

News & Views



***Registered Charity
No. 275081***



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THE JEWISH ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUAL HEALERS

(NON-DENOMINATIONAL)

A HEALING ORGANISATION FOR PEOPLE OF ALL FAITHS

AFFILIATED TO THE BRITISH ALLIANCE OF HEALING ASSOCIATIONS

Registered Charity No. 275081

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Well despite all the gloom and doom, anxiety and uncertainty, Spring is again here in all its beauty and glory; Nature regenerating and renewing after her winter rest. Hopefully we can all take heart and hope from this and try to be 'like a phoenix'.

I've just read in a brilliant book 'Ockham's Universe' by John Walsh that "the universe has a hundred billion galaxies in it, and every galaxy has an average of one hundred billion stars" ---and this little planet Earth, spinning in space, on which we live is just one of them. Makes you think doesn't it!

Also while training healer probationer's in basic anatomy I came across a fact of which I had previously been unaware. That every human being has 60 trillion cells in his or her body! What a miracle this life is. Doesn't it put things into perspective!

Maurice & Yetta Powell Editors

Chairman's Report February 2003.

Since our last issue of News and Views, the powers that be seem to be moving closer to war with Iraq, or should I say the leaders of the Iraq regime, (by the time you read this, everything may have been resolved) I can only hope, and I am sure you will agree, that a peaceful solution can be achieved without the unnecessary loss of life that invariably occurs with the outset of open warfare. Unfortunately not every person thinks or acts the way that is considered "rational" in this "civilised" world.

Hazel Russo, from the Prince of Wales's Foundation for Integrated Health, advised the representatives from the UK Healers, that the Foundation had been sufficiently impressed by their efforts, to attain a common acceptable standard of good practice across the whole of the healing movement, that they had suggested to the Health Sector Skills Council that Spiritual Healers should be nominated as candidates for a National Occupational Standard, we are not there yet, but this will be one very large step in the right direction. All the work put in over the last fifteen years is finally being recognised, yes, it has taken that long to get this far! Michael Fox, Director of the Prince of Wales's Foundation for Integrated Health, said at a meeting in November "Regulation is first and foremost about protecting the public. Complementary Medicine will not be taken seriously without it. A willingness by each of the complementary Professions to work together is the way to move forward in regulation. A united profession is crucial to the development of integrated approaches to healthcare." Recognition of the UK Healers, by the government, will commence next month, and six months later will be accepted as the Lead Body for setting standards.

The European Confederation of Healing Organisations, representing nine European countries, met at Stansted at the beginning of February when a bank account was established in Copenhagen to create a central point for advertising etc. Unfortunately France was not happy with the situation and pulled out. One day we will all live together harmoniously! The draft guidelines for complementary therapies in supportive and palliative care can be found at www.fimed.org. I take this opportunity to welcome and wish good luck to Mrs. Caroline Cowan, who has very kindly volunteered to be the secretary for the British Alliance of Healing Associations. BAHA's treasurer informed the January meeting that we had not lost money this year, but our cash flow was still low.

I have been told that Ray Branch, of Burrows Lea (the sanctuary set up by Harry Edwards) is due to retire this year and his post will be taken by Vince and Jean Hill, best of luck to both of you, keep up the good work that is always associated with Shere, and I am sure you will all join me in wishing Ray and Joan a happy, healthy, trouble free and long retirement.

Our AGM will take place on 18th May at Glebe Hall, Glebe Road, Stanmore Middlesex, starting at 2.30 pm. I hope you will all be able to attend.

My thanks as always to your hard working committee.

Steve Sharpe.

*The rainbow is a work of art.
The artist is our God.
Each colour lightens every heart,
Painted only as He could.
Each brushstroke, beautiful and rare,
Glistens with every hue.
So, when we're overcome with care,
We know just what to do...*

*When the outlook is bad,
Try the 'uplook'*



Do you know the source of a tear?
Or why when it spills it is crystal clear?
Or, why it's salty upon your cheek,
No matter whether sorrow or joy, you weep.
The source, is a fountain of love that's within,
A love so pure, it is GOLD, not tin.
And that's the reason it's crystal clear,
It's the part of GOD... within each tear.
Now... the salt tastes bitter when tears are for grief,
But how sweet the taste with joy and relief.
This fountain of love is within us ALL,
So ... that's the reason why teardrops fall...

Have you thought what would happen if we couldn't cry?
Why our fountain of love....
Would just become dry!!

LEW PARK.



Spotted on the Internet:

Subject:

INSTALLING LOVE

Tech Support: “Yes Ma'am... how can I help you?”

Customer: “Well, after much consideration, I've decided to install Love. Can you guide me through the process?”

Tech Support: “Yes. I can help you. Are you ready to proceed?”

Customer: “Well, I'm not very technical, but I think I'm ready. What do I do first?”

Tech Support: “The first step is to open your Heart. Have you located your Heart ma'am?”

Customer: “Yes, but there are several other programs running now. Is it okay to install Love while they are running?”

Tech Support: “What programs are running ma'am?”

Customer: “Let's see, I have Past/Hurt, Low Self-Esteem, Grudge and Resentment running right now.”

Tech Support: “No problem, Love will gradually erase Past/Hurt from your current operating system. It may remain in your permanent memory, but it will no longer disrupt other programs. Love will eventually override Low Self-Esteem with a module of it's own called High Self-Esteem. However, you have to completely turn off Grudge and Resentment. Those programs prevent Love from being properly installed. Can you turn those off ma'am?”

Customer: “I don't know how to turn them off. Can you tell me how?”

Tech Support: “With pleasure. Go to your start menu and invoke Forgiveness. Do this as many times as necessary until Grudge and Resentment have completely erased.”

Customer: “Okay, done! Love has started installing itself. Is that normal?”

Tech Support: “Yes, but remember that you have only the base program. You need to begin connecting to other Hearts in order to get the upgrades.”

Customer: “Oops! I have an error message already. It says, "Error - program not run on external components." What should I do?”

Tech Support: “Don't worry ma'am. It means that the Love program is set up to run on Internal Hearts, but has not yet been run on your Heart. In non-technical terms, it simply means you have to Love yourself before you can Love others.”

Customer: “So, what should I do?”

Tech Support: “Can you pull down Self-Acceptance; then click on the following files: Forgive-Self; Realize Your Worth; and Acknowledge your Limitations.”

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Customer: "Okay, done."

Tech Support: "Now, copy them to the "My Heart" directory. The system will overwrite any conflicting files and begin patching faulty programming. Also, you need to delete Verbose Self-Criticism from all directories and empty your Recycle Bin to make sure it is completely gone and never comes back.

Customer: "Got it. Hey!!! My heart is filling up with new files. Smile is playing on my monitor and Peace and Contentment are copying themselves all over My Heart. Is this normal?"

Tech Support: "Sometimes. For others it takes a while, but eventually everything gets it at the proper time. So Love is installed and running. One more thing before we hang up. Love is Freeware. Be sure to give it and its various modules to everyone you meet. They will in turn share it with others and return some cool modules back to you."

Customer: "I promise to do just that. By the way, what's your name?"

Tech Support: "Just call me the Divine Cardiologist, also known as the Great Physician, or, just "I AM." Most people feel all they need is an annual checkup to stay heart-healthy; but, the manufacturer (ME) suggests a daily maintenance schedule for maximum Love efficiency."

This kind of installation we can all use, so let's get with it!

Important Date For Your Diary

Our Annual General Meeting will take place

On Sunday 18th May 2003

At Glebe Hall, Glebe Road Stanmore, Middlesex

The meeting will start at 2.30 pm and we hope all members of JASH will attend.

Nominations for Chairman and Committee Members Should be lodged with our Membership Secretary before the start of the meeting.

We also respectfully remind members, who haven't paid yet, that their annual membership fee is now due, and that it would be most helpful if payment reaches our Treasurer before the meeting.

HOW TO STAY YOUNG

1. Throw out nonessential numbers. This includes age, weight and weight. Let the doctor worry about them. That is why you pay him/her.
2. Keep only cheerful friends. The grouches pull you down.
3. Keep learning. Learn more about the computer, crafts, gardening, whatever. Never let the brain idle. "An idle mind is the devil's workshop." And the devil's name is Alzheimer's.
4. Enjoy the simple things.
5. Laugh often, long and loud. Laugh until you gasp for breath.
6. The tears happen. Endure, grieve, and move on. The only person who is with us our entire life, is ourselves. Be ALIVE while you are alive.
7. Surround yourself with what you love, whether it's family, pets, keepsakes, music, plants, hobbies, whatever. Your home is your refuge.
8. Cherish your health: If it is good, preserve it. If it is unstable, improve it. If it is beyond what you can improve, get help.
9. Don't take guilt trips. Take a trip to the mall, to the next county, to a foreign country, but NOT to where the guilt is.
10. Tell the people you love that you love them, at every opportunity.

AND ALWAYS REMEMBER:

Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath away.

J. Beith.



Condolences

We would like to offer our sincere sympathy to:

Mildred Craven on the loss of her husband.

Simone Lakmaker on the loss of her mother.

Yetta Powell on the loss of her brother.

We wish them and their families long life and good health.

COOL, CALM AND COLLAPSED

by CAREY FORD

WHO says I'm tense? I'm perfectly calm, I tell you. I'm as cool as a cubercum, I mean a cucumber. I can lift a cup of coffee without spilling it, provided I hold on to my wrist with the other hand, and when I go to bed I sleep like a top. (Sometimes I spin all night). I've been reading a book on how to relax, and I'm completely cucum-bered. I mean cured.

It's this undo-it-yourself fad that's sweeping the country these days. We're all wound up tight, the doctors said. The accelerated pace of modern living and the effects of the war (all those sergeants yelling "'Tension!'") are causing people's nerves to snap like garters. The way to get hold of yourself is to let yourself go. Don't worry about being worried. Be loose.

The trouble is that the looser I try to be, the tighter I get. I've taken all the doctors' cures to give me peace of mind, and now I'd like to give them a piece of my own.

It isn't the tension that makes people tense. It's this effort to relax that's tying us all in knots.

My friends got me started. Not that I really had anything to be alarmed about, they assured me. It was just that several of my contemporaries had keeled over recently without warning and, after all, a person of my age shouldn't push too hard. I ought to have a few good years left in me yet, if I was careful. "Take it easy", they suggested. "Stop thinking about your work, or you'll get ulcers".

So I stopped thinking about my work and started thinking about ulcers instead. The more I thought, the more I became aware of little symptoms I'd never noticed before.

There was a fluttering sensation in the pit of my stomach, for instance, and my pulse sounded funny. The following morning I nicked myself while shaving. My friends couldn't have been more pleased if I'd cut my throat.

"Better take a day off, they advised. "Stay at home and read the papers, and don't even answer the phone. Put everything out of your mind."

I finished the papers, and it was only 8.30. I read them a second time, including the society notes and small ads., and looked at my watch again. Nine o'clock. Everybody else would be getting to work about now. I wandered aimlessly around the room, emptying ashtrays, straightening pictures, then stole another glance at my watch. Nine-thirty. Might be a good chance to catch up on some correspondence, but that would be too much like working. Still 9.30.

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The phone rang suddenly. I started to reach for it, then gritted my teeth and counted the rings: six, seven, eight. Suppose someone was ill or the building was on fire? The phone stopped ringing just as I snatched up the receiver. All I got was the dialling tone.

I began to circle the room faster and faster, snapping my fingers and waiting for the phone to ring again. "Relax", I muttered to myself. Perhaps a breath of fresh air would help. "Relax!" I yelled at the lift-boy, and I set off down the street at a brisk stride, gradually increasing to a jog-trot. My knees were knocking as I galloped into the club, and I had to brace both elbows on the bar. "What you need", my friends told me, "is to relax. Look how you're gripping that glass."

I loosened my grip, and the glass shattered on the floor. They glanced at one another significantly.

"A clear case of nervous tension", one said. "Now, here's a little book that cucumbered me. It's called *How to Relax*". I noticed that he kept getting up and sitting down, and drumming his fingers as he talked. "Before I read it, I'd jump three feet in the air if someone said 'Boo!'" I said "Boo!" and he jumped four feet in the air. "I've gained a whole foot", he said delightedly, "since I read that book".

The jacket blurb was unnerving enough. "How close to the BREAKING POINT are you?" it demanded in large, black type. My fingers flew as I opened the book at the first chapter, entitled "Passive Relaxation: The Secret of Mental Peace". Passive relaxation, the explanation explained, is not what you *do*. It is what you *don't* do when you stop doing something.

To make the whole thing even clearer, there was a drawing of a very thin man, wearing only a pair of polka-dot underpants, lying on five soft pillows in an attitude which seemed to be about as relaxed as that of a shady banker awaiting the arrival of the auditors. "You *too* can find Mental Peace", the caption urged, "if you will learn to Let Your Muscles OUT".

I had a little trouble locating enough pillows, but I added a copy of *Who's Who* and a telephone directory, and arranged myself on top of them, holding the book overhead in order to follow the instructions. "First, unlock the forehead". I smoothed the furrows in my brow. "Now the jaw".

I unlocked my jaw. "Now the back". My spine was as limp as a lily - but at about this point I discovered that my jaw was locked again, and in addition I had developed such a crick in my neck that I had to bang on the floor for my wife to come and help me up.

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Points to ponder

Time may be a great healer, but it's a lousy beautician.

I'm in shape. Round is a shape.

Never be afraid to try something new. Remember, amateurs built the Ark; professionals built the *Titanic*.

Conscience is what hurts when everything else feels so good.

Love is grand; divorce is a hundred grand.

Talk is cheap because supply exceeds demand.

Even if you are on the right track, you'll get run over if you just sit there.

An optimist thinks that this is the best possible world. A pessimist fears that this is true.

Dijon vu - the same mustard as before.

Practice safe eating - always use condiments.

It's frustrating when you know all the answers but nobody bothers to ask you the questions.

The real art of conversation is not only to say the right thing at the right time but also to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.

Brain cells come and brain cells go, but fat cells live forever.

Age doesn't always bring wisdom. Sometimes age comes alone.

You don't stop laughing because you grow old, you grow old because you stopped laughing.

This item has been circulating via e-mail.



***“The true diamond is the Lord’s name, the
mantra. Outside, it is present everywhere.
Within it fills every part.***

KABIR,



RITA VANGELDER - WHITE DOVE HEALING CENTRE. ESSEX

I was asked to put down a few words on how I became a healer. I believe I had it all my life. The awareness, able to rise above when things became difficult. Be able to draw things to me for my lessons in life. To be able to bounce back and go forward with more determination.

I was one of a twin born six weeks premature - 31bs 8 oz; fed with a fountain pen. The nurses said I gave them the creeps as I seemed to home in on their conversation, and I never slept like my twin brother.

I had premonitions, knew what people were thinking, always helping someone less fortunate than myself.

I lived in Canada and then Israel. Life seemed to carry me forward. There were waifs and strays at my heels; they said they felt safe with me. I lived through the Yom Kippur War helping in a hospital for badly injured soldiers.

I was 110 percent clairvoyant, so I was told, and I started a development group with Gerald Bellamy when I returned to England 25 years ago. His brother-in-law, Sam Joseph, was a well known medium and healer. I met him in my own home when I opened the house for a charity meeting. Sam said "I envy you; you have had the gift all your life." I only became aware of it when I was 18 years old. He told me that I would be doing so many things, but it went over my head at that time.

I have never looked back. It has been so fulfilling, helping people to help themselves, from headaches to strokes to suicide tendencies when life seems so empty. It's all been by word of mouth. I have never advertised, but have helped others to bring out their own gifts and seen the change in attitudes from darkness to great joy.

My purpose is to serve and give a purpose to others. We work with very high energies and seeing is believing.

So always look to the light, remember good things don't last and bad things don't last. All we have is the present moment. Enjoy it to the full; remember the thought is the deed.

In the spirit world I am known as the Leader.

Incidentally, I am married 40 years on March 3rd 2003 and am blessed with three daughters and five grandchildren. Ages ranging 17-5 years.

I bless the gift I have and there is never a dull moment There is always something new to learn and new souls to meet on the journey of life.

RITA VANGELDER Healer Member - J.A..S.H.

We always like to encourage young poets. So here is a poem by a boy who loves horses and lives with his parents at a horse riding school.

Horses

Horses are nice, and also fun
And they like to bathe in the sun.
They run like the wind and rain,
But when they are angry they can be a pain.



Horses like Snowy like to eat,
When they are shod they put nails in their feet.
And when horses gallop on the concrete they go lame,
And only the fast horses get fame

Horses have a big head,
The best bit for them is getting fed.
When they go out to play,
If they're lucky they'll get some hay.

Polo's or mints are a threat,
And they would like a groom look neat.
Their mane gets notey and the tail,
And if they escape into the barn they'll eat a bale.

Horses are scared of a ball,
And foals are awfully small.
And horses don't really like to get tacked,
But if they are naughty they'll get a smack.

By JAMES HIRELEHEY, AGED 9YRS

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by J.A.S.H. MEMBERS & Probationers

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every Tuesday and Thursday under guidance of Rita Vangelder,

for further information on this clinic please phone 020 8551 5289

From **'CONFESSIONS OF A RABBI AND A PSYCHIC'**

by

Yuri Geller and Rabbi Shmuley Boteach

From a letter by Yuri Geller to Rabbi Boteach.

As an animal lover I was very moved by this letter as I am sure you will be too.

'You told me in your last letter that the love of a dog was not enough to make a man feel special. You are completely wrong there is no love on earth like a dog's love, and if you allow yourself to return even a piece of its devotion in the same way, without judgements or reservations, you will learn a great truth about your own capacity to love. A dog forgives everything, a dog lives and loves for the instant, a dog is faithful.

If I had always loved the people in my life the way my dogs loved me, my life would have been much happier. When I feel angry now with my children because they will not be exactly who I want them to be, or with my wife, because she is too much the woman she has always been, it is so good to remember a dog's love, and to reach for that in my own heart. It is so good to love my family for being with me at that instant and for being mine. A dog's heart is limitless and wish mine was.

And if I know this now and can see it, think how much more intensely I felt it when I was nine years old and utterly alone. I would stand in the fields on the north side of the hill, with the red roofs and white walls of the kibbutz at my back, staring across the 30 miles to Tel Aviv, where some other child was looking after my dog Tzuki. With every spark of my energy I would try to remember how his rough coat felt beneath my fingers and how his nose was cold and his mouth was hot when he licked the palm of my hand and side of my face, and how his whole body twitched in my hands when I lifted him, because he was wagging his tail so hard: I tried to recreate Tzuki in my mind I tried to make him real enough to hold. And one day I managed it.

I knew that it was an afternoon, because I was a long way from the other children. I had been working my way apart from them all day, to avoid their jeers as we dug potatoes. By the time I had enough space to stand and dream about my dog, the others were 100 yards off. So it must have been during the afternoon. I was standing with my eyes closed, willing myself to remember every scent and sensation about Tzuki, and I felt him in my arms.

His front paws were scrabbling at my T shirt, he was trying to lick my face, but I was hugging him so tightly he couldn't wriggle free. His coat was as wiry as a brush and the wag of his tail running fight through him.

For a few moments I did not open my eyes, just thrilling to feel my dog with me again, then I looked at him, and he was not there. I shut my eyes in surprise and I could still feel him. I was holding a dog, my dog. All my senses told me so. Except my sight --- and when I opened my eyes again, there was no Tzuki. The touch of fur and paws melted in my arms. I was standing alone on a kibbutz hillside once more and I never did see Tzuki again.

The dog in my arms was too intensely real to be imagination. It existed it was warm and it was breathing. But it was not such an ordinary dog that I could see it. I conjured it from my soul or Tzuki's own vital energy travelled to me because I needed him so desperately or --- or what?

You can e-mail Yuri Geller at uri@urigeller.com

Or reach his Web Site at: www.urigeller.com

or write to him at

Robson Books - 10, Blenheim Court, Brewery Rd. London N7 9NT



Fly like a Phoenix

Fly like a Phoenix
Wondrous bird of fire
Rise from the ashes
Of despair and desire

Soar to the heights
Of radiance and bliss
Ignore sadness and fear
Yes it can be like this

Your cage door is open
You can be free
Leave behind the bars
Of negativity

Let joy lift you high
It is your birthright
Peace and Love reign supreme
For you --- creature of Light!

© *Yetta Powell*

Banking for the future, ...

...a lesson for us all.

The 92-year-old, petite, well-poised and proud lady, who is fully dressed each morning by eight o'clock, with her hair fashionably coifed and makeup perfectly applied, even though she is legally blind, moved to a nursing home today. Her husband of 70 years recently passed away, making the move necessary.

After many hours of waiting patiently in the lobby of the nursing home, she smiled sweetly when told her room was ready. As she manoeuvred her walker to the elevator, I provided a visual description of her tiny room, including the eyelet sheets that had been hung on her window. "I love it," she stated with the enthusiasm of an eight-year-old having just been presented with a new puppy.

"Mrs. Jones, you haven't seen the roomjust wait."

"That doesn't have anything to do with it," she replied. "Happiness is something you decide on ahead of time. Whether I like my room or not doesn't depend on how the furniture is arranged ... it's how I arrange my mind. I already decided to love it ... It's a decision I make every morning when I wake up. I have a choice; I can spend the day in bed recounting the difficulty I have with the parts of my body that no longer work, or get out of bed and be thankful for the ones that do. Each day is a gift, and as long as my eyes open I'll focus on the new day and all the happy memories I've stored away ... just for this time in my life.

Old age is like a bank account ... you withdraw from what you've put in ... So, my advice to you would be to deposit a lot of happiness in the bank account of memories. Thank you for your part in filling my Memory bank. I am still depositing."

Remember the five simple rules to be happy:

- 1. Free your heart from hatred.**
- 2. Free your mind from worries.**
- 3. Live simply.**
- 4. Give more.**
- 5. Expect less.**

"No one can go back and make a brand new start. However, anyone can start from now and make a brand new ending."

In the interest of that Smile That Heals

Subject: Children!

A father was at the beach with his children when his four-year-old son ran up to him, grabbed his hand, and led him to the shore, where a seagull lay dead in the sand. "Daddy, what happened to him?" the son asked. "He died and went to Heaven," the dad replied. The boy thought a moment and then said, "Did God throw him back down?"

A young harassed mother invited some people to dinner. At the table, she turned to her six-year-old daughter and said, "Would you like to say the blessing?" "But mummy I don't know what to say," the girl replied. "Just say what you hear me say," the mother answered.

The daughter bowed her head and said, "Lord, why on earth did I invite all these people to dinner?"

A little boy opened the big and old family Bible and fascinated, began turning the old pages. Suddenly, something fell out of the Bible, picking it up he looked at it closely. It was an old leaf from a tree that had been pressed in between the pages. "Mummy, look what I found," the boy called out. "What have you got there, dear?" His mother asked.

With astonishment in his voice, he answered: "I think it's Adam's underwear!"

A father was reading Bible stories to his young son. He read, "The man named Lot was warned to take his wife and flee out of the city, but his wife looked back and was turned to salt."

Very puzzled his son asked, "What happened to the flea?"

A three-year-old boy went with his dad to see a litter of kittens. On returning home, he breathlessly informed his mother, "There were 2 boy kittens and 2 girl kittens." How did you know?" his mother asked. "Daddy picked them up and looked underneath," he replied. "I think it's printed on the bottom."

On the first day of school, about mid-morning, the kindergarten teacher said, "If anyone has to go to the bathroom, hold up your hand."

A little voice from the back of the asked, "How will that help?"

On the first day of school, a the little boy handed his teacher a note from his mother. The note read, 'Please understand, the opinions expressed by this child are not necessarily those of his parents.' *Continued on page 18.*

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Subject: Children!

A woman was trying hard to get the tomato sauce to come out of the jar. During her struggle the phone rang so she asked her four-year old daughter to answer the phone. "It's the rabbi, mummy," the child said to her mother. Then quick as a flash she added, "Rabbi mummy can't come to the phone to talk to you right now. She's hitting the bottle."

While working for Meals on Wheels shut-ins, a mother used to take her four-year-old daughter on her afternoon rounds. Her daughter was unfailingly intrigued by the various appliances of old age, particularly the canes, walkers and wheelchairs. One day she stood transfixed staring at a pair of false teeth soaking in a glass. Suddenly she turned to her mum and whispered, "The tooth fairy will never believe this!"

AS OUR GRANDCHILDREN SEE US ????

After the spring break, a teacher in the US asked her young pupils how they spent the holidays. One youngster offered the following:

We always used to spend the holidays with Grandma and Grandpa. They used to live in a nice big brick house, but Grandpa got retarded and they moved to Florida! Now they live in a place with lots of other grandmas and grandpas. They live in a tin box and have rocks painted green to look like grass.

They ride around in huge tricycles and wear name tags because they don't know who they are anymore. They go to a big building called the wrecked center. They must have fixed it because it looks pretty good now.

They play games and do exercises there, but they don't do them very well.

There is a swimming pool, too, but they all jump up and down in it with their hats on. I guess they don't know how to swim.

At the gate, there is a dolls house with a little old man who sits in it. He watches all day so nobody can escape.

Sometimes, though, they do manage to sneak out. Then they go cruising in their golf carts. Grandma used to bake cookies and other neat things, but I guess she forgot how. Nobody there cooks, they just eat out. And they eat the same thing called "early-bird," whatever that is.

Some of the people can't get past the old man in the doll house. So the ones that escape bring food back to the wrecked center and call it pot luck.

My Grandma says Grandpa worked all his life to earn his retardment. She says that I should work hard so I can also be retarded some day too.

When I earn my retardment, I want to be the old man in the doll house. Then I'll let people out so they can visit their grandchildren.

Rainbow Bridge ... Just this side of Heaven is a place called Rainbow Bridge. When an animal dies that has been especially close to someone here, that pet goes to Rainbow Bridge.

There are meadows and hills for all of our special friends so they can run and play together. There is plenty of food, water and sunshine and our friends are warm and comfortable.

All the animals who have been ill and old are restored to health and vigour, those who are hurt or maimed are made whole and strong again, just as we remember them in our dreams of days and times gone by.

The animals are happy and content, except for one small thing, they miss someone very special, someone who was left behind. They all run and play together, but the day comes when one suddenly stops and looks into the distance. Suddenly, he breaks from the group, flying over the green grass, faster and faster.

You have been spotted, and when you and your special friend finally meet, you cling together in joyous reunion, never to be parted again. The happy kisses rain upon your face, your hands again caress the beloved head, and you look once more into those trusting eyes, so long gone from your life, but never absent from your heart.

Then you cross the Rainbow Bridge together.



◆◆◆
GINGER

The King of tonics.

Zingiber officinale

Ginger is one of the oldest Indian and Chinese remedies.

Its rhizome has a characteristic and aromatic smell due to the essential oil and spicy flavour. A few substances have been isolated, and a particular group called the gingerols, which give the ginger its therapeutic properties.

Studies that have been made on gingerols, confirm its aphrodisiac reputation. They have also shown a beneficial action towards fertility, by increasing the amount of sperms produced and improving the sperms' mobility. Together with Siberian ginseng, it reinforces its stimulating and energising activity. Ginger is also a good stomach calmer and is used for travel sickness. It helps improve digestion because it is a choleric and a cholagogue, in other words, it complements the secretion and the excretion of bile.

Ginger will help overcome travel sickness and nausea. Sexual tiredness and digestion.

Recognising GOUT ... !!!

Gout is a common type of arthritis that occurs when there is too much uric acid in the blood, tissues and urine. In people with gout the body does not produce enough of the digestive enzyme uricase, which oxidises relatively insoluble uric acid into a highly soluble compound. As a result uric acid collects in the blood and tissues and, ultimately crystallises, causing inflammation and pain. Uric acid is a by-product of certain foods, so gout is closely related to diet. It may be inherited, but it may also be brought on by crash dieting, drinking, certain medications, over- or bad eating habits, stress, surgery or injury to a joint. Uric acid kidney stones may be a related problem.

Symptoms:

The affected joints become red, swollen, hot and extremely sensitive to the touch. It seems to prefer the joint of the big toe, but other joints such as the wrist, mid-foot, ankle, knee and even the fingers may be affected.

Recommendations:

When an attack strikes, one should eat only raw fruit and vegetables for two weeks. Cherries, strawberries and celery are especially good. Use purified water only. Also increase your consumption of grains, seeds and nuts.

Avoid: Purine-rich foods to include anchovies, asparagus, herring, meat gravies, mushrooms, mussels, sardines and sweetbreads.

Eat no red meat of any kind and consume zero alcohol, as it increases the production of uric acid!!! Also cut down on white flour and sugar products.

Do not eat any fried foods, roasted nuts or any food that contains oil that was subjected to heat. When heated oils become rancid, and this destroys Vitamin E, resulting in increased amounts of uric acid being released.

Avoid the amino acid Glycine.

Limit intake of caffeine, cauliflower, dried beans and lentils, fish, eggs, oatmeal, peas, spinach, chicken and fish and yeast products.

Losing weight lowers serum uric acid levels.

Cortisone is commonly prescribed for acute attacks but this may put strain on the adrenal glands, which are already under stress as a result of the disorder.



The Phoenix

The phoenix, although a bird of fable, occurs in Egyptian, Chinese and Islamic mythology and appears on the coinage of the late Roman Empire as a symbol of the Eternal City.

It was said to be as large as an eagle with ‘brilliant red and gold plumage and a melodious cry’.

According to fable only one phoenix existed at one time and lived no less than 500 years eternally renewing itself in fire. Towards the end of its life , it built a nest of spice branches, set it on fire and was consumed by the flames. From the ashes, a new phoenix would spring forth, so a phoenix always existed.

It is associated with immortality and is an emblem of the sun and resurrection.

I felt to write about the phoenix because it seemed to me to be a symbol of how we can try to be at this time of so much doom and gloom, fear, anxiety and worry about the future. -----And did you know that the new Harry Potter book has a phoenix in its title? Let it be the year of the phoenix for us!

Yetta Powell.



SIGNS OF THE TIME . . .

Hotel lobby, Bucharest: THE LIFT IS BEING FIXED FOR THE NEXT DAY. DURING THAT TIME WE REGRET THAT YOU WILL BE UNBEARABLE.

* * *

A laundry in Rome: LADIES, LEAVE YOUR CLOTHES HERE AND SPEND THE AFTERNOON HAVING A GOOD TIME.

* * *

Car rental brochure, Tokyo: WHEN PASSENGER ON FOOT HEAVE IN SIGHT, TOOTLE THE HORN. TRUMPET HIM MELODIOUSLY AT FIRST, BUT IF HE STILL OBSTACLES YOUR PASSAGE THEN TOOTLE HIM WITH VIGOUR.

* * *

Hotel brochure in Italy: THIS HOTEL IS RENOWNED FOR ITS PEACE AND SOLITUDE. IN FACT, CROWDS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD FLOCK HERE TO ENJOY ITS SOLITUDE.

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An exhaustive agenda

Physical exercise is good for you. I know that I should do it daily, but my body doesn't want me to do too much, so I have worked out this program of strenuous activities that do not require physical exercise:

Beating around the bush
Jumping to conclusions
Climbing the walls
Swallowing my pride
Passing the buck
Throwing my weight around
Dragging my heels
Pushing my luck
Making mountains out of molehills

Hitting the nail on the head
Wading through paperwork
Bending over backwards
Jumping on the bandwagon
Balancing the books
Running around in circles
Tooting my own horn
Climbing the ladder of success
Pulling out the stops
Adding fuel to the fire
Carrying a grudge
Opening a can of worms
Putting my foot in my mouth
Whew !!

What a workout ! I think I'll exercise caution now and sit down.

This item has been circulating via e-mail.



They're Singing Your Song

When a woman in a certain African tribe knows she is pregnant, she goes out into the wilderness with a few friends and together they pray and meditate until they hear the song of the child. They recognise that every soul has its own vibration that expresses its unique flavour and purpose. When the women attune to the song, they sing it out loud. Then they return to the tribe and teach it to everyone else.

When the child is born, the community gathers and sings the child's song to him or her. Later, when the child enters education, the village gathers and chants the child's song. When the child passes through the initiation to adulthood, the people again come together and sing. At the time of marriage, the person hears his or her song.

Finally, when the soul is about to pass from this world, the family and friends gather at the person's bed, just as they did at their birth, and they sing the person to the next life.

For the African tribe there is one other occasion upon which the villagers sing to the child. If at any time during his or her life, the person commits a crime or aberrant social act, the individual is called to the centre of the village and the people in the community form a circle around them. Then they sing their song to them.

The tribe recognises that the correction for antisocial behaviour is not punishment; it is love and the remembrance of identity. When you recognise your own song, you have no desire or need to do anything that would hurt another.

A friend is someone who knows your song and sings it to you when you have forgotten it. Those who love you are not fooled by mistakes you have made or dark images you hold about yourself. They remember your beauty when you feel ugly; your wholeness when you are broken; your innocence when you feel guilty; and your purpose when you are confused.

You may not have grown up in an African tribe that sings your song to you at crucial life transitions, but life is always reminding you when you are in tune with yourself and when you are not. When you feel good, what you are doing matches your song, and when you feel awful, it doesn't. In the end, we shall all recognize our song and sing it well. You may feel a little warbly at the moment, but so have all the great singers. Just keep singing and you'll find your way home.



Worry and Stress --- the fatal combination.

Worry never solved any situation and it invariably makes you feel worse So why worry? You may find the following listed suggestions helpful if you are a worrying type. They were originally published in Australia by the New South Wales Department of Health.

1. *Talk it out.* Share your worry with someone else; go halves on it. It's amazing how much better you feel if you can talk to somebody.
2. *Write it out.* Try writing it on paper and then cutting it down to size. If a worry goes round and round in your mind it seems much bigger than it is when you have actually written it down in words on paper.
3. *Laugh it off.* Dissolve it with humour. Let's face it, it's more difficult to be worried if you're laughing.
4. *Shrug it off.* Try raising your shoulders and then dropping them; relax yourself. This works because often when you are worried the tension goes straight to your neck and your shoulders and you find yourself with hunched shoulders.
5. *Breathe through it.* Breathe slowly from your abdomen and calm yourself. The more worried you become the worse your breathing gets, and the worse your breathing gets the more tense you feel. If you start to control your breathing by breathing slowly and easily that will make you feel much better.
6. *Balance it.* Count your blessings and be thankful because, no matter how bad your situation at the moment, there must be something good in your life and it's easy to focus on the negatives rather than some of the positives. Try balancing it with some of the positive things that are going on. Add up the possible good consequences of your situation.
7. *List practical options.* Don't just sit there and worry about it. Worrying is not going to solve the situation at all. Weigh up the situation, make a decision and act. Do something about it.
8. *Distance it.* See the situation from five years ago and then, if you can, project yourself five years forward. Once you can see your problem, from behind and from in front, you sometimes get a completely different perspective on it.
9. *Delay it.* Find a time, perhaps first thing in the morning or last thing at night, when you are going to sit down and do nothing except worry about this problem. When you've worried about it for fifteen minutes say 'Right, that's the end of it, I've worried about it enough, I've given it sufficient time for today, I'm not going to think about it again!'

10. *Work it off.* Do something physical. Go and clear your head. Too many of us are sedentary: we drive to work, sit in an office, come home and sit in front of the television. We never actually do any exercise and if you're worried you start to get tense. Walk the dog, cut logs, take up aerobics, anything like that where you are doing something physical because it will help you.
11. Win through it. Close your eyes and instead of imagining the worst, see yourself winning, see yourself beating the problem and imagine yourself coming through it.
12. *Cancel it.* Think positive thoughts; neutralize the negative.
13. *Exaggerate it.* Imagine the very worst that can happen and then ask yourself, 'how likely is that?' The funny thing is, often when you've imagined your worry as the very worst that can happen, when you actually get back to the worry in reality it seems far smaller than it was originally.
14. Hold it. Say to yourself 'Stop, pause'. When you pause, take a fresh look, because often you spend your time worrying about a situation, but never think about anything else. Sometimes if you take a break from worrying about it — if you go and do something else — you think about something else; when you go back to it afterwards you'll suddenly see a completely different solution which had not occurred to you before
15. *Escape it.* Notice something nice around you and get into the present. Live in the present. Don't spend your entire life filled with remorse, or guilt about what has happened in the past and don't worry about the future, because in the process you miss the most important time of all — the present. You can spend your life filled with remorse about what's happened in the past and worrying about what hasn't happened in the future and in the process forget to live
16. *Transfer it.* Make it somebody else's problem, at least until you're stronger. This happens often with my patients; perhaps they've become ill because there's been some great worry or stress in their lives, or perhaps it's somebody who has financial problems and is trying to sort themselves out. Make it somebody else's problem — ask an accountant or somebody else to sort out your financial problems, at least until you are strong enough to deal with it yourself.
17. *Reverse it.* Do the very opposite and see how that feels.
18. *Welcome it.* Do the opposite and see how that feels.
19. *Pincer it.* Think like a doer and act like a thinker.



Yoga

I first attended a yoga class (Hatha Yoga) many years ago when yoga had not yet become so popular in the West and there were few classes.

I was lucky enough to find a wonderful teacher, who although in her late sixties was in sparkling and vital health and enthused us with her enthusiasm.

I soon discovered how beneficial yoga is; physically, mentally, and spiritually and I have persuaded many people to try yoga for themselves. My daughter Sharon who is expecting her second child any day now, goes to a weekly class as does her daughter Rachael who is nearly five years old. Rachael proudly shows me the yoga 'positions' and obviously loves it. As she told me. "First of all Mummy goes to the 'pregnant' and then it's the childrens class."

I am sure many of us have benefited from yoga and as an ex-teacher I truly wish it was taught in schools rather than the physical education they have now. It's much more balanced, flexible and has a calming effect.

Here follows an extract on **What is Yoga by Louise Cashin** who is Sharon and Rachael's yoga teacher and has kindly given me permission to reprint her words.

First of a a quote:

'Yoga is a life of self-discipline, yoga balances, harmonises, purifies and strengthens the body, mind and soul. It shows the way to perfect health, perfect mind control and perfect peace with one's own Self, the world, nature and God.'

SWAMI VISHNU DEVANANDA

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WHAT IS YOGA by Louise Cashin

Yoga is a way of life, an integrated education system that teaches the mind, body and inner spirit to coexist in harmony.

The word Yoga literally means 'unity' 'oneness'.

Yoga originated in India thousands of years ago and deals with universal truths that are as important and relevant today as they were then.

Yoga is a practical aid, not linked to any particular religion and is enjoyed by people of all cultures, religions and ages.

Yoga promotes flexibility and strength in the physical body by non-violent movements and exercises, and encourages an increased level of concentration through breathing techniques and deep relaxation to help still the mind to overcome stress. Yoga teaches us about balance from both a physical and mental perspective.

It sounds almost to good to be true, but with an open mind and regular practice, you will be surprised at just how good you can actually feel, how

Continued on page 27.

much clearer things appear to you and how everything seems to just fall into its right perspective.

There are various 'schools' of yoga with differences in emphasis and breathing, but the postures of Hatha Yoga (the yoga of posturing and exercise) basically remains unchanged. 'Ha' means Sun and 'Tha' means Moon in Sanskrit. By practising Hatha Yoga we are uniting the sun and moon energies in our bodies and bringing balance spiritually, mentally and physically.

According to the sage Patañjali who compiled the ancient Yoga studies and traditions into detailed text, there are eight steps that lead us towards controlling the restless mind and enjoying lasting peace.

However for most of us in the West, Yoga is a way of teaching us how to take care of our physical body, to promote health and vitality and provide a way of stilling the mind so as to enjoy a state of deep relaxation. It is important to appreciate that Hatha Yoga practice forms part of a complete picture and is seen as the first step towards the ultimate aim of Yoga.

THE BENEFITS OF YOGA

People come to Yoga for many different reasons and it can provide many benefits. In Western culture it is viewed as an excellent tool to help combat stress and stress related disease. Yoga also enables an increased level of flexibility and suppleness in the body, aids circulation, improves strength, increases concentration and improves posture.

Yoga can help with better weight control as we are working with the endocrine system, which effectively controls our metabolism. Through regular, the physical body becomes lean, supple, strong and healthy.

Louise Cashin - Phone 0208 943 3079 Mobile 0768187008

Web Site: www.yoga-yoga.co.uk

The Five Yoga Principles are:

- 1. Proper breathing.**
- 2. Proper relaxation.**
- 3. Proper exercise.**
- 4. Positive thinking and meditation.**
- 5. Proper diet.**

Quotes to inspire...

*“I relax and cast aside all mental burdens,
allowing God to express through me
His perfect love, peace and wisdom.”*

“I am submerged in eternal light. It permeates
every particle of my being. I am living in that light.
The Divine Spirit fills me within and without.”

*Two affirmations by Paramhansa Yogananda
(very relevant at this time)*

“You wander from room to room hunting for the
diamond necklace that is already around your neck.”

RUMI.

*“Between me and you there is only me.
Take away me so only you remain.”*

AL - HALLAY.

BASIC HUMAN RIGHTS

1. I have the right to be treated with respect.
2. I have the right not to take responsibility for other peoples problems.
3. I have the right to get angry.
4. I have the right to say “No”.
5. I have the right to make mistakes.
6. I have the right to change my mind.
7. I have the right to have my own feelings and convictions.
8. I have the right to negotiate for change.
9. I have the right to ask for emotional support and help from other people.
10. I have the right to protest against unfair criticism or treatment.
11. I have the right to say I don’t know.