

# Could Energy Lines From a Standing Stone Be Real?

Shôn Ellerton, July 17, 2025

*I was invited to find out if I could feel the presence of energy lines from a standing stone.*



If you walk around the lonely mountain-scape of Wales, most of which is largely treeless, you may come across the odd grey standing stone, otherwise known as an orthostat or *menhir*. When several are arranged in a circle, we get such famous landmarks like Stonehenge and Avebury. Most of us who are interested in travel know of Stonehenge, which, to me, is a disappointingly over-regulated tourist trap served after busload after busload of loud-mouthed visitors armed with smartphones taking selfies. However, Avebury, at least when I last visited, is definitely a more worthwhile visit and less known to tight-scheduled bus tours.

But what of these menhirs and their supposed powers steeped in mysticism and esotericism?

I'd argue that most of what, we humans, believe to be supernatural occurrences happen in the mind. Things that look out of place, and no better an example, than big pointy stone monoliths sticking up in the middle of barren landscapes. They are, indeed, quite unsettling and make good fodder for superstition and folklore stories, many of which, delve into the world of wielding bizarre energy fields or tools for wizards and druids to do a little maleficence. Perhaps they are simply navigational or astronomical markers. After all, it's easy to get lost in some of these places.

I had an interesting experience with one of these standing stones back in 2022 when my wife, son and I visited a friend who lives up high in the Welsh hills with a most marvellous view of the picturesque Mawddach estuary along with the beautiful town of Barmouth on the other side. His stone cottage was surrounded

by ancient dry stone walls, gorse bushes with yellow flowers, and a menagerie of friendly bleating sheep. There were a few trees dotted about, but largely, the landscape was void of them, making the view that more impressive and giving an open feeling about the place. It was idyllic except for the steep and dicey narrow lane to get there from the main road skirting the estuary near the hamlet of Arthog.

My friend is one of those mystical chaps, the sort one would have the most interesting conversation with, especially if one is into the occult and esotericism. I've always had a profound interest with the supernatural but yet to experience it. Having an engineering mindset, I'm still not entirely convinced that it really exists, however, I cannot completely dismiss it either, as an atheist would with respect to a higher power.

Most atheists deny, not only of any presence of a higher power, but any existence relating to the supernatural. I could get into some very interesting debates with atheists because it seems to be flawed absolutism to suggest that if something hasn't been proved, it doesn't exist. I'm one of those types who would gladly stay in one of those haunted houses overnight if offered, but then get warned by the superstitious not to tempt fate.

Anyway, I had a few interesting talks over whisky after dinner in his cosy stone cottage and said he would take us to a standing stone on the other side of the hill, which was a walk of about thirty minutes or so from the house.

I kindly obliged.

The next afternoon, we walked to the standing stone. We went up a narrow lane and passed by a peaceful-looking lake called Llynnau Cregennen which had one of those picture-perfect little islands with lots of trees and greenery. In the late afternoon setting Sun, it was quite magical. Overlooking us ahead was a ridge of treeless mountains with steep slopes of scree and grass with the peaks of Cader Idris visible further to the east. There are certainly places in the world which are on a much grander scale, but it still felt quite an imposing, ancient and lonely place. But beautiful at the same time.

We walked around a little hillock, and veered off the lane walking along a barely-used track across the wild fields. The setting sun was now behind the hillock and in its shadow was one solitary standing stone of about six feet in height. It must get the occasional visitor or two because there were a few carefully-laid red flowers around its base, the significance of which, either I forgot or was not told.

Perhaps they were laid as a sort of remembrance of respect and awe, as if approaching a veiled altar.

As I mentioned before, I am fascinated with anything esoteric and mystical; however, I am quite a sceptic as well. I donned on my engineer's hat, so to speak, and thought if such a stone might have been created through natural means. After all, Welsh hills had eroded over many eras of time potentially leaving large lumps of granite in strange positions, much like boulder clay deposits in the northern half of England and Scotland when the ice sheet receded.

Our friend introduced us to the stone and told us of the aura it emits. He outstretched his hands near to the rock and asked me if I could see a sort of purplish haze of energy around it, or something with that description. My wife tried it as well. I looked with unthwarted attention but, try as I might, I couldn't see anything. It was a little disappointing to the say the least, but not unexpected.

The next thing he tried was the 'ole dowelling rod trick, by holding two bent sticks or rods to see if they swerve in funny directions. Water diviners allegedly use this trick to find underground passages of running water.

Walking around the stone with sticks poised, they did criss-cross at very specific locations whilst walking around the stone. He walked around again but at a greater distance from the stone, and still, it criss-crossed on the same imaginary lines if drawn from the stone outwards. Think of the stone with a bunch of lines going outwards.

I was thinking these could be some sort of 'energy' lines, like *ley lines*. I've heard of ley lines before, being lines of so-called earth energies going from place to place. I heard that they rise up in some locations giving a 'positive' energy whilst in some places, they lead back into the earth in locations of 'negative' energy. Apparently, it is in these 'negative' areas or 'sinks', where the feeling of ill-abode and not feeling quite right exists. I was informed that sheep and other animals don't tend to aggregate around such places.

Really interesting stuff, but is it really true? I don't know. Ask a local farmer.

My friend invited me to try the dowelling rods myself.

I held them in my hands and proceeded to undertake the same ritual as he had done by walking around the stone at ever-increasing circumferences. And I'm not

joking. The rods *really* moved against my will and criss-crossed at the same prescribed locations as what happened to my friend.

I did this repeatedly over and over again and further and further away. I tried holding it in different positions. I even closed my eyes. And still, the damned thing twitched as if it had a mind of its own. I must have been doing this for twenty minutes straight, when my friend, who knew me quite well uttered, ‘Still not convinced? Typical engineer.’

There were certainly no wires, underground streams, or other manmade components buried under the ground. And why would there be? It was in the middle of nowhere. I don’t think there were any geographic anomalies either, and if there was, the extending imaginary lines didn’t seem very nature-like to me.

This was the first tangible feeling that I felt something move in my hand without the presence of a physical external force like a gust of wind or a magnetic force. And yes. I was holding these rods as level as possible.

I ask myself if I’ve been somehow duped with all this.

Honestly, it seems even more unlikely that another person could tap into another person’s mind to make that person do something. Yes, I believe one can be hypnotised, but can it be done surreptitiously without the other person knowing about it or forcefully? You hear these strange stories of conjuring tricks by clever people versed up with mass psychosis to get a whole gathering of people to see something that doesn’t exist. To me, that sounds more implausible than the possible fact that there is something very odd going on by this standing stone.

I’ve never *dismissed* the supernatural, but obviously, being super sceptical of claims by most of seeing elements of the supernatural, I believe that most of these events can be explained by the *natural*. However, to think in the same line of logic that somewhere out there, there must be another planet with equal or more intelligent life to ours, there might be more out there than meets the eye which cannot be easily proven with what we currently know.

I’ve experienced being in houses or forests which don’t feel right and simply put it down to knowing that these places either have a dark history behind them or just be in locations which seem uncomfortable in terms of geomancy, or what many of us refer to as *feng shui*. Should I have not known beforehand, would I have felt the same? But on this occasion, there was an actual physical interaction with these moving rods. Could my mind have subconsciously played all this out?

With eyes closed and the rods criss-crossing exactly on these invisible straight lines? Even if I tried on purpose, this would have been near-on impossible.

Something *did* play out on that late afternoon and to this day, it still flummoxes and humbles me. And finally, if my friend stumbles on this piece, I'd like to say that I express my deepest thanks for the experience.