

## LET'S KEEP IT SIMPLE

*A talk given by Ethel Goldstraw at Preston on 15th October, 1982*

When the Secretary wrote and asked me to address this Congress I thought, "Who? Me! He's scraping the bottom of the barrel this time. What can I say that will stand comparison with some of the erudite articles that have appeared in the Journal during the last three or four years?"

Then I thought again. I used to enjoy reading and re-reading my copy of the Journal, but lately I find that, even though I'm retired, I just cannot work up sufficient enthusiasm to plod my way through some of the articles, even if I take the Journal to the reference section of the local library and look up the long words. Now, please don't think I'm throwing bricks at either Miss Gretton or Mrs. Rust. An editor can edit only what comes to hand. What does worry me is that so much material is appearing that is on the extreme periphery of dowsing if, indeed, it is connected with dowsing in any way. What about the newer members? And there must be some older members who are as ignorant as I am. I feel that we may be in danger of forgetting that, after all, we are the British Society of *Dowsers*. Let's not throw out the baby with the bath water.

So — this isn't an address, or a lecture — I'm going to talk about dowsing, and, in spite of my previous remarks, about healing, because that's where my own dowsing has led me.

Some years ago I was at a Congress in Harrogate when Mr. Edwin Taylor gave a talk on water divining, during which he picked up his rod, swung round with it, and said, "There's water over there, about two miles away."

During the ensuing question time a lady asked Mr. Taylor how he knew it was pure water, and I am quite sure she expected him to produce a super electronic Mager Rosette, or something similar. But, of course, his answer was, "I was only looking for pure water."

Now that, to me, is the absolute essence of dowsing. You find *what* you are looking for, and *only* what you are looking for, *if* it is there.

It doesn't matter what sort of rod or pendulum you have. The important thing is the mental attitude which, with practice, triggers off some neuro-muscular reaction which makes the amplifying tool respond. And that is all any dowsing implement is — an amplifier. And it doesn't matter whether you use a little

wooden ball, or the most expensive angle rods you can find. The real instrument is the dowser.

To my mind that is keeping it simple, and I would really like to draw a line there and say, "That's it. That's my talk." But I know perfectly well that I should be highly unpopular with the Secretary if I did that.

The only way I can enlarge on my title is to tell you about my own dowsing, and subsequent healing experiences, and how I have kept it simple, mainly from inclination, but also because I have questioned the pendulum whenever I came across something that I thought might, or might not, be helpful to me.

I was introduced to dowsing about fifteen years ago by a gentleman who turned up at the front door one day and said he had been looking for someone to do some typing for him, and that his pendulum had brought him to me! The mind boggled. I'd once tried water divining many years before, and had got a response from a hazel rod but, like the majority of people, had no idea that anything but water could be involved, so when he told me he had been swinging his pendulum at junctions in the town I was polite but incredulous.

However, he kept turning up at short intervals for quite some time and, in spite of my disbelief, I became interested and made myself a pendulum. This was the only tool he appeared to use, and consequently the only one that I, too, used for a very long time. I tried out various things, but I really had no definite use for it, and without a proper purpose there was no real urge to continue. Eventually, however, I found Bernard Smithett's address and joined the Society and I should like to say that from then on everything proceeded much more smoothly — but it didn't. I read the Journal, and books I got from the library and had an absolutely splendid time getting myself into the most colossal muddle. What was mumetal, and who was Creyke with his rod, and what about the Bishop's rule? And then there were rays and colours, and not wearing rubber soles, though you must keep both feet on the ground, and what about Tom Lethbridge and his long pendulum findings?

After much trial and error I came up with what seemed a bright idea. If the gentleman who introduced me to dowsing could find his way to me using the pendulum, could I not find my way out of the maze I'd got into, using the same technique? It worked! I went steadily through all the various books and papers I'd accumulated asking the pendulum "Will this (whatever it is) help me to become a better dowser?" And every time I got the answer "No". So I finished up with a technique which involved yes and no (which also included depth, volume, date and so on), a neutral swing (towards and away from the body), a directional swing, a swing across the body which meant "Well, if you will ask a silly

question", and an ellipse which meant that I was very nearly correct, but not completely. I find that I can answer any question that I need to ask with a combination of these movements. It saves a lot of memorising and does not necessitate carrying round a load of samples and other aids. The only time I need a sample is if I cannot visualise what I am looking for. I also carry a handful of golf tees which are useful for marking out force lines etc., both in gardens and inside houses and, should I know I will have to dowse in long grass or rough ground, then I put a dozen or so bright yellow plastic tent pegs in the car.

I think the two most useful books in my early days were those by Trinder and Archdale, though now, of course, both Tom Graves' 'Dowsing: Techniques and Applications' and General Scott-Elliott's 'One Man's Way' define dowsing much more clearly.

You probably know of the dowsing aptitude test in Archdale's book where you hold a long pendulum in one hand, and put the other on your solar plexus, and count the number of gyrations made by the pendulum. From memory, fifty was a moderate dowser, and approaching one hundred a good one. Each time I tried this test I gave up counting at about one hundred and fifty. I think that this was what made me persist with dowsing, even though I didn't really know what I was doing. That was my big stumbling block — lack of direction. I could depth existing wells quite accurately, find drains, blockages and lost articles and so on, and I also dowsed for the right places to put plants. Our garden was — interesting — if nothing else.

But my great difficulty at that stage was that I didn't know what I wanted to know. I kept dowsing in fits and starts, but I'd no direction, no real incentive, and no contact with any other dowser. Eventually I wrote to Bernard Smithett, outlining the situation and asking his advice. It was excellent advice that he gave me, though I must say I really didn't appreciate it at the time. He told me just to go on dowsing and a use would come. He was quite right, although it took me another two or three years to find that use. It happened this way.

I was staying with a friend who complained that her left ring finger was pulling in. She had consulted her doctor, who wanted to cut the sheath of the tendon in the palm, and my friend was very reluctant for this to be done. Without giving the matter any thought at all, I said, "Let's see if the pendulum will tell us if the trouble is in the hand, or somewhere else." I went up her arm with my left hand, using the pendulum in my right, and got a distinct 'yes' just above the elbow. I told her it looked as though the trouble was there and not in her hand, and to leave it a week or two and see what happened. Ten days later she rang me in a state of great excitement and told me she had felt some twinges

above the elbow, where I had indicated, and the finger had straightened out. I must stress that at that time I had no thoughts of healing in my head, and was simply gratified that the pendulum appeared to have indicated the cause of the trouble.

It wasn't until a couple of years later that I met Humphrey Lloyd at a Congress. I told him of this experience, and he immediately said, "Oh, you're a healer." And I, having known him a full twenty minutes said, "Oh, don't be so daft." I had the idea then that healers were blessed with a small but tasteful halo, and I certainly hadn't got one. Come to that, I still haven't got one, some couple of hundred healings later. But Humphrey insisted, and more or less booted me off the doorstep at the end of the Congress saying, "Go and heal." As things have turned out, of course, he was right, and I'm extremely grateful for the push he gave me in the right direction. This, of course, tied in with Bernard's previous advice, for ever since that time I have been using the pendulum, first to outline pain or other trouble, and then to find the cause.

But how do you start? There's a barrier to climb. A barrier that's built up of self-consciousness, shyness, and just plain lack of experience. I definitely had some help there. For some years previously I had been aware that I was occasionally clairaudient — more particularly when I was driving. For instance if I was driving behind a car which had its left-hand indicator working, and I was about to nip smartly round it, I would get one sharp word behind my right ear — "Wait!" And, sure enough, that car would turn right, not left. When you've been driving for as many years as I have — and I'm not telling you how many — you don't consciously think of what you are doing in the way of propelling the car along the road, but if you are relaxed and have both hands on the wheel you are in what might be called a dowsing posture. I think that this had a great deal to do with it in the beginning. Nowadays the voice doesn't confine itself to road warnings, and it is very helpful indeed.

To revert to when Humphrey Lloyd pushed me off the doorstep at the Cairn Hotel, I just didn't know how or where to start healing, but I found that every now and then my voice would come through, telling me to go and see someone. Each time I found that that someone needed help and, more importantly, that they were always people I didn't mind making a fool of myself in front of. When you first start there's always a trace of uncertainty at the back of your mind.

Then I changed my job, and this was useful because it brought me into contact with a different cross-section of people, plumbers, bricklayers and so on, and once I'd healed one case of bursitis I found I had a small queue outside the office each morning. This was fine when the boss was away, but not so

popular when he wasn't, though I don't see what he was worried about, he was getting more efficient workmen. I gained a good deal of confidence in my healing ability from this. If a large-sized foreman brickie goes and tells one of his mates to come and see you with his aches and pains, then you know you've really done something. After that I found myself running clinics in all sorts of odd places.

For some time I'd been suggesting a dowsing class at the local Adult Education Centre, with no interest being shown, but one evening I was attending a class as a student and I happened to heal the tutor's very painful back. When the Warden came in I asked again about having a dowsing class, and the tutor said, "You won't believe this, but she can find pain by dowsing." The Warden said, "Oh, can she? Well, I've got a pain in one of my shoulders, she can find that." The upshot was that I got my dowsing class the following term, and that, of course, was also the beginning of the group known as the Derbyshire Dowzers. And having moved over one hundred miles, that's the one thing I miss. The odd thing was that though some of the local people came to the class for a term or two — to see what that crazy woman up the road was up to now — the backbone of the group has always been those members who came from anything up to twenty-five miles away in all weathers.

Incidentally, if you haven't a local group, do try and get one started. Particularly for beginners, it's much easier dowsing in company, especially where the public can see you. You get a great deal of fun out of it, make new friends, and learn from other people and their successes and mistakes. It's fascinating, too, to listen to their comments changing from "This is a load of rubbish," to "Hey, what's happening? I'm not doing this."

During this period I had a quite a lot of publicity — articles in the papers, and interviews on radio. Three times in the "silly season" I've had a reporter from Radio Derby, and each time I've finished up carrying what the B.B.C. calls a portable tape recorder (which feels as though it's filled with lead) and its accompanying microphone, while the reporter walked up and down our drive with my best V rod, trying to find an empty lead pipe. Two of them were convinced that it worked, but the third really didn't want to know.

Because of the first of these broadcasts a local lady rang me to ask for healing. As I was driving to her house my voice turned up again. "Find the pain without the pendulum," he said. I must explain that the system for healing that has developed for me over the last few years works like this. I use the pendulum in my right hand and, with my left I check over the part affected. The pendulum gyrates for 'yes' over pain, and I check the whole area and am able to define the extent and often the severity of the

trouble. When I am satisfied that the information has gone 'into the computer' as it were, then I start again with the pendulum, looking for the cause. What I actually say to myself is "Where shall I put my hands?" and when I again get a 'yes', then that is the spot I treat. After healing I run a complete check down the spine in every case and practically every time I find some small reaction that, if treated then, will save trouble later on.

To go back to the case I was talking about earlier, this lady was wearing a cervical collar and was obviously in a good deal of trouble. Her face was white and she could hardly move her head at all. So, being obedient to my voice, I ran my left hand up one arm, across the shoulders and around the head, and down the other arm. It was just like getting a mild electric shock. Anyway, the whole treatment took about ten minutes. Her colour came back and she started waving her arms about in delight. She was a different woman. Then she said, "I wish you'd see what you could do for Jim." Jim (her husband) was sitting in the kitchen, looking as miserable as sin, with a fractured collar bone. I did what I could for him, and then asked them to let me know in about a week how things were with them. They didn't. It's amazing how often people ignore that little bit of courtesy and consideration that is such a help and encouragement to a healer. A few weeks later I happened to meet the lady and asked her how she was. "Oh, I'm fine", she said. Not even "I'm fine, thank you." That sort of thing hurts a bit. Jim, however, I did find out about. The morning following my treatment he had got out the shears and trimmed the hedge down the garden — a good thirty yards.

The class, meanwhile, tried all sorts of experiments. We went to Arbor Low a couple of times, once with a magnetometer, and found that around the stones, and on them as they are horizontal, there were definite lines of force which showed up simultaneously with the rod and with the magnetometer. And please don't ask me how a magnetometer works — ask one of our engineers. We made the mistake of going once on a Saturday afternoon when there were a couple of hundred other people around, and half the group finished up showing unbelieving tourists that they could dowse too. We also tried proxy dowsing and what, for want of a better name, might be called emotional dowsing.

Then we tried map dowsing, and here I have to make reference to the Tourist map of the Peak District. About two years ago a middle aged woman called Betty disappeared from the village of Moneyash. She was a dog breeder, a single woman, and somewhat of a loner, but had told a neighbour she was going for a walk. She left three dogs in the house, and when they had barked continuously for two or three days the neighbours called the police and a search was instituted for her. We got hold of a 'Have you seen this woman?' police poster and we started to look for



her on the map. The area around Moneyash is a real honeycomb of old lead mines, many of which are unsafe, and it must have been a nightmare for the police to search. Now the interesting point regarding this map dowse was that, although all the better dowsers found she had gone north, no one could definitely pinpoint her position. Later, one of our members who had more nerve than the rest of us, went to the police and explained what we were trying to do and was given a used hair net, which was cut up and distributed among us. Unfortunately, before I had time to do any further map dowsing, Betty was found by some walkers right up on the north side of Bleaklow, in Middle Black Clough, by the A628.

I was puzzled at the time as to why I hadn't done better with this map dowse, but other things intervened and I forgot about it, and it wasn't until I was going through some of my old dowsing records a couple of months ago that I really sat down and thought about it. Eventually, after pushing it about in my head for some time I realised that I'd put a block on my dowsing at about 10 miles, where the A625 crosses the map. For some ten years I'd been a member of the Peak Park Gold Duke of Edinburgh's Award Expedition Panel, and knowing the country north of the A625 — Kinder Scout and Bleaklow — I wouldn't venture on it on my own in high summer, let alone in late afternoon in mid October.

Now I want to talk about a specific healing because that and the case of Betty will bear comparison. A colleague of my husband's came to me with Raynaud's Disease. This is where the hands and/or the feet go very cold and white and really look like bits of dead fish. It is a condition which, if neglected, can eventually lead to gangrene. Now I understand that when an operation is performed to relieve this condition, it is done in the crease in front of the shoulder, and, presumably in the groin in the case of the feet.

When I am checking over a patient I am a great deal more thorough than when I am dowsing for other things. So, although I got a slight reaction in the armpit, I went on to the spine and got quite a strong reaction, and this was where I based the main part of the treatment. It took some six or seven sessions, but was extremely successful. He had been wearing two pairs of loose-fitting gloves when driving and, even in a heated car, his hands gave the typical Raynaud's picture.

This happened some two years ago and I understand from a friend who has seen him recently that he displays his pink hands with great pride, and often forgets to put his gloves on in cold weather.

I'm sure that any other healers present will bear me out when I say check the spine in every case. Even if you're dealing with a

sprained ankle which, on the face of it, is purely a local thing, check the spine afterwards, and you will probably find some spot that gives a reaction, and which you might as well deal with while you're treating the patient.

What I want to do now is to compare the healing I have just been talking about with the case of Betty, who went missing.

In the case of Betty I must have put in a mental block because I knew exactly what the high terrain of Bleaklow and Kinder Scout was like, and I let my commonsense get in the way of my dowsing.

In the Raynaud's Disease case, although I knew that would most probably be a reaction in the armpit — and there was — five years healing experience had taught me that in every case I must check the spine.

What I am really trying to get across is the importance of not letting preconceptions mislead you — in any form of dowsing.

Here I want to introduce a dowsing reaction which I have never seen mentioned in print. I am indebted to Bruce MacManaway for it. Certain people can, quite unintentionally, change your polarity, so that your 'yes' and 'no' signals are reversed. So, if you are going to be working close to someone, as in healing, it is necessary that you find out whether they have this effect on you. It doesn't matter as long as you know it will happen, and so interpret your dowsing reactions correctly. Hold your pendulum over your knees while close to, or touching the patient. Over your right knee you should get your 'yes' and over your left knee your 'no'. I once had a student who had this effect on me, and had to watch out carefully or things would go subtly wrong.

I think it's time now to round off this talk by going back to the beginning. I hope you will remember that dowsing was brought to me. Then I spent a long time struggling with it and, eventually through using my pendulum to decide what to discard and what to keep, I became a fairly competent dowser. After that had happened I tumbled headlong into healing without any help except a firm push from Humphrey Lloyd and, of course, my 'voice'.

During the years since then I have done quite a lot of reading in attempts to improve my healing, and also attended a couple of courses. Friends who took an interest in my progress told me I should study things like anatomy and physiology, but I was reluctant, feeling that I had done enough swotting and passing exams for one lifetime, and the pendulum agreed with me. The fact that I cannot cite the correct letter and number for a particular vertebra does not affect the power I have been given to heal it if it so needs.

So, all the way through my dowsing and healing I have been kept firmly in line, and have kept it simple.



I hesitated a very long time before I decided to tell you of an experience I had at the 1981 Loughborough Congress because, although I know you're all very pure-minded, I'm quite sure I shall be the target of some ribald remarks from somewhere. Those of you who went to that Congress won't forget it in a hurry. It was hell getting there and even more hellish getting home again.

My bedroom was on the ground floor of a sort of annexe. It meant we had to paddle through about an inch of slush on the Saturday night to go to bed, and the outside door was left open all night. It was snowing, and blowing hard and things were banging about all over the place. I'd been in bed only two or three minutes — just time to wriggle into the most comfortable position — when I felt an arm come round my shoulders. I was lying on my right side, and this arm came from the left and squeezed my right shoulder twice, and a voice on my left side said very firmly, "You *must* listen." There was another quick squeeze on my right shoulder and the arm was taken away.

Well! I was out of that bed and across to the light switch by the door fast enough to get into the Guinness Book of Records. I checked the wardrobe, and under the bed, and the door and window fastenings and, of course, found nothing. It was my usual warning voice, though normally it comes in from the right side, and there'd never been apparent physical contact before. I sat up in bed with the light on for quite a long time after that.

But again it was something that pushed me onward. Apart from the original voice, the listening isn't physical. I get snatches of what must be other people's thoughts coming in from friends or family. Occasionally they are voices that I recognise, but mostly it is the idiom they use or the name they call me that enables me to identify them. Very often it's a cry for help, sometimes it's just a message that I must take some notice of.

So now I do listen a lot more than I did, in a detached sort of way, and I find it extremely useful, in healing particularly. Very often a patient will tell you about half their symptoms, and thinks the rest don't matter, and then it's handy to be told "Try a bit further to the left", or whatever.

Just to finish I want to offer you a quotation which has proved of immense help to me if a healing doesn't progress as I feel it should — then I cling to it like a lifeline, it is:

John 14:12, the middle part of the verse, slightly modified.

"The works that I do shall ye do also, and greater works than these shall ye do."

Thank you for listening.