

My Somerset Life

A diary by Brian Snellgrove

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Glastonbury – Beltane and more on this Mayday (not M'aidez)

The celebrations started at sunrise or what would have been sunrise had we been able to see it. Dancing round the maypole and the like started 7.30 am. Celebrations were held all over the town.

We arrived about 9.30 am. We were joined by a visiting friend from Peterborough. Sometimes you meet people and there is an obvious 'click'. You have not met them before but they are familiar to you. No instructions are necessary. You just carry on from where you left off, whenever that was. This was the case with our friend.

We spent some time in the Chalice Well Garden itself where there was entertainment by way of singing and dancing. A plentiful supply of coffee and snacks was on offer. People as ever were very approachable and I had half a dozen meaningful conversations. One was with an astrologer and writer, another with a dancer, and another from an Estonian lady who I complimented on her demeanor and happiness. Another had headgear in the shape of a ram.

We walked round the town introducing our friend to the main sites and sounds of the unique High Street. We then came across a number of druids, with their faces painted green a la the famous Green Man of old. We returned to Chalice Well for the midday celebration and had a quiet period of meditation for the welfare of the planet and its consciousness.

We finished our visit by a drink at the King Henry, one of the community establishments where it is a genuine pleasure to enter and mingle with like-minded people.

It requires several visits to Glastonbury to appreciate even a small fraction of what goes on. We did not attempt the Tor as our friend's back was stiff.

We returned home via Wells and prepared a meal, part of which was a lasagna prepared by our guest. We then sat round a brightly burning fire in the living room, whacked up the temperature by adding many logs, and went into a semi-somnambulant state.

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Spring Equinox – and some synchronicity

Off to Glastonbury for the Spring Equinox. Due to the continuing Covid restrictions, Chalice Well was closed for group events but still open for pilgrims. They had just dressed the well-head and beautiful did it look.





I wandered around whilst Francoise spent time in meditation.





This was a small chapel off the High Street available for prayer and meditation.

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Glastonbury Tor revisited as the autumn equinox is celebrated

There is nothing like getting your timing right and listening to inspiration. Inspiration has a timed element to it in other words if you get inspired to do something and you say to yourself that you will do it later, things do not work in the way you expect it to. I say, trust the universe.

I went on to People per hour.com last night at about 5pm to find someone to help me design a leaflet for the Trafalgar Square rally on Saturday. There are plenty of people out there particularly in India was prepared to do work for what we think is little money but actually for them is quite a lot.

I found a person called Sarita whose portfolio looked pretty

good so I wrote to her last night at about 6 PM enclosing the rough proof of what I wanted. It came back about 2 PM today Tuesday, I sent her a couple of corrections and the final PDF arrived half an hour later. Tomorrow, I will send it off to my overnight printer and it will be at my hotel in London when I arrive.



Seen on the main road in Glastonbury

Today is the autumn equinox and normally we go along to Glastonbury to celebrate this year. Due to you know what, there are no formal celebrations as such. Nevertheless, there were quite a number of people there and we sat round the chalice Well itself for some quietness and meditation. I managed about 5 minutes and then got restless.



Chalice Well itself decorated with autumn flowers and apples.



near the chalice well itself

It was then that I met a lady whom comprise my first meaningful communication. I saw that she had bought a pendulum. I knew she was a novice because I saw her holding it like a teabag and trying to make it swing. I being me went up to her and introduced myself as a dowser of 40 years. I did a reading using her pendulum finding out how she could best apply her talent and found that she was able to diagnose the atmospheres of buildings. I was very glad to be able to encourage her. Later on we met by coincidence in the centre of Glastonbury when I was with Françoise and I gave a further encouragement and gave my card.

It was very pleasant I must admit to be in Chalice Well Gardens with very few people because normally it is crowded. We paid £4.20 to get in; normally they let us in for nothing on special occasions. Knowing about the importance of grounding our energies we walked around in bare feet and spent some time wading in the paddling pool.



Self and Francoise at the top of the Tor



We decided to climb Glastonbury Tor and by the way it is climb for which you need to be physically fit. The way up and the way down is very much like a social club because everyone is

on the same wavelength and you could more or less talk to anyone and be guaranteed a friendly greeting in return. Covid was a conversation piece with most people getting bored and desperate with it. I found that people who wore masks, one couple in particular, were alienating themselves from everybody else and if they don't get mental stress problems I would be very surprised.



Sometimes, Cows are let out and they walk around the building at the top but on this occasion there were only a few sheep on the lower pastures. We met an African-American couple photographing each other and I got the impression that the male photographed his female companion many times so I made a joke saying that if I had 50 p for every time he photographed his friend would I be rich and he laughed knowingly saying yes.



A wonderful display of red berries

Outside the alas closed Womens Centre a wonderful miniature apple tree full of fruit.



Under the mild threat of a rain shower or two we went down to the town and I decided that the best thing for me was a pint of local cider so we went to the King Arthur pub, a wonderful traditional pub just built for Glastonbury and had the most wonderful local cider, fairly sweet, and Françoise had some alcohol free ginger beer. I remember I used to make ginger beer when I was young. Once the top of the bottle blew off under pressure and the whole thing shattered pieces and some of the glass embedded itself into the shelves above and beneath.



The locals amusing themselves



Reminded me of Tibet

There are arcades of the Main Street that are most interesting to tourists who of course had been decimated in recent months. Invention and creativity is the order of the day. You could almost think you were in Greece looking at the picture below.



And so back home. Now the evenings will start to draw in. On the way back, we got in supplies of coal which I note has

increased in price. We paid £23 for 60 kg of house coal. We burn a combination of coal and wood so that should last us a bit.

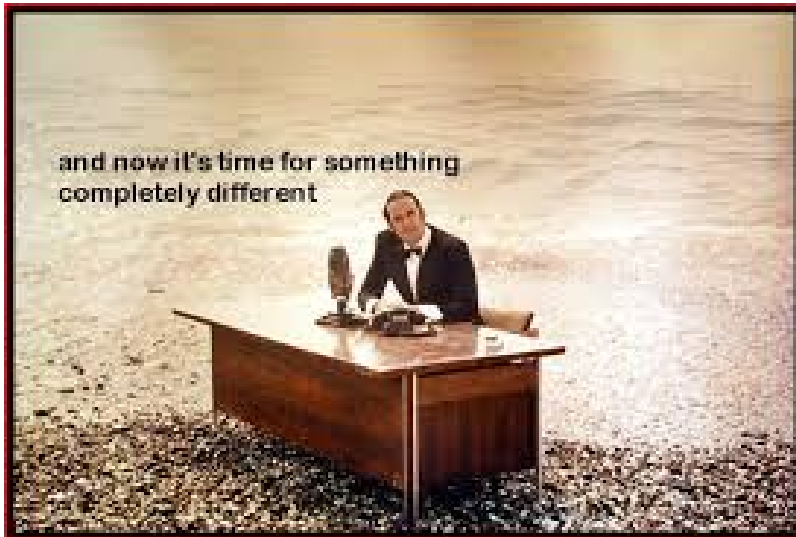
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And now for something completely different



I seem to be banging on about Corona and other problems but then why should I apologise. I do follow Samuel Pepys' example; he was very much concerned with the matters of the day especially the Great Fire of London which was started in a bakery

so we are told.

I do try to take time off. One of my main interests in life is healing and all its aspects not to mention diagnosis which can be a form of healing in itself. It is quite common to be ridiculed or dismissed and it is sometimes helpful to go back into the past to remember how ancient these therapies are for example Chinese medicine, meditation, homoeopathy though that is not ancient by that name so here is a thought on good old-fashioned laying on of hands as practised by Harry Edwards in decades of yore.

This is a quote from a book called "Wounded Spirits" by Dr Leslie Weatherhead, author of psychology, religion and healing. On the front cover of his book he says *"I'm sure that there are many images in the universe, as yet untapped, which God means us to use to make wounded spirits whole; and I want to help release them, without succumbing to magic and*

superstition."

There is a lovely book. At the end of one of the chapters he writes:

Just in case anyone should dismiss all this as "modern nonsense" I should like to quote what, according to Tacitus, Hippocrates, the father of medicine, once said: "it hath oft appeared, while I have been soothing my patient, as if there were some strange property in my hands to pull and draw away from the afflicted parts aches and diverse impurities, by laying my hand upon the place, and by extending my fingers towards it. It is thus known to the learned that health may be impressed on the sick by certain movements and by contact, just as some diseases may be communicated from one to another."

Hippocrates was born about 470 BC

I do very much enjoy healing. It is a way of serving the greater purpose. It is most encouraging when I receive letters from people, sometimes 20 years later, advising me of a life changing effect I had on them. While human beings remain, and that is a debatable point, I believe we should all continue to serve each other as best we can in many ways as we can. We are not supposed to be perfect, so long as we are facing in the right direction, that is the main factor.

Today we watched a film about security in China. Every aspect of you is tracked using your mobile phone and Street cameras. There are planned to be 600 million Street cameras in action, that's one for every two people. they have really education camps for those who are being disloyal to the system. You can be arrested and kept for up to 25 years to be retrained. There are 20million Chinese that are not allowed to travel because of their low credit scores. My concentration span is not great but I watched every moment of the 90 min film.

This afternoon we went for a lovely walk and I enclose some

pictures of unspoiled wood land. As with the previous example, people are quite happy to leave little plastic bags full of dog poo in beautiful unspoiled scenery.



loads of garlic in full bloom



Enlarge screen (Crtrl +) to read the detail.

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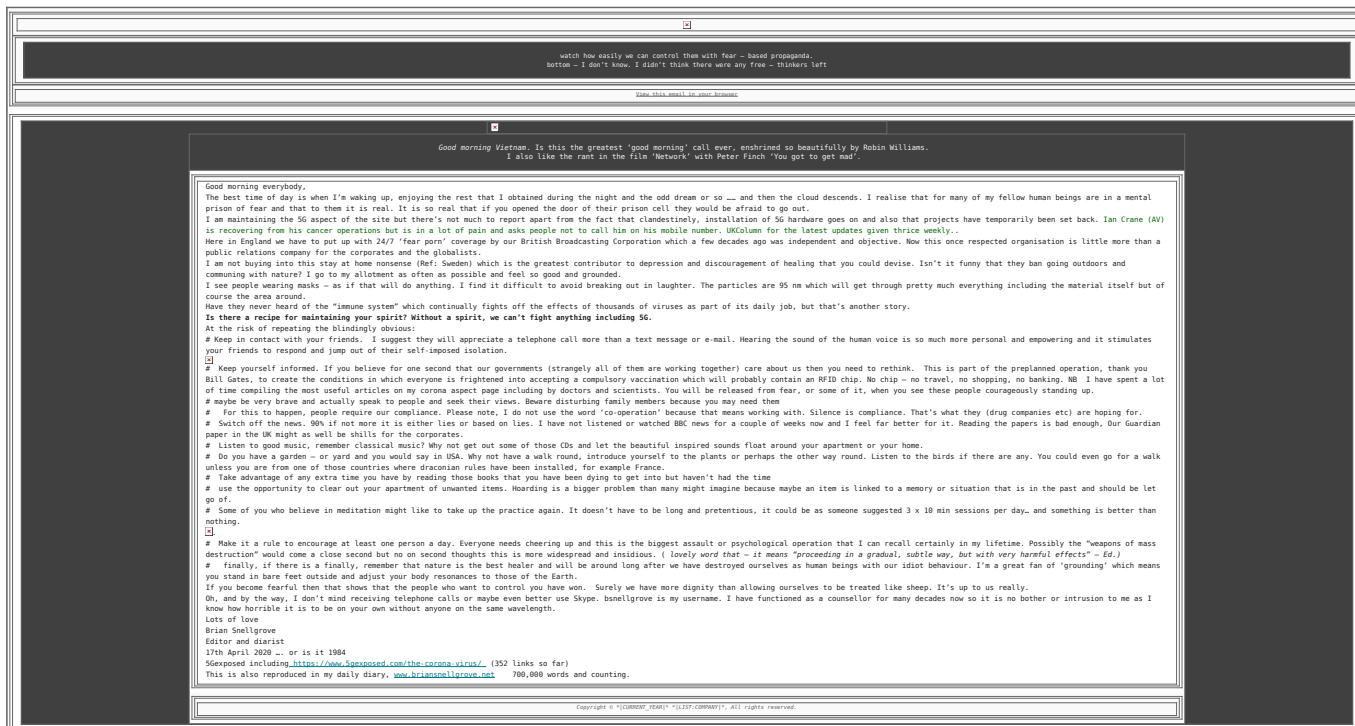
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How to avoid frightening yourself to death

This is a special edition of my diary. I have grabbed the HTML text from Mailchimp, as a result of writing to my mailing list of my 5G exposed site. . As I am a novice to HTML I did not know which of the hundreds of lines of text to remove so please excuse the gaps and the strange pagination.

Brian

PS I hope you will find this useful, it is intended for everybody.



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With over 1 million words and 7,130 images.

You can search for any place or topic including Bath, Frome, Wells, Bristol, Glastonbury, Cheddar, or you can search topics such as Christian, meditation, philosophy. You will also find extensive writings on Swansea, Cardiff, Weston Super Mare, London, Avebury.

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