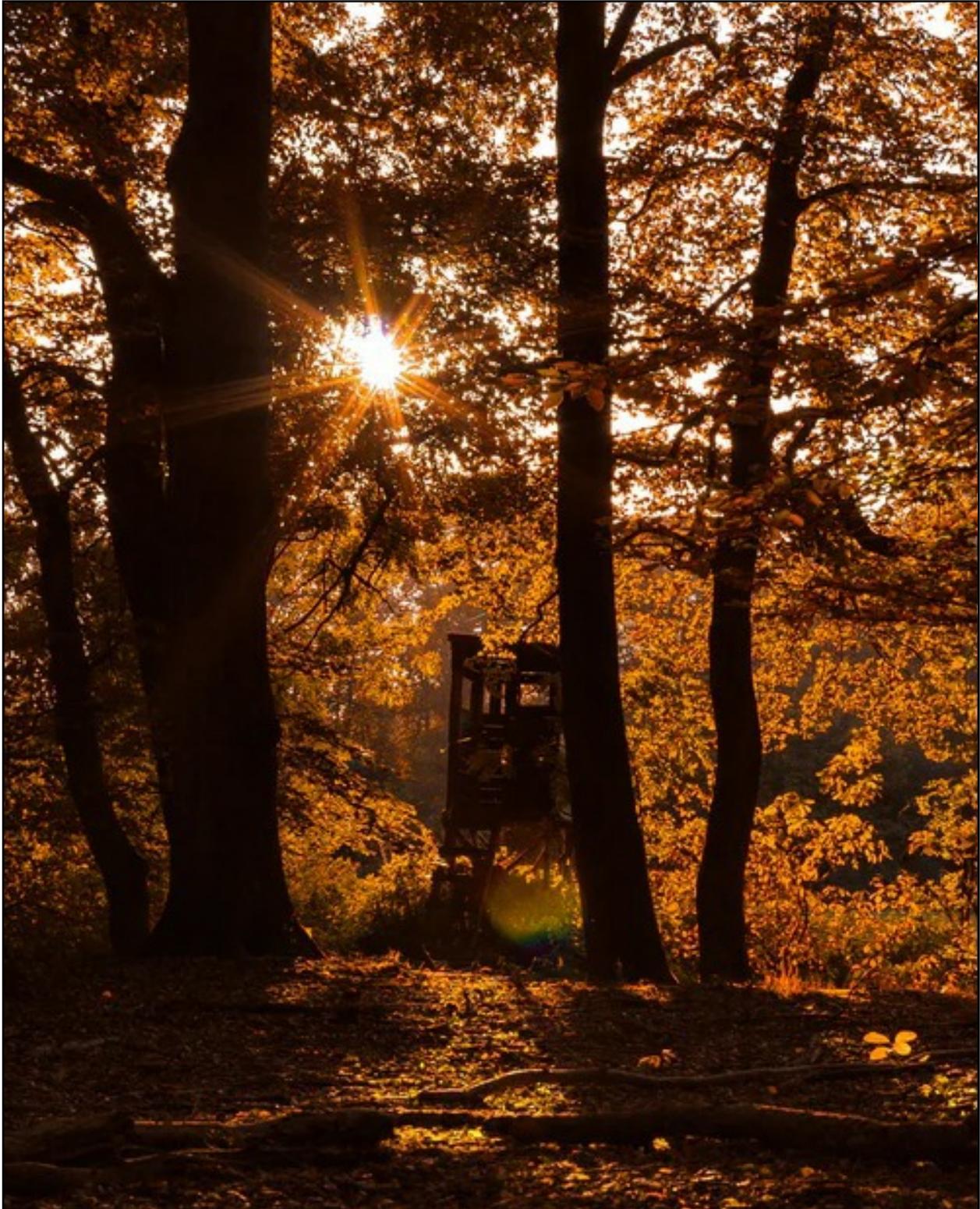




# *Inspire*

*The Magazine of Bournemouth Spiritualist Church*

*November 2020    Online Edition*



# 'Inspire'

## The magazine by Bournemouth Spiritualist Church.

Welcome back to Inspire!

A printed copy of this magazine is on sale to cover printing costs at £1.00. For those who use the Internet it is also available on our website..

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Note the e-book is only available as a download from the website.

If you have a contribution for consideration please send it to:  
**bnsuc@outlook.com** with the subject heading '**Inspire**'.

We sincerely hope you enjoy the content and it leaves you Inspired.  
Pat Machin.  
President.

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November 2020.

## **Church Update.**

Pat Machin.

Autumn; that time of year when Mother Nature's 'fireworks display' of colour comes along to delight and enchant and leave us breathless at her beauty. And Harvest Festival; a time of thanksgiving for Earth's bounty. A time of mists and mellow fruitfulness. A time of rest before the Winter sleep.

Despite our living in a global pandemic, the world keeps turning and the seasons will continue to come and go. Nature's rhythm is a constant in these troubled times.

Locally, nationally and globally, prayers and absent healing are being sent out onto the ether to reach everyone in need. We know that our love, healing, upliftment and empathy will be taken on wings of love to all humanity, to the animal kingdom, the world of Nature and to Mother Earth herself. From Bournemouth Spiritualist Church. absent healing is sent in a constant stream by groups and individuals; healing that is needed by everyone in every aspect of life..

The church continues to hold services on Sunday mornings at 10.45 to which everyone is welcome. Every Wednesday morning between 10.30 and 12.30 we hold a session of Distant Healing which is on a one-to--one basis although socially distanced and again, everyone is welcome. It can also be a time for anyone wishing to come into the church for a time of prayer and reflection to sit quietly in our welcoming energy. The Church is here for everyone. Please be assured that we observe every safety guideline.

It would seem that in the very nick of time, before any local lockdown, we held our Annual General Meeting on 14th October. Thanks to all who attended.

I am pleased to announce our new committee who have pledged themselves to serve the church:

Pat Machin	Geoff Nunn
Nigel West	Carol Ronald
Kathy Gourlay	Elaine Astin
Janet Emilymae	Fran Moore-Hill
David Lee	Colin Moore-Hill

Please come and meet us,  
come to a service or come  
for Healing you will be  
warmly welcomed.

**The Lord's prayer in Aramaic.**

O cosmic birther of all radiance and vibration!

Soften the ground of our being  
and carve out a space within us  
where your Presence can abide.

Fill us with your creativity  
so that we may be empowered  
to bear the fruit of our mission.

Let each of our actions bear fruit  
in accordance with your desire.

Endow us with the wisdom to produce  
and share what each being needs  
to grow and flourish.

Untie the tangled threads of destiny  
that bind us,  
as we release others from  
the entanglement of past mistakes.

Do not let us be seduced by that which would  
divert us from our true purpose  
but illuminate the opportunities  
of the present moment.

For you are the ground and the fruitful vision,  
the birth power and the fulfilment,  
as all is gathered  
and made whole once again.

## **Cause and effect.**

Al Potts. ©

Many speakers talk about Natural Law, and cause and effect in Spiritualism, and how it should shape our lives in the world today. We are living in extraordinary times, when mankind appears to have very little understanding of these uncompromising conditions now facing the planet. People are very adept at blaming everyone else for the situation we find ourselves in at this moment of time, and yet fail to address the cause, and we are now seeing the effect. Ed Begley Jr. said and I quote; “I don’t understand why when we destroy something created by man, we call it vandalism, but when we destroy something created by nature, we call it progress.” Nature is such a huge part of the life of mankind and always has been, from each miniscule insect up to the greatest of the beasts, there is an integral part in the development of all human life. The destruction by man of the natural habitat of the wild animals is having a terrible effect on all of life, and yet it continues seemingly without thought for the future of our wonderful planet and its peoples.

Money has become the main factor of life in our world, and at what cost? Spirituality seems to be going out of the window and is replaced with the “I want” society. Most religions are standing back and doing nothing to repair this anomaly, and yet now is the time when we must all do our part to repair and renew our planet. The cause of this is as usual, man made, and is simply called progress by those who don’t understand the consequences of their actions. The effects of this pure vandalism will be felt for many years to come, so now is the time when we must all come together in a cause that will negate the effects we are feeling today, and prepare for a more spiritual future for all those who come after us. God, or how ever you perceive the Universal Consciousness to be, created for all of mankind the Earth, which provides us with all of our needs. Power and greed have created the world that we inhabit today, and society has become so complicated and out of touch with the ordinary person. The power of the spirit is so missing in our society, even though there are people in high positions of power, including the various religions, whose power has become, the amount of money they can amass. We can make a change in our world, but it has to begin with our recognition that personal responsibility should be our main objective. In doing so, we can then repair the damage to our wonderful planet and bring back the diversity in all life, which is needed so badly. As Spiritualists, let us make our voices heard loud and clear, so that our cause will be a positive

in which all of society can benefit from its effect.

The silent majority have been allowed to have their say for too long, so let us all do our best to heal our beleaguered planet and make it a more spiritual, secure and safe place for future generations to live in. All of mankind must think of the causes they inflict upon society today, as the effect will determine how this lovely earth will deliver for the future. I hope that our spiritualist movement will begin actions to help to infiltrate the minds of those who are hell bent on destruction, and help them to see that God's Natural Law is unchangeable, and that there will always be an effect to every cause.

### **A Sitting with Rita Goold.**

By Al Riches. Reproduced from the Noah's Ark Society magazine. (Newsletter 4, 11/1990).

This sitting, with medium Rita Goold, took place in June 1986, the circle consisting of myself and another visitor, along with the medium's husband, and a further member of her family. Preparations for the seance commenced at about 9.30p.m., when windows in the room were blacked out. Nevertheless, it did not seem dark enough when Rita went into a trance state and the sitting started.

It was not long before the voice of Helen Duncan was heard, herself a famous materialisation medium during her Earth life. It was a powerful Scots voice, and for Independent Voice was very clear. We also heard the voice of Russell Byrne, a small boy who 'died' over twenty years ago, aged nine, of cancer. He was heard giggling and laughing as small boys do. Helen greeted the sitters by name, and welcomed the visitors to the circle. The effect was wholly friendly, and put us at our ease, and Helen then stated that it was still too light in the room to proceed, suggesting an adjournment for fifteen minutes.

After the pause in the proceedings the sitting resumed, and conditions were now excellent, as it was very dark in the room. Helen spoke again, and once more greeted us by name. She said that the Spirit People were aware that the visitors felt a little apprehensive and nervous, and that they would bear this in mind by not coming over too strongly. There was a small round table in the centre of the room, which was rimmed with luminous paint, and this rose into the air, whilst we were treated to the sight of a pair of luminous drumsticks also levitating. This was followed by a demonstration of drumming on the table, whilst the sticks moved rapidly about the table and whizzed all over the ceiling. The Spirit Entity manifesting here was Rita's father, who had played the drums in life. Whilst this

was going on, we could see the outline of legs and arms against the luminous paint of the table. There appeared to be a number of people present, constantly walking about the room, and we could hear firm footsteps on the carpet. When the drumsticks were racing around near the ceiling, the drummer appeared to be levitated, and we could hear him jumping onto the floor as if from a height. He also slapped himself from time to time with the drumsticks to prove that he had a solid body, and was fully materialised.

During the course of the seance, a tape of Mario Lanza's singing was played, and suddenly the most beautiful female voice was heard singing along with it. This was a powerful voice, very clear and loud. So much so, in fact, that we got the impression that it must have been heard outside the house, too. The singer, Laura Lorraine, was the medium's grandmother, who had 'died' in Scotland. She moved around the room, singing all the time, and brought a sweet smell of perfume with her. The effect on us all was quite profound. She radiated love to all, and we felt that we wanted to reach out and embrace her. We felt her dress or veil as she moved past us, and at the same time we were caressed by some kind of tree branches. These turned out later to be willow branches, apported by Russell from a former home of the medium, and given to 'us as a memento of the occasion. The singing was so wonderful that we could have listened to it for hours.

Russell was then heard laughing, and he made his presence known to us by carrying the small table over to the visitors. He spoke to us directly, and greeted us warmly. He allowed us to feel his hands and arms, which we could see in the light from the luminous paint on the table. They were small hands, typical of a small boy, and were solid and warm to the touch. At the same time as we were making contact with Russell, a pair of solid, heavy hands belonging to Helen Duncan gripped each of our arms. Russell's voice, like those of the other entities, was loud and clear, and he spoke with an accent which we assumed to be that of Essex, where he lived when on Earth. He told me that I wrote to his Mum, which was quite true, and then that, his father's name was actually Arthur, although he liked to be called 'Alf'. He told me to check on this with his mum, which I did, finding it to be correct. Up until then I had always thought that his Dad's name was Alfred. Russell then mentioned that he had been present that afternoon when we had been playing 'Trivial Pursuits', and I had not known what "Rive Gauche" was. It's a perfume, he said and immediately there came the smell of a perfume in the room for a few seconds. Russell then proceeded to discuss circle matters of a private nature with the medium's husband, and Helen Duncan announced a short interval for the recuperation of the medium. Rita was by this time coming out of trance, but it was still dark, and she herself was able to see one of the luminous drumsticks moving near the ceiling. We all heard her speaking from her chair

as this was still happening.

During the Interval, one of the sitters left to go home, and this meant that there were just the medium, her husband and the two visitors remaining. At the start of the final session sounds of footsteps were again heard all over the room, and Helen Duncan spoke to us, saying that she was pleased we had lost a lot of our apprehension. She then stated her intention to sit down, and we heard her walking from the middle of the room to a vacant chair, and lowering herself into it. Not surprising really, as Mrs. Duncan weighed over twenty stones when she was alive! She then spent a considerable time talking to us, occasionally requesting the volume of the tape recorder to be turned up or down. During our chat, she explained the reason that this particular group of people were returning to earth, so that they could prove life carried on after death to those of us now in an increasingly materialistic world. This, of course, is exactly what Spirit People throughout the ages have been trying to do. Helen outlined the problems being currently faced by the medium and her husband from hostile factions. Much of the conversation hereafter was of a confidential nature, directed towards the work of the Leicester Group, and although we were privileged to be taken into their confidence, I do not feel it prudent to divulge here what was said in the main, but Mrs. Duncan did say that the Spirit People were experimenting with light so that it would not always be necessary for the seances to be held in the dark.

Following this, Russell returned, and just like a normal small boy does, he made a nuisance of himself by stopping and starting the tape recorder with the word "Abracadabra!". He produced a tape which had previously gone missing from the medium's collection, and this tape was then played in place of the Mario Lanza one. Russell sang to it, but substituted his own words. Following this, the medium's grandmother, Laura Lorraine returned, and once more the room was filled with her beautiful singing voice. Another Spirit manifested the son of two members of the circle who were not present at the time. He spoke at length to Rita's husband on matters concerning the group. Shortly after, Russell spoke in his "grown-up" voice, which he said he could not keep up for long. He told us

"I am not REALLY a little boy any more, you know!" Everyone agreed that we understood that fact very well, knowing that children who die do grow up in the Spirit World, and do not stay at the age they were when they died.

At this point Helen cut in and told us that she and the others would have to go, as the "power" was fading. An astonishing thing then happened. Helen said "We have brought you a big apport. Here's the pussy cat! I", and simultaneously Rita's large tomcat was dumped in her husband's lap! Startled, he then pushed the cat into my lap. The noises faded as the lights came on and Rita came out of trance, although we could still hear footsteps on the carpet and rapping on the walls, despite the fact that it was now light. Rita heard these noises, and spoke to us as they were still going on. We all saw the cat sitting quite unperturbed on the floor, washing him. He seemed quite unconcerned at somehow being apported into the room.

This has been a very brief account of a seance that took over two hours to complete, but it gives the general idea of what kind of Spirit manifestations are to be expected at a Rita Goold materialisation seance. It was a wonderful experience for me, and I couldn't help wishing that everyone might have the opportunity to sit with her, or that there were more mediums of her calibre around. I testify to the truth of what happened at this seance in Leicester on the first of June, 1986.

P.S. from Michael Roll.

The journalist Alan Cleaver checked the authenticity of the Helen Duncan entity by making sure that he got Helen's daughter Gena to witness Rita's phenomenal mediumship. Russell Byrne has also been checked out by his father, mother and brother, who have spent many hours in his company. I confirm that everything that AI Riches has written is correct. I myself have been privileged to witness Rita Goold's mediumship on two occasions in 1983. On my second visit, my own father materialised from the etheric dimensions.

## **Are you living in Eternity's Sunrise?**

Mark Stone, Spiritualist Medium, Healer & Teacher [www.mindbodyspirit-uk.com](http://www.mindbodyspirit-uk.com) ©

Our lives with all the comings and goings can be reduced down in essence to one thing... a state of mind. All that we experience can be perceived in so many different ways. For example; although we have experienced a single incident, we are not limited to only one perception of it but many. This is not because we have experienced the same event several times but because our mind can perceive one event in so many different ways as we replay it over and over again. All that occurs can be perceived in varying shades from light to dark, from positive to negative, from good to bad through indifference, but in all cases there is one constant within these experiences and that is us!

All that happens in our lives happens for a purpose, has meaning and deepens our learning, so we are told. Therefore our mental state creates the perception of life we choose to hold onto and express to those around us. If we choose to play the "victim" and see that the whole world around us is always out to give us a hard time, that's what we express to others, time and time again, but it is also what we choose to perceive and therefore create within our life. If on the other hands we choose joy and happiness in all things (good, bad or indifferent) we are expressing that to others, seeing it within our lives and creating it in all areas as a result.

We are lead to believe that it is specific things, people or situations that create happiness in life when in fact it is us that creates and chooses happiness over any other state of mind or perception. Therefore nothing truly brings us happiness but us! Through our choice of belief in the joy of life comes the happiness within it. And if this is so let's take our thinking a little further... We try so hard to hold onto perceptions and beliefs that these things, people or situations make us happy but by trying to hang on so tightly to all that makes us happy we become unhappy at the prospect of loss:

**“What happens when the money is gone?”**

**“What if I loose the car, the job or the home?”**

**“What happens if I lose you?”**

So, we choose to scrabble around “clinging to happiness” rather than “being happy” with everything that exists for the moment. We create unhappiness in every moment, waiting for the bad news to come! If tomorrow comes and what made you happy one day is no longer there; the person who seeks joy, finds happiness and joy in something new. But the person, who finds happiness in possessions and status, only finds loss in all that they no longer possess in their life. Take a moment to contemplate the words of William Blake written over two hundred years ago:

**“He who binds to himself a joy  
Does the winged life destroy;  
But he who kisses the joy as it flies  
Lives in Eternity's sunrise.”**

So look at all that happens within your life and choose to see the goodness and the joy. See it in all the things that you possess, in all the people in your life, in all the situations that occur and feel the joy of just being in the moment. By the creation of that state of mind you choose joy in life not misery, you find the gold in life not the lead and you bring light into the darkness of the world and out of that comes true happiness and enlightenment.

Bless everything that comes into and goes out of your life. “Seize the day!” but remember to let go of it before tomorrow! And choose to live a happy, joyful life **“In Eternity’s Sunrise”**.

## Some of our Yesterdays.

Eva French ©

It seems we leapt across the years 'til now  
Swift, life a bird on wings, time went,  
How did it go into yesterday,  
On what was it spent?  
We gathered our laurels along the way,  
To become a legend in our day,  
(and a 'forthcoming attraction' down Camden Way!)  
From Land's End to John O'Groats,  
Our messages we gave,  
We Imparted knowledge that we have,  
And ministered to all, from cradle to grave.  
There are memories of past Namings,  
And weddings where we tied the knot,  
We think you do a lovely cremation,  
But remember the scattering poor Ernie got!  
So we named them, married them, and we buried them,  
Then we brought them back,  
They don't escape from us that easily,  
...Aunt Ethel, Cousin Maud, and Uncle Jack.  
We've been an MSNU forever,  
President, Principal, Chairman, the lot,  
The ups and downs we learned to weather,  
All helping to earn the laurels we got.  
Oh, yes! We've gathered our laurels along the way,  
To become a Legend in our day,  
(and for the Forthcoming Attraction down Camden Way!)  
As our yesterdays have come and gone,  
And our Laurels we have got,  
We realise that we wouldn't have changed a thing,  
We'd do it all again, the lot!

## **The Golden Rule.**

Geoff Nunn. ©

Much has been written and spoken about the second principle of Spiritualism, The Brotherhood of Man. This principle reflects a universal belief which is often referred to as 'The Golden rule'; so called because it is one of the golden threads which binds most religions within a common understanding.

In the West we are familiar with the Christian quote of Jesus, 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you' (Luke 6:31). This understanding already existed within other spiritual traditions often predating Christianity, in some instances, by hundreds of years. For instance in the old Testament there is a quote 'But treat them just as you treat your own citizens. Love foreigners as you love yourselves, because you were foreigners one time in Egypt. I am the Lord your God' (Leviticus 19:34). A further quote is found in the Hindu classic – the Mahabharata; 'One should never do that to another which one regards as injurious to one's own self. This, in brief, is the rule of dharma. Other behaviour is due to selfish desires'. Buddhism also states 'Hurt not others in ways that you yourself would find hurtful' (Udanavarga, 5:18).

Other spiritual literature provides further examples of the Golden Rule; it is similarly found in traditions which include: ancient Egypt, Jainism, Tamil, ancient Greece, Persia and Roman. So when the spirit control of Emma Hardinge Britten stated there is a 'Brotherhood of man' (whilst she was in trance) a universal spiritual truth was reaffirmed.

The Brotherhood of Man covers a range of obligations and constitutes the essence of religion in practice; namely love, compassion and service (my interpretation). Without the Golden rule of the universal Brotherhood religion would be reduced to phrase-mongering. Whoever serves their neighbour serves God's divine purpose, and thereby brings God's love to Earth and to all expressions of life.

As a Public Health worker, much of my time during the last few months has been taken up with the Covid pandemic. Regardless of the many and varied views we may hold regarding the Government's approach to tackle the crisis and the seriousness of the outbreak, we can all agree that the outbreak has affected most people of the majority of Countries. In this work I have seen examples of people showing great kindness to others by giving their time to help others (e.g. shopping for those shielding, volunteering for the NHS, and other selfless acts). However examples exist of those who have acted out of self interest (e.g. excessive buying and the hoarding of food etc). If we accept the golden rule and

do not wish others to hoard food and provisions we should do likewise; only purchasing for our needs. When Native American farmers picked fruit and other crops they only took enough for their needs – leaving the remainder of the fruit on the tree or vegetables in the ground to allow the birds and other animals to share their food. The action of sharing was out of loving kindness to assist all of God's creation whom they considered to be their 'brothers'.

Spiritualism shows that service is not unrewarded, and establishes that progress be made by spiritual service. It does not follow that service should be undertaken for the sake of personal spiritual advancement. On the contrary, it is essentially the spirit in which the service is given, that spirit of pure unselfishness enhances the soul. Spiritual qualities are the only permanent treasures of life.

Following the principle of a universal brotherhood/golden rule we should give as we hope to receive in similar circumstances. The giving the gift of service should be the motive of sharing our advantages, material and spiritual, in an effort to increase our friends' participation in the good things of life to the level of our own. The benefit is mutual. Our friends are helped along the road of life and our spiritual statures are equally enhanced. We cannot make sunshine and escape it ourselves.

The truths of spirit communication show love at work extending the bonds of universal brotherhood to the eternal spirit spheres and show that we all belong to one great unity. This union is improved through our selfless relationships with one another in universal brotherhood. The Brotherhood of Man is a universally accepted spiritual truth stretching back to the ancient parent religions, binding people (and all life) together. It is more than a theory, it's a spiritual reality and should therefore be part of our lived experience.

### **My Mother.**

Pat Woodruff.

My Mother was a 'hoarder'. Not extreme but she possessed a varied collection of hats which over the years no amount of humorous cajoling would encourage her to part with, all being in turn, her 'favourite'. Likewise, but to a lesser degree she kept dresses and coats which one day "could come back into fashion again !"

She had also accumulated a lot of distressing, emotional clutter through the 85 years of her life (7 December 1913 to 14 December 1998).

It was in the early hours of the 14 December when my spirit joined with my mother's for the six 'earthly' minutes of her transition from this life. I could feel the sensation of us moving/travelling during this time and was aware that we had a time limit.

Whilst 'travelling' I encouraged my mother to get rid of all her emotional clutter. She divided it into individual 'boxes' which she passed to me and which I hastily threw away, at the same time feeling as did she, the burden of their contents dissolve from her.

It was a busy time but I asked when no more boxes were forthcoming if that were all. "Yes" she said "except for my hats"!.

We shared this long standing joke and were both relieved that her emotional clutter had been discarded.

At this same moment she turned from me and looking ahead I saw a very large mobile crowd of happy, noisy people waiting to greet her into the spirit world. The whole seemed to be enveloped in a suffused white and warm soft orange colour and so very welcoming. The noise and excitement at her arrival was astounding and I would have liked to continue with her but was unable.

I was so privileged to experience this with my mother and over the years the memory reaffirms for me that we will meet again our loved ones, our friends and many others with whom we have had contact through our life on this earthly plain.

You may wonder why I say her transition took six minutes. At the time, it presented itself as a known train journey we used to make together of that duration (without seeing the physical trappings) and in throwing out her boxes, it was as though I was throwing them from the window of a moving train.

### **A 'Dead' Stranger is Traced at Séance.**

By the late Maurice Barbanell (& reproduced in the Noah's Ark Society Magazine; Vol. 3 No 9, 1993). ©

What would you regard as cast iron proof of life beyond the grave?

The story of Bessie Manning comes within that category, for this dead girl spoke at a seance, gave her full name and address, and added information that was not known to the medium or anybody present. And on inquiry every detail was found to be accurate.

The name of Bessie Manning is unknown, yet her story is in many ways more remarkable than any I have previously encountered. I defy sceptics to explain away this case on any other grounds than that a dead girl returned from beyond the grave and gave evidence of her identity. And the striking fact about the return of Bessie Manning is that it proves beyond any shadow of a doubt that prayers are heard and sometimes answered.

We assembled one night, a score of us, in the home of Estelle Roberts, to attend a direct voice seance, five or six of us were regular sitters, the rest were either friends or strangers, brought there in the hope that they might obtain communications from the spirit world.

We formed a circle, as usual, and in the centre was placed the aluminium trumpet, made luminous with phosphorescent paint so that its movements could be seen in the dark.

The stertorous breathing of the medium could be heard as she went into trance. The sitters sang bright, cheerful music to help the "power" necessary for the production of spirit voices. Soon the trumpet began to move. It rose from the floor, easily discernible by the luminous paint, then, it "glided" around the circle. Then the voice of Red Cloud, the medium's spirit guide, was heard, Red Cloud, in the role of a spirit master of ceremonies, always spoke before and after every communicator. If the voices failed, as they did occasionally, to make themselves heard, he repeated what they said.

'God bless you all,' Red Cloud said his usual greeting at these seances, Then for nearly two hours, voice after voice spoke through the trumpet. We heard voices of men and women, youngsters and grown-ups. But one feature was common to all of them they were the voices of those the world calls dead. Halfway through the seance, Red Cloud addressed me.

"There is a child here,' he said, who has approached me to get into touch with her mother on earth. She will give her own evidence."

Red Cloud always insisted that if you encouraged these voices to speak the voices would give proof that they emanated from those who have passed into the Beyond.

'Don't say: 'Is that you, Tom?' or 'Is that you, Dick?' "He added laughingly. This was his pet joke. At the beginning of every seance newcomers were told to frame their questions so that they did not give away any evidence. And Red Cloud always made fun of this statement; for he insisted that he rehearsed the spirit visitors he brought to his circle.

"Do I know this child?" I asked Red Cloud.

"No," he replied, "but you can help her."

The trumpet moved towards me and a voice obviously belonging to a young girl said: "I will, all right, I will... "

'Come along," I said encouraging the voice to speak. "You are going to try and give me a message. Come and talk to me."

"I will, if I can," came the reply.

Then very clearly she declared: "My name is Bessie Manning. I died with tuberculosis last Easter, I have brought my brother, Tommy, with me, and he was killed by a motor car. My mother has prayed because she reads your paper and has asked that some day the great guide, Red Cloud, would bring me here.'

In Psychic News I had described some of these voice seances, and Bessie was telling me that her mother had read what I printed.

"I will send a message to your mother tomorrow," I told the girl,

"Tell Mother," she said, "I still have my two long plaits. I am twenty two and I have got blue eyes. Tell her I want her to come here. Could you bring her?" Then she added very wistfully: "She is not rich she is poor."

"I will see if I can bring her," I replied.

"She is so unhappy," Bessie continued. "She says she lost both of us. You will help her, won't you? God will bless you if you help her, Thank you, thank you, thank you."

"Before I can send a message to your mother," I told Bessie, "I must know

where she lives, for I do not know her,

"I will tell you,' came Bessie's reply. Slowly and distinctly she gave the address" 14 Canterbury Street, Blackburn".

She was immediately followed by Red Cloud who quoted in part the famous Biblical verse: "Even as you do it unto one of these..."

"Can I bring her to the next seance?" I inquired, and the guide immediately gave his consent. That closed the incident, one of the most remarkable spirit communications ever uttered at a seance,

Now, what would you have done about such a request? I had never heard of Bessie Manning. I did not know whether there was a Mrs, Manning, or whether there was a Canterbury Street in Blackburn. But I knew the spirit information was correct. On the following morning, without the slightest doubt in my mind, I sent this telegram to Mrs. Manning at 14 Canterbury Street, Blackburn: "Your daughter, Bessie, spoke to us at Red Cloud's circle last night."

I received no reply, so I wired again, Two days later there were two letters from Mrs. Manning. The first one read: "I don't know whom I have to thank for the great joy you have given me, I thank you with all my heart and soul for the telegram I received last Saturday. I wanted to shout it from the housetops. I laughed and cried all at once. What a wonderful spirit Red Cloud is, and how good and kind you all are! I feel sure you will carry your kindness further and let me know what my Bessie said, Oh, the glorious happiness to me and mine, how can I ever thank you enough? That bit of paper is more to me than untold gold. I will pray with all my heart for all of you, you will tell me, won't you, it she sent me a little message. It is a wonderful, glorious truth, and again I thank you so much. Also my husband and my other two daughters thank you."

In her second letter, Mrs. Manning said: 'I was very upset not being able to send you a return telegram, as things are not very bright at present. I want you to understand how grateful we all are. We would do anything possible to repay your great goodness. You don't know what it means to us. My daughter passed on last Easter Monday, and my son was killed nearly nine years ago. I am longing to know what Bessie said, and if it is your wish to print it, you may do so. I want to comfort others as I have been. It must be great to be with Mrs. Estelle Roberts, I wish I had the glorious gift, Again I thank you so very much."

Here was verification of the perfect spirit message. No theories of telepathy or subconscious mind can explain it away. No suggestion of fraud or collusion can

be entertained, Mrs. Manning had never seen Estelle Roberts in her life and had never had any correspondence with her, yet her dead daughter's full name and address had been given at a seance, accompanied by a complete message, every detail of which was accurate.

A bereaved mother had found comfort in the knowledge that her daughter had survived the grave. Later, when I met Mrs, Manning, she told me how she had prayed night and day for evidence of her daughter's survival. And her prayer had been heard and answered. How a prayer uttered in Blackburn can be answered in London, I do not know, all that I know is it happened. Well, I arranged for Mrs. Manning to come to London for the next seance, as she had no means; her fare had to be paid for. Her husband was unemployed. Theirs was a hard lot.

I met her at St. Pancras station on her first visit to London. I showed her some of the sights of the town, and then took her down to Teddington, where the Estelle Roberts seances were held. It was not very long before Bessie addressed her overjoyed mother.

"Ma," she said excitedly, "its Bessie speaking."

"Yes, Bessie," eagerly replied her mother, who continued, "this is wonderful. You know how your mother loves you, don't you?"

"It's wonderful," came Bessie's voice through the trumpet. "God bless you, Ma. Tell Father not to worry. Tommy is here too. We are here together. Tommy is also anxious to speak to you, Ma ... It is so wonderful I don't know how to talk I am so excited."

"Don't get excited, love," her mother answered. "Talk to Mother. Do you come into the home, Bessie?"

"You know I do," was the reply. "I try to talk to you there. Day after day you talk to my picture. You stand in front of it. You pick it up and kiss it and I watch you all the time."

Afterwards, Mrs. Manning assured me the statement was true. She would often take her daughter's photograph, kiss it and talk to it. Then Bessie, to show that she knew what was happening in her own home, said to her mother:

"You were telling Father about his boots this morning, weren't you, Ma?"

"That is quite right," Bessie's mother told her,

"You said they wanted mending, didn't you, Ma?" the spirit voice continued.

"I understand what you mean, Bessie," Mrs. Manning said.

"My Ma, I called her Ma," Bessie's voice declared.

In repeating Bessie's words so as to enable the stenographer who was always present to record them correctly, I thought that the voice once said "Mother." Bessie instantly corrected me by saying: "Ma."

More evidence followed as the dead girl told Mrs. Manning that the beads on her mother's neck were once her property, and that she had herself worn them before she passed on.

"It was a big shock for you when Tommy was killed," Bessie continued.

"Yes," declared Mrs. Manning.

That was the end of the daughter's spirit communication. Red Cloud followed and said: "She brought the boy Tommy with her." Then he gave an added proof by saying: "Tommy is named after his father." This I discovered afterwards was correct. When the seance was over, Mrs Manning was weeping, but they were tears of joy, not sorrow.

"I am the happiest woman in the world," she said.

Yes, it had all been worth while, if only one person had proved beyond doubt that her daughter lived beyond the grave. The following morning, before she returned to Blackburn, Estelle Roberts gave her a private sitting at which Bessie spoke once again. That sitting was full of evidence, for Bessie told her a hundred things which proved her identity. She sent messages to other members of the family. One of them was to her sweetheart.

"Tell Billie," she said, "that I still remember the ring he sent me the one I wore when I was buried."

A few days later Mrs. Manning sent me this letter:

"I am writing this for the comfort of others, knowing I shall be ridiculed by some, laughed at by a few, but blessed by many. My only son, whom I adored, was killed by a motor. He was a dear little chap, who loved me very dearly. I was frantic utterly shed. I lost all hope. All my ambitions lay buried in his grave. Eight years later, my daughter Bessie passed on, one of the most lovable and sweetest girls who ever lived? Just before the end, she said: 'If it is possible at all, I will come back. I knew she would keep that promise. She has come in the most unexpected manner. I had often heard of the Red Cloud Circle. It came as a big

surprise to me to receive a telegram from Mr. Barbanell telling me my daughter had come through, asking for her mother and telling them where she lived. I was astonished and overjoyed at the news. Through his kindness it was made possible for me to go to London and attend the circle. It was a great experience.

Everywhere I was met with kindness. I heard many spirit voices and all were recognised. It was most amazing. I heard my own daughter speak to me, in the same old loving way, and the selfsame peculiarities of speech. She spoke of incidents that I know for a positive fact no other person could know. L her mother, am the best judge, and I swear before Almighty God it was Bessie. She told me she had brought her brother with her, told of him being killed and gave his name. She spoke of many things that have passed in our home, things that were far from my mind at the time. I thank God, with all my heart and soul, He answered my prayers, and I have prayed, long and often. I have no fear of so-called death. I am looking forward to the glorious meeting with my loved ones."

The load had been lifted from Mrs. Manning's heart. Spiritualism had brought her comfort in the hour of her great sorrow. She knew that death had not robbed her of her daughter, but that her spirit presence was always near....

### **How is Spirit Control Effected?**

Frank Blake. Reproduced from the 'Pioneer journal' (Vol 7 No. 3 June 2020) with kind permission of Paul Gaunt/SNU. ©

This was the subject dealt with by one of the controls of Mr Frank T. Blake at the Psychic Congress at Llanberis on April 28th, 1939 Frank Thomas Blake was a trance medium for a healing control known as "The Doctor". Blake gave many years of dedicated service to the Spiritualists' National Union; he was President of the Southern District Council (SDC) for many years. He was one of the founder members of Bournemouth National Spiritualist Church; he was a Vice-President of the Union and President 1938-1941 and sadly died while in office. Blake has been previously featured in Pioneer, primarily for his work as a healer. At the 30th SNU Annual General Meeting, held in Glasgow in July 1932, the Exponents Committee recommended Blake for the Healing Diploma. We can further note his involvement with the "No World War" predictions: "Prophecies – SNU President Frank Blake". Below, the Two Worlds, June 2nd, 1939, presents a summary of the address; this was reported by former SNU President John McIndoe. HOW I EFFECT CONTROL By a control, Through Frank T. Blake SOMETIMES it is a puzzle to me myself to know just how I control my medium. It is easy enough to make contact with my medium, but there is

nothing in the nature of constant interference with him. He and I respect each other's individuality, but in collective work we have learned to respond to each other. Just now you are looking at Blake's physical body; that covers the presence of another body similar in its shape and function, but more subtle, invisible, yet far more permanent. It is slightly less in height and girth but the difference is small. We call this other body the etheric body. Both these bodies are clothed by an aura The Human Aura This aura is observed by clairvoyants around the physical body, near which it resembles a cloud. It has texture. It can be felt, if you approach it as I (the control) do, for my etheric body is aware of its contact with it. To take control I enter that aura, and blend my own with his. They mingle together and thus are brought into strict coincidence. With their conditions thus harmonised and their properties fused, my mind can exert its influence on his mind, brain and nervous system. It is wise to contact the mind first. Some do not; they contact first the nervous system, and thus produce contortions in the physical body and unnecessary nervous reactions. By contacting first the mind, there is evoked an awareness of the approach and a willingness which makes complete control easy. That is the method adopted when definite, intimate use of the medium's physical body is required for comparatively short periods. For sustained control over long periods of time there must be complete control over mind and brain. The brain determines the flow and the language which the control can use in giving his message. As I hold my medium now I have quietened down the activities of his physical extremities, You could not just now excite into intense action the lower parts of his body. The heart's action is slowed down; it must be watched. Its best is steady but considerably lower than normal. "I Am Not Inside Blake" I have not disturbed his etheric body. It is still in strict coincidence with his physical body. Sometimes it has to be out of coincidence, partially or completely withdrawn. I seldom do this though "The Doctor" frequently does when he is in control. But I am not going to walk about or use Blake's arms violently. It is sufficient for my purpose that my mind is in control. Where is Blake's mind? That is difficult to answer. At no time during physical life is the whole content of a mind in action. That is also true of discarnate mind. The mind cannot be envisaged by sight, physical, etheric or psychic. But you can see around a man who is mentally active, a field, as though the atmosphere around him had been set in motion by mind. It is in that field of movement that the control finds his closest contact. If you had the power to see it you would perceive the air around Blake now in a state of agitation. That is the mechanism by which my mind exerts its influence on his mind. The Effects of Control It has been suggested that control undermines the independence of the medium's mind and destroys his individuality; but there is no such thing as

complete independence of mind in anyone. Association with another affects both mentally, As with you, so with us. My mind was influenced by countless contacts with other minds while I was incarnate. It is now influenced not only by discarnate minds, but also by incarnate minds which I contact when in control. That part of my mind's content which has influenced Blake naturally leaves something of itself with him. Hence the foolishness of promiscuous companionship, incarnate or discarnate. But it should not be forgotten that while your mind is reacting to another, it in turn is being influenced by you. **Deep Control:** To control Blake so that he could walk about or engage in muscular activity, my manner of approach and of control would be similar, but carried to such a point as to give me control over his muscular movements. At present my etheric body is close to his. Its head is here (indicating a little above and behind the medium's head), but there is no disturbance of his physical or etheric body by this control. But for control to do walking, writing, and so on, I should have to displace his etheric body with my own. Then the physical organs, the eyes, the hands, etc., can be used in a more or less natural manner and by training; such control can be maintained for fairly long periods. **Danger:** The danger comes at the moment of retiral from control. Unless due care is taken, the medium's etheric body may have gone away to a considerable distance. The two cords which link the physical and the etheric body will be drawn out correspondingly, and if there is a sudden departure of the control, a short interval may elapse before repossession occurs, and this break, though short, may induce a feeling of nausea and weakness, and a sense of fear. The control should know how to leave the medium so that the medium is not disturbed. The lecture, of which the above is a résumé, took 35 minutes to deliver. **Questions:** Answers to many questions followed. Some interesting points were: If the needs of medium and control have proper consideration, there is no harm to either the control or the medium. Contortions are not always due to wrong approach by the control. If in the early stages of development a medium acquires the habit of contortions, it may continue after development. Though he has gone under control himself very many times, and knows that he is quite safe, Blake has not yet managed to overcome the momentary dread and fear of crossing the point where blackness supervenes—the moment of emptiness in which the mind loses consciousness of its surroundings. Insanity does not imply a defect in the mind, but merely in the functioning of its instrument, the brain. A wise control saves his medium from any unnecessary effort while under control. In genuine voice and materialisation phenomena, the physical and the etheric body of the medium are in strict close coincidence, because in such phenomena the power and the qualities of both are required. J. B.

### **“The Enlightenment of Work” - eBook**

Download an extract from “The Entitlement of Work”, an eBook by well-known spiritual teacher, Steven Noble, from our website by using the link below:

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