

“you don’t need money to effect change”

I have a routine every morning before beginning my day’s work as a medium. I sit in my special chair by the window and tune into the world of Spirit. Going deep into the silence voicing my special prayers. I am, by nature, an optimist a believer, and a very strong and practical spirit, so I always make my desires and feelings known, as if I were at a board meeting.

On television the previous day I had watched disabled children, in a country crippled by financial difficulties, and my heart had gone out to them.

“IF ONLY I HAD FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS” I said in my prayer, I could move more quickly and help these people. Then, a voice in my inner knowing said quietly but firmly, “YOU DON’T NEED MONEY TO EFFECT CHANGE” “ You are an inspirational force to others”. Pardon me I said but in a capitalist world, I do need money to help others. Again the voice said lovingly but firmly, “you do not need money to effect change” “How can I help them? Show me a way and I’ll do it”., my prayer continued “ Move me, use me, do it”

I was slowly returning, slowly coming back to my physical consciousness and I returned to with a shock. I was dialling the last two digits of a number- but whose? Then the worst, moment came, when I had to ask, “Who am I speaking to please?” “The Nuffield Hospital” the operator replied, and I realised quickly that this must be, in some strange way, connected to my prayer.

I hurried to ask “Spirit” which department I needed. “Orthopaedic” came the quick reply. “Oh! The Orthopaedic Department, please.” I was transferred to a Doctor and I

began to speak about the work of the hospital. Until, I began to see not real limbs, but artificial ones. "I am sorry", I said, "I think I have been put through to the wrong department. Please could you transfer me to 'Rehabilitation'." There, I spoke briefly to a lady who obviously had little time for questions, and so I soon found myself transferred me to someone who would be able to help me.

Kate then came on the line. The moment I heard her voice I could clearly see a room, two doors away from her office, full of artificial limbs of all kinds. "Kate", I began, "you know that room two doors away from your office and full of artificial limbs." "Oh yes", she said, "the stores." She did not know that I was several hundred miles away and had never seen her hospital or the stores!

"Kate, what happens to all those artificial limbs?" "Oh, there's a charity that comes twice a year, every year, to collect them, to send to third-world countries." A silence descended, what could I say?

Then Kate, after a pause, said, "How strange. We were only talking about them yesterday. It's over a year since anyone from the Charity has called "Oh! If no-one else wants them, could I have them?" I found myself asking.

"Well I don't know. Who are they for?"

Quickly, I asked "Spirit". "For the disabled children and adults in Russia", came the reply. Then she asked which charity I represented. I felt sure- in fact I was being made aware that I would have this information by four o'clock that very afternoon.

"Can I fax you the details later?" I asked. This was agreed.

"I will have to ask the Hospital manager and speak to the Charity before I can say 'Yes' or 'No' then." The call came and the answer was "Yes." Kate said, "if I still

wanted them.” I was now technically the owner of hundreds of artificial limbs and as yet, I had no idea who they were destined for. “Trust”, I kept telling myself. trust and just “Go with the flow.”

Peter, my fiancé, had designed a very inspirational and philanthropic website which had court the imagination of one particular Russian retired Rear Admiral.

The meeting was scheduled for June in Oxford. Peter was working in London for a large shipping Company and Carolyn who was also in London working for the Russian Government, arranged to meet up in London, and go straight to the meeting in Oxford, where I would meet them. I made my way separately by train. It was a very high profile occasion, and security I had been warned would be very much in evidence.

Stepping from my taxi, a Colonel from MI6, whom I had been told would be meeting me, greeted me and took me towards the main building, where another man similarly dressed took over escorting me to a large entrance way. “The Admiral is waiting. “Through, there on the left”. My fiancé, Peter and our friend Carolyn, were already listening to the lecture and the presentations. I was warmly greeted and sat, listening to the story of the remarkable research work being carried out on the human aura and healing at molecular level, using fabulous new technology. Then later and again, through the interpreter, the Rear Admiral of the Russian Forces’ delegation continued to relate details of the work he and his colleagues were involved in. This was concerning over 11,000 disabled children and adults living in Shelcova and other suburbs far outside of Moscow, we listened to the wonderful work Demurag were doing but clearly funding and a good infrastructure were not yet in place.

The Admiral had given Carolyn a list, which she handed to us just as we were leaving. Guess what is said. Yes, the very first item was there at the top of the list. ‘Artificial limbs.’ Then wheelchairs, crutches, bandages, medicines etc! I had been told that I would know everything by four o’clock and just as we were warmly saying our goodbyes and emerging into the sunlit court yard My chin was being gently lifted by unseen hands, so that I could clearly see the clock on the tall spire in the centre of the court yard just as it started to strike four o’clock. Now, as promised, I knew who they were for!!

Just think of that fabulous intelligence that Love, listening to all those prayers from Russia, from children who could not go to school or even leave their houses because they had no wheel chairs or artificial limbs. Parents so poor that every day they had to choose between being able to feed their children or being able to purchase the vital drugs many of them needed, and my heart-felt plea to be placed in the position of just being able to help had been heard.

Peter, Carolyn and I said our farewells to the Admiral and his interpreter and left to find a small café for a slice of pizza and a glass of red wine to celebrate a really amazing day and a remarkable meeting.

As we sat down to enjoy a meal at a Café Rouge, in the centre of the town “where shall we start?” was on everyone’s lips. “Well, “ I announced, to a stunned silence“ I already have the first item on the list.” Then I repeated the remarkable story I have just told you.

The next day Peter and I began by sending out 186 letters to all the Hospital Supply Depots in the South of England. With the replies that came in from just the first 18 depots we had more aid than we could handle. A few more 'phone calls and two 'well known' healthcare suppliers were also promising us a lot of medical aid. Then Roe Hampton heard of our campaign and offered us over three hundred more artificial limbs.

I made a chance 'phone call to the Leonard Cheshire International Division, where I was asked if I had contacted CHAD? I was soon to find out what a wonderful team of people were running this charity. CHAD, is a wonderful organisation which works with the prisons. Prisoners repair and refurbish wheelchairs ready to be supplied to any charity who needs them. When I did make contact with their director and explained what we were trying to achieve for the children he so kindly offered the 100 wheelchairs we so desperately needed!! Our campaign was called "The Russian Disabled Aid Campaign" and each child and young person was sent their own personal wheel chair with their name on it.

A wonderful company in Felixstowe offered to add the 'bulk heads' as we packed our precious cargo. The containers were supplied by a company, Peter was working for and another shipping company offered to ship them. I stopped work to pack all day, for six weeks and, five hundred and eighty boxes later, we began to realise we had forgotten completely how we were going to move all this aid to the depot at Felixstowe! Another big prayer went up. The answer came back "Parcel Force".

I didn't hesitate; I rang the 0800 number and was put through to one of their offices. I asked if anyone knew of anyone who could help us to move this aid. I was given John's number but asked not to reveal the source. John was wonderful; he inspired us all and he and his directors set about arranging and collecting the boxes from all over the country and transporting them to Felixstow.

One final problem. Peter was working hard, writing and typing up all the endless lists in triplicate of contents measurements and weights of each item, for the customs declarations but how, with our very limited resources were we going to be able to manage to send the goods overland from Kotka in Finland to Moscow. I asked everyone I met through work for the next three weeks without success until January the 12th and Peter's birthday arrived. He had a good selection of cards and one plain brown envelope with a smudged postmark making it illegible. Inside a simply typed sheet carried the words. "THIS IS TO HELP WITH YOUR TRANSPORT COSTS FOR YOUR AID TO RUSSIA CAMPAIGN"; and inside, neatly wrapped, were 10 x £50 notes. We were over the moon. All set and now it was almost February and all the goods were ready and the containers sealed with a prayer. "Let no one touch the contents until they arrive at their destination". Despite red tape and customs delays our first container was soon being unloaded in Moscow .

A big "THANK YOU" was put on the website and we thanked everyone we met for weeks hoping that somehow we had thanked the anonymous donor of the £500. The power of the Love and the power of prayer are endless. "Ask and Ye shall receive", If you want to make a difference to anyone, anywhere, your Love and intention is all that is required and this wonderful and loving intelligence through (your prayers) will

hear and work with you. If your prayers are deeply from your heart and truly for the benefit of others, then a way will be found to let you work with and experience “unconditional love”. All you have to do is trust, and follow all the logical steps as they are shown to you. Never doubt never fear.

Doors will open and after a lot of hard work and effort you will, just like us be able to sit back and say, what a tremendous experience to have linked with such a fabulous intelligence and you will by then have experienced unconditional love in your own life. You will then know, the joy of helping other people, just like you, hundreds or, perhaps, thousands of miles away. People you may never meet, perhaps only ever exchange e-mails or perhaps photographs with, but your life will be changed, touched forever, and as you recount your very own story to others, so the verbal energy of that love will begin to touch their minds. Seeds will be sown, strength gathered, prayers heard, and one day, perhaps, they too will share in the joy of giving in some extraordinary way.

The end of this story is no less remarkable than its beginning. The consignment, which, incidentally had been sealed with our prayer, finally arrived at its destination undisturbed. The goods all had to be unpacked and distributed as planned and then, one day, the long awaited e-mail came saying ‘ Thank you with all of our hearts for your wonderful gifts. We estimate that the value of the goods, on the open market would be worth £50.000. May God bless you! Just the amount that I had mentioned in my original prayer, when I was given those unforgettable words

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