

Living With The Light



This eBook contains a free sample of material from Living With The Light. It comprises part of a chapter from Part One: The Journey and another from Part Two: The Light.

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About Living With The Light

This book has been written to share my life experience, explaining how my spiritual growth came about. My aim in writing this book is to help others by sharing the contents.

My narrative starts with events from my early life, with memories of childhood in a fairly dysfunctional family. I describe much hardship and insecurity, first with my mother leaving home (which was a rare event back in the 1950s) and later the death of my beloved father, which was the catalyst for my searching for spiritual truths.

My father's death came about when I was eleven years old. It had a huge effect on my life, changing my whole world. I just couldn't accept that his death was final, and my searching began from this time.

I went to live in a Children's Home after my father's death, and share the tragic and funny side at this time in my life. I remained at the home for five years.

With my searching for evidence of my father's survival, which took many long years, an abundance of extraordinary events took place, which I chart over the years. I had many interesting experiences and later developed my own personal gift of spiritual mediumship.

Several years ago, I invited my daughter and nephew to join me in a home circle to help them develop their spiritual gifts. In time, my daughter developed the gift of spirit portrait drawings, my nephew the gifts of healing and trance mediumship. Through his gift, many wonderful spirit helpers spoke, bringing with them teachings and wisdom.

These meetings were recorded, and as the book progresses I introduce these spirit communications, interwoven with their relevance to ordinary people and world events. In fact the idea of writing this book, and sharing its wealth of material, came from the spirit communicators. It had never been my intention to do such a thing, although I thought it should be shared with others, so found the very thought of doing so quite daunting.

As the book progresses and the trance mediumship grows stronger, I gradually introduce this wonderful love and wisdom from the higher life.

Chapter 1

Listen to the laughter of children having fun,
Unique little beings, each and every one.
Giving, loving, sharing, shining little gems,
Holding out a hand to all,
Young and old their friends.
We can learn from children, with their innocence and love,
That a wealth of good things are in store
All around and up above.
All that is needed is to open up ourselves,
Just like the little children,
It is within that our love and sharing dwells.

1996.

I start my story with my birth in Newport hospital, on the Isle of Wight, on 5th August 1950. I was the last child to be born in my family, making me the ninth after five brothers and three sisters. My early memories are cloudy, but I do remember being loved, warm and well fed. I do recall being a fussy eater. There would be a battle of wills between my mother and me where food was concerned, but I usually won. My mother's face was a happy one and always had a ready smile. She would often burst into song as she carried out her housework, which was hard in those days.

My father was a quiet man, and I adored him. In my eyes he could do no wrong. He always seemed to be at work, which I thought strange, not really understanding why. I asked him one day, after begging him not to go. He explained that he had to go to work to earn money to bring me home some bread and jam. Forget the bread and jam, I could do without that, but couldn't do without him.

Money was always tight in our house. We didn't have much in the way of material wealth; in fact things were very tough. Of course being so young I didn't really understand; I just remember being happy, running wild most of the time, and generally carefree. Some of my brothers and sisters were still living at home, but most had left to make their own way in life.

My father worked at one of the railway stations on the Island, and I can still remember the smell of steam trains on his clothes. Before and during the Second World War he was in the Royal Navy. He loved the life, joining up as a boy. He had a very hard life, was an honest, hard working man and very generous. He would give away his last penny to anyone in need.

My mother did the odd cleaning job to help with the necessities of life. I remember being taken with her to a large house and playing with a little girl who lived there. The garden was very big and I thought how wonderful it was. I also thought how lucky she was to have a swing. I couldn't believe that anyone could have their very own swing! I think I must have been about three years old at the time, maybe a little younger.

The Island was a lovely place to live. It was safe to play outside in those days. My brother John, being three and a half years older, always seemed to be around for me. I loved him. He was my protector. I can remember as if it were yesterday hearing him screaming when the family doctor was called to put clips in his knee after having an accident playing football. The family doctor was a very kind man; in fact John was named Ernest John after him. Ernest has never been used; I'm sure to John's relief.

John was the apple of my father's eye, to the annoyance of some of the family. It was possibly because he spent more time with us, having been de-mobbed from the Navy before we were born. They would go everywhere together. John was a real

chatterbox and I remember feeling tired just listening to him. He loved animals, and still does.

We acquired a cat and asked Dad if we could name him Timmy. Dad said we could, but might regret it; why? Timmy produced some kittens one day in the under-stairs cupboard! The kittens were so tiny, and I would be so fascinated to watch Timmy carry them around in her mouth. We were told that new homes had to be found for these tiny little creatures. I recall during breakfast one morning Dad coming into the kitchen having just drowned the kittens. I was shocked. How could my daddy do such a terrible thing? I feel the same even today. I have since learned that this was quite a common thing back then. Timmy was taken to the vet who was a bus ride away, and the poor thing was put in a shopping bag for the journey. When she returned she had a big white bandage around half her body. We were told she wouldn't be having any more kittens. I thought it just as well, the thought and horror of that experience was enough.

As I grew, it wasn't long before I started to feel that things were not as happy as they should be at home. I was becoming aware of things that I didn't like, things that made me feel very insecure. My parents rarely spoke to one another. Mum often spoke in a bad way about Dad, but never the other way round. I started to feel afraid, confused. Mum would often say she was leaving, which at times, filled me with terror. She often went out in the evenings; I would wake up and run into her room to see if a certain chest was still there, and cry with relief over it knowing she was just out, and would return.

One day Mum took me to meet a man friend. I didn't like him and knew that it was wrong. I remember he offered me a cake. I can still recall it had bright green icing on top. I refused the cake. I just knew something was wrong; I didn't want to be with this man in his strange house. I wanted to shout and kick out at him. I didn't. How right I was to feel that something was wrong. At the tender age of six, my mother took me to my Auntie Beatie and Uncle Bill's house on the mainland, at Portsmouth. Mum's family came from this area. She had actually left my father. She left me there and went off. I have since learned that when she had settled with her man friend, she would collect me. Thankfully, this never happened.

After spending a restless night trying to sleep on a sofa in the living room, Uncle Bill came into the room with a cup of milky tea for me. I can still remember the light coming through the door hurting my eyes. He looked concerned; I could feel love from this quiet man. Uncle Bill was a short man and had a bald head, which fascinated me. I crept upstairs, looking for my mother. I felt very confused. All I wanted was to be back in my home with the family I knew. How I ached. My world felt torn apart. It would never be the same.

I can't remember for how long I stayed with my aunt and uncle. Their daughter, my cousin, who is a little younger than me, was good company and we played well together. At night I would cry quietly until I thought my heart would break. Why was I here? I didn't feel wanted, these people didn't know me and I couldn't be myself. I would try to be good. Being a quiet, shy child it was easy, but I knew the situation wasn't good. My Auntie Beatie tried so hard to treat me the same as my cousin, but I knew that as kind as she was, she didn't want me to be there. Why should she have me dumped on her? It must have been very difficult.

My Aunt and Uncle argued quite a lot as I recall. Uncle Bill had served in the Royal Navy during the War. They had lost a son named Brian. He had died after suffering some horrible disease. They had other sons; I think two still lived at home at that time. I was very shy and would "clam up" whenever they were around.

Uncle Bill re-decorated a bedroom for us girls to share. I thought it would be nice, but was worried that this was going to be a permanent arrangement. It was nice but it wasn't my home.

One day, out of the blue, my sisters Jean and Evelyn came to take me back home. I was so excited, and happy, although I did feel sad to leave. Auntie B had bought me some new sandals while I was there. I can still remember her saying to me in a horrible tone “tell your father I bought you those new sandals”. She was Mum’s sister, but why was she so aggressive when speaking about my dad? I would learn.

Jean and Eve told me that Dad had had trouble tracking me down; he hadn’t known where I was. I didn’t care anymore, I was going home! I must say that as a child, I loved Jean and Eve. They were both nurses and worked on “the mainland”. They had the strangest relationship, love, hate, and always arguing, but I adored them both. Eve was very gentle and kind; Jean was quick-tempered but very generous. When I knew Jean was coming home for the weekend, I would run to the railway bridge at the top of our road, go along a bit and meet her half way. She carried the same blue bag, and would produce a sixpence for me to buy sweets. This was pure heaven for me as I had a very sweet tooth. I loved her coming as she was always good fun, and, of course, the sixpence!

We arrived home at last. Walking into the kitchen I could see my beloved daddy sitting at the kitchen table. I was safe again. I can see John coming through the door; he looked relieved to see me but I sensed he was embarrassed. We were together again.

I was so angry that Mum had left. The strange thing was I was more angry with her for leaving Dad, not me. As I write I feel great pain for the child that I was. On we go, I have much to tell.

Life carried on. My sister Ruth who is eight years older than me, tried to do to the best of her ability, the general running of the home. I found her very unpredictable; she seemed to act oddly at times. She has suffered mental health problems all her life. She married a Spanish man and now lives in Spain with a grown up family. I haven’t seen her for over thirty years.

Down the end of our road lived a lady by the name of Miss Hookey. She was a funny little lady. Her house was very cluttered; newspapers scattered everywhere, books so high they looked as if they would tumble. I once found a fruit cake under one of the chair cushions! She had chickens in the garden which made the most dreadful din. I loved going to see her. She was very fond of my mother and was very kind to her; in fact my mother wasn’t a strong person, she’d had TB before John and I were born. When she fell pregnant with John, she was advised to have the pregnancy terminated. After a lot of heartache, the doctor gave in and said she would have to spend her time in bed. When John was born he was very sick, but soon grew strong. My mother was always proud to tell everyone she had nine children and breast-fed them all, to my embarrassment!

Miss Hookey loved cats. In fact her house had the most terrible smell of cats, burnt potatoes, which she would cook on her fire for some reason, and a general musty odour. She had apple trees in her overgrown garden, and would watch us like a hawk that we didn’t take any without her permission. Ruth always managed to take some. How she did this I could never understand. She would produce them from inside her knickers when we got home, and look very pleased with herself!

I have been told that during a visit to Miss Hookey’s one day, I decided I didn’t want to leave. Mum had got very cross and was pulling me one way, me pulling the other, when suddenly I fell on my right arm and broke my wrist. I can’t remember this happening, but I do vaguely recall having my arm in plaster and feeling very important.

Miss Hookey dressed up as Father Christmas one year. She called at our house with some very battered old toys wrapped in brown paper and tied with string. John and I knew it was her, even though she put on a gruff voice. She really was one of life’s eccentrics.

I recall many elderly people living in our road. They were very friendly. I was very fond of one old couple; I think they had other family living in the same road. I would love to pop in to see them. Of course there were many children to play with. We would play hop-scotch in the road, and chasing games. I also recall another neighbour having a television and sometimes allowing us to watch certain programmes. He would give us chocolate and oranges to eat. He would smile and look happy to see us all. This act of kindness was a real treat to us.

At the top of our road was a cemetery, which I found to be a very peaceful place. We would sometimes play there. I would look at all the headstones, feel sad and sing. The smell of dead flowers in the air to me was horrible. I often wondered where all the people had gone; some to Heaven, or perhaps, if they had been very bad, hell.

Some of our neighbours who lived over the road kept pigs. I would go round in a cart to collect pigswill with their children. The smell in the cart, not to mention the swill, was truly disgusting, but to me it was great fun. When I was a child I was very fussy about keeping my clothes clean, and can remember, even then, feeling ashamed as I would ride inside the cart until there was only room left for the swill. I must have smelt terrible when I got home.

The surrounding countryside was beautiful. Up over the fields was a bluebell wood. The colour and smell was fantastic. To me this wood was a magical place. I was very scared of cows; we would have to walk through a large field where they grazed to get to the wood, I would then worry about getting back home again. Going through the field once was bad enough. I would gather armfuls of bluebells to take home for my mother (before she left home) and arrange them in a jam jar, only to find that they would die very quickly.

Some of my favourite toys were a teddy bear and a golly. Their bed was made out of a cardboard box. I would tell them all my secrets; tell them a story at night before making sure they were tucked up tight. They were very real to me.

Sometimes I would put string around poor Timmy's neck and try to take her for a walk. Once she spat out at me, this I never tried again!

My brother Peter who is ten years older was a very good storyteller. I would sit transfixed when he told spooky stories and made many sounds of doors creaking and things going bump in the night! He had a bike and I don't remember seeing much of him.

My brother David was very tall. When he paid us a visit I would look through his coat pockets for Fox's mints. He would have different types of mints, but Fox's were my favourites and I would plead with him to let me have one. They were always sticky and yucky where they had been inside the pocket for so long, I don't really know why I bothered. I just loved sweet things. Like Ruth, David suffered with mental health problems. Looking back makes me feel sad.

I can't recall very much about my brother Ronnie, he didn't come home very often; when he did pay a visit, he was very nice to me. I remember he had a lovely smile and a very contagious laugh.

My eldest brother Maurice would visit every now and then. He always seemed very serious and sad. He was very smart in his dress sense. He would practice for hours playing his violin, which made me feel upset for some reason. It wasn't because he was a bad player, he was very good. He played in many orchestras. He paid for John to have violin lessons with the same teacher that he had had when young.

Well, this is my family. Over the years I had been told many things about why so many of my brothers and sisters had mental health problems. My mother thought some were the cause of their terrible experiences during the war years, but whatever the reasons I can honestly say that I have loved them all. I have not liked them at times, some have been an embarrassment, some I have been very proud of, but the one I have

loved most of all is John. I don't think he realises over the years how much he has helped me on my journey with the Light. To find out more, read on.

After Mum left home, life went on. School, Easter, Guy Fawkes, Christmas, snow, endless sunny summer days. Yes, I was happy. As I have already explained, we didn't have much but what you don't have you don't miss. One thing I couldn't understand was why we didn't have electricity in our house. Everyone had it, why not us? We had gas mantels in the walls, most were broken. We would use candles upstairs during long winter nights, which was very lovely. The light would cast shadows.

I can remember sometimes going very early in the morning with Dad and John to pick wild mushrooms. Dad would tell us to be very quiet because if the mushrooms heard us talking they would go back into the ground. We would be as quiet as mice! This memory will stay with me always. We would go over the fields to collect the mushrooms; early mornings always seemed exciting and magical to me.

Dad really knew how to spoil children. It was the little things that he did which made me feel very secure. Little things like leaving biscuits or sweets by the side of the bed, waking knowing something special was in store. These little memories help fill my box of treasure and remain sacred to me.

I have always liked elderly people, but as a child I found that they always had time to listen to what I had to say. Most of our elderly neighbours were really lovely country folk. All of my grandparents had died before I was born. I would visit my friend's grandfather and wish he was mine. He always had mints in his drawer. I would think that maybe my grandfather would have given me mints from his drawer if he had been alive.

As I grew and became more aware, I started to fear many things. I have always had a great love for Jesus; as a child he was my friend. As long as Jesus was with me I would be alright. Being outside in the dark was a terrifying experience, but I was okay because I had Jesus with me. I would feel someone with me and felt warm inside, I never felt alone.

Being a lone parent, things must have got very difficult for my father. At the age of seven years I was to leave my beloved Island.

John and I went for about six months to The Southern Railwaymen's Home for Children in Woking, Surrey. When it first opened, it was an orphanage, later became just a home for children, and in later years was named Woking Grange. We were told that Dad had to sort things and then we would be together again.

The children's home was a very large place. I felt very afraid. Dad said he would see us soon. John and I were separated.

The Home had different sections. Girls one side, boys the other. The "Pickles" section were boys and girls mixed together from the age of five. Junior girls/boys, lower seniors and then seniors. We all met in the very large dining room in our sections for meals. After breakfast every morning, the Superintendent, Mr. Evershed, would come in and we would repeat one of the Ten Commandments. We had to learn them off by heart. I was so afraid of doing something wrong. Everything was strange to me. All these new faces, so many children to meet. Everything was ordered. Being told what to do and what not to. I would just smile and try to be good, which was easy for me. I just wanted to go home with John and Dad. Why was Dad taking so long to sort things out? He would come to visit when he could, telling us it wouldn't be long. Why were we here? I was very confused.

The Matron in charge was very tall and elegant. She had long hair which was tied in a bun at the back of her head. She had a beautiful, graceful face, which lit up when she smiled. She could be very strict but was always fair. Most of the children loved her, me included. She showed affection easily, and often.

During the month of June 2000 I was ready and waiting. What for? Direct spirit contact. I hid a small portable tape recorder under the chair cushion next to me. I didn't want to put Tim under any pressure, and waited. Many contortions were happening with Tim. I waited, not in the least bit afraid or concerned. I had seen this many times before with mediums when developing myself, plus I trust our spirit workers one hundred per cent. They will never allow any harm to come to Tim.

Listed below are many of the recorded conversations with our friends, teachers and guides. In the beginning we were unsure as to what we would do with the wisdom that was being given to us. We felt it must be shared, but how? This you will understand as the story unfolds. Much is of very personal detail to us, some I have edited out. Much that I have written is personal, but applies to many, so would like to share this beauty with YOU. The Light is now very, very bright. Shine on....

SC = Spirit Communicator. M = Mary. G = Grace.

June, 2000.

SC: We are always here.

M: We know that, friend; we greet you with our love and thank you. What have you come to tell us?

SC: That you already know. We have come to enlighten you.

M: We are sorry; we do not know what to say at the moment. It's rather a surprise for us.

SC: It doesn't matter because I can read your mind.

M: Who are you, friend?

SC: When the time is ready I will tell.

M: Thank you, just like to thank you. Thank you for coming, you are very welcome.

SC: We are filled with joy to make the connection.

M: Us too.

SC: For as you know, when the student is ready, the master will appear.

M: Yes, friend.

SC: God bless.

M: God bless you, friend, thank you for coming, please allow Tim to come back.

This was the first direct contact with our friends. Tim returned completely back to normal, feeling refreshed and not affected in any way. We all laughed with excitement for some time after this session. This may seem short to the reader, but in the early days it took some time for complete conversation. Many pauses and contortions came from Tim. We were learning with our spirit communicators as a team. They had worked tirelessly behind the scenes. We had sat patiently, expecting nothing, lovingly hoping. Tim had worked hard on himself. He gave up smoking, became a vegetarian, and got himself fit. He made his temple as pure as possible for his work. Wheels within wheels.

For those who are unsure as to what was now happening, I will try to explain very simply.

All mediums work differently. Tim, as a medium, puts himself in a complete state of relaxation. Over the years he has learnt how to quieten his mind. During this state spirit communication is possible. Tim allows this for good. Please remember this is very controlled. Like attracts like. Again, please remember we work for the Light.

Sitting in circle is done to develop spiritual gifts. It takes time. No rushing. It takes dedication, patience, love and understanding. First we must understand ourselves. When ready, wonderful gifts will unfold. Ego must be put aside. To become a good

medium, the motive must always be for the good of mankind. A medium is used as an instrument. If perfection is required, patience is needed. It will not come overnight for most. Ask, and you will receive. I have always asked only for quality, truth and love. Quality, truth and love I have received.

Over the years of developing my gifts, I have witnessed some marvellous spirit communications. I have witnessed quality with mediums, and, sadly, undisciplined rubbish of lies and large egos. Nothing shocks or surprises me in this field.

Grace found this quite mind blowing at first, and as I write is still trying to come to terms with feelings of doubt. This is healthy and quite normal. I reassure her, but she still comes and sits right by my side when our friends come to speak with us, just in case! She is now a grown woman of thirty, but to me, still my little girl who needs my protection and understanding. I laugh myself silly inside, but it makes her feel safe.

Guiding guarding all the while
Never wanting thanks
Waiting watching understanding
Thank you for your presence.

1981.

June, 2000.

M: Take your time, friend, we know it's difficult.

SC: A picture tells a thousand stories.

M: Indeed.

SC: (to Grace) You are blessed with the gift to draw, so draw.

G: Thank you.

M: Bless you.

SC: You have travelled a hard road, Mary, but it has been worth it. We are proud.

M: Thank you. I am very humble.

SC: Love is a wondrous thing. It is the building blocks of life. It is all around us, in the air we breathe. You just have to listen.

M: We must say that we congratulate you. It's a great thing that you and Tim can connect like this and speak to us. We are very privileged.

SC: It has been earned.

M: I know. I think we'll have to call you Smiley, our smiley friend. Do you agree?
(This communicator would use Tim's features and smile the whole time. To my question, his answer was to smile! This caused much laughter)

SC: (Smiley) It is a lovely time of year. You are blessed with lots of colour. It is here to uplift, for man to try to aspire to greater things. The seed is within us all. These words come with much, much love. They are not to lecture.

M: We know, we accept them with love, because we only want love within this room and we know. We trust, we know.

Smiley: We know this also. (Smiley to Grace) Your problems are our problems. Do not take the weight of the world on your shoulders.

G: Thank you.

Smiley: The love of God is with you always.

M: Bless you, Smiley. In your own time please allow Tim to come back. Just like to thank you and send you a lot of love, for we have received a lot of love.

Smiley: As the sun shines, you will receive our love, God bless.

June, 2000.

M: Hello, Smiley.

Smiley: Blessed are we. We must get it right.

M: You will. It's very early days. I think I tell you too much that you already know.
Smiley: You make our job easy. In silence much can be learnt. (to Grace) Don't be afraid, little one. You may be small in body, but not in spirit. The soul comes into its own in silence. It is a blessed thing, much can be heard. In our quiet moments God may speak. Such joy. That is what we must spread, joy, so that the spirit may sing, that is how it is meant to be.
M: Yes. A lot of things on our Earth don't make us feel joy sometimes, as you well know.
Smiley: But in such darkness the soul comes into its own, as you already know. Through trials and tribulations we step closer to God.
M: We do, friend. God bless you, Smiley. I think your mission, my friend, must be a good one. We thank you for coming.
Smiley: All our missions are ultimately good. Yours is as important as mine.
M: Of course. If we can help you with your soul growth we are very pleased.
Smiley: Together we shall dance!
M: Yes, and smile?
Smiley: But of course! And sometimes we weep, for we know it is hard. We are well aware of the pain that is here on Earth.
M: There are many joys, there is much Light, friend.
Smiley: Ultimately it is worth it. We shall sing together in harmony in God's choir. As sure as night follows day this shall be so.
M: Tell us, friend, if you are able, have you been in spirit a long time?
Smiley: Time is something we have plenty of here. We are not governed by these things.
M: No, you are very fortunate in spirit. Am I right in thinking, Smiley, that there are others waiting to come sometime in the future?
Smiley: This they already do. Where you see one, there are many. We all come to serve.
M: Bless you.
Smiley: Bless you!
M: Thank you. Is there anything special you want to help us with, maybe within our little circle?
Smiley: There is much to say and to do, but this will come with time. Balance. It is important that we reach for the highest.
M: Oh absolutely, friend.
Smiley: You deserve nothing less.
M: Thank you. You can speak, Grace.
G: Oh I know. I don't know what to say. (Much laughter together)
Smiley: Do you feel the love? It is constant like the moon and stars.
M: I think you are blending well.
Smiley: We try.
M: Yes. Please do not tire. You, of course, will not tire, but Tim will. Thank you very, very much for coming. It's a pleasure to see your smiling face. Bless you.

May I just point out before I write more, that our friend Smiley is very humorous. Reading the above, I know, is wonderful, but to hear him actually speak is beautiful. He has such gentleness in the tone of his voice, and compassion. He was our first of many speakers to come. All without exception are truly wonderful souls.

July, 2000.

M: Good evening, friend.

Smiley: Good evening.

M: Is that Smiley?

Smiley: Indeed.

M: I thought perhaps it was you. You are indeed Smiley!

Smiley: And you are indeed, you!

M: Grace is not with us sadly, as you know. But there will be another time.

Smiley: We know that the bonds of earth come first sometimes. We understand, for we are learning also.

M: I know. We'll have to help each other.

Smiley: That is the way.

M: That's right. What have you come to say?

Smiley: Where to begin, for as you know everything is an experiment. But each time it will get better.

M: Yes, friend. Is there anything we can do to help you more?

Smiley: Harmony. We will try to do the rest. Sometimes there is conflict between the human mind and what it experiences on earth. This can sometimes make it hard for the two worlds to meet.

M: I can understand that.

Smiley: For souls such as yourself that are sensitive, they do get affected by what is seen around, and sometimes the things that we see are painful indeed. But in the fullness of time, you will see they have their place. God bless the little children, it hurts us also.

M: I know, friend, but God knows everything. God is love, so we will not fail. We can't possible fail with God's love. We must all just be strong, have faith and trust, my dear friend.

Smiley: And the soul sings.

M: The soul sings. God bless you, friend.

Smiley: You've learnt well. Once ignited the flame will never die, and Light will chase away all of the shadows.

M: Yes. I think your instrument was rather rushed tonight, but I think you're doing very well both of you. Well done.

Smiley: He is learning. (Smiles very broadly)

M: He is learning. Oh dear, Smiley, I think you and Tim have a similar sense of humour. Like attracts like, doesn't it, friend?

Smiley: We are all linked. You do a great service.

M: I do?

Smiley: You do.

M: Oh well, that's very kind. Thank you.

Smiley: But you must also take care of yourself. You are as important as those that you help. The summer is your time; it recharges your batteries.

M: That's right it does, and it's very late this year! (Smiley laughs!!) But I am very patient, Smiley.

Smiley: And you enjoy it all the more.

M: Yes. I've got to learn to practice what I preach. We all have our weaknesses, I try to work very hard for spirit. I do it in love, but I have weaknesses too.

Smiley: In love is all that we ask.

M: I know, that's all I ask of you.

Smiley: And who are you to say you have weaknesses? We all have weaknesses. It is the fuel that propels us along life's journey. It enables the soul to soar ever higher and closer to God. It is a long journey, sometimes a lonely one. We are all there together. There are many signposts along the way, and Rome wasn't built in a day. You do well, for we need you as much as you need us. We are no better than you. We just see that little further along the road, and if we can help, we are pleased.

M: You do help.

Smiley: And we are blessed.

M: Yes, you are blessed, friend, very, very blessed.

Smiley: For when we draw close, that is when we sense the pain that you feel, and so we understand. We do not judge, for it is not our place.

M: No. May God bless you, friend, in your understanding. Thank you for coming, but I think Tim should return.

Smiley: God bless you.

M: Bless you friend, come again soon. We'll help you, and get the harmony right.