

Athena, Arcadian Awakening

By: Olivia Robertson

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER 1

"VISIONS."

So often I have wondered why mystical awakenings, direct revelation from Deities and Prophets, Divine Guidance, have led enthusiasts to burn, torture, blow up, brain-wash their fellows in religious fervour. I should know. I was brought to Ireland aged eight in 1925 and found religion flourished here. I had never met religious people before.

In Reigate, England, we casually attended St. Peter's Church and sang Victorian hymns without fervour. Admittedly, my Nanny informed me that if I wriggled in the pew the white-robed vicar would put me in a fiery pit. But my father, when I queried this, assured me that as Nanny thought the moon was made of green cheese, I could ignore her information. Anyway, she showed no sign of attacking non-believers. Really, there were no obvious non-believers, as we all were. We attended Christmas children's plays, vaguely thought that the Church of England was like a nice safe pair of carpet slippers, a "just in case" scenario in case there was a hell. You were expected to be nice, and good to the poor and not steal and usually speak the truth. Life was so benign and easy in Reigate – like my favourite "Just William" stories: like my beloved Tiger Tim's Weekly. Georgie Giraffe and Joey the Parrot and others were so jolly. So was Mrs. Bruin, whose only punishment was to put the eight of the boys in one bed and give them "gruel".

So I was totally taken aback to find myself in a land where religion really mattered. In Reigate I had liked Poppy Day and wore a poppy on 11th November, Armistice Day. But here some people put razors behind their poppies to cut off the fingers of enemies who tried to tear them off. The Others were Roman Catholics and Irish and some wore Easter Lilies in Easter week.

When they had got rid of the British (Us), I learnt fairly soon that our country had been cut in half. The top bit was Protestant and British with some who planted bombs. Where I lived was Roman Catholic and Irish. We Protestants did not need to plant bombs because we had most of the money, and big houses, though some of our houses were blackened shells, burnt by the Others.

I had always hoped we in the island could stop being religious. We could give up patriotism as well and turn into socialists. Instead, from the "sixties" onwards we had a thirty-year cruel, civil war. The hatred still smoulders.

In 1976 my brother, a Rector, and my sister-in-law of Quaker family, initiated the Fellowship of Isis. This we did not because of theology, or politics. We had Divine Inspiration. And awakening was happening all over the world. It was after the Second World War. The awakening was accelerated through millions of young people the world over. Later a fundamentalist return to main-stream religions was spreading with startling fanaticism. So what was happening, and what should we do about it?

I had myself gained the 3 drops of Cerridwen, Welsh Goddess of the Cauldron of Inspiration, Prophecy, and Shape-shifting. So have thousands. Empathy is our word for shape-shifting, coming through Omnipresence.

We who have in some degree experienced the Awakening, whatever we call it – Satori, Samadhi, Ecstasis, The Tao - can no longer just be happy ourselves, and run courses for enquirers. The danger of

introverted living as a mystic loner is that one can develop paranoia – conspiracy terrors. It is a vagary of the psychic sense. In the Centre of the Labyrinth of Life is a monster, the Minotaur – a sinister conspirator, a black magician – what people most fear.

It was in Clonegal that I received revelation about the Labyrinth of Life. A woman from Europe came up to the Castle and asked for a course in witchcraft. She had inquired as to my whereabouts to an ancient inhabitant, who said: “I wouldn’t go the Castle. Miss Olivia is a witch!” She replied: “I wish to learn to be a witch.” And found her way to me.

Now I am not a professional witch, but I will take on anything. I said I’d give her a weekend course. This took place in our Church of England chapel within the Castle. We had not yet developed a Temple of Isis. At first things went swimmingly. I got her into light trance. She was extremely intelligent – naturally. She was a University lecturer. Then came challenge! Suddenly she announced: “I see the devil!”

I felt insulted. How dare she introduce the devil into our chapel! I asked Isis for guidance. I received an unexpected instruction. “Ask her, who is the devil!” I asked. She replied with venom: “He is my professor!” At once I understood the meaning of the monster in the labyrinth. Within the heart of the Labyrinth is the Mirror of the Gorgon. The monster is - yourself. The soul creates its projections, bad or good.

When you realise this, you learn to recognise the Divine in others, and honour it in yourself. Evil is only a shadow in our transient world, a reflection. We are all born of the Divine Mother, from atom to Deity.

The encouragement is that only the Divine is real. Our terrors, hatred, jealousy, ambition are nightmares that vanish when we see with the light of Truth, and feel in the darkness the heart of Love.

The first revelation of great religions came with Glory, Salvation, Heaven. I notice there is a second flow of revelation that brings a return to Nature. Physical being is honoured not despised. It is the difference between the philosopher Montaigne, who wondered what his cat was thinking – and Descartes who thought all progress came from the human mind. Hence cats had no souls. This became doctrine!

So I asked for guidance as to what to do next. My formula is simple: “Oh Isis, I am empty. Fill my emptiness.” You do need to specify the Deity invoked – or you might get filled by someone you do not want . . .

I thought of all practitioners of the Arts. The Impressionists did not blow up the Academy nor writers shoot their critics, much as they may have wished to do so. Sir Christopher Wren did not burn down the old Gothic St. Paul’s. So these were the people I thought sane.

Ah – where are the Companions? Where did they live? I realised that was simple. Wherever the eccentric animal-lover, Elizabeth of Bohemia dwelt, there was Bohemia. Bohemia started as her own country, and spread all over the world. “La Boheme” is the world’s most loved opera – about artists. The heroes were artists pawning their coats to eat, burning their epic poems to keep warm. Yes, Bohemia is all over the western world, and similar places may be found in Tokyo, Peking, Moscow, Port Harcourt in Nigeria, Seattle, USA, and Big Island, Hawaii. They are Oases for eccentrics.

I like the tale of Quan Yin, Goddess of Compassion, who, when invoked by a sufferer, was in such a hurry to help that she even neglected to put on her make-up. Now I call that dedication.

My new book concerns Spiritual Awakening through the Arts. We learn of the work of Elaine and Aiden, now qualified Alchemists in the FOI Priesthood. I found I could not part with their doings! They run gatherings of Arcadians in many countries. It is very simple. No subscriptions, no rules, no dogma, no

personal probings – just expenses covered and exchange of art gifts. “Be yourself,” they declare. “You are free to find your Divinity.”

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER 2

“VALHALLA.”

“THE GOLDEN APPLES OF ETERNITY.”

When we were very young, in a country town in England – Reigate – my brother Lawrence and I would try and stop time. We could not understand where yesterday had gone to. Can you yourself? What was living reality, a place where you hurt yourself, were happy, read your comic “Tiger Tim’s Weekly” – suddenly became a pale grey nothingness, “yesterday”. Grown-ups did not seem to worry. We did mind. So we determined to stop time by remembering a string of happenings “now” and keep them from turning into “yesterday”. Some of the list I do remember! It began: “I remember a man on a bicycle wearing a straw hat. I remember a little girl in a blue bonnet. I remember a stone called Tommy.” But it was no good. Rather like reciting a creed in church, it was a string of words, but where was the man in a straw hat?

We thought of watching water flow past us in a stream, and try and follow a floating straw. No use. The straw was real in NOW – and then was lost in “yesterday”. Grown-ups kept collections of photos of people in ancient uniforms, huge hats – long skirts, and blank-faced children now all lost in time.

There were accounts of heaven if you behaved and hell if you didn’t. But no-one had actually been there.

As I grew up I learnt there were some people who had been there – and come back. This behaviour was regarded as an unhealthy occupation, reserved for Saints, lunatics and imposters. And it was this hard core of fear and therefore rejection that interested me as I grew up.

You see nearly everybody was dead. A long line of Kings, Queens, the great and the good or bad – and un-numbered people commemorated statistically on cenotaphs and churchyards. I imagined a milling crowd of ghosts which I was told were hallucinations or undesirable residents, mainly in old country houses, including ours. I noticed such family ghosts with their portraits were accepted as a social asset: “Sir Humphrey appears in this passage every November.”

To curb any investigation by amateurs, dealings with Spirits were the correct task of priests and gurus. Such experts were usually dead for hundreds of years. Hence their information was coded and infallible.

Why not become a modern expert? It is possible now because one is not in danger of hanging or burning for heresy. But new scientific attitude had a more insidious weapon to prevent illicit ventures into other dimensions. Ridicule. Disbelief. This could destroy one’s reputation. Even then a woman had to preserve her “virtue”, a man, “sanity.” So the whole field of greater reality was left to mystics in the East, psychics in the West. Many seekers found safety in societies and secret orders.

Now my brother and I inherited the Norse ability in both the mystic and psychic field. Our family came from the Orkney Islands and was connected with Iceland. We teamed up with Pamela Barclay whom Lawrence married, and she had the same North Scottish heritage. As she pointed out, Orcadians were that bit weirder!

I discovered a way in which I could share my own intuitive experience without being labelled (very) eccentric. It was through inducing trance in others. At first I could only get people into a deep state where they could describe what was happening, but later remember nothing. This to me was wrong. We should be equals in trance with the operator. The companion on Shamanic journeys should direct their own adventures. We all have such free will in every-day living. I give one of my favourite examples.

A Catholic and a Theosophist, Richard, came to me one Good Friday for a trance session. In doing so, he had missed his Catholic ceremony of "Tenebrae", where candles were ritually extinguished to commemorate the crucifixion. At the beginning of his journey I was faced with the tradition that "right" is good; "left," bad. Richard was on a horse, in armour as Crusader. He had to choose between going left, down into darkness, or to go upwards on the right, to the Light. I was aware that most guides would recommend the right-hand Path of Light. But instead I gave no guidance. He had to choose.

He chose the left-hand Path. Down and down he went, past rocky fissures into the depths. And there, in the shadow of a great rock, he came upon a small chapel. He took off his helmet and entered. It was the beginning of the ceremony for Good Friday, "Tenebrae". And he had to kneel throughout until its completion. And so had I . . .

This introduced to me the whole range of reincarnation experiences through trance. I found that the nearest and most real level was that connected with meeting spirits – family, friends, guides. I believe spiritualist mediums should be greatly respected for their moral courage in really helping people in face of unfair prejudice.

The next sphere involves reincarnation experiences in trance, and usually comes through creating a psychic doorway – a mirror – a dark passage. This is consoling for us, to see "Black Holes," mighty or tiny, not as terrifying phenomena, swallowing stars like oysters, but as a honeycomb of connecting passages, leading through vortices to various levels of consciousness.

The highest level in trance comes through the seeker seeing a light, usually in the sky, and gives the traveller enjoyable angelic visitation. Very often the adventurer remembers nothing of this, or translates the narration given in trance to earthly images. Living lights are seen as flowers, a constellation as "cherry tart!"

Suddenly the legend of Freya's "Apples of Heaven", the "Peaches of Immortality" of Kwan Yin, legends of a magical tree bearing celestial fruit come to life. We have within ourselves the tree of life and the fruits are developing within us. In living time all is everywhere and forever – the past is alive and so is the future. It is we who are stuck in Now. We follow one single time-line. But as we evolve, we find we are part of an intricate pattern of resplendent beauty that involves all that is, not a discriminatory selection of the "righteous," nor rejection of anything, we can alchemically restore what is lost.

So we do not have to be imprisoned in time thinking we were Akhenaton, Nefertiti or Cleopatra. We do not have to settle as "Julius Caesars", "Napoleons" or "Mary Queen of Scots." People are deluded, vain nobodies giving themselves status in the next world because they lack it in this one? No. But such dreamers have instead been projected into living dramas created by the Creators for our benefit. We all act in perennial Mysteries. We join Creators when we tell a good story. TV presenters, religious visionaries, a small child describing a dragon – are not liars. They are Creators. They are giving local colour to the cosmic reality from which they have been projected by the Deities, to find individuality through experience. Boys find nobility as King Arthur or Robin Hood, girls compassion as Kwan Yin – and as we increase in skills we become a Dostoyevsky or a James Joyce. We learn to include the people around us, and rather than in celebrities, see the glory concealed by shabby t-shirts and denims.

Valhalla, home of the Goddess Vala, Queen of Spirits, has plenty of room in her realm, Asgard. We are there already, but have lost our way in many projections in time. But as we make the way of return, let us bring with us tales of glorious adventures, through which we discover our own originality. Being a Creator is hard but worth it.

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER 3

"HAWAII."

"THE MAGIC WOOD."

When I was about five years old my sister Barbara, three years older, brought me every night to Fairyland. We were sleeping in the night-nursery of "Hatherlow," in Reigate, in South England. It was a respectable, quiet environment, a gentle preface to my stormy transition to a haunted Irish castle. But my sister's imagination prepared me for anything I might encounter later. She had me screaming in terror by night at "The Boiled Owl and the Guinea Pig." When frequent thunderstorms raged, she explained it was a naughty boy stamping on his nursery floor, and the lightning was his wild hair.

This took place in our nursery. But it was her introduction to me of a land outside the nursery that brought magic and the Goddess into my orthodox suburban existence. For when we were tucked up in our bedroom, Nanny drew the blind. In those days we were expected to lie in total darkness. So she drew down an indigo coloured blind to remove any light. However, she believed in some fresh air, and so she pricked holes all over the blind.

It was those constellations of brilliant dots amidst a streaky blue-green blind that brought me to another and more wonderful world outside the window. The dark blind was a pretence hiding a dark wood with high straight trees. They made a barrier through which we had to find our way to reach Fairyland. We could see the sparkling lights of this land beyond the wood, if only we could reach it.

I was never afraid of the wood. It was so exciting to find my way through the trees, and seeing the lights grow larger and larger. Finally we would reach Fairyland! It was a beautiful and happy land ruled by no less than Queen Jupiter. We never spoke of this place – which was wise. We might have been told it did not exist – or worse, turned into a pretty story suitable for children. I learnt early in life that when you have something precious it is best not to talk of it, except to real friends.

My father introduced me to another sort of magic by playing the piano. This was what I liked best in life. I enjoyed this music during our stay in Reigate – while I was from five to eight years old. But my magical experience of Wagner's "Ring" saga was no more nor less than I receive now at 94! I saw the story in my mind's eye – Brynhilde sent to sleep and Valhalla and river maidens. I was able to visualise Wotan as somebody quite different that I remembered seeing bending over my pram, surrounded by blue light. He appeared when I was 3 months old. I give an account of my own early enjoyment of the magical realm to share the knowledge that it is real.

I was pleased when someone said after a recent Fellowship celebration: "The Priestesses of Isis have smiles on their faces!" I always give trance adventures, whatever the ceremony, because it helps people to find their own personal path. I am careful to leave vision as much as I can to each participant's own awareness. Thus people find their own voice, artistic gifts, and particular vocation.

The twentieth century was dominated by abstract ideals, the concept of the nation, the group and "the masses". Individuality was denigrated. Religion was becoming de-personalised, spiritual, abstract. I was meant to be delighted at the prospect of "becoming a dewdrop absorbed into the shining sea." Why? People had to force themselves to be One with everyone, whether they liked them or not.

It struck me that it was like a process endured by myself when a hygienic friend had the castle "industrially cleaned." It was left smelling like a laboratory, each room and cushion having lost the smell of wood, fabric, scents – one man who had had "a make-over" said that he was so hygienic he could only attract a cabbage moth.

There was once a well-meaning endeavour to “clean up” the Fellowship of Isis by a well-wisher. My brother and I were presented with a lengthy questionnaire to be submitted to all would-be members. We were assured it was used by some of the best Spiritual Orders. Among the queries given were “Have you been in prison?” “Are you an alcoholic?” “Do you use drugs?” “Are you homosexual or lesbian?” “Are you handicapped in your spine?” I was told that one’s psychic energy might flow crookedly. I pointed out that electric cables were pliable. “Have you had a nervous breakdown?” Did they refer to “occult blow-outs”? Usual risks to be accepted. If you ticked a “Yes”, your application to FOI was to be rejected.

I pointed out that anyone wishing to join, yet having a “Yes” answer, would obviously lie. In any case I thanked the sender for the offer of help but declined the list for the Fellowship of Isis. Our membership would drop dramatically. We had a habit of telling the truth. “Yes” replies would abound. We would not be spiritually cleansed by immersion in a “Shining Sea”.

Nothing is more reassuring to our rulers than people aiming to be dewdrops falling into the shining sea. Such folk could be of no possible danger of interfering in politics. They aim to sit quietly on their behinds, possibly in the lotus position if they can achieve that – and shut up.

There is truth in the axiom “For evil to prevail it only takes good people to do nothing.” And nobody does nothing better than the three Wise Masters who see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil. “Cover up” is the golden rule.

What we are being guided to do is to hand over our individual souls into the charge of some Religion, Order or Ideology. We are told we have souls that need saving. The non-believers say we haven’t got any. Having surrendered our souls into the custody of a Faith, we are told we will achieve Enlightenment. We are usually asked to pay quite a bit as Enlightenment can cost a lot, like an electricity bill. If we run out of our subscription, the course may stop until we pay up. In the past we gave up our land, even our country, to the religion in power. Now we do it by email.

How on earth or heaven, I asked Isis, can we avoid this carry-on in the Fellowship of Isis?

I received Guidance from Isis. Let us continue with the basic guide-lines as set forth in our F.O.I. Manifesto. Membership is free. People can leave us without question. Charges may be made for books and courses. Every Centre has honour for each member, treated on equal terms. Honour is also given all human-beings and for animals and all creatures. When we awaken into Divine Reality we shall find our lost Heaven has been here all the time! The Truth is only hidden so that we may learn how to draw the Veil from Isis that we may see Her Face.

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER 4

“THE ENCHANTED DOORWAY.”

“THE GREATER COMPREHENDS THE LESSER: THE LESSER IS PART OF THE GREATER.”

I expect like so many of you who are beset by a multitude of Causes to protest about, you long for a respite! One is reminded of the words of the Cabalistic “Zohar”: “*God did not banish humanity from Paradise. Humanity banished God.*” So sometimes, when we are wearied of battling against child abuse, cruelty to animals, destruction of wild-life, we may not fight evil with its own weapons – force, exposure, the Army, the Law – but with good.

I liked the Sermon on the Mount, turning the other cheek, forgiving enemies, but thought it didn’t work. Valiantly I maintained my pacifism even in the Battle of Britain when I was a nurse – but later gave it up as the onslaught of exposure of atrocities multiplied. Then we fought factory farming and the wanton

destruction of nature, with our pens and voices. I gave up being a vegetarian when I found the origin of apparently innocent food stuffs and chose Organics.

I sided with those New Agers who had a placard conveniently by the front door, blazoned with the brave words "I PROTEST" – leaving a space for the particular evil to be attacked in a demonstration.

But how were we to be happy ourselves? Were we to await death and "Rapture"? Not for Protesters. After death we then had to do Rescue Work, saving souls trapped in various challenging environments once called Hells. Some of us signed the Bodhisattva Oath, electing to stay on in various hells until all beings were saved – rescuing them with the Light. But, as one Teacher said to me: "I'm expected to stay in hell forever – or as long as it takes – but this is not possible. I sit perfectly happily on a sunny day, drinking a glass of beer – next to a man in hell. He is going through the torture of jealousy. I can't help being happy. I'm in Heaven where I sit. He is in the same place but cannot feel the warmth of the sun, hear the laughter of people drinking at little tables, the song of blackbirds, or smell the scent of lime flowers. One is in Heaven. One is in Hell. Each must choose. We can be helped, but truly, we are expected to save ourselves through the way we live."

I did notice that this man, when he sat anywhere, brought serenity with him. Some saw light around him, and shared in the peace and light. He never preached at them but would talk easily if approached.

Here evil was eliminated, not by terrified conspiracy theories, not by moral indignation, protest or violence. Where he lived *was* Heaven.

The secret, I believe, rests in our attitude to time. Forever is now. Our beginning in evolutionary progress is contained in the greater reality of our cosmic origin. Within us we have the seed of immortality – the jewel within the heart of the lotus. Our great adventure is like a traveller, making our way through the beautiful, awe-inspiring infinity growing in wisdom and love. We choose our roles in various lives.

My way is through the extending of my earthly senses to psychic awareness. For me this was the awakening of vision. My gift was developed in group through enhancing eidetic imagery – pictures seen in the mind's eye. I was surprised to see how quickly this happened. I remembered knowing George Russell, the Irish mystic, "AE," and I respected his description of the development of the most advanced mystic experience.

In my case the eidetic imagery started humorously, with cartoon characters, in two dimensions. I remember a canoe full of Native Americans with feathers, capsizing and then swimming ashore. I enjoyed a procession of animals queuing up at a food counter, being served by a lion with a white apron. The colours were extraordinarily brilliant. I felt my invisible teachers were laughing at me in a kindly way.

I was told that the next stage would be a three-dimensional scene, and that I would learn to go into the scene. This was heralded by what was called "beds of tulips", like Muslim designs. But then I got my first realistic picture – a little girl in a red dress, on a balcony of a French chateau. I could enter if I chose but needed to create a doorway to get out again!

My friend Melita Denning and I once enjoyed an aerial trip to Switzerland while sitting in her flat in Hampstead. What we did was to turn on the television and then obliterate the picture, so we just had the electric power which helped. We visited a spiritual centre there, far from the "cuckoo-clock" image of that country.

Clairaudience comes unexpectedly for me but very strong. I think the way this happens is by slowing down thought. My brother, Lawrence, versed in these matters, as was his wife Pamela, said that

telepathy came through the stillness between our thoughts. I have experienced telepathy with spirit beings that was as clear as earthly speech.

I notice that many so-called scientific authors have power of the mind – but leave out the heart. For instance I love reading utopian novels by brilliant writers but notice the heartlessness of the so-called supermen held up for admiration. I think this comes because the mind with its logical workings and telepathy of thought needs balancing by empathy. The seat of empathy is not up in the head. It glows in the solar plexus and the womb. It resembles a wild rose which reigns in every heart and grows in the darkness, until it is drawn forth by the descending light.

The two pillars of light and darkness lead to the inner Heaven concealed around us. It is the blending of the two Powers, Truth and Love, that create the cosmos. The Fates weave the shining rays of light and darkness and so produce their work of Art; the tapestry of Creation. Increasingly, as we develop, we join in this weaving and help to create our own destiny. This why we fell from the divine realm of Perfection – in order to find our own way back home, bringing with us what we have gained, our own individual gifts.

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER 5

“WHERE IS BOHEMIA?”

“WHERE YOUR HEART IS, THERE IS HOME.”

Encouraged by my defusing the terror of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, by introducing the “Four Sacred Donkeys of the Zodiac,” I began noticing other creatures unfairly despised or feared by our aggressive humanity. For instance, wolves are unfairly thought of in a creepy way. I made friends with a wolf in Arizona and was photographed with her in my bed. Her eyes shone like lamps. Far away in Ireland, when I was having bother psychically, this Wolf projected in my room and asked: “Are you all right?” The translator in the brain turned this query into English. I said: “Thank you for asking. I’m fine!” In America one says that. In Ireland with an Irish wolf I would have said: “Not so bad.”

Wolves are our Robertson protectors, shown as such in our Coat of Arms. But what about our treatment of their descendents, dogs? They get kindness, even compassion, as we train them to be good to children, severe to thieves, and dangerous to our enemies. But though in England dogs are permitted to lie on sofas and beds – they lack dignified status. Cats were Goddesses in Egypt, and still keep their pride. Pekinese were Royal in old China. But they have been bred to be tame miniature lions, like Japanese Bonsai mini-trees. Like dogs we train them as we choose.

The lack of Divinity in dogs was brought home to me in a Bohemian restaurant in Arizona. I saw on one vast wall, a magnificent painting of the Last Supper as recorded by Leonardo da Vinci. But then I looked closer with astonishment Christ presided benignly over the supper as a fox-terrier. On his chest reclined a beautiful Afghan dog, with long, blonde ringlets. The Apostles were depicted as various breeds including a dachshund. On the table were cups including the Holy Grael, I presumed.

I was so delighted with the picture that someone suggested I should get a coloured photograph to bring back to Ireland. But already trouble was brewing! A man objected, saying the Afghan with ringlets was Mary Magdalene, rather than the Beloved John. “I must be tactful,” I said, “bringing a photo. They are Catholics and Protestants in Ireland. They would think I was insulting their faith. Some call dogs ‘Brute Beasts’.” A friend suggested hopefully I might get shot! “No,” I said. “We are not that religious nowadays – except in certain counties . . . But I would not dream of showing saints as dogs.”

However, the honour of dogs has been restored! I was explaining to a friend how the Jackal God Anubis came to our temple. She asked: “The Jackal-headed Anubis with a man’s body?” “No”, I replied, “An animal Jackal, seated on a throne. He is a God, Son of the Goddess Nephthys and the God Osiris.”

A Priestess gave me an old Egyptian appliquéd wall hanging of the Goddess Muth, with Anubis on his throne below. I duly put this in our Temple. That night I was awakened by the sound of a rumpus in the Temple. I projected psychically down four flights of stairs to the Temple, and found our orange cat Honey-Howler in a mock battle with what I thought was a black dachshund. But he had long upstanding ears and long legs. He jumped up into my arms and licked my face! I wiped it off, and he tentatively licked me again. It was Anubis!

So now in our Cave of the Mothers, Anubis is depicted as a Jackal on his throne, on the altar with a painting of Isis and Osiris, rising into the starry sky. For Anubis is Guide to the constellation of Orion and the Sirius star of Isis. He can also be our Guide so that we too may know our own immortality.

Where can the eccentric, rejected and the abused find their true home, where they are accepted with respect and love? Where else, but Bohemia?

I found the perfect answer in Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia herself. Shakespeare wrote her story in “The Tempest.” She was Miranda, the Philosopher Prospero her father. The romantic lover, Ferdinand, found her in a startling island with faeries and a witch, and other unusual characters. Strangely Elizabeth’s own real life story came some years later. Her romantic Rosicrucian initiation ended with a tempest.

The idealistic pair, the Winter King and Queen of Bohemia – came, one should think, from some distant ideal planet – brought through initiations of the Rosicrucian enlightenment. They would not have been surprised by seeming disaster. To lose their kingdom to enemies who laughed at them – would be a Test. Frederick was killed in battle, and Elizabeth was exiled in the Haag in Holland.

Ah – but this is what interests me. From there she created the mythic Bohemia that spread throughout the world. It flourishes in Manhattan, Chelsea, Moscow, Tokyo – wherever Utopia is sought for, not through Empire or violent revolution, but through Art and Nature.

People flocked to her court of every kind of unusual characters – “weird”, animal-lovers, pantheists, performers, pagans, anyone with originality. They had been driven out of Bohemia itself, and any land where people who had creative originality were persecuted or laughed at. Elizabeth surrounded herself with every sort of animal and bird, including a monkey which must have removed any of that pomposity associated with courts. Elizabeth deserved her title of Queen of Hearts and Shakespeare’s Miranda.

Yes, I have been happy in Bohemia in France, Germany, Sweden, Japan, Hawaii, Yucatan and in eight states in the United States. I am writing this in our Irish Bohemia, with a giant black mountain dog, a miniature dachshund, two pot-bellied black pigs, white, black and orange cats – a varied family and friends. We welcome Spirit friends, usually discouraged in other old castles. Like Kipling’s Irish Kim, we are friends to all the world.

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER 6

“WE ARE ALL GODS. SO IS THE CAT.”

I first became aware of apartheid, the exclusion of one lot of people from another, at my “posh” school in England. It was Anglican High Church. However, we had a sub-class of humans living in the same house who were called “Miners’ Daughters.” This was a charitable Christian work. Their community in Wales was poor – very, very poor. We were never allowed to speak to them, nor have any awareness of their names or who they were. They worked in secret. We were to leave our beds drawn back to air before the Miners’ Daughters had to make them correctly. I used to listen to our fellow students talking about them. “They dress up on their days off just like us. What cheek.”

I was aware that Roman Catholics, our “opposition”, had the same attitude. I was talking to an Irish child abuse survivor, who said a nun had told her: “You come from nothing. You are nothing.” Another

victim told me she kept quiet for sixty years about her time enduring years of abuse. She never even told her husband. To be a victim was your fault – your inferiority. Then she decided to speak out. She testified in court. Her behaviour was not approved of by one old woman who told the press: “I never heard of these nasty things when I was a girl. I was brought up properly. No wonder their Reverences kept quiet about nastiness. It gives the church a bad name.”

Through the Fellowship of Isis, I wished to bring the honour given to the few to all. I observed that men paid money but had no respect for pretty young girls stripping naked to music. Yet millions were deeply moved by a young woman being dressed. She was given crown, robe and sceptre to music. She was anointed with oil reserved only for her, holy oil for her status alone.

In our Ordination of a Priestess ceremony each woman is given a crown, a Priestly stole and a wand. She is anointed with holy oil. As for Priests, they are given a mitre, a robe and a staff. They too are anointed. We now have thousands of Queens and Popes. And each one is special.

In England I had been brought up to fight evil, taught by Victorian stories. My task as a Christian was to find evil and fight it. You just had to find the evil, defeated by heroes, Abraham Lincoln, Charles Dickens, Florence Nightingale, Lord Shaftesbury and William Wilberforce. I found Mahatma Ghandi. I became a Pacifist.

The concentration camps dampened my belief in peace process. Then I joined the positive thinkers, who came from America. They believed the way to help the world was to follow the three Wise Monkeys, who see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil. This total denial of negativity, “the Dark”, “the left-hand path” affirmed that we were to propagate the Light, and so receive health, popularity and abundance. I remember one lady saying: “I have no money. I got flu. I must be thinking wrong . . .”

You see the religion I was taught declared we were nothing, creatures created and therefore subject to the power of the Creator. I noticed most Gods of various faiths heartily despised and periodically destroyed their own creation – as true artists will ever do in quest of perfection.

In our faith I was taught that “humanity was born and conceived in sin, through the disobedience in daring to procreate.” Like other religions, we had to appease the wrath by a time-honoured ritual of sacrifice. We could never be born like the Creator’s Only Son – we were like androids; but the ancient cannibal ritual of eating perfect victims was sacramentally enacted. “Natives” ate a missionary, and so gained his boat and his magic. We did this to the Son, ritually eating Him. Our Priests, and only they, magically transformed bread and wine into the Son’s body. We performed “consubstantiation” – God and the food. Roman Catholics did it properly through “transubstantiation.” Only their Priests could do this. So the old woman who wished us to keep quiet to save their Reverences was logical. They had to keep the Priests performing the sacrifice or she would never attain heaven.

I examined what other faiths had to offer. Classical religion only offered you Divinity if an amorous God or Goddess raped you. In Babylon the dead had no hope. They crawled on their stomachs eating dust forever. Only Her Lover was saved by the Goddess Ishtar.

Still, you did have some sort of life in Hades, depressing though it was. Buddhism removed these fears of the soul’s sufferings by saying we had none. There was no cruel God - or Gods - because there weren’t any. I could, like Kwan Yin, gain enlightenment at the price of losing my individuality and, like Kwan Yin, becoming a man. Only men could get enlightened. Only in the Mystery Orders did spiritual truth emerge. We in the Fellowship of Isis open the Mysteries to all – and free!

Now I realise that we will never regain our divinity by playing mind systems. What is glorious now is that Awakening comes usually unexpectedly. This Divine Reality from which we have all been born transcends both time and space.

Many people tell of this onset of mystical consciousness. To me it came through total despair. If I had had a gleam of hope I would have gone off to lunch. But on the 30th October, 1945, I saw the earth as dominated by evil, a triangle like a pyramid, dominated by a cruel little boy astride the earth like a Colossus. I heard a voice saying to reverse the triangle. It became the Holy Grael. When I put the triangles together, they formed the Star of David. When the two points converge round the centre in a geometrical diamond, you have the mystical Diamond of Perfection, blending high and low.

My form of mystical consciousness of emblems comes through “omniscience”, so I am a writer, playwright and painter. But others awaken to “omnipotence” – the use of energies. Many have the lovely unity with Nature through “omni-presence”. And we are only at the portals of the Labyrinth that is complete. But we have to travel through time and place to Centre. And as we come nearer to the central Matrix, we have no enemies, and evil has been transmuted into its own good. Duality teaches Truth. Unity brings Love. Harmony prevails.

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER 7

“LIVING IN A VIRTUAL WORLD.”

“TO LIVE IN HEAVEN IS TO LIVE NOW.”

Like many Bohemians, I have been rebuked for taking things lightly: “To laugh wildly in the face of death.” (Shakespeare) So we should do, if we recognise Death as the sham it is.

To give an example: “The Chymical Wedding of Christian Rosenkreutz” has been described as a hoax, perpetrated by its brilliant author, Valentin Andreae. One of the “absurd” scenes is when Cupid pricks the hand of Rosenkreutz with a dart which draws blood. Cupid is not acceptable as a real being but as an allegory with his darts.

Not at all. In that strange world of psychic Rescue Work which I sometimes help out, I lost my temper, furious at the games played by evil doers. I did notice that they were trying so hard to be bad, but were amateurs compared with some members of religious establishments. Anyway the whole occult matter was brought to a happy conclusion by the sudden apparition I saw of a tiny naked boy made of golden metallic light. His hair and wings were opaque, of a vermilion-red. The hair was strange – like wool. His features looked Indian.

I loved his glorious smile showing shining white teeth. He lifted my arms above my head and peered down at my face three times from above. Then he vanished and all evil was dispelled by love and laughter. I found he had left a memento – two blood-red thorn marks on the palm of my right hand.

Humanity is now venturing upon the no-man’s land of the cyber world. Nothing is what it seems. A hopeful schoolgirl dreams of a perfect lover and finds him on her computer as a noble image. But if she is unwary enough to meet him – he is old and terrifying. A young man is tempted to take a job in a foreign country – and arrives there having sold all his savings. He is trapped into a crime ring, and dares not escape because he is an illegal immigrant.

How can we protect our children and ourselves from a holographic world? We have a choice. We can retreat from the virtual world, and ban all computers and cell phones and “twitters” and “facebook” and settle in an ideal retreat centre. Or is it?

We face the same problems with people who can present themselves as spiritually fascinating and exciting as any “wolves” in the cyber world. I see the Vulnerable as a character in Beatrix Potter’s heroine in her children’s book “Jemima Puddleduck.” Jemima was a duck and was safe with fellow ducks who all chanted “Pitpuck puddle-duck.” But she strayed. Jemima met a gentleman in a smart waistcoat. He with beautiful red fur ears and a long bushy red tail. Jemima got herself a blue bonnet and met him

secretly in a wood. He told her to bring him presents including sage and onions . . . This tale ended correctly because the farm sheepdog ate the gentleman with red whiskers, rescuing Jemima from her destined end on the farmer's dinner table.

That was the way it was. We vulnerable dreamers were under the protection of male members of one's family and tribe if we obeyed the rules. There was the sheriff, and the police, and they were backed by the military. Faced now with planetary danger, women, the lost half of humanity, wonder what they can do to save our earth, our home.

I have a curious answer in an incident that occurred in the Dublin Theosophical Society. It was in the "fifties." I was arguing with a woman who said that the Roman Catholic Church had taken the left hand path. At that time I was practising seeing only the Good In All, and disapproved of people with conspiracy theories. These targeted the Vatican, the Freemasons, the Elders of Zion, the Illuminati, and, of course, Witches.

However, something odd happened. The woman later said she had been standing by me as I happily conversed with a Spiritual Healer. She claimed she got struck on her side by an electric shock. When she got home she took out her latchkey. It was twisted beyond use! She had to have her door broken into. She wouldn't allow the matter to rest. A locksmith told her it was impossible to twist steel except professionally. She contacted me. I could offer no explanation – but felt rather pleased somehow . . . The Healer also declined responsibility. We felt the incident reflected on our positive reputation. The lady then drew it to the attention of Theosophy Headquarters in London. They had no explanation.

I assumed that Deity was showing me that I was right and that the lady was wrong. How reassuring . . . But now I have another explanation. Recently in a group, a woman felt she was being pushed too far, and could not write her book, I gave her a psychic reading, and as she left she said: "Thank you. You have given me my key. Now I feel free to write my book." I noticed that she was free of her group – and of myself. She had found her own key.

So now I understand that one person's key will not work for another. No one holds the Keys of Heaven and Hell, nor can they save or damn anyone. There is only one key to heaven and hell. It depends on yourself and in which direction you face.

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER 8

"TO EVOLVE THROUGH WIDER CONSCIOUSNESS IS TO HAVE GREATER POWER TO BE GOOD OR EVIL."

When I was young I was taught by Spiritual Guides about the evolution of the cosmos. They used a Woolworth's corkscrew with a green handle. I enjoyed my lessons, because I was never commanded to believe anything until I in my own truth agreed with it. This was unlike any other teaching that I had been subject to.

We began with a circle, a bottle ring that contained all that is. This was our corkscrew pushed together, so that the curves became one. It was in blackness. The dark was all right, part of it all. Then after a period of no-time the circle began to rotate. As it rotated it began to spread out into spirals – a screw. The screw began to subdivide into pieces, into every sort of being and thing. I could think of it going from right to left, as we open a bottle. Finally everything became scattered all over everywhere, loosely in twos.

Then came a happening, quite recently, on October 5th, 2012. It was like a spirit of fire going opposite to everything. This spirit began to make another corkscrew. It went in the opposite direction, left to right, through our one! Everything began to get together! The twos became one, and all existences joined the new corkscrew. Finally they became two circles again – the mouth of an invisible bottle! The circle

stopped rotating and there was a silence. This went on until it vanished into darkness. After ages a new circle formed, and the same process started again. But each time it was different.

“What then was forever,” I asked, “with spirals changing?” “Consciousness was forever,” I was told. It was God. God (God-Goddess) was all that is. What was changing all the time was consciousness. Cosmic consciousness was our end and our beginning. We all came from the One. So I should give every person and creature and plant - Honour.

All my life I have had psychic visions, but the ones that I most value teach me something that I need to think about. So I shall share a recent experience, and my reader might help.

Last year, in Chicago at the Alexandria Lyceum of FOI on October 30th, 2011, I had a beautiful vision at dawn. From a room behind her there entered a young girl of holiness and innocence. She had amber-coloured hair and she wore a silver-white gown. I was later given an earthly name from the past, but I shall use “Sophia.” The Divine Wisdom in feminine form.

This year, 2012, I received another visitation from this spiritual being, this time presenting a mystery. Here it is . . . She was on this occasion full of life and energy, as light as a fairy. Her clothes flowed about her as she played with discs, some very large, some small. They were all around her. I wondered what they were – too flat to hold liquid or fruit. Also they were spinning at various rates into spirals.

The vision faded, but the puzzle remained, and still does. I related these discs to crop circles which I have visited every year in Wiltshire. I consulted an occult in Glastonbury who told me she had seen fine golden discs when she was nine years old and these contained teachings.

I imagined primitive islanders before the coming of Westerners finding a ship-wrecked traveller who might have rescued his wind-up gramophone and some records. When saved by a passing ship he would leave the islanders a record but kept the gramophone.

The priests and wise women on the island would try everything to hear the heavenly singing and orchestra again from the record, but get no results. The gramophone record would be reverently honoured on their altar, hopefully presented with worship and prayers.

Are we like those islanders with all our evolving science? We are very clever, but we are like a deaf race left with the score of Beethoven’s 9th Symphony. They could draw equations, numerical and calculus, and create theories from the score – but would never hear the music.

Such a disc could be held over the heart . . . Or used to open doors by pressing a right place . . . But I believe that only by inspired consciousness shall we find the Unveiled Isis. But where is our disc? When Isis is unveiled, both space and time change into a wider sphere – a greater spiral. We are living in one room in a mighty Temple, surrounded by beautiful mountains, rivers and trees. And friends we have long forgotten. Each of us has Awakening at a different time and place – and yet in all time we are there already.

The nice thing about mystical experience is that it is always unexpected. That is the Divine Surprise.

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER 9

“TO TOUCH ONE HEART IS TO TOUCH THE WORLD.”

My awareness of the need to bridge radiations between various religions and cultures came through a vivid vision I was given on the 18th of October, 1977. I found myself in a Temple, by the door, gazing at

an altar at the far end. Behind the altar was a grey veil hanging in misty folds. On the altar was a metallic silver stag's head in profile facing left.

I was given instructions in a woman's voice: "Salute the altar." I bowed to the altar and the stag opened a dark eye. I had an impression that his right eye was golden. The stag shut his eye. I was told to move forward and repeat the salutation.

I did so saying: "I salute the altar." The eye again opened and I was reminded of the dark eyes of Pietas in Byzantine icons. Then it closed as before. I heard the mysterious voice again: "If you can bear it, do it for the third time." So once more I repeated the salutation and this time as the eye looked at me I felt awe-struck.

The eye closed and the mystical veil now showed forth women's white arms beckoning me forward. I drew closer, and a woman's voice asked me: "What is your intention?" And I felt she spoke from thousands of years in the past. I replied: "My intention is to bring into harmony the religion of Ancient Egypt and the Tradition of Avalon."

I felt that my intention was accepted.

When I receive a vision I always take care to wait for some inner guidance. It was many years before I travelled to Glastonbury after my brother Lawrence had passed into Spirit sphere. He had studied theology at Wells Cathedral.

In the late nineties I regularly visited crop circles, staying with my niece in Wiltshire. En route I would gladly take part in the Goddess Conference in Glastonbury – conveniently taking place during the crop circle season. I felt that Glastonbury was to be revered for its past, but I appreciated my yearly lessons in sacred geometry, with diagrams marked out on the fields round Silbury Hill and Avebury.

However, a member of the Fellowship of Isis in Wales suddenly changed my idea of Glastonbury only existing in the past. I was told of the remarkable connection between the West Country in England and our own countryside at the foot of Mount Leinster in Ireland. Our member told me that over the centuries, folk in Wales would assemble at the foot of the Preseli Hills to watch the full moon when it glided over the Blackstairs Range, including Mount Leinster – and then appear to sink into the Irish Sea. When this rare event occurred, there would surely be a total eclipse of the sun.

When our member talked to the oldest inhabitant of Preseli, she said that the place of the event was haunted by the White Lady, Bringer of Death. Clearly she was the moon who killed the sun with her shadow during their eclipse of the sun. The members of our Welsh Iseum watched the phenomenon during the most recent total eclipse of the sun late in the 20th Century. Therefore I felt sure that the knowledge of a forthcoming eclipse had been highly valued by our forebears. It explained why the early builders of Stonehenge made their earliest stone circle from blue stones drawn with intense labour from Preseli to Wiltshire.

This had me meditating as to the significance of mountains and hills. From the summit of Mount Leinster we can see the flash of the Irish Sea and the blue mountains of Preseli. Did our forebears signal from hills? Connections were important because of invasions. But I felt I had been given a deeper insight. What about pyramids? Many people seek a zodiac in the landscape around Glastonbury.

My own personal vision was extraordinary. Spiritually, in February 1989, I found myself in a dark corner of the Temple and from there emerged a Being of White Light. Startled, I did not invoke Pagan Deities – I found myself praying through the religion of my childhood. I tried the Lord's Prayer – nothing happened. The Being stood still. Then for no reason I called out the name "Michael". At once the Being

responded with a leap of exultation! He put his arms around me like a rushing of wind – and then darted like a meteor through an indoor window in the direction of the High Altar of Isis! I had invoked and received the Archangel Michael.

I wondered what it was all about. I assumed it had to do with the inauguration of our new Noble Order of Tara. But why was he off to the North-East and not to Egypt in the South?

It was in 2011 that I received my answer. I had decided that we had invoked the Goddesses so much that in England we had many Priestesses – but no men! At Clonegal Castle we did have Priests because my brother and I had worked together in equality as brother and sister. Men felt needed. So I suggested that wherever I visited in the British Isles in 2011 we should ask the FOI Priestesses of the local centre to invoke the God through a Priest. It was a huge success! We invoked Merlin in London and Lugh in a stone-age ruin – and Osiris in Southwark and by the Thames. We invoked the God Eros in the Glastonbury Goddess Conference with great popularity. But what could we do to equal Eros for our FOI gathering, with Irish members joining us?

What happened was unexpected and inspiring. In our meeting-place, our Irish Poet and Priest gave an Oracle of the Archangel Michael of Michael's Mount – the Tor. Michael explained that he never killed dragons. Yes, there was a dragon of energy beneath the Tor and certain other hills, coiled up below. Such coiled up serpents rotated like discs in an ever-moving spiral of interconnected circles. Above all, there was a mighty dragon of Divine energy within our own planet, guarded by the two Dragons of Magma. So all spiritual power was rooted in earth and if that power was misused our earth would fall, sterile, into a waste of dead craters. The time of renewal was at hand. Let us feel friendliness for all, knowing that from the tiniest lizard every snake has a very large grandmother! Let us honour and protect her and she will help us.

After this Oracle we Irish returned to Eire full of hope and joy.

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER 10

“WE ARE WANDERERS IN SEARCH OF OUR LOST HEAVEN.”

It was on a misty Bank Holiday weekend – Sunday morning in June 2013, when a strange happening brought my recent problems and speculations to an end. I was totally astonished – bewildered – at a new beginning. It was so strange and wonderful that I wish to share the experience with everyone.

It began this way. The Castle grounds had been full of delightful wedding guests who had shared in some blessing in each part of the grounds, to make romantic a registry office marriage. That morning I decided “to feel the vibes” left behind by these visitants, lovely young people with lots of flowers.

Now I was practising adjusting to stray people wandering round our gardens, where before there had been none – just wood pigeons cooing. I am a solitary stroller but felt guided to be friendly with every sort of visitor. I was feeling very down to earth, in jersey and trousers.

I spoke briefly to one or two strollers in our wilderness, where there is a lake with an island, which borders the River of the Oak, the River Derry – the Daire. For instance I met a tall fair woman who cooked at the neighbouring hotel, and I said that she was very welcome to come at any time. She commented on the peace and tranquility. I was now on the bank of the lake and saw someone else. I was a bit surprised at finding quite so many stray tourists after eleven on a Sunday. Most people slept late.

Then I saw further on the path a very tall man wearing a long black cloak to his feet - with a hood – I'm not sure whether it was up or not, and I think it was lined with crimson. I thought “Good – I can have another nice chat,” and I called out “It's good to see people walking here!” or words to that effect. The

man came straight towards me – to a few feet away. Then his cloak billowed out towards the lake and a huge oak tree – and to my amazement he vanished by the tree. I felt a silvery-shining tinkling all over my head.

I call him “The Wanderer.” He had the dignity of some mysterious King – a Shaman. I feel I would not have seen him if I had not been friendly to all solitary wanderers. I wonder what this apparition bodes. I know he had Divine regality.

When we align ourselves with Golden Flow, life becomes meaningful and blissful, whatever happens in the world. We who keep in touch with our souls gain that lovely communion with Spirit World. What we enjoy is Vocation, so we know when we journey in this planetary labyrinth. I know that I am grateful that this happened – in broad daylight – supplementing my usual visions and teachings which come at dawn when I am half in my soul body – and it can be hard to come back.

A Druid told me that before 2012 he and fellow Druids unblocked a tunnel leading to the inner realm beneath Glastonbury Tor, and hence to Galactic Centre. Our Temple was “unblocked” late in February. Many psychics say it has completely changed and brightened – there was a silver-white flow through the window above the Well and brilliant warm colours from the earth. Welling from the High Altar and the two pillars before it, is a source of fire and black power which turns into vivid and beautiful rainbow colours from The Mothers. My brother Lawrence described both. I speculate that the white power over the Well is of Isis, and is of air, breath, and the flow in our bodies through the cerebral-spinal system. The power beneath our Cave of the Mothers is gold power and flows through the blood, the sympathetic nervous system, and relates to Ra. The union of these two forms create gold and silver orbs of power – chakras of power.

Power energy may not be seen as Divine but rather as power that translates this energy to the Divine purpose. Terrible cruelty and violence comes from misusing this power.

The intention of the Fellowship is to unite the Divine Source, Love and Truth in harmony. We try to unite these two Divine attributers in the Holy of Holies, the Star Chapel, with no outside walls. Ishtar and Tammuz, Isis and Osiris, Vishnu and Lakshmi, Maria and Christ, bring this wholeness now fragmented on this earth. We fight subjection, domination, exploitation of humans, animals, birds, fish, reptiles and insects of every species – all creatures of the Mother’s sacred elements.

I paraphrase Katherine Tynan’s poem “The New Jerusalem” . . . I stand before our Sun and Moon Gate, leading to our Well of Truth, and say:

*“The Temple of Isis is Holy;
Her Gate is open wide;
All She calls may enter; No seeker is denied.”*

PREFACE TO CHAPTER 11 ***“THE MEDUSA LABYRINTH TRIAL”***

The Gods enjoy the task of moving humanity from one to another of the four aeons, the Kabbalistic Zohar, each spanning roughly five thousand years. Their goal was to move us from the Carthaginian and Cretan aeon of Taurus to the realm of Athena – elegant aeon of Pisces and Greek culture.

The plan was that of the constellation of Taurus. The centre and goal was the sigil, of Aldebaran, the Red Star, the Bullseye, principal star of Taurus. It was protected fiercely by the Double Axe of Crete, the waxing and waning moon of the Goddess Passiphae, mother of Ariadne, with her four snakes.

However, the star Venus, of Taurus was the Eight-Pointed Star that encouraged the pilgrims. So the brave neophyte entered the path of balance, of choice between the loving rays of Venus, and the severe power of the moon, and Minos, the Bull King. Theseus found his way to the centre, guided by Ariadne, but he deserted her, and got entrapped as punishment by the Queen, Passiphae.

Ariadne chose the God Bacchus to enliven the age of Pisces, which ever since was guided by him. Pisces was a duel sign caught between Rome and Athens – Venus and Athena. You are the neophyte. You have to choose. We have been between the passions of religious wars, and the rise of modern science. We are now faced with a great change from Pisces, the wasteland of the Fisher King, to the on-rushing waters of the Age of Aquarius, from the depths of the Earth to the clouds of Heaven pouring water from the Holy Graal of the Divine Spirit guided by the twins Isis and Osiris, inspiring all beings and elements.

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER 11

***“IT’S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY.
(BUT OUR HEARTS ARE ALWAYS THERE)”***

Yes, it’s a long way to what we as children knew as the Great War. We all sang this cheery ditty. Even in 1925 it was relevant. Every day, we could pack up our troubles in our old kit bags, and smile, while millions had died. Nanny said the Germans were poisoning our ice cream, but Daddy said “don’t believe her – she thinks the moon is made of green cheese!” I was discovering a grown-up World of Lies.

It seemed a great hoax was created by people who had their own agenda, who persuaded people to give their lives for the paradise of Tipperary, but sacrificed themselves to the God Moloch, and ended up dead on barbed wire in somewhere called No Man’s Land. Truly, it belonged to No Man. It belonged to death. Seen through childish eyes, the God of Death had a black moustache. He was called Lord Kitchener, and summoned you to die for King and Country. Then he changed from God to Devil – De Valera, and he wore horn-rimmed spectacles and presided over burning buildings in Dublin, where to my alarm, I was going to live! Later this God of Death grew a huge chin, and was called Mussolini, and dropped bombs on black people who had no defence. Suddenly, he shrank, and grew a little square moustache, and became God the Leader - Hitler. His moustache dramatically changed into a huge handlebar one, and he became the Steel God - Stalin. Both Gods had millions of people exterminated in labour camps. The Steel God, was followed by many of my student friends, the God the Leader had older spiritual devotees who followed occult ideas.

I didn’t. As a three-month old baby, I had seen God. I didn’t worship him. I just liked him. He had no hair at all; He looked Tibetan, and was surrounded by brilliant blue light. I was saved from being a Catholic or Protestant, Green or Orange, and so the Civil War, by other Gods and Goddesses - Beings of Light, who shared their Goodness and Wisdom. Now I am ninety-six. How can I warn people to escape from those who use our energy to mis-use power in the names of the Gods and Goddesses? Heaven is truly around us. Let us make it our home now!

My Teachers taught me think-feel language. It is very easy. It is spiritual language. They never humiliated or criticised me in front of others. They did not get me to blame my parents or others or the way I was brought up. They taught me to have empathy with all creatures. They were enormously powerful, and could perform miracles. How? Their sphere of being controlled our time and space. They were eternal, not subject to death; they could talk to my ancestors. They knew the future, because it is already marked out in their time maps. So they could help me to grow up, and to rise above fear of death, to recognise evil and so dissolve it. These things exist only at our limited level. I had to learn to choose good and reject evil, because good is Real, and evil is a waste of Reality.

We have the Divine in us; it is part of the Alchemical Flow. Dusk and dawn are the best time to contact the two worlds of matter and spirit. You will sing with the blackbird who sang in Flanders field so long ago. We can enter the Labyrinth of Time and Space; the Labyrinth of Stars that lead us to the Centre of All.

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