicity arrived for the 1996 International Transpersonal Association Conference, organised by Stan Grof, to be held in Manaus, Brazil. The following day in our meditation group, again Martine, who knew nothing about the above publicity, said that she had a sailing ship for me.

'I saw a 3 masted sailing ship, closer than the previous time and it was landing in America. Nick was on board. People on the boat looked English and then they were all speaking Portuguese'.

I looked up Columbus in the encyclopaedia and noted that although he discovered the Bahamas, Cuba and other West Indian islands in 1492,

'In 1498 he landed on the lowlands of South America.' Brazil?

Did I have to attend the Transpersonal Conference, or was it The Universe playing games with me again? I felt I needed to think about that and be aware of what other indicators came my way. I had just typed up the original account of these events when the phone rang. It was the lady who had sent me the card with the three ships on it. She just wanted to say that the day I had suggested calling to see her (in England) was the only day in the year that was not convenient!

Shortly afterwards I received a letter from daughter, Julie. One letter a year from Julie was way above average. Enclosed was a publicity leaflet for colour printing. Julie had written on it:

'Saw this while shopping. Actually it jumped up at me.'

The printing on the leaflet reads:

'Less exciting than Grimsby? Or the full pazazz of America!'

followed by the phrase '**The difference is full colour**' printed in all the colours of the rainbow.

It took little imagination on my part to realise that I was being encouraged to attend the ITA conference in Brazil. There I met many open-minded people and had some very interesting experiences. However, about an hour before leaving on the day of my departure to Brazil, I sat having lunch while listening to the radio. Some form of quiz followed the news. The first item or question related to Christopher Columbus. I knew the trip was going to be a success.

There were pre and post conference workshops scheduled, one of which was '*Soul Dramas and Past Lives*' presented by Roger Woolger. No doubt this was why I was being directed to attend the conference. I consequently booked to participate in the workshop, with some speculation that I might discover more about my Egyptian past.

The workshop involved an experiment on what were supposed to be 'past life' experiences. However, by March of 2000 I had reached the conclusion that, for me,

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the experiment appeared to have been a peek into the future, rather than into the past. The following explains how I came to this conclusion.

In the experiment we lay on the floor. We are guided to relax, and then to imagine that we are above the earth. We are asked to move around the earth and imagine we come down in a country to which we feel drawn. After a couple of false starts, eventually:

'I am a youth in Central France. The time appears to be during the 1800's. I leave a small house to move south to the Mediterranean. I meet a young girl who I feel is about 16 years old. We spend some time together and have a picnic, which consists of bread, feta cheese and olives. I then leave her and move east to another country. I am with a group of people sitting around a teacher who is in the middle of a circle. Suddenly I become the man in the middle of the circle. I then have to move to teach in the Eastern Mediterranean.'

The following is a brief summary of some of the events that actually occurred in my life between 1996 and 2000. In August 1996, two months after this exercise, I became friendly with Roseline, whom I had briefly met previously on a couple of occasions. She is 16 years younger than I am. We met two days after I had received the first offer from a prospective purchaser of my house in the French speaking part of Belgium. We communicate primarily in French. We are both vegetarians and are easily satisfied with simple meals. Roseline was always aware of my plan to leave Belgium. In October 1997 a former Greek office colleague wrote and asked me if I would be willing to present a seminar in Greece and help him by giving advice on setting up a centre for alternative studies.¹³ In the period since June 1996 I had attended many seminars to gain a deeper understanding of the workings of the self and consciousness. My first sighting of the Mediterranean in 1961 was at St Raphael. I discovered that Roseline had set off to holiday in St Raphael, which would have been her first view of the Mediterranean, but because of personal circumstances she had never arrived. The last day in my house in Belgium before returning to live in England was 29th February 2000. The new owner had bought the refrigerator and I had cleared it of everything except sufficient for a snack on that last lunch time. While eating what was left, I suddenly realised the significance and how this seemed to enforce my feeling that my Brazilian experience, almost 4 years earlier, had been a glimpse into the future rather than the past. I was eating bread, butter, feta cheese and olives.

To jump further ahead again for a moment, I visited Roseline during February 2001. On the 27th, the last day we had lunch together during that trip before I returned home to England the following morning and a year after my 'feta cheese' revelation. I noticed that Roseline had prepared a snack of bread, goat's cheese and olives. Again I visited her on 9 May 2005 when we had lunch together.¹⁴ I asked her what was in a package she was opening - it was feta cheese. I guess some progress had been made,

¹³ Recall the symbolic design that I had perceived in September 1995 which appeared to be indicating that I would be communicating spiritual understanding.

¹⁴ By this time our close relationship had ended which I felt was the end of an episode in my life – but more of that later.

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as there was also mozzarella cheese and tomatoes on the table, but Roseline then added a jar of olives.

But back to November 2001 when I attended a workshop on 'past lives' run by an Italian group. Participants had been asked to send photographs, names and dates of birth to the organisers in advance. This information was then forwarded to mediums in Italy who linked into 'past lives' of the participants from the details supplied. Part of the medium's report for myself read:

'He had a strong desire to meet and know them. That was it! Their meetings took place in the countryside surrounding Assisi and with them was the founder of the group: Francesco. He joined them.'

Did this then correspond to what I had experienced in my initial 'past life' experience in which I had described moving from the South of France:

'I then leave her and move east to another country. I am with a group of people sitting around a teacher who is in the middle of a circle. Suddenly I become the man in the middle of the circle.'

And would that 'man in the middle of the circle' correspond to me teaching spiritual understanding? What a daunting thought.

The more I considered what was taking place, the more I came to the conclusion that, rather than these experiences being simply 'past lives' or glimpses into the future, they seemed to represent 'repetitive themes'. I will address the 'past lives' aspect in more detail shortly, but there are other elements that must be considered before we proceed.

One of my strongest **desires** was to discover whether it was possible to 'know' the future. As I have already indicated, my understanding by this time was that 'desire' influenced events. I then had to assume that my desire seemed to be having a bearing on some of the events that were taking place around me, and information that I was receiving from diverse sources.

Between the above events, Pat and I arranged to attend the same weekend workshop in Kent in the spring of 1996. We agreed to meet at 6.00 p.m. at a hotel close to the workshop location. I was travelling from Belgium; she was driving down from the north of England. The workshop location was about an hour's drive from Dover and during that journey I recalled that Pat had said that she would be working until 1.00 p.m. before travelling to the workshop. With heavy traffic on a Friday and Pat having to negotiate the M25 motorway around London, I realised that it would be extremely unlikely that she would arrive by 6.00 p.m. So on arrival at the hotel, I checked in, had a shower and took a book to read in the lounge to await Pat. As I sat down I glanced out of the window and in the car park noticed a Jaguar car with the registration PAT 810. Instantly I knew that Pat would not arrive until 8.10 p.m.

I sat reading my book and eventually glanced at my watch, which by this time showed 8.05. I took the book to my room and returned to the hotel reception expecting that by then, Pat would have arrived. So convinced had I been that my 'hunch' had been

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correct, that I was more than surprised that she was not there. So I sat down again and waited, and waited. In due course I glanced at my watch again and this time realised that I had forgotten to change the hour from continental to English time and it was in fact now only about 7.30 p.m. Eventually a car pulled up in front of the building and I could see a hand waving through the window. As I arrived outside, Pat stepped out of her car. After 3½ years without seeing her, my first words were '*What time is it?*' I dread to imagine what her thoughts must have been. She glanced at her watch and spluttered '*Well it's 8.10.*' My response must have seemed equally bizarre when I blurted out, '*Quick, come and look at this.*' as I guided her to where I had seen the Jaguar parked. It had gone! I had some explaining to do as we set off for the first evening lecture at the workshop, but Pat was used to strange things happening around me.

If my reactions had seemed strange, then Pat's account of what had taken place earlier in the day just added to the confusion. She explained that she had two watches, one she kept at home and the other at the office. That morning the batteries in her watch at the office had failed. Because she had driven directly from the office without a watch, she had stopped on the motorway and bought another watch. On the hands of this new watch were the symbols of the sun and moon. (Was this an indication to be aware of the significance of heavenly bodies, as I will explain shortly?) If Pat had not done so, she would no doubt have arrived earlier than exactly 8.10 p.m. I then had to consider whether Pat's arrival time had been influenced by my 'thought' so that in some way these had been harmonised. As I had already assumed that '*my desire seemed to be having a bearing on some of the information that I was receiving*' I now had to consider to what extent my desire could also be influencing external actions. However, there was also the possibility that what I termed 'my desire' was simply that I had sub-consciously 'tuned in' to the future and registered that Pat's arrival time would be 8.10. Seeing the car registration plate simply brought this information to a conscious level prior to the event taking place. But whatever further questions this series of events raised in my mind, upon arrival back at the hotel later that evening, no one was more grateful than I when the first vehicle we saw facing us as we entered the car park was the Jaguar with the registration 'PAT 810'.

But then I recalled a further incident that convinced me that 'my desire' definitely had some part to play in the events. Some years previously whilst on holiday alone in Brittany I had ordered a meal in a restaurant and sat waiting to be served. With nothing particular to occupy my mind I decided to try an experiment. I sent out the thought that a particular lady would touch her ear. Within a minute, this is what she did. I then thought that a man at a different table would scratch his nose. Again the man in question did exactly that. I tried 4 different movements with different people and on each occasion the person reacted in response to my thought within a couple of minutes. I knew it worked – whatever 'it' was - but I also knew that this was not something to be taken lightly, nor was it to be fooled around with.

I mentioned in Chapter 11, the incident of 'seeing' an East German shaking hands with a West German on the same date, exactly a year before the reunification of these states. So as a result of that, unless this was simply 'coincidence', which by now I had completely rejected, I suspected that in some way the future could be perceived. Consequently questions that repeatedly came back to taunt me related to attempting to understand the concepts of 'time' and 'future'.

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During mediation on the 24 July 1989 I had the following impression.

'I am eating a piece of fruit loaf that has been buttered, and then folded over. It takes me ten bites to eat the bread, but the last bite crumbles as I put it into my mouth.'

When I attempted to understand the symbolism of this experience I recognised the make of the fruit loaf as 'La Loraine'. Immediately I realised that a work colleague's wife, 'Lorraine', had recently been diagnosed with cancer. I then felt that the 'ten bites' represented periods of time, '10 weeks?' and indicated the date of Lorraine's passing ('fold over'). But because the last bite had crumbled, (the date was imprecise) then Lorraine would pass either during the week before or the week after the ten weeks. When I calculated 10 weeks from 24 July, it brought me to 2 October. A week before and a week after 2 October gave me the period between 25 September and 9 October. October being the 10th month seemed to strengthen my conviction that Lorraine's passing would occur after the 10 weeks - during the week between 2 and 9 October.

These assumptions proved to be another step in my education into recognising how ambiguous symbols can be when attempting to understand meaning. The name of the bread relating to 'Lorraine', and the crumbling of the bite, symbolising an imprecise date, proved to be correct. However, I eventually discovered that the number of bites symbolising 'time' had a double meaning of both weeks and months. Lorraine's mother died on 6 October - during the week after 2 October 1989. Then within the month after 24 May 1990 (10 months after the impression I had received) Lorraine also died.

This was a clear indication that whatever one perceives as possible future events, such information must be handled with extreme discretion. Yet despite the imprecise nature of the experience, part of my consciousness still had a burning desire to have proof of my conviction that the future could in fact be prophesied. But this also left me with the question of how much of our individual actions are of the ego and how much is, for want of a better expression, of the collective unconscious? It seems that the further we operate away from the 'Oneness' of everything, the more likely we are to mis-interpret our reason for being here in the first place.

So although I felt reasonably convinced that it was possible to predict the future, I was not satisfied with the methodology. In fact my thought was: *'I can't operate like this, I need something more precise.'* A few days before Christmas 1991 I met another former work colleague in the supermarket. We spoke about her daughter, Patricia, who had cancer. The following morning during my meditation I sent out healing thoughts to Patricia. Immediately I received back the words *'It will all be over by the end of April. 20th to the 23rd*. Although I instinctively knew what this meant I did not want to believe it. Again I could speak to no one of this revelation. What was the point of knowing if I was unable to do anything about it? Over the next 4 months this knowledge repeatedly disturbed my thinking, but during this period I recognized that I had expressed a desire to consciously become aware of events that were to take place in the future. With this information, apparently, I was being told in no uncertain terms that it was, or at least in certain circumstances, it could be.

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At work on 23 April 1992, as I walked past an office, a friend opened the door and remarked '*I was just coming to see you*'. Just moments earlier she had received a telephone call to say that Patricia had died that morning. We attended the memorial service for Patricia on 29 April in Belgium. There I learned that Patricia had gone into a coma on 20 April. She was buried in France on 30 April 1992.

'It will all be over by the end of April.'

Once I had the confirmation that I had searched for, I no longer felt the need to pursue this pathway any further. In fact it would have been pointless, neither being able to speak to anyone, nor do anything, about such events. Yes, it did open the door to many other possibilities, but somehow I realized that going down any road for self gratification, gain or being aware of, or even consciously influencing external events or others, could lead to disastrous consequences. Nevertheless, the simple fact of 'knowing' eventually helped ease the passing of my mother some 7 years later. But let me first add two more elements related to 'time' before explaining events surrounding mother's passing.

In the spring of 1990 I booked to attend a seminar in the November of that year. I had a strange anticipatory feeling that I could only describe as being different to all other seminars that I had previously attended. As usual, when I traveled to England, I arranged to visit mother. About 10 days before that visit mother's sister Connie, was taken into hospital. The evening I arrived mother asked if I would take her to see Connie the following morning. We arrived at the hospital to be informed that Connie had died about 2 hours earlier. I sensed that the 'different feeling' that I had had about attending the seminar really had nothing to do with the seminar but was associated with being with mother when she was told that her sister had died.

On waking the following morning I sensed Connie laying on the bed at the side of me. I mentally explained to her that she had died and her response left me in no doubt that she was not aware of what had happened. Suddenly I sensed mother-in-law standing on the other side of the bed. I had a brief exchange with her and realized that as she had passed over 6 years previously and we had had a number of signs indicating her presence, I assumed that by now she would probably know the ropes and could possibly help Connie. I returned my attention to Connie and asked her if she could see anyone else – expecting that she would also be aware of mother-in-law. To my disappointment she intimated that she was only aware of 'mist'. (I could only conclude that mother-in-law and Connie had manifested on different vibrations and that somehow I had become aware of them both simultaneously.) I asked Connie if she would like to move on, to which she agreed. Why I decided to create a country scene in my mind I have no idea, but at the precise moment I did so, Connie's immediate reaction was to respond with '*Where did that come from?*' What had I done now? If Connie could see what I had created in my mind, then maybe I could use this method to help her? I created and then asked Connie if she could see a black dot on the horizon, to which she responded that she could. I told her that it was someone that she knew who was coming towards her and to let me know when that person arrived. (In that instant I did not have a clue as to what I was going to do next.) Within less than two seconds Connie excitedly exclaimed '*It's dad, it's dad!*' Her father, (my grandfather, who died when I was 22 months old) came towards us,

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briefly stood between us with his arms round both our shoulders, then he and Connie moved away into the distance.

I lay in bed with tears rolling down my cheeks. Was this real or was this my imagination? It certainly did not feel like imagination. But whatever it was, there was no way that I could prove that it actually happened. I vaguely wondered when the funeral would take place. Immediately I 'heard' the response '*Wednesday, 11.00*'.

I did what I needed to do during that day and when I arrived back at mother's that evening she commented that Connie's funeral would be next Wednesday. Without thinking I responded '*Yes I know, it's at 11.00.*' '*How do you know, have you been to see Syd (Connie's husband)?*' Syd had only called a few moments earlier to tell mother when the funeral would be. I then had some explaining to do, and mother was still not amenable to accepting what I had discovered up to that point. But if what I had 'heard' was correct in response to my mental question as to when the funeral would take place, then surely all of the rest of what had taken place in bed that morning must be equally accurate. Here again was an instance of the future being known at some deeper level, before it was known in the physical realm.

The second element relating to 'no time' concerns a car accident in which I was involved in the early 1980's. As I hit the back of the car in front of me, the whole scene went into slow motion. It seemed to take an age for my car bonnet to bend upwards in the middle. But what actually took place physically must have been perceived in 'normal time' by any external observer. Which then raised the question as to what had happened and why had I perceived everything in slow motion? Of course at that point in my life I was not aware of any of the subsequent experiences already recounted in this book. But in retrospect I realised that my 'conscious attention' had moved away from my physical body to a point close by. It seemed similar to reported accounts of near death experiences. Is this what takes place when there is danger to the physical body? Whatever explanation or description one wishes to use to illustrate the phenomena, this incident seemed to be a valid part of the puzzle that clarified the concept of there being no time. If my consciousness had moved to be focused in a dimension where the vibration was so much faster than that in the physical realm, then naturally what I perceived in the physical realm from that perspective would appear to be in slow motion.¹⁵

¹⁵ Subsequent to writing the above paragraph, there was a BBC4 television documentary on 7 January 2010, entitled 'Time'. The programme explained that we each have a body clock that corresponds to the natural universal rhythms. Part of the documentary then went on to give a scientific explanation as to why 'time' sometimes appears to speed up when we are in a stressed situation. The stress releases chemicals into the brain, which then results in our perception reacting abnormally. In an experiment, test rats had been trained to press a trigger to release a food pellet when pressed exactly every 12 seconds. Of three rats, one was then injected with a saline (neutral) solution, one with cocaine and one with morphine. After 20 minutes, when placed in a container where food was delivered, the rat with the saline solution would press the food release trigger after every 12 seconds. The rat injected with cocaine began pressing the trigger after 8 seconds and did not receive any food pellet, nor did the rat injected with morphine, which only began pressing the trigger after 16 seconds. So this would explain the physical effects of ingesting drugs and my reaction under stress to an imminent car accident. However, it does not explain many of the other phenomena that I have personally experienced since that first event in 1985. Apart from occasional limited medication, my life has been practically drug free.

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But to return to my aunt, this would also explain another piece of the puzzle as to why she had responded instantly to my thoughts. Communication at thought level takes place at a higher vibrational frequency. In the semi-awake state when that incident occurred, I would have been aware of both the physical and 'close' non-physical dimensions. So from this experience I was then obliged to conclude that at a vibrational frequency which is faster than the physical realm, the probable 'physical' future, or 'forever now', would already be perceivable. But not only that, the question had to be asked, 'Was our physical future actually being determined at such a level?' This then brought into question the reality of our own ego. Simply, I feel that we are given constant guidance to support our earthly journey but we are each free to listen or not to such guidance. When things start going wrong, then maybe it is time we listened a little more carefully. And where does that guidance come from? I hope to provide some clues to that in the following chapters. But speculation on the aspect of 'no time' does correspond with the words of the poem 'Time'.

*'Imagine that everything always exists - past, present, future and now.
And by changing vibrations we can be in each one, we only need to learn
how.'*

During my first attendance at The Arthur Findlay College in November 1985, I shared the same meal table with Betty and Joyce. Although we kept in touch by exchanging cards at the end of each year, we did not meet again for 8 years. Then, without any prior-arrangement, we met again while attending three further seminars at Stansted during 1993. At the end of the third meeting, Joyce told me confidentially, that Betty had had a heart attack a few months earlier but she did not want anyone to know, and asked if I would send healing thoughts to Betty.

Some 7 weeks later I received a card from Joyce saying that she was very distressed to have to inform me that Betty had died of a massive heart attack during the week before Christmas.

On the last occasion when we were all together in November 1993, we had discussed meeting again at Stansted the following March, but I was not surprised when Joyce did not come on her own. I decided to send her a card, just saying that I hoped she was well. As I put the card on my bed I had the impression of Betty asking me to pass on a few words to Joyce. I mentally asked for some proof, to which she responded 'Black cat'. I sent the card with my few words and the message from Betty. In Joyce's reply she explained that after we had said our farewells the previous November, just before they left the grounds of Stansted, a black cat had run across in front of the car, causing Betty to brake sharply. Joyce had felt that it indicated they would have a safe journey home, whereas Betty thought that it was an indicator of her passing. Joyce now had to concede that Betty had probably been correct.

I maintained contact with Joyce at the end of each year. Then on the 23 May 2001, while touring France, I had a dream in which Betty said '*Joyce has only 30 days left*'. The meaning seemed very clear, but what could I do about it? I arrived home on the 27 May and after catching up on the accumulated mail, I eventually selected and wrote a card to Joyce on the 30 May. I told her of the dream and said that Betty had

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told me that she (Joyce) was not very well. I wished her well and hoped that she would soon be fit again. I posted the card on the **morning** of 31 May.

On arriving home on 7 June, there was a message on my answer phone.

'I was most surprised to get your card because I went into hospital on 31 May and I had to fight for my life. I'm surprised that I am even here. But I wanted to ring and tell you, it is so ironic. My sister brought your card into the hospital to me (on 1 June). Call me when you can, I'd love to hear from you. Joyce.'

I spoke with Joyce the following day. She had lost consciousness on the way to hospital in the ambulance at about 9.30 p.m. on the **evening** of 31 May, suffering from emphysema, and had returned home on the 5 June.

On 19 December I was delighted to receive a card and letter from Joyce. In her first paragraph she said:

'I did appreciate the card you sent me whilst I was in hospital in June, especially as you were inspired to do so from my dear Betty. Although they told my sister there was not much hope for me, I bounced back!'

This seems to have been another instance of an event being known before it occurred physically, but again where the interpretation was slightly incorrect. Or could the outcome foreseen by Betty possibly have been influenced as the result of a poem that I had included with the card that I posted to Joyce on 31 May entitled 'Healing Thoughts' which I had written in 1998?

HEALING THOUGHTS

Sometimes in life we wonder what is it we're to learn?
Why did we come upon this earth; what was it for? To earn
a greater understanding of truth, and hope, and love.
These gifts are all around us, they come from heaven above.
Some call the givers angels, but Truth is always there;
and Hope is what sustains us when we are in despair.
But Love is all around us, which heals in every way.
I send you healing from my heart on this and every day.

With Love,

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CHAPTER 16

Mother Passing

On 13 August 1999 I had a dream:

'I am told there is something for me to pick up and I should go and fetch it. What I should fetch are three packages and I am told they are in a particular office, which is similar to where I used to work. When I look in that office, someone is about to start chairing a meeting. I ask if I may collect the packages but I have difficulty in reaching them because they are on the other side of three desks that have been placed in a U formation with people sitting round the outside. There is no room to pass round the outside so I have to push the desks apart to get through to reach the packages.'

One of the packages, the largest, is in cube form 13cm square. It, and the other two packages, are all wrapped in similar black mat paper with a shiny design. The other two smaller packages do not have a specific form.

I am carrying the packages, which now appear to have changed into stiff file folders (and/or books) and because of the angle of the file folder they are awkward to carry – they keep slipping about. I am walking across a causeway but before I can get across, the tide seems to be coming in quite fast in front of me. I turn to go back the way I came and see two females approaching me, who also appear to be trying to cross the causeway. The tide is now starting to cross the causeway in front of me (which was behind me before I turned round) and I have to run, jumping from one dry area to the next in order avoid getting my feet wet. As I pass the ladies I shout that they had better turn back as the water is rising fast.

I open the largest of the smaller parcels and it contains a small statue of a green tinted bronze figure. On the inside of the paper are the words 'To Bessie. Love Irene.' I think this is odd, as Bessie has been dead about 20 years. I try to wrap the statue up in the paper again but as it is torn I am not very successful, and I also want to leave the message on the outside so that I know who it is for. I then open the smallest of the parcels. Again it is another small green tinted bronze statue. This time the message written on the inside of the package is 'To Connie. Love Irene.' I think that Irene must be losing her memory and that she must know that Connie has also been dead about 10 years. I do not open the largest cube shaped parcel.'

INTERPRETATION: (Initially this appeared to be only a partial interpretation, but I felt it worth recording.) Three parcels wrapped in black paper. I had little doubt that these represent three sisters – mother and her two younger sisters, Bessie and Connie. The size of the parcels corresponds to the elder (mother), middle (Bessie) and younger (Connie). The first parcel I opened – medium size – was for Bessie. She was the middle sister and was the first to pass into the next life. The second, smallest parcel I opened was for Connie, the youngest sister – who had also passed into the next life. The largest parcel, 13cm cube, then represented mother. The 'black' paper probably represented death, and the causeway, crossing over from an island to the mainland,

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appeared to represent crossing over from this life to the next. I recognised the causeway as that connecting the Island of Noirmoutier to the French mainland. It was a further 13 years before I eventually got around to checking the meaning of 'Noirmoutier'. I discovered that the translation was 'black monastery'. This would equate to a 'dark place in which we live', implying this physical realm. Additionally, the sea (in French 'la mer') - with the same pronunciation, if spelled 'la mère', would mean 'the mother'. Could the sea, 'covering the causeway quickly', then imply that mother is crossing over quickly? Is she going to be met by her two sisters? I did not open the cube shaped parcel, which corresponded to her being still in the physical world at the moment – still retaining her outer physical shell or packaging. I then recalled that since Bessie and Connie had been on the other side, I had communicated with both of them (or more precisely, they had communicated with me) – *'I had seen the bronze statues inside the parcels'*.

Moving to the beginning of the dream, could the three desks in some way also represent the three sisters? They had been placed in a 'U' formation. Did 'U' mean 'You', i.e. me? I had difficulty in getting across the desks to pick up the parcels – difficulty in communicating with the sisters? Or did it mean that it is time that I started communicating with those on the other side? A meeting is about to start! A meeting with whom? I had not recognised the significance of the wording I used in the first paragraph until writing up this account, and how this could be significant: *'I have difficulty in reaching them because they are on the other side' 'I have to push the desks apart to get through'*. We work at a desk. Did this mean I had to work at getting through to the other side? It seemed like it.

During the interpretation, when I came to estimate the size of the cube parcel I looked at a ruler and the size had to be 13cm. It could not be 12 or 14cm. I then realised that the day I had the dream was the 13th. Was that significant? At that point I didn't know.

The term *'they are awkward to carry – they keep slipping about'* could also relate to retaining contact and communicating with those on the other side.

I had no idea of the significance of 'Irene' in the dream, other than that it probably referred either to Margaret's cousin or to the lady with whom mother shared a room in the residential home, both of whom were called Irene. Also the 'green' tinted bronze statues may have possibly related to Margaret's cousin's family name - Green.

30 October 1999. As a result of events that occurred during that month, which I spent in England, I felt that I had to add further elements, which could be helpful towards clarifying and amplifying the dream interpretation.

Over the 4 years that mother had been in the residential home I had visited her every three to four months and had noticed a gradual decline in her vitality. My previous visit had been for her birthday on 3 July. During October I went to stay with my sister and visited mother again. I walked into the room which mother shared with Irene. There was a lady in bed who I did not recognise. My immediate thought was that either mother had changed rooms, or she was in the lounge. I looked at her usual seat in the lounge and she was not there. In the few seconds that it took to move between the bedroom and lounge I was trying to understand why my sister had not

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mentioned that mother had changed bedrooms. I needed to check the bedroom again. The lady in the bed I discovered was in fact mother. She had changed physically so much during that three-month period that I did not even recognise her.

Other events caused me to re-read what I had written of my dream and its interpretation. The text '*Could the sea, covering the causeway quickly, then imply that mother is crossing over quickly?*' definitely now seemed to correspond to the rapid change in mother's health that had shocked me.

I then began to wonder if other subsequent events may also have been significant, and associated with the date of mother's passing. There were two striking elements. The first was that I had felt that the initial dream interpretation was only partial. The second element related to the specific size of the cube parcel in the dream. I had said:

'When I came to estimate the size of the cube parcel I looked at a ruler and the size had to be 13cm. It could not be 12 or 14cm. I then realised that the day I had the dream was the 13th. Was that significant? I didn't know.'

At that point I was referring to 13th August. I then recalled what had occurred the day I left to return home from my sister's, which ultimately turned out to be the last day that I saw mother alive.

I was driving along the motorway when I noticed two cars immediately in front of me, one overtaking the other. Why my attention should have been drawn to look at their registration plates on a crowded motorway I do not know, but when I saw them I knew I had to make a note of them. One was 'T 693 UAV' and the other was 'T 699 UAV'. The chances of noticing two cars with such similar registration plates must be pretty remote.¹⁶ If anything unusual happens around me, I want to know what it could be telling me. A few days later I spent some time in attempting to understand the significance of the registration numbers. My mental conversation went like this.

The difference between the numbers is 6. But what do the letters stand for?

UAV quickly became 'You have'

'You have what?'

'You have 6'

'You have 6 what?'

'You have 6 months.'

It still did not seem to make any sense until I counted forwards 6 months, which took me to April 2000. At that point I felt content to accept that by April I would be settled in the new apartment that I had purchased during my October trip to England. Sometime later I again looked at what I had written and satisfied myself that the 'T' in

¹⁶ The cars looked like any other cars, but I subsequently wondered (after my earlier experience in respect of seeing the non-existent signpost to Barry - Chapter 9) if I might have seen one, or even both of the registration plates, clairvoyantly.

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the car's registrations symbolically indicated 'Timing'. This prompted me to work out what date I had seen the registration plates. It was 13 October, which then, more precisely, took me to 13 April 2000. But so what?

It was only after re-reading the dream and all my notes for the umpteenth time that I realised the significance associated with 13. The dream had been on 13 August. The size of the cube parcel had to be 13cm (not 12cm or 14cm). The day that I had seen the car registration plates was 13 October. My internal conversation took me to 13 April 2000. Was this then an indication of the date of mother's passing? Only time would tell. But there were other factors that I needed to consider, which I felt may or may not prove to be clues associated with the 'dream message'.

I eventually recalled that mother-in-law's birthday was 13 October and she had lived the greater part of her life at number 13. The middle sister, Bessie, had died on 13 September 1979. Connie, the younger sister, had died on 29 November 1990.

Mother eventually passed into her next life at about 23.00 hrs on 6 November 1999. So here again the message seems to have been correct – and my interpretation wrong. '*T (699 minus 693 =) 6 UAV*' or '*Timing. You have 6. (Related to months)*'. There were 6 elements, all associated with 13. The date of the dream, the size of the cube, Bessie's date of passing, the day I saw the car registration plates, mother-in-law's birthday and the address at which she lived. Were the car's registration's telling me to look at the '6' in relation to the date of the month? And how did this tie in with November? Possibly the message was telling me to look at the NEXT MONTH in the sequence following on from the months, Aug, Sep and Oct, to which the events related.

But could there also be further strange twists to life's mysteries? The room mother occupied in the home was 12A (there was no room number 13) which she shared with Irene, and her funeral took place on 12 November, exactly 13 weeks from the date that I had the dream.

Whatever else, after seeing mother for the last time on 13 October, I was now pleased that she had at last found peace with those she loved. Or had she?

On 8 November I travelled to England for the funeral and stayed with my sister. I woke early on the morning of the 9th and lay in bed reading. I was having difficulty in concentrating and when I analysed why, I realised that other thoughts were coming into my mind. I drew my attention to what these thoughts were and it was as if in my mind I saw a double image, which I can only describe as clouds on either side and in front of me moving towards each other. When these clouds eventually became one, I realised it was mother. I decided to attempt to communicate with her mentally.¹⁷ She seemed to be in quite a weak and confused state. So first of all I explained to her that she had died. A short 'conversation' then followed:

Mother – '*I don't know what to think.*'

¹⁷ In retrospect this seemed to correspond to the situation in the initial dream in which: '*I have to push the desks apart at the join to get through to reach the packages.*'

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Me – *‘Have you seen anyone?’*

Mother – *‘I met Doris.’*

My immediate ‘thought’ was that she had met my aunt, father’s sister, Doris. But instantly, before I could react further, mother agitatedly responded with:

‘No. Not that Doris - Doris Mumby.’ (A friend of hers from many years earlier.) *‘She asked me if I wanted to accompany her at the piano.’* (Doris used to play the violin.)

Mother had evidently read my thoughts before I had time to sort out what I was going to say next.

Me - *‘Did you play?’*

Mother - *‘I don’t think so.’*

At this point I suggested that she accept the invitation. To which I received the response:

Mother - *‘Do you think so?’*

Then the image I had was of mother standing behind and placing her hands between the shoulders of two of her grandchildren. She then moved to place them behind the other two grandchildren, as if she was indicating that she would be watching over them.

I asked her if she wanted to ‘move on’ and she replied that she would like to stay around for the funeral.

When I asked her how she felt about the life that she had just left she said: *‘Well, I did my best.’*

Consequently, I felt that I should break the connection with her and return to my book. A couple of minutes later mother appeared again, this time wearing a white, light summer dress with blue flowers on it, the skirt of which she was holding out while twirling around, and asking me: *‘Will I be alright like this?’* I assured her that she would, but thought that blue was an odd colour for flowers, not to mention wearing a summer dress in November to her own funeral.

After discussing this with my sister we went to the retirement home where mother had spent her last years. From mother’s belongings my sister showed me a light summer dress with a blue flower design on it, of which I was not previously aware.

What I found fascinating was that all of this conversation had taken place as ‘thought’ yet it was as real as communication in the physical world. This certainly gives us a warning to be aware of everything we think and recognise how this may affect others. Later, however, there was to be another surprise.

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Irene, Margaret's cousin, had sent a calendar to my sister, which arrived on 10 November. Part of what she had written on the back (before mother's passing) explained that because of mother's weak state of health, as a Christmas present she had bought her a '*Past Times Musical Fairy Water Globe*' that wound up and played Tchaikovsky's '*Waltz of the Flowers*'. On a radio programme a few weeks later it was recounted that the tarot card number 13 represented 'transition'.

While staying with my sister in mid October, before mother's death, I had come across a text that I thought might be appropriate, eventually to be read at mother's funeral. I discussed this with my sister and we agreed that it was too long and part of the text should be eliminated. One of the first things I did when I arrived home was to type up the extract of this text, identify the part to be eliminated, and send it to my sister for her comments. Part of the text that was read at the funeral was:

'See the flower as dying and you will see the flower sadly. Yet see the flower as part of a whole tree that is changing, and it will soon bear fruit, and you see the flower's true beauty. When you understand that the blossoming and the falling away of the flower is a sign that the tree is ready to bear fruit, then you understand life.'

On my way back to Belgium from that trip to England in October, I spent a couple of days with Janet. I had mentioned to her that I felt that mother was frightened of dying. I rang Janet on 7 November to tell her that mother had died the previous night. She was quite shocked by the news and recounted that when she had gone to bed the previous evening, she had had a mental conversation with her maternal grandmother, who by then had been in the 'other world' some 15 years. Remembering what I had said about mother being frightened, she said that she had explained this to her maternal grandmother and asked her if she could help my mother to move on. I thanked Janet for helping my mother on her final stage of this earthly journey.

What were mother's comments in my communication with her? '*I don't know what to think.*' '*I don't think so.*' and '*Do you think so?*' Mother seemed to have lost the ability to '*think*' clearly. What brings us into this world in the first place? Is it the 'desire', the 'thought' or the 'need' to experience a physical life? I suspect that in the final instance, everything we ever experience depends on the way we think. And there, of course, each individual journey is different. But what had then triggered my dream in the first place? I had written to a friend on 26 July 1999 and questioned if an odd sequence of events might be an indication of the date of mother's passing. Maybe the dream was simply an answer to my 'question', 'thought', or 'desire' of wanting to know.

There are a few further elements associated with mother's passing that are worth mentioning. After her funeral and reception for the mourners, I returned to my sister's house for the afternoon, while waiting to go for a family meal in the evening. In the middle of having a shower, mother appeared to me again. This time she made two comments. Firstly, '*Alistair's (my nephew) new girlfriend is a nice girl*' and then she remarked that '*Alistair had the 4 of hearts*'. By the time I had finished my shower the rest of the family were playing cards. My sister asked me to play her hand while she went for a bath. It was a game in which each player scored points in each round, and the winner was the player with the least number of points when the first player

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reached a pre-determined score. About 3 rounds after I joined the game, Alistair played the 4 of hearts to win the hand and the game. Mother seemed to have been aware of the physical future before it manifested as such.

During the second week of March 2001 I was staying with my sister again. One evening while having a shower I recalled the incident of communicating with mother in this shower. My hair was covered in shampoo and my eyes were closed. In my mind I could see the scene where the 'conversation' had taken place, even though there was now no sign of mother. I rinsed my hair and opened my eyes and received quite a shock. The physical bathroom where I was having my shower was not the same bathroom that I had seen in my mind, nor was that the same bathroom in which I had perceived mother when she told me that Alistair had the 4 of hearts. This then raised another question 'Was it mother who had appeared to me, or was it me that had appeared to mother?' Although I cannot be sure of the answer to that question, I suspect that it was more likely to have been the latter, rather than the former.

On 2 July 2000 Roseline and 2 other friends arrived for a holiday. The first thing they wanted to do was visit the information centre to find out about events in the area. I stood around waiting while they perused the brochures. Roseline passed one to me on 'The Garden House' and commented that it looked interesting. The next day we went there, but it took me a while to realise that, not only was 'The Garden House' the name of the home where mother had spent her last 4 years, but that same day, 3 July, was also her birthday. This was the first 'communication' from mother that I recognised, following the events surrounding her passing.

On 31 May 2001, Janet came to visit me. She had wanted to see the rhododendrons on the edge of Dartmoor, but because of restrictions due to foot and mouth disease this was not possible. Instead, the next day we went to 'The Garden House'. Eventually I realised that 1 June was younger daughter, Julie's birthday. I then suspected that mother had possibly influenced us in some way to visit that location and wanted me to wish Julie 'Happy Birthday' on her behalf. But isolated events such as this are always open to question as to whether I was again making things fit. However, what happened next seemed quash any such doubt.

I got on very well with and would frequently visit Marjorie, a 91-year old neighbour. During the week after Janet's visit, Marjorie mentioned that she had a cassette tape and on it was a piece of jazz that she thought I would like. To me, James Galway playing the flute was not what I would call jazz but I soon discovered that the tape seemed to contain another cryptic communication from mother. The third track was '*Jamaican Rumba*'. When my sister and I were discussing mother's funeral we had joked about what music we should have playing at the crematorium. When we were children, mother and one of her friends used to play piano duets. Almost every week they would end with Jamaican Rumba. Consequently we thought that this would be an appropriate piece to have playing as we left the crematorium, but we did not have a recording of that music. We had also joked about an amusing situation at the crematorium when we realised that all the mourners had to leave via the door, above which was the sign, 'Fire Exit'.

I called my sister and played Jamaican Rumba to her over the phone. She agreed that mother probably had something to do with it. Then while the tape was playing I

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glanced at the other tracks and discovered that the piece of music that preceded Jamaican Rumba was '*I Started a Joke*'. The one after it was '*I Know Now*'. I immediately called my sister again to tell her. She asked me what track Marjorie had recommended that I listen to. I checked again and realised that this was '*The Carnival is Over*'. I am pleased that at last, mother, who had been very sceptical and reluctant to accept any of my weird ideas, now seemed to understand what I had been trying to get across to her and even seemed to appreciate the humour of it all.

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CHAPTER 17

Time to Consider Past Lives in More Depth

Returning to my relationship with Roseline, in Chapter 15 I briefly outlined events that occurred in my present life following my participation in a 'past life' workshop. As a result, I had begun to consider that rather than the exercise being a peek into a 'past life', that what I had perceived was a glimpse of a repetitive theme, which for some reason was again recurring in my present life. I needed to remain aware of this in relation to other events taking place in my life.

In October 1999 I attended a further 'past life' workshop. In the first experience:

'I seem to be in Egypt as the son of a leader. (I feel that my father is not the leader of the country, but of something equivalent to a county or province.) During that life I become a priest. I am not married. Eventually I die in that life by being condemned to death by the lower priests. They rebel against the practice that I am teaching of forcing young girls to worship and look at the sun, which causes them to go blind. I am attached to a post set into the ground and staked out to dehydrate in the sun. My legs ache because of standing so long. I just want to sit down but cannot. When I die I am so happy and relieved that I fall forwards, leaving my body behind, and begin doing handsprings away from the stake. It is such a relief. I do not feel guilty that I had done anything wrong, as I was simply teaching what I had been taught. I feel that the lower priests did the right thing in stopping what I had been teaching and I hold no resentment for what they did. From the experience I learned that I should trust only my own inner 'teacher' and not what others taught me.'

Not only did this confirm what I had been told independently in 1994 and 1995, but it was also a reflection of my inner conviction that I had to discover everything for myself and I could not trust any teaching from other's experiences. Of course it could also be argued that I had created the story to correspond with what had already been implanted in my consciousness from the two earlier readings. I had great difficulty in determining where the truth lay and it took a number of years and further workshops before I came to accept the experience as being a credible past life.

In order to remain focused on my relationship with Roseline, I intended to omit elements from this and further 'past life' exercises that related to other events. But in the course of writing up the account I realised that this was not possible. All were inter-linked within my consciousness and it was a matter of separating them into some presentable understandable form. So the following account is of my second experience during the same workshop, the pattern of which seemed to be another aspect of the 'Egyptian' life. We had been invited to imagine encircling the world and to come down in an area to which we were attracted. We were then asked to draw an image of that environment and to give it a title. The title of my image, of a man's face, was 'Our Future Leader'. We were then asked to 'see' what was taking place within the image.

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'I am in a mist and see two people in the distance. I, as a man, become one of the people. The other person is a young woman. I am drawn to take her hands and then I gently put my arms around her. There is an explosion of energy around my solar plexus/heart area. I have found a feeling that I had never previously experienced. I never again want to let go of this feeling. I must be free to express this feeling whenever I need. We walk hand in hand for a while and then we each return to our respective living areas. [I am then asked to move to the next big event in my life.] I feel as though I am in Egypt. Again as the son of the leader, I cannot have a relationship, other than friendship with this girl, (and even that has to be in secret) because we are of a different standing or class. She is a dancer, singer, among the court/palace entourage. (Slave/concubine?) I intentionally walk through the orangerie at a time when I know the dancers will be there. I see this girl and we arrange to meet again in three days time. We meet beside a well, away from the palace area. Again we just go for walks. The next big event in my life is that I am seated within the palace 'temple' area. (It is more a long area, with seats on either side, where all big events take place, rather than a temple.) I am seated with the dignitaries in the shaded part of the area watching the dancers performing. I can see the girl (but she cannot see me) and I know that I am seeing her for the last time. She is going to move to another 'temple'. I am sad but I know it has to be that way.'

The first part of this experience involving the '*explosion of energy*' seemed to relate to the feeling I had on my initial encounter with Pat in 1986. Six years after the exercise I noticed that some further elements from the exercise could also relate to my friendship with Pat. When on walks we would hold hands, Pat enjoyed singing, and the Chalice Well is located at Glastonbury. But of course the visit I had planned with Pat to visit Glastonbury never took place. However, while writing up this account, first of all I realised that, after visiting Glastonbury alone, I went on to visit Wells Cathedral.¹⁸ And then subsequently, after not meeting Pat for three years, the workshop we eventually attended together was at Tunbridge Wells. Could it be possible that the 'past life' experience of '*arranging to meet again in three days time ... beside a well*' symbolically corresponded to 'three years'? Whatever else, I felt the significant aspect of the experience was '*as being two people sensing the same vibratory frequency at the solar plexus/heart chakra energy level*'.

In the context of '*moving to the next big event in my life*' I recognised a similar energetic connection with Roseline which seemed to correspond with what we were experiencing together. At the time of the workshop, (October 1999) the meaning of certain elements of the experience were not evident to me and only in retrospect did they become significant. But not only that, they also seemed to be indicators of 'repetitious themes' or events to come.

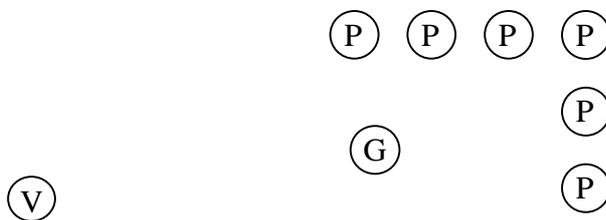
I attended a further 'past life' workshop in October 2000. After discussing some of my earlier experiences with the partner with whom I was working, she suggested that I return to see what the girl from the 'Egyptian' experience was doing now. Initially I could see nothing and felt as if I was in a mist. My partner encouraged me to go through the mist until I found the girl.

¹⁸ See Chapter 13.

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'I see her dressed in a long white dress of light material. I describe this as being like the robe worn by the Greek statue of the 'Charioteer'. [I was familiar with the statue having previously once seen it in Greece and then almost daily, as there was a full size replica in the entrance hall of the building where I worked for over 30 years.] 'She is holding a taper and is lighting 5 or 6 candles on pedestals. The pedestals are in a corner position, but there is no other detail around the image I have in mind. She has some sort of decoration on her head, like a wreath of golden leaves. I get no further detail and there is no particular emotion attached to the experience. It is as though I am separate from the girl.'

In the layout below, 'G' indicates the position of the girl; 'P' indicates pedestals and 'V' indicates the position from which I viewed the image.



I left Belgium and returned to live in England at the beginning of March 2000. However, before leaving I had booked for Roseline and myself to travel with a group to Israel and Sinai at the beginning of November 2000. During my participation in the workshop at the end of October, the organisers of the trip contacted Roseline. Because of racial disturbances in Israel, for safety reasons, the trip had to be cancelled. Roseline and the organisers were unable to contact me, and due to the short time delay, Roseline had to decide whether we went with the group on a revised tour to Greece, or to have our money refunded. She opted for us to go to Greece. One day of this trip was spent at Delphi. The first visit was to the museum, which I had visited almost 20 years previously. Despite the interesting commentary by the guide, I was unable to concentrate. The temperature was a pleasant 24°c yet I became hot, irritated and uncomfortable. I had to leave the group and escape from the museum to be on my own. As I was leaving I passed the statue of the 'Charioteer' and quickly took a photograph before going out into the warm air. It was as though I had moved into another world. I felt it must be what prisoners' experience when they are released from prison. The irritation and discomfort diffused immediately.

Slowly I walked up to the ruins of the main site at Delphi. There I waited in order to take a photograph of the Temple of Apollo, void of anyone else in the picture, then sat on a wall to wait for the rest of the group. I subsequently lay down on the wall in the shade and thought it strange that I could sense the vibrations of the feet of tourists through these enormous blocks of stone as they walked along the adjacent path. Some 30 minutes later I moved further up the ruins towards the amphitheatre and sat in the sun, still waiting for the rest of the party to arrive. The first person from the group to appear stopped for a while under the trees where I had found a quiet resting-place. She in fact was the person leading the workshops that were running concurrently with the visits. Eventually she joined me. We then noticed that another member of our group had also stopped and was sitting on the wall beneath the trees.

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There seemed to be something that had drawn us to that place. I then recalled part of my account from my first 'past life' experiment. *'I am with a group of people sitting around a teacher who is in the middle of a circle.'* I was with a group. I had moved close to the centre of the base of the amphitheatre (semi-circle) and here was the teacher of the group and myself together. *'I become the man in the middle of the circle.'* I reluctantly became aware of the title of my drawing from a year earlier *'Our Future Leader'* and more of the text from that first 'past life' experience. *'I then have to move to teach in the Eastern Mediterranean.'* I was standing in the Eastern Mediterranean, but suspected that this might only be the beginning of a new journey.

Suddenly I glance to my left. The rest of the group are approaching by another pathway and are gathered listening to the tour guide near the temple of Apollo. There is Roseline, and behind her are the six upright columns of the temple. I have to take a photograph of this scene – just Roseline and the columns. My mind flashed back to the experiment and of seeing the dancing girl for the last time before she left to go to another temple. Then came the realisation that I had been asked to see what she was doing NOW. *'Lighting 5 or 6 candles on pedestals.'* There were the columns and Roseline in the exact same positions as I had envisaged the pedestals and the girl, just three weeks previously, when I had been under the impression that we would be visiting Israel and Egypt, not Greece!

I quickly moved to join the group and as they dispersed, I asked Roseline to stand in the position that I had seen the girl lighting the candles so that I could capture the image on film. About half an hour later on our descent, another member of the group, Helen, who was completely unaware of my revelation, asked me to stand with Roseline so that she could take a photograph of us together with the columns in the background. She then suggested that she take another photograph with my camera so that we would have a copy. I wonder if she realised the significance of that jest. I wonder if she realised that she had been guided in such a way as to capture a physical image that would remind me that the repetitive pattern of many experiences was now broken and would allow me to move forward into the next phase of my experiences?



Between these two photographs, the group visited the stadium where the original Olympic Games had taken place. As we entered I realised that there were seats on either side. Could this be the location where I had *'seen the girl from my 'past life' dancing for the last time'* before she moved to another temple? I also noticed that Roseline seemed to be agitated and overly insistent on taking a photograph of this stadium without people in it. I needed to know if the stadium had been used for dancing as well as for athletic events. The guide was in no doubt that it had not, yet I

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was convinced that this was where I had seen the girl in my 'past life', dancing for the last time. I questioned the guide again, but she was adamant that the stadium had only been used for athletic events in ancient times. However, she did mention that there had been an event in the stadium when a ceremony with music and dancing had taken place in the 1930's to mark the origin of the Olympic Games. This did not seem to fit. Something was wrong.

I began writing up my account of that trip on 17 November 2000 and was drawn to read the literature in the small brochure that we had been given at the entrance to the museum. I felt excited as I read

'In the period 11th – 9th c BC, the cult of Apollo (the Sun God) became established at Delphi. The first stone temples were built towards the end of the 7th c BC, one dedicated to Apollo and the other to Athena.'

Could this have anything to do with my 'past life' experiences? Maybe the images I had experienced were not of Egypt at all, but had been of Greece. Had I been a priest in Greece and not Egypt, or maybe even both in different lives? Was the '*I then have to move to teach in the Eastern Mediterranean.*' something from the past rather than an indication of something in the future? Was part of the cult of Apollo also involved with forcing young girls to worship and look at the sun, which caused them to go blind? Just more questions, but the striking event was yet to come. In the second to last paragraph of this small brochure were the words

'the stadium was home not only to athletic games, but also to musical events.'

So despite the insistence of the guide, here was a strong probability that the dancing that I had 'seen and felt' was most likely correct.

I was now forced to consider whether the images that I had experienced during the first 'past life' workshop in 1996 had really been of incidents from a past life, or whether they were symbolically prophetic of what was to come, or possibly more confusing still, a mixture of both? I did not know.

After years of reflection my feeling is that the images from my 'experiments' seemed to show 'repetitious themes', rather than necessarily being scenes of past or future lives. They may have been 'past lives', or they may be clues as to what could occur in forthcoming lives. But in considering my Egyptian/Greek experience as an indicator of my 'future (present) life', both the past and present experience stopped at the same point. That is, in the experience, the dancer and I were separated when she was sent away to another temple; in my present life Roseline and I were separated when I returned to live in England. The significant difference here is that in the 'past life' I had no influence in Roseline being sent away, which left me feeling sad. In my present life I was responsible for our separation by moving to England and it really felt that this was something I had to do. Furthermore, in the 'past life' we only met occasionally very briefly, whereas in our present lives we had developed a close relationship for almost 6 years.

But looking back at the 'past life' exercise - only when I was subsequently taken to a point in my sub-conscious to see what the dancer was doing, NOW, was I able to

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progress beyond the blockage which appeared to have been a residue from that past experience. As I had already considered, it could be argued that I invented the Egyptian experience to correspond with events occurring in my present life. But then one has to question why the trip planned to Israel and Sinai so many months in advance and which felt right, was changed at the last moment to Greece? Surely I am taking things too far to suggest that it was to show me that my past experience had been in Greece and not Egypt? Why had I experienced the feeling, when in the museum at Delphi that I must move away from the group and spend time at the site of the Temple of Apollo? Was this to do with some ancient memory? Was moving out of the museum connected with the relief that I felt when I was released from my physical body upon dying after being staked out in the sun to dehydrate, the cause of which had been sun worship? What made me so insistent in questioning the guide concerning the celebration and dancing that I had 'seen' in the original Olympic stadium? I can only suspect that the trip had to be to Greece, in order for what I had sensed in the experience a few weeks previously, to be realised and released in a physical form. It was as though whatever we create at a deeper level of consciousness eventually manifests itself in physical form and only then do we get to experience this with all our senses.

But the understanding of my relationship with Roseline was not to end there. However, before pursuing further events, it is worth considering Roseline's health condition in her present life. She has had a heart problem since the age of about 12. (Could that have been her age in her 'past life' as a dancer when she was sent away – 'broken hearted'?) She suffers from extreme anxiety when faced with a journey on most forms of transport, although interestingly enough, not when we were travelling together by car. (Could this also stem from feelings associated with being sent away to another temple?) And finally she has a phobia of heights, particularly around cliff areas. (In my second 'past life' experience in October 1999 where I saw the dancer for the last time, I had said that she was *'going to move to another temple'*. 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, although at that time we had no evidence to support such feelings. Sounion is situated high on a rocky isthmus.) However another event while we were on a trip to France and Switzerland in May 2001 seemed to confirm both our feelings that Sounion was the temple to which the dancer had been sent.

We booked into a hotel at Annecy, and then strolled along the side of the lake to take photographs and stalk out a suitable restaurant for later that evening. Roseline went to make a phone call while I continued around the lake. Eventually I saw her returning then noticed that she had walked onto a short jetty out into the lake. The sun was shining from the opposite side of the lake, giving me a silhouette image of Roseline against the lake. She was wearing her poncho. In a flash of unbelief I was taken back some 19 years.

My first trip to Greece was on an official visit with work colleagues in June 1982. One evening our group of some 40 participants was taken to see the Temple of Sounion. I clearly recall having to wait a good 10 minutes in order to be able to take a photograph of the temple silhouette, without there appearing to be anyone in it. (I eventually managed to align another photographer with one of the columns so that his

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image did not spoil the temple outline.) The memory is so clear that even now I recall that I had waited so long that, unusually, I was the last person back onto the tour coach. When I received the film back from processing, I could not believe my eyes. There, clearly visible at the edge of the temple, in the centre of the picture, was the figure of a female with flowing hair, wearing a cloak, looking out to sea. Every time I subsequently saw that photograph I wondered how it was possible for me not to have seen this person, after having patiently waited so long to capture a particular image.



Despite what may be considered by some to be wild speculation, I can only interpret the feeling that hit me when I saw the silhouette of Roseline at Annecy 19 years later. There was her outline with flowing hair, wearing her poncho (cloak?) silhouetted against the evening sun looking out across the lake. Could it be feasible that the unrequited love felt by the dancer (Roseline?) was so strong that an 'energetic imprint' of her presence had remained at Sounion throughout the centuries? Could it be possible, that my physical presence at the site, had somehow attracted an element of her 'soul being' closer to the earthly vibration, to the point where it manifested as a silhouette on my photograph? In my search into understanding life, I have come across a number of recorded incidents of bi-location, where individuals have been witnessed in different places at the same time. I have also seen many photographs that contain images of dead relatives (commonly known as spirit forms) of the prime subjects of the photograph. So although my hypothesis may initially sound preposterous, careful evaluation could shed light on many phenomena that, up to now, have been categorised as strange. This all begins to make sense once we recognise the energetic make up of the human personality, its many forms of expression, and we are able to move our conscious understanding beyond the constraints of linear time and individuality. Once we accept that 'life' is eternal; that which we term 'love' is an extremely powerful force, and that we exist in many dimensions at the same time, then the 'strangeness' of such a proposition begins to diminish.

Of course, at the time of my first visit to Greece, Roseline and myself had not met within our present physical earthly bodies. Yet when I reflected on certain elements of our past in this life, I began to wonder if, even before we met, there was not some magnetic attraction that was pulling us together, yet we were having problems in getting the timing right? I moved to live, I must admit not by choice but because of my work, in Mons in 1967. Roseline was born within 10 km of Mons in 1955 and a couple of years later moved to live for 3 – 4 years in a house which was less than 1 km from where I eventually had a house built in 1978. But by this time Roseline had already moved to live in Liege, eventually to return to Mons in 1991. Furthermore, although there were annual official visits to different countries associated with my work, I never had a desire to participate in any of these until after some 20 years, when I was eventually drawn to visit Greece in 1982.

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But to return to our holiday in 2001; we travelled from Annecy to Lausanne in heavy rain. It had not been part of my plan to visit this city. However when Roseline realised that Helen and her partner, who we did plan to visit, lived only an hour's drive away, she asked if we could spend some time in Lausanne so that she could visit a tapestry museum. We eventually found a beautiful small hotel / restaurant located at the foot of vineyards, overlooking Lac Lemman. By the following morning the rain had stopped, giving us a clear view over the lake towards the snow-capped Alps.

As we drove off to find the museum I discovered that the car windscreen wiper was no longer working. This was something that had to be fixed, with the result that we spent the remainder of the morning searching for the main Citroen dealer. The garage had neither the required replacement motor, nor the time later that Friday afternoon to attempt to repair the wiper, and they were not open on Saturday. Disheartened, we headed back into the city discussing whether we should first have lunch or visit the museum. The decision was taken out of our hands when I missed a road sign and discovered that we were heading towards the lake. At least it would be a good place for a picnic. Only when I looked at these events in retrospect did I realise that we probably did not have a great deal of choice, in order for what followed to be significant.

First of all we noticed a bench in some gardens overlooking the lake. Then on a street jammed with parked cars, suddenly there were two vacant parking places together; the two nearest to the entrance of what we eventually discovered was the Olympic Museum. Neither of us was aware of the existence of this museum. As we stopped the car it was 12.29 and I noted that there was no charge for parking for one hour from 12.30. It seemed as if we were meant to be there. After the picnic we wandered round the museum gardens looking at the statues and were eventually drawn towards the entrance hall. We decided to spend an hour or so visiting the museum, which again was not part of our plan. Yet it was here that we were to be given another shock.

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 that 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.

The next morning it was time to visit our friends, Helen and Albert, who we had met during our trip to Greece the previous November. Naturally we were eager to see their photographs from the trip. And here we were faced with another strange phenomenon relating to the photograph that Helen had taken of Roseline and myself in front of the columns at Delphi. Immediately after taking that photograph, Helen

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had asked me if I would take a similar photograph of her and Albert together with another friend. This I did but Helen was at a loss to explain how that photograph had turned out to be a double exposure. Practically, it was not possible to take a double exposure with her camera, yet this is exactly what had happened. The result was that Helen, Albert, their friend and I were visible on the one photograph. Roseline, except for her hair, was completely obliterated and hidden behind Helen. At the time I was unable to reach any conclusion as to the meaning of this phenomenon, although eventually I began to realise that it was probably a further indication of our forthcoming separation. Or was it symbolic of a repetitious theme showing that Roseline had been sent away from Delphi to Sounion in a past life?

At the end of 2001 Roseline and I arranged to meet in Paris for a few days. During this trip Roseline made it clear that she was not happy with our relationship continuing with just occasional meetings. Since deciding to retire, I had never had any doubt that I must return to live in England, and Roseline had always been aware of this. Since my return to England at the beginning of March 2000 I had been visiting Roseline about every 2 months; however it was evident that she needed a more active relationship than she then had with me. Clues as to our future direction became even more evident when I went to visit her again in February and March 2002.

As I discussed in Chapter 13, I had begun to realise that inner disharmony, if not adequately addressed, eventually manifested in symbolic physical form. I had come to recognise the car as being an extension of myself and as such, when things happened to the car, I questioned what this might symbolically be conveying about my current situation. (Often quite an expensive exercise, but for me, an effective means of 'communication'.) For example, once when the car had been parked overnight and the next morning I discovered that the rear view mirror had been demolished, it clearly indicated '*Don't look back.*' The windscreen wiper motor failing while on holiday indicated '*You are not seeing clearly*' etc. A few days before travelling to see Roseline in February 2002 I parked the car at the edge of a parking area. I did not notice that the front of the car was so low that the registration plate was touching a rising bank. Then on my return, before the hydraulic suspension system had raised the car to its maximum height, I reversed and the registration plate was ripped off. What was this telling me? The registration plate represented the car identification – the ego. '*Let go of my ego.*' A few days later as I exited the motorway and turned into Roseline's street, suddenly the power steering failed and I needed to exert great effort to control the car round the corner. Message: '*I have to get hold of the wheel of my life and take control.*' or alternatively, '*allow the power to take control*'. When I checked the following morning the hydraulic fluid reservoir simply needed topping up, but nevertheless, the message still seemed valid.

I then recalled that on our 2001 trip to France and Switzerland. In addition to the windscreen wiper needing to be repaired, the experience in the Olympic museum and Roseline being blanked out on the photograph, before setting off, I had to have the car air conditioning system repaired - '*Remain cool*'. Then during the first week of the holiday the exhaust pipe needed replacing. '*Was I becoming exhausted making these frequent cross Channel trips?*' Eventually I received very clear responses to my unspoken questions.

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On arrival home from the February trip I experienced difficulty opening the front door. A book had been delivered while I was away which was partially covered by subsequent mail that was the cause of the door being blocked. Looking back, there was evidently something special about that book that I needed to understand. (I had waited two years for publication of the translation.) Uncharacteristically I put my case on the bed, left my coat on the chair and after the long journey, completely ignored any desire for nourishment and spent the next hour reading the book. Two days before I returned from the subsequent March trip I went into the centre of Mons and quite unexpectedly met the author of that book. She is French Canadian. I had participated in workshops with her on 3 occasions; once in Tunisia; once in France; and latterly as the leader of the workshops in which Roseline and I had participated on our trip to Greece. What were the chances of me, on a short visit from England to Belgium, meeting this lady from Canada on the one afternoon that she was in the same town as myself, to give a radio interview about her book? Suddenly it became evident that this was another indicator of the ending of my relationship with Roseline. The title of her book: *'Love Yourself'*. Symbolically I understood that I was being prevented from entering my own door, it felt as though I was being shown that I needed to focus on the inner work that I had chosen to do.

On the last day of the March trip Roseline asked me if I would drive her to see her father's grave. We stopped on the way to buy some roses. She left one rose on his tomb then asked if we could drive to another cemetery, to her grandfather's grave. In the same cemetery was the grave of her stepfather and she placed one rose on each tomb. As I got into my car to leave the following morning Roseline presented me with the last of the 4 roses she had bought. I am not aware if she consciously realised the significance of her actions, but subconsciously I had no doubt of the meaning.

I made a further trip 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 for 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'.

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CHAPTER 18

The World Beyond Past Lives

I frequently arrived at what appeared to be the end of my search, only to discover more elements of the mystery falling into my lap. If my understanding of relationships with others on this planet was a significant step along my journey, I was even more surprised when I realised how beings in other dimensions were able to influence those of us still in this physical realm. Initially this discovery seemed to come about more by accident than design; however a deeper understanding eventually became clear as a result of repeated similar type events occurring over a number of years. In due course I realised that what was taking place was simply another step towards answering my initial question of wanting to know what this life was all about.

In Chapter 5 I described the experience of how I felt as though my whole body was enveloped in a sheath when Monica's brother wished to express himself through my physical organs. Then some months later he inspired me to write a poem for his mother. In both these instances I had 'made myself available' as part of my research by allowing such events to occur. The poems from Trevor that I had written¹⁹ occurred when I was least expecting such communication. Then there were the mental conversations with my mother and aunts; these had not been at my instigation but I was more than willing to co-operate in order to help them and add to the widening of my understanding of who and what we are. So I now have to address the implications of other events that occurred during my research which I have not so far touched upon.

In the spring of 1998 Roseline asked me if I would be willing to help her present a one-day workshop in Mons. This we did and afterwards went for a meal. During the ensuing conversation Roseline commented that while I had been speaking earlier in the day she had thought that my voice and phraseology were different, as though I was someone else. I was totally unaware of this. Later while we were sat chatting, I suddenly felt very tired. At that moment I noticed that Roseline's face seemed to be changing. I completely lost track of what she was saying and became fascinated watching her face change into that of a very old lady. Abruptly, in mid sentence, Roseline stopped speaking. Then, unaware of what I had noticed, she remarked that **my** face looked as though it was changing. I responded that the same thing was happening to her. After a moment's pause we both said in unison 'It's like a negative'. She explained that the face she had seen on me was squarer than mine. I suggested that we attempt to discover the personalities of those overshadowing us, but she was not very confident about the idea so we brought ourselves back to full consciousness.

I wondered who it could have been that Roseline had seen on my face. She had mentioned a squarer face, which caused me to speculate whether it might have been Gordon, whose middle name was Mons, (chosen by his father who had participated in the Battle of Mons) and who had been my initial teacher at The Arthur Findlay College. When I met Roseline a few days later I asked her to look at a small photograph of Gordon which I held in the palm of my hand. I did not tell her who it

¹⁹ See Chapter 6.

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was (she did not know Gordon) or why I wanted her to look at the photograph. Immediately she saw it, a shocked look came over her face and she blurted out '*That's the face I saw on your face on Thursday night*'.

On two other separate occasions, images of deceased authors appeared to me. On both occasions I was deeply absorbed reading their works. The first time this happened I was wearing slippers with imitation fur on the outside when I noticed a face in the fur. I thought nothing of this, rubbed it off with my other foot and carried on reading. A short while later the same face appeared again, but this time in a different position. The same face subsequently appeared twice more during a period of a few hours, each time in a different position. All the family saw and were able to identify a face in the fur, but it took four attempts by that author to get me to recognise that it was the same image as his photograph on the book cover. On the second occasion the image of a different author of a book I was reading appeared in the bedroom curtains. This image was not in the book I was reading, but was in a work by the same author that I had previously read which had been given to me in unusual circumstances. There was no doubt as to the identity of both personalities; the first had a moustache and wore distinctive circular metal framed spectacles, whilst the second sported long white hair, a white beard and moustache and wore a distinctive style east European astrakhan fur hat.

Some years after the 'slippers' incident I was invited to dinner by friends and was seated next to Coral Polge, a psychic artist. Without being aware of my experience, during the conversation Coral described how she had been asked to give a sitting for an unknown person. She then recounted that the image that she drew was of, ... and named the author that had appeared in my slippers. Her accompanying comment that 'he was exceptionally adept at transmitting his image' was sufficient proof to me, if I ever had any doubt, that seeing his face had not been my over active imagination at work.

On another occasion in 1998, at home one afternoon Roseline commented that there was a man in the garden wearing a cloak and a large sort of medal and asked if I knew who it was. (She had seen him psychically.) The description did not immediately bring to mind anyone that I knew, until I recalled that in 1993 I had bought a booklet by Don Galloway, entitled 'A Centenary Tribute to Ivor Novello', in which Don recounted his association with Ivor since he had been in the other world. On the front cover of that booklet was the design of Ivor wearing a cloak and medallions, no doubt dressed in costume from one of his musical productions. But one may ask why would he appear to Roseline in my garden in Belgium, dressed in this garb? I suggest the following reasons. I had taken sufficient interest in Ivor's communications with Don to purchase the booklet – in fact it was one of those occasions where I felt that 'I had to purchase it at any price'. That garb was the only means of identification that would be familiar to me. Roseline was not even aware of Ivor's existence and therefore his image could not be attributed to her subconscious. And finally, just a few months previously, I had borrowed some musical scores and copied some of Ivor's music. There was the attraction, the appreciation of his music.

As I explained in Chapter 4, I realised that whilst reading I had not consciously registered any words but had instead been involved in a mental conversation with my deceased aunt, Bessie. This and subsequent similar events led me to realise that even

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though I frequently seemed unable to recount what I had read, I did seem to have captured concepts conveyed in the books – presumably as a result of the author’s mental transmission of information to my mind. Resulting from these and other accumulated events over a 10-year period, I slowly began to understand how non-physical personalities were able to influence our energy fields and project, not only their images, but also their ideas into our minds. But I then recalled the incident when my aunt Connie had died and I sensed her laying on the bed next to me the following morning.²⁰ I had created a country scene in my mind and immediately Connie’s reaction had been to ask where this had come from. I could consequently only conclude that images created at a non-physical level of consciousness (I was still not fully awake at the time this occurred) must be visible to those on the same vibratory frequency level. Whether a physical or non-physical personality created them, the outcome and reality of the ‘thought’ was the same.

By the spring of 2003 my sister and I had both assembled various branches of our family tree. During a conversation on this subject I commented that I was not aware of any of our family being killed in either of the two World Wars.

A few weeks later my sister phoned to correct me on that impression. She had a friend who was deeply involved in researching family history. They had discussed the subject of our family tree and my sister had passed the names of some of our ancestors to her. My sister’s friend’s husband, who was not at all interested in family history, somehow came across the name of one of our ancestors on the Internet. Further investigation revealed that ‘J. W. Gatrill’ had died at age 24 on 30 August 1916. We determined that he was our maternal grandfather’s cousin and had been killed in the Somme area of France. He is registered in the Commonwealth War Graves Commission records with the serial number M2/182693 and is buried in the Mailly-Maillet Communal Cemetery extension about a mile from the small commune of Colincamps in France.

I made a mental note that on my next trip to France I would make a detour to visit his grave. Meanwhile I had received publicity for another workshop that was to take place in October 2003, on ‘Working with the Ancestors’ and concluded that it might be interesting to try working with J. W.

During one of the exercises I felt as though I had established a link with J.W. He ‘communicated’ that he had been with me all of my life, but had only moved in close about 10 years previously. (This revelation seemed to clarify two unresolved questions. Initially I felt that it explained what, as a child, I had described as ‘clouds’ that I often used to see, and play with mentally in my bedroom at night. Now it appeared as if these clouds could have been my psychic perception of J.W. Secondly, it would also explain why Margaret had once commented, about the time that J.W. claimed that he had ‘moved in close’, that I ‘seemed to be like two different people’.) During the workshop exercise my partner suggested that I ask the communicant’s name. I had no doubt that it was ‘George’. The communicant then went on to explain that since he had ‘moved in close to me’ he had learned everything that I had learned during that period of my life. In the workshop, and with the assistance of my partner,

²⁰ See Chapter 15.

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I communicated with him for quite a while and eventually he was quite agreeable to 'moving on' instead of hanging around me.

Only after the exercise did I realised that 'George' did not correspond with the initials 'J.W.' what was going on? I went over the events in my mind and eventually concluded that J.W. must have 'moved in close' during my visit to the Canadian Memorial at Vimy Ridge, just north of Arras in France, in July 1994, whereas George, a former close work colleague, had died in July 1996. Yet the personalities of 'George' and 'J.W.' seemed to have the same 'energetic vibration'. It felt as though they were the same personality; could it be that George was a reincarnation of J.W.? I was so intrigued by this possibility that I eventually called George's daughter to determine her father's date of birth. This only added to the confusion when I discovered that George was born the year before J.W. was killed. Somehow this did not fit and I spent quite some time trying to resolve this discrepancy.

After further thought I recalled that when I set out to attend George's funeral in Oostende, I fully intended to go to the cemetery after the service. However, during the service I changed my mind. Instead I went for a stroll along the promenade before returning to work. As I walked I had the sensation of George being very close to me. He communicated a poem for me to send to his wife, the first line of which reads '*I walked along the promenade; my eyes looked out to sea*'. Eventually I was able to make sense of the discrepancy. Not only had J.W. moved in close to me in 1994, (when I had written a poem for the Canadian victims commemorated at the Vimy Memorial) but it now appeared that George had joined him two years later and they had both subsequently remained close to me. The fact that J.W., George and myself all came from within a 2 mile radius in the Grimsby area might partially explain what I expressed as a similarity in our 'energetic vibration', but there also appeared to be another strong similarity. In our careers, George and I were both involved with administration and budgeting, working with the military. As J.W. at the time of his death, had been in the Army Service Corps attached to the 4th Heavy Artillery Group, Royal Garrison Artillery, it seems very likely that he could well have been responsible for troops' administration. I eventually concluded that it was probably George who had somehow influenced me into changing my mind, whilst attending his funeral at the church, about not going to see the burial of his body at the cemetery.

The more I delved into my research the more some of the ideas I came up with seemed preposterous. But to come back to my plan to visit J.W.'s grave, here again I seem to have received help from J.W. in a most unexpected way.

I had been unable to access the Commonwealth War Graves Commission web site, so on the 25th March 2004 I sent an email to my sister asking if she could identify the nearest town to the village of Maily-Maillet. She phoned and gave me the information I was looking for on the 27th March. '*Maily-Maillet and Colincamps were respectively about 9 km and 11 km NNW of the town of Albert, and J.W. was buried in the cemetery along the D120 road in the small commune of Colincamps*'. I replied the same day with what I found on my detailed map of the area. '*Although I cannot find a road D120, there is a D129 on which the cemetery closest to the centre of Colincamps is located. So hopefully I'll find what I'm looking for there.*'

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The next day, 28th March, I received a telephone call from Roseline in Belgium. We exchanged phone calls about once every two months and this was, at the most, her third call that year. Whilst I was living in Mons, between 1996 and 2000, Roseline and I had frequently visited a number of war cemeteries together. These visits included some of the British military cemeteries in the area of the Somme; along the D-Day landing beaches on the Normandy coast; the Canadian Memorial at Vimy Ridge and the British Military section of the Mons communal cemetery. I had sent Roseline an email on the 27th March in which I mentioned that I was planning to visit a cemetery at the beginning of May where my newly discovered ancestor was buried. I mentioned that the cemetery was just off the road between Amiens and Arras. During our conversation I discovered that Roseline had not checked her emails for a couple of days and was therefore consciously unaware of my intentions.

However, the reason for Roseline calling me was that on the 26th March she had attended a literary evening where a lecture was given by a Belgian author of 'fictional' stories about the First World War. He had mentioned the 'Angel of Mons' - a subject that Roseline knew interested me. As a result, she had bought one of his books and was calling me because it made reference to an encounter between members of the 'Grimsby Chums' of 34th Division and the 'Salford Pals' of the 32nd Division. The place where this encounter took place was near the small village of Bouzincourt about 3 km **NNW of the town of Albert**. Bouzincourt is on the D20 road that runs at a 90° angle off the D129 from Albert to Mailly-Maillet.

Accepting that the author had done some research for his book, he would have known that the Lincolnshire Regiment had been deployed to that area during that campaign. He would also have known that Grimsby was in Lincolnshire. It is therefore not surprising that this encounter should take place near Bouzincourt. But it could not account for the coincidental timing of Roseline's telephone call. She bought that particular book on the 26th; was drawn to read it immediately; found the link to Grimsby and then called me on the 28th. During that same four-day period I was searching for the burial site of J.W. which turned out to be about six kilometres from the author's siting, in his fictional work in which he mentions the 'Grimsby Chums'. I was left with little doubt that the timing of these events was in some way influenced by J.W.

However, if J.W. (and George) were energetically influencing me to the extent that I now believe they were, the revelation of which makes sense of so many unresolved questions in my life, then were they also in some way influencing the author of the book and Roseline? And if this was valid for me, in respect of my experiences, how widespread was this phenomenon? But how many times did I pose questions and receive responses that seemed to answer questions I had not posed, yet which pushed me into considering an even deeper understanding of consciousness?

A couple of incidents occurred, which I felt were rather poignant associated with my ferry crossing from Dover to France on the 2nd May 2004. I was on my way to visit J.W.'s grave. The book that I had taken with me I bought in 1996 was '*... and the truth shall set you free*' by David Icke. After all those years I had finally got round to reading it, yet the fifth line that I read on the ferry was: '*as you survey those endless rows of white gravestones in the war cemeteries of France.*' Then, as I drove off the ferry, I turned on the CD player. The jazz piece that began playing as I did so was

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'Blues for Jimmy Noon'. The time in England as I disembarked from the ferry was within 5 minutes of noon. At that point I was only aware of 'J.W.'s' initials, but I was eventually to discover that he was 'James William' the son of James and Sarah Josephine Gatrill.

About 30 km from the cemetery I sensed a presence with me in the car. No doubt, but I have no proof of this, it was James. His only comment at that point was: '*It was not like this when I was here.*' I mentally asked him to move back and wait until I arrived at the cemetery. But in that instant I was reminded of the poem I had written for George. '*I stepped out on the promenade. My eyes looked out to sea.*' Suddenly here was another occasion where those on the other side seemed to be able to see our physical dimension through the eyes of those they had drawn close to in this physical realm.

Following the experience in the car, I expected that by the time I arrived at the cemetery, I would sense the presence of James. But this was not to be. Although I did feel that I had to remain in the cemetery (which I did for over an hour) and take in the peaceful scenery of the surrounding area. Was James influencing me? I have no idea. Nevertheless, the poem that came to me during that time seems to indicate an awareness of both worlds.

PARADISE OF REST

Clouds in silence move, forever changing
heaven's 'seats' for angels, now ascending.
Skylark's call and turtle dove, exchanging
words in language, yet not understanding.
A single pilot breaks the peace surrounding
this isle of paradise of rest unending.
Though years have passed, yet some are still defending
the trenches dug in minds, not comprehending
that all it takes is but a mind expanding
to bring the peace for which they search unending.

However this was not the only event during the spring of 2004 that drew me to the conclusion that those on the other side were not only able to influence our minds, but they could also see through our eyes, should we allow this to occur.

I bought 'The Forgotten Dead' by Ken Small on the 15th April 2001 but did not start reading it until the 1st July. Ken's story is of how he recovered a tank that was lost during Exercise Tiger, a practice in April 1944 for the eventual D-Day invasion of Utah Beach in Normandy on the 6th June 1944. But his story extends far beyond the recovery of a tank that had remained submerged off the Devon coast for 40 years and now stands as a memorial at Torcross, South Devon. It became his obsession to honour, and bring to public knowledge, the 946 American servicemen who died during that exercise. These men were the 'forgotten' of a campaign, which was the beginning of the end of the Second World War, to be followed by 45 years of peace in Europe. Of course Ken did not realise what he was getting into when he started out on his crusade. Nor was there any way that I could know what I was getting into when I started reading his book.

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I had not read more than 4 pages before I was overcome with emotion and had tears rolling down my cheeks. From past experience, I realised that something out of the ordinary was taking place, but at that point I had not a clue as to what it might be. At some point before reaching the end of Chapter 3 on the 2nd July, I was mentally contacted by a group of 20 to 30 of the men who had died during Exercise Tiger. They were so grateful for the years of effort that Ken had devoted to obtaining recognition of their sacrifice, that they wanted me to thank him. They had left their bodies 57 years ago. Since then, they had become so involved with seeking recognition, that they were now unable to 'move on' until they had been able to express their appreciation and thanks to Ken. This was not just for themselves but they had agreed to take on this task on behalf of all of their comrades who had died during this exercise. Although Ken had received a letter in 1988 signed by United States president Ronald Regan, thanking Ken for '*his kind and generous efforts in helping to establish a memorial*' the deceased somehow impressed me that this was not sufficient. Had it not been for the total dedication by Ken, nothing would have stood to their memory and they wished me to thank him personally on their behalf. They were no longer angry at what had happened, simply so relieved that the story was now public knowledge.

I had mentally accepted to do this type of work, but had always insisted on having some sort of confirmation to convince me that I was not being over imaginative. I had a strong feeling that I could not go to see Ken until I had finished reading his book. The following evening, 3 July, I went to the monthly jazz club in town. During the break in a general discussion with someone I had met on a couple of previous occasions, he mentioned a book that he was reading. I commented that I was reading Ken's book, to which he responded that he had gone to Torcross on the day and had seen the recovery of the tank from the sea. A lady approached selling raffle tickets. I normally did not buy tickets; but that evening I slid 50 pence across the table and flippantly commented that I was going to win something else that I did not need. At the second break, the raffle took place and the first winning ticket was mine. Since about 1995 I had rarely worn any colour other than white or stone. That evening was no exception, yet as I went to collect my prize, a bottle of wine, the person organising the raffle jokingly commented 'The Man in Black'.

The following evening, 4 July, after going to bed at my normal time of midnight, I uncharacteristically decided to have a further read of Ken's book. Finally, three hours later I felt I was able to put the book down, but not before I had come across many strange elements which, to my mind, together constituted sufficient confirmation that I was not imagining hearing voices. The first surprise was that although Ken was born in Hull, he spent the early part of his working life in Grimsby – my hometown. He had a shop a few hundred yards down the road from where, and at the same time, as I started my working life in an office.

I was due to drive to Exeter the following afternoon to collect Roseline who was arriving from Belgium for a 3-week visit. I put aside Ken's book at 03.00 a.m. Five minutes later the telephone rang. It was Roseline. She was not well; she could not sleep and said that she felt she would not be able to travel later that morning. There was something strange going on. Why had she felt the need to ring me so soon after I

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had decided to stop reading, and why had neither of us been able to sleep that night? Roseline deferred the start of her visit for a week.

On the morning of the 6th July I woke at about 05.00 a.m. and again had a strong urge to continue reading 'The Forgotten Dead'. I finished the book some 2½ hours later and resolved to go and see Ken, who spent his days next to the tank from where he sold copies of his book from the boot of his car. Suddenly, while getting washed I was struck by something I had read. Ken had remarked that when he looked back, there were so many things that he had been unable to explain. One of these was that since commencing his mission to recover the tank, he had begun to wear black and had never subsequently worn anything other than black. 'The Man in Black' - the comment in the jazz club a few evenings previously! Immediately I knew that the bottle of wine I had won had come into my possession so that I could pass it on to Ken as a gift from those lost Americans. I had to see him that day, something I would probably not have been in a position to do if Roseline had arrived the previous evening. Most certainly I would not have finished reading the book if she had arrived as planned.

Ken was a little surprised when I asked him if he had an hour to spare. It was not going to be easy explaining what all this was about. However we had an interesting conversation. I explained to Ken how synchronistic events seemed to guide actions within my life and he told me further interesting snippets of his story that were not recorded in his book. There were further strange similarities in our lives other than starting out our working lives in Grimsby. I had hardly finished telling him that I had visited Utah Beach the previous September, (the planned landing point in Normandy for those soldiers who took part in the fated exercise) when a lady approached wanting to purchase a copy of his book. She commented on how strange it was, but the previous week she had been in Normandy at Utah Beach. Ken and I exchanged a knowing glance and I left him, both of us happy; he with his bottle of wine and me at having been able to pass on the gift and message from those who had lost their lives in this tragedy.

Two weeks later I had further confirmation that what I had recognised as being a gift from the Americans to Ken was not my imagination. By the 19th July Roseline had arrived and we went to visit St Michael's Mount. I knew of a hotel overlooking St Michael's Bay, which would be a suitable place to stay. Somehow I took a wrong turning and stopped in the car park of the hotel immediately in front of the one I had in mind. Nevertheless, the view was similar and they had a room available. In that room were 5 books. One was 'Man in Black' by Johnny Cash.

This appeared to be the end of the story. But there were a number of earlier events that then took on considerable significance and I began to make sense of what had been taking place over the preceding years. If we look at these 'energetically' rather than from the ego perspective, then these events seem to make sense. By that I mean if we recognise that everything is energy manifesting in a physical form, including ourselves, and that like attracts like, such events then start to become understandable.

Three months after moving to my present home, (and a year before purchasing Ken's book) I returned from visiting my daughter. Usually, after a long drive I only feel like unpacking, having a meal and shower, and going to bed. On this occasion I felt like

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going for a walk and drove 5 miles to wander along the beach at Torcross.²¹ I returned to the car and although I had noticed it from the road, I had never been to look closely at the tank situated at the end of the car park. Again, although I was not aware of it at the time, this was the tank that Ken had recovered and set up as a memorial. But the surprise was to come when I realised that the date was 5th June, the eve prior to the anniversary of D-Day and the Normandy invasion. Had the victims of the tragedy already targeted me at that time to see if I might be willing to eventually help them?

As I thought about my feelings of being drawn to go for this walk, which appeared to be completely out of character, I recalled that while living in Belgium, I had often been attracted to visit First World War graves in the area. In fact the nearest war grave was less than 5 minutes walk from the house we eventually built. And only as I wrote up this account did I recall that even before building the house, we made an unsuccessful offer to purchase a plot of land adjacent to the wall of the communal cemetery, on the other side of which are the war graves. The town was Mons, on the outskirts of which there is a memorial to Corporal E. Thomas of the British Expeditionary Force who fired the first shot in an attack against the Germans, on 22 August 1914. But not only that, the last allied soldier to die in that conflict was killed close to Mons, just 2 minutes before the signing of the armistice. He was a Canadian, Private George Lawrence Price of the 28th Battalion of the Saskatchewan Regiment. So here again was an energetic connection with war victims.

When looking to move from Belgium to England, I had certain requirements for housing options, one of which was being within walking distance of shops. Yet illogically, one of the places I viewed was a cottage situated on a large property with swimming pool and tennis courts, but it was 2-3 miles from the nearest shop. The cottage was attached to a large house that had been converted into separate, mainly holiday, apartments. Only subsequent to viewing the cottage did I discover that in 1944 Generals Eisenhower and Montgomery had used the house as the headquarters for the planning of Exercise Tiger and the Normandy invasion. These same two generals had been the first Commander and Deputy Commander of Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe, (SHAPE) the headquarters where I had spent most of my working life. Energetically, it is understandable why I felt drawn to view the cottage. Logically it is not.

Then I recalled my retirement farewell party. I mentioned where I was going to live and a colleague remarked that he had visited the area a few of years previously. He said that there was a memorial to some Americans who had been killed in an exercise and a guy had written a book about the events. He encouraged me to go and look at the place when I had time. What was interesting is that the American craft lost in the exercise were torpedoed by German E-boats. The civilian colleague to whom I was talking was a former German naval officer and about a year after I retired as part of an office re-organisation, he was moved to the post that I had previously occupied.

I had only been installed in England about 10 days when I received a phone call from another ex-work colleague who I had not seen for about 15 years. She was calling to

²¹ While writing up this account I was reminded of a similar uncharacteristic event, recorded in Chapter 17, after returning from a long journey.

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let me know that she and her family lived 5 miles away in Torcross (the location of the tank) and I should call and see them some time. I wanted to know how she had obtained my phone number. She and her husband had just visited some mutual former work colleagues who lived in Paris, to whom I had given my phone number when I met them a couple of weeks earlier (again very synchronistically) in Belgium. They had passed my phone number on, but therein lays another strange 'coincidence'. The husband of the couple that live in Paris worked for the American Battle Monuments Commission. It seems that when the 'other side' need help, no stone is left unturned until it has been achieved.

Maybe the conclusion to understanding what had been taking place over the years, for that is what I believe was behind all of these events, is summed up in Ken's own words. In relation to creating a memorial to the young men that perished off the coast of Devon he said:

*'That was my obsession, that was my crusade. I would say I honestly believe I was given it to do by something I do not understand or someone I do not understand.'*²²

Over the weekend of the 10/11th November 2001, I attended a seminar in the local area. Before we began on the 11th I had a strong feeling, and asked if we could have the customary 2 minutes silence at 11.00, this being the anniversary of Armistice Day. During that silence I heard the words 'Go and see Ken'. So on the way home I drove via Torcross and stopped to say hello to Ken. It was dusk and Ken was talking with a friend who was about to leave. As he started his car he reminded Ken that he should not forget to take down the American and British flags which had been flown on this special day. He then asked Ken if he needed any help, to which Ken replied that he would. I offered my services and Ken's friend drove off. As we walked over to the first flagpole from which hung the American flag, I recalled the talk given by Alistair Cook in his 'Letter from America' broadcast earlier in the day. He had related the history and regulations surrounding the American flag. Part of his account explained that the flag must never be allowed to touch the floor when being raised or lowered. I was particularly careful to ensure this did not happen. Suddenly I understood why I had been asked to 'Go and see Ken'.

I had recounted Ken's story to someone at the seminar the previous day and she had wanted to know what had happened to the Americans who had asked me to thank Ken. I had replied that they had moved on.²³ That fact that I had now become involved in lowering the American flag left me in no doubt that although they had completed what they had remained behind to do, but they were evidently still around. I suppose it is like friends in this world. After being together for so long, they don't just 'move on' when their work together is completed. It seems that there is a gentle separation, allowing each party to move into the next phase of their experiences, when they are ready.

²² © 'The Forgotten Dead' by Ken Small. Bloomsbury Publishing Plc.

²³ I was reviewing this text on 18 January 2009 and was connected to the Internet listening to music from an online broadcast. As I reached this point the piece of music that commenced playing was 'Anchors Away'. Despite intervening difficulties the victims had encountered in their journey, which I will recount in a moment, this was sufficient to convince me that they had now moved on.

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I must now jump forward to 16 March 2004. I felt drawn to attach a copy of Ken's story to an email that I was sending to my niece. Less than forty minutes later I turned on the TV news to discover that Ken had died the previous day. I felt as though I had lost a brother. I then realised that on the evening of 15 March I had spoken about Ken with a friend and promised that I would make a copy of his story for her. This I had printed on the morning of 16 March before sending the email to my niece. During the remainder of that week I had only one objective in mind - I must buy a copy of the local weekly newspaper to find out when Ken's funeral would take place. It was to be on the following Wednesday, 24th March, at 11.00 a.m.

On a number of occasions during the 23rd March I noticed the tune of the hymn '*Eternal Father strong to save*' going round in my mind. I was therefore not surprised at the funeral, when I discovered that this was the second hymn on the service sheet. I also sensed a very strong presence of Ken in the church. At one point I reflected that I had come across a number of accounts of people, during funeral services, perceiving the person for whom the funeral was being held. I had never seen this phenomena myself and wondered if I would see Ken if I opened my mind to that possibility. During the singing of the last hymn my eyes were drawn beyond the hymn sheet. The man standing in the pew in front of me had his feet slightly apart. On the floor in front of him was a hassock, on which the name of the church had been designed in tapestry. Yet the only part of the hassock that was visible to me, between the man's legs, were the three letters from the middle of the word: Sto'**ken**'ham.

As it was a nice sunny day I felt drawn to take a short walk and have a look at Ken's tank before I returned home. Ken was still very much 'with me' in the car as I drove the mile or so to Torcross. I parked the car well away from the car park and started walking the few hundred yards towards the tank. Immediately I sensed a change in the atmosphere, difficult to describe, but as I reached the short promenade and looked out at the clear blue sea breaking on the pebble beach I recalled another occasion, 8 years earlier, when I had attended George's funeral. George was also brought up in the Grimsby area and like Ken and myself, had been in the RAF.

Now, as with George, it felt as if what I was seeing, Ken was also seeing through my eyes. He was seeing his beach for the last time, which had been the focus of his life for the last 30 years. I reached his tank. The familiar black car with Ken's life's work for sale from the boot was no longer to be seen. I took a photograph of the lone tank flanked by the Stars and Stripes and the Union flags flying at half-mast in memory of the man who had set up this memorial. The feeling that had been with me on the way from the church was no longer there. There was an air of emptiness around Torcross. Somehow I knew that Ken had moved away, no doubt to be welcomed by 'The Forgotten Dead'.

Suddenly, more pieces of the puzzle of life fell into place. The Exercise Tiger victims had promised their colleagues that they would, and had set their minds on the task, to thank Ken for setting up The Memorial. This, to use Ken's own words, had become his '*obsession to honour the memory*' of these men. Yet once the victims had achieved their objective they had not been able to completely move on, despite my encouragement that they were now free to do so. Likewise, when Ken had been made aware of their recognition of his part in the story, he was not able to move on either. In the eulogy during his funeral service, a friend recounted that Ken had told him 18

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months previously that he had been diagnosed with cancer. He had asked Ken if there was anything he wanted, or if there was anything he could do for him. Ken had replied that all he wanted was to be with the tank. Was this why the victims had not been able to move on? Had they and Ken created a mutual relationship dependency to the point where neither was able to release the other? And now, after Ken's release from his physical body, could this explain the feeling of emptiness that I felt and I subsequently discovered, others felt, around Torcross?

How long does it take to release those, with whom we have become intimately involved, from our sphere of attraction once the task we came together to work on has been completed? We need to be aware of such attractions and how they can affect our lives. Not only our lives, but we also need to recognise that our attitude could also be holding up the evolution of others. Attractions are not just between individuals, be they in this world or the next, but can become lifetime habits of any form. We come into this life with a specific objective, or we may stumble across one along our experiential pathway. However, once that objective is achieved we need to recognise that we have completed that phase of our experience and are free to move on to the next.

I was given a personal example of the importance of releasing attachments to those close to us, not only within the physical realm, but also with those once they have passed from this physical realm. My father died in 1981, a week after I had been to visit him for the last time. He was being cared for in a hospice but was so drugged that he was only able to hold a conversation for a couple of minutes before drifting into unconsciousness. I realised that there was little point in him continuing life in this way. So on that occasion, as I left the hospice ward I just thought '*Go quickly*'. About six years later at a spiritualist gathering, the medium explained that she had a gentleman who was not very communicative, (which well described my father) and who had just one thing to say to me. He wanted to '*Thank me for letting him go*'. It is only in light of Ken's story that I realised the significance of that communication.

On the 25th April 2004 there was a memorial service for the Exercise Tiger victims. The church was packed to overflowing. Two of the 20-odd standard bearers collapsed during the service and a third had to leave before the end to get some fresh air. At the end of the service I happened to walk out side by side with one of four survivors of that tragedy who had come over from the USA for this 60th anniversary memorial. We had a short conversation and I said I would meet up with him later again at the Tank Memorial. This I did, where I met his wife, while he (Steve, then 81) was surrounded by journalists and photographers. She told me that they had married in 1950 and that he had never spoken about his ordeal for over 50 years. Now it was all being released. To use Steve's own words, he said that he felt as if he was '*on a high*'. He commented that at the end of the war, when most units had had a demobilisation party, his unit had not had a party. There had been no one else left from his unit to party with. It was his first trip back to England since he left for the Normandy invasion in 1944. He was quite disappointed at not being able to meet up with Ken, who he had once met in the States. But in a strange way I felt as though I was filling Ken's shoes.

Steve was overwhelmed by the number of people attending that memorial. I was able to send him a copy of the account of my relationship with Ken and photographs of

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The Memorial event. It felt such a privilege to have met one of the 'Tiger' survivors and to have witnessed what a release it can be for victims to return to their site of trauma. Whether this is done physically, or mentally, I suspect may be as equally effective, but there is no doubt in my mind as to the advantages of such an experience.

During my morning meditation on 25 September 2004 I was surprised to encounter Ken. I wanted to know how he was getting on. He said that it was quite lonely where he was. No, there was no sign anyone else, not even the victims of Exercise Tiger.²⁴ Ken communicated that he was unable to see anything beyond the Torcross beach and even then, he explained, that this was not easy as he did not seem to be able to draw very close to the physical beings in that area. (Drawing close to physical beings was evidently his method of being able to 'see' in the physical environment. It was also logical that he would need to be in 'vibrational harmony' with those through whom he was trying to 'see'.) I sensed that he felt quite lost.

I asked Ken if he could recall a time in his life when he felt very happy.

I sensed him wearing short grey trousers and white shirt at about age 4. It is a warm summer day and Ken is pushing a small yacht out onto a lake. He feels really happy there. His parents are also there, but in the background. I ask him who he feels closest to. It is his father. I ask him to see a happy time when he is with his father. His father is 'galloping' along a promenade with Ken on his shoulders. His mother is walking along behind, wearing a dress of the 1930's / 1940's period, carrying Ken's yacht and laughing at her husband and Ken enjoying themselves. I ask Ken if he would like to be with them now and he agreed that he would. I suggest to Ken that his father would be able to take him to where they are now. Strangely, I then saw 'older' Ken on his father's shoulders, 'flying' away across the sea. Quite suddenly Ken is leaning forward reaching out to his grandfather and grandmother who are slightly ahead of quite a crowd of relatives and friends who have been waiting to welcome Ken back into their midst. There is tremendous emotion; relief and happiness as Ken finally arrives back home.

²⁴ This seemed to confirm my contact with them, before Ken's passing, when they had agreed to go and work with the Pearl Harbour victims – but that's another story – See Chapter 21.

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CHAPTER 19

In Support of War Victims

During a 20-year period, interspersed with many avenues of investigation, I became involved in working with war victims. On the surface this may sound strange, but as most of my life I had worked in a military environment I should not have been surprised that my journey led me in such a direction. I briefly touched on some aspects of this adventure in the previous chapter in connection with my ancestor James Gatrill, and the victims of 'Exercise Tiger'. I feel I need to explain how working with war victims came about and subsequent developments.

It was early October 2002 when I went to visit friend Rikki. While there she asked me if I knew what she could do with an old military badge of the Buffalo Regiment. I replied that I had never heard of such a regiment. She brought the badge to show me. It was a cap badge of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, with an embossed buffalo head in the centre. As I held it I became so overwhelmed with emotion that I was almost unable to speak. Immediately I knew that someone was attempting to contact me from beyond the grave. Rikki suggested that I ask what they wanted.

'They' wanted to '*Thank me for what I had done*'. I commented to Rikki that I had done nothing, but she insisted that I must have done something. Slowly a link to Canada became evident as I recalled that 8 years earlier I had visited the Canadian War Memorial at Vimy Ridge, north of Arras, in France. On that visit I had written a poem while sitting amid the preserved trenches and craters which form part of The Memorial, marking the site of the Battle of Vimy Ridge. On the walls of The Monument are inscribed the names of 11,285 Canadians killed in France during the First World War and whose final resting place is unknown.

THE PEACE

29 July 1994

I came alone to find the peace. I came to find a way
of lifting thoughts to higher things, upon another day.
The peace, which even years elude. A time which seems to fill
eternity among these hills. A time that just stands still.
If only I could lift my eyes, my ears to hear a call
from higher minds than mine alone, the peace from above all.
When suddenly a silence calls. A breath of wind through leaves,
a bird a singing in the trees, a song to bring the peace.

But what of all the other souls that languish in despair
among the craters, still at war - how long will they stay there?
How long before their minds release the bonds of what they see?
How long before release can come to set these dear souls free?
A tree for each and every one that left their body here
among the blood, the sweat, the tears and most of all the fear
of knowing that 'survival' was a word not to be heard.
Yet in this world man turns to wars to resolve - how absurd.

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The peace, the peace for which we search, we find is deep within
our minds, so blinkered that at times we think we cannot win.
If only we would just release and see beyond the bounds,
maybe just lift our eyes aloft, instead of to the ground.
See beauty that is all around, and then one day we'll see
at last, the peace for which we yearn, and then we will be free.

Living in Mons, Belgium until 2000, it was only 90 minutes drive to Vimy and I visited that Memorial on at least three further occasions. On the last occasion, in 1998, there had been a storm. The sky was black, but the sun was shining on the twin, white, limestone sculpted towering pylons of The Monument. I commented to Roseline that it would have made a good photograph had there been a rainbow across the sky.

I already had a plan in mind to cross The Channel in early November 2002. The main objective of the trip was to visit the war Memorial at Verdun, (which I had never seen) then drive along the Normandy coast to the D-Day memorials, and if there was sufficient time, to stop off at the Canadian Memorial at Vimy on the return journey. Suddenly, as I held Rikki's cap badge, I felt that I had to change my plan. Instead of the week or so that I had expected to be away, I now felt that I should leave home on the 10th November and stay the night in Dover. Then travel to Mons on the 11th November, visiting the Vimy Memorial on the way, and return home on the 13th.

The ferry crossing from Dover to Calais on 11/11/2002 was smooth with bright sunlight glistening on the sea. At 10.55 a.m. the captain invited all passengers to join the crew in observing 2 minutes silence at 11.00 a.m. in memory of the war dead. I stopped reading my book and sat watching the French coastline glide past just a short distance away. This was a very moving experience, the only sound being the dull throb of the engines. No doubt quite a different emotional atmosphere to that experienced by the thousands of troops that had crossed The Channel in both World Wars, unaware of their eventual fate.

I was reminded of an earlier occasion in 1985 when Margaret had asked me to purchase a book for her while I was in England – 'Doors of the Mind' by Michael Bentine. Having finished the reading matter I had taken with me, I decided to read her book during the return journey on the ferry from Dover to Calais. I had reached page 17 when I came to where Bentine made reference to the eleventh of November being the Armistice Day of the 1914-18 war. He went on to recount that at the eleventh hour, in Folkestone, school children would stand around the War Memorial for the mandatory two minutes silence for the dead.

I realised that the day I was travelling was 11 November and glanced at my watch. It was 10.58 a.m. I do not recall that there was 2 minutes silence on the ferry on that occasion, but the significance of the synchronistic timing of the event will remain forever etched in my mind. On a number of subsequent occasions, without any conscious intent, I found myself sitting on the ferry travelling between Calais and Dover on the 11th November at 11.00 a.m.

On this journey, however, I had intentionally booked to be on this ferry because of a strong feeling that, for some reason, I had to cross The Channel and travel to Mons on

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11 November. In thanking passengers and crew for their co-operation and participation in this gesture, the captain broke the silence. I soon became aware of a conversation between two ladies, one sitting adjacent to me, facing her friend opposite. The first lady was telling the other of a strange experience she had had as a child. Something happened that caused her to tell her mother that her grandmother had died. Shortly afterwards the lady's mother received a phone call to say that her mother had died. The second lady commented that she believed that nothing happened by accident. We finished the journey to Calais having a very interesting conversation discussing the first lady's experience of 'knowing' that her grandmother had died.

The drive from Calais to Vimy took about an hour. Half way between the two locations I noticed a rainbow over to my left. By the time I arrived at The Memorial it was raining, but it looked as though the shower would soon pass. As I sat in the car waiting for a break in the rain, another poem was composed in my mind.

ONE DAY 11 November 2002

Stars are but the glow of dreams invited
to descend unto this earthly land,
where human forms, as energies united,
pass time and often wander hand in hand.
This place, where dreams are but timid expressions
of heavenly hopes, that one day will succeed
in bringing peace and love upon this landscape.
This hope that one day all men will be freed
of tyranny and dictatorial despots,
their egotistical powers forever calmed.
May all men one day live without exception
in harmony within the love of God.

By the time I had completed the poem the rain had stopped. I left the car and wandered over to a small museum that I had never even noticed during any of my previous visits. As I finished reading a plaque describing the site, I turned to enter the museum. There was a complete rainbow arcing over The Monument. It was time for the photograph that I had 'desired' 4 years previously. Eventually I returned to the museum and asked the assistant if she had any idea what Rikki might do with her Royal Canadian Mounted Police cap badge. I was informed that the RCMP had not participated in the battle as a united force and there was no particular display area for such objects. I could only imagine that the reason for Rikki's question was to catch my attention to note that something out of the ordinary was taking place.

In a display case I then noticed a book 'Ghosts Have Warm Hands' by Will R. Bird. I asked the assistant if I could look at the book. She briefly mentioned that she had read it and that it recounts Will's own war experiences and how his brother, who had been killed earlier in the war, had saved him. I didn't need to look further - I bought the book. And how had Will been saved by his brother? On two occasions his dead brother had appeared to him in the trenches, taken his hand and pulled him away just before a shell burst where he had been standing. But the fourth line of the poem I had written a few moments previously read: *'pass time and often wander hand in hand'?*

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My onward journey to Mons was graced by the third rainbow that day.

On the morning of the 13th November 2002 I had a dream.

I am working at my desk when my uncle (with whom I had little contact while he was alive) passes in front of the desk, ahead of a group of men. The men say that he is a captain. I reply that he was a 'captain', but in the merchant Navy. My uncle moves to go into another room, but at the last moment before doing so, he steps back and kisses me on the cheek.

As I reflected upon the meaning of the dream I began to assimilate bits of the puzzle, which by now was beginning to take shape. Although at this point, the only thing from the dream that appeared clear was the name of my uncle. He was always known as 'Judd'. When my sister had visited me the previous August, she had reminded me, in connection with our family tree, that Judd's real name was 'George'.

In September 2002 Margaret had sent me an extract of a sitting she had with a medium during August. The medium said that there was a connection with me relating to the names of 'George, William, and John'. She also mentioned 'stress'; used the word 'explode' and suggested that 'writing' would be good for me. She said to Margaret 'You will hear news of this John'. I discussed this with Margaret and at the time identified 'William' as my grandfather and 'George' as one of William's sons, or possibly Judd (his son-in-law, with whom William shared a house). I could only identify 'John' as being an ex-work colleague who was now responsible for administering maintenance of American Battle Monuments in France.

I arrived at Calais for my return journey on the 13th November. The ferry was running ½ hour late due to earlier bad weather. Now was a good time to start reading 'Ghosts Have Warm Hands'. Suddenly I glanced up. Have you ever felt as if you were being given a knowing wink when something completely unexpected happens? There was a complete rainbow over the ferry that I was shortly due to board. Once I began reading, I was unable to put the book down until it was finished. After the 'rainbow' gift, the next shock was when I discovered that Will had won the Military Medal for bravery in the capture of Mons, on the night of 10-11 November 1918, the last night of the war. What had prompted me to change my plans to travel on the 10th in order to arrive in Mons on the 11th November 2002?

The biography states 'Will Bird was a prolific writer...' By now I had realised that 'Will' was 'William' Richard Bird. I began to sense that this was the 'William' that Margaret's medium had referred to and that all the information she had provided was correct, but some of my interpretation seemed to be off beam. William's brother, Stephen, was killed in 1915 and here I quote from Will's biography.²⁵

'On 8 October 1915 the Germans blew a large underground explosive charge beneath the 25th Battalion's trenches, South of Ypres'.²⁶ 'The

²⁵ © 'Ghosts Have Warm Hands' by Will R. Bird. Published by CEF Books.

²⁶ I had felt the need to go out of my way to visit the war Memorial at Ypres after my synchronistic experience of reading 'Doors of the Mind' when returning to Belgium from England on 11 November 1985.

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explosion created a hole 20m x 10m x 7m deep. It killed 2 men outright, wounded 20, but 10 were listed as 'missing'. The biographer had earlier recounted: 'Will [was] bringing in the harvest on a small farm in Saskatchewan ... when Stephen walked out from behind a farm cart! They did not speak and soon Stephen vanished. Three days later Will received official notification that Stephen Bird was missing presumed dead in the mine explosion. His body was never found.'

As a result of Margaret's medium, my sister reminding me of Judd's correct name and Rikki showing me the Canadian cap badge all within a 2 month period, I suspect that many pieces of the puzzle were being put in place to attract my attention, which culminated in me changing my travel plans.

The 'John' that I had thought of still seemed to be appropriate, as he was connected with war memorials, except that he was American, not Canadian. However, this discrepancy was soon rectified when I received an unsolicited gift on the 16th November from a most unexpected source. John Walsh had organised a seminar in Durham that I attended on the 14/15th September. He had sent me an unsolicited copy of his recently published book 'Ockham's Universe'. The first sentence in the preface reads:

'From as far back as I can remember, when I was just a four or five year old, I became fascinated every time I looked into the sky and saw the stars sparkling there as if they were inviting me to join them'

What was the first sentence in the poem that I had written at Vimy five days earlier?

'Stars are but the glow of dreams, invited to descend unto this earthly land where human forms, as energies united, pass time and often wander hand in hand.'

So that was the 'John' in question! But this then prompted me to look again at the first poem I had written at Vimy. The words had been forgotten until I came to add them to this text. The last two sentences of the first verse read:

'When suddenly a silence calls. A breath of wind through leaves, a bird a singing in the trees, a song to bring the peace.'

A 'bird' a singing in the trees - William Bird? Or was it his brother Stephen? He was the one that seemed to have the ability to commune with those of us in this physical dimension.

There is one further element worth adding to this series of events. Two weeks before embarking on my trip to Mons I had attended another seminar, the subject of which was 'past lives'. In the last exercise of the week we were asked to review our work and write down any negative reaction that we had felt. My 'past life' experience from the week was that I had been a Korean soldier and had died from a growth in the throat that had choked me during my sleep. In the 'after death' state, I was asked to look at my body and note any feelings. My reaction in this situation was that *'I felt angry and*

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resentful, not because I was dead, but because nobody had told me while I was alive that we did not in fact die, we only lost our physical body’.

We were formed into groups with 5 people in each group, each person with their own negative reaction. Then each of the other 4 members of the group was asked to write down a positive affirmation in response to the other members’ negative reactions. One affirmation that I received, which I chose as being the strongest, read:

‘I let my feelings spread open like the song of a bird, knowing that a concert of voices will answer back’.

They seem to have answered back in no uncertain terms.

But I was left with a final reflection from my dream of 13th November in which Judd appeared when the men’s comments were *‘He is a captain’* and my response was *‘he was a ‘captain’, but in the merchant navy’*. My attention seemed to be drawn to something significant associated with *‘captain’*, because although Judd spent most of his working life at sea (as a fisherman, on tugs and as an able seaman during the war) as far as I am aware, he was never a captain. Eventually a light dawned a few days later when I arrived at the end of Will’s biography. Again I quote:

‘Will’s hardest blow came in 1944 when his son, Stephen was killed in Normandy. He was 24. Captain Stephen Stanley Bird of the North Nova Scotia Highlanders was killed in action, July 8, 1944. He is buried in the Beny-sur-Mer Canadian War Cemetery, France’.

I had visited British and American war graves in Normandy, but not a Canadian cemetery. Captain Stephen Stanley Bird (Will’s son) was born in 1920, five years after Stephen (Will’s brother) was killed. Was it ‘Stephen’ that was impressing me to visit the Canadian memorials in Normandy? Even more questionable, were the two Stephens the same personality in different incarnations? I don’t know.

I somehow suspect that ‘The Birds’ wished to leave no doubt in my mind that we do not ‘die’ when we leave our physical body. Maybe they just knew of my reaction after experiencing death in a ‘previous life’ and wished to thank me in a more tangible way than I had experienced when Rikki showed me that Canadian cap badge. And was Judd’s kiss on my cheek in the dream before he left the room really ‘the Captain Bird’ thanking me for visiting the Canadian Memorial two days previously?

When we recognise that ‘time’ is simply a human construct in order for us to be able to handle our experiences in this physical environment, then we can start to look beyond ‘linear time’ for answers to such questions. If we consider that everything is energy, expressed in multi-dimensions simultaneously, (like multiple ripples being in different places all stemming from a single stone dropped in a pond) then we can begin to understand universal relationships. We as individual expressions, a part of that total energy, only perceive other expressions vibrating within the same frequency range as ourselves. To try and explain this simply, fish within the outer ripple would only perceive other fish within that same ripple on the pond. Those fish would not normally be aware of fish on any other ripple.

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But let's take this a step further. Everything is vibration and we know that when strings of two instruments are completely in tune with each other, plucking the string of one will cause the similar string of the other instrument to vibrate. They do not need to be plucked to remain in tune; only when they are plucked do we hear the sound. The same analogy can be made relative to what we term synchronistic events happening in our lives. We only notice them when the string has been plucked, yet we are still aware and in harmony with that which is tuned to a similar frequency as ourselves. And the key to understanding what is taking place is to recognise that it is the desire of our innermost being which corresponds to the plucking of a string.

We have an empathetic resonance with others of similar characteristics, which, for the greater part, are identified within ourselves as emotions. But when we come into this world, we block off most of the emotions that disturb us, and only function with those necessary for our survival. We then become familiar with that way of functioning, and over time forget that we have other emotions at our disposal. Then one day we meet someone, and at that point on his or her journey of discovery in this earthly environment, their resonance matches our own. We say we're in love. It feels good and we try to hang on to that feeling. However, if one of the partners allows themselves to remove some of those blockages, or put up further blockages to their emotions, suddenly they are no longer in harmony with the partner. Need I say more?

But the point to recognise is that this empathetic resonance not only occurs between expressions we call humans in this earthly environment, but also between humans; animals; objects, and those personalities no longer expressing themselves as earthly beings. Once we are familiar with our relationship to the universe beyond our individual ego expression, then we have the choice of changing, or not, the way we think, act or react, and perceive the world around us.

I am grateful at having been thanked by the soldier(s) for what I had done. Yet I am unaware of how the poem or my thoughts might have influenced their understanding. I just hope that they are now aware that they no longer need to remain attached to their past history. They can be free, simply by changing their way of thinking to move into other experiences. Of course, it is easy to understand how we become so familiar with the known, to the point where even when it is painful we tend to hang on to what is familiar rather than jumping into something new and probably more exciting. Whether we are a soldier living in a dimension that is beyond our range of perception, or whether we are living in this world as a human, we are free to change the way we think at any moment. But then we may move into the realm of fear. What will happen if I do this or that? What will friends or family think? Will I lose my job? Will I be thought of as being strange? In some cases probably yes, because we will emit a new vibrational resonance, including those of doubt and fear. But we don't need to worry, we don't have to wait until we die to change the way we think. And if we do change our way of thinking, the laws of the Universe will ensure that we soon meet up with others of a similar vibration to our own.

I have no doubt that Stephen knew what it meant to be free, but he still seemed to be concerned about his comrades when I was inspired to write that poem on my first visit to Vimy. *'How long before their minds release the bonds of what they see? How long before release can come to set these dear souls free?'* And how significant were the words from the second poem that I wrote at The Memorial – *'where human forms, as*

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energies united, pass time and often wander hand in hand? Words written before I had any knowledge of Stephen or the book 'Ghosts Have Warm Hands'.

The more I reflected upon the events that had taken place, the more I began to question whether 'my personality' had been a soldier during the First World War, and had been involved (and probably killed) during battles on the front line close to the Belgian/French border. I had not encountered any experience during my research into 'past lives' that gave me an indication that this was the case. Although my most recent 'past life' experience had been as a soldier, I felt that his life had been in Korea and he had died when he choked to death during sleep due to a growth in the throat. From previous experiences of investigating 'past lives' I had come to realise that often in difficult death situations, these could have been so traumatic that the psyche would do its utmost to avoid looking at the reality of what had actually happened.

So before considering what took place next, two points need to be kept in mind. Recall that I had insisted on receiving any response to my research questions, three times, in a documented form, from outside of myself. Also, despite the events and discoveries concerning James W. Gatrill recorded in Chapter 18, I still had doubts as to whether or not I had been killed as a soldier in World War I.

On the 12th December 2002, Channel Four TV transmitted a programme entitled 'The Crucified Soldier'. When I came to watch the recording the following day I found it difficult to believe what I saw. The crucified soldier had apparently been identified as Sgt Harry Band of the 48th Highlanders of Canada. The documentary ended with images of The Memorial at the Menin Gate at Ypres, on which is inscribed the names of WW I soldiers that have no known grave. Harry Band's name is one of those. The camera scanned names starting at those beginning with the letter 'C', working upward towards those beginning with 'B', then the picture changed. There was a brief pan across about 40 names followed by further scanning up two columns of names beginning with 'E' and 'P'. Out of 54388 names inscribed on the monument, less than 130 were identifiable on that film. Two names, one immediately above the other, suddenly transfixed my attention. They were:

'MURRAY-BROWNE O.'
'NICHOLLS P. H.'

It was not because of the names, they were just the trigger, but because of the emotion that went with the revelation. I instantly knew that I had experienced death during the First World War. Did the 'choking to death while sleeping' (from the Korean soldier's experience) correspond to a gas attack, which would then go some way to understanding my attraction to visit war graves during my years spent in Belgium? It would probably account for my aversion to being out in the rain and avoiding getting my feet muddy while on walks. I recall being told by a medium in the late 1980's that I had a link with Canada, which at the time seemed to be incorrect, but this now also seemed to make sense.

Over the next couple of years I occasionally had the feeling that I needed to visit the grave of Captain Stephen Stanley Bird. So on the 9th May 2005, the day after the 60th anniversary of the ending of World War II in Europe, I set out for France. I visited Stephen's grave on the 13th May and the same evening noticed a strange phenomenon

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while dining at the hotel where I stayed at Courseulles-sur-Mer. I had not planned to stay in this town which practically marked the western limit for which Canadian troops were responsible during the Normandy invasion. Throughout that meal a Canadian flag in front of a building adjacent to the restaurant constantly flew in a horizontal position, while the other half dozen or so flags, hanging limply from their masts, occasionally fluttered weakly in the breeze. Somehow I felt that my task was complete.

But of course, in eternity, is any task ever complete? Two months later during an afternoon break while attending a seminar I went for a walk round a reservoir. There I picked up and retained a large feather. I eventually concluded that it was from a Canada goose. I visited a friend on the three days immediately following the seminar. We went for walks and on each day saw Canada geese. I then called to stay with Julie on my journey home. Practically the first thing she did on my arrival was to present me with a large Canada goose feather. When I reached home I was prompted to measure the feathers, each of which were exactly 43 cm long. Keeping in mind that during most of my life spent in Belgium I lived at number 43, I pondered whether this symbolically had anything to do with 'home'.

Starting with '43' as symbolising 'home', the next step was the clue from the origin of the feathers – 'Canada geese – birds'. I then recalled that the main objective of my trip to France in May, had been to visit the grave of Canadian Captain S. S. Bird. For over a year I had had a feeling that I needed to visit his grave, so that *'he could see his own grave through my eyes'* before being able to 'move on' and 'go home'. I had visited the only two Canadian war cemeteries in Normandy during that trip. It suddenly became evident that, symbolically, the 2 feathers were from a '**Canadian Bird**' again to thank me - now the third time, indicating that Stephen was able to 'go home'. What a brilliant way to get the message across - or it would have been had it not taken me so long to figure out the meaning. I guess that must have been part of my training.

A further two years later in a completely separate incident, during a holiday in Crete in 2007, I woke on 3 June with the name 'Colin Stephenson' in my mind. This was not a name that I knew, but as it was so clear and as I planned to visit the British Military Cemetery at Suda Bay the following day, I suspected that Colin wanted me to visit his grave. On arrival at the cemetery I discovered a grave for Pte. Robert David Stephenson who had been killed on 2 June 1941. A short distance away was a separate grave for Gunner Sydney Mayfield Corrin (not Colin). He was killed five days earlier on 28 May 1941. As I was unable to make any logical connection with Gunner Corrin, I can only assume that Stephenson and Corrin had somehow been linked (even if it was simply that they had been buried close to each other) and were jointly attempting to contact me. However it did not take me long to realise why Pte. Stephenson might have wanted me to visit his grave. His home was Lake Taupo in New Zealand. I had stayed at Lake Taupo during a visit to New Zealand in 2006, so however tenuous it may seem, there was a probable energetic link between us. In view of the distance it would not be surprising if no family member had ever visited his resting place. From what I had previously recognised, I suspected that maybe he also simply wanted to see his own gravestone through my eyes. What I do know is that a poem was communicated to me in that cemetery on 4 June 2007, just two days after the 66th anniversary of his death.

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SO MANY LIVES

4 June 2007

So many miles; so many years. So many lives; so many tears.
We gave so much that you be free. We lived our lives as they should be.
Hold hope that future days will bring the peace. And future birds will sing
the song for those lost lives. We fought; our lives were given and not bought.
May flowers in this pleasant land forever greet a happy band
who visit our last resting place. And even though we have no face,
we are in memory all around; we are not six feet underground.
So give your time to think a while. Give thanks that you may ever smile
until the day we'll join as one. And then together sing the song
of peace and love without a care and let our light shine everywhere.
So many miles; so many years. So many lives; so many tears.

Yes, I did notice the reference in the poem to 'future birds singing'. It looks as though there could be more visits to war memorials and cemeteries in store.

I had written a poem for a ceremony to release war victims, that was conducted in the Egyptian desert on 11 November 2011. Margaret planned to leave for New Zealand on 25 December. I had asked her to take the poem with her and to read it at some place that felt appropriate. In January 2012 I received a postcard on the back of which was written:

'Taupo. You will want to remember its lake, the largest in NZ.'

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CHAPTER 20

Understanding Relationships

Of course, at the beginning of my search I had no idea where this might lead; nor with the limited knowledge that I had at the time was there any way that I could imagine how present day relationships would be associated with 'past lives'. However having eventually expressed a deep desire to understand the truth behind the concept of 'past lives', I should not have been surprised at events that followed.

One of the questions raised in my research was whether 'past lives' were simply just that, or were they something more complex. The more I pursued this line of enquiry the more nebulous the expression 'past life' became. Eventually I concluded, as I will explain shortly in more detail,²⁷ that we are simply aspects of consciousness expressing ourselves in a physical form in order to participate in an earthly experience. (It appears that our individual consciousness is part of global consciousness - Jung's '*collective unconscious*'.) The physical environment is where emotions are felt. It is through emotions that traumas are experienced. It is also generally the most traumatic aspects of our individual history, both from 'past life' and present life experiences, which remain as memories. However, such memories tend to be frequently locked away in our deep subconscious.

Because traumas occur at a physical level, understanding the cause, and thus the ability to release the trauma, need to be grasped at a physical level. It is the subconscious need for understanding that eventually creates successive lives and appropriate situations in the physical environment to replicate unresolved traumatic experiences. Each experience, if understood, will then assist us in avoiding repetition of similar situations in future. Alternatively, if not understood, similar experiences will continue to manifest in current and future lifetimes until issues around the situation have been resolved. In addition to offering the opportunity to resolve past traumas, any lifetime will also include new experiences as part of our evolutionary progress. Each expression of an individual from lifetime to lifetime will be an evolving personality.

There is one further aspect relating to life experience that is worth consideration. As we are all part of the collective unconscious, any individual experiencing or releasing of any trauma will affect not just the individual personality, but contribute to the understanding of the Collective.

So I will now attempt to convey the significance between experiments in investigating 'past lives' and my understanding of present day relationships. Naturally I am not in a position to attempt to explain what the other persons involved learned from these relationships.

JANET (and JAMES)

I now have to jump forward to 2009. Over the intervening years, the more I discovered about 'past lives', the more I wondered if Lizzie had come back into my

²⁷ See Chapter 23.

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life as Janet?²⁸ Had we been together at some point in the past? This had simply been a vague question until I discovered the existence of James in 2003.²⁹ While visiting James' grave I noticed a discrepancy in his recorded age at the time he was killed in 1916. On his grave headstone it is inscribed that he died at age 34, whereas his age of death in the cemetery registry is recorded as 24. But from that record I also discovered that James' home address had been in the same street as my mother (born 1913) when she was a child. This prompted further research which revealed that Lizzie, (born 1878) and James, (born 1895) were in fact first cousins. I could well imagine unmarried Lizzie, as a teenager, taking an interest in a new baby being born into the family.

But could I have actually been James or at least an energetic part of me been James? This again was just speculation, but it felt highly likely and it would make sense relative to other aspects of what I had discovered in working with 'past lives'. I suspected that part of me began as a physical expression in this life as an energetic pattern (or soul fragment) of a former First World War soldier who had been killed in action – probably James. However, through my associations in this life and my work on expanding my consciousness and awareness, I also felt that I was susceptible to sensing other energy patterns, particularly those of deceased military personnel. Almost as if in response to my questioning, son-in-law Chris, who had been working on his family history made an interesting discovery. He had found a copy of James' pension record on an Internet site. Although James' Military Service Number was M2/182693, his Regimental Number was 73666. While I was standing to register for national service, I was about 4th in line from the desk when a supervisor placed another recruit in front of me. As a result my Military Service Number became one higher than it would otherwise have been. My Military Service Number is 5063666.

In view of the discrepancy associated with James' age I needed a copy of his birth certificate to record correct information on the family tree. The more I searched the more discrepancies I discovered. The 1901 census records James' age as 6. Depending on his date of birth and the date of the census, he could then only have been aged between 21 and 23 when he was killed. In no case could he have been either 24 or 34. Subsequent to discovering that it is possible to have wartime records corrected on presentation of documentary proof, I put more effort into obtaining a copy of James' birth certificate. Despite spending considerable time searching I was unable to find any record of his birth. Only when the 1911 census records were released in 2009 did I discover that at that time, James William was age 16 and was an 'adopted son' living with his parents, James and Sarah.

Staff at the Grimsby library explained that there had been no obligation to record details of adoptions prior to 1926 and that such adoptions usually occurred within the family. I was now faced with the question of who could have been the birth parents of James William? The more I pondered this, the more I felt I needed to clarify the issue. Who of the family members might have been the mother, or father, of James William?

²⁸ As postulated in Chapter 14.

²⁹ See Chapter 18.

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Of possible family members, there were two of my grandfather's sisters of eligible age to have had an illegitimate son adopted by their aunt and uncle, one of whom was Lizzie. What could be more bizarre than if Lizzie was the biological mother of James? If the earlier feelings of Janet and myself that she had had a previous incarnation as Lizzie, and if my speculation that a soul fragment of James might be a part of me in this incarnation, then Lizzie would have been my mother in a previous life and she is now my daughter in this present incarnation. If nothing else it would certainly explain the close link felt between Janet and myself.

During my research I discovered that James William Gatrill had married on 18 March 1913. I sent for a copy of the marriage certificate, which clarified that James was 19 when he married. This confirmed that he was at least age 22 when he was killed on 30 August 1916. However, there was a further element that took me another step closer to accepting that part of me, in a previous incarnation, could have been James William. In my introduction I gave an account of my childhood adventure of making an elephant from modelling clay. I had then attempted to get it to light up by connecting a flex to the trunk and tail and inserting the plug on the other end of the flex into the electric socket. It was only when I saw James' marriage certificate that I discovered his profession had been 'Electrician'.

But I still had a nagging doubt as to whether part of me might have been a residue of James consciousness that had not been completed when his life had been cut short. I speculated that part of James, then, had reincarnated within, or had become attached to, myself (again within a familiar family environment) in order to complete what had not been completed in his life as James. Such speculation if correct, seemed to answer many questions about my personality, but I concluded that there was no way that this could be proved.

However, although not proof, further incidents at the end of February 2010 seemed to be final pointers to confirm my speculation.

In the spring of 2009 I had gone to France, primarily to visit war memorials and cemeteries. I have little doubt from the events prior to, during and following this trip that it had been inspired by James. One morning at a hotel I had a conversation with another guest over breakfast. He had just read Sebastian Faulks fictional book 'Birdsong' about the First World War and said that it was so good that he had begun reading it again. On his recommendation I bought the book on the ferry returning to England. It was over 500 pages long and as I was going to be spending quite some time travelling to and relaxing in Sri Lanka and Kerala at the end of February, I chose 'Birdsong' to take with me.

I had checked the CWGC (Commonwealth War Grave Commission) website to see if there were any cemeteries close to where we might be staying during the trip. There were just 2 entries for Sri Lanka but the information against the 'Locality' and 'Number of Identified Casualties' stated 'Unspecified' and 'Unavailable' respectively. I gave up any possibility of visiting cemeteries. However, when our party of 6, plus the guide, went to visit The Sacred Temple of the Tooth Relic in Kandy, I felt that I should not go in with the rest of the group. While I sat waiting for them to come out I got into conversation with a Sri Lankan who spoke some English. 'Where do you come from?' 'What's your name?' 'Why are you sitting here?' began

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the conversation. After a short exchange he eventually commented that there was an English church in Kandy. That was not a great surprise, but he then said '*You go to the cemetery in the morning*'. (I naturally assumed he was referring to a cemetery associated with the church.) But with his accent and broken English I was uncertain whether this was a question or a statement, so I simply replied 'Yes'.

The following morning as we began the next stage of our journey from the hotel to the Botanical Gardens, the driver commented that he would take a different route to reach the road by which we had arrived. Within less than 5 minutes he stopped the vehicle beside the British Military Cemetery.

If that was the response to my question as to whether there was a Military Cemetery in Sri Lanka, then the following seems to be an attempt to finally convince me that James is part of me. I had put 'Birdsong' down one evening and it was my birthday when I took up the book again. The next page (213) began '*The battalion marched to a village called Colincamps*'.

This just seemed to be the last in a line of indicators that James was attempting to communicate to me that he is a part of me in this life. I could no longer ignore the evidence. First there was my strong desire to get to the root of the mystery. Then there was my sister's friend's husband discovering James' death within a few weeks of me suggesting that none of our family had been killed in either of the two world wars, followed by the phone call from Roseline who knew nothing about my search. There were the events of hearing the tune 'Blues for Jimmy Noon' and 'It was not like this when I was here' while driving to the cemetery to visit James' grave. Then son-in-law Chris discovered James' war record which identified that his Regimental Number coincidentally ended in '3666', the same as my Service Number. I have no doubt that it was James who influenced me to visit the Lochnagar Crater (of which I had no previous knowledge) during my trip to France in 2009. A massive explosion that signalled the beginning of the Battle of the Somme caused the crater. A large number of the 'Grimsby Chums' were among the 6380 troops killed in that offensive on that fateful day, 1 July 1916.³⁰ And how much influence did James have in suggesting to the Sri Lankan to say '*You go to the cemetery in the morning*' and our driver commenting that he was going to take a different road? I can only conclude that the final indicator by reading the reference to 'Colincamps' (the small commune adjacent to the cemetery where James is buried) specifically on my birthday, was to show symbolically that James and I are simply part of the same energetic makeup.

Back home I met with a regular weekly meditation group. By the 16th March 2010, two weeks after returning from the Sri Lankan trip I had finished reading 'Birdsong'. The partner with whom I was working that evening, while in trance said '*When you hear the birds singing you will know we are with you*'.

To conclude my 'relationship' with James, from the 1911 census I discovered that James had a younger adoptive brother, Richard. I telephoned the only 'Gatrill' in the Grimsby telephone directory and as a result, made contact with Mary, the wife of one of Richard's descendants. Mary had also been researching family history and among

³⁰ A full account of events associated with the Lochnagar Crater are recorded in 'Working With Truth', Chapters 2 to 4. (Work in progress).

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her documents were two photographs. One she believed was of James and Richard with their adoptive parents. The other was of a soldier in uniform, who Mary had been unable to identify. Mary had two copies of this photograph, one of which she gave to me. Further research left me in little doubt that this was a photograph of James. I was left with a feeling that I had completed what James had been wanting during our time together once I had added a copy of his photograph to the family tree.

ROSELINE

In retrospect it eventually became clear to me that at some time in the past, in Greece (and possibly in earlier lives in Egypt) our personalities had been strongly attracted to each other, but due to circumstances our love for each other had not been consummated. Circumstances in this life brought us together again. (And here I have come to believe that we set up events to be played out in life before we incarnate, which of course involves all other participants in our lives.) This time Roseline and I were able to complete our relationship leaving it free of karmic ties from the past. This of course was not accomplished without help and guidance from those in other realms.

I would like to have been able to help Roseline to clear other karmic residues which seemed to present manifestations in her physical body today – a weak (broken?) heart, fear of travelling and fear of heights.³¹ I believe that Roseline's dreams, on a number of occasions, if analysed could have brought significant clearing in this domain. However, it was her choice not to pursue further understanding of these issues with me. Whether Roseline was one of the '*young unmarried women who were blinded*' as a result of my Egyptian priestly activities is open to conjecture, but I feel that now we have experienced time together in this life, such speculation is unimportant. Nevertheless, as an afterthought, while we were together but prior to any understanding of our 'past life' connection, it might have been significant that for one of her birthday presents I bought her spectacles.

MARGARET

I have addressed the majority of the significant aspects associated with my relationship with Margaret in Chapter 13. However it is worth summarising what had taken place in the context of subsequent understanding I gained on my journey.

On the basis of my postulation that we set up situations before incarnating, the appreciation of which will often bring a deeper understanding of our place in evolution, I then needed to consider my relationship with Margaret. As I explained in Chapter 14, by now I had accepted the idea that Janet had chosen myself, and through me, Margaret, to be her parents. But there was more to it than that, which I eventually discovered as a consequence of my reaction towards a female therapist partner during one of the 'past life' workshops. The therapist kept asking me questions and I became agitated and aggressive towards the female authority figure that she represented. In Chapter 13, I explained how I had allowed myself to be put in a position by both mother and Margaret of having to tell a female close to me that I had to break off that relationship. But I now understand that these events were necessary in order for me to

³¹ All stemming from being sent away from Delphi to Sounion – See Chapter 17.

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strengthen my resolve to do what I knew to be right in my heart, regardless of the feelings or needs of others. For my part, the whole experience related to understanding freedom, truth, and to consider the implications of 'desire' of the self. I feel that Margaret and I completed our prime objective of bringing up children in a stable environment to the best of our ability. It was then appropriate that we both moved on to tackle further challenges on our pathway once that task had been completed.

Also in Chapter 13 I described how, in a meditation exercise the relationship between Pat and I appeared in 'a wiring diagram' as 'twins'. In that same exercise in respect of the 'wiring diagram', Margaret had been in the position of mother to both Pat and myself. Some 10 years after that event, during another of my 'past life' experiences, I recognised my dominating mother in a 'past life' as being Margaret today. Little wonder then that when Margaret was pursuing her hypnotherapy training, I knew that I would never allow myself to be hypnotised by her.

JULIE

I have not discovered and feel that there are no karmic issues between Julie and myself. This is based on my understanding and as explained in Chapter 14, that Janet through me, had chosen Margaret to be her mother. As Margaret, having experienced being brought up as an only child, did not wish to have a family with only one child, we agreed to have two children. I suspect that there may be karmic issues between our second daughter Julie and Margaret and/or Janet, but that is beyond the scope of my research.

PAT

I have given sufficient account in the preceding chapters to show the close link between Pat and myself. But further events occurred that helped shed light on our relationship. Keeping in mind my strong desire to understand how I could possibly have known of Pat's situation and the 'feeling of an explosion' that I experienced during our first meeting, I believe it is worthwhile considering other elements of our relationship that were eventually revealed.

In October 1991 I received documentation outlining the '11:11' phenomenon. It contained information which had been channelled by an American lady, Solara, and explained that:

'the Star-Borne were to unite together in conscious Oneness world-wide on 1.11.1992. [11 January 1992] This would be when humanity would begin to move into a new spiral of consciousness and we would begin to align ourselves irrevocably with our Higher Purpose'.

I attended a meeting on the subject and during a period of meditation the facilitator suggested that we ask to be given our 'starry name'. The name I intuited was 'Dorion', which I quickly realised should be understood as 'd'Orion' or 'from Orion'.

At the end of 1995 I went to purchase a book. As I reached to take it off the shelf it was as though my hand was drawn to pull out another book by Robert Bauval and

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Adrian Gilbert - 'The Orion Mystery'. I really felt as though I had no option but to buy it. The book addressed the 'secrets of the pyramids' by providing a well-documented account postulating the similarity between the layout of the pyramids on the Giza plateau and Nile valley with the constellation of Orion and associated astral bodies. As I read I concluded that if my starry name was correct and I was 'from Orion' then for all of the other elements of The Orion Mystery to correspond with my personal 'mystery', Pat had to be from 'Sirius'. I needed to find out.

In December 1993 I had received a non-solicited recording of a lecture. (The events surrounding this apparently insignificant act were so unusual that they are worth noting. In May 1993 I attended a retreat in Glastonbury, during which Robert Coon gave a lecture. I ordered a recorded copy of his lecture from the organisers. By mid November I had not received the recording and wrote to find out what had happened to my order. I never received a reply. At that May retreat I met a group of 6 Americans and at the end of the week exchanged addresses with 5 of their number. The sixth member of the group with whom I had not exchanged addresses sent the recording to me. She said that she felt that it was important that I had the tape and had contacted one of her friends from the retreat to obtain my address.) The recording was of a lecture by Robert Coon, similar to the one given in Glastonbury, but this time in California a few weeks previously. On the other side of the tape was a meditation given by Solara. During the meditation on the tape, Solara guided participants to ask for their starry name. I decided to send a copy of that tape to Pat.

When I next met Pat in the spring of 1996 I asked her what starry name she had derived from the meditation. After much mind searching she recalled that it sounded something like a newspaper and eventually concluded that it was 'The Morning Star'. But we then needed to determine which star was referred to as 'the morning star'. Pat seemed to think it was Venus. Anticipating that it would have been Sirius, I felt deflated that my feelings had somehow let me down.

But I did not have long to wait to have my suspicions confirmed. Less than a week later I attend a gathering in Brussels to which I had been invited before meeting with Pat. During the evening the hosts offered guests a choice of some old magazines which might be of interest. I was drawn to an American publication, the February 1995 edition of 'Sedona - Journal of Emergence' and casually opened it at page 45. The title at the top of the page screamed at me '*The Sirius Connection – what it can mean in your daily life*'. I tightly hung on to the magazine, realising why I had been invited to the meeting. But only after arriving home did I discover that there were two further articles in the magazine, one entitled '*Stargate from Sirius*' and the other '*Sirius Awakening*'. Phrases from these latter two articles held the answer to my question.

From the former I read

*'Now humanity becomes the filter or the transformer, so to speak, that can help to anchor the energies of the divine feminine from Sirius into the core of the Earth. What happens when this energy is anchored will be **an explosion of energy from within**'.*

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You can say that again, but the '*explosion*' I had experienced when I first put my arms around Pat had occurred 9 years before that text had been published!

The text of the '*Sirius Awakening*' article began:

*'The rising of Sirius at dawn is a sacred event. **Sirius, the brightest star in the sky, appears to rise just before the Sun.** The specific connection to Sirius energy is necessary for humans to be connected to their origins and to complete themselves as human beings. One's stellar past lives can be viewed as aspects of oneself living presently in a different dimension.'*

It also explained:

'The karma of accumulated misuse of Sirius energy, such as that which continues from ancient Egypt, must be completed and resolved before gaining access to Sirius in the present lifetime'.

When I initially read the above text it made little sense to me, other than validating the postulates of 'The Orion Mystery' and seeming to confirm my intuition that Pat's 'Morning Star' was in fact Sirius.

Pat called to visit me one evening while I was attending a seminar in July 2003. As she opened her car door to leave, a moth flew out of the car. She asked what I thought it might symbolise. We had been discussing her 91-year-old father's health. In view of my earlier experience from a meditation addressed in Chapter 15, concerning the date of passing of Loraine and her mother, (part of my symbolic interpretation had been associated with the words 'mother' and 'moth') I suggested that the moth may be an indication of her father's passing. Some days later I felt that I needed to expand on my suggestion. I sent Pat a complete explanation as to how I had arrived at that conclusion and came up with two dates that I felt might be an indication of the dates of her father's passing – 16 September and 8 May.

On 7 September 2003 I went for a walk and my attention was drawn to a parked car with the registration 'T 996 UAV'. (I intentionally touched the car to confirm to myself that I was not seeing the registration plate clairvoyantly.) Again this seemed to be significant in light of the experience, recounted in Chapter 16, where seeing a car with the registration number 'T 699 UAV' had given me clues as to the date of my mother's passing. The fact that the car had the same registration letters, but the numbers were reversed, left me in no doubt that there was something wrong concerning the information I had given Pat based on my interpretation of the probable date of her father's passing. I immediately phoned Pat and we discussed my interpretation. I suggested that I needed to '*turn the numbers round*' for the interpretation to be correct. This then gave the dates of 8 September and 16 May. As Pat's birth date is 8 September, it then seemed more appropriate that the 'birthday' of her father into a higher dimension was more likely to be the revised date of 16 May. I had mentally associated the dates to the years 2003 and 2004 respectively, but had not mentioned this to Pat. In my written confirmation of the above to Pat I commented that the 'message' of the car registration plate could simply be saying to me '*see it the other way round*'.

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I spoke further with Pat on 22 November 2003 about the interpretation and the following morning read a quote by Edgar Cayce, which seemed very significant.

'The morning stars sang together, and the whispering winds brought the news of the coming of man's indwelling.'

Late in 2004 Pat informed me that she had been diagnosed as having multiple sclerosis and in April 2005 she came to visit me for a few of days. We spent quite some time discussing the symptoms and metaphysical causes of MS and possible ways of working on a cure, or at least arresting progress of the condition.

On 9 May 2005 I left on a 10-day trip to Belgium and France. While away I became aware of a daily urge, which commenced on 16 May, for me to telephone Pat. I resolved not to call until I arrived home. There I discovered that Pat had sent me an email on 14 May asking for advice concerning some trial treatment for MS that she had been offered and which was due to start on 26 May. I suspect that her urgent need for a response was probably what had prompted my feeling that I needed to call her. It was only while writing up my account of these events that I realised the significance of the date. The '16th May' was the second date that I had derived from the 'moth' flying from Pat's car, which I had associated with her father's passing. Without being consciously aware of this connection, one of the first things I had done upon returning from my continental trip was to send Pat an email with pictures and a short story of a butterfly emerging from its chrysalis. Had I got the interpretation wrong again, and did the symbolism of the car registration plate message '*see it the other way round*' relate totally to Pat and not her father? After I had revised the original dates I was left with 8 September (Pat's birthday) and 16 May which now seemed to correspond to Pat (moth) emerging from the chrysalis (car) and becoming a butterfly - to Pat being born into a new life, rather than the death of her father?

And was there any connection between these events and my dream where a butterfly emerged from a chrysalis, that became myself, and escaped from the spider (Margaret)?³² Recall that in my 'wiring diagram' meditation, I had been a twin with Pat, and Margaret had been in the position of our mother.

But it was not until 4 June 2005 in response to my 18 years of searching that I received an answer that seemed to satisfy my questioning. I was having dinner with friend Sue who had organised a trip to Egypt in which I had participated in November 2004. In discussing my possible 'past life' links to Egypt and some of my experiences, I commented in reference to my connection with Pat, that Orion and Sirius was where we had first come together. In response Sue simply remarked 'Oh, it was before that'. Could this be the meaning of '*One's stellar past lives can be viewed as aspects of oneself living presently in a different dimension?*'

I woke the following morning with my mind full of the unequivocal realisation that elements of 'The One' had chosen separate energetic pathways, identified as Sirius and Orion, and Pat and I, in an explosion of re-united energy had simply re-discovered our origins.

³² See Chapter 14.

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How many times and how many clues did it take to get me to understand that I needed to ‘see it the other way round’? I don’t know how, but somehow this knowledge seemed to be the key to initiating Pat onto the road of letting go, becoming the butterfly and taking a big step towards healing her MS. Now it all made sense. We had been ‘One’ (Richard Bach’s book). We had separated energetically into the masculine and feminine streams of Orion and Sirius, yet ‘The Bridge Across Forever’ had remained. The first time we linked again as individuals in this physical realm, that occluded spark created an explosion of energy, which had been dormant for millions of years. And in that respect, was my relationship with Pat simply a holographic expression of what was in the process of manifesting at a universal level?

Maybe there was also a final twist in the ‘moth’ riddle that occurred in 2007. Pat’s father died on 26 April, and was buried on ‘8 May’ – the date I had originally identified in connection with her father’s passing. As a result of these experiences and speculations, I was in the more enlightened position of realising the importance of ensuring the precise interpretation of symbolic communications.

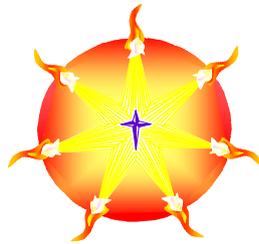
As we move deeper into an understanding of who we are and our energetic connections to the stars and planets, as taught by the Maori, Hopi, Huna and many other traditional cultures, our earthly domain becomes increasingly insignificant. We have created this planet and now we are in the process of destroying what we have created. Is it not possible to glean from all of these experiences that our individual and universal way of thinking is the process that creates the world around us? My journey began with the sincerest thought ‘*What is this life all about?*’ that was to take me through a 25-year adventure that I never could have imagined.

‘It is time for all of the ‘old’ traditions to be relinquished. Everything needs to be understood as a manifestation of our inner being, which in turn is simply a holographic reflection of the spiritual impulse attempting to express itself as heaven on earth. Only when we listen together as One Humanity in harmony can this manifest in the physical realm we call earth.’

Carl Gustav Jung

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SECTION THREE



THE ADVENTURE

CONTINUES

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CHAPTER 21

Pearl Harbour

Interspersed with my activities connected with war victims I was attracted to publicity for a retreat in January 2004 entitled '*Hawaii and the hidden secrets of Huna*'. The retreat was to take place in '*the birthplace of the original esoteric Huna teachings*'. It was explained that the word 'Huna' came from the same core truth that influenced the ancient teachings from India and the Mongolian and American Indian Shamans. I was left with only one thought in my mind - I had to attend this retreat.

My knowledge of Hawaii was very scant, so if I was to travel half way round the world I should make time to visit the island. After initial checks my first surprise was to discover that there were in fact 8 main islands. I needed to contact a friend that had visited Hawaii to get some ideas of places to visit. One thing soon became clear, although the retreat was to take place on Maui Island, I also felt drawn to travel to the island of Oahu to visit the Pearl Harbour Memorial. Within a week everything was organised, retreat booked, flights, transfers, and hotel accommodation arranged.

On the last leg of the journey, the flight from San Francisco to Maui, I occupied a seat next to a couple returning to Hawaii to repeat a trip they had enjoyed so much the previous year. I took the opportunity to ask them what sights they would recommend I visit. They were unanimous in that I '*must go to Pearl Harbour*'.

After the long journey I arrived at the centre in the evening, ready for the start of the retreat the following morning. At about 3.00 a.m. I was woken and disturbed by the first half dozen lines of a poem going round in my mind. I noted down the words, knowing from past experience that I would be able to complete the poem later. Even then, my attempt to regain sleep was thwarted by what I can only describe as drumming. There was certainly no physical sound of drumming, yet I had the impression that a complicated drumming rhythm was being created in my mind by a single drummer. When this stopped it was as though a group of drummers would play back the rhythm that I had just heard. This procedure was then repeated, but with a different rhythm; each subsequent rhythm becoming more and more complex. This went on for about half an hour before I was finally able to get to sleep.

Later the same day, while talking with one of the other participants, I was asked what had made me decide to come on the retreat. I could only answer that I felt that I had to attend. That night, again at about 3.00 a.m. I received the remainder of the poem. During another conversation with a different participant the next morning I mentioned that I would be visiting other islands before returning to England. Her immediate response was '*You must go to Pearl Harbour*'.

It did not take much imagination to realise from these comments, followed by the first lines of the poem, that the main reason I had been inspired to go to Hawaii was to visit The Memorial at Pearl Harbour. By the end of the week it was clear that the remainder of poem reflected the teaching that we had received during the week, yet the poem had been written before I had heard the teaching.

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PEARL HARBOUR

8/9 January 2004

To those who lost their lives in vain upon this ocean floor.
Their bodies lain to rest in peace. Their souls forevermore
to wander in the realms beyond, in search of light and love.
Yet unaware that what they seek will not be found above,
but in their hearts, within their being, however they perceive.
For that is what determines life, creates just how we live.

Whatever action or event that we confront each day,
remember, that each is a gift to help us on our way
to realising who we are; just why upon this birth
we chose expression of ourselves for a while on this earth.
It is to feel, it is to touch, emotions that elsewhere
are unattainable in thought. It is that we may share
the joy of peace and harmony with others of like mind,
but always with the choice of change, which one day we will find
is simply changing our desire to what we wish to be.
The next experiment on our path to help humanity.

So to those souls who've lingered here so many years now passed,
I send my thoughts, I send my prayers that one day soon, at last
that when they choose, they're free to move and take their journey on.
Let go the past. Let go the hurt and recognise they're One.
They're part of that creative being, that one and only 'All'.
That's all there is. There isn't you, there isn't me at all.
And all the fancy names and terms to explain this away
will die in tears and turn to rust. And that will be the day
we'll celebrate the unity of all that we have done.
The part that we have played on earth – expression of the 'One'.

I arrived on the island of Oahu on 16 January and had settled into my room by lunchtime. That afternoon I decided to take a walk along the famous Waikiki Beach. As I drew close to the distant end of the beach I became aware of the sound of drumming coming from Kapiolani Park and went to investigate. There I discovered a group of drummers practising on a bandstand for a performance the following day. One drummer would beat out a complicated rhythm, which would then be repeated and played back in unison by the remainder of the group. A further complicated rhythm would then be created ... etceteras. I stayed to appreciate this performance to its conclusion about half an hour later; a performance I had little doubt that I had already heard in bed on Maui a week previously. Welcome to Oahu.

The following morning it was time for the guided tour that I had been encouraged to take to the Pearl Harbour Memorial. There I was able to read the poem and reflect on the 2,388 lives that had been lost in this tragedy. But as so often occurs, there was a twist to the story.

My original text of the third to last line of the poem read '*will die in tears and turn to dust*'. However, when I first copied the draft I changed '*tears*' to read '*years*' which seemed to make more sense. But I was corrected on this error when, during the visit,

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the guide explained that there were still thousands of litres of fuel on the USS Arizona (the sunken vessel below The Memorial). This oil still leaks out very slowly. As each drop of oil breaks the surface it spreads out creating beautiful patterns in all the colours of the rainbow. These drops of oil are known as the '*tears of the victims*' and it is said that the souls of all the victims will not be free until all the oil has been released from the vessel. After this explanation and seeing the photographs that I had taken I felt obliged to revise the third to last line of the poem to read '*will die in tears and turn to rust*'.



By mid-March 2004, after recounting the above experiences to friends, and of them being aware of my earlier work with deceased war victims, some of them had asked if I had been able to help the Pearl Harbour victims to 'move on'. I could only explain that my attempts to mentally contact the victims had been like telephoning someone who did not wish to pick up the phone. (I had the impression that they were sat around playing cards.) In view of my friends' insisting that these victims receive help, I eventually had what I considered to be 'a bright idea'. Most of the Pearl Harbour victims were US Navy personnel. The victims of the Exercise Tiger catastrophe were also US military personnel. They would have a similar mentality – that is they would have been given an order to do a job and would remain at their post until they were relieved. I had discovered from a number of 'past life' seminars how important it was to be flexible but insistent on coming up with an appropriate method of communication in any given situation. The Tiger victims had asked me to help them to thank Ken.³³ After I had done this on their behalf, I had assumed that they would have moved on. But subsequent circumstances in November 2001 indicated that they had not. My 'bright idea' then was to ask the Tiger victims if they would be willing to help their Pearl Harbour colleagues by explaining that they no longer had physical bodies and were free to move on. Not only were they very enthusiastic about the idea, they seemed overjoyed that someone had given them something to do.

But this led to further big surprises for me. As I asked the Tiger victims, a US navy chief petty officer who had been my shift supervisor while I was doing military service in 1960 appeared and announced that he would take care of everything. I had not given any thought to my former shift supervisor for over 40 years and had no idea if he had died, but it seemed that he was still organising troops on the other side. Mind you, if my impression had been correct, then he, as an avid poker player in this life, would be the right man for the job. Eventually I realised that there seemed to be a significant relationship between the timing of this event and Ken's death. The

³³ See Chapter 18.

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communication with the Tiger victims took place on the morning of 16 March 2004, before I became aware that Ken had died the previous day. Then when Ken appeared to me again the following September he explained that he was quite lonely and there was no sign of anyone else, not even the victims of Exercise Tiger.

Subsequent to attending the Hawaiian retreat in 2004, I had occasionally received publicity for further similar events. Apart from a week in Spain in September 2004, I had not felt drawn to attend any of the other proposed activities. However at the end of 2007 publicity arrived for a further retreat in Hawaii; this time on Hawaii Big Island as opposed to Maui. I had not previously been to Big Island and felt strongly that I would like to see the active Kilauea volcano. This would also give me an opportunity to visit some of the places I had not seen on my first trip to Oahu and pay a return visit to the Pearl Harbour Memorial.

I arrived to spend 3 nights on Oahu Island on 9 April 2008 and received the following poem on 11 April, the morning before my return visit to the Pearl Harbour Memorial.

MESSAGE FROM PEARL HARBOUR

Among the dead were those not found; some killed by shells and others drowned.
They gave their lives for you and me so we could live in peace and be
examples of the lives they missed. But what have we to show for this?
Have we lived up to what they gave or simply sent more to their grave?
The answer comes from deep inside. Just listen clearly, then decide
what we can do to save our face. What can we do to bring the grace
for which they gave their lives that day? Now is the time to turn away
from conflict in these lands of ours. Resist the pressure of the powers
that be. As conscience lies within, now is the time that we begin.

Refuse all pressures from without and know the truth without a doubt
that we are each a part of One. All change begins within each cell
and like a virus it will spread. It is not something in the head,
but all within the natural law. Forget what you've been told before
and live each life expressing love, then spread the power – not from above,
but from within. Then we will see how all will change and we will be
the leaders in this world of change. And even if you think it's strange,
just open wide your heart and say, so we may live another day,
'Let love and light on earth abound' until the time on hallowed ground
we'll choose experience on earth to come and live our second birth.

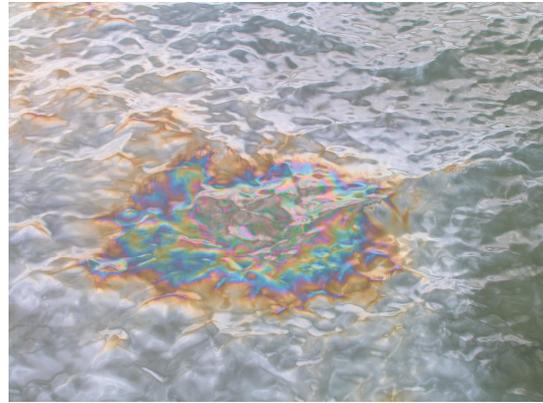
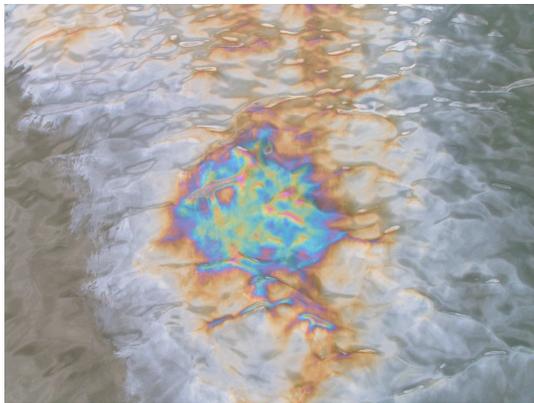
Not only did the second half of the poem reflect some of the teaching we received during the retreat, but again the poem was received prior to my attendance at the retreat.

But this was not the only significant event to be revealed that day. During my first visit to the Pearl Harbour Memorial I had seen and taken photographs of the drops of oil (*'tears of the victims'*) at a particular location on The Memorial. This was a 5 x 4 meter oblong space in the centre of The Memorial where one could look down onto the surface of the sea. Naturally I returned to that same spot expecting to see rainbow coloured oil floating on the surface. But this time there was no trace of the oil, only

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one fish swimming around in the clear water. Was this an indication that the victims had moved on? At that point I could only raise the question in my mind. I did not have an answer.

So, after reading the poem from my first visit whilst standing close to the observation area, it was time to get in line to board the launch back to Honolulu. Slowly we moved forward and as I glanced over the side into the sea, suddenly I was shocked into action. I quickly grabbed my camera, the only personal belongings visitors are allowed to take onto The Memorial, and recorded what I was seeing. This time, instead of the mass of oil which appeared within the limits of The Memorial viewing frame on my first visit, now there were individual drops of oil arriving at the surface and floating away from The Memorial. Not only that, as I watched, I realised that each drop seemed to be surrounded by a white aura. I could only conclude that this was the answer to my question. The victims, at last, seemed to be moving away from their watery grave.



I worked on this chapter all day on 23 January 2009. That evening I watched the first episode of a series on TV entitled Ghost Train. Part of the action took place in a funfair. The music playing on the carousel in one scene was ‘Anchors Away’!

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CHAPTER 22

Things Are Not What They Seem

So what has twenty five years of research revealed? The fundamental point, of which I have no doubt, is that when we detach from our physical body we continue to exist as consciousness. Of course I was not aware of this when my search began, and would not have easily accepted such a proposition had it been suggested to me. Even less likely to have been accepted by me would have been the idea that the mind, or more precisely consciousness, was not in the brain. However this is where I now stand. 'Consciousness is the creator of everything and the way each of us thinks provides an input to the overall creative force'. I feel that my experiences associated with the concept of time have already been adequately addressed in Chapters 11 and 15, although I will highlight further understanding in my concluding remarks.

If ever I was asked as a child what I wanted to do in life, I never had an answer. As I grew into my teens I still had no idea of what type of career I wanted, although being in an office seemed to be a more attractive proposition than working outside or on some production line. But deep in my inner being I felt that I wanted to travel and would need more than the then usual standard two weeks holiday a year, which was the norm, in order to do that. I also felt that I wanted to be able to do what I wanted to do, when I wanted to do it, with sufficient pension to continue travelling when I retired. Naively, I was also unable to understand why it was necessary to have such a convoluted tax system. Why did individuals have to pay income tax – would it not be simpler to pay a reduced salary and have the employer pay whatever tax was appropriate on an established and agreed sliding scale and a similar system for purchase tax? And why were politicians not allowed to vote with their conscience instead of this undemocratic system of having to follow a 'party line'?

I left school as soon as I could at age 15 and spent the summer holiday doing nothing in particular. I was then challenged by my father as to whether I intended to go back to study, or to start work. I opted for the latter and went to the job centre in search of employment. On the last Thursday at the end of the 6 weeks school holiday practically all employment vacancies had been taken; the only job available was as a tea boy in a car factory. I was accepted to start work the following Monday. However on the Sunday morning father got into conversation with the next door neighbour. He worked for his brother who had just set up a company for financing hire purchase of electrical goods and they required someone to work in the office. I had had the necessary clerical training at school and was asked if I would be interested. I started work in the office the following morning and suspect that the workers at the car factory might have gone without tea that day.

At the time I did not perceive that event as anything other than a fortunate opportunity. Only later when I reflected on my subsequent career, in part obtained as a result of that earlier work experience, did I realise that my employment as a civil servant had given me an average of 7 weeks holiday per year and salaries were paid free of tax. I had ample opportunity to travel as often as I needed and now, having been retired for more than 14 years, do I realise that my teenage personal desires had been met.

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I believe that our inner consciousness is aware of the objectives we set for ourselves on our earthly journey. Meditation, listening to our intuition and dreams are some of the means of becoming aware of our mission in life. Whatever field of activity we choose, I can only suggest that by focussing on the task in hand, doing this to the best of our ability and being totally honest with ourselves, regardless of the opinions of others, we will be guided and helped along the way. If we attempt to tackle life on our own, (ego consciousness) we simply need to be aware of what life is telling us when problems occur. Spend time with the hidden subtle meaning of events and however ridiculous it might seem, check them out to discover your own intimate language with the universe.

I am not suggesting that '*confirmation 3 times in a documented form from outside of yourself*' is necessary, but I do suggest that any communication coming from a non-conscious source be tested to a point where you are entirely satisfied that such information could not possibly be your own imagination. Only you will know when you are satisfied in that respect.

When I look back over my experiences there is one element that seemed to pull many of the pieces of my life's jigsaw puzzle together. It was my reaction during the 'past life' exercise in which, as a soldier, I had died in Korea.³⁴ My reaction in that situation had been '*anger and resentment, because nobody had told me while I was alive that we did not die.*'

Despite the experience I cannot be certain that I was a Korean soldier and am not even sure that it matters, but my future evolution seems to have been influenced by such a strong reaction. I felt total mistrust towards everyone in that I had been misled and not educated to understand such a vital elementary truth. This being ingrained in my psyche, I now believe that the driving force in my current life has been directed towards bringing this understanding into common knowledge.

We are each an amalgam of memories of diverse experiences. Each experience has a level of intensity which may be described as giving, or not giving, pleasure. It is the strength of these unconscious memories that define our evolution. Those memories that give pleasure may give rise to habits or addictions. Those that stem from negative experiences or injustice may prompt a desire to bring about change in these respects. The intensity of the desire manifests energetically, which may eventually express itself in a physical form to re-experience or attempt to redress the situation. Or a completely new avenue of experience may be desired. We, at present, are various expressions of that energy in human form. I therefore suspect that as a result of dying in my soldier experience, the drive of wanting to tell all my comrades what I had discovered has carried over into this life. A powerful experience from the past is being worked through and would consequently account for many of my present life experiences.

Wherever extreme desire in any part of consciousness arises, that will naturally attract similar vibratory expressions (through the law of natural attraction). Part of that 'desire' will manifest at a level that may or may not be in physical form. Within humans, where there is a problem to be resolved, in whatever field, total focus on

³⁴ See Chapter 19.

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studying the problem will eventually reveal a solution. The individual researcher may feel that (s)he is working independently on such a project, but in reality there is a whole stream of energetic support working on the same issue prior to the human physical manifestation as the researcher. (A symbolic illustration of this concept can be equated to a fibre optic light. The light at the end of an individual fibre, representing the human, would not be evident were there not a fibre to transmit the energy from the source light.) Eventually a solution will be communicated into the physical realm. It takes little imagination then to understand what takes place when two researchers, miles apart, simultaneously discover solutions to a particular problem. Also when an individual researcher realises a solution to a particular problem, either upon waking or in a spark of inspiration, his ego consciousness has simply allowed a non-physical aspect of the desire, which has been working on the same project, to direct the solution into the conscious receptor of the researcher while he was not in a fully conscious state. But so often the physical manifestation (human) is so influenced by the many aspects of social culture which often include political pressure, corporate or personal gain or fear of rejection by peers, to name but a few, that many of the most appropriate solutions to problems are never accepted or implemented. Within animals and plants, there is no such cultural constraint and they simply adapt to environmental conditions, by what we refer to as 'evolution'.

The more I investigated, the more I uncovered reasons why I could only trust what I discovered for myself. At school I had a method of mentally calculating answers to mathematical problems such as at what time two trains would meet if they set off at different times travelling at different speeds from a specified distance apart. Although my answers would be correct, they were marked wrong because I had not used the prescribed method to calculate the result. I cannot now recall how I was able to perform these calculations, but speculate that I must have learned this during some previous experience. I also remember during the same period being punished on one occasion, after telling the truth and not being believed. Then there was my 'past life' experience as a priest in Egypt,³⁵ where I had been put to death as a result of '*simply teaching what I had been taught*'. And assuming that I had a 'past life' as a soldier, here again I was in a situation where I would have had to follow orders without question.

It was evident as to why I quickly lost faith in all academic activity; suspicion of the teaching of others (particularly any religious ritual or dogma) and the obedience to carrying out orders unless they made sense. The corollary to all of these 'past life' residues was that I grew more and more at ease in trusting my own instinct.

Another series of incidents related to forgotten events from the earlier part of my present life is also worth considering in this respect.

At a workshop in October 2000 we were asked to draw a traumatic incident from our childhood, and were then placed into groups of three. Within the same group as myself was David (not his real name). He described a picture of his childhood where he is standing looking over a hedge into a room where a child's party is taking place. David has only one friend. It is his friend's birthday party. David has not been invited. [David later told his story to all the participants at the workshop. However,

³⁵ See Chapter 17.

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he did not tell the remainder of the story that he had recounted to our group of three.] He continued:

'I have a tin of mint toffees that I have wrapped up as a present to give to my friend. I walk up the path to the front door and knock. My friend's mother opens the door. She takes the parcel from me and then, without a word, shuts the door.'

I felt devastated. How could anyone be so cruel to a child? Later in the week someone discovered that it was David's birthday on the last evening that we would all be together. A surprise birthday cake and wine was organised to celebrate this event. David was encouraged to give a speech. A man of few words, he expressed his surprise at what was taking place and said that this was the very first birthday party he had ever had in his life. David is a similar age to myself and I was born in 1939. When I came to say goodbye to David the following afternoon tears just rolled down my face. I could hardly speak. I was unable either to understand or explain what was happening, but something from his experience had triggered something within me.

As I drove towards daughter Julie's house, where I would be staying before returning home, I reflected on the events of the week. Was my reaction to David's experience bringing up something from my past that I had forgotten? I did recall that for as long as I could remember I had not liked birthday parties. I could only recall two childhood birthday party experiences. The first, which was not my birthday, was where a conjurer had been invited and this I enjoyed. The second was my own birthday party and I remember being given a book 'Tom Brown's Schooldays.' Looking back on this second incident, I wondered if I read Tom Brown's Schooldays again, would it bring back some memories of that period of my life? There also seemed to be a misty memory of a game of hide and seek where I somehow got locked in a cupboard where there was no light. But I can't be certain of this.

The morning after arriving at Julie's I had a dream, which, not surprisingly, turned out to be associated with the activities at the workshop. I mentioned this to Julie and Chris and my reflections concerning possibly re-reading Tom Brown's Schooldays. Chris asked if the book that I had been given as a child had a tan cover. I was sure that it did. His response was that they had taken that book when they had helped clear belongings from mother's house in 1995. He then commented that he had just given the book away earlier that week – in fact on the same day that I had worked on the image of my childhood trauma at the workshop. The book had been in the family for over 50 years until the day that I had worked on my childhood trauma, and then it had been given away the same day. Something told me that I didn't need to read the book and I had resolved the problem somewhere along the line. But what was it? The answer to that question was partly brought back to consciousness three weeks later when Tom Brown's Schooldays was serialised on the radio. I then realised that my 'loosing faith in academic pursuits' had been compounded by being bullied by a headmaster while at school.

I had never previously met David in this life, but who knows where we might have met elsewhere. It seemed that somehow one of my childhood traumas had been washed away with the tears I released when saying goodbye to David. Maybe he was

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unable to understand my reaction. Maybe he didn't realise how important it was to me that he had been prompted to attend that workshop. I thank David for being there.

A few days after completing the above account I received an unsolicited article publicising a sweatlodge ceremony. The last paragraph reads:

'In the words of Stalking Wolf, the Apache Grandfather who taught Tom Brown and is immortalised in Tom's books 'The Vision', 'The Quest' and 'The Journey'. "You have felt the presence of the ancients, the expansion of self, and the peace. You know now what a true ceremony should be, for as you felt the power of the lodge, so too will others, regardless of belief. The sweatlodge speaks to all peoples in the language of their own beliefs and thus it becomes a universal truth. So, then, use the lodge as a tool, a doorway for physical and spiritual renewal and cleansing, a pathway to expansion and a vehicle to the worlds of the unseen and eternal."'

Somehow 'Tom Brown' seemed to be a trigger linking my journey with what Tom's teacher had taught him. We are all different, and whether it is a 'sweatlodge', a 'workshop' or any other ceremony that brings into our awareness the presence of the ancients, that is the appropriate tool for each of us to work with towards expanding our consciousness and recognising the unseen eternal worlds.

Now, in consolidating an understanding of my life's journey in 2010, I realise an even deeper meaning in my reaction to David's experience. We are each simply a microscopic reflection of the macrocosm. Consequently, as I had been bullied at school, my tears at saying farewell to David had been a release of my trauma at a personal level. But that had only been a reflection of what was taking place at a deeper level. My inner consciousness was becoming aware of what was taking place on a global scale. We are all in the process of shedding tears at the sadness of the world and the bullying we have been subjected to by various governments, organisations and authority figures throughout history. And the tears that society is shedding are manifesting in such reactions as experienced in the response to Princess Diana's death. Suppressed tears are also manifesting as violence, terrorism, wars, and the senseless actions by suicide bombers that we are experiencing in an ever increasing spiral. Of course the perpetrators of those actions are generally not aware of what is taking place, and their actions only strengthen the 'controllers' approach to reinforce their bullying tactics.

How is this vicious cycle to be broken? I can only suggest that a starting point would be by introducing meditation into our education system at all levels, the benefits of which have already been experienced in trials at schools. Then as part of the curriculum, as opposed to the present system of inculcation, children should be encouraged to study subjects based on their inner guidance and natural interest, rather than their future life to a great extent being determined by examination results. And finally it should be made clear that everyone is totally responsible for their individual thoughts and actions, regardless of the consequences.

I was due to be drafted to perform military service at age 18 and subsequent to a medical examination had been accepted. A year later I had still not been notified to report for duty. Most youths of my age seemed to want to avoid such service. I wrote

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asking when I was due to report. If this was my sub-conscious expressing a need to be among military personnel, I can only assume that it was in order to eventually place me in a situation where I was to spend most of my working life with the military, but as a civil servant, not under direct military authority.

Upon reflection I realised through personal experience that my life seemed to have been guided. I suspect that I began 'listening' to such guidance from the point where, in a meditation, I had an exchange when an image on my 'mind screen' had communicated *'This is the end of your life. Now you will be working for us'* as recounted in the Introduction. At that point I had accepted the statement. I had no idea then who 'us' were, and am still unaware who 'us' are today. However I do know that it is someone or something that I can trust implicitly. And how do I receive this guidance? It is simply the brain acting as a receiver picking up 'thoughts' emitted from empathetic consciousness that has prior experience on the subject concerned. (A part of God if you wish.) Of course other parts of the brain required to manage the functioning of the physical body will generally respond to ego desires and the body will react accordingly. Personally I receive the 'thoughts' in various ways which mainly seem to be as dictation in my mind and feelings in the body, although I have occasionally perceived visual images and aromas. I suspect that depends on the situation and personality of each individual.

There followed a whole series of what I can only term 'desires', as opposed to thoughts, that manifested in my life, often in the most extraordinary ways. Many of these have been detailed in the preceding chapters but there are others that I feel are worth mentioning and which simply add weight to the evidence of intelligent consciousness beyond our physical world and how we need to be constantly aware of what we 'think'. Not only that, we also need to be aware of how our thoughts and desires influence others and events.

In an office that I visited regularly I noticed a beautiful artwork of Egyptian designs on papyrus that had recently been placed on the wall. I was so attracted to this that I asked the occupant where he had obtained it, with the intention of purchasing something similar for myself. He explained that he had recently moved into a furnished apartment and had found the papyrus under a bed. He had no idea where I could purchase something similar. At the time we held regular weekly meditation evenings at home in Belgium. The week following this incident one member of our group arrived with a gift. He had visited the Tutankhamen exhibition in London over the weekend and completely consciously unaware of my 'desire' had purchased a smaller version of similar Egyptian artwork for me.

On another occasion, after hearing a lecture concerning energy centres around the world, I felt I would like a large laminated map of the world to mark up and draw connections between these centres. About 2 months later I walked into a different office and there on the wall was just the type of map I needed. Before I could mention my business in the office, another visitor spontaneously remarked that he had a spare copy of the same map and asked if I would like it. What had prompted these two individuals to offer me something for which I had a strong desire?

During a trip in the Tunisian desert in April 1998 I walked about 500 meters to take a photograph of the sunset. There had been a sandstorm earlier in the day and gusts

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were still blowing when I arrived at the spot to take the photograph. As I began my return I realised that I would be heading into the wind blowing sand into my face and eyes. I felt in my pocket, only to discover that I had left my sunglasses in the tent. I really needed some glasses to protect my eyes. Within 20 meters of recognising my need, there on the sand in the middle of nowhere, was a pair of sunglasses – even better than my own for protection as they had wrap around lenses. A desire, or need, had somehow been met.

Then before I left on another desert trip in 1989, Grimsby had played Reading in a FA cup match and had drawn the first game. I was keen to know the score of the replay that was due to take place while I was away. I was the only English person in a group of about 16 people. We had not seen another soul for about 6 days, when suddenly we came across a group of primarily French travellers. Among that group was one Englishman. He was from Reading and knew the score of the replay.

In late 1997 I thought that I would like to visit some Greek Islands for a holiday the following summer. I subsequently attended a workshop where I noticed books on display by Omraam Mikhaël Aïvanhov. The complete works of his teachings consisted of some 30 volumes. However I was drawn to only one small book entitled *'The Book of Revelations: a Commentary.'*³⁶ I opened it and read the first paragraph. The words that jumped out at me were

'Come with me; let me take you a long way from here and let us visit this blessed place, the Island of Patmos.'

I knew that this was where I had to go, but next summer was still some months away.

I then attended a seminar at a different location in March 1998. During a meditation exercise we were guided to ask *'Who is with me?'* The reply I received was *'I am as close to you as a best man is to a groom'* which I felt was a bit of an odd response. During the following break I spoke to someone I had not spoken to previously. He introduced himself as Ian. I recognised that Ian was another 'form' of John and then remembered that my best man had been called John. I then recalled that a few weeks earlier, during a meditation, I had asked who my helper was and the answer I received was: *'My name is Jonathan'*.

During further meditations that week I felt that I was not getting anywhere and mentally asked what was happening. All I received was *'Wait, wait, it is a test of patience and awareness'*. That evening I started reading the first chapter of *'The Commentary on the Book of Revelations'* which naturally made reference to The Book of Revelation in the Bible. Mikhaël quoted Chapter 1 verse 9 of that book which reads:

'I John, both your brother and companion in tribulation and in the kingdom of patience of Jesus Christ was on the island that is called Patmos....'

The following lunchtime as I walked around the garden I noticed that I was humming a tune. This prompted me to reflect upon the title and I realised that it was *'Island in*

³⁶ ©Collection Izvor No. 230, Published by Prosveta S.A., B.P. 12, 83601 Fréjus, Cedex, France.

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the Sun'. Was this telling me that I should go to Patmos? If so, the sceptical part of me decided that if it was, then I needed some physical confirmation of this.

On re-entering the building I noticed prizes on display for a raffle. Not being interested in raffles, I only gave them a quick glance, but then realised that one of the prizes was a book by Omraam Mikhaël Aïvanhov. The title '*Light is a Living Spirit*'. I decided that if I was supposed to go to Patmos then I needed to win that book. I bought a ticket and when the raffle was drawn I waited, confident that I would win the book. The raffle ended and I had not won. I began to wonder where things had gone wrong, but only for a few moments. Immediately after the raffle, the lady that had won that prize approached me and said 'I feel that I have to give this book to you'.

Towards the end of April, I received a postcard. The picture on the stamp was of a lighthouse called St John's Point. Yes, I went to Patmos that June.

In previous chapters I have included a number of examples of poetry that I have written over the years. However, I know that I would be incapable of composing such poems. When I write the words I sense that I become aware of a level of consciousness which is not what I would term my everyday consciousness. The words are communicated to me in my mind, not necessarily always as words, but sometimes as ideas or images. I have no idea from where or whom they come, other than I am certain they do not come from my individual consciousness.

As a result of having earlier being given Bible quotes, which I felt came from a similar non-conscious source and which had always seemed appropriate³⁷ I eventually accepted that such poems were being communicated to me from a source beyond myself. Subsequently I began to receive non-poetic communications in a similar way. These were not regular events and occurred only once or twice a year. I knew, after having agreed to continue writing,³⁸ that these communications were meant to be recorded. However I was surprised by what occurred in 2007.

Before proceeding with this account I should emphasize that over the years I seem to have developed a specific unique 'language' with the source of these communications. Many of the symbols that make sense to me would no doubt seem as unintelligible to others as would a foreign tongue. For example, car registration letters and numbers being associated with people and times; clocks stopping, light bulbs blowing, symbols in dreams or pieces of music, relating to places or events; all of these are part of such a 'language' meaningful to me.

Of particular significance were the events recorded in Chapter 13 related to my marriage to Margaret and domestic appliances failing, and in Chapter 17, the problems that occurred with my car in association with my relationship with Roseline.

So on to the events that began on the evening of 17 July 2007. After a group meditation, one person commented that 'The Angel of Mons' was associated with me. A second person perceived me going up Mount Snowdon on a narrow gauge railway. As already mentioned I used to live in Mons, and during that time I had taken an

³⁷ See Chapters 1, 7 and 8.

³⁸ See Chapter 3.

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interest in the story of the Angel of Mons. I was at a loss to understand the connection to SNOWDON until I 'turned it over' and saw it as 'NOD MONS'. (I had previously performed a similar exercise to bring meaning to an otherwise incomprehensible communication.) At that point it seemed as if this was a further indication that something connected with Mons was significant - although I was unable to imagine what it might be. The name of the town 'Mons' is derived from the ancient word 'mont', translated as 'mount'. A narrow gauge railway going up Mount Snowdon (turned over) seemed to imply 'confirmation' (nod) of an upward journey associated with Mons.

The following morning I received a telephone call from a friend in Belgium to say that a mutual friend 'Maryline' had committed suicide. (Maryline used to live less than a kilometre of where the Angel of Mons was reputed to have appeared and saved many allied soldiers during the First World War.) As we spoke, I was overwhelmed with emotion and sensed that this was probably associated with Maryline. I consequently called Roseline, with whom Maryline used to live, to ask how she had taken the news. From this conversation I discovered that a group of friends were going to meet at her house the next day for a short meditation after the funeral. I asked Roseline to give me a call so that I could join in at the same time. Again during that conversation I was overwhelmed by what seemed to be Maryline's emotional energy. I then sat for lunch and a poem began in my mind. As I wrote I immediately realised that it was intended to be read during the following day's meditation. I sent the poem by email to Roseline for her to translate into French, to be read during their gathering.

MARYLINE 18 July 2007

The sands of time are flowing fast.
My journey on this earth has passed.
I came and did what I could do
and shared some time with each of you.
Have no regrets, and no remorse
for I have run my life, my course.

And now at last I find my peace.
I leave this earth with so much ease
and happy in my heart I cry
'I am alive, I did not die'.
So now, content at heaven's gate,
your journey's end I will await
to welcome you each in your turn
when to this haven you return.

Then so until we join as one
I send my love to everyone
who shared my life in any way.
I ask – just celebrate this day.

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Later that afternoon as I walked along the coastal path I recalled that Maryline, Roseline, and the other friend with whom I had spoken earlier in the day, had walked that same path during their visit in 2000.

The following day I received the phone call and sat to join the meditation for Maryline. It felt as though I had sat on an invisible cushion of energy that filled the chair. I had no doubt that it was Maryline wishing to communicate again. I took my recorder to capture what she had to say. The previous channelled communications I had received were never as clear as this. It was now evident to me that the 'narrow gauge railway' symbolised 'Maryline's journey home'. This is what she communicated.

'It is like you said it was. It is easy. It is like floating in the sky. And it is so wonderful to feel free. I am at peace. I am happy - at last. I want everyone to understand this. It is this feeling of being where you dream - you are.'

Yes I was with you as you walked the paths yesterday afternoon. I stayed quite distant so as not to disturb you. But nevertheless I could sense what it was you were experiencing as you walked. I know there is an energetic link between everyone; we are all part of this Oneness and as our vibrations modify and reflect our thoughts, we can blend one with another. This is quite new for me and I am having difficulty, at the same time explaining to you and holding my concentration in this realm. It is a realm of beauty, of colours, of light. I see no one for the moment. Just... just pleasant countryside, rolling countryside, your countryside. I have no need of anyone and that possibly is the reason I am not seeing anyone.

But I do thank you for communicating and listening. Maybe we will meet again at this level, between two realms. If I have news I will bring it through you. I know you will pass it on to those interested.

I am moving like a... I am moving my body, my etheric body, like you would move a jelly baby. It is wiggling about all over. If it sounds strange to you, this is what it feels like to be free. These are just first impressions. I know there are many more things to learn, but now I can get on with my progress, which the earth realm has been holding me back from for so long. No, you don't have to rush over here. But I was so tired, so miserable, and now I am so happy.

Yes, I am not surprised you had a bit of a shock when you sat down in the chair. I had been waiting for you to join with us. Because, I say us, for there are our friends in Belgium who are communicating with me at the same time, although for some reason their strength of communication is not the same depth as I am able to communicate with you.

I guess it is because our vibrations are so similar for the time being. But that does not detract from the love and connection that I have with all my friends in Belgium. ...

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I am sending light, thoughts of light, and peace to those friends. Some are receiving this; some have their minds distracted by earthly concerns. And this is what the meditation is about. It is about learning to blend the two realms together. The minds of earthly beings and the minds of those who have no longer a physical body; be this those like myself, who have recently passed into this realm or those at a deeper level with whom I search to commune.

I know there is eternity; there is no rush. So long as we are each doing what we feel we would wish to do, that is our own ... (what is the word) our own desired path of development, I suppose is about as close as I can come. And once we remain on that path even though that path will change throughout our eternal journey; how boring it would be to remain on one path only. Then 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.

The journey downward to earth was a struggle. When we let go, the journey back is a dream world - it is so easy. It is like letting go of the elastic and, like you experienced on the end of the bungy rope, you really didn't know when your journey back started, and it was such bliss floating towards the Source.

I send love to you all, and maybe one of these days we will meet again. Who knows where our pathways will lead?

Thank you again for listening.'

The message that appears to be coming from the world beyond is that we need to understand the simplicity of transition. There is no need to fear death, and our loved ones on the other side are concerned that we understand the continuity of life.

On every occasion that I have experienced communication with those in the other world (apart from during training exercises) it has always been the personality from the other world contacting me; never me initiating the contact. However, on many of those occasions the communication has served to answer questions that I have mentally posed to myself.

My first teacher was Gordon Higginson. He died in January 1993. Some years before his death I had entered the room where he was due to give a lecture and he was playing the piano. At the end of the lecture he asked if anyone had questions. No one did, so as there were a few minutes before the next break I asked Gordon if he would play the piece of music again so that I could record it. This he did and commented that it was his favourite piece entitled '*I Saw a Lady Passing By*'.

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After his death we had heard that Gordon had apparently communicated through a number of mediums in private meditation groups. One evening in our meditation group we had a medium visiting from England who had also been taught by Gordon. That evening I sensed that Gordon was behind Jane (a Belgian lady, not her real name) encouraging her. Jane had recently attended a workshop at The Arthur Findlay College where Gordon had frequently lectured in his capacity as the President of the Spiritualists National Union. I decided not to mention sensing Gordon's presence so as not to influence the others in the group. Another member of the group said that he had a communication from Jane's husband, who had died a few months previously. He also said that there was a man standing behind her saying that she would soon find what she was looking for in a brown A4 size folder or envelope. The visiting medium then asked the member of the group if he had a name for the man behind Jane. He replied 'Gordon'. The medium and I then both confirmed that we had also sensed the presence of Gordon that evening. The following day Jane called round quite excited because she had found a brown A4 envelope at the back of a drawer containing a typed text - in English. She had never seen it before and assumed that it had belonged to her husband and wanted our opinion as to the meaning of the text. The title of the text was '*I Saw a Lady Passing By*'.

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CHAPTER 23

Hypotheses and Recognition of a New Paradigm

Over the years I have become aware of diverse aspects of the self which are not frequently considered within one traditional discipline. I would like to share with you how some of these aspects link together and in the process I will be addressing questions of levels of consciousness from dreams to inspiration, the need for balance in all we do and how imbalance can manifest disruption in our surrounding physical environment. What I am proposing, if accepted, will probably lead to a new appreciation of subjects that we refer to as illness, love, fear, prediction, out of body experiences, 'past lives', continuation of life after death and our misconception of time and no-time. I have little doubt that as we progress, ideas will arise that will answer questions we may have had relating to what appeared to be strange phenomena. They will no longer seem strange; simply something we have not understood because we never previously had the basic understanding of some of the laws of creation and evolution.

By accepting and taking on board new ideas, slowly we will begin to see how thoughts (desires) affect our lives and the lives of others. If we are sending out thoughts of love and harmony, that is what we will draw to ourselves. Whatever other thoughts we send out, that is exactly what we will draw to ourselves. We need to be aware of the importance of maintaining positive thoughts and reacting immediately to counteract any negative thoughts. We are the creators of our own misery or our own happiness. The choice is ours. By our thoughts, we are a part of the Universal creative process. Once we recognise that we are each a part of that 'grandfatherly figure out there', slowly we will start to become responsible for everything around us and stop wondering why God allows this or that to happen.

On one occasion my attention was drawn to a series of events spanning a number of years. Each event in isolation was insignificant, (as would be each letter in a word) yet when they were brought together it seemed as clear as if I was being spoken to in a symbolic language that I understood. I was prompted to do something which, at the time seemed totally illogical, yet turned out to be extremely significant.

At the beginning of August 1998 Margaret spent some time in Belgium. Daughter Julie and husband Chris then visited me for 10 days at the beginning of September. Shortly after their departure I stepped on an earring that looked familiar on the bathroom rug. I naturally assumed that it must belong to Julie. I went to visit Julie on 28 September for a few days and had arranged to take Margaret, who lived a few miles from Julie, to dinner that same evening. As I was leaving, Julie asked me to give a package to Margaret. This contained a replacement back of a wing mirror for Margaret's car, which had been broken, together with a can of blue spray paint.

The following morning Margaret phoned to say that some mail had arrived at her address for me, which I went to collect. Driving back I remembered that I had not yet given the earring to Julie. She was as surprised as I was when I passed it to her. It was not her earring and she thought that it belonged to Margaret. I told her to keep it and give it to Margaret the next time she saw her. But I then became curious as to how it

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could have remained undetected in the middle of the bathroom rug for 6 weeks, including at least three passages of the vacuum cleaner subsequent to Margaret's visit in early August. Not only that, but in Belgium Margaret had her own bathroom.

Later the same day Margaret phoned to ask me if I knew how to open the can of spray paint that I had delivered the previous evening. This, together with a comment that she had made earlier that morning about not having anyone to talk to about certain subjects, appeared to be a 'call for help' - but on what I had no idea.

The following morning I read more of the book that I had taken with me 'Other Lives, Other Selves' by Roger Woolger.³⁹ On pages 100/101 I read:

*'I have found more and more that there are several layers to every major syndrome of physical illness, accident, or weakness. If Freud's observation was that behind every slip of the tongue there lies a buried complex, why not behind every **slip on the ice**, every **car accident**, every illness that strikes us **out of the blue**?'*

In recent years, Margaret had twice had *skiing accidents* and injured her leg. She had had two slight *accidents in her previous car*, and now had a broken rear view mirror on her new car. Getting the *blue paint out of the spray can* also seemed to be giving her a problem. Reading of the above text is what prompted me to conclude that I needed to go and see Margaret again, even though I had no idea why, and furthermore, I had a long journey planned that day.

I retrieved the earring from Julie and gave it to Margaret on arrival. Her reaction was, to say the least, somewhat strange. I asked if it was her earring and she replied that 90% of her felt that it was, yet 10% had doubts. Then in further explanation she asked me if I recalled her losing an earring on a plane. This was 12 years previously in 1986 on a flight to Indonesia. She then reminded me that friend Bob had commented, about three months before we went on the trip that he could 'see Margaret looking for an earring on a plane'. Margaret did lose an earring and a thorough search was unsuccessful. I naturally wanted to know what had happened to the other earring. Margaret then recounted that after some years she had decided that there was no point in keeping the remaining one of the pair and had thrown it away. Now here was an identical earring, which had turned up in mysterious circumstances, which seemed to be associated with my feeling that I had to visit her.

My interpretation of the manifestation of the 'earring' symbolised 'hearing'. I understood that I needed to be there to listen. In the ensuing conversation Margaret revealed that she was aware of a problem involving our other daughter, Janet, who she was shortly due to meet. I suspect that Margaret needed to share her concern with someone and that was why I had been prompted to visit her again that morning. Margaret also mentioned that after asking me how to open the tin of blue paint spray, she had wondered why she had called me - I had simply delivered the package. However, had she not done so, the 'slip of the tongue' and 'out of the blue' related to the text from the book would probably not have had the same significance towards

³⁹ © 'Other Lives, Other Selves' by Roger J. Woolger, published by Dolphin/Doubleday, Inc. New York. 1987.

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what I was attempting to understand. Was the earring simply another manifestation of jewellery in a time of need and where did it come from?⁴⁰

Gradually I began to accept that, together, these phenomena were not just 'coincidental occurrences' but indicated some form of intelligent communication. This gave me enough confidence to move on in the learning process. Up to this point my search had primarily been an exercise in asking questions and receiving answers. Now it seemed as if I was being given clues and signs that provided specific direction. I am not certain that in isolation any individual symbol meant anything, as would any individual letter in a word, other than that they constituted part of a new language of communication that was peculiar to myself.

A similar example was that of having a problem with the car water pump within 24 hours of arriving at our holiday destination in Spain. The pump had to be changed. Despite having just been given an estimate of the repair cost by the garage and having to walk a mile back to the apartment in a temperature of 40c, I felt a subtle feeling of happiness in the pit of my stomach as though everything was going to be all right. It most certainly was all right as the only garage for miles around, in a small village, had the part needed and the car was repaired the same day.

Two years later I noticed that same feeling again. This time I was on holiday in England when the diesel-heating element in the car failed to work. The Automobile Association (AA) mechanic showed me a simple temporary method of starting the car that would suffice to get me through the holiday and back home. Despite that 'feeling of everything going to be all right', I nevertheless had the urge to find a local garage and get the car fixed properly. The following morning I noticed the 'happy feeling' again. Although I did wonder if it was a 'sign', logic overruled feeling and I set off for the garage. I was held up at road works, routed via diversions and stuck in traffic jams without ever finding the garage. Eventually I gave up and returned to where I was staying. As I turned onto a road that I recognised, the diesel heating element warning light that should not have been working came on for about 3 seconds. Was this telling me that my earlier feeling had been some sort of sign after all - but of what? As if in answer to that question, I then noticed a sign at a construction site for a company called 'Wild Goose' that I had passed on my outward search for the garage. I had initially mused that they should consider calling one of the streets on the site 'Wild Goose Chase'! After almost two hours of driving around, this now seemed more than appropriate in relation to my unsuccessful efforts at finding a garage.

I had no further problems on my journey home from that holiday, apart from initially starting the car. I took the car to my local garage for repair but when I collected it, to my surprise they had found nothing wrong. Two months later on my next visit to England, after my first stop I returned to the car and the diesel heating element warning light again failed to work. For the next two weeks every time I used the car from a cold start I had to employ the method shown to me by the AA. I returned home, took the car to my local garage and again they were unable to find anything wrong. Another three months went by before the same phenomena occurred, with the same symptoms, followed by the same reaction from the garage.

⁴⁰ See also Chapter 10 concerning manifestation of jewellery.

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I sold the car some 30 months later without the problem ever recurring, but I did find certain elements of these events very thought provoking. There was no doubt that there had been something wrong with the car because it would not start. The feeling I had had that 'everything would be all right' was confirmed in that I never encountered a problem completing my journeys and, apart from the initial cost of the water pump in Spain, never received a bill from the garage. But probably the most significant factor was that there seemed to have been an 'intelligent' response to my insistence that if I was to accept any sort of phenomena I had to have it three times, from outside of myself, in a documented form. I had been impelled to take the car to the garage three times. What did that mean?

My conclusions based on these and other similar feelings and events are that we should learn to become aware of all these subtle signs and 'listen' when we are presented with what I now consider to be personal guidance in response to questions or expressed desires. These so-called coincidences can be extremely useful when understood, and that we recognise that through our thoughts and desires we are constantly creating the world around us.

To summarise then, here are some of the basic essential factors that are not frequently recognised in our materialistic society, but which have been brought to my attention throughout my journey.

After my initial shock, I consciously began my search with one intent. I wanted to know the 'truth', whatever that was. 'What is this life all about?' Initially I would ask you to be patient with me and be prepared to put aside some of the old models we learned about the facts of life. Many of the ideas that I will put forward may or may not be new to you, but they certainly offered me a whole new concept on the meaning of life and for deep reflection in relation to who and what we are. I believe everything we want to know is available out there somewhere, so what I will be proposing is nothing new. My conclusions are based on personal experiences of what I believe life has been telling me, which are different to popular western materialistic beliefs. So I am going to offer you a car for your journey and then describe some of the mechanics of the individual parts that make it run as you would expect it to run. I certainly hope you will not just accept what I have to offer at face value and I sincerely encourage you to experiment with my ideas for yourselves, to begin a journey into a magical world of discovery. This then is simply the road map helping you to get there, but it will not tell you where you are going.

Can we accept that we are all part of one Universal Force, call it by whatever name you like? Can we accept that we are consciously expressing ourselves in a physical form in this world at the moment, and when we leave this physical environment, some form of our expression will continue to exist in a dimension that normally cannot be perceived with our physical senses? Can we accept that we each have a reason for being here on earth? If not what is the point of life? Can we accept that part of our objective is to express 'heavenly' experiences in a physical form on earth? If so, then what steps have to be taken to achieve this?

First of all we need to recognise that, 'we' are not our physical bodies. Our consciousness is not our physical body. Our body is only an expression of that part of being which resides within the vibratory range of the physical senses. We are more

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than the physical body. The human ranges of perception within the physical world are limited. With today's technology, one cannot deny the existence of frequency vibrations beyond the visible light spectrum of the infrared and ultra-violet ranges, which are not normally visible to the human eye. However, such vibrations may occasionally become visible to certain individuals. This could be because the individuals themselves have become aware of a level of vibration normally beyond the range of the physical boundaries, while they at the same time remain focused within the physical realm. Or it could be that a vibration that is not normally visible to the human eye has been modified in some way, possibly similar to a 'harmonic' in musical terms, thus bringing it within perception of human vision. I have referred to the visual sense, and will continue to refer in this way simply as an expedient of convenience, but the concept applies equally to all of the physical senses. We only perceive what we see because we are focussed within specific vibratory fields. Once we accept that we are the whole of vibration we are then free to focus our consciousness anywhere within the total vibratory spectrum. That is when we sense the objects as well as seeing them.

Knowing the effects of drugs I suggest that many diseases are the result of suppression or stimulation by chemical means, of elements within the body, possibly caused by some form of pollution. Damage to the body could also create mis-alignments of physical elements within the body thus resulting in symptoms of illness or disease on a temporary or permanent basis. Pharmaceutical drugs may be helpful in relieving symptoms, but we need to address the cause if we are ever to achieve complete healing.

I will add one further personal experience associated with the subject of eyesight. In Chapter 4 I recount how in 1987 my deceased aunt contacted me during my holiday in Spain. Before leaving on that trip my eyesight had been perfectly normal. The first day back in the office I had great difficulty in reading. There was no doubt that I needed to wear spectacles. But why had there been such a significant change in just three weeks? I now suspect that as a result of Bessie drawing close to me in order to communicate what for her was vital, part of my metabolism (which had formerly been focused totally in the physical realm) had somehow been slightly modified in order to expand my awareness and perception of other realms. This would then account for what I subsequently realised was the ability of deceased persons being able to see through my eyes. I then had to consider whether this could have been a re-integration of part of my past knowledge as recounted in Chapter 13 in which our friend in trance described my ancient life in Egypt and said: *'You yourself had your vision impaired'?* At the moment I don't know, that is just speculation.

In the previous chapter I explained the circumstances in which many of my expressed desires eventually manifested. Over time I began to realise that although my desires had been met, they did not necessarily manifest in the same sequence that I had expressed the original 'desire'. I also began to notice that similar phenomenon occurred in others' lives.

Another aspect that I noticed was that often thoughts would come into my consciousness for no apparent reason – that was until I eventually began to analyse whether there could be any meaning to the thought. Accepting that they were not my own thoughts still left me with unanswered questions. Where did these thoughts come from? I suspected that they were impressions from 'a mind' or 'minds' beyond my own. And on numerous occasions this impression was confirmed by some physical

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manifestation, including me being made aware of how my thoughts affected others. I was left with little doubt that minds (or 'souls' - part of 'global mind', of which we humans are also part) reside in many levels of consciousness. I then realised that acceptance of the concept and understanding that minds are capable of communication between different dimensions, given suitable circumstances, was critical to the future of humanity. We are befriended, supported and guided by 'minds' of a similar character to ourselves. We either listen to such guidance, or not, and as we develop a deeper understanding and knowledge in any field, providing we ask, those 'minds' with a greater knowledge and experience in that field will come to our aid.

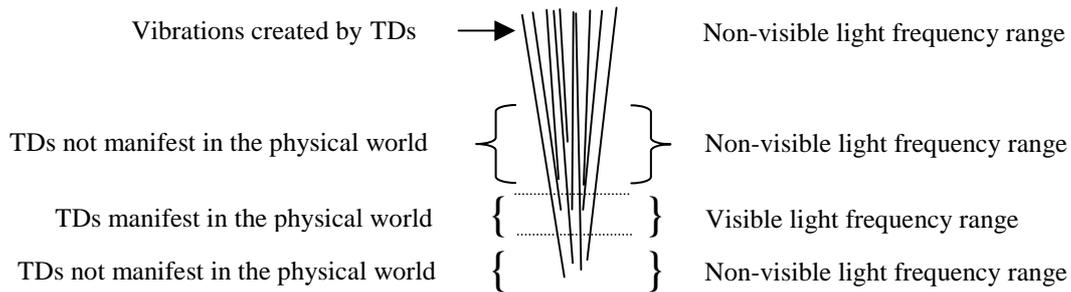
Desire determines everything within the universe. In physical terms, the smallest particle, starting from the lowest level, has a form of consciousness. Not only does it have a form of consciousness, but **it was the desire of that consciousness which created the particle**. Thus the particle is created from the desire of its consciousness. Similarly, desires of accumulations of consciousness manifest in various frequency vibratory fields and eventually appear in our physical dimension as plants, animals, humans, etcetera. It is important to recognise and understand the difference between 'thought' and 'desire' within ourselves. In attempting to explain this concept, 'thought' emanates from the head or ego consciousness; 'desire' emanates from the heart or non-ego subconscious. It was 'desire' for physical experience that brought each of us into this earthly realm. But 'desire' vibrations also exist that do not express themselves in any earthly physical form. They have no 'desire' to express themselves in the vibration of the earthly environment at this particular point in earthly linear time.

In attempting to understand all the aspects of the strange phenomena that I had encountered I needed to address the manifestation of jewellery and other objects. On one occasion while walking with a friend during a seminar break in England, as we approached an open door a 1 peseta coin came through the doorway and landed on the gravel about 6 feet ahead of us. We immediately looked into the room to see who had thrown the coin, but the room was empty apart from 2 table tennis tables and a few chairs. The only other door to this large activity room was at the far end at least 25 feet away. Where had the coin come from? Again taking this incident in isolation it could easily have been noted then immediately forgotten, but I was searching for answers to any unexplained phenomena. Eventually, I concluded that the appearance and disappearance of objects⁴¹ was simply another aspect of Universal language responding to my desire. I needed to understand, and part of consciousness seemed to respond with sufficient intensity to produce physical objects such as necklaces, a peseta, earring, a crucifix, pages from the Bible and sunglasses in the desert, not to mention a series of rainbows at significant periods in my research. The symbols seemed to be either to attract my attention, to respond to my desires or to provide answers to questions being posed. One final important observation on this subject appears to be that consciousness at a faster vibration has the ability to influence vibrations at a slower rate, but vibrations at a slower rate will be unlikely to affect those to the same extent at a faster rate. Consequently through meditation or hypnosis, once human consciousness is focussed beyond the physical body to a vibratory rate faster than normal, this produces the ability to affect physical objects.

⁴¹ Again also see Chapter 10

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As observed in the effects of magnets and gravity, there are laws of attraction within the universe. But these laws are not restricted to physical objects. They apply to thought/desire (TD) patterns of all forms. A TD creates strands of vibration. The law of attraction naturally creates an environment where similar strands of vibration are mutually drawn together. TDs of sufficient intensity to experience something that can only be experienced within this physical world eventually manifest themselves on earth. For example, if we retain a specific desire for something, we can be assured that our desire will be met. The intensity of intent or ‘strength’ of the desire (how deeply we desire this within our heart) seems to determine the time it takes to manifest. This is also influenced by the level of consciousness at which the desire is expressed, and whether there are other desires that could have favourable or contrary effects on the manifestation of the result.



Patterns of similar vibrating particles are drawn together to form atoms, molecules, cells, and so on, up to the largest expression within the physical environment, or any homogeneous environment elsewhere within the universe. A human body is an expression of a group of cells. The earth is an expression of a group of cells, which includes human beings. So is the solar system, which incorporates expressions of the earth and other planets. But the positive and negative forces drawing the particles together and holding them apart to form the molecules, cells etc. are simply expressions of TD patterns of the particles, atoms, molecules, cells, organs, human beings, the earth, the sun. The same principles apply to any element that we perceive as a whole unit, whether it is a tree, a fish, an animal or a grain of sand. Each is made up of groups of expressions of associated TDs. The same laws apply equally to those TDs that do not express themselves in a physical environment.

It is the intensity of our personal TDs (or group of thought/desire patterns) that causes us to be expressing ourselves as human beings in this physical (visible light spectrum frequency range) world for the moment. But the same TDs exist equally and **at the same time** in the non-visible light frequency range. Radio waves exist in the atmosphere whether we care to listen to our radio or not, and if we do opt to listen, this takes nothing away from the vibration of the wave itself. Our TD determined where we wished to have our next experience, and as you are reading this, your experience happens to be on earth for the moment.

The TDs commenced their existence from the first expression of desire of a single unit. Over æons they have accumulated in quantity and intensity, expressed themselves in diversity and changed associations relative to changes in TDs. But we, being like fish in a river (or part of the expression of these TDs which are normally only perceived within the physical visible light frequency range for a period of time) would not normally be aware of life going on beyond the constraints of the river environment.

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When we 'die' it is only the density of expression of the TD which causes the TD (or life force) to cease to express itself in a physical body. 'We' (or what could be expressed as a continuum of memory of all that we have ever experienced - in theological terms described as 'the soul') continue to exist beyond the physical dimension. My intent is not to question whether we believe or not in the existence of a soul, but the term is used purely as a convenient means of expressing a concept for discussion that could support understanding of the eventual experiences.

For many years, quantum physicists have recognised that results of experiments in particle physics cannot be predicted. The 'Heisenberg uncertainty principle' implies that any observation of an experiment can have an impact on the result. Further scientific experiments show that a measurement on one of a pair of linked (or entangled) particles has an immediate effect upon the other of the pair. On this basis it is reasonable to conclude that the strength of the TD of an experimenter, depending upon his level of consciousness at the time, could influence particles in his area of interest, yet which are not parts of himself. Of course it is naturally easier to influence particles which are part of oneself as experienced by subjects under hypnosis, who, for example, when told that they have been burned in a particular place, subsequently discover that a blister has appeared on the spot concerned. Or to put it simply – mind over matter.

I have also realised that the levels of frequency vibration also affect 'feeling'. When in a heightened state of consciousness one loses awareness of physical feelings. On the contrary, when one remains physically conscious and becomes aware of a faster vibration, this reflects in the physical body as excitement or even euphoria. I suggest that such experiences are indicators of consciousness becoming in harmony with our soul desire or with entities beyond the physical realm.

We are drawn to express ourselves in a particular environment, including our choice of parents. Not in the sense of choosing individual parents, but the choice is determined by our TD (the way we think, or more precisely, what we desire). Whatever is our desire, we will be drawn to an environment where we experience that desire. How we appreciate the experience determines our future evolution.

Should we become dependent upon anything, (be it drugs, coffee, isolation, chocolate, sport, money, partners, sex, the internet, shopping, fear, TV) we will be continually drawn back to experience that on which we have become dependent. Once we recognise the dependency, we put ourselves in a position where we are then able to consciously develop detachment and participate in any of these activities without necessarily remaining dependent upon them.

To return for a moment to the TDs (thought desire patterns); they seem mainly to originate at a level prior to the 'conscious state'. By the conscious state I mean being totally aware of and present in this physical world. For example, in the case of a stone being dropped into a lake, the ripples extend outwards. The stone dropping represents the TD, the ripples represent strands of vibration and the bank of the lake represents the physical world. Until TDs manifest in physical form, (until the ripples reach the shore of the lake) they appear to be probabilities, and be subject to change should we so desire. So in order to prevent TDs manifesting in the physical world, they need to be modified while still in the probability phase.

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How strong was the desire (how big was the stone)? That would determine the effect in the physical world. Is our desire to change, greater than the original TD? Could we drop a larger stone into the lake thereby creating ripples that would swamp or disturb the original strands of vibration? Could we put up a barrier to stop the ripples reaching the shore? Whatever the approach, only by modifying the TD at a state of consciousness that is at a faster vibration than the physical conscious state, will it prevent the TD from manifesting in the physical environment.

Consider for a moment that the expressions of TDs which we perceive are expressions manifest in this physical world. But TDs express themselves, not only in this physical realm as physical beings, objects, and earth itself, but also everywhere else in the universe. We as individuals need to be aware that we are subject to (and also create) TDs, which influence not only other humans, but also groups of TDs, expressed both within and beyond this physical environment. Yes, I agree, it does sound like the fanciful world of fairies. But before dismissing such ideas, let us consider the feasibility of such an all encompassing paradigm that would account for many, if not all, of the strange unexplained phenomena that we encounter in the world today and which have not been understood for many centuries.

This is what I discovered after I put together a heap of bits and pieces, which eventually became the car for my journey. Yet in a strange way, the building of the car was my journey of discovery.

First of all we need to recognise that we each have separate missions. We have each built up different fears which have been created by incidents from our past experiences, whether they originate from within this physical dimension or other dimensions. These fears not only prevent us from performing our mission, but also form part of our mission. By bringing such fears into the conscious domain and recognising them for what they are - simply memories from our history - we can work to release any debilitating effect they may have on our lives. So long as we fail to clear emotional traumas, they will continue to recur in our lives until we realise what is taking place. Embrace them as gifts, understand what they are telling you, then let them go and move on to the next step of your journey.

There are many different routes on the road map and it is up to each individual to select their own pathway. Take time to develop your own way – possibly through meditation. Speak to the cells in your own body and tell them exactly what you insist that they do. Remember, as mentioned above, that in order to modifying a TD it has to be done in a state of consciousness that is at a faster vibration than the physical conscious state. Recognise that the subconscious does not understand negative instructions. ('I do not want that pain in my wrist' – to the subconscious equals – 'I want that pain in my wrist'. Present such an instruction as – 'My wrist is perfectly healthy and flexible'.) Know and never doubt that your instructions, when initiated at an appropriate level of a non-physical state of consciousness, will be acted upon. And finally remember that you are always in control of your own body.

Also remain aware that communications from other realms are a bit like dreams. When we wake into full consciousness, unless we note the dream, we forget it. And simply writing down the dream does not imply that we will understand it's meaning at a

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conscious level. Each level of consciousness seems to have its own symbolic language. And the language of each individual speck of humanity is different to that of its neighbour.

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. Although it may not often seem like it, we are slowly breaking down the barriers and becoming more responsible for our own thoughts and actions, and working towards expressing heaven on earth. We are all in this together. We each have our part to play to the best of our ability. Be aware of all the events that are taking place around you, but most of all, enjoy the journey. That is what life is all about.

The resultant consequential conclusion to this is that whatever situation arises in my life, I created it. All of it! I am responsible for all my desires coming into my life. And if this is true for me, then the natural law implies that it must be applicable for everyone else. Yes, even you.

As earlier explained, through rigorous discernment, I have come to accept that communications from a sub-conscious source can be trusted implicitly. I will leave you with a communication that I received as I woke on 24 April 2001. I knew that it was important by the phraseology of the first sentence and recorded it immediately. This I believe represents the basis of the 'Unified Theory' for which mankind has been searching for so long.

'Come and sit with me at this table on the planes of Judea and I will tell you the story. The story of the beginning of time. The history of the very truth of being. 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.

Occasionally, one thought, thought differently to its surrounding thoughts, and this became the first primeval step in the development of a diverse universe – evolution.

Where does this lead us? Simply to the point where each thought had different experiences. And the experience of each thought was real to its experience. Thus we have the beginning of division of belief systems which proliferate in the world today.

We can never return to the point beyond the first thought, but we can, once we understand our origins, begin to recognise the truth of all beings and all things. And it is from this truth that tolerance will flow. That is where the healing of the world will originate.

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As with all sickness, the truth can only be found in the source. We know you know this, as does every being in their heart of hearts. And only when we look deep into our hearts and recognise this truth, will there be any movement towards balance and unity in all things.

All suffering in the world today stems from this imbalance. But if only you could recognise that everything is One, if only you would each listen to the Heart of the One (and not the heart of the individual ego) then very quickly would that Universal Harmony (God if you wish) be restored. 'Thy will be done on Earth' tells you the same story.'

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CHAPTER 24

Ways to Live Forever

It was 1 May 2011 and the book was complete. I had received some very positive comments and endorsements. The draft was sent to a publisher who I felt would be appropriate and received no reply. In order to push my project forward, by January 2012 I had decided that I would self publish. I found a suitable publisher from whom I received an immediate response. I replied posing a number of questions yet after a reminder, 3 months later again I had received no answer.

While discussing the status of my work with friends, it was suggested that further possible important information needed to be included in the book before it could be published. I quickly realised that a number of associated but disparate early events had not been addressed, although that data had been incorporated into a second book that was well on the way to completion. I needed to extract that information and include it as an additional chapter to this work. So what was it that was so important that it held up publication? For those willing to accept what I have to present, I consider these events to be proof of how understanding and working at deeper levels of consciousness can have tremendous effects on our lives. It also prompts us to consider whether (excluding suicide) we can have any influence on the date of our departure from this life. The first of these events occurred during a mental exercise at a workshop in which I ‘died’.⁴²

‘My reaction in this situation was that

‘I felt angry and resentful, not because I was dead, but because nobody had told me while I was alive that we did not in fact die, we only lost our physical body.’

So the aspect that I need to ensure is clearly understood is that we are not our physical body. We are consciousness and through intent or desire, we temporarily manifest in this physical realm, the result of which appears as a physical body. Individual consciousness is continuous and cessation of attachment to the body (death) is simply moving from one level of conscious expression to another.

It was in May 2010 while touring and visiting family and friends that I spent a couple of days with Karen. During our discussions I mentioned that, although I had not been looking for it, I had intuitively identified the date when I would depart this life. No one knew what it was and I would never tell anyone, although it was written down and sealed in an envelope to be opened after my death. I then added that if I had got it wrong I would have to destroy the envelope.

Following that visit, I spent a further few days with another friend Marcia. One day during that visit Marcia was dressed in yellow and I jokingly referred to her as a ‘yellowbelly’ – a person from Lincolnshire, an expression that Marcia had never previously heard. Before my arrival, Marcia had arranged that we met her friend Jamie at a coffee shop. We had been there the previous day when Marcia had

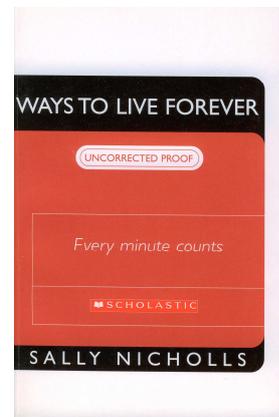
⁴² See Chapter 19.

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expressed disappointment that second-hand books, which had been on sale, were no longer on display. However shortly after Jamie arrived, a friend of his, an American lady, came into the shop. She was responsible for selling the second-hand books in support of a project in Africa, and had come to move the books to another location.

Jamie and his American friend eventually went to move the books to her vehicle and Marcia and I followed shortly afterwards. As we stood chatting at the side of the vehicle, suddenly we both noticed a sticker on the side window. It contained the word 'yellowbelly'. I wanted to know how this American lady had come to have such a sticker. She responded that her partner lived in Louth, which is only 16 miles from Grimsby, in Lincolnshire. I replied that Grimsby was my hometown and I had just been to visit my sister who lives there. She responded that she had been in Grimsby three days previously and had been to watch the football match between Grimsby and Barnet. What are the chances of meeting an American lady, living in Amersham, who had been to a football match in Grimsby some 130 miles away, in which 3 days previously I had taken so much interest as it had been a vital relegation match?

We were about to leave when Jamie randomly picked up one of the books, thrust it into my hand and said '*Here, have this*'. I could not believe my eyes. Jamie was not aware of my family name. The book was by Sally Nicholls with the title '*Ways to Live Forever*'. Printed below this were the words 'Uncorrected Proof'. I immediately realised that this related to my earlier comments to Karen concerning my saying that I had intuitively received the date of my death. The words on this book cover were now telling me that I could change that date if I set my mind to it. Subsequent to many earlier experiences I had come to understand that we each create our own reality.



So it appeared that I simply needed to create a new blueprint for my 'date of departure'. But, recalling the importance of recognising 'detail', there were further communications from that book cover that I needed to understand. They were the words 'Every Minute Counts' and 'Scholastic'. For me they symbolically indicated that '*time was getting short*' and that I should '*get on and get my book published*'.

At the beginning of January 2012, what initially appeared to be insignificant events came to my notice. I certainly had no sense at the time that what took place had anything to do with my research. That was, until a week later, when things began to fall into place.

On 2 January there was a storm with strong winds and heavy rain. It was not unusual that in such conditions, television reception would be interrupted for varying periods of time. Reception would then resume as the weather improved. This is exactly what took place that evening.

Early the following morning I noticed that lights outside the doors of all the apartments on the level in the block where I live were not working. The lights were working normally outside the doors of the apartments on the floor below and as far as I could determine, in all of the apartments. I mentioned this to the manager. She later

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told me that she had discovered a fuse switch (in a locked room) in the off position and she had now turned it on. I promised to let her know if the outside lights, which are activated by a sensor, were working that evening. I arrived home after dark and all the lights were on. I went to phone the manager and discovered a message from a neighbour asking if my television was working because he had no reception. I tried my television with the same result. I then called the manager to tell her about the lights and added that there was now a problem with television reception in the block. She then said that she had noticed that on the fuse-box, adjacent to the fuse for the lights, was a switch labelled 'satellite dish' and this had also been in the 'off' position that morning. She came and turned it on and television reception was restored. This had never happened before and we were at a loss to understand how this could have occurred. Had it been caused by an electrical storm or power surge, then why had only 2 fuses among a bank of over a dozen been affected?

Later the same evening while watching television the standard lamp in my living room went off. I reached down to adjust the dimmer switch and as I did so noticed that between the switch and the lamp, the cable inside the outer casing was sparking. This was obviously a fire hazard and I resolved to replace the cable, which I did the following morning. I then turned on my computer. There was an email from Marcia that said '*I have not time to read this just now, but you may find it interesting*'. Attached was a channelled communication. I decided to read it. At the end of eight pages the last sentence read

'We await you, and promise to leave the lights on for your serendipitous return.'

Something was going on and I needed to understand what it was.

Over the Christmas period I'd had an exchange of emails and my first telephone conversation in 8 years with friend Rikki since she had moved to live in Canada. During the conversation I recounted how the book '*Ways to Live Forever*' had prompted me to agree to delay my date of departure from this life. I had said that I felt that after all the effort that had been put in by my '*teachers on the other side*' in response to my searching, that it would be responsible for me to give something back by remaining in this physical realm. Recognising that we each create our own reality and as much as I was looking forward to moving on, I said that I had consequently mentally agreed to extend my departure date by up to a further 20 years, so long as this remained useful. Rikki had responded that one of her friends was in communication with Paramahansa Yogananda, who left this physical realm in 1952. He had expressed regret that he had not known that he could have extended his earthly life span while still here, had he so desired.

On 7 January, for the first time since moving into my apartment in 2000, I noticed a bullfinch that landed on a branch outside my window. The bird appeared again on the two following days. The appearance of a bird species that I had never previously seen in this area, three days in a row, more than grabbed my attention. It seemed, as if in response to my desire to have communications confirmed three times, in a documented form, from outside of myself, that this was a form of confirmation. But a confirmation of what?

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My mind went back some 20 years to when I first read Paramahansa Yogananda's 'Autobiography of a Yogi'. I had been fascinated by an account of an exchange between Yogananda and his guru. Yogananda used a mosquito net when sleeping and was frequently bitten by mosquitoes, yet his guru never used a net and was never bitten. Yogananda wanted to know why. Shortly afterwards during my morning meditation I heard a mosquito and sensed that it had landed on the third knuckle of the index finger on my left hand. I did not move. When I returned to consciousness I noted that there was a white mark where I sensed the mosquito had been and there was also a slight irritation. I refrained from scratching this and subsequently realised that after about half an hour there was no trace of the mosquito having been there. In isolation there seemed to be nothing exceptional about such an event. However, during my meditation periods on the two subsequent mornings, the same thing happened. A mosquito landed in exactly the same place on my hand. I don't know if it was the same mosquito, but I did realise that it was a form of response to my fascination with what had happened to Yogananda. And it did meet my requirement for having some form of confirmation of any metaphysical phenomena three times, in a documented form, from outside of myself.⁴³ Maybe it was simply a form of response, personal to me, indicating that I should make a note of what had taken place. Or, keeping in mind that in other dimensions everything is 'now' and there is no concept of linear time, could it have been showing me that it was Paramahansa Yogananda's influence inviting me to extend my date of departure from this life? After all, there evidently was a close energetic link in our understanding in that I was drawn to read his autobiography twice, about 15 years apart.

I also recalled another significant event during a seminar. One morning while getting washed I noticed a bluetit tap against the window. Having had budgerigars as pets on a number of occasions, I wondered if I opened the window, whether the bluetit would come into the room. I opened the window until it was time for breakfast, then closed the window as I left the room. I later returned to get shaved and clean my teeth. Three times while I was cleaning my teeth a bluetit flew up against the window. The feeling that came over me was strange. It felt as though I had asked for a gift. This had been given to me, and then I had rejected it by closing the window.

Then in 1993 during a dream/nature weekend seminar in the Belgian Ardennes, participants were invited to go into the grounds of the property to find some object as a reminder of an exercise on 'thought' in which we had just participated. The idea did not feel right to me, so I went for a walk with no particular purpose in mind. Suddenly I came across a pansy with a large open flower among the grass and felt that I could use this as my object. As it was living and growing I did not pick the flower, but decided to remember it whenever I saw a pansy growing in the lawn at home. I carried on walking and eventually came to a lake. In order to confirm that my feelings were correct, I knelt down by the side of the lake, held out my hand and mentally asked for a dragonfly to land on it. Within 30 seconds a red dragonfly landed on my hand. There were blue damselflies around and I felt that I would have preferred a blue one rather than a red one. The dragonfly flew off and shortly it, or another red one, landed on my hand. I then realised that I had not specified that I wanted a blue dragonfly when I sent out my original thought. The second red dragonfly flew off, again to be replaced by a third red

⁴³ See Chapter 7, last paragraph.

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one. This then was the confirmation I sought - 3 times. It again also drew my attention to the power of thought. I had asked for a 'dragonfly' not a 'damselfly' and had not initially specified the colour. With knowledge of two languages, the ability to make puns or play on words is increased significantly. Eventually I realised that the similar pronunciation in French for the noun *pansée*, (the flower, pansy) when used as the verb, 'penser' is 'to think'. We had been invited to find an object as a reminder of an exercise on 'thought'. There seemed to be an undeniable link between human thoughts and other life forms.

But there was also another aspect to consider relative to what was taking place. The night of the storm was 2 January. It was exactly 25 years previously on 2 January 1987 that I received the communication that told me my projected date of death. I can now reveal that my departure date was 18 January 2012. I had been perfectly ready and willing to depart this life at that time. However, as a result of my understanding of the symbolism from being given '*Ways to Live Forever*' and my conscious reaction by agreeing to extend my date of departure, I had little doubt that my initial departure date had been overtaken by events. I subsequently felt that the three appearances of a bullfinch were simply indicating that my agreement to delay my departure had been acknowledged.

However other strange events made me consider that something else beyond my conscious awareness may have been taking place. The first was being informed that Roger Woolger had taken his transition into his next life on 18 November 2011. He had been the facilitator at many 'past life' workshops in which I participated and had brought me much enlightenment towards understanding the work of Carl Jung. I was then informed that Cody Johnson had taken his transition on 18 December 2011. He, together with his wife Robin, were the founders of the 'Prophet's Conference' organisation. I had attended a number of the events in England, which they had organised, bringing together top level speakers from around the world. It was also their organisation that had inspired me to visit India. Through Cody's work I had gained much insight into dimensions beyond this physical realm. But the dates of their passing brought to mind my first teacher associated with the realms of Spirit. That was Gordon Higginson, the President of the Spiritualist National Union, until his death in 1993. Between 1985 and 1993 I attended about 20 workshops with Gordon. I came to understand much of the mechanics of the 'other worlds' from Gordon's teaching and much appreciated his influence after his passing into the world of Spirit.⁴⁴ But in the present context it was the date of his passing that was significant - 18 January 1993. My three most influential teachers each passed into the world of spirit on the 18th of consecutive months. Nor did it escape my attention that mother-in-law, who was also influential in developing my understanding, from beyond the grave, also passed into the other world on 18 November 1984.

Suddenly I realised the significance of the link to mother-in-law and the communication. In November 1984 Margaret went to visit her mother. On the last day of that visit her mother had asked Margaret to go to the post office to report that her pension book was missing. On her return, Margaret discovered that the front door was locked. She went and had a cup of tea with the next door neighbour and returned half an hour later. On opening the door her mother testily asked Margaret why she

⁴⁴ See Chapters 18 and 22

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had locked herself out. When Margaret pointed to the key in the lock on the inside of the door her mother looked at the key, realised what she had done and remarked '*I think I must have lived too long*'. The following morning Margaret discovered that her mother had passed away during the night. I suspected that she had decided that she was becoming a burden to Margaret and that it was time that she left this world.

I then recalled that there were two sisters who lived next door to each other in the block where I live. One of the sisters had been moved into a care home sometime in 2010. The other sister was a recluse and never left her apartment, nor would she associate with other residents. On 23 November 2011, the day after my return from a trip to Egypt, a shocked neighbour mentioned that the sister who had remained in the block had been found dead in her apartment that morning. She then added that it was the day after her sister had been buried.

The date of the 18th linked to mother-in-law brought to my attention the first of two examples of what I suspect were thoughts or desires to leave this world as a result of traumatic incidents in their lives. If it was possible to bring forward ones date of departure from this life by 'desire' then why would it not be equally possible to extend ones date of departure?

So as I wrote up this account on 12 January, although I felt as though I had revised my date of departure that I had been given 25 years previously, I was intrigued by the possible significance of the date of the 18th. Could it be that having been so close to Gordon, the date that I had been given was somehow associated with me linking into Gordon's energy field? Although this may sound far-fetched, I had in mind my earlier perceptions of future events.⁴⁵ Could I have sensed the date of Gordon's passing; felt that it was associated with me, and had then somehow got the year wrong? Only time might tell. However I did realise that, numerologically $18 = 1+8 = 9$, and very simply 9 symbolised 'completion'.

On 18 January 2012 I began reading 'Magic and Mystery in Tibet', the autobiography of Alexandra David-Neel, which I completed on 4 February.⁴⁶ On the third to last page David-Neel recounts that a new temple was being built and a consecration ceremony was being talked of. She continued:

'The Tashi Lama wished his old spiritual adviser to perform the consecration rite, but the latter declined, saying that he would have passed away before the temple could be finished.

To this the Tashi Lama replied – it is said – by beseeching the hermit to delay his death till he had blessed the new building.

Though such a request may astonish the reader, it is in accord with Tibetan ideas regarding the power which high mystics possess of choosing the time of their death.

The hermit promised to perform the consecration.'

⁴⁵ See Chapter 11 related to the reunification of East and West Germany, and Chapter 15 concerning the passing of Patricia.

⁴⁶ © 'Magic and Mystery in Tibet' by Alexandra David Neel. Published by Souvenir Press Ltd., 43 Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3PD.

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It was on 21 January that I noticed that the bulbs in both the lights outside my front door were not working. One bulb had not been changed in the 12 years that I had lived in the apartment; the other had been replaced less than 3 months previously. I earlier made reference to my speculation that mother-in-law had decided that *'she was becoming a burden to Margaret and that it was time for her to leave this world.'* But in the early days of my research, the whole family had concluded that mother-in-law had been signalling her presence by causing light bulbs to blow, amongst other things, whenever any of the family returned from holiday. Margaret and Jan had been in New Zealand for almost a month and I was due to leave for Jamaica in less than a week after Margaret and Jan's return home. Finally I seemed to have 'got it'. Mother-in-law not only wanted to let me know that she was aware of our activities but also to confirm that *'Yes, she did make a conscious decision that it was her time to leave this world'* and to pass this information on to me.

My return from Jamaica on 21st February nicely coincided with my birthday on the 24th. So I celebrated this with Jan and her partner, Bryn on the 22nd before attending a Memorial Service for Roger Woolger in London on the 23rd. I had arranged to stay the nights of 23rd and 24th with Julie, Chris and grandson Xabi and we would be joined by Margaret to celebrate my birthday on the 24th. Margaret arrived with the gift of a book for me 'The New Rainbow Bridge' by Dereka Dodson. I completed the book on the 8th March. The last sentence, which is a quote by Mavis Meaker, reads:

'We've got to stay here [in this physical realm] until the energy stops rising, to just hold that energy for those who may or may not want to work on it.'

So here was an explanation as to why I had been invited to extend my date of departure from this life.

I did not recognise it at the time, but I had already received another birthday gift while staying with Jan. I had a dream on the morning of the 22nd.

'I am at a conference when a man arrives to meet me. His name is Reg Owen. He comes over, gives me a hug and remains for the rest of the conference.'

I did not know anyone called Reg Owen. I recounted my 'strange' dream to Jan and she said that the name sounded familiar. She decided to check it on the Internet and this is what she discovered.

*'Reg Owen was an English conductor and **arranger** who lived from 1921 to 1978. Following RAF service, in which he played for the Bomber Command Band, he became **arranger** for the Ted Heath orchestra from 1945, then **arranged** for other conductors including Cyril Stapleton. Regarded as one of England's leading orchestrators, Reg published his book "The Reg Owen Arranging Method" in 1956. He moved to Brussels in 1961, though he continued to **arrange**, compose and conduct albums all over Europe, including France, Germany and Italy. Moving finally to Spain, Reg's untimely death at 57 occurred at the Clinica Limonar, Malaga, on 23 May 1978.'*

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I soon recognised the similarities in our energetic makeup. There was our mutual appreciation of similar styles of music, playing in a band while in the RAF, publishing a book and living in Belgium and Spain. I wondered how much influence he may have had towards '*arranging*' events in my life? But for me the real clincher was that in late 1958 (I joined the RAF in October of that year) Reg released one record that remained in the American charts for 13 weeks and reached No 10 in February 1959. The title was '*Manhattan Spiritual*'. I then recalled that while visiting war graves in 2010 I had noted the grave of a 'Conductor' D. Murray of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, who was killed on the 12th June 1917. It may not make sense to anyone else, but to me, Reg appearing in my dream just felt like a gesture of thanks and a form of birthday gift in recognition of the time I had spent visiting war graves.

So I now had to consider why publication of this book had to be delayed. When working in conjunction with those we would call 'deceased', over the years I have come to understand that they seem to have a clearer perception of probable future events and how things are likely to pan out. When we in this physical dimension attempt to manipulate events in this world, for whatever reason, if such events are not in line with the 'greater good', then such attempts eventually become synonymous with pushing a snowball uphill.

We have each chosen to manifest in this physical realm for particular reasons. We can only each determine from our own experiences what such reasons may be. So it is for each individual to recognise what is taking place in their lives and make appropriate adjustments to bring themselves back on track in line with their reason for being here in the first place. The most basic way of recognising whether we are 'on track', or not, is by noticing our emotions. If we are feeling happy and joyful, then we are probably in the right place, doing what we intended and we simply need to continue to do the best we can in those circumstances. If we feel unhappy; things around us seem constantly to be going wrong or we are afflicted by illness, then we need to consider if it would be appropriate to let go of our current circumstances and make significant changes in our lives. In such a situation it would be appropriate to welcome the traumas with joy and thanks for alerting us to take a look at our life's journey. Needless to say, we need to remain aware that there will be many aspects of our journeys taking place simultaneously.

I can well imagine that some readers will consider that my interpretation of the significance of being given '*Ways to Live Forever*' had nothing to do with why I am now still active in this earthly realm. But when considered in the light of events recorded in Chapter 15 concerning being notified of the date's of death of friends, then surely receiving my own date of passing was equally valid. Consequently the ability to change that date and the fact that I am still here now also seem to be equally valid.

On 13 March some friends came to visit. We had all been regular attendees at a weekly gathering referred to as 'The Mystic Circle' but these meetings ceased a few years ago. During the conversation I recounted my experiences of lights not working, the fuse blowing and me attributing this action to mother-in-law. As if in response to this point, the next morning I reached the end of my current book. '*Death and Life*' recounts exchanges between Elisabeth Kübler-Ross (1926-2004) from beyond, with

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the author Bruno Bitterli-Fürst.⁴⁷ Elisabeth had been explaining how we attempt to resolve a problem and seem to be getting nowhere. She continued:

‘So you put the problem aside and go and talk to your dear friend about something else entirely. All of a sudden the light bulb goes off and the solution is there.’ [This was followed by an explanation of what takes place in the non-physical realm and concludes with:] *‘The same principle applies when you come into contact with non-incarnated beings. In the best case scenario they are able to send out the exact same energy form you need in order to close the circle, to find the missing puzzle piece, or to flip the switch so the light comes on.’*

I was reminded of the words that I had used Chapter 1.

‘Having now turned over one piece of that puzzle I had no option but to accept that the image I perceived on the reverse of that one piece was correct. Logically then, if that was correct, I could only conclude that the reverse of the whole of the remainder of my puzzle must also be correct. I could either ignore what had happened or delve into the mystery to discover further how and what had taken place. In reality I had no choice – I needed to know what had happened.’

Somehow the words from ‘Death and Life’ seemed to be telling me that I had understood what I had been searching for.

This left me with one final element that I needed to address. Everything in this earthly realm is a denser symbolic expression of deeper, lighter, inner consciousness. We have been brought up in Western cultures to operate primarily in this denser materialistic way of thinking. Some disciplines refer to this as ‘left brain’, as opposed to ‘right brain’ thinking. But when considered carefully, this is actually a left brain attempt to explain an intuitive way of understanding reality. Thus I was left pondering the information that I had understood as being my ‘*date of departure from this life*’. Was this simply symbolically indicating that as from 2012, that what had primarily been my materialistic appreciation of reality would ‘die’, to be superseded by a more ‘right brain’ intuitive method of operating? And if this applied to me, would it not also apply to everyone? Is this what all the changes associated with 2012 are really signalling? Once we recognise this, then ‘*Ways to Live Forever*’ would also apply to everyone.

Once we begin to understand the ‘language’ between the different dimensions, suddenly life becomes more exciting and interesting. We are not in this alone and I can only encourage each of you to investigate the greater meaning of life, not only with an open mind but also with discernment and scepticism. I can guarantee that you will find treasures that you could never have imagined while walking this world alone. Your journey will not be the same as anyone else. Your ‘language’ with the unknown will not be the same as anyone else. Whatever your interests, pursue them with zeal, continue asking questions and then be prepared to be taken on the greatest journey of adventure you could ever imagine.

⁴⁷ © ‘Death and Life’ by Bruno Bitterli-Furst, Published by Ravare Books ravarebooks@gmail.com

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CHAPTER 25

Epilogue

*'Think carnally and you will remain flesh,
think symbolically and you will become spirit.'* Carl Gustav Jung

I consider myself very fortunate not to have studied any academic discipline and have therefore been able to approach my research from a relatively uncluttered perspective without fear of indignity or derision from peer groups.

For those willing to take on board the concept that is being proposed, it will soon become evident that a universal symbolic language of communication has significant impact on our interpretation of historical texts purported to have come from God. I am suggesting that everything is a symbolic expression of the desire of consciousness whether it is a desire at a particular frequency to experience life as an earthly human, plant, animal or the cosmos itself, or a human invention to produce some technological aid.

Let us consider some aspects of the Creation Theory from the early verses of the book of Genesis in the Bible in symbolic terms, keeping in mind that those concepts were 'received' and recorded by humans. (Chap 1 vs. 3) 'God said: Let there be light.' Was '*God said*' simply the recorder reflecting on life and, upon hearing a voice in his mind, his way of expressing his interpretation of the response to his question? '*Let there be Light*' - was 'Light' a symbolic representation of the full spectrum of energy, or consciousness? This was followed by (various levels of consciousness desiring) water, land, plants with seeds and fruit, living creatures, each being a logical step in evolution. Then we come to (Chap 1 vs. 27) '*So God created man in his own image.*' Does 'imagining' not equate to 'consciousness desiring'? Eventually (Chap 2 vs. 21) '*God put man into a trance and while he slept, he took one of his ribs and ... built up the rib ... into a woman.*' Could 'rib' be a mistaken symbolic representation of 'heart' showing that desire of the heart represents the creation process at a higher vibratory rate (in a sub-conscious 'trance' state) of consciousness than that of normal awareness? And so it continues.

It is not my intent to undermine the concept of God, but what I am suggesting is that what throughout ages has been termed 'God' is in fact 'consciousness and desire' and we are part of it. Varying levels of consciousness and intent manifest in various dimensions at faster or slower vibratory rates. Once seen from this perspective a whole range of questions are answered. As I delved deeper into my search for 'truth', I began to realise that in accepting 'consciousness' as the driving force behind everything, this seemed to be the missing link that could bring opposing religious and scientific understanding into harmony. But it would require all sides to relinquish deeply entrenched positions.

It validates Darwin's theory of evolution; symbolically it confirms the creation theory; it provides answers to scientific investigation into anomalous phenomena associated with particle physics; it dissolves the concept of the 'Big Bang' or not a 'Big Bang'; and it resolves many (if not all) of the mysteries of metaphysics. It explains the phenomena of researchers working completely independently, yet

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simultaneously coming up with a similar solution to a problem. And when intensity of desire is of sufficient force it can transform human ability as has been recorded, for example in accidents where humans have lifted a vehicle in order to release a trapped person. It is the intensity of desire, in other contexts referred to as 'prayer', that changes the species.

Just one final reflection on the phenomena of death. On the one hand when individual consciousness is released from focus on a physical body, it thus allows a broader awareness of consciousness (faster vibration) to be perceived, often described as 'light at the end of a tunnel' in near death experiences. And as consciousness (for that is all we are) progresses on its journey of opening to awareness of each successive dimensional level of reality, so the concept of TIME becomes clearer. Being totally focused within any dimensional field of perception will give the impression of linear time to that dimension. Once we expand our awareness to accept multi-levels of reality, and realise that each 'higher' dimension (for lack of a more precise expression) vibrates at a faster rate than those at lower levels, eventually we will be able to accept that everything is NOW. This also explains the phenomena of perceiving light (a faster vibrating dimension) at the end of a tunnel. However at an early stage after physical death, individual consciousness is still energetically close to vibrational rates in the physical realm, thus 'desire' or 'love attraction' may temporarily cause the deceased's energetic form to manifest to those who were close and still focussed in this physical realm. On the other hand, those who are in grief may be emanating a desire for their lost loved one, thus energetically attracting the deceased into their environment. This seems rather reminiscent of events reportedly surrounding Jesus' death. Once we accept the process of what is taking place, both in the physical environment and beyond, then we will be on the road to understanding eternity and our role in creating heaven on earth.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Murray Nicholls was born in Grimsby in 1939. He left school at age 15 and after working for 4 years in an office for financing hire purchase of electrical goods, he then spent 3 years in the Royal Air Force. For most of that time he was assigned 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, being responsible for communications budget and management, until retiring in 1998. Nick and his wife Margaret moved with the headquarters when it was relocated from France to Belgium in 1967. They have two daughters and now live separately in England.