

# South London Permaculture

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## News from the mews

### Solstice in Somerset was like a breath of fresh air

What a fantastic end to my Autumn. Having jumped into the very versatile [BlaBlaCar](#) option of getting dropped off right next to the monument at Stonehenge, I found about 300 real people, a complete contrast to the awful de-spiritualised event in Summer which is now being turned into a carnival of sorts. Along the way I hitched into Avebury, and then further into Glastonbury. Unfortunately my bicycle got stolen whilst locked up outside Kidbrooke station and the police told me there was too much footage to go through in order to conduct a proper investigation (one week). If that wasn't enough I went down with kidney poisoning and collapsed. However, in between I met an angel and a temptress, and a few shamans for luck. Where else could you find such an eclectic mix of healers, environmentalists and food specialists if not at this powerful spot amid a multitude of ley lines?

Let me say, if you have a vehicle then try out these alternative options. I regularly pick up travellers to work on the farm in Spain. I also make my money back going across France. Their website needs tweaking, but even with the car's dominance of our culture it is giving back something of an ethical and community lifestyle. It's a grand way to make new friends too, and sell a little bit

AVAILABLE at **WELLBEING** in SYDENHAM, **SMBS FOODS** in EAST DULWICH, **FOREST HILL SUPERMARKET** in FOREST HILL ROAD, **THE LARDER** in LADYWELL, and **ALKALINE JUICE** in BRIXTON HILL. Retailers please contact me to buy at trade prices. Free advertising.

### Come to Catalonia

more olive oil, rather than the black stuff. MPX

Do you know what it's like to see everything coming? I don't even have to plan for it.

The first and second volumes of a 3-part series available at the Market. See also the new journal format.



### VOLUNTEER ON THE FARM IN CATALONIA

*Opportunity to join me for between 1 and 3 weeks in Catalonia on the farm. Leaving with a van for the ferry at Portsmouth on the 27th March. Booked with a 3-birth cabin. All costs are shared. Returning by flight on the 19th April. Registration is required and payment through SLP's website.*

*My mission this time is to prune the olive trees and continue building up the temple walls of a 10ltr cistern.*

*Anyone with bricklaying skills is welcome but not essential. Payment of £5 per day is required to cover one meal. Self-catering options available. See the Market page and download the booking form.*

Volunteer opportunities for one or two members to help work the land in a beautiful part of Spain. Access to the sea and neighbouring towns, and a shared caravan. Self-catering but many benefits include trips to regional mountainous and valley beauty spots, as well as direct rail services to Valencia, Tarragona and Barcelona. Cycling is also a must in this country. The project is the beginnings of an eco-settlement illustrated in the above books. The first phase building the large cistern and developing the polytunnel has already progressed. Other learning experiences include dry-stone walling, eco-build, walking and mountaineering, olive and carob cultivation, and fruit and vegetable production. The main period of farming is between October and March. Only companions are sort and must be of a spiritual disposition. Please contact the editor for further details or see our website [www.solteriologicgarden.com](http://www.solteriologicgarden.com)



## Winter's death opens up new horizons

It has been such an eventful end of year 2017 for me personally. The joy of getting back out the apple press for some home schoolers (see inside for beautiful photos by Jenny) and seeing an old acquaintance who I used to work for running a

veg/fruit scheme from our bicycle trailers, how timeless everything is when one is in their element. The fruits of that interaction is that SLP may have a new events coordinator who is already successful at it. As I am not in the UK most of the time it makes sense.

The year also brought lady luck. After a sustained period of celibacy, which spiritually is the most fulfilling thing I could do and far outweighs the physical sensations that a sexual union can provide, nevertheless introduced me to the flesh again. The subject comes up in my next chapter (being written now) in my latest book *The Golden Mōn: Building Revolutions*. It is like an open invitation in which the book invites me to unlock the secrets of transcendence and magical healing. Maybe all this time I am continually self-healing, but for now I find myself stricken, writhing on Christmas Day like a worm, taking 30 minutes to get myself upright. I obviously laugh in the face of death as two alternative healers nearly split my sides with the pain it brought, whilst now I feel as a person I have achieved practically everything I need to in this life. I've always said that building one's own home is the most spiritual thing I could do. Well, I have probably done that already, as a volunteer over the years; it's a case of enclosing nature into a secure space as would a bender, hammock, yurt, or eco-lodge would do.

It's funny how I write and discover the prophecy of this writing to manifest in its own way and own target. I never have the final say, that my vision is beyond my desire. So when unexpectedly I met an old boy who told me he had just been robbed in the outskirts of Barcelona, taking his fishing rod and 800Euros, I invited him to help me finish the olive season in Spain. It was a lovely union, a well-spoken man, hardy and very polite; I thought he would make a good on-farm companion for my stepdad. He was always cautious not to enter anyone's property without invitation, and soon enough my father took to him as they whiled away the evenings chatting about technology, ironically the subject matter of my latest chapter, and cars. He supposedly had come some 5,000km on his bike, and even my dog Jerry really liked him. Burly and a little scarred, he told me his life as a fisherman, working around the world and earning a little bit more money as a bare-fisted street fighter on the docks, which obviously still goes on unregulated. With prostitutes readying to take their earnings he enjoyed this. From the freezing climates of Sweden he was travel-worn for certain. He said he was many things, including a hard-grafter. He said many things about himself and I had no reason not to believe him. I said that he should stay for Christmas whilst I needed to return to the UK and earn some money; he could then water my trees. My magical volunteer had arrived.

Unfortunately I couldn't convince him to stay even though he had no money. Apparently I gave him the good idea that he could work on the fishing boats in Portugal, or even in my home town. He said many things. He sweetened me with a few gifts which at first I was reluctant to take. Having refused to look for work either in the nearby quarries, which he has experience of, or on the olive groves, he decided to head south, fully-fed, a gift of a fishing rod and a smoking pipe, a huge pat on the back and he was content as a duck in water. He was head-

ing for Lisbon to meet up with an old work colleague. About 100km down the road he got mugged by 4 Moroccans including a female, ransacking his backpack. Hard to believe since I have travelled through their countries and met the most loveliest people there with never a single incident, he told me he couldn't put up a fight whilst all the lorry drivers 'apparently' did nothing. He limped back with his bicycle 4 days later. How sinister! Maybe I would get my Christmas gift after all. But he wasn't interested in working anymore. He said a lot of things, that he could graft, but he never worked that hard at all except a few very good days though, but anyhow, I really enjoyed his laidback company. He continually ate more and more food so that when you turned your head he would stick another spoonful of coffee in his cup and never refused a second helping. That's very acceptable, but he was getting unfit and I warned him. And so I never once saw him ride that bike in all the time I knew him. He said he needed money but he didn't want to look for work. He said he was a street fighter but his offenders offered him a knife. And as if by magic something that had gone missing on the day of his departure miraculously reappeared on the outdoor fireside table. Why return a carven wooden object so blatantly on the day of his arrival? I asked him if he had returned it, and he denied it. So I went to my father and asked him, who barked at me that I talked crap and then said he didn't want to see any volunteers here. As a judge of emotions and a psychologist I know my father almost certainly returned the object to make it look like he stole it. But when I found out that he had given the old boy £50 on his previous departure maybe Connie's name was trying to tell me something. Nevertheless, I told him that regardless who took that object he still had to leave because my father didn't like volunteers. I wished him the best, as the temperatures dropped to near freezing in Europe. I heard some pathetic excuse that he had to cycle back all the way to Sweden, which he told me before he never ever intended doing, to get his passport reissued (which got stolen). Apparently the embassy wouldn't be able to help, and neither had he reported both muggings making him look like a fugitive. You can't change an old dog living on the edge as the infectious disease of death permeates their mindscapes. Spiritually yes, but not with an ingrained technological mind-set. I never heard from him again.

As for my father my mother has made the same accusations against him, and just lately I heard the term 'passive aggressive' to describe this behaviour. For instance, he used to fill up the irrigation tanks just before I arrived, which is pointless if they had already run dry. Now he will not even take a 15 minute tour once every two weeks to water my trees. Really! His sainthood has flown out the window I am afraid to say.

I question why too many things go wrong on the farm, a hot topic for my latest book. It is like a foul odour carried on the winds of death. Do I really want to go out this way in life kept alive by drugs? I don't think so, and all this reminds me that Nature has her way of informing us when genetic cycles, whether perfected or not, must come to an end.

I find myself now in an interesting position. I want the old goat to understand what the meaning of cooperation entails. He wouldn't understand the concept of spiritual evolution but now that the rains haven't come he needs my van to collect the house water, and me to drive it as his license has been suspended. Other than that he would need to start be-



believing in God. Any other father would work with a son like that, most screaming out to have someone look after the farm. Believe me, the atmosphere is so bitter that I can't sit down for a moment with my mother without her accusing him of the most awful things, like an old scratched vinyl; she obviously has her own mental problems too. And so I become more and more distantly available it seems as I wait for the ultimate solution. It's not nice but I am the only one in the family who has made a commitment to them.

It's not happy reading I know, even as I write here in Spain I squirm a little with my abdominal pains which continue to keep me up at night. Well, let me say, I experienced sensual love for the first time in a good many years, which I believe makes me fall in love, but I am not sure I want that type of love—it's de-spiritualising when one has been so connected to the higher order of things. That girl ditched me just before Christmas when her long-term boyfriend came back even though it was a loving farewell. What replaced it was an alternative encounter which I can't say much about now without offending. It does vindicate my philosophy that Providence deals with matters of an individual spiritual quest whilst sex has become the *modus operandi* of much of the human race. I can observe the disintegration of religious man and his fall from grace on this small incident alone. That is my emotional field, and everybody else's as they jostle between their sexual appetites and their spiritual evolution. I will have much more to say about it in my forthcoming book.

A time of change then as I look for new frontiers. Coming back to Catalonia and its wind-bent climate kept me welcomingly shut up in my caravan and in bed. Do I have a future with the farm when I see my poor mother hobbling around on a crutch? I will endeavour to finish the projects and aspire to create an eco-settlement and retreat for alternative therapists. And as I say, I have to continue to deal with maleficent influences in my life no matter how appealing they may like to clothe themselves in. I suffered no emotional breakdown, in fact I rode it out very quickly almost feeling sympathetic to my assailants as I terminate friendships at a touch of a button on the back of near-identical experiences with previous paramours. All these women incredibly show the same emotional blockages and irrational behaviour. It is almost stereotypical. But now I realise, these are the type of people I attract, most of them insecure, fickle and trying to escape from something. And actually, not all of them. There are definitely two classes here; it's the application of love that is changing here.

As a saviour type I must be aware that they can bring me down to their level of emotional engagement, for that is how one sucks the power from you. But to end on a good note I never fear meeting them again, to see if they could have appreciated the short period of time they had spent with me. And I am vindicated in my decision to explore my inner psyche and challenge anyone who is not willing to open up to me. As soon as I reach peak fitness then, I will be streamlining my energies again, as I explore the concepts of the temptress, the diva and the angel. But also the harlot the crone and the virgin. My God, I have met them all.

Let's end happily. 2018 seems paramount more than ever for my organisation and I. From the inside I am the silent watcher, from the outside a judgmental voice. The fear is not of dying. I can't wait to see what's on the other side.



# Apple Pressing with Dulwich Park home educators

Jennifer Yorke

A lovely day was had at the Dulwich Scout Centre on the 10th November 2017 thanks to Merlyn Peter and his friend Peter Meredith who arrived on a crisp Autumn morning and unloaded a large wooden apple press and load of windfall russet apples from an abandoned Forest Hill garden.



A table was set up outside and adults and children chopped the apples whilst the press was assembled.



When the apples were prepared the children enjoyed the second part of the process... loading the apples all into a scatcher. One person turned the handle whilst the others pushed the apple pieces through ready for the press.



Merlyn also showed how to start making a traditional

bee skep from straw while we had a



tea break.

The children all enjoyed turning the press handle and seeing all the juice appearing where it was bottled ready to take home or just drunk immediately! Yum! We hope to have Merlyn and Peter back next year again.



## Permaculture Cafe Sunday 15/04/18 2pm-10.30pm

Come down to the Pullens Centre at 184 Crampton street , Elephant & Castle SE17 3LL for a day of community in action with music, vegetarian food, workshops and the famous clothes swap.

Music from Shkembe Soup, G-Delic, Imogen Palmer. Jelly Bone will read extracts from Neil Goodwin's recently published book "Glastafari" Cafe, children's workshops and crafts.

Free entry but donations gratefully accepted. Please check out our Permaculture Cafe event on Facebook as we update it with more details of workshops, performers and timings nearer the day. See you there!

If any groups or individuals would like to hire the services of SLP please contact us through our website or email us at [info@southlondonpermaculture.com](mailto:info@southlondonpermaculture.com)

I am available for apple juicing and various other crafts. Re-LEAF Learning, Entertainment, Art and Food

[www.southlondonpermaculture.com/releaf.html](http://www.southlondonpermaculture.com/releaf.html)



## Traveller's Spit

Ideally September in Catalonia is the best time in the year for



climate, nice beaches and tourism. I tend to avoid the hot summers when very little attention is needed on the trees other than watering. The other time bracket is around May when I am pruning the olive trees. In between these months the weather can stay good until December. Really, only January to February is less appealing, no less the 100km+ gusts and heavy winds that do damage. I take trips to the mountains during the rainy season when the naturally-fed outdoor water cisterns are full. As a fire deterrent against the threat of natural fire they double up as swimming pools. They tend to be too low in the dry periods and full of algae as advertently they are used for irrigation too.

The summer then for me was Africa. Every year so much passes in my life, so much creativity. It doesn't come without sacrifice. Certainly I maintain links in London and live in and out of people's homes where and when I can earn a lot of money without all the overheads. I like it like that, now that I have a van to take me back and forth to Spain. I had already learnt to live inside the van, first the Renault Master and now the Ford Transit. The former was huge and could have easily been converted to a mobile home. I found my spots – non-residential areas, parks, laybys etc. I even named an unknown road after me. It's amazing how one adapts. I love this lifestyle now as finally the last link to the Rat Race is broken. No bills, no fines, no commitment, well maybe. Just one, to keep traveling and exploring. I think you would be surprised just how many travellers there are on the road, and they are a community sometimes only seeing each other once a year.

As I say, there was a sacrifice. The loss was to my community. I personally carry on flowering, but the garden on Devonshire Road, as with the project on Honor Oak Allotments all those years ago, has been abandoned. Where were my students of past, my neighbourly loves, my clientele, to take these projects on and defend them? What a rogue society they must belong to, decadent, and heading towards a slow-turning apocalypse as the Londoner and rest of the global metropolis quickly turn a blind eye to one international catastrophe after another. I will outlive all of you and see out my justice to the end.

I continue to spread my wings. Whilst I establish the bees and slowly, with a sloth's pace, build the foundations for my house, my temple, water supply and food diversity, I pine for volunteers who will share my philosophy of life. I look towards Africa and wish to set up an international volunteer system. I have a wish list; I need somebody to live in my caravan for free whilst I continue my work abroad, with Nepal on the horizon. I need funds to generate a social enterprise if I want people to join in and learn from my worldly experience. I need a community, albeit a transient one, if I am to be taken seriously and if you think I can help you to mitigate your sterile lives and desire to leave your dead-end vocations for something more closer to nature and God.

I have a good product or two, olive oil and carob. I could soon have a few more. I have literature and a deep-founded philosophy of life. I have no religion yet I am religious. I have international connections, a membership scheme, knowledge and a vision. I ask for those who are meek spiritual and honest. No guilty parties please. What I offer is a closeness to God. We can watch the rest of the world from here.

The UK is not dead. There are wonderful initiatives all over, people like me. The bio-digester project came to a sticky end at the project Oasis. No funding, but maybe it required a bunch of innovative travellers like me to source a location and materials for free who would really make that project work. That is my experience of the London community. Their silence and failure to communicate with me follows the same pattern as the rest of my enterprises there. Explanation please.

Oasis Adventure Playground is typical of a scheme that does fantastic work for the community in Stockwell but ultimately depends on a paid management structure that employs fulltime a number of office staff. In Africa I worked on the farm with one manager, the rest are teachers, cooks, or gardeners. Sounds like my vision for Catalonia. On this particular farm it has a school, 1ha of food crops, a number of hand-packaged products for sale to local restaurants, hotels and supermarkets. It processes everything itself. The farm also runs a mobile education bus, raises quail, pigs, rabbits and chickens for sale and consumption. It runs training programs and consultations, operates links with other farms. It is a community, surely a model for how to cut costs in London. It also has a fully-fledged volunteer base. If you are in it for money then forget it. Most people value the quality of experience there as much better than their peers. SLP offer the opportunity to sign up and volunteer here, as well as having new locations in the pipeline. You may need a jab or two, malaria tablets which I don't take, oh and let's not forget the poor African bumster-come prostitute who will marry you for your money and passport. You take everything with a pinch of salt although if you stick around for too long you are going to need a self-cleanse eventually. Repeated trips should allow anyone to engage their itinerant relationships, and that is the beauty of what to look forward to as a traveller. I did have one recent encounter with a hotel staff member in Burundi where I used to go in order to use the WIFI. Having switched my drinks I also had a natural sexual emission that night in bed, alone. I had kindly said goodbye to her at the door when she dropped me off in her car, feeling gay and jolly from the effects of just one beer. I never saw that girl again all the time I remained there and asked for an explanation by text. By these are just some of the pitfalls. There are a few young girls who I could genuinely love, but they have to be special. And lastly, don't expect to go away without contracting diarrhoea or dysentery at least once. For me it only happens on the farm in The Gambia. I believe I experienced food and water poisoning. East Africa was far more appealing, and so my heart follows my health, as it always has done.

Hence the true spirit of the traveller is health promoting; so long as I keep on moving I can keep bad odours and foul winds behind me. When it rains in the Gambia it is dry in Burundi. If I could have just 10% of that rain in Catalonia, my God, I would be able to grow everything there. The traveller's spirit is also civilisation spreading—the bringers of culture. So far the cross exchange of seeds have produced very limited results. The carob seems to have taken in Africa; the moringa struggles in Mediterranean Spain. The pear cactus can handle the humidity but the argan never germinated. Likewise the cashew shrivelled in the cold winds.

I prefer Africa - there is less Western influence. They don't like Western institutions here, they just want their money. And so everybody tolerates everybody. On the streets it is tribal, mafia, rich taxi drivers sucking the blood money out of tourists. I've learnt to tell them to fuck off in my arrogance. I will not be labelled by these thieves. On a beneficial good note Ethiopian airlines did put on the razz and love you, the tourist. They give you a free hotel if you are in overnight transit. Not just an ordinary one—saunas, swimming pools, gyms, free buffet bars and drinks, lovely reception. I could almost marry one of them, or two or three. Especially the Virgin Mary. MPX

Register with South London Permaculture to earn the chance to volunteer at MyFarm, an NGO-run sustainable moringa and mango farm in The Gambia, West Africa.

Live in a wooden and earthen hut amongst mango, cashew, and moringa trees. Opportunities are seasonal and include learning to make moringa products including soaps, creams, lip balms, teas, and oils, as well as permaculture activities like bio-char production, beekeeping, organic fruit and vegetable husbandry, and micro and hydroponic gardening.

Long stays include excursions to the sea and fishing trips along the Banjul River. Volunteers are required to purchase their own flights and register with SLP supplying a short >1000-word CV including a bio, any relevant experiences you may be able to offer, dietary requirements, and date preferences. Please submit your application for consideration. Places are limited.

Overseas registration costs £12/15euros and entitles you to membership of SLP including additional benefits. Costs vary between 500-600delasi per day (about 10-12euros) and provides 2 meals, lodging, and insurance. Additional activities are self-funded. For more information send me an email to receive an information pack.

South London Permaculture



<http://www.southlondonpermaculture.com/markethome.html>

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# Victory Day

Ten thousand people or more climbed these rocks, all forsaken and lost  
Who gave their lives as a cloud draws nigh to the sun  
The wind turned in their tails like boats broken from the mooring posts  
Tossing them around in the watery graves and marring their reflections in waves

And now they only see the light like a golden fire  
That burns in the choppy waters in a hazy delight  
It tingles as a bead of sweat would fathom these depths  
Rolling down their skins with uncompromising respite

These are soldiers seething in the mystical air  
Wondering at the demeanor of the almighty night  
And the guns keep firing missiles in their obscured vision  
Like shooting stars who are sold out for life

One from the left, one from the right go the exchanges to and fro  
Who would give their left arm to take the place of one who is to fall  
If they do not bleed through their skins then their minds cinder instead  
Removing everything that had value like a bone gnawed to death

It cuts deep tarnishing the soul of their ancestors  
Who may watch on like a conscience writhing under their blaring eyes  
Could these men and women climb back down the same way they entered?  
With each step leaden by the guilt of lost pride filling the empty spaces

No, after the palpitating heart gave way to reckless venture and hopeful grace  
That one may just live at the end of this horrendous day to hear a silent night  
Their loved ones clinging strongly in the grubby clenching of sore hands  
Lost to culture and waning in the smoky-veiled moon's endearing face

**Love Your Liver: Feel Aliver** book is written with the intent to inspire, empower and educate people who are suffering from poor health. Did you know that a fatty liver has become an epidemic in our current world. The increase has gone from 0-30% in just 30 years! Non-alcoholic liver disease is a recent disease. Most diseases, such as: inflammatory bowel problems, even simple constipation, obesity, heart problems, asthma, depression, high cholesterol, liver cirrhosis, secondary diabetes, anxiety, hormonal issues, chronic fatigue, candida and so on, all benefit from cleansing the gallbladder and liver. If you have been looking for some answers to your health, then pause, as this book could be the solution to your health imbalances. Did you know that the liver is considered to be the seat of the spirit in some parts of the globe. Most people who have eaten too much processed food and too much commercialized animal products are suffering from a congested liver and gallbladder. This book has been written with the intention to guide you through the processes of cleaning out the liver, gallbladder and colon, all whilst you indulge in some delicious mucus free raw food recipes, helping you reclaim back your health. Each recipe has been created bursting with anti-inflammatory antioxidants, enzymes and vital force. It also contains easy to understand diagrams and beautiful illustrations making information easier to digest. Alkaline mucus-free raw food is best if wild, non-hybridized, organic and uncooked. Mucus-free raw food also keeps the blood at a healthy alkaline level, contains natural energizing bio-photonic light, and is high in healing antioxidants. The mucus-free properties allow cleansing to take place around all cells. This allows negative emotions and trauma stored in the amygdala to be accessed and released through various healing modalities such as shamanic soul retrieval. It also allows for reprogramming of healthy natural neurotransmitter pathways. Let's eat chi. This book also contains tips on: • Restoring and reprogramming of body electrics or prana • Systemic detoxification, emotionally and spiritually • Optimization of the immune system • Ancient naturopathic techniques for clearing stagnation and toning the organs • Easy to follow liver gallbladder cleanse, plus colon and kidney cleanse Throughout the book offers insight to what the windows of the soul, the eyes, are able to reveal about our inherited health tendencies, coupled with some amazing, colorful magnified iris images. Each chapter is bursting with tips and information on how to help rebalance body, mind and spirit. Susan Laing's background is in medicine, podiatry, but came to study multi-dimensional iridology, naturopathy, nutrition, yoga and shamanism, whilst healing her serious health problems.

Cleanse and rejuvenate your liver and experience a return to the spirit - Susan Laing

## WELCOME TO SOUL BODY DETOX RETREAT!

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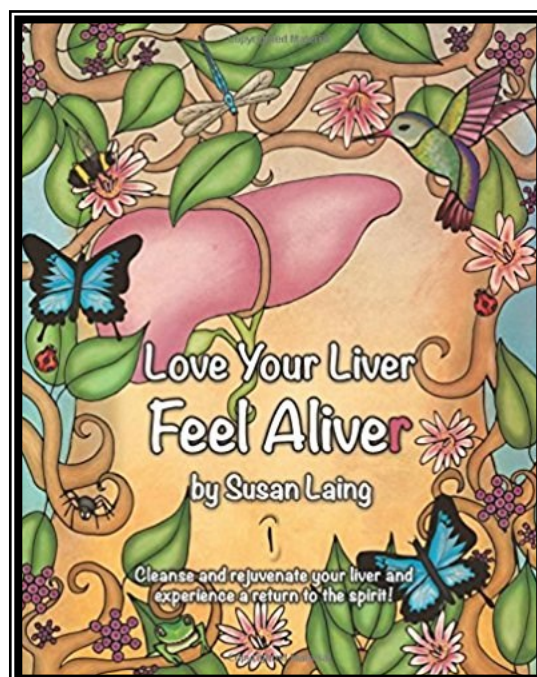
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## Comments to the Editor

I have spent eight days volunteering at Merlyn's Catalanian farm in the first half of October. Olives have been late to ripen this year (so I was told) and summer, hot, sunny and dry, unusually long. As I have not had a camping holiday in a while, have never been to an olive farm nor to Catalonia before, I was understandably curious about the whole set up. In reality it has exceeded my expectations. Camping under overhanging rocks on a full moon night, dipping in a mountain valley pool and walking the mountains was my introduction to Catalonia.

Merlyn is a generous host and his guests get involved, apart from olive picking, in other aspects of running his farm, be it bee keeping, wood charcoal making or growing plants in a beautiful tunnel that he has built. He is patient to explain the technical aspects of his watering system and his plans for the future of the farm. Water is a precious commodity in this dry and stony environment and a good reminder, even for a conscientious Londoner to become more conscious of its use. Cooking on the camp fire, trips to the sea and local towns, were other highlights of my stay not to mention the taste of real apples bought in the market. The sheer energy of the earth, sun and nature one is exposed to while there is only too easy to separate oneself from when living in a big city. This trip has reminded me of its power.

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*Transcending the Self: A Passage into the Dark Unknown*  
David Langness *Spirituality PART 19 IN SERIES: The 4 Stages of Spiritual Growth*

It was the last passage I came across yesterday night and I just decided to share with you. Human beings are subjective, as we are formed by the environments we are moving in. Only a divine manifestation can bring an objective message I believe.

We are so opposite in a lot of the things Merlyn, and this can bring one closer or when you turn your back it can be very offensive. Where in my opinion (which of course is subjective) you are water and air, I am earth and fire. So these easily can kill each other when coming to close

And yes, for the working relationship this was very fruitful, so thanks so much for your effort, to come closer on a personal level needs time, study of character, patience, respect, humbleness, detachment and what more. If it would have been an earlier stage of my life I would have acted on a different way, but I thank God for his guidelines. Hope to continue the dialogue

With respect, and have a great day

KellyX

*I've read and studied the book. You are being subjective again in your advice. But I believe we still have a good working relationship, not bettered by anyone else I've worked with. I've written on this in my self-published books. You must know that I confront the Unknown all the time. MPX*

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Dear Merlyn

Something in me has just clicked and now I feel like I can write you that message. The time we spent together in the early summer last year, swimming together, running around in your van together, coming in and out of each others lives and needs, visiting the dump, I sometimes feel as though it saved my life a little. I was in no kind of danger, but I was quite lonely although I've got plenty of friends, I didn't have anyone in the world that I could spend time together like I could with you. I really missed you when you were gone. Later on in the autumn when I came to Spain, which I really did love, I suppose something had changed. Hester was there and she and I became your volunteers. I didn't mind and I kept it up because I didn't want to confuse what you and Hester had agreed, but when you started asking for money because it was the 'weekend' coming up with stories to get money out of us because you needed money and being judgemental about how much food I should want to eat, I found it degrading and I felt like we were being played. I didn't come to be a volunteer. I certainly didn't come expecting a free ride, and I didn't take the time off work to come to loose weight either, I came as your friend, because you invited me. I had imagined you and I would split the cost of food and I wouldn't have minded lending you some money or giving you some towards petrol because you would have told me ahead of time that you had no money, but that would have been because I was coming as your friend. As a volunteer I watched you weaving a narrative of volunteer holiday retreats and fitness fat burner getaways and stuff like this, getting around contributing to the food Hester and I were buying for ourselves because you couldn't reassure us that you could provide enough food, while making sure you had your bread and biscuits to snack on. You didn't have any money, which I wouldn't have cared about except you were obviously including Hester and I in your possible primary sources from which you could get money. I came to spend time with a friend and work hard for that friend and Hester came because I had obviously said some wonderful things about you and she trusted me implicitly. Then you were coming up with stories about how to get money out of the people who visited you as volunteers and there I was as your mate with someone called Hester volunteering because she obviously trusted me to come out to the Spanish dry lands to help out a man she'd never met. I didn't feel like I could say anything at the time, because the situation felt fragile and also I felt resentful which was a feeling I didn't want to feel given the wonderful things we were doing, but I know I didn't manage to keep it bottled. It was a

really good time with a sour flavour. I hope to come again one day. Delivering olive oil for a friend who lives life a little differently is something I was happy to do. It was nice visiting the lockup and remembering the summer nights that I had visited there with you. I didn't mind doing a bit of bottle cleaning and taking a rat chewed bottle for myself. I didn't mind trying to push an extra bottle for you in Beatrice's direction when I couldn't push a rat eaten 5lt bottle and I did my best to get it to her without going too much further out of my own way after everything else.

Now obviously I don't take offence to the message you sent me because it was not that kind of message, and I'm perfectly capable of understanding and almost immediately putting my own feelings aside because all that matters in that moment is that you are okay. The trouble is, that there develops a level of dishonesty between us that however much we talk happily together afterwards, unless it's spoken clearly about at a time when it can all be spoken clearly about and with ease, then we'll never feel like two good equal friends again, but a sort of occasional someone who you see who volunteered once and that might have sabotaged you, but that was just a bit of paranoia because sometimes you live a little too close to the edge of reason and don't look after yourself, but Mathias doesn't mind because he's just like that and he's useful sometimes.

If you can find a way back to having no expectations of me and assume nothing about me and not have thoughts of how i might be able to help you in some way, then we might be able to run around together again when the summer energies are in full bloom again. And I would like that very much.

I hope you are well. And can get a laugh out of this message.

Much love

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*It made me chuckle. But it was lovely. I may even print it in the newsletter if you don't mind... Yes, I have to read this message again. And yes, I was skint. Totally. It's just that the volunteer scheme was already running. I asked Hester to pay for membership, and she paid the wrong amount. Too little. These types of working holidays operate like this. You pay to learn. You were always my mate and invited to have fun. Hester should have contributed though, which she did only at the end, because I feel you were looking after her. So her presence changed the dynamic. I can't operate such a scheme without payment. It's not WWOOFing. I wanted you to go home changed, one way or another. Driving you around costs. But your contributions were significant, and I was flattered. I hope you come back, but what interests me at the moment are business enterprises. Partnerships. I think when persons live inside each other then yes, the sourness can surface. We all know that. I made a commitment to both of you with the expectations that it was the start of a real en-*

*terprise. So I volunteer also. In Africa they paid for everything. But their volunteers also pay maybe 10-12 euros a day. I was teaching. When I can get up this project to that international level of operation then I would have partly succeeded. It's not a charity, but I need outside commitment. I look for special people which you are. I have to start somewhere. It needs leaders which I am. As for the oil, things need to change there too. The whole Africa thing shifted me off my rails a bit; it threatened to undo my work here. I felt and understand that somebody didn't want me coming back, and towards the end I realised that my cross-cultural enterprises were not being supported, so I got out, and the woman in question looked disappointed when she understood I was not going to be a bachelor all my life like her. (Sic) I really feel somebody out there is trying to create me in their own image. I still have big ideas here if you want to be a part of it. MPX*

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## Live in Harmony

To live is to feel fully alive and in rhythm of nature, to inspire to be in harmony with the birds and bees. Finding god in every creature, medicine in the flowers, roots and trees.

All is for us just to sit and simply be,

An orchestra of creation, destruction and harmony.

The completion of a full breath is to travel time, allowing everything to rise and quantumly align.

We take all we need with that next Inhale, releasing the old as we exhale. Simple as we find we have all we truly need in this moment as we allow; open, surrender and release.

Written by: Cat Lynn





At GG HQ... the line-up's looking lovely!

# THE GREEN GATHERING

Earlybirds have now sold out; GG 2018 Spring Advance Tickets are £100 (including booking fee) and available from [BRISTOL TICKET SHOP](#)

Live-in vehicle passes usually run out, so [buy early to be sure of a space](#) - you must buy at least one adult ticket in order to purchase a vehicle pass.

Spring Advance Tickets £100  
Children 0-10yrs FREE  
Youth 11-15yrs £55



## Markethome

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SLP

Now taking advance orders on moringa including teas, hand creams, lip balms, soaps, and food additives

<http://www.southlondonpermaculture.com/>

[markethome.html](http://markethome.html)

Tel: 07530 223360



#### SLP: WHO ARE WE?

South London Permaculture was formed in 2003 as a voluntary organization. We run as a not-for-profit business enterprise. Although we apply a minimalist attitude to development we have engaged in a number of projects for both adults and children. These include a children's mobile yurt classroom entitled Re-LEAF (learning, entertainment, art, and food), a woodland allotment community project, guerilla gardening, full & introductory permaculture design courses, horticultural courses, teacher training, facilitation, consultancy, and a membership scheme. To register your interest and support us please become a member. Our business address is:

South London Permaculture

PO Box 24991, Forest Hill, London SE23 3YT

0753 0223360

Merlyn Peter (Hon) Chair

"Our constitution is rooted in the indigenous understanding of sustainability."

### 2017 Courses, events & further contacts

#### Membership offers

- ♦ Free DVD or copy of new journal
- ♦ Regular email bulletins on courses and events around the UK
- ♦ A collectable design portfolio
- ♦ Free advertising
- ♦ Limited library resources
- ♦ Volunteer and paid opportunities at festivals and other events
- ♦ Workdays and private tuition
- ♦ 3 newsletters per year
- ♦ Reduced prices and freebies on plants, products, events and courses

#### Brighton Permaculture Trust

www.brightonpermaculture.org.uk  
t 0774 618 5927

#### FoodCycle Peckham

Every Saturday 5.30 - 7pm

Join Food Cycle Peckham for free, nutritious and friendly meals

at All Saints Church Blenheim Grove, Peckham, SE15

#### Come to Catalonia

October to April (book to confirm, next departure 27th March 2018)

t 0753 0223360 / +34692903300 (Oct-May)

e eight.merlyn@virgin.net

www.solterriologicgarden.com

#### Transition Town Brixton

Open workshops at the Remakery

Every Thursday 6-9pm

www.remakery.org

#### Permaculture Cafe

Sunday 15/04/18  
2pm-10.30pm. Come down to the Pullens Centre at 184 Crompton street, Elephant & Castle, SE17 3LL for a day of community in action with music, vegetarian food, workshops and the famous clothes swap. See inside for flyer. Volunteer for SLP

To place an advert or an article please call Merlyn on 0753 022 3360  
info@southlondonpermaculture.com

#### Tread Well on Earth - A 2-Day Introduction to Permaculture

9.30am to 5pm on both dates 15 March 2018 to 16 March 2018

£75 - £150

t 07726745347

e tishvail@googlemail.com

www.sociallandscapes.co.uk/events/2018/3/15/tread-well-on-earth-2-day-int...

#### Design 4 ACTION! Full Permaculture Course

To be held over 6 weekends, May - July 2018

5 May 2018 to 15 July 2018

Full cost £590 - range of concessions available

<https://spiralseed.co.uk/product/design-4-action-2/>

#### Hither Green Community Association

We need more keen gardeners to help at the Springbank Road Garden each month. There are big changes coming as part of our tenth anniversary celebrations and more hands would be very welcome!

Locals meet at the garden on the second Saturday of the month from 11am-2pm. With lunch in Arloe and Moe afterwards!

Saturday 10 March Saturday 14 April

Sign up to hear more: <http://eepurl.com/1kwF9>

#### Sign-up/Renewal form

##### Members sign up for:

- |   | Price |
|---|-------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Individual Membership  | £6    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Family membership (2 adults, 2 kids)                               | £8    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Group Membership (3 copies of newsletter)                          | £10   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Membership renewal   | £2    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SLP Journal (single copy issue 1-10.....)                          | £2.50 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SLP Journal (subscription -3 copies/year)                          | £9    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Book -The Carob Pod: An Anthropological Guide to Permaculture      | £9    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bum Bum Carob Pods, off the tree (1kg sample)                      | £5    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bum Bum XVirgin Olive Oil , organic & cold pressed (250ml sample.) | £4.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> P & P (For bulky orders above £8)                                  | £7.50 |

Nb. Above prices assume membership Subtotal: \_\_\_\_\_

Donation: \_\_\_\_\_

Total: \_\_\_\_\_

##### Method of Payment

Cheque (payable to South London Permaculture)

Cash (in person only)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Email \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

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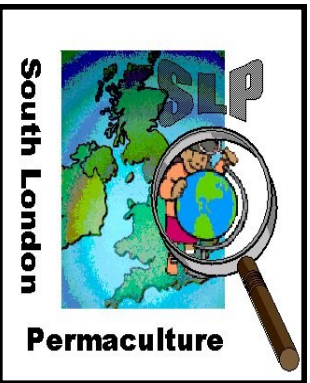
This is an unconditional offer only available to new members. Membership applications will receive either a free copy of the journal or a DVD entitled 'The World of Permaculture'. The short dated documentary highlights 3 projects: Ragman's Lane Farm, Naturewise and Soteriologic Garden. Please indicate in the additional notes box opposite.



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