



# Parallel Community Newsletter December 2011

*The Parallel Community is a linking network and a platform where people can express and develop their positive contribution for change - human, social, ecological, creative and spiritual.*

*Welcome to the December newsletter for Parallel Community! We do hope you enjoy reading this, and look forward to receiving your letters, contributions and articles.*

## Eleven Eleven Eleven

**People from all over the globe tuned into the 'cosmic moment' at 11.11am on 11<sup>th</sup> November 2011. It doesn't matter whether the date on the Gregorian calendar was significant or not: it was the combined focus of many, many hearts and minds that actually could bring about a significant change. PC members were invited to tell us about their experiences ...**

**Nathascha Heijen** ... In the morning, Nathascha planted some acorns in the wood near to her home (see the PC website for the full story!) Then she and Mario prepared for an evening spent with friends ... "In the afternoon we went to our horse pasture and prepared for the coming evening around the fire. Wood was being cut, chairs and tables arranged and ritual objects (candles) prepared. I brought some home-made chocolate chip muffins and lovely prune liquor to share. As the sun set, the colder air came in so we lit the fire quite early and the two of us sat around it, quietly enjoying the sounds, smells and patterns of the flames. People started flocking in and then there were 15 of us, young and old, and 3 dogs. The short but powerful ritual we created together was building a 'portal' of light with a fire at one end (the old world) and the dark open vastness of the night sky on the other end (the new world). Each person held a candle representing his or her own inner light and the one spark that leads us through the dark, always. We wrote down on a piece of paper the things we wanted to leave in the old world, to be transformed in the fire before walking through the portal to the new world, while holding the light of the candle in front of your heart, all the time creating the new world you wish to 'see'. Flanked by a bridge of people and lights, we shed our old skins like a snake and arrived reborn and renewed at the end of the light bridge. And so our ritual connected in with all the other lights in the world who were joining this special

***"...a wonderful day to experience the diversity of global unity in action."***



time's focus. There was oneness and a great sense of unity and peace. Gratitude for being alive and for being able to witness the birth of a new Golden Age, right now, right here, in our times!"

**Lynn Forrest** ... 24 people with 24 different ideas and beliefs sat in our 11:11 circle today. All with a One Heart Mind - to offer Love instead of fear, Kindness instead of indifference, Peace instead of chaos - to each other and everything we are connected to. It was a day that took me into a new group of people, half of whom I knew and half I hadn't met before. The gathering was also held in a place that I don't usually go to. We were all there with one aim in mind, to meditate for Peace. We were called upon to introduce ourselves and say something of our interests and spiritual journey. It was easily apparent that everyone (to a man!) was coming from a different perspective, yet we all understood and could empathise with one another's path. Through sharing, we learned the diverse ways in which the Divine inspires us to express its spiritual nature. Whether being guided by a guru, a religion or the Earth

itself, we all came together in unity for the common good. Every aspect expressed has its part to play in the whole and we felt encouraged to continue to be as authentic as we can on our own journeys. Personally I feel the message to me is to be sovereign in my own life; being who I am helps encourage others to be who they are. Plus I am reminded to use all the tools in my spiritual toolbox that

are at my disposal. And, finally, to ASK. If we don't keep up communication with 'upstairs', connections become weak and we are less aware of inspiration. It was a wonderful day to experience the diversity of global unity in action; and a day to remember to always invoke the Light in every day to come.

**Ba Miller** ... 11.11.11 was a very special day; and the millions of people stopping and sending out energy waves of peace, love, and harmony into the ether will have had an unbelievable effect. I had the joy of joining a group in Truro, Cornwall, all from very different backgrounds and faiths, but joining together from the heart.

**Annette Gartland** ... Did an hour's meditation at 11h11; it was pretty powerful and the hour seemed to go very quickly; it was funny, my internet went down briefly just before that.

**Derek Gane** ... Our circle will be drumming and connecting with the web on Brentor near Dartmoor, an ancient sacred hill. Joining together.

**Stan Phillips** ... I just turned on the cricket in South Africa and just shy of 11 o'clock in Capetown, Australia were 11 -1. Go figure, and have a great 11-11-11. 11-11 is special to all of us - it is surely about life, and encompasses all that is involved in life.

**Candace Caddick** ... Here's my experience this morning. I could see the light beginning to shine from one opening in the universe, which was quite clearly a peep hole to our Creator; a sparkly pink and gold light began to stream in. I

could hear a lot of angels singing along the edges of this light as they participated in the event. The laughter of God was present and I felt so much love and joy as I heard, "You are loved beyond comprehension, and cared for without any limits." I was filled with light until I was transparent and the light flowed out of me. Looking for the truth of who I am I could see a large being of light wearing our galaxy like a tutu, and thought of all the things I'm afraid of – why am I afraid? I turned to face our Creator and my energy flowed into him and his energy flowed back into me until I was renewed. He turned me around to face a universe bathed in light and said "My universe, my games, my rules." I got the feeling he preferred joy to misery.

We could see five giant souls of light incarnate on the planet (imagine Jesus, Budda, etc. all incarnate at once.) These largest souls are clearly visible from space and anchor light onto Earth. Unlike previous times when large incarnate souls moved around and taught others, these large souls are staying still and simply anchoring light. There are also lots and lots and lots of souls the next size down living here anchoring light or holding light onto the Earth so it doesn't pass us by. In the entire history of our planet there have never been so many souls incarnate here at once that are able to anchor light in this way. This is a remarkable change from who is usually living here. Out of seven billion people most look like pebbles on a beach with a LOT of very large gem stones scattered among them, and these are the ones here now to anchor light.

**"...There was oneness, and a great sense of unity and peace."**

### **"How do I become a member of Parallel Community?"**

Just send us your details! If you've given us your email address, and are receiving this newsletter direct, you already ARE a member. 1461 people are! If you'd like to sign up as a member, and haven't already, send an email to [info@parallelcommunity.com](mailto:info@parallelcommunity.com) with your name, location, and email address – and tell us a bit about yourself. Learn more about PC by going to <http://www.parallelcommunity.com/>

In addition, if you want to become more involved, and meet online lots of other members, you can sign up to the Meeting Place, PC's interactive website, at <http://www.parallelcommunity.ning.com> 242 members already have! Then you can start communicating with other like-minded people, finding kindred spirits, making new friends, contributing your ideas, and becoming a very real part of this parallel community.



## Spiralling out of circular thinking

The realization hit me at around the age of 12 or 13: that time didn't add up to twelve points on a clock and 12 months in a year. I was keen on astronomy and navigation and was one of the first to get a G.C.E. in the subject at school. It was of immense interest to me as I realized the earth never returned to the same point having once circumnavigated the sun, whilst the whole solar system is traveling through space. Almost beyond comprehension when looking out of a window on a calm day, to realize the earth travels around our sun at 30 km a second and our solar system is moving around the Milky Way at 250 km a second.

I learnt how artificial time measurement was. October was supposed to be the 8th month but was in fact the 10th; the names July and August were feeding the egos of Roman emperors. In 1752 Wednesday was 2 September, and the next day was Thursday 14 September in the changeover from Julian to Gregorian calendars. Can you imagine the impact of losing 12 days in 2012?

However, my most profound realizations about time and calendars has come from the Maya Indian nation of Central America and the traditional Celtic cycles of time, both of which have the number 13 central to their measurements. So why is 13 considered by some to be unlucky? It is a number in the Fibonacci scale. It is an important number in the Tzolkin sacred calendar of the Maya, and it is at the very heart of the Celtic Tree calendar.

My life journey has given me many great gifts as I studied the interface between science and spirituality. On this journey through many traditions I eventually found the number thirteen was central and at the core of both the Celts and the Maya; and that it had a purpose, which was to maintain people's connection with the Natural World: the spiritual sun, sister moon, planets, stars, and all the cycles of nature on Mother Earth. Since the time of the "all-conquering Romans" and the adoption of usury in trading, many people have been blinded from our connection to the cycles and laws of Natural Time.



There are historical examples of the importance of the number 13; for instance, the Arthurian mysteries focus on 13, for the thirteenth seat was known as the Seat Perilous, where a challenge would be met. Similarly the esoteric teachings in the crucifixion place a very special teaching upon us in the context of Jesus and 12 disciples. Far from being unlucky, thirteen represents the challenge, the breaking free, evolving!

Hamish and Ba Miller have manifested Parallel Community in the Celtic lands of present day Cornwall. Hamish's dowsing powers are a continuance of the Celtic Spirit to find the way markers, the sacred in the everyday as the Celts once did, and for that matter a true Celt still does. Thus this is an opportunity to acknowledge that Celtic tradition of the thirteen moons that lie within the framework of both the eightfold farming cycle as well as a twenty tree cycle in a Celtic year, in reality the Celtic Medicine Wheel.

Uniquely and exceptionally among those twenty "trees" is the mistletoe, the "tree" of 23rd December in the Celtic calendar. Mistletoe was observed by the Druids to be living off the Oak and sapping its life energy. So its cutting and hanging represents the birth or regeneration of the

Oak King, which in turn represents the birth of the Sun God where Light is regaining strength as daylight begins to get longer again.

Jung said that if the modern world is to be saved, the men must discover their innermost selves by the offices of their soul image, the Anima. What better

connection can be made than to reconnect with spiritually energetic food in the light of thirteen moons?

Finally, I send you my greetings for the Midwinter Solstice – the death of the Holly King and the birth of the Oak King. Take a moment and gaze at the pole star, literally the pivotal point and thus the place of wisdom, of inspiration, of ancestors, of the soul and the element of Earth. It is the time for family and community, a time for inner reflection.

**Michael Baker**

## AVAAZ Campaign

The organisation Avaaz has launched a major fundraising campaign to support a global opinion poll. Avaaz.org is a 10-million-person global campaign network that works to ensure that the views and values of the world's people shape global decision-making. ("Avaaz" means "voice" or "song" in many languages.)

Avaaz says, *"The "occupy" movement is catching fire across the world and has achieved a radical shift in the way we think about our politics. Now, the world is asking, how can the movement win? From New York to London, politicians and the police have been bought off to protect corporate interests. They are forcibly evicting the peaceful protesters from public spaces and discrediting the movement in the media as "dirty hippies" and "violent criminals" with no clear agenda. It's not hard to see why they're so nervous: the occupiers have sparked a vital battle of ideas, and the corrupt, elite 1% stand to lose everything.*

*"Now, it's make or break time! Let's help the movement win by funding a major global opinion poll in dozens of countries that clearly shows this is not a fringe movement that can be crushed, but a political project with massive public support. The poll will supercharge the movement and offer both a united vision and the mass-based public legitimacy it needs to take on and take down the system that feeds the 1%. The need is urgent; 10,000 people donated in the first 24 hours. If another 10,000 donate now we will be able to run the poll across the world next week and run a huge media campaign to take this battle to the next level!"*

Contact [https://secure.avaaz.org/en/fund\\_the\\_99\\_poll/?v](https://secure.avaaz.org/en/fund_the_99_poll/?v) if you want to help.

**Nathascha Heijen** says, "We are the 99% - and we can make a difference in a global (r)evolution right now. I have chipped in because I believe that this is it! Together we are strong."

## Mystical Britain 2012 Parallel Community Calendar



The Mystical Britain 2012 calendar, with beautiful atmospheric photos of mystical Britain, contributed by members of Parallel Community, is now available. There are photographs of Stonehenge, Callanish, Glastonbury, Avebury, Nanjizal, St Michael's Mount, and Treviscoe, among others. The calendar includes Celtic festivals and pagan holidays, solar and lunar eclipses, and also sun, full moon and new moon dates in their relevant astrological signs. The price is £13.52, of which a proportion goes to Parallel Community. <http://www.lulu.com/product/calendar/mystical-britain-2012/16674948>

## Merlin's Diary

Merlin's Diary ([www.merlinsdiary.com](http://www.merlinsdiary.com)) is a new search-engine based website promoting Mind Body & Spirit events in the UK. It's a listings site, with public reviews and events feedback, giving up-to-date information on national and local holistic events, and you can search for what's happening in your area: from large events right through to front-room meditation evenings aimed at a handful of people, in all areas, from Cornwall to Scotland. For further information contact [admin@merlinsdiary.com](mailto:admin@merlinsdiary.com) or call 01342 823809.

## Just B r e a t h e.....

If you are feeling a little in the doldrums at the moment, it could be that you are suffering from mercuryretrogradeinertia or aquarianunconditionality. These conditions are brought about by the human need to always do something or be somewhere - because we're not very good at simply being. A good cure is to stop. Deeply breathe in through the nose whilst expanding the chest and then slowly and carefully breathe out again. If in that moment of pause between the in and the out breath you realise a point of stillness, then you have it. You have experienced the need to do nothing, to be nowhere; except with the breath. It's a part of the natural ebb and flow of life itself. Then whatever trends or influences colour your life, you'll know what to do about them. Breathe them into stillness and out of your psyche. The winds of change (literally) will blow you back on course in no time at all, with full sail and your own hand on the tiller. Bon voyage!

**Lynn Forrest**

I'm rational and of scientific bent, despite being an incurable romantic. For thirty years I have been a middle-of-the-road, mainstream Protestant clergyman. I live most of my waking hours in the left side of my brain, meaning I am normally self-contained to a fault. Often, for me, religion has been a matter of "knowing about" rather than "experiencing."

But for almost five decades I have also been a professional musician. I started playing in dance bands in 1960. I love to watch people dance, but I can't dance myself. It's not that I don't have rhythm and can't learn simple moves. It's just that every time I try to walk onto a dance floor a palpable, almost physical force, says, "Stop!" It has bothered me for years. I even talked to a psychologist friend about it once, thinking that if I could learn to dance I could open up secret doors in my psyche that I didn't even know were there. His advice? "Loosen up!" Didn't work.

Recently I spent time at my cabin in the woods, getting in touch with some issues that were on my mind. Five feet in front of the cabin's porch was a rock, about four feet long, lying on its side. Obviously forces other than those found in nature had been employed to work the top smooth, and I had often wondered why it appeared to be almost face-like.

I spent afternoons for four days in this setting, meditating on whatever came to mind, trying to go deeper into myself than I normally do. By the second day I was conscious of sounds that I first thought were caused by cars on the highway, about a mile away. It was not until the fourth afternoon that I realized I was hearing the sounds in my right ear, which is completely deaf.

After a moment, it came to me that what I was hearing was not highway noise, but drums. Suddenly I was aware that I had snapped my eyes wide open and was experiencing a fully formed sentence ringing in my head. Even though my heart was racing, I didn't hear a voice and I saw no apparition. I hadn't been thinking about dancing at all, but the sentence that seemed to appear, almost floating before my eyes, was, "It's not that you can't dance. It's that you won't dance."

As soon as I saw, heard or somehow experienced that message I felt, rather than figured out, that the reason I could not dance was because at one time dance was so

sacred, either to me or the people who once danced on this spot of ground, that I could not sully it by reducing it to mere entertainment. In that instant, I looked down at the rock I had been contemplating for the last four days and somehow *knew* that it was meant to be standing upright.



Fearing that, any minute, I would discover a perfectly acceptable psychological explanation for what was happening, I immediately got a shovel and began excavating around the rock. It took about an hour to dig down to bedrock, only about a foot deep on this ledge, clearing a six-foot circle surrounding the stone. I knew long before I finished what I was going to find.

Hidden beneath the soil at the base of the rock was a tripod of stones, obviously placed by human hands. They were formed to exactly fit the bottom of the rock. And in a semicircle, spread fan-shaped to the east, were seven hammer stones that could only have been made by pre-Columbian Americans.

The next day, when I used a hydraulic jack and ropes to stand the stone on its pedestal, the smoothed face of the stone swung just a fraction around toward the southeast, facing exactly the place where the sun peeked over a far away ridge on the morning of the spring equinox.

I was so impressed by the whole affair that I told some folks about it. One thing led to another and we wound up having a dedication service there on the night of the winter solstice. Not knowing what to do, we drank some mead and burned some incense, hoping the spirit of the place would accept our good intentions.

And that was that until March. On a day of early thaw I walked out to the place for the first time since December. The snow had melted back from around the base of the rock, just as it had around many other rocks in the area. But at the foot of this special rock lay the feathers, not the carcass, just the feathers, of a ruffed grouse.

My first thought was that a hawk had killed a grouse on this spot. Nine days out of ten, I still believe that. But I called my daughter that day to tell her the story. She knows a lot about all things Indian and I mentioned the grouse. She called me back a few minutes later and I could hear the excitement in her voice.

“Dad, I looked up the meaning of having the ruffed grouse as your totem animal.” She then read to me, “When the Creator sends you the grouse as your spirit guide, it is a message to attune yourself to the dance of life. Its keynote is sacred dancing and drumming, both powerful ways in their own right to invoke energies ... rhythmic movement is a part of life ... all human activity is a kind of dance and ritual.”

What do I make of all this? I don't have the faintest idea. My rational self accepts the coincidence of a hawk killing a grouse at this particular time and place. But why a *grouse*, especially given its ancient meaning relating to my own dance phobia? Why this particular time? Why *this* rock, out of all the many others? And why does it tie in to my discovering the secret of the rock after my time of meditation, exactly when I was attempting to let the woods sort out my confused mindset? And why just *feathers*, with no carcass?

I don't really know, but I once told this story to an Ojibwa teaching Elder after an all-day seminar. We had spent the day sitting in a circle, learning about his tribe's creation



myths. Much to my dismay he appeared rather bored. As I told the story and commented on his seeming lack of interest, he said, “Okay, the grouse was on the west side of the rock. What next?”

“I didn't tell you it was on the western side of the rock. How did you know that?”

“Because that's where we would have expected it to be. Honestly, why do you Christian preachers always expect your God to answer prayer, but act surprised when ours does?”

Dumbfounded, I asked, “Do you mean to tell me I've been searching for an experience with God all my life and now I discover He's an Indian?”

“No,” he said grinning back with a cherubic expression. “*She's* an Indian!”

I don't carry a medicine bag, but I had a grouse feather laminated in plastic. I carry it in my wallet. And some more feathers are mounted in a picture frame in my office. Just in case...

*Jim Willis' book, "Snapshots and Visions: A View From the Now", is available through Amazon or any of the usual online sites.*

## Solar Ivy – using Nature's template to generate power

Contributed by PC Member **Nancy M Bell**

A new company located in Brooklyn, New York has begun producing solar panels which imitate wall crawling ivy. The company, SMIT, used the ivy plant as a model for their SMIT Solar Ivy product. SMIT, Sustainably Minded Interactive Technology, was created in 2005.

While most solar energy is produced by panels installed on roof tops and other flat surfaces which offer a ninety degree angle to the sun, Solar Ivy is installed on vertical surfaces which make it adaptable to many situations, and is designed to capture oblique light. The product also produces a pleasing visual affect and can be configured into logos which serve the dual purpose of advertisement.

The idea was inspired by the way clinging vines with many leaves maximize their sun exposure. Solar Ivy consists of thousands of four ounce photovoltaic leaves screwed unto a steel mesh affixed to the wall. Where each leaf is placed on the grid is determined by a pre-installation analysis using custom software to determine the angle that offers the most sunlight. The pattern also keeps the leaves from shading each other. In New York City for example, the leaves are tilted at a forty-five degree angle and rotated to the south.

Four thousand leaves will cover two three-storey walls and generate approximately 10 kwh/day, which is about a third of the needs of an average home. Each leaf is 8 by 10 inches at a cost of ten to fifteen dollars a leaf, depending on the scope of the project. Documentation indicates each leaf produces between 0.5 and 2 watts. A 28 foot square area is capable of producing 85 watts of solar power.

The front of each individual leaf is created to capture sunlight and generate solar power; and the back of the leaf has piezoelectric generators which create power when the leaf is moved by the wind. The leaves are made of 100% recyclable polyethylene and are available in a wide range of colours and shapes.

The University of Utah has approved funding to install Solar Ivy on the Orson Spencer Building. The Biosphere Environmental Museum in Montreal, Quebec, Canada, is planning to install a Solar Ivy wall and Science World Vancouver is working on a new exhibition space featuring Solar Ivy.

For more information you can visit [www.solarivy.com](http://www.solarivy.com) .

## Laurel's Miracle

PC member **Nancy M Bell** has recently published a book, "Laurel's Miracle", which was partly inspired by Hamish Miller and his writing. We asked Nancy to have a chat with us ....

### Tell us a bit about yourself, Nancy.

I'm a proud Albertan, horsewoman, wife, mother and grandmother. I live on a farm near Balzac, Alberta with my husband, two horses, a pony, various dogs, cats and whatever else happens to wander into the yard. My first poems and short stories were published while I was still in grade school. I'm a regular contributor to Earthsongs ezine; my book of poetry, *Through This Door*, was released in October 2010. *Laurel's Miracle* (September 2011) is the first in the Cornwall Adventures series; *A Step Sideways* will release December 2011. The third book is a work in progress. I enjoy writing poetry and stories, both long and short.

### Tell us a bit about Laurel's Miracle.

This is just a teaser; you know, to whet your curiosity. Laurel is a thirteen year old southern Alberta girl who lives on the family ranch near Pincher Creek, Alberta. She's a bit of a loner and likes the company of her horse more than most people. Laurel is faced with a number of tough decisions on her journey, but the biggest by far is learning to deal with her mother's illness. Have you ever wondered how you would handle it if your mum was terminally ill? What if you were sent to stay with people you didn't even know in another country because your father was at the hospital all day and night? Laurel is faced with both of these realities; but what she really wants is a miracle. She wants her mum to be cured of cancer. Laurel searches for her miracle amidst the magic of the Cornish countryside. She is aided by her new friends Coll, Gort, and Aisling and helped along in her quest by the creatures of legend and myth: Veardu, the Selkie, Gwin Scawen, the Cornish Piskie, Belerion the fire salamander, Morgawr the flying sea serpent, and Cormoran, the last giant of Cornwall. They must battle the odds in the form of bullies and confusing clues. Will they emerge victorious? Will Laurel have the courage to solve the riddle and make her miracle a reality?

### Where did the inspiration come from?

Laurel's Miracle came into my life at a time I was struggling with a life-changing injury. The germ of the idea came from some research I was doing to keep myself from going stir crazy. I also spent a considerable amount of time in physiotherapy at the hospital. A young mother fighting cancer and whose name I don't know inspired the

idea of a child wanting to save her mother from dying. My interest in earth energies and ley lines led me to Cornwall and the Michael and Mary lines which cross southern England from Carn Lês Boel to Hopton in East Anglia. There is so much legend and lore in that mystical land it was easy to weave it into the story.

### Did you write the story from beginning to end?

Laurel's Miracle is the only thing I have ever written out of sequence. I actually wrote the ending in one eight hour stint (thought I was going to die I was so sore) but it had me by the throat and I had to finish it. So I had to map out a plan. I knew where I wanted her to go and in what order; I just had to figure out how to get her there and still keep the story interesting and fresh. In the process I read Hamish Miller and Paul Broadhurst's *The Sun and The Serpent* and it helped me show Laurel the way to her Miracle. I also made a wonderful friend in Hamish Miller, although I only ever corresponded with him by email. He

was an exceptional man.

### What do you like about writing?

I love the magic of it, the thoughts and actions flowing from my fingers and so often surprising me because I didn't think that was where the story was going at all. I love research, it's addicting and I have to be careful I don't get so caught up in following one lead to the next that I forget I have a story to tell and I need to get to it.

### What are you passionate about?

This will sound hokey, but Truth and Love. Anyone who knows me knows I am an animal lover. I believe each life is sacred and deserves respect. My concept of 'life' includes flowers, trees, bugs, the land, in short everything which exists in all worlds on all planes of existence. Learning and growing and having the courage to look my own faults in the face, acknowledge them and then strive to change them to something closer to my idea of what I should be. This doesn't mean there isn't a warrior in me who wants to take a few heads when cruelty is perpetrated on innocents; I am of Celtic ancestry after all.

### Thank you Nancy!

Thank you for allowing me to share my passion with you and PC people. It has been wonderful chatting with you.



Finally, an extract from Laurel's Miracle ....

Laurel sat on her horse Lamorna and gazed across the moor as it ran toward the sea. ... The country stretching before her seemed to shimmer with a life force which had nothing to do with what humans did or did not do to it. She tugged gently on the reins and pulled the pony's head out of the grass. The wind coming across the moor from the sea carried music with it. It wasn't a familiar music, but she seemed to follow the notes all the same. It carried the shiver of mystery from the ancient stone works dotting the Cornish peninsula. There was fiddle and harp and drum and guitar and harmonica. The music called up birdsong, the voice of the sea, and the bass voice of the rock itself that held up the land. She could hear the reverberating sound of the bells in the lost land of Lyonesse out past Land's End. She could hear words that were somehow inside her head and also part of the wind. The sound vibrated through the pony's hooves and into Laurel.

*"The land lies dreaming under the sun,  
So much different it is,  
So much the same it is.  
All things are one when the day is won."*

To get to know Nancy better, visit her website [www.nancymbell.ca](http://www.nancymbell.ca) where you can also find out how to obtain a copy of her book; \$1 from every copy sold before the end of the year will be donated to Dare to Dream Horse Rescue in Dalemead, Alberta. You can also contact her on the PC website.

### **Magic Apples – practical applications of 'psychic' abilities** by PC member **Buryl Payne**, from California

There is an apple tree in my yard. The last two years it bore little sour crab apples. Last spring I asked the tree to make larger, edible apples. I was surprised and pleased this summer to have found large nice red apples. My house mate has made two apple pies so far, and beautiful apples are still dropping into late November. I think anyone could do this; I've no special talents, although I am a practical person.

#### **Magic Berries**

Some years ago I lived by the beach and went down a trail to do yoga every morning. There were sticker bushes alongside the trail, reminding me of the wild blackberry bushes that I used pick from as a child. Occasionally, while walking up or down the trail I said to myself, "I wish these bushes were blackberry bushes that I could eat from." A few years later there were tasty juicy black berries on those bushes. They weren't exactly like the blackberries I knew from childhood, nor were they like any other wild blackberries I had seen anywhere else. But they tasted good! Every morning in the fall I'd pick half a bowl to eat with my oatmeal.

#### **Magic Flowers.**

On the same location there was a meditation spot, a large log on a spot above the beach surrounded by pine trees.

At times several people would meditate there. Pine needles covered the ground and nothing green grew there. It was a lovely spot. One time someone suggested it would be nice if there were some flowers around. We all agreed and meditated on it for a couple of minutes. Next spring there was a flower growing up all by itself right behind the meditation log. A visitor said that was a rare flower which only bloomed every seven years. There it was happily blooming! Next year there were two flowers, and the year after that three or four.

#### **Divine Tomatoes**

In December, tomatoes don't usually grow outside in mid California. My little potted tomato plant produced two luscious ones in early summer, then nothing all the rest of the summer and fall. There were flowers, though, and my associate reminded me that bees are needed, to pollinate the flowers in order for tomatoes to bud. So I immediately sat down and meditated/visualized/invited the bees to come. I noticed bees buzzing around two days later for only one day. About a week later tiny tomatoes appeared. Two weeks later I counted five. Four of the five became larger and eventually turned red. Meanwhile, a cold snap crisped the tomato plant; but the tomatoes were still reddening. I ate them, and they were much better than those hard, tough skinned ones sold in the supermarkets. How divine!



## GreenFriends

PC Member **Tony Hirtenstein** has written to tell us about Green Friends.



GreenFriends started in India in 2001 and has since spread throughout the globe, with thousands of members today throughout the United States, Europe, Australia and Japan. Members are of all ages, with even small children participating. GreenFriends is an environmental initiative of

Mata Amritanandamayi Math, known as Amma, which means Mother. Her charitable work is vast, but she always speaks about Nature being very agitated, and the need to take care of Nature.

GreenFriends is an organization established by Amma's Ashram for the preservation and protection of the environment. The organization was built upon the ethos

that it is our dharma to take care of Nature because of the simple reason that she is in fact our true mother. GreenFriends feel this understanding to be essential in re-establishing the lost harmony between man and Nature, as well as between fellow human beings. For only when we realize that Mother Nature is our real mother will we treat all the plants, animals and other human beings lovingly as our brothers and sisters.

"Only through love and compassion is the protection and preservation of Nature possible." —Amma

[www.amritapuri.org/activity/nature/greenfriends](http://www.amritapuri.org/activity/nature/greenfriends)

GreenFriends in the UK is very young, and like a little acorn has a long way to grow. We have set up a website ([www.greenfriends.org.uk](http://www.greenfriends.org.uk)) to gather support and disseminate information; and I would be very happy to see Parallel Community members taking part. The site is interactive, and anyone can join and post messages or comment.

## THRIVE

**Marianne Wyss** writes to recommend a documentary to fellow PC members. Called THRIVE, it's "an unconventional documentary that lifts the veil on what's really going on in our world by following the money upstream, uncovering the global consolidation of power in nearly every aspect of our lives. Weaving together breakthroughs in science, consciousness and activism, THRIVE offers real solutions, empowering us with unprecedented and bold strategies for reclaiming our lives and our future." Part 1 can be seen at <http://youtu.be/l4BEHsZG2d4>

## Kindness

PC member **Jeryl Hutchins** from Tauranga, NZ, sent us the following poem, by Guan Yin ...

"As long as you are kind and there is love in your heart  
A thousand hands will naturally come to your aid  
As long as you are kind and there is love in your heart  
You will reach out with a thousand hands to help others".

## Soul Midwife

PC member **Polly Fox-Strangways** has written to tell us about the work she is doing.



"I retired in 1996 from a career in the fashion world, having become dissatisfied by the way of life being lived around me, and, in pursuit of true beauty, went to live in India. The transition to my current work began there where I had a near death experience. Returning to the UK, I have studied alternative medicine ever since.

"My interests have led me to study Anthropology, Reflexology and Api Therapy, Sound work and Bereavement Counselling. Studying helped me make sense of my childhood experiences of prophetic dreams and, in more recent years, I have trained with the UK Foundation for Shamanic Studies, which is where I have found my path. Through my training I have been encouraged to undo the layers of 'who I am', to the core so that I may 'know my-self'. I have learned many practices from older spiritual traditions across the globe, and through my

spiritual practice I have matured a deep understanding of the spirit world, and I have become a skilled interpreter of the spirit realm. My practice has encompassed work with women's issues, including path finding, infertility, and grief.

"My path now takes me to work with the terminally ill and their families. Utilizing my experience and techniques passed down from the wisdom of our ancestors, my work now is centered on easing the transition from body into spirit, as a **Soul Midwife**. In our culture death and dying are rarely discussed. Even in grief, we in the West are not encouraged to express our deepest feelings, and ourselves. In ancient times our ancestors across the globe understood dying as a rite of passage, and knew the importance of spiritual tutoring during the time before the soul leaves the body. In times gone by the role of the Soul Midwife was recognized and appreciated.

"I consider it an honour to share this work with my clients. I offer wisdom and strength, patience and heart. To begin to work with me, you need to be prepared to accept that human existence comprises both body and soul. The aim is to ease the transition from life into afterlife, by bringing courage, heart and acceptance to you at the time when the body dies, supporting you so that you learn to trust what is happening to you. The tools for this practice include forgiveness, moment-to-moment consciousness, love and imagination. The Soul Midwife becomes the facilitator as you become resolute. The afterlife may begin to hold something familiar, and as you move towards that place, you may eventually begin to recognize it as home, whatever form that takes. In my experience some clients already know where they are going, and the work with them is purely about courage."

*Polly can be contacted on 07756 027 727, or by email, at [nuance888@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:nuance888@yahoo.co.uk)*

### **Aquaculture and the spread of Infectious Salmon Anaemia**

Some disturbing data has come out of a study conducted by Simon Fraser University at Rivers Inlet on the central coast of British Columbia, Canada. SFU professor Richard Routledge detected the Infectious Salmon Anaemia virus in two of 48 tissue samples taken from smolts as part of an ongoing sockeye study. This is the same virus that has devastated salmon farms on the east coast of Canada, Europe, Maine, USA, Norway, and Chile. The concern is that the disease may already be rampant in the wild population of Pacific salmon, including the coho and California Chinook.

The Infectious Salmon Anaemia virus kills fish in as little as ten days, and has no cure or vaccine available to combat it. A European strain of the virus was confirmed in Pacific coast salmon by researchers at the Atlantic Veterinary College in Prince Edward Island, Canada. Prior to this the virus had never been present in these fish.

The pathogen is of the orthomyxo family, the same family which the flu virus belongs to. The great concern is the virus will mutate into a particularly virulent form which could decimate the west coast fishery industry.

The initial inclination is to blame aquaculture and the practice of farming fish in open pens in the ocean. The virus is most often found in these conditions. The presence of the disease in wild migrating salmon has caused a great deal of concern. It is believed Atlantic salmon raised in exposed pens in the inlets and fjords of British Columbia are the likely source of this contamination. During the last 25 years, millions of tons of Atlantic salmon eggs have been imported to British

Columbia from Iceland and Scandinavia for the purpose of fish farming. Passing wild salmon pick up the virus from the water as they pass the pens.

However, in defence of the aquaculture practice, Jim Winton, Chief of US Geological Survey's Western Fisheries Research Centre in Seattle, states that of the 4000 penned salmon tested over the last four years, none have tested positive for Infectious Salmon Anaemia. Cod and other fish species migrate across the Arctic Ocean and may carry the virus, or alternatively it may be transported in the ballast water of ships in the form of waterborne pathogens, or by the fish commonly captured in the ballast.

Another concern for the wild population is the fact that many farm salmon escape each year, either from faulty netting or as the result of storms. They mingle and breed with the wild population and weaken the Pacific salmon's stronger immunity to Infectious Salmon Anaemia. This results in offspring which are more prone to contract the disease. Adding to the issue is the fact that sea lice, which have been linked directly to the practice of fish farming, are killing off young salmon before they mature and spawn.

Researchers and scientists around the globe continue to monitor the developments in the spread of the virus. The virus, while deadly to salmon, is harmless to humans.

***Nancy M Bell***

## The Hopton Node Stone

When a group of people with a common purpose come together to consciously work together, much can be achieved, as everyone knows. However, when a diverse array of different and disconnected individuals and groups, dispersed widely in terms of their location, personal skills, view of life and spiritual orientation – some previously unaware of each other's existence - suddenly find themselves unconsciously but inexorably pulled into synchronistic cooperation, a very interesting process is clearly taking place.

Something of this kind appears to be manifesting in relation to the Michael and Mary lines just now, with a significant emphasis on the final node or crossing point in the ruins of Old St Margaret's Church at Hopton in Norfolk, which is currently being restored by Brian Howard and friends.

It would seem that awareness of the lines and their significance is now reaching many people, both in the UK and overseas, with an emerging impulse to reconnect with them through simple human activities like walking and singing – a return to the ancient practices of both pilgrimage and chanting song lines into being.

While Hamish Miller and Paul Broadhurst initially dowsed and identified the winding path of the two lines, the more recent impulse of Richard Dealer and others to test-walk, map and physically way-mark a viable pilgrim route along their length has added another new dimension to the work.

An increasing number of singers, film-makers, writers, artists and poets are being inspired to create in resonance with the force of the energy as it curves through the English landscape. At a recent talk given at Steiner House in London, Sylvia Franke, author of "The Tree of Life and the Holy Grail" described how, potentially, the line of sacred sites between Carn Lês Boel in Cornwall and St Margaret's at Hopton might hold the key to the re-awakening of the Spirit of Albion, and the Arthurian legends – not as a romantic myth, but as a developing wisdom about the relationship between the life force within the landscape and ourselves, and how this can be nurtured or destroyed by our own actions. A mutual contact put me in touch with Sylvia, who was then able to use pictures of Carn Lês Boel and Hopton supplied by Frances Watts and Brian Howard as illustrations to her talk. I gather the magnificent picture of the St Michael

cloud formation at sunrise on the summer solstice at Hopton this year drew gasps from her audience – and a deep sense that something very significant was happening there.

Sylvia has a particular research interest in the effect that rhythm, resonance and sound have in balancing the living forces of any landscape and its inhabitants. Where ancient and indigenous peoples instinctively and routinely understood this, in an increasingly technological world the natural song lines of developed countries such as our own have been dying from neglect. Several conversations then centred on the significance of the energies at the Hopton ruins in relation to other sites along the lines.

Brian's recent dowsing results have suggested that the Mary line, in particular, pulses by expanding and contracting in width in a rhythmic cycle resonating to the phases of the moon. When I visited Hopton myself in October I could feel the force of this, and also a palpable sense of a link between the powerful transitions taking place there, and those on the wilder western shores at Carn Lês Boel.

As a result, in the last two or three months a group of over 20 people from eight different counties, with the numbers still growing, have come together to help create, inscribe, fund and bless a node stone to anchor and celebrate the Hopton site. It will be placed into the ground after the outer walls have been made safe and the ground levelled, grassed and paved, to mark the crossing point of the Michael and Mary lines and a destination point on the pilgrim route, and in addition to be a base note and foundation theme to one of the major "Song-lines of Albion".

Although my role has been that of coordinating wordsmith for the text on the stone, the words that will be inscribed have emerged out of the creative impulse of several people – a circle of cooperative non-ownership. The verse, eight lines in all, therefore has no author and no title, and the words chosen are universal, having been drawn from the well of common human experience in order to honour the sacred in us all rather than represent the beliefs of any one person or single spiritual pathway.

Different people have come forward offering to bless the text and others, starting with Richard Dealer on a recent journey to Carn Lês Boel to map part of the Cornish end of



the pilgrimage route, have taken the words and spoken them at sacred sites along the lines.

The next stage is to source an appropriate piece of stone and to find a craftsman to inscribe it. It is hoped to fund the cost of the stone and its inscription by asking for small donations from many people rather than large ones from a few, to widen the number of people involved still further. At present the node stone text is being passed between the various people involved by word of mouth or handwritten on paper; electronic mailing has been

avoided, not to exclude access, but to keep the sharing of the node stone making within the realm of direct living human contact, and to allow the process to develop naturally in its own good time.

**Brenda Desborough.**

*If you would like to help in any way towards this project, contact Brian Howard on [bhoward1@btinternet.com](mailto:bhoward1@btinternet.com) or through the PC website; or write to the address at the end of the newsletter.*

## Silver Lining

An unexpected side-effect of the severe flooding in parts of Pakistan earlier this year led to scenes of startling beauty. Millions of spiders climbed up into the trees to escape the rising flood waters. Because of the scale of the flooding, and the



fact that the water has taken so long to recede, many trees have become cocooned in spiders' webs. People in this part of Sindh have never seen this phenomenon before; however, they also report that there are now far fewer mosquitoes than they would expect, given the amount of stagnant, standing water that is around. It is thought that the mosquitoes are getting caught in the spiders' web, thus reducing the risk of malaria, which would be one blessing for the people of Sindh, facing so many other hardships after the floods. Spiders are normally fiercely protective of their territories: perhaps there is a lesson here for us all regarding the importance of co-operation and community in these difficult times.

## And finally ....

PC member **Sharifin Gardiner** has sent us this quote from David Korten.

*Let our descendants look back on this time as the time of the Great Turning when humanity made a bold choice to birth the new era, devoted to realizing the higher potentials of human nature. The work begins with embracing the truth, that it is within our means to choose our future and to place our capacity at the service of Creation's continued unfolding. We are the ones we have been waiting for. If we the privileged embrace the moment rather than fight it, we can turn the tragedy into an opportunity to claim our humanity and true prosperity and security and meaning of community.*

The deadline for the January 2012 newsletter is Wednesday 28<sup>th</sup> December. Send articles, letters or comments direct to Frances at [watts@penare.ndo.co.uk](mailto:watts@penare.ndo.co.uk), or by post to the address below. We would really love to get feedback from you.

Please feel free to pass this newsletter on to any friends you feel might be interested in Parallel Community.

The Parallel Community, PO Box 11, Hayle, Cornwall TR27 6YF, UK

[info@parallelcommunity.com](mailto:info@parallelcommunity.com)

[www.parallelcommunity.com](http://www.parallelcommunity.com)