

My Somerset Life

A diary by Brian Snellgrove

- My Somerset Life
- Diary Entries
- Writing a diary
- About, and User's Guide
- Creative Listening service
- Privacy Policy
- Contact
- Thoughts
 - Blood clots
 - Enlight and Godlight
 - Interacting with others + the disadvantage of being nice.
 - Is Jesus only our local hero?
 - Loneliness or enjoying your own company?
 - Mobile phones – neutrinos and everything
 - People of different nationalities – the myth of separation
 - Personal energy and life readings
 - Quantum Entanglement
 - Sanity and Insanity – where do we go when we die?
 - The Second Coming of Jesus – where is he?
 - The twisting of space and other matters
 - What is sin?
 - What is the brain?
 - What vibrations can improve our lives?
 - Will the truth survive?

To Richmond Park

I was severely whacked and fatigued yesterday by the high amounts of electromagnetic fields blasting out from everybody's mobile phones so the ideal time had come to take a train to Richmond, that most affluent town. Of greater interest to me was however the Park. Like Hamstead Heath, it's a little bit of the country in the 900 mi.² that make up the greater London area. Richmond Park is the largest Royal Park in London covering an area of 2,500 acres.

We walked to the restaurant first of all. A wedding party was convening and people were turning up in their finery. We had a lovely coffee and cake on the terrace with a splendid view of the surrounding countryside.



As you can see, deer roam freely around and as you can no doubt see from the images, they seem to have lost their fear of humans.



Francoise in the foreground. Unnamed person amongst them, arms akimbo.



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Being a hot day that it was, the place was absolutely full of people and the pubs were heaving with customers. It is a sport to watch people park their cars and have them flooded by the

incoming tide. However this particular tide was neap so we had no particular schadenfreude on this occasion.

Meanwhile, the Pool of London authorities had discovered a tree branch that had broken off and to avoid it getting stuck in a lock or fouling the propellers of ships it was towed to the side and anchored until it could be disposed of.



We ended our afternoon by the River at the official high tide which was 5:58 PM and went into the town and had a lovely meal at the **Whole foods**, part of an international chain. There was a lovely self service buffet both hot and cold and I would thoroughly recommend it.

And so, back home via the train. I think I got the stickiness of yesterday Friday out of my system. The problem is that electromagnetic waves are invisible but they affect your body on so many levels it is insidious.

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A trip down Camden High Street – Tate Modern

Camden Market is one of the most famous markets in the UK; hordes of Japanese and Chinese tourists can be seen walking up and down taking advantage of the good exchange rates and making selfies like there was no tomorrow. I'm just walking from top to bottom taking photographs. By "top" I mean Chalk Farm tube station and by "bottom" I mean Camden Town tube station. Most of the pictures speak for themselves.



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everyone should visit this area just once because it has a unique buzz, the food stalls are very good value (they have to be) and there's every type of footwear and clothes and gimmicks that you could possibly want. Incidentally, I also believe that everyone should go to Las Vegas at least once to understand the meaning of the phrase "over the top"

To the South Bank to visit the Tate Modern, and particularly the current exhibition by Olafur Eliasson 'In Real Life'. This

goes on until 5 January 2020 so readers of this diary have plenty of time to get involved. The emphasis is on touching, sight and sound of an involving nature. People were queuing up to see multiple reflections of themselves, to experience the sight of their friends through a misty spray and to see a collection of weird and wonderful retro objects. I stayed there for about 15 minutes and was far more interested in the ever moving fan installation outside the exhibition. It slows down, almost stops, then kick-starts itself as infinitum. It interacts with the natural drafts in such a big building.



you cannot hope to visit the Tate Modern on one occasion. It is rather like trying to eat every dish on the menu in a restaurant. I would say four hours at a stretch is enough for the average person

On to the South Bank Centre itself which consists of the Royal Festival Hall, the Hayward Gallery, the National Film Theatre

and the National Theatre. with regard to the poster below, and many other publicity efforts, I believe there is a deliberate policy of introducing sexual confusion among people. The whole thing was planned decades ago. If you really want to know more then Dr Richard Day spelt it out in 1969 **visit this site.**

Look at this huge advertisement. What is so glorious about not knowing whether you are a man or a woman. We are born the way we are for reason, a cumulative reason you could say resulting from our previous existences.



What does "gender fluid" actually mean? Come to think of it what is the beauty of the picture above. In classical times, it is meaningless, maybe not so for the Greek civilisation.

Further on to the South bank where they have this wonderful ever-changing Fountain. You will see what happened when I

tried to film it.

Upstairs in the National Theatre there was an exhibition by some artist or other. The images were remarkable – saying practically nothing about anything and I don't know why they bothered. It looks like empty retro culture to me. Attempting to dominate but for why? Where are the smiles?



Four hours is enough so back we go to Haverstock Hill. I must make sure to click in and out on the same card otherwise I get charged a lot extra. You used to need Oyster cards but now that is no longer necessary. Anyone with a debit or credit card can use the system.

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Off to London we go (again)

From just around the corner from our humble abode, we take the 9:37 AM bus to Bath. We take this bus for all our journeys whether it be to South Africa, Singapore, or just down the road to London. Traditionally, we stop off at the Methodist Centre in Manvers Street in Bath to have a coffee and a roll. Every time I leave home I worry whether I have actually closed the front door and each time I have to go back and check but

having said I have always done so. I'm just engaging in last minute worry and fuss.

The drivers on National Express are always good. We had a Sikh person this time who said he has been 'everywhere' but now normally works just two days a week. He was persuaded to help out this time. (*inserted later*) On the return journey, we had a very efficient business-like lady who was a brilliant driver and anticipated the actions of other road users to a T. (*insert off*) So, for five pounds each way per person we put up with three hours plus as opposed to half the time by train.

The trick is to time your coach journeys so that they fall outside rush hours. Rush hours coming towards London are between 6.30 and 9 AM. The return will be from 4.30 to 7.30.

Victoria Coach Station is not the most beautiful in the whole world but it does the job and is very convenient for central London. People arrive there from all over Europe. I hear they are going to have to move when the lease expires but let's hope something can be worked out. Something to do with the Grosvenor Estate.

Off to where we are staying, Haverstock Hill, which is between Hampstead and Camden. We are staying at the flat of an old friend of Françoise, who is as Bohemian as you like and who lets us just get on with it, buy our own food, look after ourselves, and come and go as we please with the provision of a set of keys.

The weather is already getting warm in anticipation of the hot spell which is due to take place this week with possibly record temperatures.

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preparation for going away – a telling cartoon

It's not like I'm going to the other end of the world but I know I'm going to be hammered by EMF. The problem is it's not only 5G but it's a lot of people using 3G and 4G phones that has a cumulative effect on the disposition of the human nervous system mine included. We even have to suffer it on the coach going up to London.

Extinction Rebellion are in my view making fools of themselves. The amount of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere is .04 of a percent and is an essential growth agent for trees and plants. 97% of the carbon dioxide created in the world is produced naturally with humankind having nothing to do with it. Mankind produces the other 3% of which the UK produces a minute fraction. China produces far more CO₂ than we do and yet Extinction Rebellion insist on blocking the streets in Bristol and other places making their uninformed point. There is no question that they are very well funded I suspect to distract people from the real issues going on for example the installation of 5G and the launch of all the lovely satellites to control us.

The weather forecast is mixed for the coming few days and once again I'll probably end up taking far more clothes than I need and not using them. On the garden front, the ground is rockhard so it's very difficult to do a gardening job which involves weeding which we don't enjoy at the best of times. Our friend is the hoe which will at least prevent the plants seeding and hold them back until more detailed digging can happen in the autumn.

Last night, I watched a programme about Facebook. They employ 50 new people a week and that is at only one of their many centres around the world. They were quite happy to tell us

that they profile everything we do so the marriage between Facebook and Google would seem logical from the control and informational point of view. Basically we are seen as sales targets and the idea is to refine the adverts to get maximum return on us consumers.

I have discovered a lovely video which I'd like to close this blog on. It's about the effect that mobile phones have on people. It only lasts a couple of minutes and it really is worth watching. They say one picture is worth 1000 words. Enjoy.

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- Contact
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 - Blood clots
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Reflections on death

I have been reading a book called “Life and teachings of Masters of the Far East”. I have had this a five volume book for about 30 years now and have finally reached the end of the fifth volume.

The end piece included a poem by John Gillespie Magee, Jr, a Royal Canadian air force pilot who was shot down over England on December 11, 1941, at the age of 19.

Shortly before his death, John Magee sent his mother the poem, High Flight, which was soon to become known the world over and still considered the greatest poem to come out of World War Two. I wouldn't know about that, because I have not seen other war poems but nevertheless I find it very moving so here it is:

HIGH FLIGHT

*Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
and danced the skies on laughter – silvered wings.
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
of Sun– split clouds, – and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of – wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hovering there,*

*I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air...*

*Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,
Where never lark, or even eagle flew –
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high, untrampled sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.*

I think there is an enormous amount of unwrapping to do. The liberated person finds himself enough free space where he can move with easy grace. I find it very comforting to know that there is a continuity of consciousness. In my time, I have read about 40 books on life after death, reincarnation, and indeed life between lives. I'm fully prepared to move on and know that what I do now and the difference I make to other people will affect my ability to fly.

I do quite a lot of work, believe it or not, talking to people who have so-called 'died' and I find the people who were – for example – stubborn in life are stubborn in death and the people who were happy in life are happy in death. I regard death as the casting off of a body vehicle or if you like changing clothes to move on to a less dense or more dense environment depending on the cumulative effect of our actions in our lifetime. It seems very fair.

If I identified myself with my own mortal body I think it I would be in a permanent state of insecurity, maybe almost panic. I am a divine being having a human experience as David Icke would say.

Off to London on Thursday. We are having a Sunday ceremony to celebrate the life of Mike, a long-time friend of my wife. I shall be catching up on the Tate Galleries and looking forward to seeing friends.

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