

Inspirational Writings

by

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Two Ways of Thinking

Global warming is a real issue of that there is no doubt.

We must do everything we can to save the rainforests and marshlands.

But the global warming follows historical weather patterns over millions of years.

If anything, it staves off the much overdue freezing of the planet.

Yet the destruction of earth's natural assets is catastrophic not just for the wildlife but also for humanity which triggers off a response from Mother Nature causing crazy weather like inland hurricanes in places where severe weather of this type has not been seen before. Tsunamis on the increase and sea water levels rising to submerge low lying islands. The weather is a major threat to all life and all countries as is the rise of viruses that are killing millions of people and will over time increase in magnitude and spread. While it may be too late to stop the hazardous and destructive global warming and its effects there is an even bigger crisis looming... WAR

War and its displacement of millions of refugees puts a greater pressure on the socioeconomical pressures of countries bordering on war zones and the perilous journeys by sea and land of immigrant and refugees alike. In Syria its own rulers are killing its own people. Women and children are dying in their masses unable to flee the destruction but instead relying on aid from 1st world countries like ours. This catastrophe and similar ones around the world must be our first priority to save lives and bring order back from chaos. Despots and tyrants are raiding their countries wealth, nothing new there, but the global acquisition of land and wealth by China is a major concern as its own people share none of the wealth of its leadership but instead are subject to censorship and heavy-handed control of their thoughts and movements.

Modern thoughts are leaning towards electric cars by 2030 but what about the batteries that will be discarded in their thousands and then millions? Like nuclear waste from power stations batteries will have to be discarded with great care or could lead to an ecological nightmare in coming years. Better to have hydrogen power that the only waste is water in the form of steam. Lots more thought is needed but politicians instead go for the easiest solution of electric cars without any vision of the future.

13 September 2021

Stormy Weather

O! Hear the sounds of terrible thunder
O! See the flash of the bolted lightning
Feel the gale forces of the wind
And the persistence of torrential rain

Stormy, stormy night
As the heavens open in anger
Daring us to tread outside
To brave the stormy weather

As instructed we stand in the rain
Protected by our wet weather gear
As the winds try to blow us off our feet
And the rain fills the roads with lakes of water

Fools, fools turn about
You are no match for the stormy weather
You are insignificant against the might of nature
Go back to your dwellings and be relieved
That God's mighty storm has not taken your life

1st September 2021

What We Have Lost

Lockdown's over, we're starting to unwind
Thinking of the past year and what we have lost
Loved ones that have passed or are still very poorly
Trying to live normally at whatever the cost

The world's a different place now
Social distancing is a must
Masks at the ready
Avoidance being just

People want to fly away, to far distant places
To holiday in the sun
Policy shackles taken off
Just wanting to have fun

What did we gain in the year gone by?
Pollution down to zero
Because the planes couldn't fly
Communities getting stronger
Helping out one other
When the queues were getting longer

What we lost we also gained
But those gains will turn to loss
If we don't learn from all the suffering
If we don't get the message across

Flying should be limited
Car travel curtailed
If we want to live healthier
Without poisonous gases being inhaled

Man Vs Pigeon

I sat in the garden watching the birds feed
When a pigeon came up to me
Face to face he looked at me
Who's the chicken he thought to himself

With that thought in his head he turned and walked away
Bouncing with the bravado only fools can have
I thought to myself he's no chicken to come face to face with me
And arrogantly shrug me off and just walk away

If I'd moved, I knew he would have flown away
Survival replacing his arrogant stance
The chicken title may still stand as he coos with excitement
Warning other pigeons that the man is on the move
As he soars high above the distant tree-line
While the birds still feed and I still sit watching them

For a moment in time, we could have been friends
But each doubts the other too much for such foolery
Man will always succeed over the lesser pigeon
Until man realises too late that the pigeon was right
To move with haste when the times was right

Man is too slow and too full of himself
In that respect the pigeon wins every time
Man is too far away from nature
Too distant for his own good and self-preservation!

14 April 2021

Cold

Maybe like me you have at some time in your life walked into the sea fully-clothed. Shocked as the cold water reaches your nether regions. Your breath taken away as it rises to your chest.

COLD

Maybe, like me you have lost a loved one in the Covid crisis. I nearly lost my mother too.

COLD

The first lockdown was alright it was in summer. I got a good tan that year. The last time was in winter with snow, ice and floods.

COLD

What must it be like to wade in fetid flood waters up to your chest? The ice-cold water taking your breath away.

COLD

Nature reclaiming what man has stolen from her. Fighting back with harsh climate changes and man-manipulated viruses.

DEPRESSED

It is said that the future is ours to take... what's left of it. We need to help out our planet and take heed of the warnings. We can help even in the smallest ways to become more eco-friendly and together we can make a change but only if we come out of the cold all together.

3 February 2021

Apocalypse Now

Shifting sands
Disused minds
Savage lands
Brutal hands

Time to weep
No time for sleep
Hounds of doom
Ending looms

Moving fast
To avoid the blast
Many die
Slice of the pie

Cities on fire
Outcome dire
Message to the masses
As the madness passes

Help at hand
Medicine bland
Corrupted type
Amid the hype

Will life go on?
So much gone
Little hope
Little scope

So many dead
Little read
So much to dread
Pass the bread!

03 April 2020

Amid Coronavirus Lockdown

A Cowboy's Lament

As the wolves howl, I feel the end drawing near
Within the howling I hear my name being called
I have been at death's door often enough to know the end is near
As the wolves silently slip in next to me.

At the same time, I am met by a beautiful Indian girl
With big brown eyes and rich dark hair
I remember her from a time ago when she sold me beads at a nearby reservation
This time she asked me to come to her once more as she held out her arms

I rose slowly leaving behind my physical carcass
And together with Meegah I went towards the land of wine and honey
The wolves remaining to guard my body
For 3 days to ensure that my soul had left
Before abandoning it to the other plain's animals

Meegah was the daughter of the Indian Nation's greatest chief
A princess and a sister in spirit to me
Murdered by the government and calvary
Her name should be remembered
Together with all of our Indian friends
Lost in the battle to capitalise on the gains of a land
That they could never defend.

The Diamond

The diamond is an unusual stone
It is many sided and
Usually deeply flawed
Yet it has great value

If you are that diamond
Then do not show your flaws
But instead, dazzle
And with your brilliance shine!

10 July 2019

The Dream

The night was cold
The sky as black as ink
As I happened upon a gloomy inn
Wherein my heart did sink

A room for the night was my request
That will be one shilling came the reply
From a grumpy old man in a filthy vest

As I glanced around the room my concerns grew more
Will you be wanting any extras with that room?
Said a dishevelled and toothless whore

I moved quickly up the flight of stairs
And on entering my room did lock my door
Listening for sounds from the creaking stairs
In case I was followed by that harrowing whore

I slept little that night
And dreamt of witches and the like
The morn did bring sweet relief
The time being ripe for my flight

I ventured down the stairs
And found the whore and the old man were gone
Which left me somewhat being unawares

I moved outside the sun was bright
Looking back the hovel was alight
Flames growing encompassing all
In a short while all that was left was less than naught

A bird singing on the window sill brought me back
From deep slumbers and dreams of that hack
Wiping the sweat off my brow
Never eating cheese before bed, did I avow!

Spirit Rappings

It began in the spring of 1848
March 31st to be exact
When the 2 young Fox sisters
With spirit did interact

The girls Maggie and Kate were awakened
By mysterious noises in the night
Rappings were heard on the chairs and walls
Giving them quite a fright!

Bravely they answered the raps
Counting every single beat
They devised a simple code
One for yes, two for no
Hoping that spirit would repeat

People came from miles around
To bear witness to this act
That the dead do come back
Was proven to be a fact

The birth of Modern Spiritualism
From this event did arrive
Proving the universal truth
That on death the human personality does survive

28 March 2019

Broken Toe

Oh stranger!
Dear friend
Hear of my woe
Today I fell down and
Broken my toe!

I listened to the sound
Of a bird overhead
The hole I never saw
Till I fell... like the dead

Did the bird know of that hole?
And my impending doom
Was he cackling from up high?
Like a witch on a broom

I shook my fist at that scrawny sight
Wishing for a gun
And... sure of my aim
That bird would no more be able to smite

And in regret of a perished soul
Stuffed inside a cardboard box
I would have interred him in that damn hole
Less he be taken by a cat or a fox

25 March 2019

Express Your Joy

While not wearing your heart on your sleeve you need to be more expressive of your emotions. When things are going well let people know that you are happy with your life and yourself.

Expression is the way we let others know what we are feeling and in doing so we let them in to our world.

No man is an island because it leaves one lonely and insecure while guarded openness allows love to flow into one's heart and we feel joyful and loved and worthy.

Is it so bad to express your feelings, do you feel disappointment, being let down? These feelings are natural and whether you are open or closed, you will still experience them but if closed you cannot share your feelings which will develop into hatred and isolation.

Being open allows our soul to experience our joys and our woes, only by touching and being touched by other souls can we say we have lived. Take this step forward to being more open to those around you and let them into your world and in doing so the pains and joys of life are shared and as they say 'a problem shared is a problem halved'.

Moving forward means taking in experiences and sharing them else how can evaluate our successes or failures if we only have criticism to rely on from those that do not really know us. Those that do know us will look at us from a different viewpoint and their criticism will be more explicit and more likely to be taken in love and not envy or unjustifiable resentment to your position in this moment in this life time.

11 November 2018
Barbanell Centre Stafford

Faces

Faces coming out of the mist
Shrouded in mystery and
Teasing for recognition

Historical figures or past mediums
Appearing so briefly
As ghostly apparitions

The sitters sit in awe
The medium away from it all
Ectoplasm freely flowing
Expectations greedily growing

Dedication from the medium
With the same from the sitters
Is necessary for success in the séance
Years of patience necessary for deliverance

Shame is that it is hidden away
From the glare of publicity
Spirit not getting any praise
Seats being limited for those to amaze

Can it be fixed?
Can spirit be appeased?
Or is it all to be left in the past

Groups need to form
Membership a must
If we are ever to do our forefathers their just

It's never too late to begin
To start such a group
So, start to spread the word afar
By word of mouth and letters to mail
For in this mission, we must not fail!

The Mirror

The mirror is the narcissist's best friend
And the self-loathing's worst enemy
It's there in your hall
Daring you to stand there tall

Some say cover up the mirrors
Hide the facts from your sight
I say look into the mirror
But please don't take fright

It's not like a photograph
That belies your age
The mirror is an honest picture of you now
So, look into it and take a bow

Take a good look at all your imperfections
The bags under your eyes
The messy hair
Your unwilling stare

That image is the real you
For all the world to see
So, stand tall, head held high
Knowing that you are 'perfection'
Within that reflection.

17 July 2018

Two Types of Mediums

Compare mediums to the difference in flowers:

The **natural medium** is grown from a bulb

They have everything they need already in store

They just need the right environment to develop and grow

Once developed they can maintain that level or improve on it.



The **home grown medium** is grown from seed

It is hit and miss that they will come to fruition

With special care and the right environment, they can grow

However, their development may be transient

Few will probably develop any further

And many may wilt under pressure.



The Shark and the Sprat

One day a shark came face to face with a sprat
The shark thought to himself that the sprat
Was not worthy of any effort to be eaten

The same day a sprat came face to face with a shark
The sprat looked into the shark's eyes and saw pain
You poor shark thought the sprat whatever is the matter

They both moved on and the sprat swam alongside
The sharks flank and saw the tail of a worm
Protruding from the back of the shark

The sprat tugged and tugged the worm until he pulled it free
The worm had burrowed deep into the shark's meat
Leaving a distinctive gaping hole

The sprat swam around the shark's body
Removing parasites as he did so
He finished as he started facing the shark head on

The shark thanked his little friend
And was glad he had not eaten him
The sprat was none the wiser
And just wanted to help his friend

The shark and the sprat continued to this day
Helping each other
The shark realised that despite his impressive size
He was no greater than a minute sprat
That had saved his painful life

In life we are all sprats
No matter how great we think we are
No one is greater than another
If we learn anything in this life
This is surely the most important lesson

The Albatross

I look at the church like an albatross
It's big and impressive
But it has a brick around its neck
It cannot fly without breaking its neck and
It cannot swim because it will drown

It cannot progress either forward or backward
It's frozen in time
A relic of past glories
With no future to speak of

The people look at the albatross
And say can we save it?
Can we raise funds to keep it afloat?
We can't let it go into ruin

The church like the albatross
Doesn't need the money
It doesn't need good causes
It just needs the restriction taken off its neck

Allow the church to be free of restrictions
And it will flourish
It will grow and progress at a fast rate of knots
Let the brick sink with its fastener
And allow the albatross to soar to new heights



What is a Soul?

What is this curiosity of a thing?
That dwells within
And powers our dreams
That shines in the heavens
And twinkles in the eye

Some say it is a divine spark
That PART OF GOD that rests within
That which links to the past and future
And which raised us up
From the dark

It is what carried us to where we are now
A container of memories and personality
A psychic powerhouse
Of our spiritual reality

And when we leave this place
Our soul we shall take
A completion of all that we are
An interdimensional entity
Of something that we share

It is our link to the other world
Where it will reside for ever and ever
An object of a group of similar things
Whose transition happens once, or maybe never?

Experiences are like facets of a diamond
All are similar yet very different
Some are perfect and some are flawed
Yet we need to live them all

Through shared experiences
Our soul-group will grow
How it works though
We may never know

What's in a name?

What's in a name?
I hear you say
It was given when you first came

No doubt there were arguments
About what to call you
Whether Susan or Mary
Harry, Larry or Lou

Whatever name was given
It stays with you
Through life's journey
Like a snug coat
It grows to fit you

But at the end of our days
That coat simply does not fit anymore
And is discarded along
With our troubles and woe

But what we have now, we had all along
A spirit name that we are now called
But to have that knowledge of who we really are
Is an inspiration to take us afar

Knowing that we are spirit here and now
Will help reassure us that Spiritualists we are
And will remain so until our last bow.

08 March 2018

Spiders (A Nursey Rhyme)

Spiders on the ceiling, spiders on the wall
A big one, a small one
Spiders on the wall

Spiders in the kitchen, spiders in the hall
A big one, a small one
Spiders in the hall

Spiders in the bathroom, spiders in the stall
A big one, a small one
Spiders in the stall

Spiders in the bedroom, spiders on the shawl
A big one, a small one
Spiders on the shawl

Spiders in the nursery, spiders on the ball
A big one, a small one
Spiders on the ball

Spiders with short legs, spiders that are tall
A big one, a small one
Spiders that are tall

Spiders that dangle, spiders that crawl
A big one, a small one
Spiders that crawl

Spiders in summer, spiders in the fall
A big one, a small one
Spiders in the fall

Spiders in Australia, spiders in Nepal
A big one, a small one
Spiders in Nepal

Fade Away

As the flower begins to fade
And the petals drop into the earth surround.
Leaves turn a yellow shade, veins hard and crooked
Point towards the rising ground.

As the stem begins to rot a stench fills the air.
One that was once firm and sound
Is now crippled and in despair.
Drooping and sagging its life comes to an end
A soul that was once lost has once again been found

Once a shimmering beauty for all to behold
Perfect in complexion I stood the test of time.
Now the years behind me have left a hollow cast
The essence that I was has gone on to better times
Leaving behind a decrepit picture stymied by the past.

Oh! For one day more to breathe and to stretch my limbs.
To recount all my failings and to ask for mercy.
To look my accusers in the eye and with them say a prayer
To the light that once sustained us, I ask for forgiveness...
Before I fade away.

3 January 2018

Curious Creatures

Who are so blind that they cannot see?
Yet their optics are fine.

Who are so deaf that they cannot hear?
Yet they are aurally sound.

Who are so dumb that they cannot speak?
Yet their vocals are fine.

Who are so insensitive that they cannot feel?
Yet their nerves are fine.

Who indeed is so benign?
That it is as if they come from another planet

So inept that their mistakes go unnoticed?
To most that is.

These are curious creatures that surround us.
Some are sceptics, some are liars,
Most are zealots, and some are in power.

Distance yourself my friend.
Do not be tainted by touching one that is so.
While it may not be contagious,
It can certainly be learnt.

Don't be so wishy washy with your views
Be confident and stand for what you believe in.
Or,
Those curious creatures may gain ground and
Swallow you up in the midst of time.

22 December 2017

The Needle and Pimp

Sixteen and on my own
Heading for the bright lights of London
Looking for fellow souls on the mean streets
Down and out and not home-grown

Unable to gain a home or shelter
Begging for coppers to feed my belly
Another soul like me eases her pain
With shots of heroin and crack cocaine

It's not long before I am also seeking comfort
From a brown fluid and a needle
Smacked up and easy prey
The pimp becomes my new friend today

He protects me and keeps me fed
Puts me on a street corner where I ply my trade
Desperate to get just one more hit
A whore is all I am...I wish I were dead

My life is now violence and threats
To make more money for my new friend
In return I get my score or
Sometimes a punch that sends me to the floor

If I could send a message to my old self
I would beg and plead her not to come here
Make up with family and abide by their rules
Get a job, self-respect, and hide those tears

Once you're here there's no escape
Life is one long day of pain and crack
I know I'll never be free from this mess
Until an overdose or God's love takes me back

30 November 2017

Life in the Fastlane

No time for living, no time for dying
No time for borrowing, no time for giving
No time for weeping, no time for crying
No time for accusing, no time for forgiving
No time for dreaming, no time for thinking
No time for love, no time for affection
No time to get ill, no time for reflection

No time for looking back, no time to look ahead
Life's just a blur in the rear-view mirror
Shifting up-gear, pedal to the metal
Life' just a blur, life's just mental
No slowing down, the road has no ending
No stopping for fuel, just burning down the candle

A crash is coming, that is for certain
Will there be survivors, will there be martyrs
Life in the fast lane, is no place to be
Take your foot off the pedal and take in the view
Life is for living, Red is not Blue

29 November 2017

Here in thy House

Here in thy house
Great Spirit of Light
Indwelling we sit
To witness thy might

Thy power throughout
Developing in time
Bringing one closer to Spirit
Whether in posture or mime

The future is thine
The past was mine
Together we move
One step at a time

I give of myself
To the Great Spirit
The rest of my life
To try and gain merit

Give me the gifts
That I do so desire
An ambassador of spirit
I seek to acquire

Time is never on one's side
So, I beseech not to tarry
To gift me of my wishes
Our souls for to marry

17 October 2017

Fire and Smoke

At 2am the peace of the night
Was broken by the shouts of neighbours
Evacuating the building
Amid the fire and the fright

Those that were too sleepy to be awake
Never hearing the cries of those
Threatening the stillness of the air
Were left behind to the fire and smoke

At the last count 79 were dead
Many more unaccounted for
That night the fire service worked hard
As the flames quickly spread

The true toll will never be known
As many were burnt beyond recognition
They all died for the sake of a few pounds
So for the council savings could be shown

The tower block stands as a shroud
That eerily scrapes the sky
A construct of hell on earth
A tombstone for those that died

Letters were written
Predicting the disaster years and months earlier
But the pleas fell on the deaf ears
Of a government whose charity was only
For those of wealth smitten

All colours and races that day perished
Not just London folk
But immigrants legal and illegal
Looking for a better life
But instead, just found the fire and smoke

10 July 2017



Grenfell Tower Fire June 14th 2017

Ode to a Bomber

The night was meant to be special
For Ariana's fans
But it was horrifically special
Thanks to a deranged man.

Abedi was a lone figure in the foyer that night
Waiting for the audience to leave
Contemplating heaven
Before unleashing his manic might.

Shortly after Ariana had sang
There was panic in the air
Children ran screaming
Away from the devastating bang.

20 or more were seen to die
Many more seriously injured
Nothing was left of the bomber
Except the question WHY?

How can murder lead one to paradise?
Unless hell has changed its name
To appease the crass cowards
Who had tossed their final dice.

ISIS is no different to Hitler or Stalin
Their goal is just the same
To spread their evil doctrine
Just under another name.

Stamp it out we must
And bravery must come to the fore
If we are to live in a world that is accepting
Of man's mistakes and more.

Our 7 Principles show us the way
To live our lives in peace
To keep evil at bay.
And to love our fellow man

There is no doubt we all end up
In the same place
But evil will be placed much lower
Than those with the angelic face.

What colour am I?

What colour am I,
Am I black or am I white?
Am I Hispanic or Latino,
Indian or Filipino.
Or 1,000 colours mixed into one?

Am I wealthy, healthy, indulgent and smart,
Or am I the product of the government's lien?
Do I live on the west side or the east side?
In a dwelling fit for a king,
Or in a cage where the bird does not sing?

Is my path clear and free?
Or am I censored,
restricted by a bullet from a gun,
Safe in my environment or
On hearing a police siren having learned to run?

If I were to look into a mirror, would I see you and you see me?
And if such a mirror existed would my soul light be bright,
Or would it be dim, black as the night?

What colour am I,
Am I black or am I white?

Friendship

People come and people go, without ever stopping to say hello
But a smile here and there is all that one needs to share.
When the going gets tough, the tough get going
That's the saying and as always there is some truth in what we say.

But what for those that who do not have the strength to get tough?
What for those who feel they have had enough?
They that feel that they have lost God's love

Despair and gloom is such a sad thing, left without a song to sing
But wait, what is that? Has someone called and given me a ring?
All of a sudden, I am not that sad thing.

How much do we have to sacrifice to reach the pinnacle of success?
How much do we have to give away, to be on top of the game?
When success means we have to trample on our
friends Then success is really a loss and not a gain.

Sometimes a hard fall is what we need to give us a jolt to react
Because for whatever reason we failed to show our true feelings
Wouldn't it be nice to have our falls cushioned?
But then we would have missed an experience
A chance to learn, that sometimes it's the hardest knocks, which make us the strongest.

November' s rain is likely to fall, again and again
December' s snow is as cold as a gun
January' s freeze isn't much fun
But these months are there for us to realise
How lucky we are when summers begun!

17 October 2010

Bury Spiritualist Church

Heaven (Or Hell)?

This world is meant to be 'heaven on earth'
but man is slowly and surely destroying this planet.

The laws of nature are in full force and
there will only be one winner...
and that is nature.

When man's greed exceeds his need,
the only result can be calamity and annihilation,
already the tiger and polar bears are facing extinction,
these mighty beasts are no match for the selfish and
barbaric minds of those that have the power to ruin or
save the world *as we know it*.

Soon there will not be that choice
and hell will have succeeded heaven
and the beauty there once was will be
reduced to waste lands and deserts.

You have been warned, now take heed!

13 April 2010

Order and Growth

Order

The natural order of life: The Mineral Kingdom; The Vegetable Kingdom; The Animal Kingdom; The Human Kingdom; The Spiritual Kingdom; The Heavenly Kingdom.

Growth:

Mineral growth is by millennia, a slow process over eons formed from seeds that crystallise and grow to their surroundings. These crystals have a natural frequency that can resonate with man and bring about a healing balance as the crystal vibrations bring a dis-eased part to vibrate at the correct frequency.

The *Vegetable Kingdom* operates at a much faster process of growth from seed to plant which can be reaped for food, although there is now more emphasis on growing crops for use as bio-fuels as a substitute for the dwindling oil fields as man continues to plunder Mother Earth's larder and treasure trove.

The *Animal Kingdom* fares no better as the land needed for the survival of species continues to be converted to either bio-fuel vegetation or concrete oblivions, as man continues to over-burden the sensitive ecological balance of the earth and destroys with care-free abandon the vegetation that for eons has provided the earth with oxygen and balanced the nitrous content of the air we breathe. As the rain-forests perish so too does our protection from the harmful cosmic rays that are now bombarding our natural environment as skin cancer cases increases at an alarming rate.

The *Human Kingdom* should be at the bottom of the pile as it continues on its destructive mission to prove that man cannot be content with the minimum requirements of life and instead must fight to take from his neighbour that which is not his. Greed will ultimately be the downfall of man as the powerful carry on taking from the weak. If God created the earth and populated it as an experiment then he must be sorely disappointed at the weakness of those that at birth have so much promise and purity.

The *Spirit Kingdom* lies between the material world and the heavenly kingdom of God, as spirit works as ambassadors for the Creator, their mission to unite mankind in love. Futile as it may seem Spiritualism must succeed if the earth is to be saved from man. The spirit will continue to influence the mind of man in the hope of enlightenment bringing forth a unity within the Brotherhood of Man. Their mission although appearing futile must be realistic if we are to have any hope of survival. We only ever exist in the moment and so changes must be made now, in this moment in time, and not tomorrow or next year, changes must start now. It may take many natural disasters to reduce the earth's burden and bring about the reality that nature is far more powerful than any nation and will wreak revenge.

Maybe in the *Heavenly Kingdom* God sits with the destruct button at his fingertips, toying with the idea of putting an end to his experiment that is failing as mankind seems ignorant of their responsibilities to look after Mother Earth and its mineral, vegetable, animal and human kingdoms.

15 August 2009

The Hunter

" Your Spiritual Development is akin to a hunter finding his target."

Bow - the first thing you need is a good bow, one that is flexible and strong. This is your teacher, choose with care, not every teacher is suitable for every student. Spirit says - "when a student is ready a teacher will be found"; you will know when you have found the right one.

Arrow - your arrow must be straight and true. You must always be truthful in your endeavours. If you are deceitful then you are causing a disservice to yourself only, and your progress will be hampered. Remember deeds, actions and thoughts are your responsibility and you are answerable for them.

Pull - your pull on the string must be with purpose and determination. Concentrate on your target and go for it with confidence and vigour. Half-hearted attempts are futile and although you will have seemed to progress you will not have achieved anything. The any person you are fooling is yourself.

Aim-

Too high and there is a chance your arrow will be carried backwards by the wind. You will miss your goals and you will not have progressed at all

Too shallow and not only will you miss your goals but your arrow will also be lost. Do not look too far into the future or you will not achieve any goals and your pathway will become uncertain, you will need to go back and start again.

The perfect aim is when your target is attainable and the distance is not too far. You will hit your targets as you progress along the way. Even if you don ' t achieve your goals the first time you will have many more opportunities to succeed. Plan your actions with conviction and trust in Spirit, we will not let you down.

Pathway - along your pathway you will need to tread-down any resistance to your development. This means acquiring knowledge that Spirit can use when communicating with you. It is more difficult to communicate with a medium that has not got the words we need or the symbols that we can project onto their mind.

" Follow this trail and you will reach the hunting grounds that have been used for centuries by our forefathers and you will have maintained a pathway for others to follow in your footsteps.

Remember that the student of today is the teacher of tomorrow, happy hunting. "

Tommy May

Tommy, Tommy May
On the fields of Flanders, he lay
He fell with the sound of machine gun fire
Trying to survive, but his chances were dire

He lost his life at ten to three
For his platoon there was no resting you see
Everyone was ready for the final push
With so much carnage what was the rush

Many summers have gone by
With many tears we all had to cry
Now the poppies are there to graphically illustrate
All the blood spilled from those that couldn't be late



20 May 2009

Excess

Too much sticky tape
Too much glue
Too much noise
Too much blue

Xmas comes once a year
A time of gluttony and waste
Overspending, overeating
Too much food, little taste

A time of plenty, a time of joy
Before you know it it's another year
Xmas now seems a distant prospect
Your bank account highly suspect

Jobs on the line
Homes being repossessed
The price of oil sky-high
People speak of recession with a heavy sigh

Too much time on your hands
Too much grief
Too many final reminders
Too much scorn amid disbelief

What comes around goes around
What we once had we have now lost
The cycle will keep repeating
Ominous, like a ship run aground

Live within the bounds of decency
Live within your means
Keep to one-self that which you cannot afford to be without
Even if it means living for a day on a tin of beans

26 October 2008

LOVE

Love is the chain of emotions of the bride
Love is the link with our Spirit Guide
Love is the bond between mother and child
Love is the adventure in the calling of the wild

Love is boundless
Love is endless
Love can be hard
Love is often written on a card

Love is unconditional
Love is transitional
Love can be with passion
Love in the 60's was all the fashion

Without love we are all bereft
Of emotions of dreams
What then have we left?
A cold uncaring heart
Or so it seems

We should all live our lives
Loving our fellow man
No matter what colour their skin
No matter what religion they follow
Because in this world everyone is akin

17 October 2008

The Lonesome Path

We looked forward with glee to our first-born
Made so many plans of what was to be
With schooling, universities, marriage and all
For our precious baby to be

But life gave us a cruel blow
Although Jack seemed normal enough at birth
Soon we discovered he wasn't like other children of his age

His motor skills were sadly lacking
His eyes couldn't follow the lead you gave
His focus was on matters internal from us

He was diagnosed with having cerebral palsy
His needs were ever present and demanding
The first five years were hard on us as a family unit
Respite was desperately needed but never came

On Jack's sixth birthday his daddy walked out
He said he couldn't cope anymore
His love for us was gone
He wanted a life of normality not the burden we represented

Fifteen years on and nothing has changed
Except Jack and me are much older and the burden more onerous
As I push the wheelchair along, I reflect on what was and now is
As I walk down the lonesome path on my own

28 September 2008

Light of Knowledge

One cannot go into a library, pick up a book on Spiritualism, read it and say they know Spiritualism. It is not as sudden as switching on an electric bulb, more akin though to the burning of a candle. Its medium is not rarefied air but the common air of the atmosphere through which Spirit impinge on us, transferring through bands of energy the message needed to prod us to look within ourselves or, outside of ourselves. One word from Spirit could be meditated on, allowing our inner Spirit to work with our higher consciousness to produce maybe words of philosophy that can be used within a group or given during a demonstration. The word could lead us to search through books or, on the Internet, to further our knowledge so that Spirit can communicate more easily with us.

The electric tungsten filament burns for thousands of hours while the candle's wick burns for maybe an hour or two. The knowledge from Spirit comes in many mediums taken in small measures, a book, a reading, the Internet, trance communication, etc. As we start to study Spiritualism, we find that the path leads us to more rooms of knowledge, to access the knowledge within we need keys that are furnished by Spirit and given to us when the time is right. One door ultimately leads to another, the mansion has many rooms is the saying, and it has many rooms within those rooms.

The electric bulb is fragile while the candle is resilient to damage as surely as is Spiritualism that, through the ages, has taken many knocks but has survived thanks to its early pioneers. Even today the light of Spiritualism burns dimly, but once accepted as a religion and a way of life the light given will be more brilliant than a thousand light bulbs.

17 September 2008

The Blind Man and His Dog

The blind man (knowing) said to his dog "know thee thy limitations"

The dog (seeing) said "I take thee over hills anew and fields aplenty, have I ever led thee blindly?"

The blind man replied "Nay, thou hast not led me astray, till now" "What speaketh of thee" retorted the hound

"This day I led thee to the bakers store for the bread thou needeth" said the dog bewildered

"Nay" replied the blind man "It was the ale house I needeth, yet thou led me to the bakers wherein the kindly man giveth thee sweetmeats aplenty"

'That is true for when I heard the bells from the bakery, I knew therein was food for I" replied the dog sincerely

"Thy hearing is good, too good!" said the blind man angrily "If only thou had sense of my need and had more thought for my welfare!

The blind man's dog knew he had been thinking only of himself and not of his master's need, he was limited to his own needs, to which he had used all of his senses, which of course his master lacked. The dog was in service and had to respect the needs of his master above his own, which is similar to our service to spirit. Many times, we avoid the need of spirit and concentrate more on our primary needs thereby restricting our own progression. We should make the time available to serve spirit if that is our purpose or mission in life, the primary needs will always be satisfied and are never the principal needs.

The Tree of Life and Knowledge

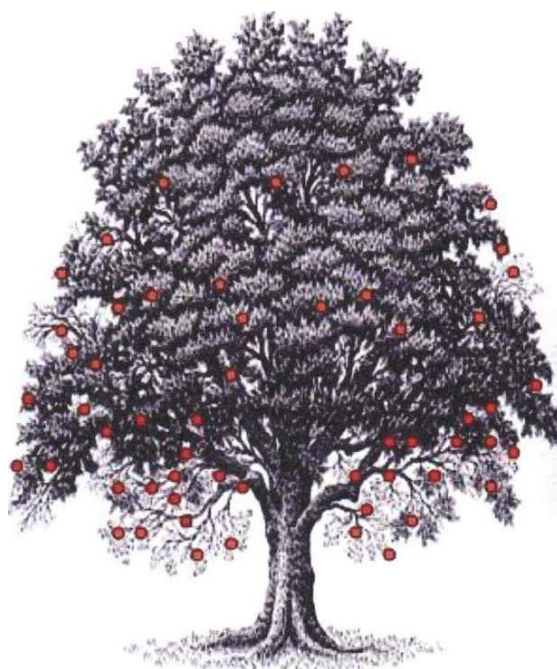
The tree I have had in my mind for the last two weeks has been an oak tree bearing fruit, which symbolises to me the tree of life as well as the tree of knowledge.

The oak tree being the tree of life, with its broad base, meaning that my knowledge and development is securely based and well rooted. The girth representative of my time on earth and as the tree narrows at the top it branches out; the boughs symbolic of the many avenues of my life that I have taken both for development as a person and my development spiritually on the smaller upper boughs; the branches being the many pathways throughout my life, many with blind ends that seemed insignificant at the time but were essential for my progression.

The lower branches bearing my fruits of labour and the higher branches bearing the fruits of my spiritual development; it is significant that the lower branches are short as is life on earth and the higher branches capable of expansion as spiritual life is in its infinite pathway of progression.

The fruit of my tree are apples, which were in the bible, the food of temptation for Adam and Eve and led them to the conscious knowledge of the existence of God and led Sir Isaac Newton to discover gravity and many other scientific theories and endeavours.

I see the apples as being ripe for picking but not ready to fall yet. Which I see as being myself at my time of life where my knowledge from life and spirit is at a point that can be used to further my progression and is a beacon for spirit to teach me more; and the time when they fall being the time for me to continue my progression in the spirit world.



13 August 2008

Time is an Expense!

"Can you spare a dime buddy?" is the request
What's the cost, the donation, or the time taken to give it?
Can you spare the minute or two on the 'down and out'
Or is a dime too cheap a price?

We spend our lives searching for better paid work
We expect to be paid well for our contribution
The time we expend is of value to our way of thinking
We shrug off thoughts of low paid work
Dread the thought of unpaid charitable work too

Of course, we have bills to pay
Our life is a constant struggle to survive financially
That is understandable, no one is exempt
But what of our free time, do we charge for that too?
What's the value of an hour a day in the service of spirit?
Can we afford it, can we charge it to a card?
Or is our time just too precious to give up that easily?

The Spirit World value their time too!
Yet they are willing to spend all the time needed
To aid our development and progress us on our path of enlightenment
Surely then we should have the common decency to give of ourselves
In the mutual development of our spirit with the helper assigned to us

Life is too short to worry about making a fast buck
For working all the hours that God sends
Working ourselves into an early grave
Take the time out to re-evaluate your life and put aside
The time and trouble needed for service to God
In the knowledge that we will be rewarded
By gifts more valuable than money could ever afford

03 August 2008

Star

I saw a flaming star overhead Its luminance diminished as it
Followed the earth's curvature
Eventually disappearing out of sight

Reading the newspaper later that week
I saw an article about a meteorite strike
That had hit Brazil's Salvador region
On the same night that I saw the flaming star's streak

Over the next few months
A strange phenomenon was developing
In the town of Santa Teresa
Within its convent walls, children with life-threatening diseases
Were in full recovery, their illnesses miraculously subsiding

Everyone talked about the second coming
Somehow God had come to earth to save the children
Santa Teresa became the new Lourdes
People with money came from far away
To try for themselves this new found healing

But no more miracles happened again
And the money people left the country
Meanwhile the 7 million street kids
Carried on with their pitiful attempts to survive daily
Amidst the squalor, deprivation, abuse and hunger

The falling star never did highlight their strife
Maybe God never did land that night
Maybe the visitors were blind to the country's shame
Only interested in their own recovery
Shielded from the favellas and the brothels
No thought for even one street urchin's life

20 July 2008

Ode To a Magician

(Life in a Bubble)

My world is my bubble
All that I preside over are within these walls
I rule with an ironfist
And I trample underfoot
All those that would cause me trouble

I am judge and jury
All that come before me will shake
For the dungeons await those
Who dare cross me
Their liberty I will take

Some say I am a puppet, my master a dwarf
Poisoned in the servitude of others
And whose desire to rule
Is scarcely concealed
Beneath a veil of contempt for the egotistical fool

Those that are lost I have found
And those that are ill I have saved
Those that would give messages
Are at my beck and call
To bear witness would you not spare a pound?

What goes on outside my kingdom
Is not my concern
For how can it affect me?
When I preside over all that matters
And I have contact with all who are king
I AM THE BOSS, and my bird can sing

16 June 2008

Nonsense Rhymes

DOUBT

I have a feeling that I do know
I also have a feeling that I don't know
If the feeling that I don't know
Is greater than the feeling that I do know
Then I probably don't know if I do know

MAN IN THE CLOCK

What time is it?
Said the man in the clock
10 past 10 said I
I'll be off then!
Came the reply

NOT HERE

You were not here when
You were not here then
You are not here now
You were not here at all

Penny for the guy

'Penny for the guy Mister'?
A raisin for the cake sister
Some glue for the stamps mother
Time to walk the dog brother

07 June 2008

I'll be There

When you were born, I was there
And when you leave this earth, I'll also be there
Throughout your life I'll keep an eye on you
Helping wherever I can, and guiding you too

If you need a friend, I'll be there
Although I can't give you a shoulder to cry on
Or a comforting hug
I can still send you loving thoughts
Insulating your feelings, making you feel snug

In times of need, when you're down and out
Go into the quiet and send up your thoughts
And our energies will blend
Helping to give you upliftment and hope
Together through any problems we can cope

I am forever your friend, your loving guardian angel
My task is to look after your earthly life
And assist you when you pass to the higher side
Together united by love we'll make that final ride

07 June 2008

A Friendship Lost

We were at school together
We played in the fields
On the weekends and after school
Kicking a ball about and having fun
On those long hot summer days of golden sun

Even after school we still stayed friends
We drank together, even gambled together
What happened on those crazy nights out?
Who can remember?
From January through to December

I moved away, eventually joining the Forces
You stayed the same
Though drinking more heavily
The army discipline kept me together
While neglect with you was present ever

After many years away
I finally came home
But by then you were a
Two bottle of vodka a day alcoholic
My wife and I spent a long time getting you dry
Preventing you from searching for that elusive high

Finally, you stayed on the wagon
And met a girl on a reclusive weekend
Later you both married and stayed up in Durham
When you occasionally pass this way
You won't even give us the time of day

I suppose it is my fault
For not believing in you
That you could stay sober
But I know your history
And I felt sorry for the girl
Our friendship is now lost
We've both moved on, but at what cost?

Want

Is *want* a need for something?
When you want something, do you *need* it?
Do children get what they want?
Do you live in a world governed by need?
Dominated by a superficial tier of necessitation
Overlaying a coating of greed?

Do you find that the things you bought
Are not what you needed after all
Money spent going to waste
Or, things bought are never used
As you change your style and taste?

Stop and think; do I really need it?
Am I really in need of it? Am I needy?
You are probably none of these things
Spoiling oneself occasionally isn't a crime
It's your money; you've put in the work, and the time

In our spiritual lives are we in need? Are we
needy? What do we want?
To be a better medium, a better channel?
For reward, recognition
Or even a podium position

If you are with Spirit, you are definitely not needy!
Although probably you will be wanting
But one thing's for certain
Spirit will reward you at its own speed
Not with what you want
But with what you NEED.

Extasis

(Transitus Animae)

The Seventh Degree was known to Hindu Adepts
Many hundreds of years ago
Its popularity is said to be increasing of late
But legislation still drives it underground

Within Healing Circles its use is limited
Not being recognised by its own organisations
So, it is reduced to being practised in Private Circles
And behind closed doors

Its use is of the highest order
Spirit workers of the highest degree
Specially selected to work with the Healer
Whose devotion must be unquestionable

Its name puts fear into people
Who are afraid of the unknown
Fearing lower-beings being brought into focus
When all the time they are under angelic protection

Instead, it should be embraced
It is after all how our Seven Principles came about
Without which we would be without form
Our golden path without illumination

The mediums of old would no doubt be turning in their graves
Except of course we know they are still with us
Their words of wisdom given to us
By special mediums in that greatest state of all

TRANCE

25 May 2008



Perseverance- To obtain lasting peace we must be tolerant of our **fellow** man and persevere with the jobs that make our lives hell, we should send them love, in the hope that they will see their misgivings and that their re-energised Spirit will seek to show its host the light.

Equality - As the Second Principle states - we are all brothers and sisters with the same Father God and are therefore all born equal. Despite our social status; wealth and health, we are still all equal in the eyes of God. This simple statement should be the staple diet of our philosophy.

Acceptance- We must learn to accept each other's limitations and faults. Without this critical factor we cannot have forgiveness and without forgiveness we can never have realpeace.

Committment - Peace requires a commitment to God; to respect each other's beliefs, values and ethnic diversity. We must commit ourselves to developing spiritually for our own growth and also to help others in the search of the truth that life is eternal, and that we are personally responsible here and now for our deeds and actions, the result of which we atone for or are rewarded for when we pass to the higher side of life.

Engagement - We must be prepared to engage our neighbour and fellow beings instead of ignoring them or building walls around ourselves. We should instead be tearing down the walls and building from the debris bridges of trust and hope. Only by the engagement of talks between countries in conflict can world peace ever be achieved.

Terminal

The doctors say he has no chance
They tell him he has only months to live
His days are numbered that's for sure
To his family and friends what has he left to give

He spends his last days moping around
All the joy in him gone away
His household is already a shrine to him
For all his loved ones want is for him to stay

When the doctors can do no more
When the medicines turn to poison
In his last days one thing is for sure
That all his thoughts will turn to God

But before he came to the state he is now in
He could have turned to the Spirit World
To ask for healing from angelic forces
With a chance for his recovery to begin

The Spirit World do not recognise doctors
When they say a condition is terminal
Only God can say when it is time to go home
The doctor's knowledge is minimal
Compared to God's greater wisdom

Withdrawal

When we were young children and we got scared
Our Mum and Dad were there to protect us
To help us deal with the problems we encountered
The bad nightmare, ghostly image or loud noise we heard

As we got older, we came across the bully
Never on their own but always in a gang
Persecuting us for being different, for not fitting in
Now we don't go to our parents but instead keep it in
How to deal with the problem we don't understand fully

If we don't deal with the abuse
It will only get worse
And we will start to withdraw into ourselves
Missing out on precious moments
Our freedom we will have started to lose

It never gets better, even as the older we get
For some strange reason we seem to carry a taint
For all future bullies and their cronies
To target us and upon us they will set

All this time we have forgotten one thing
That God is there to hear our pleas
Becoming one with Spirit can only strengthen our resolve
The Church our haven, the congregation our friends
Together we overcome our foes
United in the love and the light, happiness it can only bring

23 April 2008

The Seventh of Never

Eternal Progress open to Every Human Soul
Whether you have been good or bad
God provides a path of enlightenment
To make up for our Earthly deeds

Those ignorant of the Fifth Principle
Those who are materialistic
Filling their pockets while passing by beggars
Can still progress

While those who have lived a spiritual life
Putting others first and self last
Not a penny to rub together
Will be rich in service to Spirit

The path of enlightenment is infinite
The finishing-post non-existent
The Seventh of Never exists
In Heavenly dimensions and plains

How far up the Path of Light we start
Is dependant on our past Earthly life
Living in God's Light can only give us
A head-start on our fellow man.

07 March 2008

Protection

Walking home late at night
Although all is quiet
There is still a sense of menace
But it remains out of sight

Being involved in a crash
A collision of two cars
Walking away relatively uninjured
Yet both cars in a mash

Lying on death's bed
The journey home not far away
Yet feeling no pain
After all that has been said

By living in God's light
You will be protected
By angelic forces
No matter what the adversary's might

24 January 2008

Experiment

Sitting in my cage
Waiting for the man to come
To take me back to the lab
... I hope he isn't in a rage

Roughly he will inject me in my leg
He will do it so hard that I will bruise
But that doesn't stop him doing it every day
My will to live I am starting to lose

I am being injected with cancer cells
To grow tumours on my lungs
To help thousands of smokers
Survive to an elderly age
While my short life is one of sickly spells

They say they are doing it for humanities sake
But there's nothing humane about it
The way we are treated or our welfare
The scientists do it for more grants
The shareholders for a bigger wedge, a bigger stake

Why did I have to be born a beagle?
My life destined to pain and misery
When I could have been born an eagle
Free to fly the mountain ranges
Instead of being stuck in this sterile, miserable cage

14 January 2008

Pigeon Talk

You call us flying rats
For that you poison us
Or try to shoot us
Or just leave us to the cats

Working on the streets
For easy pickings
Gives us a bad reputation
For the mess we leave
While you continue to feed us
All the titbits of bread and meats

Strangely you call our young 'Squabs'
While we call them babies
We're not much different to you
And No! We do not carry rabies

You still haven't guessed why we are here
We are God's messengers
Carrying your thoughts around
Passing them from carrier to carrier
Without any fear

So next time you are complaining of us
Remember our purpose in life
Working for you on Spirit's behalf
A service which we carry out
Without any fuss

08 January 2008

The Fifth

Whether Christ walked this earth is not what is in doubt
To say that Christ could redeem our sins
By dying on the cross
Is what we cannot believe

Christ was the Son of God!
But then so are all of us
No man can forgive our sins
That is God's privilege alone

The difference then between our religion and many others
Is that we have our Fifth Principle
Which states that we have Personal Responsibility
For the good and evil deeds, we do
Whilst on this earth plain

Therefore, we believe as Spiritualists
That we only answer for our sins
To God and ourselves
When we pass to the higher side

How we are dealt with there depends on the balance
Between compensation for good deeds
And retribution for the evil ones
The evidence of which we carry with us in our souls

So do not live your lives badly
In the vain hope of having your sins
Quantified and discounted before you leave this world
Instead live your lives in God's light
And look forward to divine compensation

24 December 2007

The Meaning Of Christmas

What is the meaning of Christmas?
Is it the giving of presents
To young and old alike?
To Clare a dolly; to Johnny a bike

The sending and receiving of 'blueys'
From loved ones serving overseas
Sneaking a kiss under the mistletoe
Before they have to leave

Is it because Christ was born
All those years ago
Sharing with livestock, a rundown barn
In the town they called Bethlehem

Superficially it is all those things
But the real meaning of Christmas
Is a spiritual one
It is loving thy neighbour
And putting aside the bomb

To share land without fighting
To accept the immigrants
To help one another
And to God to give our thanks

So, sing up with all your hearts
These selected Christmas hymns
To raise the church's vibration
In the hope of bringing peace
And love to every nation

17 December 2007

Extinction

As natural oil starts to run out
Man searches home and afar
For other alternatives
To fuel the precious motor car

In Borneo the rain forests are
Being raped and burned
... Why is this case?
It's to provide oil for bio-diesel
Cosmetics and toothpaste

And as the rain forest becomes
A palm tree oasis
Its inhabitants will soon cease to be
Namely the Pongo pygmaeus
Or the Orang-Utan to you and me

When the rain forests are no more
The climate will drastically change
As Mother Nature wreaks her revenge
In this abhorrent, mindless exchange

And when the 'Old man' finally becomes extinct
The last of his kind
One thing you can guarantee
Man will be following

... Not very far behind

07 December 2007

Breathe on me Breath of God

Breathe on me breath of God
Fill my heart with love so pure
So, in my life I am guided
On the right path of which I am sure

Breathe on me breath of God
And allow me to hear Wondrous celestial sounds
Whenever my loved ones draw near

Breathe on me breath of God
And open my eyes to see
All the beauty you have created
From the heavens to the deep blue sea

Breathe on me breath of God
And give me the power to heal
With the guidance of my spirit friends
In my hands the energies to feel

Breathe on me breath of God
So, I can serve you today
In whatever way seems fit
To do whatever thou doest say

03 December 2007

A Christmas Healing Prayer

Father God, Great Healing Spirit, we ask for healing to be given to all those present here tonight, and we ask that we take the

love and light given here, home to our family and friends, to raise their vibrations also. We ask over the Christmas break for help to raise our spirits, and to not let depression take over us, for we know that too much negativity can lead to physical problems that need treatment by healing from spirit hands. We also ask at this time for healing thoughts and prayers to go out to absent friends and fallen comrades, those that have given service to this church and those that have given service to this country. We now leave the rest of this service in thy care and keeping.

Amen.

28 November 2007

A Soldier's Christmas

(A Soldier's Fayre)

Christmas comes but once a year
Bringing with it joy to be seen in children's faces
But let's lift our glasses and raise a cheer
For all our servicemen and women, in far off places

Those serving in Iraq, Afghanistan, and asunder
Protecting the innocents from coming under attack
But is the politician's, or the general's blunder
That at this Christmas time, they are still not coming back

While you're at home tucking into your Christmas dinner
Remember those lads and girls in uniform
And whether they be saint or sinner
Send up a prayer that they'll be coming home

As half the world is still in conflict and fear
The one wish I would want to come true then
At this special time of the year

IS... PEACE ON EARTH, AND GOODWILL TO ALL MEN

26 October 2007

Left Without Saying Goodbye

People come and people go
Without ever getting to know
How much love there is to give
In this life that we have to live.

It's never too late to lay a wreath
And cry over what we failed to bequeath
To those that have left without saying goodbye
Looking down on us now with a tear in their eye.

They have left us in a tragic way
But we were left here to stay
To carry on with our life's tasks
"God look after them", is all that we ask.

But they are never far away
And at night to us they come to lay
Touching us with love and hope
Helping us each day with our struggle to cope.

So, when you think God has dealt you a bad hand
And not being able to fully understand
Realise that God created us with love and grace
And knows when we have come to the end of our race.

So, send up your thoughts to your departed loved ones
Whether they be mothers, fathers, daughters or sons
And together we shall all pray
Knowing that in God's house, we will all come to stay.

17 March 2006

Wrote after watching television about a man who spent three days digging with his bare hands through rubble looking for his son who had been blown up while on holiday in Egypt.

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