

Isis-Seshat Journal

Personal Post of the Fellowship of Isis

Issue #27

Autumn 2010



Volume 7 Number 3

THANKSGIVING

*This "Goddess Grace" is used by
Lady Olivia Robertson.*

It was composed in Latin by her brother, Lawrence Durdin Robertson:

*Deabus gratia,
benignate
vestri!*

It means: "Thanks to The Goddess, blessings to you!"

*Thank you for being the Retinue of Isis, the Aset Shemsu.
Thank you for being part of my life.
Thank you for you!*

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Letter from the Editor
Sunday, September 5, 2010

Dear FOI Family,

The autumn letter is traditionally brief, because it is the busiest time of year for us here at the Lyceum of Alexandria as we invest every ounce of our energy into preparations for the Annual Equinox Goddess festival.

We have immersed ourselves in thoughts and discussions about Twin Souls, and the Star Sirius. Some of us have had synchronous experiences where we have struggled to balance the energies of the two halves of our bodies and brains. Some of us struggle with our own Twin Soul in actuality. As Osiris, the Twin Soul of Isis, rules the Underworld, so also some of us seek “our own twins, separated from us by time and space,” in the Underworld, in the Spirit World, in the past, or in distant places. As Isis herself “did not rest from her search to find her brother, the God Osiris,” so also some of us continue to find a way to reunite with lost siblings.

An interesting concept, that of the *Lamed Vav Tzaddikim*, came to me synchronously as well.

There will be time in the future to do a proper study of the *Tzaddik*, “*he who hooks*,” who is a Fisher of humans, if you will. The emphasis for me is not on the righteousness of the *Tzaddik*, but rather on his doubleness. The *Tzaddik* lives a double life in order to allow others to exist.



In Hebrew, *tzaddi* means “hook.” *Tzaddi* is the name given to Path 28 of the qabalistic Tree of Life, the path to which Arcanum 17, The Star, is usually attributed. Crowley notwithstanding, the beautiful image on the Rider-Waite deck includes a cluster of Stars, the most prominent being the Star Sirius. Canis Major is connected by the qabalists with the Hebrew letter *Tzaddi* the 18th Tarot Trump, “The Moon”. [*Robson**, p.34.] because there are always only 36 *Tzaddikim* at any one time...and 18 twice is 36.

The *Tzaddik* pulls people up from personal darkness as the star Sirius also pulls our hearts up out of darkness. The *Tzaddik* is the hidden one without whom we would struggle to go on existing. That he is a *Tzaddik* is hidden even...and especially... from himself.



Well, more about this later!

The heart is the gateway to the 2 realms...that of Isis and Osiris... inner and outer... Earth and Star. These are united through the heart.

May your heart shine brightly, filled with the light of Sirius, brightest star in the sky. May your heart be balanced, whole, and at peace.

Love and blessings to you,

Deena

News

Messages from Olivia Robertson

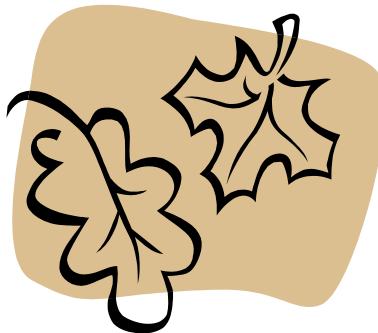
To All Members

Received July 21, 2010

"When posting on the internet, please introduce your posts with your own name. Please do not speak as "The Fellowship of Isis" or introduce your posts as such. We each speak through our own inspiration, we do not enforce corporate religion! We do not promote an official line. Members may consult the Manifesto which has always been our agreed consensus on FOI aims and ideals. Each member has their individual voice."

COPYRIGHT OF OLIVIA ROBERTSON'S WORKS, Olivia Robertson, have extended copyright of my works to ensure that the aims and ideals of the Fellowship of Isis are available to as many people as possible worldwide. With this in mind I have given copyright of my works to the Circle of Brigid, Ireland, in the care of the Honorary Secretary representing the fundamental principles of the Fellowship of Isis.

Olivia Robertson, Co-Founder of the Fellowship of Isis - 10th July, 2010



ANNOUNCEMENTS

Avalonia Press announces that the anthology *HEKATE: Her Sacred Fires* is now available for order from their website: <http://www.avaloniabooks.co.uk>. This is the book which inspired *The Rite of Her Sacred Fires* in which an estimated 3000 or so people participated in celebrated the Goddess Hekate on all six the inhabited continents, each lighting a flame for the Torchbearing Goddess of Crossroads.

HEKATE HER SACRED FIRES, edited by Sorita d'Este, with more than 50 other contributors (A4 size paperback 308 pages – with Essays, Prose and Artwork)

Hekate Her Sacred Fires is an exceptional book for an extraordinary, eternal and universal Goddess. It brings together essays, prose and artwork from more than fifty remarkable contributors from all over the world. Their stories and revelations are challenging, their visions and determination in exploring the mysteries are inspirational, and their enthusiasm for the Goddess of the Crossroads is truly entrancing and sometimes highly infectious.

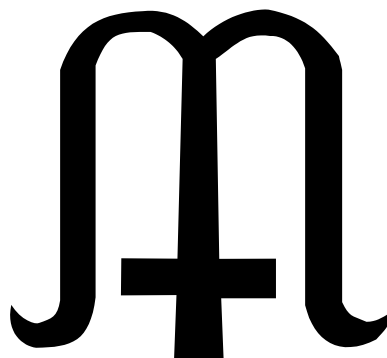
Hekate is a Goddess of great antiquity. She is primordial, powerful and sometimes animalistic – and yet, she is also sophisticated, modern and capable of adapting to different cultures. She is the Torchbearer, the Cosmic World Soul, the Guide and Companion. She is Mistress of the Restless Dead, who rules over the Heavens Earth and Sea. She is the Keybearer and so much more. Her devotees today, as throughout the ages, include philosophers, poets, sorcerers, theurgists, witches, root-cutters, enchantresses and ordinary people.

In her introduction, the author and priestess Sorita d'Este brings together an exciting wealth of material on the history and development of how the goddess Hekate has been seen through the ages. As well as a fascinating discussion of her possible origins and mythological connections, the introduction also includes a timeline providing glimpses into her portrayal through the ages, with extracts from literature and examples of amulets, coins and art.

The spectrum of material covered in this anthology is as diverse as the forms of Hekate herself, emphasising her role as lightbearer, keybearer, initiatrix, world soul, child's nurse, mistress of crossroads and serpent mysteries. Her devotees describe her role in traditional witchcraft and initiatory Wicca, healing and paganism, her approachability through her angels and trance oracles, her assistance in overcoming traumas and helping the dead continue their journeys. From the reestablishment of the ancient worship of the great mother goddess as Hekate in Thrace (Bulgaria) to meteorites and pilgrimages, Hekate's presence around the world and beyond is vividly described and illustrated by her torchbearers.

The contributors come from all six the inhabited continents of the world and represent a tremendous variety of traditions and perspectives. They are: Aedos Alala, Amber Rose, Amelia Ounsted, Andrea Salgado-Reyes, Anon, Brian Andrews, Catamara Rosarium, Connia Silver, Diane M. Champigny, Dorn Simon-Sinnott, Ekaterina Ilieva, Emily Carding, Georgi Mishev, Hansa, Harry Barron, Henrik Holmdahl, Izzy Purplespoon, Jade Sol Luna, Jean Marie Feddercke, Jen Ricci, Jhon Longshaw, John Canard, Katherine Sutherland, Kay Gillard, Lezley Forster, Madre van der Merwe, Magin Rose, Mark Alan Smith, Michael Ellis, Morgana Sythove, Naza Cogo, Nikki Cullen, Orryelle Defenestrade-Bascule, Petra Schollem, Raven Digitalis, Richard A. Derks, Sara Croft, Shani Oates, Shay Skepevski, Soror Basilisk, Tara Sanchez, Thomas Starr, Tim Furlow, Tina Georgitsis, Tinnekke Bebout, Trystn M. Branwynn, Vikki Bramshaw, Vlasta Mijac and Yuri Robbers.

You can order your copy now from <http://www.avaloniabooks.co.uk>



“...Picture of myself and Olivia that you may use of me; picture courtesy of Stephen Goggin as appears on www.thecircleofisis.com I'll have to have a closer look at this picture; it appears to have energy orbs in it and there is an image in the High Altar mirror!”

The Awakening of Aengus Og **Clonegal Castle, 17th July 2010.**

**Sean P. McCabe,
Priory of Hibernia.**

The Noble Order of Tara assembled in the sacred Abbey after noon. After circumambulations the participants formed a large circle within. The blinding power of the sun beamed into the circle and our Chancellor of the Noble Order, Lady Olivia, stated the purpose of the rite: the Rededication of the Old Abbey and the Awakening of Aengus Og. The Abbey was filled with light picking up the myriad subtle white shades in the stone (of Binah) resulting in the flashing colours effect of the white aspect of Tara. This gave a very surreal effect where the white robes of the priesthood glowed as if under fluorescent lighting.

The Chancellor then called upon me as Grand Knight Commander of the Priory of Hibernia of the Noble Order of Tara to invoke the Mother Goddess Dana of the Tuatha de Danaan in the Eastern Quadrangle. The late Rt. Rev. Lawrence Durdin-Robertson (Derry) had asked me to bring my ceremonial staff with me and tapping the floor of the Abbey, as is customary, I invoked: “Beautiful Danu, in whose waving hair many-coloured suns gleam, whose robe is the Oceans, who art the Divine Mother of the Tuatha de Danaan of Atlantis and the Western Lands: bring us your joy! Bring us good health and the awareness of the beauty of all nature that is your veil. May we glory in life and show forth its myriad beauties in our works.”

The Chancellor then called upon the Priestesses to invoke the deity of Danaan: the Rev. Cait Brannagan invoked Grainne the Goddess of the Sun and of Fruitfulness in the south; the Rev. Marian Smiles invoked Boann the Goddess of Fertility and the River Boyne in the west, (I dipped my finger in the holy font and touched my brow. For a moment I was inside the droplet and could see the proceedings through the curved lens with a rainbow overhead. I then projected momentarily until the earth invocation); and in the north, the Rev. Maureen Sullivan invoked Brigid the Goddess of Healing, particularly for the women and children who have suffered institutional abuse. She then called upon the M. Rev. Minette Quick, Archdruidess, to invoke Tara, tutelary Goddess of the Abbey and of our Noble Order, at the high altar. She asked the compassionate Goddess to bestow peace and protection and healing to those souls through the cycle of birth, death and regeneration. She also asked Tara, who governs the Underworld, the Earth and the Heavens, to love and especially look after all that lives and grows.

In the Temple of Isis the ritual drama of the Awakening of Aengus was then enacted. Firstly, the God of the Law, played by the Rev. R. John Phelan, wished to point out to the people the consequences of unleashing Aengus Og, God of Love and Joy, whom I represented. He blindfolded me to prevent the God Aengus from rocking the boat of conventional Church dogma and seeding peoples' minds with peace, happiness and freedom. I felt entombed as if inside a

sacred mound. But the God of the Law was overwhelmed by the ground-swell of the developing consciousness of the people which is growing as we stand on the cusp of 2012.

By acclaim, Olivia then invoked the Goddess to awaken me as the God Aengus Og and this was further dramatized as Priestess Cait used the sacred well water to touch my hands and brow and animate my senses. The water ran down my face and as it crossed my lips and hung from my chin, it occurred to me that the rite had begun in similar fashion with me dipping my finger in the

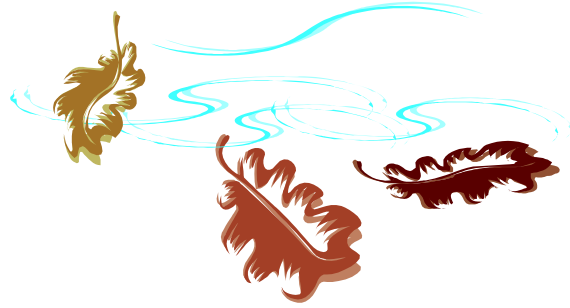


holy font of the abbey and opening my third eye; As Above, So Below. I had projected again and in another dimension my cloak was collapsed on the Temple floor awaiting my resurrection. As she took off my black blindfold I emerged from the chamber of rebirth. I came rising up through the floor of the Temple and filled my cloak with new life. I could see in my sphere of sensation, with arms outstretched under my cloak and raised like the wings of a phoenix, I soared in the sunny blue sky over the castle and the rich illuminated patterns on my feathers fell as

blessings upon the assemblage: “Aengus is born again...”

I didn't come down for days and it certainly had the effect! As is customary, the ceremony concluded with Olivia guiding us on a trance journey to Tir na nOg. I picked up on a time-line around the Vernal Equinox 1986. I had been laid out as the God Osiris on the floor of shrine – the Cave of the Mothers; at that time one had to climb in through a small opening to gain access. The ceremony was over and I was walking out of the castle discussing the abbey and architectural renovations and the plans for my own Temple. A reflection on a glass feature in the roof of the abbey caught my attention and alerted me to something coming up behind me. I turned around and a giant megalith had emerged from the Hill of Tara and was running towards me at lightning speed. Its dark limestone appearance caused me concern and as it gained on me I awaited my fate. To my astonishment and relief, instead of consuming me, it slowed down and as it did so a beautiful grey-white lady metamorphosized from the colossus. She reached out her arms and took hold of my arms and her touch was so real that I jolted! She had an important secret to impart to me: “I am an aspect of the Goddess who resides in the mound at Tara – I am Her strength. You must become as little children... Remember your Celtic Vision...” This struck a serious keynote with me because during regression W.B. Yeats (V.H. Frater D.E.D.I.) commanded me to accept the sword of his esoteric plans for Ireland that Maud Gonne had painted for him in the painting, “The Celtic Mystic”.

Before Olivia reminded us to return from the Spirit Vision I worked briefly with Elizabeth St. Leger (Aldworth), a notable ancestor of Olivia's who is channeling a book through me. But then – that's a story for another day...



October 17

By

Lillian Morgan Evans

*'Tis afternoon, the winds have blown
The heavy clouds away;
These breezes round me, almost warm,
Bring happy spirits to the day.*

*And surely on the branches dance
These sylphs whose love is free,
As each leaf springs and flutters so
Upon the tall, full, golden tree.*

*Each gust upon the otyher builds,
As minutes make the hour,
As witches joined on Sabbat bring
A gathering of power.*

*So gather they and gather we—
Let hope inside us rise,
Til sylphlike, we are borne once more,
Upon the winds, into the skies.*

Care of the Pagan Dead

By

Margaret Harvey

Debate continues about displaying human mummies in museums. And of course it is good that a debate is taking place. Recently "The Guardian's" archaeological reporter, Maev Kennedy, published an article about it – you can read it on Guardian online: "The great mummy cover-up", <http://blogs.guardian.co.uk/art/>

This was about Manchester (UK) Museum's recent decision to cover, or partially cover, their unwrapped Egyptian mummies on public display. The idea of doing so came from the museum's own staff, rather than the public – in fact public reaction to it has been completely negative. Bristol (UK) Museum, which also has a significant Egyptian collection, no longer displays unwrapped mummies at all.

The British Museum doesn't seem to display unwrapped complete mummies, apart from "Ginger", a naturally mummified Predynastic body. And museums in Egypt have always covered any unwrapped mummies with a sheet, leaving only head and feet and hands exposed.

However, this, of course, is only really about covering up naked bodies; it's really only a question of modesty. It still leaves the question about whether human remains should be exhibited at all – or indeed, in the case of Egyptian mummies, even be outside Egypt. After all, it would almost certainly have been the wish of the people when alive to remain in Egypt. What is more, they would most especially have wished to remain together as family groups. However, unfortunately during the 19th century, the contents of several family tombs were scattered amongst museums around the world.

At least, however, things have improved since then. For one thing, no more mummies can – legally – be removed from Egypt. And what's more, the care of bodies found in archaeological excavations elsewhere has also improved.

In the UK, for example, it has long been the case that human remains could not be exhumed without permission from the government Home Office. It is rare in the UK (in fact generally) to find human remains that were not deliberately buried. In the UK, burial grounds are classified as either "disused" or "extant" burial grounds, and different legislation applied to both. Most excavations took place in "disused" grounds. Recently, the law has been reviewed, to classify most burial grounds in which archaeologists are likely to have an interest as "disused" – i.e. a burial ground "previously cleared of human remains, which have been built over, or... put to agricultural use, or have become uncultivated country".

In fact generally "research excavation" can only take place in burial grounds in which interments are more than 100 years old. However, burials later than this are only rarely of interest to archaeologists, and disinterments would generally be done by firms of specialist undertakers.

There is a legal difference between Christian and non-Christian burial grounds. In the UK, a

Christian burial ground, in archaeological terms, is one used at any time between the 7th and the 19th centuries CE. And remains found in such places are now, under recent guidelines issued by English Heritage (who care for many ancient sites in England), to be treated with great respect. Families should be consulted wherever possible; bodies should not be excavated beyond the normal line of a trench (unless they are interesting) ; and the bodies should be stored in a "suitable" place. English Heritage re suitable. (This is actually fairly easy, given that about 30 churches become redundant in England each year). Finally, the bodies should, unless they are exceptionally scientifically interesting, be re-buried in consecrated ground. Bodies always have to be re-buried if any surviving relatives want it.

Additionally, the Church of England now demands that churchyard clearances are always re-buried in consecrated ground.

In any case, the days when museums kept piles of old bones are long past; very few now do, unless they have a very specific interest.

Non-Christian, i.e. Pagan burials, whilst still protected by the Burials Act, (i.e. an exhumation licence still has to be obtained, etc.) are less well catered for as regards reburial. It's all very well for English Heritage, under pressure from the church, to go on about treating the Christian dead with respect, but what about everyone else? In early, mixed, burial grounds, are the Christians to get preferential treatment?

Fortunately not quite. Pagans, too, are generally re-buried, and – interestingly enough – various Pagan groups have been asked to conduct reburial ceremonies for them. There is, too, a Pagan pressure-group called "Honouring the Ancient Dead" (HAD), who are attempting to care for Pagan dead. Have a look at their website, <http://www.honour.org.uk/>

Fortunately, HAD have had several successes, in some cases leading to the re-burial of Pagans in an appropriate way, and in one case, being involved in a successful campaign to have one ancient skeleton, the so-called "Red Lady of Paviland" (actually now thought to be a Red man) returned to Wales, her/his own country, after being kept in a museum in Oxford, England.

And this neatly brings us to the question, what about those Egyptian mummies? Is there any possibility of at least giving them the same rights as "our English dead"? Well, the possibility, at least, may be there. Human remains have, in fact, been returned to various communities round the world, including Australian Aborigines, and Native American tribes.

Hmm. The bad news is, that museums in the UK will want to keep their mummies. Gossip behind the display-cases suggests that in some cases (the enlightened Manchester Museum being an exception), museums regards HAD as a bit of a nuisance, a bit eccentric, or both. Still, at least they cannot ignore the issue, however much they would like to (and indeed, they would generally very much like to). HAD is currently making a list of all human remains in UK museums, and some archaeologists and museum staff regard this as threatening. They plainly fear campaigns to have this, or that skeleton, or mummy returned home.

What of mummies in Egypt? The policy of the Egyptian Supreme Council of Antiquities (SCA)

is to excavate them and to store them in secure magazines. This is, in fact, sound practice. Sadly, it's no longer an option to simply leave a mummy where it is. It would be far too much at risk from illegal excavation or from the huge problem of the rising water-table. Or someone may well plant a sugar-cane field, or a new house, on top, either of which would be guaranteed to destroy the mummy. As Dr. Zahi Hawass, Director of the SCA said, mummies are everywhere, and they are at risk.

So we would have to accept that any mummies sent back to Egypt would not be reburied there, but would simply have one museum store-room exchanged for another. On the other hand, at least they'd be back home... so the debate continues.

Anyway, maybe there's an opportunity for some of us, here. After all, it's not impossible that one day a worshipper, or Priesess or Priest of Isis will be dug up; we would be in a position to not only demand a proper re-burial, but also to carry out the rites.



1993 Oracle
By
Lady Olivia Robertson

We are re-printing this oracle, delivered by Lady Olivia and recorded by FOI Priestess-Hierophant Deborah Merwin, at the 1993 Parliament Of The World's Religions in Chicago, because it is pertinent to his year's Goddess Festival liturgy, "Sirius Star of Isis." It is also a helpful oracle to read and re-read, along with the "Sirius Meditation" by FOI Priest-Hierophant Michael Starsheen, during these challenging times leading to the new world that is emerging:

"I have called you all. There is no one here by accident. I have known each one of you. You are dear to my heart... I say to you, banish all your old ideas. We of the Cosmic Hierarchy of the Stars are now manifesting directly. All your old information of Atlantis, that which you have received from your teachers, no longer works. Your key to that is twisted. You need a new key. You must transform yourselves through my son Horus, a child to my daughter Hathor, young. The Age of the Sun is passing to the Age of the Stars. CONCENTRATE UPON SIRIUS. All of you are drawn by this. We are coming to you from outer and inner space. You are all our children... A special vocation has drawn you to this spot now so I could speak to you and tell you to have courage... You must do what you must do to usher in this new aeon and there will be disturbances on the Earth. Do not be afraid. I am telling you now they will happen! They are for the best. Earth needs cleansing... When Earth changes begin, have courage. It is for the best. You are not rejected by the Divine Mother. All of you here have had dreams, have had premonitions. These are good. That which comes is marvelous! Lift up your hearts. The Goddess, the God, Isis-Osiris is reborn within each one of you."

Close Encounters:

CROW

By
Beth DuPont

Thank you for letting me share these stories with you. I've just been dieing to share them with someone, but have been terrified of doing so. People could trap them, chase them away, shoot them, or have any of a dozen other equally ridiculous reactions. People have to "do something" to animals that they encounter. They can't just leave them be.

When having a quiet moment to myself is usually when these encounters happen. I've wanted to share these events with someone, but am afraid that if I tell friends or neighbors some of these stories, that they will disturb the animals.

At this point I have seen several examples of animals (some of them quite large), finding ways around human developments. I am not that surprised about birds, but mammals have to navigate around streets and over-reacting human beings.

I drove carriages for 11 years, and am also a Landscape Designer, so I am outside almost all of the time, and work strange hours. I am quite often awake when the rest of the world is still. I have noticed that many animals take advantage of a couple of windows during the days.

I don't know where they go, or how they keep from being seen the rest of the time.

I don't know whether or not these stories will help anyone there or not. I have felt blessed with these few encounters, but I know that my sentiments aren't shared. Most people are not delighted to see packs of wild dogs running through the streets. Most people seem to imagine worst case scenarios and danger where there really is none.

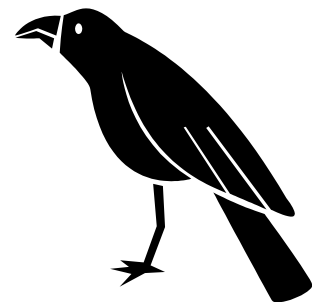
My hope is that people will take some comfort in knowing that these creatures are out there, closer than we think. I hope that we can learn to live along side the animals that we share the planet with. They are doing their best to adapt to us.

Crows:

A Saturday afternoon, Late Spring, 2008, Michigan Avenue & Huron.
Downtown Chicago

This whole drama played out next to the Apple store on Michigan Avenue. I was driving for Antique Coach and Carriage at the time, so was in line with other carriage drivers.

A fledgling crow fluttered down from the roof of the Apple store. It had most of its' feathers, but could not fly. On the ledge of the roof an adult bird started to call frantically.



Traffic was very heavy, and the pedestrian traffic was a sea of people. The Apple store has a shear three story white wall. There was no where for this bird to go.

Within minutes another adult crow landed on a facing stone to the Alerton Hotel. The adult birds called back and forth to each other. The one on the Apple store flew down to an ash tree on Michigan Avenue. They both started calling the young bird on the ground. It hopped toward the bird in the tree, and moved into the sea of feet. Some people tried to avoid it. Other people, not seeing it, kicked it. The bird in the tree stopped calling. The adult bird then flew across the street to a tree next to the Alerton.

I grabbed the fledgling and put it in a crab apple tree on the side of the Apple store. This got it off of the sidewalk. At first both adult birds screamed a loud chorus of caws. They both moved further down on their perches. The fledgling hopped out of the tree and towards them. I snatched it away from the tire of a cab before the light turned green, and put it back in the tree. The adult birds stopped calling. They flew back and forth from the Apple store to the Alerton, looking at me, the young bird, the tree, the traffic, the people. They really seemed to be assessing the situation.

I took passengers on a ride. The other drivers agreed to replace the bird in the tree until traffic died down. It was the only place that we could reach that was out of the flow of traffic. When I came back the young bird was still in the tree. The adult birds were still on the Alerton, and they were quiet, although making a kind of purring or trilling sound.

After a couple of hours, something strange happened. More crows got involved. At least 3 other adult birds took up perches on surrounding buildings and began calling to each other and the pair of adult birds that I assume were the young birds' parents. There was a lot of calling between the adult birds. A few times the young bird would flutter out of the crabapple tree which sent a loud chorus through the adult birds. We left the fledgling alone as long as it was in the planting, but when it hopped into the street, or onto the sidewalk we replaced it in the tree. We kept hoping that its' parents would come down and feed it, but they didn't. The adult birds calmed down when the baby was in the crab apple. They seemed to recognize that this was a good spot. The question of course was, now what?

There were still 5 adult birds working the problem. This went on all afternoon. After sometime two of the birds took up posts in the alley behind the Apple store. Another was higher up on the roof of the building with the Starbucks & Garrets Popcorn. Another was in a tree a half a block west of Mich., on Huron. As the day wore on they began calling to the baby again. It kept fluttering down and hopping around on the sidewalk. It was confused. The birds in the alley were the furthest down, and making the most noise. I think they were trying to get the baby into the alley. Not a bad idea. They might be able to use the fire escape to get it back up.

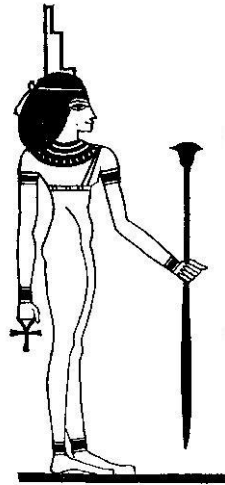
The young bird was clueless. It hopped around from call to call, apparently not knowing who to listen to. It was also getting very tired, and I'm sure it was hungry. It would start to move towards the alley, and then hop off of the curb, under our horses' feet. We started replacing it in the trees closer to the alley.

At one point in the afternoon we all got rides. When we came back, the baby bird was gone. We looked in the streets, and on the sidewalk in a two block radius including the alleys. I covered this area personally later after work, when I came back with my car to look for the bird. There was no squashed baby crow anywhere that I could find. The adult birds must have gotten it off of the ground somehow. I assume they used the fire escape during a lull in traffic. Apparently they had to wait for all of the carriage drivers to go as well.

I like to think that they were both grateful for, and frustrated by our help.

I had never seen an entire murder of crows (or any other grouping of birds) work together before. It was truly amazing. Their problem solving ability is truly astounding.

I find quite a few dead birds in my wanderings, but only once have I ever found a dead crow. I think now I see why.



Contemplating the FOI Manifesto:

ISIS

by

Deena Hartray Butta, AU

Another element of the *Manifesto of the Fellowship of Isis* is the word “Isis.”

The name of Isis is a significant word to explore at this transitional time of contracting and going within for residents of the Northern Hemisphere, and of expanding and turning outwards for residents of the Southern Hemisphere. At these transitional times, inner and outer are balanced, as are “the Twin Stars of Sirius, called Star of Isis.” (*Sirius Star of Isis, by Olivia Robertson*). Isis and Osiris were Twin Souls and lovers even before their birth, when they were still within the cosmic womb of The Goddess Nut.

Most of the factual information in this article comes from *The Oxford Encyclopedia of Ancient Egypt, c2002*.

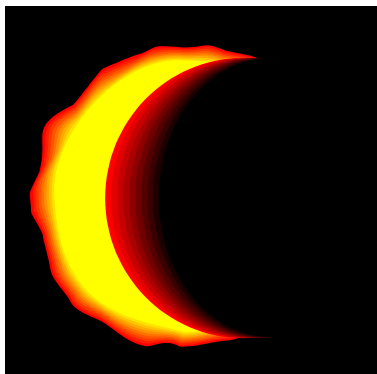
In the Egyptian language, the name of this goddess was: As; Ast; Auset; or Aset. We are not totally sure of the pronunciation. In Greek, it was speled “Isis,” and pronounced “ees-ees.” In Coptic, it was Ese or Isi.

Isis makes her first appearance at the end of the 5th Dynasty in *The Pyramid Texts*, where she plays a very prominent role, her name being mentioned over 70 times. The etymology of her name is not clear. Her symbol, which she often wears as a headdress, is the seat or throne, which also serves as a hieroglyph in writing her name.

She is “Mistress of the House of Life.” Her creative and nurturing functions have made her the most popular of deities through the ages. She has been called “Mistress of Magic and Motherhood.” She absorbed, or was equated with, many other deities; and acquired a universal character, which caused the Greeks to call her “Myrionymous,” i.e. “invoked by innumerable names,” or “Isis of Ten Thousand Names.”

Thus, in addition to magic and motherhood, Isis embodies the royal and cosmic aspects of religion. The hieroglyphic form of her name connects her with the power and authority behind the royal throne, as well as with Osiris, whose center at Busiris (in the 12th nome of Egypt) was close to her own, which was at Philae.

Isis has been much loved in all times and places, as her purpose has been to assist and protect people in the pursuit of those things they value the most. All peoples of the world can see her reflection in their most beloved and revered female deities. Hence Isis is universally recognized and honored. It is natural that this goddess, whose function has always been to bring together and to manifest the disparate elements of life and being, should in this day and age unite all the peoples of the world in recognition of The Feminine Divine through Herself. She is the One and All, the personification of celestial light. In addition to what has been known and written of Isis, there remains an ineffable aspect that must be discovered by each individual.



I asked people on our FOI-Chicago e-mail list if they had any interesting eclipse experiences in June and July. Demetria submitted this account...

July 2010 Eclipse Experiences

**by
Demetria Nanos**

The interesting thing about this, is that i let it go in my heart and merely hoped i could get it back. Ten years ago, i would have been in an emotional panic at the loss of something expensive like that. I would have been a bit sad or mournful, and obsessing about the loss. I am glad that i have made progress to the point where i am not as easily hurt or upset from such a happenstance. It is only a thing worth whatever emotional value i put into it, and i am very happy it came back. My son was immediately taken with the moment of recovery and the possible significance of it as a sign to us. Even my husband, Ken, the anti-religionist, anti-spiritualist who only believes in Nature & Life said, "Good Karma."

It was a magickal happening, this 'thing', this eclipse of the astrolabe. If you like, I can try to make a scan of it and see if it is distinct enough for you to use in the magazine.

My son Greg and I went to the Renaissance Faire on Sunday at noon. After about an hour had passed, I found that my astrolabe had detached from the chain I wore it on. We looked for about 10 minutes, and i released it emotionally, consciously, so as not to carry the sense of loss with me though it was dear to me. I had purchased it for \$65 about 10 years ago. It would definitely cost more now! C'est la vie!

We had a good day, strolling about, seeing familiar faces, etc. At the end of the day, I sat on a bench by the gate everyone passes through going out. I waited for Greg to return from down the lane. When he did, I spoke. "I couldn't find the Customer Service booth on the map. I want to report my missing pendant."

A man and his family were walking by us. He looked down at me, and said, "What kind of pendant did you lose?" "An asrolabe, about this big, gold colored brass with nickel hands on the sundial, there's a scratch on the hand, ..." He reached into his pocket and pulled it out. "That's it!" I exclaimed. "Look, here's the chain, and the links i added to it because it had pulled off before." "Well, you better find a better link!", he said. "Actually, my son found it, over by ..." "Over by the Cheshire Action Stage", I replied. He nodded. His wife and kids were smiling, except the one who found the pendant. "Please let me give you a reward," i said as I looked at the boy. He appeared to be about 9 or 10 years old, with dark brown hair falling down into his eyes, reminding me of the Child of Earth from R.J. Stewart's *Dreampower Tarot*. I gave him my last paper money, a ten dollar bill. I gave his brother and sister two quarters apiece, the last of my money save for a few pennies. They smiled and we made pleasantries of our small talk for that moment. Then Gregory and I went back to our van and drove home.

That was my significant eclipse moment. My astrolabe is used as a sundial or for aligning the moon and stars for navigation. It was eclipsed, and it returned.

Great is the Sun Goddess! Great is the Goddess of Dusk, the gates of sunset! Merciful is the spirit of the Renaissance Faire! Merry were our hearts with this return of the golden colored disk. The Renaissance Faire is a magickal place.



HOW MAGIC WORKS
by
Sarah Rooke, Archdruidess

I have often heard people ask how magic works, so this little article is to help you there with some information.

First of all, magic itself is neither black (bad) nor white (good); it is HOW it is used or the INTENTION that colours it, though there is also a 'grey' area. So please remember that old Wiccan saying 'Do as thou wilt, and may it harm none'. Sure, you can do some really dark magic, but with everything, there are consequences on a karmic level to consider first. So remember law number one, LIKE ATTRACTS LIKE. This is where what you give out will be exactly what you will receive back

Also magic MUST NOT be used for personal gain. Like everything in life, there are rules. So if you fancy a play on the lottery or a bet on the G-G's, please again think of the consequences of your actions. For example, you want £1000, and you do a spell. However, you obtain this money because Aunt Flo died and left you this sum. It is far better to ask the Spirits for what you need to help you to live and get by.

And whilst we are on the subject, let's take love spells. These are always iffy, say you fancy Jo Bloggs, and do an appropriate spell. However, you find that you can't stand that person or that you don't get on. Then what do you do? It is again far better to ask for love to come into your life than ask for a specific person.

Magic basically works on three levels, the physical, psychological or spiritual to sink in, or take it another way, the subconscious, conscious and super conscious levels. There is a certain psychology in magic – let's liken it to an affirmation. Say you do a spell for a job interview. This will help to boost your confidence, so that it goes in at all three levels.

The same works regarding curses, and that is the key here, the empathises is on what you believe and if you think you are under one, if it has any power over you.

Let's take some basic magical techniques.....

Mirror of Hathor

This is a mirror dedicated to the Egyptian Goddess Hathor and works by sending negative energies back onto the sender (i.e. when you feel you are receiving some flak of someone). You will need an Egyptian style Mirror for this, or one that has been blackened (like a scrying mirror). You can do this either with a ceremony or not. Or you can visualise if you do not possess a Mirror of Hathor.

First, look into the mirror without looking into it (if this makes sense). Say 'I hereby return all negative thoughts and energies back onto the sender. May Hathor be my messenger as she was for Ra.'. Then say a prayer of thanks to the Goddess.

You could always request help from the Celtic Goddess Morrigan or the Greek Goddess Athena if you prefer these as an alternative.

Veil of Nephthys or Cloak of Invisibility

This is another Egyptian magical technique, and invokes Nephthys, the Egyptian Goddess of Revelation. You do this by drawing psychically a veil of protection around yourself by drawing your aura in. This is useful when say you are entering a crowded or dangerous area and wish to go incognito. The Nephthys ray will diffuse any situation and can also be used on property, so that any would be burglar is soon deterred and will lose interest!

If you prefer other pantheons, then try Persephone for the Greek or the Welsh Cerridwen which would be good equivalents.

Learning

Another Egyptian magical technique if you ever need any books, or help in researching or studying a subject, is to call upon the Egyptian God Thoth, God of Wisdom. A simple prayer to him for help will ensure assistance is rendered in ways you couldn't imagine. If you prefer the Celtic or Greek vibes, then try Merlin or Hermes.

Scales of Ma'at

This is another Egyptian magical technique, if you are undecided on something and can't make up your mind, then give this a go. You can visualise a pair of scales with the feather of Ma'at (truth) on one side and a scroll representing your question on the other. Visualise the scales lifting up to the ether and a pair of hands, the hands of Thoth, taking them off you. You should have your response in a day or so. If the scales balance, all is well, if not, then beware.

Pets

If your animal is ill or missing, a simple prayer to the Egyptian Goddess Bast for Cats and the Egyptian God Anubis for Dogs will help. I have never known them refuse a sincere request.

The Home

If you have any problems at home, simply ask the Egyptian God Ptah, the Architect, for help. This can be for anything of a practical nature, such as to do with masonry or machinery or on a practical level. Perfect for those who need help with DIY, or about the home!

There are other things to consider in practising magic; however I hope that these brief notes help – these books are recommended for further information (try Amazon):

Practical Egyptian Magic by Murry Hope; *Practical Celtic Magic* by Murry Hope; *Practical Greek Magic* by Murry Hope; and *Practical Solitary Magic* by Nancy B Watson.

PASSAGE THROUGH THE DARK GATE

Based on the ancient papyrus,

The Book of the Two Ways

Submitted by

Jeanne Foster

Thou who bow before the Great Seat with honor, listen as the Great Spirit comes into your council, Thou who has traveled on the Barge of Re, who follows the Light of Re, who has become Conscious, see the truth of Thoth.

Swear that you no longer walk in the valley of darkness and ignorance, that you shall detest the region of the criminal. O enlightened ones, remember always that you protect the old and guide the young by the authority of the staff and by the might of the crown of the noble.

You are filled with the wisdom of Isis through to your belly. Salute those folk of the Sun who purify themselves as the fresh waters of the holy Nile.

Hold aloft forever the Beauty of a Great King's Court and let this harmony circle about each head and let dignity reign from each mouth.

Remember how your faith continues to lead you from suffering. All goodness would have you make the Beautiful Voyage so that illness and untimely death are repelled.

Those of you who pass, behold you are not boatless along the way but float among the stars with your rudder as the Lord of the Horizon and the gentle moonlight as your lullaby of rest. The wounds of he who has carried the scepter of a royal child shall have the clouds driven away and the rainbow of joy shall ever be the sweetness of a life well spent and cherished as a jewel in the Halls of the Immortals.

Praises be to all the friends who gather here, the Brotherhood of the Horizon who know the Name, who carry each a candle and know each one brightens the Highway of Re.

(Each lights a candle from a central flame.)

Open now the Gates.*

Sky and Earth obey and open for both have been honored: West and East are open. South and North are open.*

We gaze upon the Heavenly sea of eternity and send this Beloved One upon his* promised Boat knowing we all shall travel and meet upon the Happy Shore when our own Time In Tide shall be.

So shall we now cover our Friend with this canopy* as symbol of our jubilation as his angel beckons. We say farewell until we celebrate our reunion. We too shall follow the stars on our journey to the Forever Happy Land.

We now send each a token* of remembrance. (*tokens placed*) We shall not be ashamed on earth but live a life of worthiness, increasing each day in wisdom and power and beauty as tribute to all those who have gone before to prepare the Palace of Eternal Friends.

We therefore promise as we depart: We shall not forsake the illumination. We care for the weak while we may. Each is called by our Highest Hope so we all travel in peace.

(Each reader speaks in turn from the scroll.)

#1 May our brother (sister) now continue on to the Beautiful West as he (she) follows the sun. May he (she) cross the Sky in ascension.

#2 May the Revered Ones greet him (her) at his (her) every Port.

#3 May he (she) be led by his (her) Ka, the creative energies of the cosmos in perfect peace and confidence.

#4 The double doors of Heaven are open for our traveler: the bountiful new fields are extended for thee.

#5 O one who has delighted us with happiness, take your Seat upon a royal barge of Ra. Thou does sail with Imperishable Stars.

#6 We call upon your honored forebears to navigate you to the family Seat where you always are welcomed as one of their own. No mansion shall be strange and feasts are bountiful, the Gardens are perfect in their season.

(Individual messages are given, special memories are shared.)

We now surrender the remains to the earth.

Now we allow your passage and meet in dreams until we meet in spirit once again. Proceed now, continue on, know that your Immortal Name shall be called by all who have loved thee.



An Audience with Osiris in the Hall of Double Truth
by
Gisela Kranz

The Egyptian “Book of Coming Forth by Day”, called ”Book of the Dead” nowadays, contains sacred texts to help those deceased to undergo their passage from this world to the other. There they face Osiris, Lord and Judge of the Netherworld, Isis and Nephtys standing behind His throne, 42 assessors sitting along the walls. There all actions of earthly life are put on trial. The deceased speaks the 42 Declarations of Innocence, each beginning “I have not...”, thus purifying himself, next Ma´at shall weigh his heart against Her Holy Feather.

The Declarations of Innocence or Negative Confessions are also supposed to provide guidance for a righteous life in this world. When used on issues of this world the Declarations are not so much about our “I have nots”, but rather on all the “Oh, I am afraid I have” and “ Could be, I have” or “They say, I have, but...”. You can ask a Guide of Souls for advice, go for purification and restore good order in your life or you just check out whether you are meeting all your responsibilities.

I have been working with the Negative Confessions for about 2 years and got to no. 39 right now. The meditation below describes my experience of going down to the Hall.

I suggest to start the Declaration-meditation with the Evening Rite from Dea; it is likely to be performed in the evening. Support from Sarasvati, Goddess of Arts and Sciences, of all intellectual efforts and of eloquence is helpful for the expedition ahead. And maybe you like the idea Sarasvati is waiting for you to return when you set out to the Netherworld. Another good start is with Apuleius´ Isis prayer.

It is a good idea to adept the line “I bring you ma´at” to your individual situation. When you are aware the state of ma´at is still “under construction” in some part of our life, just declare “I bring you ma´at on my relationship with X” or something like that.

In the original context of the Book of Coming Forth by Day “I bring you Ma´at” is a word of insight and good order restored, the deceased summarizing all actions of his whole life. The goddess Ma`at is perceived at the same time as the Divine Concept of the world as it should be: harmoniously balanced like a mobile - good order in private and professional life, within our own body, in social life, in economy and in nature, in governance and in divine service, even in the universe. Ma´at is the immanent order behind All There Is. And “to bring ma´at” is our individual contribution to this.

Going to the Hall of the Double Truth

Invocation of the Goddess Sarasvati:

Holy Sarasvati, crowned with the crescent moon, Lady of the Waters, Queen of poetry and all arts! You make our speech flow like a big river, You shelter and protect all holy scriptures

Be with us when we see the glory of the deities today in the Hall of the Double Truth!

Oracle:* It is through the language of Art and through the holy knowledge of symbols that the Deities share their glories with Their children. The beauty of music brings the harmony of the interweaving spheres of creation: poetry draws the soul to noble endeavour: and painting and sculpture breathes forth the divine essence within all things. For all that is real in the Greater is spelled forth through symbols in the lesser. So gold speaks of the sun, and silver of the moon: and Sun tells of Love and Moon of Truth. You do well to invoke My aid when day blends with the shades of night. For in the twilight two worlds join in harmony, and you bring your daily existence in tune with your true eternal being. So in your morning's work create forms of beauty: in the evening animate these forms through the divine imagination. Open your eyes in the day-time. But in the evening close your eyes and see myriad visions of beauty. In the day-time listen with your ears: in the evening sit in silence and you will hear the music of My lyre that flows like a transparent river from star to star and from the throats of nightingales and in the rustle of reeds where glide My swans through pools of lotus flowers.

Priest/ess:

So let's set out now for the Hall of the Double Truth with the help of Sarasvati that we may bring our daily existence in tune with our true eternal being.

Meditation:

You are standing on the banks of a big river. Evening has come, the sun just dropped behind the horizon on the other side of the river, it is getting dark.

You see a big Ankh before you, implanted in the grass. There is a weak shine of gold. The Ankh begins to turn, it turns, turns, turns and you feel how you are drawn through its loop.

Now you stand again in the sand of the riverbank. You notice that there is a boat tied in the water before you, the ferryman is already sitting in the boat. You walk to him. The ferryman motions to you to get into the boat. Now you sit on the small bench in his boat. You can't recognise the ferryman's face, it's too dark. With circumspect he rows the boat into deep water. You feel safe.

You look at the big, silver-grey river, the current is strong and even. You breathe in the spicy air with its smell of water.

Sand crunches under the keel of the boat, you are on the western banks. You get out of the boat. You sense the ferryman's friendly glance on you. You nodd to thank him and you walk up the banks. It is dark now.

The big nekropolis must be very close to this place and behind it, the desert begins. You see rocks everywhere, big stones and thick pieces of boulders. And somewhere in front of you there must be the entrances to the Other World.

You walk between the rocks and you are looking closely, small animals of the night dart through the sand.

And then you see the black hole, this is not a grotto, it's an entrance.

You have to stoop a little to get in. There is a sharp turn to the right and after three steps you are standing upright in a wide hallway leading slowly downwards.

The floor is of stamped earth, thousands and thousands of feet have trodden this path for a very long time. The walls of the hallway are of bare rock, torches light the way and there is even a hand-rail along the wall. The air is fresh and warm.

You follow the hallway downwards. After a while you realize, you are not the only one here. Human figures are walking by in silence, some of them are wrapped in bandages.

On the right side of the hallway light comes from an open door. A young priestess in a white dress smiles at you and motions to you to come into her room. The other figures are passing by.

There are bales of linnen-cloth on a table, further down the room you see some shelves. The priestess gives you a bundle of cloth and explains by a sign of her hand that you should change dress now. You take off your dusty clothes, your shoes, your watch. You put everything on the shelf and wrap yourself in the white Egyptian linnen. Skillful hands help you to fix the unfamiliar garment. With a smile the priestess points back to the hallway. You thank her and you continue your way downwards like everybody else.

Don't be afraid, you won't get lost here, they are not going to keep you. From your dress everyone sees that you came for a while only, you are here as a guest.

Maybe you realize now that someone is walking at your side. Not accidently because he is taking the same direction; this one is keeping pace with you determinantly, someone is accompanying you. Anubis, Guide of Souls, has come to you, he takes your hand.

Silently you are walking beside him while you are listening to your thoughts inside your head:

What are the habits and ways like in the Holy Hall of the Double Truth?

How are you going to stand before Osiris?

Is there anything you should put alright before you claim a state of ma'at in the face of Osiris?

What would you like to be clear about?

Or do you just need some words of comfort and encouragement?

You look up to Anubis. He leads you into a large room. Thick, soft carpets cover the floor here, small groups of figures are sitting together here and there, they are talking in low voices. You sit down also. And now you can ask Anubis whatever you would like to.

Silence

Anubis nods to you, both of you get up and walk out. The hallway leads further downwards.

You see high columns in front, they hold a ceiling ornamented with blue lotus-flowers. Many people are standing between the columns, they are obstructing your view into the Hall. You hear some voices. You queue up at the end.

There are only a few people before you now, between their heads you have a look into the Hall. It is filled with pale, white light, along the walls there are strange creatures sitting in two rows, some look like animals, crocodiles, lions, mice. Those are the assessors of the Court.

You see the large figure of Osiris on his throne in front, you see his long-shaped headdress, his friendly face..., there is a warm, greenish gleam around his figure.

Behind Osiris there are standing two goddesses in all their radiant beauty; the headdress of one of them is a little throne and the other carries a bowl on a small pedestal. Yes, they are Isis and Nephthys.

Anubis touches your arm lightly, it's your turn! Nobody is waiting before you anymore.

Now you walk into the large Hall and you walk alone. You smell the lovely incense burning in big basins. You pass between the lines of the assessors. Some of them recognise you because they know your shadow. From the corners of your eyes you see them jump up, as if they wanted to swallow you. But their excitement cools down and they take their seats again. They won't harm you.

The deities are looking at you friendly, you are welcome, their attention is on you now. And then you speak the old words:**

Hail to You, great God, Lord of the two Truths!
 I have come to You, my Lord,
 I was brought to see Your beauty.
 I know You, I know the names of the forty-two Gods,
 Who are with You in the Hall of the Two Truths,
 Who live by warding off evildoers,
 Who drink of their blood,
 On that day of judging characters before Wennofer.
 Lo, Your name is "He-of-the-Two-Daughters",
 (And) "He-of-Maat's-Two-Eyes".
 Lo, I come before You,
 Bringing Maat to You,
 Having repelled evil for You."

And now you can say before Osiris, what you have to say, so that Ma'at may dwell in you.

Silence

Your audience with Osiris comes to an end. You thank him, you nod greetings to the assessors. You can look at them without fear now. Backwards you stride to the entrance of the Hall, breathing Osiris' light and benevolence deeply into yourself.

You feel Anubis' hand on your arm, he turns you round and leads you through the crowd waiting at the entrance. Together you walk the way back. The hallway leads upwards. When you come to the chamber where the garments are, he stops. He blesses you for good-bye and says that you will always be welcome for a next visit.

You walk into the changing room, you find your belongings on the shelf and you change dress. The young priestess shows you another little room in the background. If you like to have a break now and be on your own for a while, you may rest here.

Silence

You thank the priestess and say good bye. You walk up the hallway and step out into the stary night.

You find your path between the rocks and go down to the river. The ferryman is waiting for you in his boat.

Look at the silvery stream of water, while the boat is taking you to the other side. Hear the sound of water when the oars dive in, smell the fresh, spicy air, feel the cool breeze on your skin. The boat touches sand, you thank the ferryman and get off. You walk up the riverbank. There is the great golden Ankh before you. It begins to turn, turn, turn. You let yourself been drawn through the loop and you are back here in this room before our altar.

You move your hands and feet, you stretch yourself, slowly you open your eyes and you take three deep breaths.

We exchange reports.

Priest/ess:

May all beings be blessed with joy and harmony, today, always and on all planes!

We send forward blessings to others – people and souls.

We thank Sarasvati for Her support.

All together:

Turn your face gentle upon us, Osiris!
 Lord of Life eternal, king of the gods,
 unnumbered the names of his protean nature,
 holy his manifold visible forms,
 hidden his rites in the temples...
 God who remembers still
 Down in the Halls where men must speak true,
 Heart of the inexpressible mystery,
 Lord of regions under the Earth.***

Turn your face gentle upon us, Osiris!

* from the "Ritual of the Five Elements", DEA

** from the Book of the Dead (Papyrus of Turin, *Spruch* 125)

*** Osiris-Hymn from Jean Houston: *The Passion of Isis and Osiris*, p. 355



SAMHAIN

As I meditate upon a far off place;
A distant time, I must retrace.
I walk upon the cobblestones at night,
With lattern in hand to provide some light.

I walk briskly along, as the Wise Ones call;
I hear their voices now, far not at all.
Do not delay, quicken your pace along the way,
As the Sabbat of Samhain is with us this day.

I leave the cobbled path and enter the wood;
As the voices call forth, as I knew they should.
Be with us soon they call, we are awaiting thee,
Preparing the stoned circle with dance and revelry

As I arrive deeply within the shadowed wood;
Hearing drum and song, I lower my hood.
The sacred circle is abright, sending forth a warming light,
I join my coven in dance and chant this sacred night.

The festival of Samhain warms my heart;
As the portal between the worlds no longer is apart.
The spirits of our departed ones join us this eve,
As the Old Ones will forever live on to believe.

I am the Druid, the Wizard, the Witch;
The Craft of the Wise is my magickal niche.
The ancient Wheel of the Year continues to turn,
As the Old Ones call forth and forever return.

Radagast the Bard
7/11/201



SIRIUS MEDITATION

By

Michael A. Starsheen

When you find yourself lost in the blackness, and feeling there is no way out, stop, and take a moment to become aware of your breath. This is your anchor, and the thread that will lead you out of the labyrinth.

Place your hand on your midsection and breathe into it, in and out, until you can feel yourself coming to rest in your center and your energy begins to stabilize. When you feel yourself begin to calm, and your heart rate begins to slow down, direct your attention downwards through the ground at your feet to establish a connection with the Earth—a grounding. Centering and grounding provide you the stability to avoid disorientation when you reach upwards into the starlight, so it's a good idea to begin that way.

When you are ready, direct your attention upwards. Slowly, you will become aware of a silvery light shining around you: the background starlight of Grandmother Nut's sacred body. It shimmers dimly even in the deepest darkness, like foxfire. Gradually it gets stronger and stronger, concentrating and changing hues toward a serene blue-white color, like glacial ice, or the shadows you get on snow. The light of Sirius collects into a bright point of exquisite brilliance, directly overhead, shining down on you, as you gaze up in wonder.

Lift your arms upward, and reach towards the light. The blue-white light begins falling into your upstretched hands and fills them to overflowing. It settles into your aura, and begins to overflow into your body, filling you like an empty bottle. You feel yourself filling with Sirius's lightlike a long-empty vase, and stretch out for more of the sacred light-waters. Let this light fill your dry channels to overflowing, nurturing and nourishing your most needy centers. It is yours to take; there is an infinite amount available from the Goddess's own hand.

As you fill yourself from the light of Sirius, you feel the hand of Isis reach down and scoop you up from the depths of the abyss in which you have trapped yourself, and She lifts you out. She sets you upon Her knee, and asks you what you need from Her. Do you wish to return to the abyss? Do you wish to walk out into the sunlight? Do you wish to nurture at Her breast for a time, and heal your hurts? What do you most need from Her? The choice is up to you. Choose your heart's desire.

Meditation and Hymn to HeraklesByDemetria Nanos

Moderation in all things.

This is the way we are able to maintain ourselves in myriad circumstances.

Sacrifice: this is a way we appeal to the universe,

We offer to the Great Spirit praise and thanks,

We offer to the gods prayers, curses, requests, supplication, and thanks.

Prometheus aided we humans,

he was punished, and suffered long; he was given relief, made whole,

by the actions of Herakles, ornament and jewel of the goddess Hera,

Dactyl, lover, son, step-son,

Antagonist, madman, and redeemed through flames.

All Hera's male children are fiery,

Ares, Hephaestus,

Typhon when she was yet Gaea, and Herakles;

also the Dactyls who serve their Lady.

They create and destroy, they build and tear down, they do not rest until the task is done.

Until it is done, completed, then is the moment of rest

Followed by activity, movement, industry,

The cycle of build, tear down, and rebuild

Live, die, be reborn.

This was the lot of Herakles, both divine and human, semi-divine,

he had to die and was reborn through the flames

that purified him and left only his immortal soul, reformed into divine flesh

his afterlife spent in the company of gods,

wed to Hebe, the maiden form of Hera,

eternally young, beautiful, graceful, and modest.

Many tasks, chores, lessons, and labours,

He had to accomplish to be worthy.

Many battles with evil, within and without himself.

So do we, children of the gods and carriers of

the immortal spark, invoke Herakles for success in our own struggles

forbearance in difficult times

remorse for acts and words that were wrong or undeserved

and luck in all areas of risk or chance.

The Herakleia is gone now,

a Leonine festival that honors he who shed his mortality to Hades

like a serpent's skin

and his immortal soul ascended to Olympos, in heaven,

beyond the clouds.

You are our protector, you show us redemption, your agony and resurrection

fill us with terror and wonder.

Glory of Hera! She tests our limits, pushes our endurance,

and grants us favor for strong effort that we make

in order to make our fortunes better.

Hera is the goddess who makes one a Hero.
Her milk that nursed you is spread among the stars,
as the sky reveals its' immortal glory.

Glory of Hera! You remind us
How ill chosen it is to ignore the reality of this Earth
to dismiss the Divine, to shrug off the Goddess,
and then when life is not sweet and easy
to revile Her or disrespect Her.
That does not bring relief, only more grief.
Humility and remorse are unpleasant medicine
but the cure is effected and lessons are learned.

Glory of Hera! Your strength and courage,
darkness and light, fortitude and perseverance,
show us that we can accomplish much,
if we are willing to endure the difficulties that success demands.
Nothing is easy, nothing is free,
except to be born, live briefly, and die. Everything else has a cost
and requires our industry to make it happen.

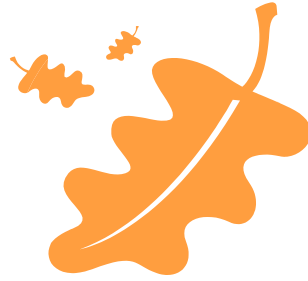
God of the laborers, You used your wits
You changed the course of a river, god of the janitors and stable-hands,
You herded sacred cattle from where your Pillars are,
You visited the Hesperides, twilight maidens of the Evening Star.

You eliminated serpents and dire creatures that endangered humans.
Herakles Apotropaios, you repel disease. You descended to Hades and returned
full of life, with Cerberus twisting in your arms, seeing sunlight instead of gloom,
Perephone's gift to you, her brother in Heaven, on Earth, and Elysium.
You turned back Death from the innocent,
You played games with children to ease the passage of time,
You relax with your brother Dionysos and his wine.
Wanderer through the world, you journeyed by land and sea,
protector of humanity.

The Dactyl established the Olympics,
Your cults are fused now. The Dactyls raised your father Zeus
when he was a tot in sunny Crete, and You carry his name,
the foremost of them, friend and protector of your Father,

Are you Herakles and Ogmios, carrier of the Ogham, a crane-skin bag at your side?
Or perhaps you are Herakles Melqart, Phoenician hero,
We know you loved Omphale, the queen who wore the lion skin and carried your club
while you spun the thread and wore her clothes,
son of Zeus, veiled in modesty,
initiated into greater things. Your sons with her
became a dynasty for centuries with your glory, your 'kleos', attached.
You loved Iolaus, and Hylas, helped them to become men and found them wives.
Monikos, the glory of you is the light behind Monaco.
Glory of Hera! Hera Kleos!

Be with us now, attend us in our works,
 share your strength and endurance with us,
 Help us to achieve that which we seek to come into being.
 Herakleios!
 Goddess bless our works, you who present us
 with what must be accomplished.
 Godling, God, Herakleios, bless our works
 You who provide us the strength of will to accomplish.
 We give thanks for what we are about to accomplish.



Shrine Development:
By
Anna

This portion of text I will share here would appear as unrelated pieces spliced together. But if looked at more closely we see several Shrine supportive ideas presented there. First off Shrines need not be static in content. Shrines should be a work in progress, representing the Moods, History and Work of the Deity / Deities which the Shrine Keeper is working with and honoring [invoking]. With this in mind the Shrine can change content and shape with the energies of the Seasons and the Mythology involved.

[All references in this article are to **Myth and Symbol In Ancient Egypt by Rundle Clark**]

The Shrine can be added too for reasons of need or purpose. Even in AE this was done to Shrines and whole Temple areas. The Deities invoked were not static and those who lived with these Deities were not either – life is not a static place or event.

As has been mentioned elsewhere, the year is approaching the dark time – in the world today it would appear there is much `human made' darkness being created as well. Whereas Mythology has helped us understand the darkness as natural and a time of awaiting the dawn in a resting position. A lot of the darkness around us is made by others; this makes our Shrines and their energies even more important within our communities where we live. Though darkness is coming due to the Seasons – the Shrine can be a light for both the natural restorative darkness and the human made destructive kind as well.

Let us share within this Mystery --- nurture the Light that the Goddess places upon our Shrines to sustain and guide each of us and our communities at this time.

"The gods were personifications of natural forces or the embodiments of human desires and aspirations. Originally these elements existed all together in the various gods. During the era of the *Coffin Texts*

the different elements began to disentangle themselves. Seth becomes the storm itself rather than its patron; Osiris is the growth of the corn rather than the god who impersonates its force. At the same time this tendency to get at the natural phenomena behind the personality of a god leads to a deeper understanding of the principles of existence. *Coffin Text 330* contains the clearest identification of the soul with nature that the ancients have left us:

`Whether I live or die I am Osiris,
 I enter in and reappear through you,
 I decay in you, I grow in you,
 I fall down in you, I fall upon my side.
 The gods are living in me for I live and grow in the corn
 That sustains the Honoured Ones.
 I cover the earth,
 Whether I live or die I am Barley,
 I am not destroyed.
 I have entered the Order,
 I rely upon the Order,
 I become Master of the Order,
 I emerge in the Order,
 I make my form distinct,
 I am the Lord of the Chennet (Granary of Memphis?),
 I have entered into the Order,
 I have reached its limits..."

(Page 142)

"Osiris is now the barley in all its vicissitudes. It is cast upon the ground and enters the soil, the seed decays and growth starts anew. The gods come alive --- i.e. are resuscitated in the growth of the new year, and the land is covered with greenery. All this is to be the lot of the soul because it has entered the `Order' --- Mayet --- the natural order of the world. As lord of the temple granary of Osiris at Memphis, the soul of Osiris will experience the complete cycle of natural fertility. The theology is different from that in the spell quoted on p. 118; there Osiris was the corn/filled doll, while in the text he is the natural growth in the `Order'. This repeated word `Order' --- Mayet --- is probably the earliest approach to the concept of `Nature' as understood in Western thought. It marks a break with the old mythical cosmology where the processes of nature were understood in terms of legend and ritual symbols." (Page 143)

"...so on through a list of the main centres of Osiris worship to be found at the time of writing of the text, thus asserting that Thoth was the chief actor in all the temple dramas where the passion of Osiris was enacted. To share in the mysteries was to be `a follower of Thoth'. (Page 173)

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the Lyceum of the Goddess of the Golden Morn, and publishes *The Ogham Stone* as their newsletter. He was Knighted by Lady Olivia Robertson and consecrated Knight Commander of the Noble Order of Tara. He is a Founding Member of the FOI Grand Commander Union.

Demetria Nanos was raised in a book and art-loving home by parents who encouraged learning as the key to personal excellence regardless of socio-economic status. She has been active as an astrologer working with various forms of divination and oracular work since 1968, and active in magickal/philosophical organizations since 1974. Demetria and her family live in Chicago.

Radagast the Bard is a solitary eclectic pagan from Pennsylvania. He has been a student of occult, esoteric studies for over 35 years, including the Egyptian Mythos. He is a member of the Fellowship of Isis, Ar nDraiocht Fein: A Druid Fellowship, and Circle Sanctuary. He credits his Welsh ancestry for his druidic and wiccan leanings, but says that his affinity for Ancient Egypt continues to draw him to the Goddess Isis. He is the father of five grown children.

Sarah Rooke has been a member of the Fellowship of Isis since the late 1980s. She was ordained priestess of Sekhmet and made a Dame Commander of the Noble Order of Tara in 1992. In 1993, she became an Arbandraoi in the Druid Clan of Dana. In 1995, Morgraine was consecrated Priestess Hierophant. Her Lyceum is called Isis and Sekhmet of the Stars.

Michael A. Starsheen is Archpriest Hierophant of the Lyceum of Isis of the Stars. He is an artist, poet, mystic, shaman, medium, warrior, researcher, writer, and all-round dogsbody for the Gods. The focus of his ministry is primarily on the Gods, although he does some individual work with people,

Fellowship Of Isis Resources

Portal Of Isis

A portal site that is a gateway to all things FOI, making it easy to locate
the FOI resource you need
access global FOI websites
key FOI people
reading lists
and more

www.portalofisis.info

FOI Blogs

<http://fellowshipofisis.blogspot.com>

<http://siriusstarofisis.blogspot.com>

Equinox Goddess Festival

The annual FOI homecoming that takes place in Chicago, Illinois USA every autumn

www.foichicago.org/goddessfest.html

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Aset Shemsu - the logo of the Fellowship of Isis*The hieroglyphs were researched by Lawrence Durdin-Robertson and drawn by Olivia Robertson*

Aset Shemsu - The Retinue of Isis

MANIFESTO

Growing numbers of people are rediscovering their love for the Goddess. At first, this love may seem to be no more than an inner feeling. But soon it develops; it becomes a longing to help the Goddess actively in the manifestation of Her divine plan. Thus, one hears such inquiries as, "How can I get initiated into the Mysteries of the Goddess? How can I experience a closer communion with her? Where are her nearest temples and devotees? How can I join the priesthood of the Goddess?", and many other such questions.

The Fellowship of Isis has been founded to answer these needs. Membership provides means of promoting a closer communion between the Goddess and each member, both singly and as part of a larger group. There are hundreds of Iseums and thousands of members all over the world, since the Fellowship was founded in 1976 by Lawrence, Pamela and Olivia Durdin-Robertson. Love, Beauty and Truth are expressed through a multi-religious, multi-cultural, multi-racial Fellowship. The good in all faiths is honored. The Fellowship of Isis has no particular affiliations.

The Fellowship is organized on a democratic basis. All members have equal privileges within it, whether as a single member or part of an Iseum or Lyceum. This manifesto applies also to the daughter societies: the College Of Isis, the Spiral of the Adepts, the Spiral of Alchemy, the Noble Order of Tara, and the Druid Clan of Dana.

The Fellowship respects the freedom of conscience of each member. There are no vows required or commitments to secrecy. All Fellowship activities are optional and members are free to resign without question. Membership is free.

The Fellowship reverences all manifestations of Life. The God also is venerated. The Rites exclude any form of sacrifice, whether actual or symbolic. Nature is revered and conserved. The work of the Noble Order of Tara is for conservation of Nature.

The Fellowship accepts religious toleration, and is not exclusivist. Members are free to maintain other religious allegiances. Membership is open to all of every religion, tradition and race. Children, listed as "Children of Isis", are welcomed, subject to parental consent.

The Fellowship believes in the promotion of Love, Beauty and Abundance. No encouragement is given to asceticism. The Fellowship seeks to develop friendliness, psychic gifts, happiness, and compassion for all life. The Druid Clan of Dana develops Nature's psychic gifts.

The College of Isis has been revived after its suppression 1,500 years ago. Like Aset Shemsu, The FOI itself, it has always been alive in the Inner Planes. It is from these Inner Planes that its return has been inspired. Magi degrees may be conferred through Lyceums of the College. Correspondence courses are offered. There are no vows nor secrecy.

Iseums are the very Hearths of the Goddess, or Goddess and God to Whom they are dedicated. These are listed, along with Lyceums in every Isian News. Tara Priors and Dana Groves are also listed regularly. All these centers and Isian News are for FOI members only.

The Fellowship of Isis Foundation Union Triad is over-all Custodian for the Fellowship. The Fellowship of Isis Priesthood is derived from a hereditary line of the Robertson from Ancient Egypt. Priestesses, priests, every member, have equal honor. Priestesses and Priests work with the Goddess - or Goddess and God - of their own Faith. Every human, animal, bird, tree is an eternal offspring of the Mother Goddess's Divine Family of Life.