

April 28, 1978

Dear Findhorn:

My family and I would like to come visit you for a week this summer. We will be in England from June 11th to July 24th and could come up your way any time during that period that suited you. From our point of view, the earlier the better. I feel that starting our journey with you would serve to orient us spiritually to a new place. My husband and I will have with us our two children, Jonah, aged seven, and Claire-Elise, aged one. I wish we had made the decision to come to Britain earlier, so that there would be a greater chance you would have room for us. Our friends Stan Howard and Jeanne Lyons recently returned from Findhorn, and their stories and tapes catalyzed our diffuse wish to visit you into a realization that we could go NOW. This inspired our sudden decision.

From what I understand, you wish to know my spiritual history and also why I feel drawn to Findhorn. I will sketch my spiritual history quickly, without attempting to make my hasty words communicate the essence of what I have experienced--that would be the text of a book many pages in the making. I was raised within the Presbyterian Church and, at the age of nine I started reading a chapter a night of the Bible. In this way I read it several times over by the time I was fifteen. At around the age of eleven I had an experience that intensified my personal connection with Jesus. I was sleeping outside in the backyard in Southern California one night. I woke up to stare at the stars, when suddenly the sky became a bowl over me and I felt myself growing very large. Then, the bowl closed around me as a sphere and the stars became large. I realized that the sky was like velvet and the stars were holes in that fabric through which light, light from one source, could pour. Then, suddenly, I was on the outside of this sphere with the source of the light, looking at the sphere with holes in it from a very far distant and very close perspective at once--and I felt extremely happy. This experience convinced me I was crazy...so I told no one about it and read the Bible, where I could find evidence of such things being "OK." At the age of 12, I became a Bornagain Christian, and went through an intense conversion. This followed my near death from a burst appendix. This near-death experience took my perspective to the ceiling, to look down at my Mom and the nurses trying to bet my painful body to urinate on a pot. Then, I slipped up beyond the ceiling and was cruising very close to brown-mauve-greenish waves which headed away from the shore. Again, I felt really happy and warm and loved. I remember being very agry to suddenly find myself being slapped and having water thrown at my face by the people pulling me back. Around the age of fourteen, although still aware of the stars feeling friendly towards me, I lost my faith in Christ. I was disillusioned with the Church... how could their little up-tight concept of Christ make THOSE stars? Poetry and Shakespeare--literature and drama became an obsession. I went to University and found my Bible knowledge and my experiences utilized and confirmed by literature. Taking LSD in the year 1966 produced visions...an incredibly small amount would set me off. I vowed to stop taking hallucinogenics in 1970--the decision was connected with my strong feeling it was time for me to bear a child. I wanted my visions to occur without chemical additives. I moved to the farm in Lund near the seacoast north of Vancouver, B.C. in that year, pregnant with my first child. When I was pregnant and learning how to work with nature, to garden, and raise animals, the feelings of being in touch, being centered, or even



swept right way intensified. Children, plants and animals have become the focus of much of my spiritual energy. I am busy with the business of a family and farm. Four years ago my body became unable to have more children, why I don't know, and so Steven and I applied for adoption. I had experienced a miscarriage one year after Jonah, and I felt very strongly that the little spirit would find its way to our family even if she had to go through someone else. We were given Claire on March 7th, 1971, when she was 11 days old. It is clear she is one of us. Meditating, using a TM mantra, has waned for me since Claire's arrival. I find myself worshipping the divine in her and in my son and my husband--and sometimes in myself--in the plants and animals and being less prone to dramatic inner space trips these days. Teaching English literature at the local college half time, running cultural and community events in Powell River, and developing the library takes time and energy. I would like to resume meditating--which brings me to the next topic.

Why do I want to come to Findhorn? I would like to resume meditating, and do do that I need spiritual input. I want to learn from my experience with you. I want to open up the spirit in me, give it more space in my life. I want to bring my son Jonah to Findhorn because he is very receptive spiritually right now--and I feel I need guidance to guide him in the best possible way. I don't feel comfortable with Christianity's ideology; I need a renewal of spiritual perspective from which to provide him and his sister later with spiritual teachings. Since my husband was raised Jewish, he and I sometimes find ourselves in religious conflicts--those times are the times we are reaching back into the past, not the HERE and NOW for our mental forms of spiritual realities. On a true soul level, he and I are deeply harmonious. We need more support from outside our family to help us provide a coherent religious trellis for our young bean-plant children to climb up. Whether or not coming to Findhorn would help us find what we seek, I think taking the desire for a common religious format for our family into action --the action of travelling to Findhorn-- is significant. I want to put my vacation time and money I have earned by working hard all year behind my spiritual development, and that of my family. I know from talking to Bethal Phaigh, a local Gestalt therapist, and from Stan and Jeanne that Findhorn has much to offer me, but that I must be prepared for difficulties as well as inspiration. My last reason for wanting to come to Findhorn is that the name itself provokes a delightful sense of childlike curiosity in me. As Claire would say, pointing her little finger, "What's That?"

Please telephone us at 604-483-4495 collect with your response to this application for a week's stay at Findhorn. The sooner we know, the sooner we can nail down practical details of our stay in England and Scotland. Thank you.

Take Care,



RR#2

Powell River, B.C. Canada

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26 April 1978

Dear Findhorn Gardeners,

Together with my family I would like to come to Findhorn this summer and spend a week learning in your presence. I realize that it is late in the year to be asking you to reserve a place for us, but I assume that if it is the right time for us to be there the possibility will arise. We are a party of four: Jan, my wife, Jonah, our seven year-old son, Claire-Elise, our one-year old daughter, and myself. We shall be arriving in London on 11 June and departing from London on 25 July. Any one week period during that time would be acceptable for us, though we would prefer to come as early as possible in our trip. We shall be happy to send you the full amount of our contribution/fee as soon as we receive your reply. If a last minute decision or vacancy should occur, please call us collect at 604 (area code) 483-4495.

I first learned about Findhorn several years ago when Bethal Phaigh returned from Scotland to conduct a series of Gestalt healing groups in our community on the Pacific Coast of rural British Columbia. Her descriptions of the place and her introduction of the technique of attunement made a lasting impression. Since then Findhorn's worldwide notoriety has increased, and I found myself reading books, articles and hearing talks about it with more and more frequency. Good News of the type you bear spreads quickly. But it was only after the return of our friends Stan Howard and Jeanne Lyons, with whom we share our garden and woodland homestead, that I felt the calling to seize the day. The tapes, pictures and stories they brought from their two week stay with you in January convinced me that now is the time to try to come.

What attracts me to Findhorn? I don't know where to begin. I am a teacher. Over the last ten years I have taught University and College courses in Literature and Composition. My doctoral dissertation is on the Pastoral Tradition from Spenser to Blake. Findhorn seems to be the incarnation of numerous elements of this tradition: an opportunity to enter Marvell's Garden. I am interested in the educational process per se. As instructor and Coordinator of the Basic Skills Program at Malaspina College this year I've been struggling with the problem of teaching literacy to adults. I am interested in the connection between education and community. For two years Jan and I directed a summer camp for children on our own homestead. As a founding member of a 6-year old food cooperative and a community theatre troupe I experience the difficulties of maintaining energy and commitment and harmony in "alternative" voluntary institutions. Living "on the land" together with 2 other families, I experience the challenges and the rewards of the group process every day. I feel that I have a great deal to learn from being at Findhorn in each of these areas of interest.

And there is so much more. I tend goats and a garden that keeps us in produce the year round. But there is much in my experience of animals and vegetables that I would like to work on. I tend to be anxious and excessively pragmatic in my dealings with them. Couchgrass and cabbageworms and unruly kids elicit outbursts of fury from me that shock and leave me drained. And though I enjoy it and keep coming back for more, working in the garden often releases waves of depressing feeling in my mind.

As to my "Spiritual History," which I am told you wish to have an account of, I don't feel comfortable summarizing that in this letter. It contains a fair share of darkness, some graceful illuminations, and for the past two years, while I have been practising Transcendental Meditation, an unspectacular and barely perceptible sense of ripening from the core.

It is following this sense that leads me to Findhorn, sooner as I would hope, or later, as I would accept.

