

THE HIGH PRAIRIE ADVENTURE

by John Living, 10 August 1998

“An experience of Dowsing in many forms”

I have some 45 years Dowsing experience with ‘L’ rods to find pipes and cables, about 30 years using ‘Y’ rods to find water, and only started to use a Pendulum two years ago – and was amazed at the range of items, emotions, and feelings that could be dowsed with it.

In 1988 I started to get a feeling that I should take an interest in the Peace District – a very fertile area in North of Alberta and British Columbia, but a chilly part of Canada, and bought maps of the area.

In September 1997 I was visiting Edmonton and had some time to spare, so decided to visit The Peace for the first time. I left rather late, due to discussing Near Death Experiences with a friend who had just been through one, and realised that I would not have time to visit all the area; so I Dowsed on my map which way to go.

I tried various routes, but they all led to Grimshaw, a small town north west of the town of Peace River. So I decided to follow the lead, drove to Grimshaw, and when there asked at each intersection, “Do I go straight on?”, if not then “Do I turn Right?”, and “Do I turn Left?” to double check the way to go.

Finally all these were negative, so I asked, “Do I stop here?” and got a “YES” – outside a Motor Inn. So I asked, “Am I to book a room here?” “YES.” “Am I to meet someone here?” “YES.” I got a room about 6-15pm, and asked, “Will I meet the person in the bar?” “NO.” “In the dining room?” “YES.” Then I dowsed for the time. “At 6-30?” “NO.” “...7-00?” “NO.” “...7-30?” “NO.” “...8-00?” “YES.” So since I had been lent a book on visualisation, I decided to use the time to visualise the person I would meet – black curly hair to shoulders, wearing glasses.

At 7-45 I went to the bar and had a beer, then at 8-00 I went to the Restaurant, waited an hour, but nobody appeared to fit the description or made any other sort of approach. “Oh, well, I guess this was a mistake. I will go and do more studying,” and back in my room I Dowsed out the return route to take the next morning – which always led to High Prairie – no matter which route I used to start.

There was a coffee machine in the room, so I decided to brew coffee in the morning, study more visualisation, and make a reasonable start back to Edmonton.

Not so. The coffee machine would not work, the hotel said, “No staff to fix, but free coffee in Restaurant,” so I packed my bags, was all ready to leave about 7-30, when I dropped my key in the first snow of the year. By the time my key was found and I was able to book out and go for my coffee it was 7-55, so I poured coffee and studied.

At 8-00 precisely a man with dark curly hair to his shoulders and wearing glasses came in to the restaurant, looked around, saw me and came over to my table. He explained that he was a plumber from Red Deer working at maintenance at a Japanese Pulp Mill, had got a lift to the hotel with a workers

bus the previous evening, but the bus was now taking laid-off workers back to Calgary, and he needed transport - could I help ?

When he learned about his transport problem, he had obtained permission to hire a taxi, had done this, and had then had "a big feeling" to cancel the taxi and go to the restaurant. So I gave him a lift, and chatted about various things. We exchanged names - but I lost the paper with his address; the hotel and pulp mill contractors' records should verify his name if needed.

On to High Prairie, which I reached with an almost empty gas tank and great hunger. The restaurant recommended by the gas station and verified by Dowsing served my favourite meal at an "all you can eat" buffet - I took this as a reward for doing as I was told by my Pendulum.

Actually this episode was most important to me, in giving me assurance that if I followed the directions given by Dowsing then I was on the "right path", teaching me to check 'am' or 'pm', and ensuring that I knew where to find High Prairie.

For the next few months I concentrated on writing a booklet on "Learning to Dowse with your Pendulum" and perfecting the manufacture of cheap but attractive Pendulums, to comply with one of my mission statements "Make Pendulums like Pet Rocks" - i.e. as popular as Pet Rocks had been years ago.

I have also designed a message chart for use with a Pendulum, and frequently ask, "Any message for me?" to which I usually get a "NO". But on 1st June, 1998 the reply was "YES" - and the message was "OPEN UP NEW NORTHERN COMBINED GROUP. MOVE HIGH PRAIRIE JULY." This is verifiable by the comments that I made at the time to the Directors of the Questers.

So I Dowsed to find the meaning of the first part, and learnt that it was to organise the 'Power of Thought' group as a region of the Canadian Society of Dowsters (the Questers will hopefully also join as a region - so we have one 'umbrella' organisation for Canada, publishing a journal and helping to train teachers of Dowsing).

I asked if the move should be late July. "NO". Mid-July. "NO." Early July "YES". So gave notice and prepared to move. I checked with Bill Askin, a Quester Director and co-organiser of the 'Power of Thought' conferences, and the only contact he could give me was the name of the Pipe Carrier (shaman, medicine man) of the Sucker Creek band of the Cree Nation. Since I had booked a cabin at the Yukon 'Power of Thought' conference, I dowsed to see if I should cancel the cabin. "NO." So I Dowsed, "Will I bring people to share the cabin from High Prairie?" "YES."

So since my only contact was Russell Williard, the Pipe Carrier, I asked, "Should I contact Russell Williard?" "NO" - which left me very surprised. How was I to fill the cabin when I was debarred from contacting the only person known to be interested ?

Anyway, I Dowsed to see if the move would be long term. "YES," and then asked if I would be helped to find a place to rent. "YES." I got lists from the Realtors, and bought the local weekly paper. Dowsing indicated that only one place was earmarked for me, an advert in the paper, and when I telephoned I was told that the people had moved out without notice at end of June (to make

room for me?). A lot of work to do on it, but the rent was right.

So I got a lift to Edmonton and a Greyhound bus to Vancouver, hired a U-Haul truck, loaded up my stuff, and set off back to High Prairie (1,300 km drive). I unloaded, and took U-Haul to nearest depot, and needed a lift back to town, some 17 km. A lady stopped for gas, and seeing my rough clothes was reluctant to give me a ride, but relented. On the way we talked about Pendulums and Dowsing, and she expressed some interest; so when we got to my place I invited her in, and gave her a Pendulum and a booklet.

She said that quite a few First Nation People would be interested in learning to Dowse, and arranged for me to come to her house the next Thursday to give lessons. She mentioned that Russell Williard was her brother, so I gave her a pamphlet on the 'Power of Thought' conference in Whitehorse to pass to him.

Two days later Russell, his wife Wendy, and son Joe (his 6th birthday) came to visit me, and we agreed to go to the Whitehorse conference together. When I gave the Dowsing lesson at his sister Dorothy's house, they joined us, and I went back to their house for supper. I was then told that they had seen me in a shamanic vision quest, and had been waiting three years for me to appear.

Well, we had a fantastic trip to Whitehorse – 2 days driving to get there, three days back – where Russell (who has written books) spoke on Shamanic prophecies and held a healing circle in the church (and I personally saw spirit lights appear).

I spoke on the adventure related here, since a scheduled speaker did not turn up. I also sent a team of Angels to cast out an entity which had been plaguing an old lady, and on the return trip we stopped at her house to divert a bad water vein, and Russell planted a 'decorated fir tree' to attract bad spirits away from the house – my reaction was, "Is this the origin of the Xmas tree?"

All the 'Learn to Dowse with a Pendulum' booklets with glass Pendulum that I took to Whitehorse were sold – and I have orders for more

Got back to High Prairie on Wednesday evening, and restarted work on the house. Very tired on Friday (31st July, 1998), so was relaxing over an ASD Journal in my pyjamas when the telephone rang; it was Wendy, saying that Joe had been missing for many hours, they had search parties out from the reservation, and the RCMP were there in force, tracker dogs en route, and talking about bringing in helicopters.

I said I was on my way, asked for a team of Angels to look after Joe, and arrived about 10-30. I checked with the RCMP that Joe was still missing, checked in with Wendy, and Dowsed for the direction to look with a 'Y' rod and asking other questions with my Pendulum – "Was Joe safe?" "YES."

So I set off into the bush, and within five minutes I found him. I kissed him, gave him to his mother, and got a big hug from Russell. The comment around the house was, "There will be many more people coming to learn Dowsing after this demonstration!" Who knows – perhaps the RCMP will also be interested in learning to Dowse! This can be verified by calling the Williards, the many other First Nation people there, and the High Prairie office of the RCMP.

Now comes another 'coincidence' – it turns out that the male half of my landlords is Principal of the local Advanced Education College – and Dowsing

indicates that he will help in getting classes going on Dowsing for the district.

The way in which I am used as a pawn in these games played by 'The Force' is incredible, but terribly exciting. Each week more tasks are given to me, and the Power to succeed seems to come as well, making me a better Dowser day by day. It is so exhilarating that I have no other interest now but just doing as instructed by 'The Force'.

I class myself as a dedicated servant, but have a real problem in becoming a 'humble servant', although realising that the Powers are only lent to me for the 'Highest and Best' use and to help others – and that it is not 'I' who achieves things.

I am sure that many other Dowsters would have this same sort of experience if they were prepared to put Dowsing first in their lives – everything would go so well for them!

DOWSING WELL PROBLEMS

By Dick Paskowski

A co-worker who knew I was a dowser told me that he was having trouble with his well. He asked me if I might offer him some assistance. I asked him to draw a sketch of his property locating the house and the well site. I dowsed the sketch and found two water veins on the property. My dowsing indicated that the water vein travelling from the rear to the front near and parallel to the property line could not be diverted. The other vein emanating from a fracture off his property ran parallel to the road on his property and was back about twenty feet from the road and ten feet from his well. My dowsing indicated this could be diverted. I diverted the water vein into the well and later that day told him what I had done. Since this was his weekend hideaway, I had to wait until Monday when he came back to work to see what happened.

Monday morning he came into my office with an amazed look on his face and said, "What in the h...I did you do to my well? Water is coming up the six inch pipe and running to the rear of my property." I told him I would do a down hole analysis and get back to him with the results. The water vein I diverted moved over and around the six inch pipe since it was the path of least resistance. Below was bedrock impermeable to the flow of water. This time my dowsing indicated that I could fracture the bedrock and drive the water vein down and below the junction of the well casing and the bedrock which was sealed. I did this and told my co-worker to check the well over the weekend.

The following Monday he again came into my office (with a big smile on his face) and told me the water stopped coming up and around the casing. He ran his garden hose full blast and did not run out of water.

Since then (1992) I have moved water veins up, down, left, right, and created new flows from aquifers into wells. This episode led me to other rewarding experiences. What hidden and undiscovered abilities do we as dowsters have? Where do they start and where do they end?

Question: What proportion of U.S. towns rely entirely on well water?

Answer: Two out of three.