

A Path Laid Bare

By

Kevin Groves



The Wolfenhowle Press

A Path Laid Bare

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Index

| | | |
|--------------|---|-----|
| Chapter 1 | My Childhood | 1 |
| Chapter 2 | Secondary School | 16 |
| Chapter 3 | Leaving School | 28 |
| Chapter 4 | Awakening | 38 |
| Chapter 5 | Far and Wide | 58 |
| Chapter 6 | Ending and Beginning Again | 82 |
| Chapter 7 | Cycles | 90 |
| Chapter 8 | Emergence | 99 |
| Chapter 9 | Year of Change | 114 |
| Chapter 10 | Settled | 126 |
| Chapter 11 | The Work Resumes | 138 |
| Chapter 12 | Reawakened | 147 |
| Chapter 13 | Second Life Return | 154 |
| Chapter 14 | Teaching | 167 |
| Commentaries | | |
| | Changing Methods | 192 |
| | Documenting your Experiences | 193 |
| | Electrical Things | 194 |
| | Is this a real life story – or did I make it up? | 194 |
| | Past Lives | 195 |
| | Why an Egyptian Goddess | 197 |
| | Afterlife | 197 |
| | On my Connection | 197 |
| | Dog of Defence Spell | 199 |
| | Healing | 199 |
| | Precognition | 200 |
| | Language | 200 |
| | Guided Working | 201 |
| | Second Life Classes | 203 |

Forward by Tylluan Penry

I am very proud to have been asked to write the introduction to Kevin's book, *A Path Laid Bare*. We have known each other now for several years and I have always been very impressed at the way he manages to live such a spiritual life while being also one of the most down-to-earth people I have ever met. Combining the two so successfully is extremely rare.

Kevin's apparently easy grasp of difficult subjects such as thought forms and visualisation, and the effortless way he presents these to others is a great gift, not to be underestimated. Anyone can make a mountain out of a molehill – it is Kevin's great gift to take a difficult subject and present it in a way that makes it easy to understand.

In this book he explains how he found his extraordinary path, flinging the doors of magic and spirituality wide open. I feel that anyone reading this story of his path will come away enriched, enlightened and greatly encouraged.

There is something here for everyone.

Tylluan Penry

2013

Thank You

To my parents, sister, wife and kids
for providing the environment to thrive in.

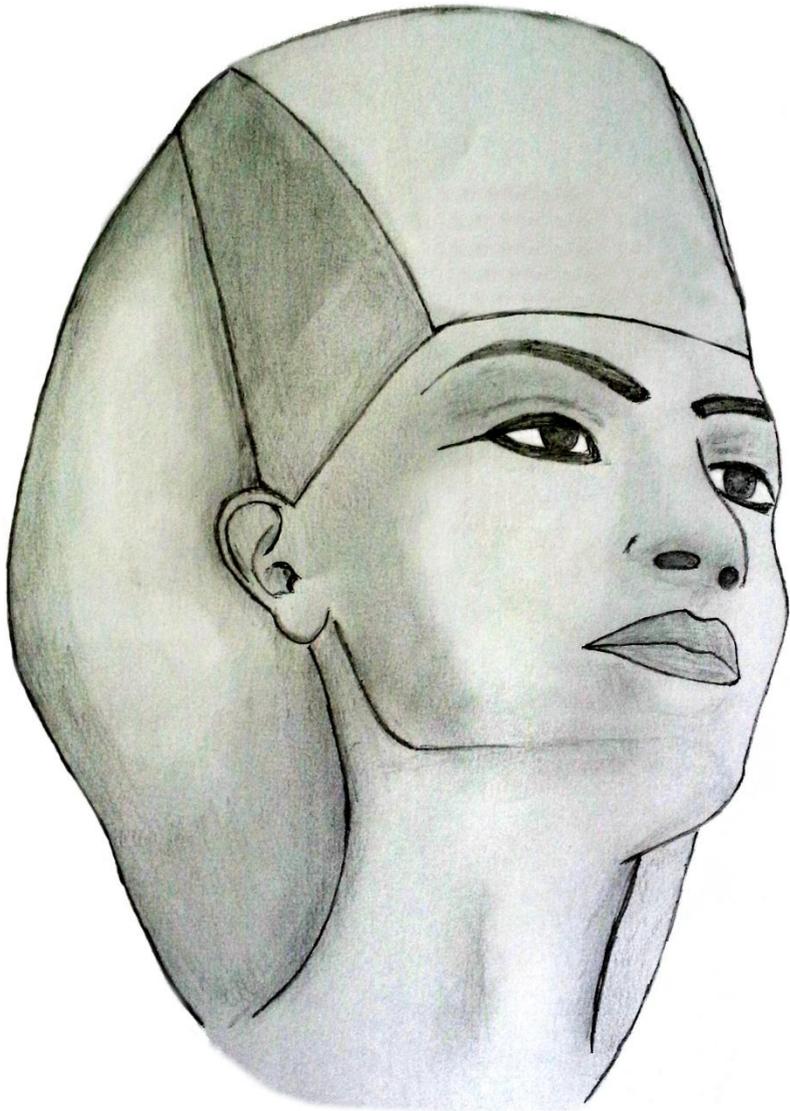
To those I've been lucky enough to have walked
alongside on our journeys, however brief.

To the wonderful Tylluan Penry who
has been instrumental in helping with this book.

To The Children Of Artemis, for without your help, my
voice might never have been heard.

And last, but by no means least,
to my dear Goddess Serqet Hetu
as without Her patient guidance
these experiences will never have happened.





The What, Why And When...

An Introduction

For me this book serves a number of purposes. The first is to consolidate everything from my mass of notes and journals that I have learned and acquired during my journey to use as a base for future reference. Secondly, it will answer a number of questions regarding my path, due to my coming out the broom closet and into the public eye with my talks and the teaching that I do. I am a solitary practitioner, always have been and most likely - due to what I follow - will remain so. Also, I feel it is important to show that like all of us, I've had good and bad days, days where I've wondered if this is worth all the pain and frustration, and some days where I have experienced utter bliss and excitement and want more of it.

This book, I hope will answer some of those questions and - I'm going to be less than modest here - maybe inspire those that need something to get them back on track. I've certainly been in need of that inspiration a few times myself and it wasn't until reading others' experiences I realised that I'm not alone and that put me back on track. I want to return that favour now.

Due to this book being the detailing of my spiritual path, there are many instances where I have had to summarise large expanses of time into a sentence or two. Obviously there wasn't enough room to include everything and everyone, so I had to dump much of the daily circus of life because it wasn't directly relevant to the subject. I am saddened by that, and so sorry if you ended up being cut out.

Even so, on the spiritual side there are some elements that are so deeply personal, between me and my goddess that I cannot put it into the public domain. Although I can describe what effect my various experiences had on me, no words in a book can prepare you for finding your own way and your own experiences. These you have to find for yourself.

I hope this book will help point you in the right direction





CHAPTER ONE

My childhood

Although I have some vague recollection that I recorded some of my early journey, (for I found a key to one such diary recently), I have none of these notes in my hand at the time of writing this book. The lack of these written records, is something I only recognised much, much later. In fact it would be another decade before I took to recording these feelings, thoughts and experiences, luckily catching the more manic years where the events became more significant. This lack of notes for my early years makes the period seem something like prehistory, and I've been forced to rely only on my fragmented memory, photos, school records and what other people can tell me.

We shall start with my dream like childhood and what can I recall from these early days. There is in fact a fair bit, and hopefully its factual. I've certainly done my best to clean it of the more doubtful aspects as I want to avoid being criticised for making things up and my memory can be a little cloudy at times. Some things I recall reasonably clearly, others I have to reconstruct from school work, school reports and photos. This lack of documentation is quite sad as it would have revealed a real naivety or openness that I have always tried to maintain in my adult life as part of my set of skills.

Yet, against all this, I do know something of how things must have been for me when I was just starting out. Back then all I had was intuition, no expectations, no knowledge or understanding of how to interpret what I was experiencing. I didn't even know whether others had these experiences on a regular basis too, or if there were words to describe them.

I also recall that when I looked around and couldn't detect anyone suitable to discuss these experiences with, it regularly left me feeling

confused and fearful. Perhaps its best forgotten as part of this book, and there was a fair bit of that from what I can recall and it would make for sore reading. Perhaps I'm wrong to do that. I don't know. It certainly wasn't until much later that I could give names such as precognition, visualisation and projection to my experiences.

The obvious start is my birth in early 1971. Obviously I can't recall my memories of that, though I have been told that I emerged with my umbilical cord around my neck and that I was a very blue and had to be warmed up on the radiator over a couple of days. I only mention the trauma of my birth as I have this niggling idea that it might have had some bearing on my subsequent 'awakening'.

I'm sure I've read somewhere that trauma, especially a near death experience, tends to open the hidden spiritual aspect of oneself, though I doubt this is valid at such an early age. It is certainly a possibility but only one of many. In any case, I don't know how close I was to death when I was born, so this particular event may not have any relevance, and I note it simply as a possible contributing factor. It might or might not be corroborated for me some time.

My emergence into the world was in Southeast England, in the quiet little sea-side town of Deal in Kent. For the first couple of years I lived just off the sea front, not far from the wonderful Deal castle. Apparently I was regularly pushed along the seafront in my pram during that time. Unfortunately I don't have any real memories of that, which is a shame as the sea and water have played a long running theme throughout my life and spiritual journey. Not just geographically as I'm a Pisces too, and the later revelations made by my goddess are often linked to water. In fact water has become a core aspect of my spiritual journey and often pops up in the most unexpected ways.

My parents' small flat was just off the sea front and I have only sketchy memories of it, along with just a few photos. Sometimes it's hard to tell how much was memory or something my parents later told me. I can also remember the wonderful Lipton shop in town that I used to be taken into. It was an old style shop, the kind you no longer see any more except in historical dramas. I can remember the high counters

around the walls, the amazing smell of cheese (perhaps that's why I'm still addicted to Stilton), and the so many shiny things hanging on walls

When I was around two, we moved further inland, near my Mum's brother and his family. Our new home was a two bedroom house in a small close and I was to make many new friends there. Some I am still in occasional contact with as we all were around the same school age so they also formed much of my class when I started primary school at the age of five.

Much later, when my parents moved house a few years back, they found a load of old school books from the first couple of years at primary school, mostly consisting of various drawings of what must have been filling my eager mind at the time, there are the obvious things from mid-70's TV. Mixed in with that were some pretty dark images of Dracula, Frankenstein and witches. Possibly I took the images of witches from Disney films such as 'Snow White' or 'Bed-knobs and Broomsticks'. Even so, it does show I had some kind of interest in - how shall I put it - the *other* paths to life?

This new house was a marvel to me, as it backed onto other houses and alley ways. We could climb over the low fences into each other's gardens. That went of course too for my friends and my cousins who lived round the corner. Dad grew peas in the garden and they were such a delight to my little fingers, and most importantly, my mouth. I loved eating them fresh from the pod and most never made it to the table! There were many pictures of me covered in mud digging in the garden, with scuffed knees due to wearing shorts. I remember the rhubarb being huge but then I was small so it could have been quite normal.

My love for out-doors has never left me. I still find I prefer to be outside even on a bad day. There is something quite magical with the air, and of course the sea air in particular I miss whenever I am inland as it's noticeably different.

In school I remember early religious education classes and upsetting the teacher with my views on Christianity. I have the vague memory these were probably coloured by something I had read about the star of Bethlehem being an astronomical conjunction of planets. There may

have been more, but that bit stands out the most. In any case it didn't go down very well. I also remember a *very* vague awareness of ghosts and spiritual paths, not that any of my immediate family had any religious views that I knew of, apart from my Mum's mother having a family Bible that survived through the war even after all the air-raids! That is as much of a path as I could detect.

Perhaps it is worth noting my nature at this stage. I was quite shy, even quiet and timid, and although I was imaginative, it was probably no more than most children my age. I was also a little late with my written and maths skills. Yet I wasn't a loner by any means and had a fair number of friends. In those days there was plenty of opportunity to be in and out of each others' houses especially with my cousin and a few friends around the corner. There was a lot of fun in a relatively safe location and since we lived in a close, at that time there were very few cars around.

During the mid to late 70s, with my little sister Kim growing up, the house wasn't quite large enough so it was time to move again. This time it was to a semi-detached house on a newly built estate just a few streets away, at the bottom of a steep hill that formed a cul-de-sac. My sister and I picked rooms and I suppose with me being older and more vocal I might have got to pick the room I wanted. It was the larger of the two at front of the house with good views across the fields towards Dover. It was a view I always loved, and my sister always moaned that I had the better room!

We moved in and all was good, no need to change primary school, just had to walk a bit further across a very busy road and a couple of hills. My childhood here was likewise fantastic. Being on the edge of town, I didn't really care at this age about the walk into town for entertainment (that distance became more evident when I hit drinking age). As I said, this was a cul-de-sac, on a hill, next to fields, no through traffic and lots of young families with kids.

That meant one thing. Hours of entertainment. Kids from all over the surrounding streets would bring anything with wheels, and if they didn't have anything they would get bits of wood and nail anything with wheels to it. All year there would be kids running up the hill,

before bombing down on something and then trying to stop in time before hitting the fence at the bottom of the hill.

Of course there were accidents, I was knocked unconscious around the age of eight (trauma again), when I decided the best way to stop my scooter other than jump off was to stick my foot in the front wheel as a brake. I sailed over the handlebar and woke up in A&E. Strangely, even with all the exciting escapades over the acres and acres of fields, I've never broken any major bones, only toes due to always being barefoot at home. The winter didn't stop us either, tea trays were then the preferred vehicle. Obviously the adults viewed us as a nuisance, but it was fun and I still remember it fondly.

When we weren't throwing ourselves down the hill on our Action Man tanks and lethal homemade skateboards we would either be playing in the fields, or in and out of each others' houses. We even had a stile between us and our neighbour so we could get between houses quicker. Occasionally I would take the other route from my bedroom window across the garage roof to next door, but sometimes you had to do it the official way!

I also have many great memories of being out in the fields just laying in the tall corn looking up at the clouds, or climbing trees, making stick swords, running around playing tag. Fantastic times and I feel sad for these younger generations that don't get that kind of freedom any more due to busy roads and safety worries.

These escapades I feel played a considerable part in my early spiritual path. Though I didn't know it then, the cloud watching introduced me to elements of scrying. It gave me an open and receptive mind, while the closeness to nature - be that animals or plants - helped me understand what part they play in the world. Even in a minor way the frequent treading in cow pats while running through the nearby cow filled field, at least taught me to look where I was going!

My Mum's parents lived on the other side of town and we would frequently walk, cycle and occasionally drive the main backbone road that skirted Deal. My grandparents were of the generation that liked good old family entertainment and Granddad in particular being from

London originally was the welcoming sort, even of complete strangers into the house to have a drink at his bar set up in the front room.

Family parties frequent my early memories, most of us kids would end up being put into one of the bedrooms when tired where we would all collapse into sleep. The night sky after those parties would fill my eyes on the way home and that always fascinated me, still does and leaves me in wonder every time I see it.

Again, like the cloud scrying, the good view of the night sky across the fields presented the chance to wonder at the stars and beyond, to learn the constellations and track the magnificent Orion on its seasonal trek across the sky. To marvel at the awesome display of lightning and other weather as it made its presence felt. I understood quite quickly the brevity of our fragile human existence.

That was the social side. The school I was at was arty and I was very interested in the performing arts and have good memories of doing lots of theatricals there, from small events with other schools and of course loads of school plays. I didn't take on any major roles what with me being the shy type, but we were welcome to join in and that magic of the stage really left a lasting impression on me. I loved its ability to transport the audience and its players into a make believe world, to learn and feel. It's amazing how little imagination is required at times.

The school, like my parents, encouraged the creative side too and I am thankful that I developed those skills that have been a foundation to my entire life. The late development of my writing and maths skills were starting to become more apparent during these years. I became aware that I wasn't really any good at either, although my imagination was fantastic and of course I had plenty of fun with all my friends. School however saw things differently and I ended up in what was then called remedial classes along with a few others for both maths and English. Not surprisingly it was the same motley crew for both.

I had plenty of friends at primary school. Break times of course were the best bit even with all the creative outlets, play fighting with my mates, kiss chase a lot with the girls, and although I did most of the chasing there were some who chased me. I think there were a few I was close to and one in particular my Mum often remarks that both our

parents thought me might stick it out and eventually marry. Although that didn't happen, the funny thing is that the girl I *did* marry later moved into the same street of that girl I used to know. How mad is that? Perhaps everyone was picking up that I would marry someone from that general location?

In any case I had a lot of trouble with fellow blondes, so I eventually gave up that chase and switched to brunettes and in my later school years decided to reignite an old friendship from when I was very little. That was to end disastrously, but I digress so back to the point, more of that episode later.

Returning to my time in the remedial classes, I feel it was the separation between those of us not quite up to speed and everyone else which led to an interesting effect on my approach to difficulties. It separated me and those of my class from the more popular lot yet instead of making me feel bitter or angry, it gave me the determination to deal with this situation and work out ways to get me out of it by working hard. That was however a real challenge as at the time I had no understanding of how to do it.

My approach - and it's the one I seem to have been stuck with - is to launch fully into whatever the task happens to be and set myself to fully understand and master it. Being stubborn has helped prevent me from feeling failure as a problem. Instead it's something to learn from.

Looking back I think I had an undiagnosed mild form of dyslexia and don't get me started on mathematics as I had trouble with that too! I never really got to grips with mental arithmetic although I have absolutely no problem with algebra but then that's not numbers is it? Its patterns. Patterns visual and mental are something I can handle very well and so I must have used that to compensate.

That statement might come as a surprise to many that know me. Often people say that I must be intelligent with all the studying I do. In fact I'm only average at best, and that's not me being modest, my school results have always backed that up. Average is where I've always been happy to be, with room to move around and do my own thing. No-one is going to worry about the average guy, only those that are under or

over performing get the attention or expectations good or bad. Being average allows for greater scope for enjoyment and gaining satisfaction with life. Never be worried that you are average - most of us are.

This ordinariness also gave me chance to learn my own way to deal with complex problems because I learnt to think creatively. That term is now called thinking outside the box, and as previously pointed out, my imagination was always key and my best friend.

My school and home life held some other interesting and very significant aspects too, and these would eventually influence my spiritual journey. Our house as I've said was new, and rumoured to be built on or very near a Roman burial site. I don't know how true those rumours were though, but there certainly was a lot of archaeological interest in the whole area.

Much later in the early 1980s a major Roman find would be made, just up the road at Mill Hill. Eventually it was taken to the British Museum in London where it's displayed as the 'Deal Warrior' in Room 50 (Britain and Europe). Of course at the time I had no idea what had been found and what importance it held, which is a shame as it turned out to be one of only two items of its kind found in the British Isles. I only recently heard of its existence because it was mentioned in a BBC 2 history programme a couple of years back.

The Deal Warrior is a burial from the 4th century AD, and in the grave was the body, the remains of a shield and sword. These were exciting enough but the headpiece was really remarkable. Archaeologists believed it could have been something worn by one of those famed druids! In any case, the rumours were there, and loads of us kids were already playing and pottering around in the nearby fields. Although we didn't find anything Roman that I know of, we certainly found lots of old rubbish such as clay pipes and pottery. Hence there was plenty of excited chatter about what else might be around.

There were other things in store for me too, for we had a ghost in our house. I - and others - felt it most frequently in my bedroom, and obviously this perked my interest. I don't know when I first began to sense it, and I didn't see it at first (although I did later.) I just felt certain

there was something living in the house, other than me and my family. I wasn't the only one to sense it either, the rest of the family did too, although Dad claimed he didn't know what we were all talking about!

During the process of writing this book I gave a draft copy to my parents. Mum mentioned that even years later there were frequent occurrences of other presences felt, and not just at our house, since at least one other neighbour commented on not feeling quite alone in *her* house either. Perhaps the site needs further investigation sometime.

Around the same time I was also experiencing what I now understand as precognition. This term is closely linked with *déjà vu*, but in the case of *déjà vu* there is more of a subtle nagging sense of knowing or remembering an event as it happens. Precognition is a more terrifying ordeal.

At first, I thought the experience was unique to me and it took a couple of decades before I managed to find others to discuss this with and yes, I'm glad to say I'm not alone in the terror that precognition brings. For those of us who experience precognition, it gives full recall in graphic detail of events unfolding before us and at the same time we feel paralysed from action with no way of interacting. It is terrifying.

Such experiences could vary from a couple of seconds to, (on one occasion) a good 10 minutes and would happen at least weekly. Having dreams suddenly lurch out for total recall on such a frequent basis from the age of seven was utterly terrifying. Add to that I was uncertain whether all this was normal, and as no one else was discussing these types of dreams I suspected quickly that it was not. I think I should have said something, but feared it would lead to more questions - perhaps from doctors. Worse, I might be laughed at. Not something I wanted to experience, being the shy, quiet kid I was.

Here then we have two major psychic events forefront in my mind and in my life: a ghost that seemed to be centred around me and precognition. More was to come, including the growing belief that I was able to create things in my mind and that those things were becoming reality. At least I knew the term for them: wishes.

Meanwhile, the ghost became more and more focused on me. Even though I was aware of what ghosts could be and that was scary, I didn't feel threatened. Perhaps I thought if it wanted to do anything bad it could have done something at any time. I certainly can't recall any episodes where it tried to harm me, and because of this assurance that it was friendly I attempted various ways of communicating with it. One way or another other I wanted to find out what it was because I suspected there had to be a reason for its interest in me.

I remember trying various things, although I don't recall how I knew what to do. Possibly they were TV inspired. I tried leaving paper and pen to see if it would write something, but that had no effect whatsoever. I did notice though that sometimes objects moved around. I would leave something out and it would move, or even disappear. Then a few days later it would turn up again! I'm quite certain family members weren't doing that. My bedroom was a disaster area, usually the floor would be covered in Lego bricks so it was a nightmare for Mum to keep clean and visitors didn't care for the cat-like skills required to cross the room.

This hide and seek went on for years and strangely enough I regarded it as some sort of company for me. I didn't have any imaginary friends that I recall, but perhaps this is what imaginary friends in some instances could be.

By the early 1980s I was in my final couple of years at primary school, and although my maths and English were still pretty dire we were doing proper writing. I still hated those classes where we had to learn to write with ink pens. Pages and pages of writing out the same letter or letter groups so that we understood how to form cursive writing. Agony.

Yet between those moments of torture we also wrote stories and poetry, some of which I still have. This, together with other events and activities around this time, shows my growing interest and awareness in a variety of topics that would eventually broaden out and form the basis of my future path.

The poetry and stories I have found are dated approximately 1980-1982 as I foolishly only put the day and month but no year. I can't say for sure how I came to be inspired enough to write. Some are from fairly heavy sources such as '*May*' (by Chaucer), others I can quite understand as two titled '*Day Of The Triffids*' and '*Kraken*' as my Dad had a collection of books by John Wyndham and I remember the terrifying BBC dramatised version of the story. Then we have the '*Jabberwocky*' which quickly became one of my all time favourite poems.

One story I would love to have claimed was my own creation entitled '*Spells*', but after re-reading it for this book, it sounded very familiar so I thought best to research. I then found it was in fact a children's poem written by James Reeves.

Those of my own creation, or at least I can't identify anything that sounds familiar, have all fairly dark titles such as '*The Deadly Cargo*', '*13th Victim*', '*The Boy That Was Not There*' and the '*Rattling Cat*'. All possibly speak for themselves except the last one which refers to an old house in Deal that was associated with smuggling (a major 'industry' for Deal in the 18th century). When I found these scribblings again I was very excited because they came from around the same time as a discovery that would change my life.

The topics that took my attention the most at this age were the sciences with an interest in astronomy, chemistry and engineering. Engineering was fulfilled regularly with my almost constant fixation on Lego and Meccano; chemistry with a chemistry set my parents bought for me one Christmas. That one though required parental guidance because of the meths burner, a dangerous device like a small jam jar with a metal screw top lid and a wick. It went quite well with dangerous chemicals, I thought!

A sudden love of Egyptian history and culture popped out of nowhere and combining both my love of Lego and Egyptian history, I would frequently build Lego pyramids, temples and tombs. And of course Deal had a fantastic toy shops called Kings. It was a real Aladdin's cave for kids and in there I found a few Egyptian toys which were great and further inspired my interest in this subject.

The source of the awareness of Egyptian things is a difficult one to pin down. A number of memories from those years involving Egyptian images come from several places, so in no particular order I will try to explain them. One came from a friend of my parents who lived up on the main road. She had been to Egypt a number of times and as I was expressing an interest in that far away place she gave me a folding pack of postcards showing Egyptian tourist sites. I still have them.

Another influence was our school library. The classroom we were in at the time had a small library section, and we were encouraged to peruse it often. Perhaps that is where many of the ideas from my little stories came from. I certainly remember class reading sessions and have fond memories of C. S. Lewis. However, the most important discovery from my point of view was a book of Egyptian stories. I now know from reading more academic works that they were translations of classic Egyptian literature put into words children would understand. Any missing parts were filled in with creative licence.

They certainly had the desired effect in that they fascinated me. The magic (no pun intended there I think) of the amazing stories of strange gods and goddesses doing wild things and people having amazing adventures had me absolutely hooked on that amazing place. Another book discovery in that collection, from around the same time and one I've never been able to easily explain, was on witchcraft. I can't remember much of the book's layout, it was mostly all spells attributed to 'Anon'. In later life I've tried to find it again, especially when my workplace offered access to library records, but so far to no avail.

Many of the spells had instructions on how to use them, mostly they were verbal, I don't recall if there were potions or spell components of any kind. Like the Egyptian book this too had me hooked. It struck a deep chord somewhere inside me. What with the psychic and supernatural experiences of the previous five years, I felt a light bulb come on. It was still slightly dim but this witchcraft book was one of the most important events in my life and most likely due to a teacher at that school that I always felt a connection with. It was something special, though at the time I don't think I would have understood. It's only now that I understand what it might have been. Looking back, those of you who follow a path along The Craft of some kind, often

describe their experience of being in the presence of another of The Craft and knowing all this without so much as a word, gesture or look.

Whether it's true or not, maybe is enough for me, and it is something I will treasure for the rest of my life. I am not about to name him/her here, since it's not the done thing to 'out' a fellow witch or to accuse someone. However, the combination of this person whose constant enthusiasm and creativity was an inspiration, the Egyptian stories, the topics I wrote about and that witchcraft book (however it got there) set me firmly on my way. I feel that book in particular was meant for me to find at that time. Whether others found it too I didn't know. Perhaps it might have been as important for them as it was for me.

As a summary then: an interest in science, Egypt and the possibilities that witchcraft might present, a ghost that had an interest in me for some reason and various psychic experiences. My life was proving very intriguing with potential to really give me something to investigate with my vivid imagination. Looking at this now, it has all the signs of an Hermetic magician being born, but that was a topic completely unknown to me back then.

However, the early 1980s also presented another event. The first death in the family that I was really aware of, my Granddad. I know there were others before and at one of these a few years before my Mum tells me that when taken to the grave side I tried to dig my Great Nan out of the ground with my hands as I couldn't understand what was going on.

This time though I was old enough to understand and of course I was deeply upset although I didn't feel it as a loss as such. It's odd. I accepted it as someone just going the other side of a door, curtain or something. They weren't going to be that far away although of course the physical closeness wouldn't be there anymore. It is hard to explain the kind of emotions and thoughts I could not then put into words, yet which my adult mind now accepts and understands.

In those last couple of years at primary school, the Falklands war kicked off, and this caused me to wonder why it was good to go to war. The Egyptian texts I was addicted to gave me inspiration through their concept of *Ma'at*. Justice and balance, chaos *versus* order, the way the

divine could be both destructor and creator. There was no real concept of good and evil as we understand it, and I took that as a cue to approach things in life with an objective view. For example, one tribe's actions would have been good for them but evil for those whose land they took.

So I regarded good and evil as being all a shade of grey. Instead what mattered was order *versus* chaos, to try and attain lawfulness and be true to self as that is the only real measure of one's position. I saw the Egyptian view of transition to the afterlife, of weighing the heart against the feather of truth to see if they had been true, faithful and just was really the best way to live one's life.

I wasn't all that aware of the wider world was out there. It didn't often impinge on my daily life and the news portrayed on the TV and newspapers that I would occasionally glance at had a shop window feel to them. Passing fads did have an effect, usually because other kids would likewise see them and the topic of conversation at school would increase the awareness. I have a distant memory of the punk era of the late 1970s hitting school and how some of the older kids would try and imitate the fashion and mannerisms possibly much to the teachers exasperation. I remember wanting to write punk and draw things on my school bag. The outcome though was seriously uncool!

The Falklands War did a lot to increase my wider world awareness. There was uncertainty and fear among my peers about what this could lead to. Would it end quickly? Would we have this for years to come? Would we be expected to fight people had done like in the other wars? With the TV images of death and destruction, the futility of war - especially when so geographically distant from our daily lives - was unnerving.

With this disconnection between our lives and that of others, I became aware that the world, although looking big on the maps, was in fact a small place. As the years went by, other world events especially those that did encroach on my life or that of my local community, I also saw through the eyes of the wider media. For example, the Miners' Strike of 1984 and the fierce fights in words and actions that I saw on TV were very alarming.

Then there was the tragic Zeebrugge ferry disaster, the result of water flooding the car decks causing it to capsize. This rocked not only those who experienced or witness the nightmare, but also the local area due to the reliance on the nearby port of Dover for employment. By the time of the IRA bombing of Deal barracks which affected many people in my life, I was much more aware of how the world around me could impact on my environment.

I took the 11 plus but just missed out on grammar school apparently, giving me the choice of two local secondary schools, Deal or Walmer. It was suggested I take the less boisterous one, the one my Mum went to, and so I was destined to go to Walmer.

Secondary school again had a Christian stamp with weekly hymn practice which I hated (not that I was alone in that I'm sure). But by now with the growing interest in Egyptian ways and my awaking interest in occult knowledge, I would let the prayers go by, just uttering a bit at the end, so when others ended with 'Amen', I would append Ra to the end. That way I ended with 'Amen Ra', the name of the creator god. Still do this if I end up anywhere near a church service (which has been known to happen on a rare occasion.) No idea why I started doing that though!

