



Hello from your Newsletter Editor

Let me introduce myself. I am Nan Adamson your new newsletter editor. I've been going to Ferry Beach for about 5 or 6 years now. I think I missed 2 times at the PSI Symposium.

The last 2 years at the Conference were just amazing. I always enjoy Sibylle's meditations and groundings. And, of course Madeline's words of wisdom, her energy medicine, and the singing bowls at the Healing Circle.

Anyone who hasn't been to Ferry Beach for a PSI conference doesn't know what they're missing. The group is amazing, with each person on their own spiritual path.

I was asked to be the editor, because sadly the former editor passed to the other side.

I live in Pittsfield, New Hampshire (a very small town near Concord) with my husband, Tom

and 2 black kittie cats, Squeaker & Teeny Tiny, and our black-brown lab named Shadow.

I miss doing the newsletter at the UU church I go to in Manchester which I had done for about 4 or 5 years. When I did it, it was done in written format; now someone else does it electronically, which is how we eventually want to do this one. But, don't worry for all you people who still aren't computer-savy or don't use e-mail. We'll also still have it in printed format!

If you have any comments about the Newsletter, have ideas of articles, or have written an article you can Email me at: NanB@adamsonhouse.com or send me a letter at: Nan Adamson, 4 Park St., Pittsfield, NH 03263.

I look forward to this new venture, and hope you enjoy the newsletter.

New editor and new look!
Love & Light,
Nan



Although I was at the PSI Symposium Conference, I wasn't at this Sermon at Ferry Beach the day after we got there. This is so typical of Ferry Beach and is why we all come back! FB I miss you already! Until next year . . .

Sunday Sermon “Drop It!” at Ferry Beach, August 21, 2011 Rev Dave Johnson

I'm sure you all have dragged all the stuff in from the car - the bags, sheets, towels, blankets, fans, extra lamps, umbrellas, sunscreen - all the usual baggage - and tucked it away to make your rooms manageable, comfortable, livable. But there is more baggage to attend to. Some observer, years ago, commented on how so many people were so driven, dragged, pushed, controlled by time they complained bitterly. But when they went on vacation they brought time with them - on their wrists. We bring watches, computers, I pads, smart phones and God knows what other exotic communications devices with us so that we can stay in touch with home, work, friends, schedules, plans, children. The latest Christian Century has an article on a special camp that weans young folk from such devices - which are forbidden. What do the counselors in that camp do in their off time? They are on computers and cell phones!

Wasn't it Thoreau who counseled a friend to really look at the grass, flowers, trees. The friend responded; “But I am looking.” Thoreau replied; “No, you are always somewhere else? How can you look here, now?” It's so easy for our minds to journey back and forth, in remembrance, regret or anticipation - and we're not really here. One of renegade Roman Catholic Priest, Anthony de Mello's (silenced by the church) favorite tales was of a master and a disciple. The disciple approaches the master, triumphantly. His assigned task was to empty his mind. He proudly declares; “Look I have nothing in my hands.” The master retorts; “Drop it.” The disciple says; “But it is nothing!” The master repeats; “Drop it at once!” The disciple - frustrated - declares; “But I have nothing. How can I drop it?” The master replies; “Then carry it around if you want to.” The “nothing” in our minds in our hands is a space carved out for all the things we fill our souls, minds, days with, a space of shadows of things past and to come. We are not really open to the swift rush of wind, the deep smell of the great fir trees, the quiet whisper of a bird. The close presence of one we love whose hand may be touching ours now. We miss the crunch of the gravel beneath our feet, the twinkling sun breaking through the leaves on our foreheads this morning.

De Mello comments; “What was that you said? You've heard dozens of birds sing and seen hundreds of trees? Ah, was it the tree you saw or the label, “tree?” If you look at a tree and see a tree, you have not really seen a tree. When you look at a tree and see a miracle - then at last, you have seen! Did your heart fill with wordless wonder when you heard a bird sing?” What did we come here for but to see and share miracles of life, being, presence? Didn't we come to hear the restless rumbling waves, to feel the water gently caressing our skin, the sand beneath our feet squishing through our toes? Weren't we seeking the warm beach beneath our bodies, to witness the grainy tough beach grass staking out the drifts of sand, the amazing durable beach pines digging in for moisture, life, the intricate pine cones which, if you leave them inside will suddenly explode like skyrocketing seeds everywhere?

The miracles surround, encompass, embrace us everywhere. The people, the familiar faces, the new ones, the smiles, the signs of struggle, of pain, of gathering years touch us. The brightness, the wink answered, the music – the music that fills the days- the soul, the very being here – miracles are everywhere. Phyllis Theroux spoke once of a Civil Service exam she had to take – meant to weed out folk with Messiah complexes – which contained the question; “Do you think you are a special agent of God?” She reflected on the miraculous giftedness of life and the deep conviction of blessedness meant to be shared. She decided – if she wanted the job – she’d better lie. She wrote, “no.” Here, now we’re chosen to be, to reveal glory, wonder, grace that all may see. Put down your baggage and attend to the miracles.

One final story – At the Museum of Natural History in New York City a father was explaining to his young son the evolution of the horse’s hoof. The boy became restless and pulled on his father’s sleeve, saying “Daddy turn off your mind and let’s go see the whale!” Turn off all that restless anxiety and questioning, and go see the whale.



By Shirley Pratt

Over the years I have used numerous exercises to help me in my spiritual growth. Nowadays I seldom use them as they don't seem so necessary. Not that I am perfect, or anything like that, but things seem to come to fruition without my doing little exercises to help things along. Having been a medium for eighteen years now, it seems that I know what I want to know, things fall into place for me, and wishes to change things are no longer necessary as changes are made without my help if they are meant to be. Perhaps none of this is true and I just think it is. At any rate, I thought I would like to give some of these exercises to others as they did help me when I used them years ago.

To Become Unattached

If you feel you cannot get away from someone, that you are too attached to them, then close your eyes and picture them wearing an apron and the apron strings (or ties) are tied to you. Now, mentally take a large pair of scissors and cut the apron strings, and as you do so say what you are doing, which is separating yourself from that person.

Problem or Situation

If you have a problem with someone and you wish to get rid of the situation, write the person's name on a piece of paper and put it in an ashtray or dish and burn it, saying the person's name and why you are doing this.

Wish or Desire

If you have a very strong wish and desire it to come true, write the exact wish on a piece of paper at least ten times and put it under your mattress in the area where your body will be. Be sure to word the wish carefully meaning exactly what you want to happen. Do not look at the paper after you put it under your mattress!

Grounding Exercises

If you wish to feel more grounded, sit quietly with your eyes closed (it is all right if music is playing in the background) and your feet flat on the floor. Picture your feet growing roots. Feel the roots going down into the ground, deeper and deeper. Feel your connection with the earth. Stay that way for a few minutes.

Another grounding exercise is one where a person stands with the feet slightly spread apart. Arms are at the sides. Eyes are closed. Now slowly, slowly raise the arms at the sides so that they are going straight out from the body and the fingers are pointing away from the sides of the body to the right and to the left. Continue to raise the arms until the hands meet over the top of the head, but be sure to do it slowly. Now slowly return the arms to the sides of the body and the fingers will be pointing toward the floor.

Another Ferry Beach story; here's how this sacred place affected one person. My husband, Tom, participated in some of the intuition workshop but most of his time he spent meditating in the grove where we were camping.

He did enjoy the dowsing demonstrations. I convinced him to come one afternoon because we were actually allowed to use the dowsing tools. The one he picked up was the Y-rod. This one is made of plastic and you bend it in your hands; when bent it's shaped like a wishbone. The way we were taught to dowse is to get centered, then you say "Show me the water lines", or whatever it is you're looking for. Usually the Y-rod points down when you find what you're looking for. In Tom's case, he didn't ask anything, but just walked along in the grass until something happened. What happened was, the Y-rod pointed straight up to the Universe! He'd walk away, then walk back and every time he came to the same spot it pointed up with so much force that he had trouble pointing it back down.

Later when he was back at the grove in our tent he found himself channeling Buddha consciousness. He has channeled a couple of different entities before, but this time he describes it as threads. They are always running through his head, and don't come from an entity.

When he told me what happened to him I thought that he could be taping into the Akashic records. It would be interesting to hear what others reading this newsletter think about this. The following is a thread he got from the Buddha consciousness on Light. He is still channeling and plans to make his findings public in a book to be published next summer called "The Buddha Codex". I will be helping him with editing this book.

Light

Light, the purest form of Energy,
The ultimate expression of Freedom
For it can never be contained.

Light, the living encyclopedia,
Of all things known
Past, present, and future.
For this it is called
Illumination.

The astronomer uses Light
To study the past.
The Sage uses Light
To study the future.

Light,
You can block it,
Reflect and re-direct it.
But you can never, never
Stop it.

Light,
It dances in the rivers,
It is the unending celebration of Existence.
The Music of the Stars.

I am Light.
Pure Energy
Pure Freedom
Pure Knowledge
Pure Joy
Unstoppable.

Close your eyes...
And you can see me.
Cease all thought
And be illuminated.



Report on the 2011 Summer Conference at Ferry Beach

Sibylle Baughan, the conference's co-coordinator, recently said something to me about the summer conference that struck me as important to pass on. She said that we have created "*a loving community*". And it seems that we have. The people who come to the PSI conference, whether they are "old timers" or newcomers, for 6 days become a group of friends who share laughter, "teeny weenie" ice cream cones, give each other support, discuss "weird" ideas about psychic stuff, take meditative beach walks, and are comfortable about sharing both workshop experiences and experiences that brought us to PSI Symposium in the first place.

Most of the 23 people who attended the conference were returning from previous years...returning to our special community. However even the newcomers reported feeling part of the fellowship right from the beginning.

We had two excellent workshop leaders from the New England area: Regina Strongheart leading the intuition workshop, and Ray

Machell, the dowsing workshop. PSI staff participated in the workshops, with Madeline Monaghan also leading a dream workshop and Sibylle leading the final morning recap. They conducted the beautiful Healing Service using their crystal and Tibetan singing bowls to bathe us in healing vibrations. At the Healing Service, Marcia Payson, led a Memorial Service honoring her friend Rev. Jo-an Glasse, a long-time PSI member, conference workshop leader, and recent Newsletter Editor.

We were also fortunate to have as evening speaker, Freddy Silva...who spoke about how temples of all kinds and from all ages have the power to alter consciousness.

If you have never attended PSI's summer conference, think about treating yourself next July to a get-away week, with great people who are interested in some of the same extraordinary things you are.

Peg Smith,
PSI Vice President and
Conference Co-coordinator

GUIDANCE FROM THICH NHAT HANH

(submitted by Glen Snowden)

*Each moment you are alive is a gem.
It needs you to breathe gently
for the miracles to be displayed.*

**Our practice is to live our daily life in such a way
that every moment, every act
becomes an act of love.**

*Compassion is always born of understanding,
and understanding
is the result of looking deeply.*

**To vow to bring joy to one person in the morning
and to help relieve the suffering of one person in
the afternoon.**

*When we change our daily lives – the way
we think, speak and act –
we change the world.*

**Each breath we take, each step we make,
each smile we realize,
is a positive contribution to peace.**

*Only in the present moment
can we touch life
and be deeply alive.*

UU PSI SYMPOSIUM NEWSLETTER

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“Go within to the peaceful solitude of your
mind. It is there that you will discover
God.”

Dr. Wayne Dyer

Affirmation:

I find harmony in the silence within.
(taken from Wayne Dyer's Inner Peace Cards)

Website: www.psi-symposium.org