

# My Somerset Life

## A diary by Brian Snellgrove

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# The world of the MedBed

So last night I tried the medbed, which is a futuristic device utilizing quantum entanglement. See a rather glorious picture of it here. In order to take part you don't need to visit anywhere. You need to upload a picture of where you will be lying be it a bed or chair. You then send in the picture to the office in Switzerland. At a time determined by you, you sit or lie down in a location related to the images and ask the machine via thought to scan you. It is an 8 hour test. I started mine at 11 pm.

This is the technology of the future based on the work of Nicola Tesla. I noticed certain pricks of energy in my head at various points but also in unexpected places such as the knee. I 'asked' the energy to focus on various weaknesses in my body such as my left eye, my stomach, my prostate. I have no idea if healing took place. My guess is that many repetitions are needed to notice an effect.

I spend a lot of time watching videos and one that I was impelled to watch with my partner Francoise was one by Eckhart Tolle on the relationship between us humans and nature. I do not normally recommend a video in what is primarily a Samuel Pepys type diary but this one is outstanding from the paradigm shifting point of view.

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I had a paradigm shift of my own this morning. I had been having a pleasant and productive relationship with an older lady down my road. I did her garden on two occasions. She paid me what I asked for the second but suddenly I got a phone call from her daughter questioning my charges and asking me to justify them. She is a wedding planner. Its a bit like someone has a wedding, all goes well, the bride's parents pay the bill, and then someone calls up out of the blue complaining

that the flowers were over charged for.

I conducted an intuitive reading on her and found a lot of anger and negativity and thus the need for control. My poor client was out of her depth and was starting to be taken control of by her daughter. She called me 6 times and I did not respond. I eventually sent her a text

*After having been called back following our previous work we did the garden again to your mother's satisfaction and she paid without complaint. Good-will service will now commence for the next 5 months at no charge as agreed in writing.*

I only offered to give my customer a free garden service (which I have never done before) to cancel out the effects of her unfortunate progeny, including a son who is putting it mildly far from pleasant. I need to demonstrate 'unconditional love' to her which hopefully will repair the damage before she passes over. She is 80.

After sending the SMS I felt lighter, more myself, and in that moment how my inattentiveness had cost me dear. It was like a finger of malevolence had been withdrawn. I should remember to put a protection around myself every morning but sometimes I forget, and this time it was to my cost albeit temporarily. It is always good to have a partner who is on the same wavelength to work things through with and in Francoise I have such a partner. It does or should minimize the risk of making diplomatic mistakes. The road to hell is paved with good intentions.

This evening we had a meeting of our local awareness group about all things covid, New World Order and political chicanery in general. It was in the upstairs of our Wetherspoons pub, a vastly popular meeting place here in Midsomer Norton. It used to be the Palladium cinema, and the origins have been respected by the pub designers. The problem is that it is noisy. We were in a small room upstairs and

after the first dozen or so people entered the volume of noise went up and up until you almost had to cup your hand to your ear to hear what was being said.

However the conversations were jolly enough. Problem is it is very much a closed circle. We can it 'preaching to the choir' so not much useful information was spread out without, though a lot was shared. I had some delicious chips but as I write later we are both burping. We reckon it was the fat. C'est la vie.

## **My Somerset Life by Brian Snellgrove**

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