

# Dowsers Society of NSW Inc.

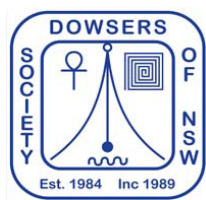
## Newsletter

November 2021

Vol 33 Issue 11

### Table of Contents

2	November 21st, 2021 - Jane Ruehmkorff
3	From the Editor
4	What is Dowsing or Divining?
9	The Dowser who finds Oil Wells
15	From Raymon Grace
16	Bending the Reality Spoon
18	My Passion
23	Society News
24	Dowsing Forum Delay
25	Library News
26	December 12th, 2021- Irina Gladushchenko



Views expressed in articles are the opinion of the individual writer only, not necessarily the collective view of the Society.

# Speaker for November 21st, 2021

- Jane Ruehmkorff -

## Enhancing Your Life with Natural Energy

🌿 Zoom Meeting 🌿

Jane has been interested in dowsing for most of her adult life. Her Mum was a dowsing practitioner and then after she met Peter Ruehmkorff in late 2003, dowsing became a large part of their life together, assisting Peter with his Dowsing and Radionics Seminars, and Environmental Property Surveys all around the country, for nearly 10 years.



Jane was fortunate enough to be able to absorb some of Peter's extensive knowledge of dowsing, and together with her own common sense and keen eye for detail, they made a good team.

During their environmental property surveys, Peter would dowse the property with his V rod, and it was Jane's job to wander around the home with the client, explaining their process for improving ambience and energy of the home, and take note of anomalies or placements that seemed wrong and possibly needed rectifying.

She will offer ideas on healing with paper radionics, how to remove harmful entity attachments, identify unseen energies that are detrimental to human health and stepping lightly on Country.

This will include tips on improving the ambience in your home through using Dowsing, Feng Shui and Common Sense.

# From the Editor

Jacaranda trees are magnificent and strange trees. They lose their leaves when summer comes and produce the most beautiful canopy of deep purple flowers for a couple of months. When the heat comes the flowers drop to the ground creating the most luxuriant deep purple carpet. Only then do they start producing leaves again. It is almost as if they hold their breath to dazzle us with this unique and colourful display.

I can see some parallels in our lives. Covid has unexpectedly forced us to put many things on hold. Certainly travelling is one of them but also meeting and greeting each other. Freedom of movement locally has also been impeded. Hopefully the new year will see us breathing freely again.

I hope that at the end of it we will be able to see a parterre of goodness and compassion towards our fellow human beings, that we will have grown and evolved to learn to recognise and assess what is true and good from what is not true and does not help us on our path.

For me it has been a time of sharing what I know with others, of supporting friends and family with regular calls, of listening to their stories, to feel empathy for them. Not all these stories were good unfortunately, but keeping in contact helped.

Quite a few unemployed angels have been mobilised to help. If you do not know about unemployed angels you can read about them in '*Angels at my Fingertips*' by Lorna Byrne, an Irish modern mystic who can see the angels. We have sent many of them to friends and family to help in times of distress, physical or emotional.

These angels do not come back to you to let you know what they did, but they do the work required nevertheless, and soothe the recipients. Not all problems can be solved this way, but it does help.

Sometimes it is good to remember that obstacles do not necessarily need to be climbed over like mountains, they can simply be walked around.

Until next time,

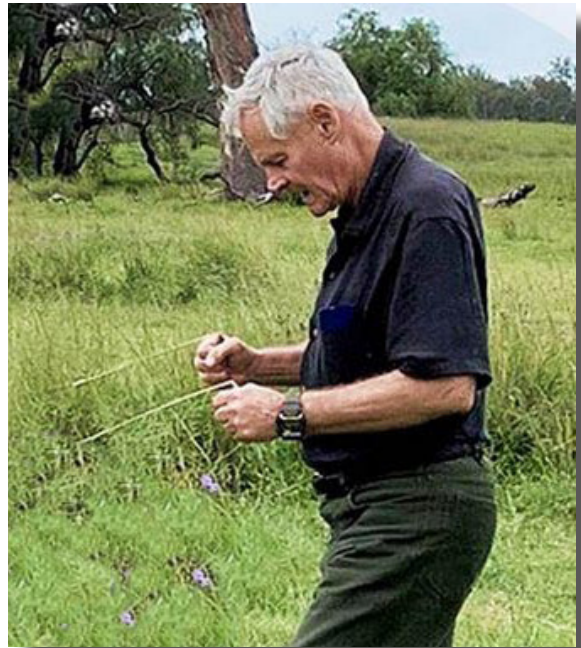
*François*

# What is Dowsing or Divining?

*By Robert Gourlay*

A dowser or diviner is a practitioner in remote sensing of subtle energies of a subject, e.g. ground water. Also, a dowser is just a normal person with a natural connection to energies.

Dowsing or divining, like philosophy, architecture, music, astrology, alchemy, homeopathy, etc. is an ancient form of art that requires no scientific justification. The beauty and experience of these art forms are through the vital energy of the practitioner.



The art of dowsing is embedded in the understanding and application of subtle energies that pervade the universe and connect everything in the universe. Most artists have a special connection with the subtle energies of nature. One of those energies is water and it exists throughout the universe. Even black holes exude water. The art of dowsing involves the entrainment of the energy of water that has the capacity to receive, store and transmit information. A dowser and a dowsing rod are the antennae for this energy.

However, the question, '*what is dowsing*' starts about eight thousand years ago. Since this time many people have tried to seek out the truth of dowsing. People today still grapple with finding truth in dowsing. Many people say that dowsing has no basis in science. These people believe that science is the pathway to truth, and for these people science has become a religion, founded on immutable laws. While science is a powerful force in understanding the way nature and technologies work, it is not the truth. The only truism in science is that science is not the truth.

In this context it is useful to outline the differences and similarities between dowsing as an art form, and science as an intellectual and practical activity, encompassing the systematic study of the structure and behaviour of the physical and natural world, through observation and experiment.

The primary similarity between dowsing and science are facts. To some extent dowsing and science consists of observing the world by watching, listening, observing, measuring, and recording. Both dowsing and science have similarities in that they involve curiosity in thoughtful action about the world and how it behaves. Dowsing and science can involve measurement.

For example, dowsing can be used to estimate the depths and volumes of groundwater flows in rock fractures through a scientific or physics process called entrainment. However, the purists of science are not trained to use their inner built consciousness or intuition to entrain universal information. This is because most scientists do not understand, study, or research the inter-operability of subtle energy and all life forms.

Dowsing will produce observations and facts that may have incomplete explanation. In science, we can observe mutations over generations in DNA, chemicals reactions, transmutation of elements, and yet there are incomplete explanations. This is because science cannot fully explain the complexities and intricacies of nature. Science is not just a collection of facts about a 3 dimensional world, because scientists continue to discover that there may be many more dimensions to the universe, albeit this fact was known to energy workers and other artists throughout history.

The primacy of the science story is what we do with those facts, and what we do with them to interpret, understand, and fold them into a larger picture that we can use to make predictions or assumptions about the behaviour of systems in the natural world. However, we know that science can be hopelessly wrong when it comes to modelling weather, cli-

mate, economic and social systems, and of course political science is a minefield of belief systems and guesswork. Albeit there are unexplained facts in science (e.g. water structure and energy entrainment) that can be explained with dowsing, and consequently science could be guided by dowsing, alongside or integrated with science.

The major differences between dowsing and science is that dowsing is a deductive process of thinking (general to the specific) and solutions driven. The scientific procedure involves inductive thinking (specific to the general) and problem driven.

One of the major differences between art forms (like dowsing) and science, is that art forms do not impose peer review as a form of sustaining or controlling belief system boundaries of perceived truths or laws. Art forms are free ranging and built on innovation, creativity, and free spirit.

I can say as a scientist and a dowser, the dowsing community are non-judgmental and creative, and the science community (essentially public) are ego-driven, judgmental, less creative and at times sceptical of what they perceive as pseudo-science. Science innovation in the public sector suffers due to their boundary-driven beliefs (embedded in peer review), including a range of immutable laws that nature can at times defy (e.g. structured water can defy the 2nd Law of Thermodynamics).

There may always be sceptics who will try to bludgeon the logic of dowsing into some irrational compliance with their own belief system.

When dowsing and science disciplines are taken together, the results from the observation and development of facts, could open possibilities in explanation. It may yet be possible to explain, on a strictly scientific basis, all the phenomena (e.g. homeopathy, dowsing, astrology, clairvoyancy, energy healing, etc.) rejected by science as unscientific or pseudo-science, from a narrow perspective of classical concepts and beliefs in physics and chemistry.

## Example of a bore inflow estimate

### Location

35°36

147°28

### Drilling Rig Accessibility

Good



### Estimated Depths / Flow Rates

- 30 m – 6,000 l/hr
- 90 m – 12,000 l/hr
- 180 m – 18,000 l/hr
- 240 m – 24,000 l/hr
- 270 m – 30,000 l/hr
- 300 m – 47,000 l/hr

For example, try asking a scientist to explain the origin of how all things emit subtle energies and in the case of living things, are structured on geometry, e.g. the golden mean ration (phi) and the Fibonacci sequence.

Since 1992, I have integrated dowsing into my scientific research work, as other scientists have done in the past. I developed mapping technologies in the early 1990's using airborne geophysical data sets to map Earth resources, including soil properties and deep groundwater sources. Since that time, I have deployed numerous ground-based technologies, like seismic and electro-magnetic sensing techniques to map and measure deep, fractured rock groundwater sources for bore holes.

I have deployed these technologies on points where I had dowsed the fractured rock systems. Today, I can say that the 8,000 year old technique of dowsing has not been proven to be worse at predicting groundwater flows than human developed technologies. To this extent, science has not overcome or replaced dowsing in detecting the current or subtle energy of groundwater flows. Perhaps this just proves to me that the energy of the human body is still superior at detecting universal subtle energies than man-made technologies.

Scientists could learn a lot from the practitioners of various art forms. These practitioners have skills and insights into how nature works that would lift the creative spirits of scientists to produce better solutions for humanity. However, the practice of science in the public sector has changed dramatically since the 1970's to a point now whereby public science is driven by the money of large, global corporations and politics.

Consequently, public science has lost objectivity and accountability to taxpayers, and herein lies a major difference between dowzers and scientists, in that dowzers are ultimately accountable to their clients. Albeit, dowsing like applied science relies on knowledge, practical application and significant risk taking.

*-Rob Gourlay*

*(Ed:) Robert has more than 25 years' experience providing professional expertise in groundwater exploration, a service that has drought-proofed many farming enterprises across Australia. Robert has been named Dowser of the year 2020 by the Dowzers Society of NSW.*

*He has used his expertise to locate groundwater on properties ranging from two hectares to 400,000 hectares, for a diverse mix of clients including farmers, mining enterprises, regional governments, large-scale food producers, and Aboriginal land caretakers.*

*Robert has spent the past 25 years developing technology to map and locate groundwater sources. He is a successful water diviner and an environmental scientist with extensive experience working with ecology, soils, vegetation, Australian geology and water structure.*

*His website is : <https://primalwater.com.au>*

*He can be contacted at 0418 462 443  
[info@primalwater.com.au](mailto:info@primalwater.com.au)*



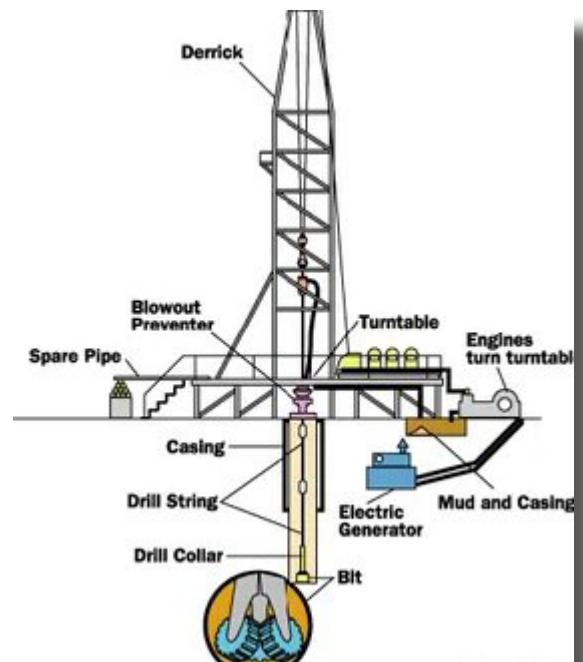
# The Dowser who finds Oil Wells

By William Trombley

Reprinted from the American Society of Dowsers, February 1965

Kansas farmer Walter Nelson says he can always find water under the ground just by walking around holding a bent stick. He claims he can find oil, too – and he has eight producing wells to prove his point.

A chilly early autumn dusk had just settled over the grain fields that surround Salina, Kansas, a city of 43,000 people almost exactly in the center of the U.S. In the distance, lights sparkled from Schilling Air Force Base, a large Strategic Air Command post, but otherwise the neatly sectioned fields of wheat and milo (sorghum cereal) were silent.



Suddenly a car roared out of the night, doing 70 miles an hour. It screeched to a stop, and out jumped a bulky middle-aged man. He looked in all directions, as if to be sure no one had followed him, then reached into the car and removed a strange looking device from the front seat. Holding the contraption in front of him he began to lumber slowly through the fields.

This was a ‘*doodlebugger*’, a man who searches for oil with divining rods of wondrous shapes and descriptions. And not just any doodlebugger, but one of the hottest ‘*noses*’ in the amateur oil-sniffing game – Walter J. Nelson.

Nelson, a big, amiable, 47 year old farmer, contends that he was ‘*born with a talent to witch for oil*’. That sounds like the spiel of a man who will

next ask you which shell the pea is under, but consider that Nelson, relying chiefly on his doodlebug, has drilled nine holes in the past two years, has struck oil in all of them, and that all but one are now producing profitably.

Doodlebuggers are not rare in the U.S. Placing their faith in divining rods, black-box ‘*scintillators*’ and other ‘*Martian*’ combinations of flashing lights and beeping horns, they wander the oil states looking for deposits that professional geologists have missed. “*Doodlebugs are believed in by educated people more than you would imagine,*” says Ted Brooks, oil editor of the ‘*Witchita Eagle*’. Salina geologist Willis Waterman explains why: “*Anytime you have a thing of value that’s hidden – oil, coal, water or treasure – you’re going to have people who’ll believe in this approach to finding it.*”

Some doodlebuggers are con men. They combine their witching rods and black boxes with glib tongues to ‘*fleece*’ gullible investors. Others are good-hearted eccentrics who waste nobody’s money but their own on pet schemes to find oil. One of these claimed magic powers for a stick with a vial of cod-liver oil attached to the end. And there was one who would remove his magic wand from its hiding place only after midnight. But every now and then a doodlebugger comes along who does, indeed, seem to have some gift for finding oil. Walter Nelson is one.

Nelson’s doodlebug is a piece of quarter-inch copper tubing, shaped rather like a cloverleaf and filled with what Nelson calls “*a mysterious mixture of fluids.*” He adamantly refuses to say what the fluids are, except to insist that he does not use oil in any form. He does not believe in the ‘*like attracts like*’ theory subscribed to by many dowzers.

When he spots a possible oil-producing area, Nelson paces the ground, holding the copper tubing straight out in front of him. If the tube noses down, he knows he is over hydrocarbons, hence oil. It is as simple as that.

Nelson pushes the straw hat back off his broad, sun-reddened face, shifts

the toothpick from one side of his mouth to the other and thumbs his suspenders as he tries to explain this gift. *“A friend of mine named Dewey Slick knew how to witch for oil. Through him I found out I could do it too.”*



*But Dewey didn't have the natural power. He said another man had given him the power by touching his hands. Mine is inherited, so it works better; it's been on my mother's side of the family for generations.”*

Though Nelson has great faith in his bug, he investigates further. *“It costs \$20,000 or more to drill a hole in the Salina area,”* he says. *“I'd be a darned fool to spend that kind of money just on the strength of what my doodlebug says. It'll tell me I'm over oil but I never know how much.”* After he has doodled up a likely area, Nelson calls in geologist Willis Waterman for more orthodox tests to see if the well is worth digging.

Only once has Nelson proceeded in the face of poor reports from Waterman (he struck a profitable well). On the other hand, Waterman has urged Nelson to drill in places that Walter has refused because *“I didn't get the right answer from my doodlebug.”* The geologist is philosophical about this. *“How can you argue with his record?”* Waterman asks.

The fact is that almost everything went wrong for Walter Nelson before his doodlebug began to ‘turn up sevens’. He came out of the Army Air Corps after World War II to manage the two farms north of Salina, where his family has been growing wheat, milo and alfalfa for three generations.

With him came his new bride, Jackie, an Atlantic City, N.J. girl, whose love for farming was less than intense. Her worst fears were justified. In swift succession, just about everything that can happen to a Kansas farmer happened to Nelson, including drought, floods and grasshoppers. He

had to turn to harvesting other farmers' crops to supplement his income.

And he turned to his dowsing. *"A water-well went dry in the pasture one year,"* says Nelson, *"so I took a peach limb and figured out where we ought to dig in another place. The well digger said I was crazy and I ought to dig in another place. I said if he was going to pay for it, we'd drill where he said, but if I was paying for it, we'd dig where I said. We hit the best well we've ever had on the farm."* He also contributed his dowsing ability and a little cash as a silent partner in several oil-drilling ventures. *"We sat in the dog-house (the small shack next to the drill rig) on every one of those wells, and took notes on everything that happened."* says Jackie.

Most of the wells came in and the Nelsons parlayed \$1,600 into \$32,000. But bad luck plagued them again. Nelson bought two new combines, only to have a young driver he hired smash one into the other, wrecking both. By 1961 the Nelsons were flat broke and deeply in debt.

Nelson then decided to stake everything on his doodlebug. He leased mineral rights on some land, putting up no money for the first year, but agreeing to give the landowners one dollar an acre thereafter, plus one eighth of any oil discovered. Holding down a job as an auto salesman during the day to make ends meet, Nelson worked nights for two months to sell investors on the idea of financing his drilling. Capitalizing on his dowsing reputation, he was able to assemble a syndicate of some 20 'plungers', most of whom put up \$500 for a 1/48 share.

The doodlebug had indicated oil underneath an alfalfa field, and even though Waterman's geology tests were discouraging, Nelson was sure he was right. *"There were two feet of snow on the ground when we started to drill,"* Nelson recalls. *"We hit a spell of zero temperatures about then, and I remember standing out there in the freezing cold at two in the morning, wearing a sheep-lined coat and holding a flashlight while we set pipe."*

After a week's drilling, when the hole was 3,000 feet deep, the drill bit stuck, and it took the driller 30 days to get it out. The investors howled,

but Nelson, whose temperament is as flat and emotionless as the Kansas plains, told them not to worry.

*“Course, if we hit a dry hole, all we woulda’ (sic) had is space for a lot of fence posts,”* says Nelson now, *“but I was certain we would hit oil.”*



On the last day of January 1962, the drill struck an oil payload at 3,300 feet, just where Nelson guessed it would be. *“Don’t remember feelin’ (sic) too excited,”* says Nelson. *“Jackie was jumpin’ (sic) around all over the place, but I just thought, well, that’s the end of the farming business for me.”*

This first well started with production of 18 barrels a day and is now producing 10. (Five barrels a day is considered profitable in the Salina area.)

As each new well came in, Nelson found it easier to attract investors for the next one. He now sells nothing smaller than a 1/24 share (for \$1,100) and hopes soon to increase that to 1/4 or 1/2 shares. Ironically, as Nelson enjoys more success, he thinks he must soft-pedal talk of his doodlebug. *“I’ve got investors who wouldn’t go with me if they knew I was a doodlebugger,”* he explains. *“Course, I’ve got others who go with me just for that reason. It’s quite a problem.”* Nelson solves it by talking doodlebugging to those with receptive antennae and standard oil geology to the others.

Actually most of his backers don’t care if Nelson looks for oil with a copper tube or a soup spoon as long as he continues to find it. *“I have no confidence in doodling,”* comments one investor, *“but I do think Walter may have some capability of smelling oil – I mean by instinct, not by doodling.”*

Bank credit is no longer a problem. *“At first the banks didn’t want to have anything to do with us,”* says Jackie, who keeps the books. *“They still watch*

*our accounts with a million eyes, but I think they're satisfied we're all right."*

Though business is good, Nelson and his investors have not become millionaires. There have been no wild, movie-type scenes in which drilling ends with a thunderous roar as thousands of gallons of oil gush out over Clark Gable and his delighted pals. Nelson's wells produce a steady but unspectacular 10 to 25 barrels a day.

Nelson owns an eighth or a 1/16th of most wells and also collects a small operating fee, but since his wells have not yet paid their investment, his actual wealth is still small.

Says Nelson, "*This is a slow, steady process. You don't become a millionaire overnight.*" The Nelsons live a modest petroleum-tinged life in their two-bedroom house. In the living room their two daughters play with a five-foot toy dinosaur as they watch TV. Walter drives a dusty 1962 Chevrolet with a miniature battery-operated oil well mounted in front of the steering wheel. The well pumps away merrily as he spins through the Kansas countryside.

Nelson thinks that his eight producing wells will be making money for at least 15 years – which would bring that \$2,000 investor some \$8,500 in profits. Investors apparently share his confidence. Nelson now has many backers and money in escrow to finance wells he has not yet had time to dig. Recently, a Florida millionaire flew into Salina to talk to Nelson and inspect his operations. Before leaving, he agreed to pay for drilling a new well.

The way for Nelson to hit it really big, of course, would be to discover an entirely new oil field. Hoping for this, he has quietly leased several thousand acres of Kansas land that oil companies and 'wildcatters' have barely glanced at – land where geologists are convinced there is not and never has been any oil. "*My doodlebug tells me different*" explains Nelson simply.

# From Raymon Grace

**H**owdy Folks,

In the 25 years or so of measuring energy, have noticed that things change. The most noticeable change recently is body parts are losing LOVE. Maybe because of all the stress in the world.



A large number of you have written asking for help with various body parts either hurting or not functioning well. In most every case, the body part had NO LOVE, and in some cases, when we invited in the Spirit of Love, the condition improved.

So what can you do about it? Would suggest you THANK your body every morning and invite in the Spirit of LOVE -especially for any body part that is not working properly.

I have never known a body to get well by continually talking about how bad it is and telling anyone who will listen. WHY? Because your body listens while you are talking, and if it continues to hear how bad it is, how could you ever expect to get well?

Also, STOP claiming ownership to pains and disease and allergies by saying MY arthritis, MY cold, MY cancer and MY allergies and MY anything else that hurts.

Remember folks, ENERGY FOLLOWS THOUGHT.

*~ Raymon*

# Bending the Reality Spoon

*By Lori Ann Lothian*

*Reprinted from The Awakened Dreamer, March 30, 2012*

I was nine years old when my first miracle happened. It was June, and a school field trip to the zoo was about to be cancelled in light of a monsoon-like morning.



The torrential rain was forecast to continue well into the next day. I'd been looking forward to this outing for weeks and, like any good Aries, wasn't going to take this lousy weather lying down. Home for lunch, I headed to the living room, pressed my hands together, knelt down and whispered. "*Dear God, please stop the rain.*"

You can guess where this tale is going—as soon as I returned to the kitchen, my mother (who had been washing dishes at the sink) declared she had just witnessed a glimpse of blue sky through the window. It was still pouring hard, but by the time I finished eating and returned to my class, the day had transformed into a hot sunny afternoon. And yes, the field trip was on.

Looking back, I realize I made this petition to a deity of weather management, from beginner's mind. I wasn't raised to believe in God, but had heard from my devout grade five teacher that Jesus was a miracle worker and prayers were meant to be answered. I simply believed him.

This direct and immediate response to my request for a sunny day, would become the spring board for a life of questing for the miraculous. And a life of wondering why sometimes the divine seemed to be on-call for my requests and other times, missing-in-action entirely. At age nine, the mystic in me was born and along with it, the seeker.



I realize now that one of the primary drives of any spiritual seeker is to swap ordinary reality for an array of non-ordinary experiences. In my case, these looked like kundalini risings, sexual tantra and drum-induced shamanic trances.

For other seekers, it can involve reality altering substances like Ayahuasca, psychedelic mushrooms and mescaline, plant medicines that open doors of perception. And then there is the whole metaphysical angle where what is sought is extraordinary phenomena, from psychic surgery to hands-on healings to reliable predictions of the future. Simply, there is a deep yearning to trade in the mundane for the numinous, to abandon the everyday for a wild ride on the mystical side.

But the catch is that the capacity to engage the miraculous, when sought from the vantage point of our separate self, often remains stubbornly un-found. Sure, we might have hit or miss moments with our Super Normal Powers (what the Hindu's call Siddhis), but the full blossoming of these abilities perhaps requires first the emptying out of the self that would misuse them.

In waking up from the dream of being a separate self, I often used the word '*emptiness*' to describe the sense of being a borderless vastness. Now, it's clear that I called it emptiness because what had spilled out was the individual mind, leaving this boundless container that one could name God, Presence or even Awareness. The name we give our true nature is not nearly as important as the recognition we are the very thing we seek—we are the miraculous. It's not out there. It's in here.

In the film the Matrix, there is a scene where a boy under the tutelage of the Oracle, bends a spoon without touching it, while Neo, our hero, watches.

Spoon boy: *“Do not try and bend the spoon. That's impossible. Instead... only try to realize the truth.”*

Neo: *“What truth?”*

Spoon boy: “*There is no spoon.*”

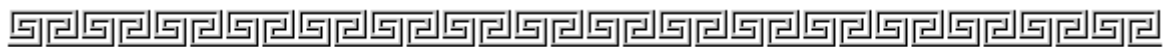
Neo: “*There is no spoon?*”

Spoon boy: “*Then you’ll see, that it is not the spoon that bends, it is only yourself.*”

The teaching here is crystal clear: We access the miraculous when we remember our true nature is the very stuff of reality. We are the script writer, director and actor in this grand play of life. And if we want to walk on water, we simply need to know we are both the walker and the water. When this unity is apparent, then miracles become ordinary and the ordinary, miraculous.

Awareness is here, (levitating soon in a theatre near you, and most recently, talking with Christian clergy about miracles and awakening on the Way of Consciousness radio show).

*~Lori Ann*



## My Passion

By Rebecca Buchanan

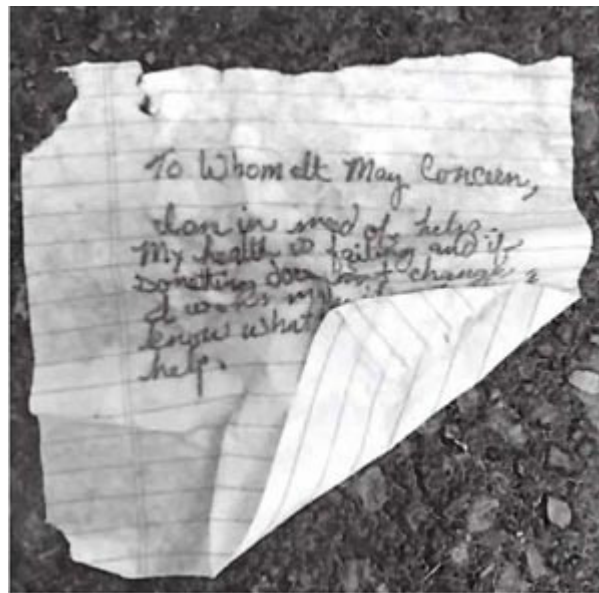
Reprinted from the Ozark Research Institute, Summer 2021

**I**t was a long time ago, but it could have been yesterday. Life is like that. Moments in time that make such a great impression on you, they melt into who you were ten minutes before, and mould you into who you are to become; a new paragraph in your life script that physically has the power to change your DNA.

Arbor and I had only been together a few months before it happened, but I felt the change coming long before that day. Like many of you, I was beginning to look for ‘*the book*’ or ‘*the teacher*’ or the group that would lead me further down the path that began years ago.

We were in Fayetteville, Arkansas, in the parking lot of the local Walmart. It had been raining when we stopped for something.

The parking lot was soaked, and as I got out of the car, I saw it. Near the back of a truck was a rain-soaked piece of paper, partially stuck to the asphalt. I picked up the paper before the wind could blow it away. The blue ink was wet, but the writing was still legible.



That was twenty-eight years ago, so you'll have to forgive me if my memory is not as exact as it once was about the event. But in essence the note read something like this:

*“To Whom It May Concern, I am in need of help. My health is failing and if something does not change, I won't make it. I don't know what to do but to ask for help.”*

There may have been a first name on it, but I can't recall today. I do remember feeling like it was a man, so maybe there was a name.

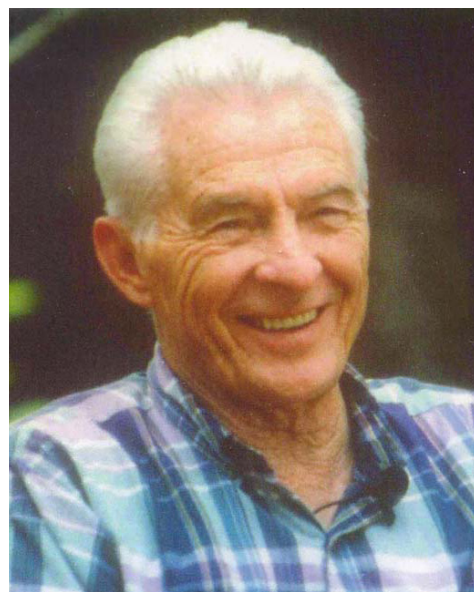
Arbor and I had just returned from a trip to Cassadaga, Florida, home to one of the oldest and largest Spiritualist Camps in the world. I do remember that. But how close to the time of the note, I don't know...

Arbor reminds me as I write this, that on that trip to Florida, we had been in the bookstore when a book literally fell off the shelf at my feet. The only people in the small shop at the time were me, Arbor, and the bookstore clerk. The book that fell at my feet had a title like 'You Too can be a Healer.' I remember questioning whether or not to buy the book. Not having a lot of money at the time, we both agreed it was the message, more than the actual book that I was meant to see.

Another interesting event, after the book but before the note.

At the time Arbor was a student at the University of Arkansas when one day she noticed a flyer on a bulletin board on campus. “*World-Renowned healer, Harold McCoy, to speak at the University's Wiccan Society.*”

She, of course, knew there was a connection between Harold and the book and so off we went. I was so struck by meeting Harold and hearing his story and how in some ways, it was my story just many years later. We knew we were in the right place once again.



Harold demonstrated his dowsing technique with the pendulum and there was a give-away. We signed our names on small pieces of paper and someone collected all the papers. We later introduced ourselves and I shook Harold's hand. I knew in the back of my mind he was going to draw my name and I was going to win that pendulum. Sure enough he did. He laughed and said something like: “*Well I guess I still had your energy on my hand!*”

After that, we went to an ORI meeting and met Gladys, and quickly became devoted supporters of the Ozark Research Institute. One of the first things I learned from Harold was to do healing work with no thought of the outcome and no ego connected, which is not easy when you want so much for someone to recover and be well. But there it was, one of the first lessons.

I also got very sick early on and Harold worked on me. He told me if I did not get better soon, he would personally take me to the doctor, which he ended up doing. The doctor was amazed that I had double pneumonia, but barely anything showed up on my chest x-rays. He said there should have been a lot more scaring. Harold and I just looked at each

other and laughed. We probably high-fived in the car as we drove away.

So now I have this wet note in my hand, and someone I do not know and will never know, is asking for my help. Funny how the Universe works. But a great way to start doing healing work just the way Harold and Gladys taught me to.

I took the note home and worked on the person who had written it, just because I was asked to and I wanted the highest and best good for them. I had no connection to the outcome, and no way to ever know, to this day, whether or not they improved.

Like I said, that was twenty-eight or so years ago and I have gone through many iterations and what seems like lifetimes since then. Maybe it has been lifetimes. Who knows?

I still do healing work, in many ways. Today I consider myself a Spiritualist and my passion is bringing messages to those in need: mind, body and spirit. I call these messages Transmigratory Readings. Transmigratory Readings are spiritual readings with those who have passed to the other side. Those who have died and wish to bring messages back to this world, to each of the people asking for help, to their loved ones on this side.

Transmigratory Readings are a way for you to get in touch with your own Spiritual Guides and Angels, who are always available to help as you go forward in the world, as you make decisions, and as you ask for specific guidance.

You know, just as Harold would tell us, we are ultimately the author of their own lives. We can make changes at any time that can change everything and everyone around us.

The readings that I do now can guide, alert, and point you in the right direction, but you have to make the necessary moves that are right for you. You are the only one who can do that.

I believe that is why we are on Earth right now: to learn, to grow and to evolve. As I ask on my website: Are you the same person you were five years ago, five weeks ago, or five minutes ago? No, not exactly.

You must not only listen when you receive a reading or a healing session, but you also must take the physical actions involved in change, in order to change your outcome. To change your life.

The readings I give are snapshots in time. I don't tell fortunes or predict the future. I offer guidance and I ask you, "*Do you like the picture? What will you change? It is in your hands. This is your trip!*" Transmigratory Readings are for enjoyment, entertainment and enlightenment.

Just like the book that fell at my feet years ago, the pendulum that made its way into my hands when I met Harold, and that rain-soaked piece of paper in the parking lot asking for help, I am still amazed, astonished, and full of gratitude when I am guided to help others move forward, answer questions, and find hope.

It is my honour and my mission to continue to help others in this way. I will help you in any way I can, but remember, ultimately, you are the one who decides what to do with the information you receive, as it always should be. It is your choice.

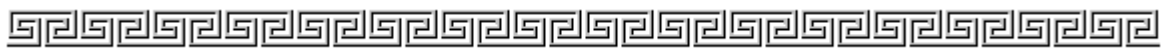
*Rebecca is a life-long educator of children and adults. She is also a Spiritualist who brings messages back from the other side. Rebecca connects with those who have died and with a person's Spirit Guides and Angels to answer questions and to offer guidance. She refers to these messages as Transmigratory Readings. These messages from beyond are her passion and her livelihood. She gives readings by phone, through photographs and, occasionally as a part of teaching and speaking engagements.*

She can be contacted on: [TransmigratoryReadings.com](http://TransmigratoryReadings.com)

# Society News

**D**ue to the current shifting Covid situation, our December meeting will be via Zoom. Our members will receive the connection details by email.

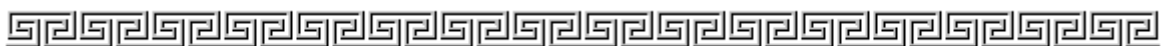
**Please send your new email address to Maureen, if it has changed.**



## December meeting

**R**emember that our December Zoom Meeting will be on the **second Sunday** (12th of December) at 2:00 pm due to the Christmas period.

Looking forward to seeing you all on Zoom. There is hope that our January meeting will finally be face to face again. We will keep you posted as soon as we have confirmation.



## Plans for Next Year

**W**e anticipate that the Hunters Hill Community Centre will be available to us again next year, and that the NSW Covid situation will settle so we can resume face to face meetings. Of course there are pros and cons to Zoom meetings: they allow country members to attend, but of course it is much nicer meeting face to face.

Our sound system is being upgraded, so we will start the year 2022 with a simpler and easier system to setup, and hopefully good sound quality.

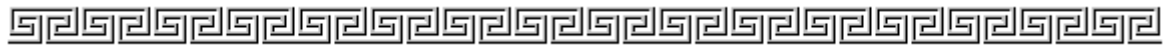
# Past Zoom Meetings Replay

The audio of all our zoom meetings has been recorded and is available to our members for replay in your own time.

To replay a Zoom Meeting Audio, go to our website [www.dowsingaustralia.com](http://www.dowsingaustralia.com) - click on the Audio/Video button. Once on the Audio-visual page, click on the first link:

[Dowers Society of NSW Media Library.](#)

This will take you to our media library. The access password will be emailed to you with the next Zoom meeting details.



# Another Dowsing Forum Delay

Regrettably we had to postpone our advertised October Dowsing Forum.

It will now be held on January 16th, 2022 at our monthly meeting, in place of a speaker.

After many lockdowns and disappointments we expect the New Year to bring new energy into the Society, with a live and interactive afternoon of creativity.

This is for new dowers, hesitant dowers and red hot dowers, to discover solutions to dowsing problems, and hear some great dowsing stories.

Bring your pendulum and a big smile!





## Library News

Library News:

We have some new DVDs in the library, although it may not be possible to borrow them until next year!

DVD review: **Song of the New Earth** by Tom Kenyon. Many of you would have seen this played at a meeting a while ago, it's a lovely documentary, and well worth a watch.

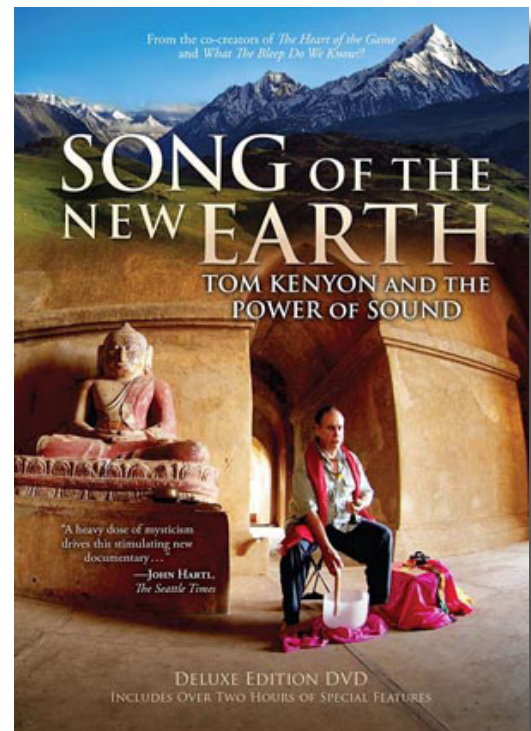
Song of the New Earth profiles the ardent quest of sound healer, psychotherapist and sonic shaman Tom Kenyon to integrate modern science, and ancient mysticism through the power of sound. His rare ability to brilliantly decipher the healing science of sound results in a mesmerizing, and transformational documentary feature film.

As an aspiring country musician, Kenyon was on his way to fame and fortune in Nashville when a series of mystical experiences rocked his world. Desperate to understand his experience, he fervently dove into the study of neurophysiology to explain his unexplainable spiritual insights, and continued his search through studying Tibetan Buddhism, Yoga, Taoism, mystical Christianity, Shamanism and Egyptian alchemy.

Remember, our catalogue is available online for browsing at your convenience at: <https://cloud.collectorz.com/271940/books>

You will need to type this into your browser the first time, then bookmark it for future use. There are various ways to view the books, from image to list form, and you can search by title/ author.

~ Helen



# Speaker for December 12th, 2021

## Irina Gladushchenko

- Tuning in to Co-create -

✿ Zoom Meeting ✿

**B**orn in the USSR, impacted by the Chernobyl disaster and encouraged by Perestroika, Irina migrated to Australia in 1995 with her family.



Having worked as a senior professional in the Information Technology industry for over 20 years, Irina observed some individuals' core strength, and ability to cope with multiple project deliveries and deadlines, were better than others.

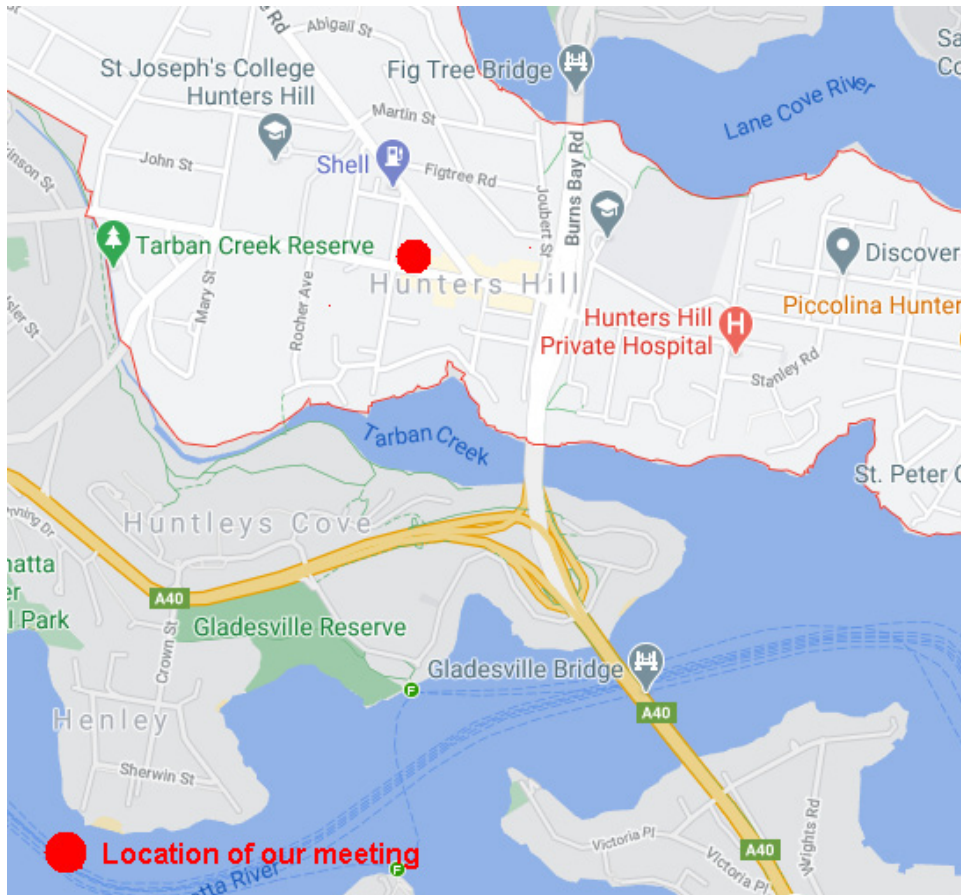
She has always been interested in energy; she discovered Nature Care College in 2009 and the Diploma of Energetic Healing. Irina was first introduced to the concepts of vibrational healing and learnt dowsing as a diagnostic and energy balancing tool.

Irina is an active member of the global community of energy healers and Director, co-Creation of the International Energetic Healing Association (IEHA). Last year, Irina and the IEHA Energy Team managed an incredible project, where 52 authors co-created the '*Unfolding Journeys: Ways to Connect*' book.

Irina will introduce the Anthology concept as a co-creative project and the '*Unfolding Journeys: Ways to Connect*' book.

Irina can be contacted here:

[irina-gladushchenko.com](http://irina-gladushchenko.com), Email: [info@irina-gladushchenko.com](mailto:info@irina-gladushchenko.com)



### **Date of Meetings**

Third Sunday of every month, except December (2nd Sunday)

Time: 2:00pm to 5:00 pm

### **Venue for Meetings**

Community Hall, 44 Gladesville Road, Hunters Hill

**Bus Services:** Transport Enquiries: 131 500

1. *from City Town Hall, Bus # 506 goes from Town Hall House, Druitt St, Stand L, to Gladesville Rd, cnr of Pitt St, Hunters Hill;*
2. *from Circular Quay, Bus # 506 to Gladesville, corner of Ryde Road, Hunters Hill;*
3. *from City Station, Central to Rozelle, Bus # 501, then # 506 to Hunters Hill;*
4. *from Chatswood, Bus # 536 goes to Hunters Hill .*

Please arrive at the meeting early so as not to disturb  
and be seated by 2:00 pm

**Website address:** [www.dowsingaustralia.com](http://www.dowsingaustralia.com)