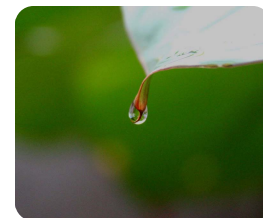


Essential Oils Then & Now Newsletter

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THE ANOINTING

“And He calls to himself the Twelve. And He began to be sending them forth as His ambassadors with credentials on a mission to represent Him, sending them forth two by two. And He was giving them authority over unclean spirits...And having gone out, they made a proclamation to the effect that they should be repenting. And demons, many of them, they were casting out and they were massaging with oil many who were sick, and were healing them.” Mark 5:7-13 Wuest New Testament.

In another time zone, nestled in the Valley of Seven Springs is a remodeled old railroad/stagecoach hotel called The Grotto. Freight trains still pass by but there are no passengers. The owners raised their six children there and now the small rooms and the second floor porch sleep guests who come to visit. It is a serene place with healthy lush houseplants, and unique treasures of a bygone era. No television, no computers, and in the woodstove-warmed dining room, only hearty organic vegetarian foods were served. Outside was just as tranquil with great rough-barked black walnut trees and twittering birds. Spring flowers had already passed, leaving wild violets, tall irises, quince flowers and a black pot of red geraniums. There was a sided and screened-in pavilion where the 6 gathered every day. A wise, humble, loving, retired pastor and author of *The Chemistry of Essential Oils Made Simple - God's Love Manifest in Molecules*, was David Stewart, our teacher. Lois from Canada had the peaceful face of one who spent time in the Word and walked with God. Alternative measures freed her from MS and her husband from chemical poisoning received from his job. Marie, an exuberant Catholic Italian, retired traveling Nurse, and future reflexologist came from Colorado. She and I met as CARE assistants in Hartford. Jackie, from Missouri, very intelligent, modest natural teacher and long time friend of David's, has been using oils for years. From NY was Mer, my husband, who's greatest joy is helping people get well. He wryly says we should be called The Last Resort, for that's usually when people seek us. Lastly, me, gratefully now free from hepatitis, fibromyalgia, and cancer. David taught and we practiced teaching of terpenes, ketones, esters, ethers, oxides, aldehydes, coumarins etc., drawing molecules, and counting carbons and hydrogens. Once David's brown eyes locked with mine, and I watched, accepting his scrutiny of the window of my soul. What did he see? I did not ask, and he did not say, but I was to find out later. It was the final day, and one by one David chose 3 oils specific for each individual and anointed us, massaging our heads and throats. For me he chose frankincense, a blend called transformation, and hyssop. Hyssop? As in the branch of Passover? As in David's repentant psalm? But I accepted the anointing and his blessing-prayer. Later I asked David, “Why Hyssop?” He told me. Next month, I'll tell you.

James 5:13-16 Wuest,

Joanna