

My Somerset Life

A diary by Brian Snellgrove

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A High Street wander + a consultation + St. Timothy

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I have given myself a challenge of writing 1500 words of original material each day. I like the idea that everyone is or could be a work of art in human form. Accordingly this morning I decided to go for a walk and on the walk wondered how I was going to fill the day.

Good things happened between 8.15 and 10.00 (see below) resulting in me sitting here at 10 o'clock, my head full of diary material for today. I consider the brain or should I say heart-brain as the ultimate relational database and it does certainly lived up to its reputation this morning. The brain is capable of over 100 billion calculations per second which is enough for anyone I would have thought. Of course, inspiration and calculating speed is not synonymous but it gives some idea of the potential creativity.



Always empty first thing but it soon fills up



Freedom Breakfast. Does the job.

Anyway, my first target was to go and have something at Wetherspoons where I occasionally have breakfast. In the good old days you could get a breakfast for about £3.50 including coffee but now those days are past and the charges have risen to more sensible levels. Wetherspoons opens at 8 o'clock daily. Most of the current occupiers are couples but more commonly individual people, normally male, reading their newspapers or staring at their devices. It is a quiet and blessed place.

Fast forward 2 hours and you have every family and their often noisy children making the most of a good value and predictable menu at what I regard is one of the most successful restaurant chains in the country. I wish the chief executive could run the country then less money would have been wasted. I wonder how much it is going to cost to pay the contracts of those who already engaged in the Birmingham to Manchester section of HS2.

On the way out I said hello to a young couple with a very contented baby who must have been about four months old I think. I complimented the parents on the child and wished them all the best. The father ignored me.

Off to Lidl. I read somewhere that they were introducing burgers made partly with bugs, in other words, flies. This is the last thing I will ever eat and it is part of the worldwide campaign to stop us eating meat for ridiculous reasons concerning net zero and climate change. Fortunately the local branch of Lidl had the sense not to offer them for sale. When and if they do so, I will have something to say.

I saw a man tearing off the wrappers and trying on a fleece jacket, not really thinking that the item would have to be discarded because in a way it was pre-used. Nothing much to see really, certainly nothing I needed. They are well stocked at the beginning of each day and it does seem the best time to go shopping.



Back down the high street and we have here an anomaly. I don't know how long these houses have been here but it must be a couple of hundred years at least. They are probably paying peppercorn rent. One house stands out in particular, photographed below, full of character. We might as well think ourselves back to the 1950s. There is a lovely text in case you can't read it.

**Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take
but by the moments that take our breath away**



At a nearby phone box I saw an intriguing invitation to take part in the local history, imagine this will be taken up by visitors if they have the enterprise to scan the code.



So I was walking back along the high street and the phone rings. This turns out to be a friend of the person that I referred to on last Tuesday's entry, the Italian lady whom we met in Chalice Well. I could tell straight away that she was a knowledgeable soul and very enthusiastic so we had lots of teasing, laughing, joking and then she got down to the main business which was her son as previously mentioned who needed some help.

She said that she herself could do with some help and would like a session with me. I sense that she wanted the reading not only for herself but that could be a more effective supporter or servant of others so a ZOOM meeting has been arranged for 11 o'clock this morning. I noted that she seemed completely ready for a reading and very open and her friend who we met must have spoken warmly about us. I have always said that the most important thing a person can have is clients who recommend others.

On the way back I met a householder who was raking weeds from her drive. I told her that a wire brush on a stick would do an easier job. She asked me what I thought about a bush that was growing more than it should do and obstructing the pathway. I gave her advice on how to do it. It was a Magnolia tree so I thought just from the common sense point of view, it's better to wait until all the flowers have gone before doing any trimming work.



Nearly home. I looked at the sky and saw chemtrails. These are done by the government and the powers that be to control the amount of sunlight that hits the Earth. Can tell they are chem trails because they don't die away and stay around in the air for up to half an hour. The contents include aluminum, barium and other substances. It's amazing that mankind has suddenly

decided that they are capable of altering the planet, that sunshine is not good... But this is a bright sunny morning and I don't really want to start on that one.

Inspiration versus detritus

I often get thoughts in my mind and I am wondering how to distinguish between streamed thought from a coherent source such as a unified energy field of love for example and the normal detritus that we get in the everyday, normally trivial things. One should have a different feel from the other, I say to myself. I noticed that I have an idea and if I don't write it down it disappears and does not return for some time, if ever. I do try to remember to carry around a notebook. I must listen out and be more sensitive to what is important and what is trivial.

A counseling Session

Arising from my spontaneous and unexpected conversation this morning, I did a psychic reading with someone in Northern Ireland. Although I am not mentioning their name I would like to present the session as I see it from a semi-abstract view. Other therapists and counselors will understand what I'm talking about.

This was one of those sessions that is 'meant to be'. In other words, the client was ready to hear what I had to say and I turned up at the right time in her development. I start by doing a number of assessments from all over the spectrum including chakra and vitality readings on the person themselves, readings on others with whom they are in meaningful contact for example their family. I also look at closer friends of the family because they affect the welfare and the quantum entanglement of the family unit.

Many of us suffer from not being understood and clearly my client suffered from this. If there is something on your mind that you really want to say but are afraid that people will either misunderstand or laugh or dismiss you, you become a

prisoner in that respect. That is why I am very grateful for all my extreme experience with end of the world scenarios, life after death, nefarious plans to prematurely terminate the majority of the population of the world. It means that you've got a 30 amp fuse and it takes a lot of current to blow it.

I have noticed when I myself have sought treatment, if I feel the counselor cannot take it or wouldn't understand the topic or even prejudiced against it I do not even mention it. When I'm in a vulnerable situation which occurs when I open myself up, I have extra antenna on duty. I used to prepare for the session by doing intuitive readings beforehand but now I have come to the conclusion that doing the readings in real time is more dynamic and intuitive. I get impressions during the reading, which although I may not consider them important and worthy of note, are very significant for the client.

This 'landing page' session included talking about the girlfriend of one of the sons. This is a 16 year old lad who has had a girlfriend for about a year. She makes demands on him and blames him for everything and it is quite clear that she is not capable of having what we will call a normal relationship, i.e. give and take. She is always parading her personal problems and asking for help and support.

I felt that regarding the girlfriend, her situation would have to get much worse before she would finally see that she did need help, professional help at that, but this is an awfully young age for such realizations to happen and I think her son will become disillusioned and worn out well before his friend got the message.

Sometimes it is a good idea to take a step back and consider what is going on and if what you are trying to say and help with is having any effect. If the other party is not listening, or continually misinterpreting what is being said, we would wonder about the sensibleness of carrying on the relationship. Some people use others as a dumping ground for problems that they don't really want to solve and the relationship becomes unsatisfactory. I call them 'intentionally helpless victims'.



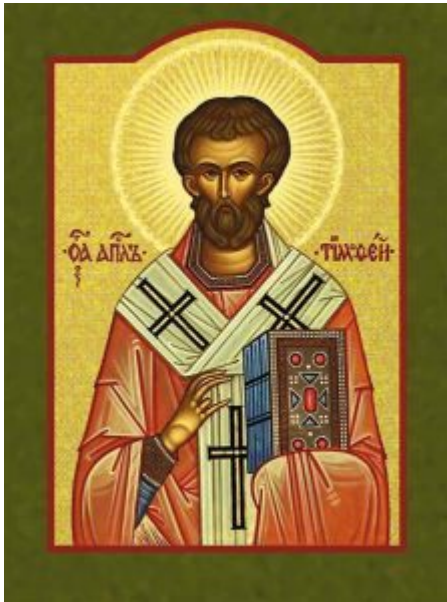
It is very common among people who give to others to neglect their own welfare. I find that their readings are very high on the mental and spiritual side which is all very fine and well but when you find the emotional side is an empty battery and the physical side is below 4 out of 10, then you know all is not well. I recommend to such people that they take frequent possibly daily walks in nature and allow the great powers of nature to balance and restore them.

After every session, I give some 'homework'. It is often a good idea not to schedule the next session until something has been done about the homework be it visiting a doctor, going for walks as I suggested, revisiting an old problem, balancing your energies with the information given at the session. The point is that the practitioner cannot DO anything for the client. The practitioner should set the scene where the person can solve the problems themselves by giving them clues, encouragement, perhaps with the odd joke thrown in for good measure plus remote healing and prayer.

The body and the mind are the ultimate self-healing mechanisms in the whole universe and they must be allowed to get on with it. In other words, you can stand in the way of your own progress by thinking thoughts that are not helpful and that includes self-pity AND not forgiving others.

Your thoughts become you so to speak.

St Timothy and his correspondents



In fact it was the Apostle Paul who was writing to Timothy to encourage him. Around the year 66 Paul wrote from Macedonia his first letter to Timothy and indeed the letter to Titus.

He met Timothy during his second missionary journey and he became Paul's companion and missionary partner along with Silas. The New Testament indicates that Timothy traveled with Paul the Apostle, who was also his mentor.

Paul was worried about the damage being done by false teachers; he wanted to do what he could to help these two pastors carry out their important responsibilities.

There were seven of us at these small meeting in a new housing estate at the upper end of Midsomer. The group as constituted was new and so we spent a good hour introducing ourselves and saying what brought us to our present position in life. Two of them have been prison officers and one was in charge of disturbances and the other one was dealing with drugs and they worked in various prisons in the UK. You could say that 'they have seen it all'.

Another couple went abroad for a number of years to open up the Christian gospel and 'seed' churches as they call it. The combined experience of everyone was impressive. After an extensive getting to know you session we gathered around the piano and sang some religious songs and then we went into the

sitting room and studied the second letter of Paul to Timothy chapter 2 and 3. The Apostle Paul did not beat about the bush, he gave people huge encouragement but at the same time warned about the list of sins that people all too easily were sliding in to. If you had chance to write only one letter a year you would summarize the whole, the good and the bad, and this Paul did in a spadefuls:

Mark this: there will be terrible times in the last days. People will be lovers at the themselves, lovers of money, boastful, proud, abusive, dishonest to their parents, ungrateful, unholy, without love, unforgiving, slanderous, without self-control, brutal, not lovers of the good, treacherous, rash, conceited, lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God having a form of godliness but denying its power. Have nothing to do with them.

How is that for straight talking.

Paul then goes on to balance this with the qualities of God and the Assurance of his presence. We noted that on the one hand Paul said 'have nothing to do with them' but I said that with regard to opposers we must gently instruct in the hope that God will *grant them repentance leading them to a knowledge of the truth and that they will come to their senses and escape from the trap of the devil who has taken them captive to do his will.*

My view was that even to be an opponent you needed to have a certain minimum standard on behavior and people who are just self destructive should be left alone to their own devices as they are beyond reach.

We ended the evening about 9 o'clock after having given thanks for a positive medical diagnosis. I must say I prefer small groups. Each person can get heard. I reckon a group of eight is about ideal in anything that requires candidness and sharing. If there are too few people there isn't quite the range of character and experience.

I look back with some amusement. This is one of my longest entries and when I got up this morning I didn't have one single thing I wanted to say.



Maybe there is more to this inspiration business that meets the eye

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