

## **Devon Dowsers field trip to Scorhill with Jo, Sunday 10th July 2016**

**Sally Cunis (August 2016)**

How lovely to be at Scorhill again – one of my “spiritual homes”, and a place I have loved since I was Very Young! How lovely, too, to be there with Jo, who, living nearby, knows every inch of the site and the local moorland, and who led the walk for Devon Dowsers that day.

Jo, along with my favourite doggie on the planet, Tilly, led us down to the circle, on the way checking out other interesting sites of interest to both dowsers and archaeologists. We spent time at the circle; some of us dowsing, some sensing and looking, and others just “being”.

It is one of the most healing places I know, and has a light, a magic, all its own. I sense that this is one of those places where the veils are thin, and where it is possible to access other levels of reality. Many of us have had some extraordinary experiences here, communication with the Earth, the “spirit of place”, perhaps the cosmos too, and the very stones themselves. There is a perceptible – and certainly dowsable, change in the energies, and the width of the lines which flow in and out of the circle and connect to the other chakras and meridians of the earth’s energy fields. Intention, of course, is crucial. Coming from Love and Good Intention is paramount. One’s perceptions become heightened, and perhaps a growing awareness of the connectedness of all that is.

So, some of us looked for earth energy, some for processional ways, some for water, spirals, and bands of energy on the stones themselves. I admit I felt I just had to “be” that day, and leant against the tallest stone, (which in my fanciful mind I call the Guardian Stone), and found myself in tears. It seemed a healing process, and I felt love and gratitude. Scorhill sits in a kind of bowl, with the hills of Dartmoor, purple and mysterious, all around. The scenery is stunning.

Then we walked over the leat (a manmade water supply to neighbouring villages) and down to the Tolmen Stone, which half sits in the river. There is a large hole on its centre: local legend has it that if you go through the stone, you will be protected from rheumatism. Mmm, it hasn’t quite worked for me...But many of our intrepid group risked life and limb to go through the stone, and all survived to enjoy another day!

The water here tumbles and splashes its way over boulders and the roots of trees, peaty brown in the pools, and sparkling in the sun as it makes its long journey down to the sea. Nature spirits abound, the Little Folk are present – if you stay still, and watch...and listen...

Two rivers meet just upstream from the Tolmen Stone, the Teign and the Wallabrook, with ancient and beautiful clapper bridges spanning the waters. Continuing (my) tradition, I lined up our Devon Dowsers on one of them, and took a photo! (see below).



*Picture by Sally Cunis*

Going back to Jo`s after the walk was a delight: a bonfire in her garden, log seats all around, home-made nettle soup, which Jo made there and then, and masses of food which we brought to share. Sadly I managed to overcook my veggie burgers, and only had burnt offerings to hand out! Interesting conversations with like-minded people, and a reluctance to leave the “council” round the fire ...

Our very grateful thanks to Jo for making the occasion such a happy and interesting one, and for being the hostess with the mostest ...