



Parallel Community Newsletter

April 2011



Generosity

Computer experts will have heard of “*Ubuntu*” – which is an open-source computer-operating system, available freely to all: “Shared efforts. Shared principles. No cost.” “*Song of the Old Tides*”, a book by Barry Brailsford (see next page for details of his forthcoming visit and talk), includes this quotation from Archbishop Desmond Tutu.

‘*Ubuntu* is very difficult to render into a Western language. It speaks of the very essence of being human ... You share what you have. It is to say “My humanity is caught up, is inextricably bound up, in yours.” We belong in a bundle of life. We say, “A person is a person through other persons.” It is not, “I think therefore I am.” It says rather “I am human because I belong. I participate, I share.” A person with *ubuntu* is open and available to others, affirming of others, does not feel threatened that others are able and good, for he or she has a proper self-assurance that comes from knowing that he or she belongs in a greater whole and is diminished when others are humiliated or diminished, when others are tortured or oppressed, or treated as if they were less than who they are.’

"The open handed and open hearted have the best lives. The misers are indeed miserable. They are cut off from the flow of energy inherent to the Germanic concept of Fehu (a rune) which means mobile energy and wealth. Sharing with others demonstrates our spiritual power even as it benefits the recipient. Both win in the exchange. Let us be generous. I light a candle for Ertha (the Earth) for all the bounty she has bestowed upon us. I will be generous today." (Steve McNallen)

Changing Times



Core team member Lindsey writes ...

There can be no doubt that we are going through many changes and transitions on a personal, national, and global level. It has been

predicted that this time would come, by many religious and spiritual traditions. The Hopi, Mayan, Maori, Zulu, Hindu, Inca, Aztec, Cherokee, Tibetan and Egyptians have all written of THIS time. It may have been in different languages and using different symbols, but they all basically say the same thing. We are in the midst of a period of great clearing, transitions and transformations. However they can still take us by surprise, as the speed of these transitions and clearings have been amazing to both witness and experience. The mass consciousness is evolving and changing

So where does that leave us now? All of the major spiritual teachers, through the ages, have been encouraging us all to adopt and practice certain

strategies or ways of being. They are crucial to our own personal wellbeing, to that of the world, and indeed everyone and everything on it.

If we are to ride this exciting wave of change as positively, and painlessly as possible it is well worth putting this guidance into practice. This guidance is not complex. Indeed it is reassuringly simple. Prayer, meditation and quiet times are essential to experience peace and the still point; and love and kindness to ourselves, do as you would be done by, being always in our truth, being simple and sincere, but as we have been told over and over again, to love one another.

When we sincerely ask to be guided in our thoughts, words, and actions, by our Higher Consciousness, doing the best we can, then we can truly embrace the saying, “Let Go Let God”. Just like a house move or a major spring clean, it can be very challenging at the time, but it’s a great feeling when it’s done.

All love and many bright blessings, Lindsey

PC's Big Weekend – May 5th, 6th, and 7th – is coming soon!

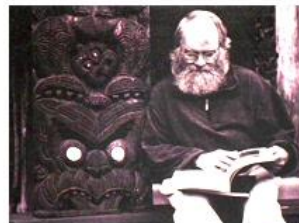
On Friday May 6th, **Nigel Twinn** is to give a talk on his biography of Hamish Miller, at the Queen's Hotel, on the Promenade in Penzance at 7.15pm.

The following day, Saturday May 7th, is the date for this year's **Open Day** at Treviscoe, from 2-4.30pm; all Parallel Community members and friends are welcome to come and wander round Hamish and Ba's woodland garden, amid the bluebells, and enjoy a cream tea, which is included in the entrance price of £5.

On Sunday 8th is **Barry Brailsford's** talk "The Fires of Remembrance" in Marazion –full details below.

THE FIRES OF REMEMBRANCE

A talk with Barry Brailsford



Barry Brailsford MBE is co-author with Hamish Miller of *In Search of the Southern Serpent* and author of *Song of the Waitaha*, *Song of the Old Tides* and other books and novels on the ancient mysteries of New Zealand

Marazion Community Hall
Gwallon Lane, Marazion, Cornwall TR17 0HW

Sunday 8th May 2011

2.30pm, followed by tea and questions

£7

Optional extras:

12 noon: meditation on Marazion beach, by St Michael's Mount

1-2pm: Lunch (bring your own), drinks provided (donation)

Sharing the ancient Waitaha wisdoms, exploring universal truths that help us realise our potential and live in harmony with each other and our planet. The Waitaha claimed descent from the stars, living in Aotearoa (New Zealand) before the Maori arrived. Barry has worked with their sacred lore and wisdom-keepers. He and Hamish Miller found many parallels between the ancient cultures of Aotearoa and Britain, whose harmony with the Earth, the oceans and the heavens is very relevant to what we modern people need to achieve today.

Booking & enquiries: Ba Miller 01736 740401
e-mail: ba.miller007@gmail.com

REFLECTING ON AVEBURY – THE CIRCLE OF STANDING STONES

PC member Tanya writes, *“I’ve just gone through some old diaries and found an entry that I wrote on 13th June 2006, almost four years before I met, for the first time, the ideas and writings of Hamish Miller, the spiritual blacksmith and guardian of Gaia. I look at what I’ve written and think that it was almost impossible for me not to find my way to the embrace of PC: talk about synchronicities! :)”*

The path of the standing stones uncoils around the emerald green hills, dark grey stones standing silently along the grassy path, unmoving ancient guards. Many come here yearning to touch some echo of past ages, past mysteries, as these are the standing stones of Avebury. But there appears to be only the mundane magic of the millions of years of earth growing, living, breathing, dying, pressing, ripening – we call it the ‘geological processes’ in these prosaic ‘enlightened’ days.

Yet the mundane is in fact the extraordinary. These old stones are a part of the grander mysteries of the Earth. They are the paths, the markers, showing the way; and so it happens that many of those who come here on their quest tune into the core of the beating heart of the Gaia, led by these silent sentinels. The stones are the silent guards and reminders of the greater Mysteries of Life. The magic is in the stones and in the Earth all around here, in the living breasts of the hills, the life-giving bones of the earth, in the nurturing sky above – in the silent Living and Breathing that surrounds it all. The murmuring of the grass, the solid stillness of the hills with standing stones on their summit, guarding and accentuating one’s perception of the flow of Life, the ancient Force of the ‘All Around’, the never-ending circle of life and death, creation and disintegration, the continuum of being.

There are some places where you can feel it stronger, closer to the surface of one’s awareness and insight; Avebury is one of these places, with the stones as immobile keys pointing to the treasure. Our ancestors knew it well; they felt the greater flow in their bones and

blood, they smelled it in the air and wind, every sinew of their body told them of its existence: the calling of Gaia, the connectedness to the Great Spirit. They built the pathways of stone, celebrating the ebbs and flows of Life. The land gave its people their living, nourishing their lives and burying their dead; and our ancestors, in turn, respected and cared for the land. There was a connectedness to the All-breathing and the All-living around. Our ancestors felt it: they felt the Life currents circling and flowing through the lands, unerringly and endlessly, just like the birds on their annual migration sensing their ancient ways south; like the whales following their invisible trails and currents through the oceans; and the wildebeest tracing the same paths each season for thousands of years navigating across the African savannah.

It was the Maiden, the Mother, and the Hag, the ancient holly trinity who lived and breathed in the those ancient landscapes all around, inside the curves of the hills, the crevasses, the ravines, the lush grasslands and meadows of the lowlands, the sweet-scented summer river banks and silent glades, and the whispering leaves of the primordial virgin forests, who were embracing our ancestors. Sea ebbs and flows, sky, Sun, stars, phases of the Moon, dancing of the seasons, birth and death, the passing of time – all written into the face of the ageless land infused with the all-permeating living force. And the standing stones at Avebury? The silent guards, a reminder of it all.



Photos by Palden Jenkins

Tanya adds, *“I’d like to dedicate this to Hamish for all his teachings about the power of the living Earth. Avebury is indeed a beautiful special place full of healing and inspiration, and Master Hamish has been and remains a wonderful person that has inspired many, continuing his work with the Management there, guiding us all to strive for something better.”*

Beltaine Morn at Avebury

(by PC member Nancy M Bell)

Can you hear them, the singing Stones?
Mem'ries of their ancient glories
Rising in the mists of dawning
This Beltaine morn at Avebury

Their song of ancient glory sung
The future trembles in their tones
Stones of the Earth sweetly singing
This Beltaine morn at Avebury

The mist it shimmers 'tween the Stones
Shifts and moves amongst the glories
Dragon Paths aflame 'ere dawning
This Beltaine morn at Avebury

In ancient times the rites were sung
The Earth, her bones returned the tones
Bright Sun ignites the power, singing
This Beltaine morn at Avebury

The Serpent mates within the Stones
Sacred light ablaze with glories
The Blessed Fire in the dawning
This Beltaine morn at Avebury

From Head and Tail the chants are sung
Dark welcomes Light with ringing tones
Old with new, their voices singing
This Beltaine morn at Avebury

From Silbury they see the Stones
Torches' flare reflect the glories
Henge burns brightly in the dawning
This Beltaine morn at Avebury

All voices One, the songs are sung
Promise made in sacred tones
Granite rings with holy singing
This Beltaine morn at Avebury

Down countless years the silvery Stones
Guard the path of ageless glories
Blessings on a new age dawning
This Beltaine morn at Avebury

The ancient knowledge will be sung
Quartzite notes in granite tones
Rising hopeful with the singing
This Beltaine morn at Avebury

The ancients set the Standing Stones
So their children ken the glories
Sons and Daughters, new world dawning
This Beltaine morn at Avebury

Spirits rise in living Stones
Their wondrous music joins my tones
Old Ones walk with me in dawning
This Avebury Beltaine morning

Poetry, Parallel Projects and Listening to the Land

PC member Brenda Desborough writes poetry. Her poems give a 'voice' to the land, and let the land speak for itself. Through Parallel Community, she has got in touch with two members who are working to restore sacred sites, and has written poems for their particular places, not by visiting them, but by mentally tuning in to the sites. Here, she describes how her style of poetry-writing developed, and below are the two poems and the stories that go with them.

A few years ago I was invited to join a small group of Sussex poets known as "Poetry Exchange". It meets monthly, and we support each other informally to develop our writing. One of the group owns 26 acres of ancient woodland in a secluded valley on the edge of the Ashdown Forest, and regularly invites people to go on silent poetry walks among the trees. On my first visit there I found myself unexpectedly channelling poetry from the land. I got lost from the group in space and time, and while wandering among early bluebells, felt words coming up through the soles of my green wellies!

I had written nature poetry before, but this was different. The words seemed not to come from me but rose, like sap, upwards through my feet very quickly. I usually work long

and hard on a poem, but when we all gathered back in the farmhouse kitchen to swap notes, I had produced a complete message from the woodlands that was flowing, beautifully constructed and needed no editing.

Since then, from time to time, I have found myself writing these land poems, which have a distinctive character quite unlike my own work. Each one is unique and seems to emerge as a voice from the site, wherever it might be. PC members who are dowers, therapists, earth workers and gardeners will all be familiar with the need to truly listen to the "voices that be", with an open mind for the unexpected and the wonderful synchronicities that can occur when we do. So it is perhaps not surprising that when, as the result of email conversations with two fellow PC members, I ended

up tuning in remotely to two restoration sites on land at either end of the Michael and Mary lines to write poetry. I found the old stones on each site were singing a similar tune.

The processes that produced the poems were interesting, and their timing, when placed in the context of recent global

events, significant. The message from the earth at both sites was similar; and I know that other writers, poets, artists and musicians are hearing the same calls and that my own experience is just one of many. Read the poems and the stories behind them and see what you think.....

The Carwynnen Quoit poem – “A Giant Leap”

Pip Richards of “Sustrust”, an eco development charity based in SW Cornwall, posted a request last year on the PC website for volunteers to help with a community project near Camborne. The project aims to restore the fallen stones of an ancient cromlech (or quoit) to their former glory and to improve the ecology of the surrounding 5 acres of land, now owned by the Trust. A series of arts events and activities under the banner title “A Giant Leap” was planned to publicise the project and help raise funds.

Although I live in Sussex, I know that part of Cornwall quite well and wanted to help, so I got in touch with Pip; after several email exchanges, I offered to write a poem for the project. Hamish had mentioned the site only briefly in “The Sun and the Serpent”, and the “Sustrust” website showed a rather forlorn picture of a heap of lichen covered stones in a field, so initially I planned to write something about the community project rather than the site itself, and set about researching the background to what I expected to be poetry set in the here and now.

The stones, however, had other ideas. A legend about a phantom child who can be sometimes heard weeping around the stones caught my attention, and I found myself tuning in to the site to hear what she (I was convinced the child was female) had to say. I had never tuned in remotely to a site before so it was a new experience for me, but I found myself back in the flow of land poetry almost instantly. The sad old heap of stones turned into a sacred site of such power and majesty it shocked me – as did the way in which the first few verses formed themselves into a clear structure with an unusual rhyming pattern. But then I got well and truly stuck! Having once worked as a development project manager myself, my good old left brain knew all about funding issues, official delays and the general nitty gritty of turning inspiration into reality, and so I tried to complete the poem by describing what people were hoping to achieve: but the words refused to appear. Nothing I tried seemed to fit, so the poem sat in the computer through the big freeze over Christmas doing nothing, while I tried and failed to use logic to complete it.

Then one bitterly cold day when I was totally iced in and forced to acknowledge that Mother Earth was showing us all who was boss, I looked at the poem again; my right brain engaged and words flowed out so fast it was complete within 10 minutes. The change was striking, for the poem now read in the past tense *as if the stones were already back in place* and it worked beautifully. Pip intends to use it for publicity and as an impetus to generate other creative work. My guess is the stones have a few ideas of their own!

A Giant Leap

A tumbled heap of lichen stones
A fallen cromlech on the ground
Earth scattered – its dissembled bones
Lie silent and mysterious

In ancient times this lonely place
Was once a mighty focus where
The hallowed rites of sacred space
Honoured the earth as glorious

Now wasteland, here the stones remain
Though fallen - still their secrets hold
Patient they wait, their power contained
To rise once more, victorious

Faint on the wind a phantom child
Calls from the past with wistful voice
Grieving the wisdom of a wild
Land once free and bounteous

Whispering of long forgotten days
When nature's rhythmic ebb and flow
Shaped well the lore of human ways
And thus sustained prosperity

Heeding the call at turning tide
And with a giant leap of faith
Men, women, children, side by side
United in community

To raise the cromlech back on high
And seed the land with tree and flower
The stones placed poised against the sky
Restored for all eternity

Then on the wind new voices soared
Chanting aloud a hymn of hope
Singing the leys alive once more
Rejoicing and harmonious

Brenda Desborough 2011

The Hopton Church Poem – “A Ruined Church”

While working on “A Giant Leap” I noticed a post from Brian Howard on the PC bulletin board, asking for information about getting charity funding for his project to restore Hopton Church in Norfolk – the last crossing point of the Michael and Mary lines before they leave our shores and cross the Channel. I suggested he got in touch with Pip and once again email links across the PC website led to an agreement to write another poem! Brian began to send me parish records and photographs of the church from all angles so I could do my research. Then events suddenly overtook us both and the fastest site poem I have ever written appeared in about 20 minutes one afternoon in January.



I had sent Brian a copy of “A Giant Leap” to give him an idea of what might be possible and he emailed me back to say he had just been asked to do a presentation on the ruined church to the local school in Hopton. He wanted to use a poem to introduce his talk and

thought the “Sustrust” one might do. It was a nice idea but I had an uneasy feeling that the stones in Cornwall and the stones in Norfolk wanted to speak for themselves and not for each other. Also, I knew that Pip had not officially published “A Giant Leap” at that time and was also out of the country. In desperation I decided to see if I could come up with something quickly as Brian’s debut as a schoolteacher was due to take place that same week. No pressure then!



I looked again at the photos of Hopton Church and wondered what to do. Then the tuning in began – literally! I heard music, saw rainbow serpents winding

across the land and through the church and the words fell into place so fast I could hardly keep up with them (I still type with two fingers!) The whole experience reminded me of the stories told me by my aborigine friends in Adelaide and their veneration of the song lines and rainbow serpents on their own land. I wondered if I was tuning in to the UK version.

The poem was completed and sent to Brian that day, leaving me in a glorious technicolour whirl. It was an extraordinary experience and the next day I felt quite tired, but great thereafter. Brian uses the poem to introduce the project when he gives talks, and has published it on his volunteer newsletter.

Reflections ... What struck me about both the writing process and the finished poems was the echoing of similar messages from both ends of the Michael and Mary lines, and the way these messages may be linked to patterns dowsed by Hamish. Both sites seemed to be singing in their own unique way, but harmoniously, echoing each other. No doubt other writers are hearing and recording similar voices – a veritable concert from the earth.

With a future Pilgrim Path along the lines being envisioned for the future, maybe the sites are singing the route into being as the Ancients did in the past. Carn Lês Boel is the next site calling to me, and I have beautiful pictures taken in all weathers to listen to; although my feeling is that I may visit that site before the eventual poem appears. It’s a case of wait and see; or more appropriately, wait and listen **Brenda Desborough**

The Ruined Church

Old stones of flint in ancient walls
Whisper a silent prayer
The roofless nave and crumbling tower
Still hold a quiet power
A ruin now and yet
This church contains a mystery
Far older than its hallowed halls -
A veiled history
Beneath the earth on which it stands
Two mighty serpents hide
Weaving a secret magic
Far and wide across the land

Once long ago the people knew
Those serpents held the key
To a rainbow world of growth and peace
And great prosperity
They listened to the song they sang
And let them dance and wind
Through farms and towns and forests
And the hills and fields beyond

So now the ruins are waiting
Until there comes a day
When a gentle breeze blows from the sea
And the music starts to play
Then the magic of the serpents
Will bring its walls alive
So once again this ancient place
Will live and breathe and thrive

B. Desborough 06/01/11

Parallel Community's core beliefs

- ∞ All human beings have the absolute right to live in peace and fairness, and to claim and negotiate that right for themselves.
- ∞ We acknowledge our collective responsibility to care for, respect and love our fellow humans. While we have a plethora of beliefs and ways, we must respect these differences and move beyond them to what unifies us.
- ∞ We're letting go of rather than standing against things that no longer serve us, and we are creating wholesome new options and possibilities.
- ∞ Solving global issues starts in our local communities and with basic, small actions.
- ∞ We encourage honest communication. Discussion and diversity, yes, argument and discord, no.
- ∞ We seek to bring a message of hope and encourage people to renew their sense of wonder at the marvels of nature and life.
- ∞ We seek to use the massive energy available in human hearts and minds to make a difference to our future.
- ∞ We believe that if we all follow our life-purposes and inspiration and work with them, all of the world's major issues will become resolved.
- ∞ We're moving into a new level of civilisation and culture worldwide, where cooperation of all humans with each other, with nature and with the wider cosmos, will flourish.

The Wayseer Manifesto

PC member "Radical" has requested that the "Wayseer Manifesto" be included in the Newsletter.

"Here's to the crazy ones. The misfits. The rebels. The troublemakers. The round pegs in the square holes. The ones who see things differently. They're not fond of rules. And they have no respect for the status quo. You can quote them, disagree with them, glorify or vilify them. About the only thing you can't do is ignore them. Because they change things. They push the human race forward. And while some may see them as the crazy ones, we see genius. Because the people who are crazy enough to think they can change the world, are the ones who do."

www.wayseermanifesto.com

A Life Divined

Nigel Twinn is giving two talks on his book "A Life Divined", his biography of Hamish Miller. Using many of Hamish's own words, this book paints a posthumous perspective on an uplifting, enlightening, exciting and frequently humorous life well-lived. The first talk is in Totnes, on Friday April 1st, at Bogan House, 43 High Street, Totnes TQ9 5NP, at 7.15pm. The second is on Friday May 6th, at the Queen's Hotel, on the Promenade, Penzance TR18 4HG, also starting at 7.15pm.

Sweat Lodge

On Saturday April 30th and Sunday May 1st, at Treviscoe, Lelant Downs, Mukti is holding a traditional sweat lodge, a Native American purification ceremony for mind, body and spirit, to which all are welcome to come and participate. Mukti says, "This dance of fire, earth, air, water and spirit, in combination with drumming, songs and prayers, brings a renewed sense of well-being and clarity." For booking and more information, email Ba on ba.miller007@gmail.com

Healing workshop

Matthew Manning, the world-renowned healer, is to hold a one-day workshop on Saturday April 9th, from 10am to 5pm, at Kennet Valley Village Hall, Lockeridge, Wiltshire. The fee is £45. For further information contact Barbara Clauson on 01672 841219 or Isabelle Kingston on 01672 841220; or to book a place, email Diana Sweasey on disweasey@mypostoffice.co.uk

Healing Light Festival

The Parallel Community stall at the Healing Light Festival on Saturday March 19th, at Chacewater, was a great success, with many new enquiries about Parallel Community, several of whom have already signed up to the online Meeting Place. Warmest greetings to all new Parallel Commuteneers! Ba manned the stall single-handedly, and reports much interest – and nearly lost her voice! Membership of PC now stands at 1349 people.

Chat-room?

There is an online poll on the Meeting Place asking whether members would be interested in having a 'chat-room' feature, following a request. Please take the time to give us your opinion here. If there are enough 'yes' votes to make it worthwhile, it will be added.

House exchange wanted

PC member Kristin Bonney writes... "I am looking for a house exchange in Devon for a few weeks in the summer, offering in exchange my house in Andalucia, Jimena de la Frontera. My cottage in NE Wales is also a possibility as an exchange. I would like to be as near as possible to my daughter's Forest Garden project near Broadhembury. Any offers? Contact Kristin on bonney.kristin@gmail.com

Mediaeval Fayre at Hopton

PC member Brian Howard is holding a Mediaeval Fayre in July, to raise funds for the church he is currently restoring, in Hopton-on-Sea, Norfolk, where the Michael and Mary currents have their final crossing point on the UK mainland. He plans to have a tombola there to raise funds for Parallel Community. If anyone lives nearby and would like to help out, do get in touch with Brian on the Meeting Place.

We would love to hear from you. The newsletter is for Parallel Community members to share thoughts, ideas, news, and so on, with other PC members, particularly with those who have yet to register on the Meeting Place: all PC members receive this newsletter, either by email or post. Please send any contributions you would like to be considered for inclusion in the May newsletter by Friday April 28 at the latest to Frances (watts@penare.ndo.co.uk) or to the address below. Any feedback on the newsletter would be gratefully received. The focus for May is "Hospitality": any musings on this subject would be welcome as well.

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www.parallelcommunity.com