

Goddess Temple News

Imbolc 2016

Donations Welcome



*The Goddess Temple,
2-4 High Street,
Glastonbury, BA6 9DU*

www.goddess temple.co.uk



Spring coming up, wherever the Cailleach puts down Her staff, all of nature withers; When Bridie finally escapes, Beara pursues Her with stormy winds and gails as it often storms around Imbolc time.

All these myths envision the relationship between Bride and the Cailleach as hostile and sometimes even violent. There is however one story about the changing of the season and the relationship between the Cailleach and Bridie, where the Cailleach finds the Well of Youth. She drinks from it and turns into the young Maiden Bridie Herself. This is the story I personally like best, as it is a myth of death and rebirth, with the Well being the place of transition, as it is found in other Folk and Faery (which often include old Goddess wisdom) tales all over Europe.

These Folk/Faery tales were often told in front of hearth fires from (grand) mothers to (grand)daughters and (grand) fathers to (grand)sons, over generations and generations, creating a tradition in which the changing of seasons was explained in a mystical way. Some of those stories were eventually written down and became the fairytales we think we know so well. Some of those stories are still in the realm of storytellers and more firmly hold the mystery. Both however are very much worth looking at more closely as they hold a treasure of wisdom!

Working with Brighde brings all these things together, the sitting around Her hearth fire, the listening and telling of ancient stories and the exploration of the mystery and treasure they hold. The story of the Cailleach/Bridie at the Well of Youth holds for me the wisdom of rebirth on three levels. The first one being of the land, where even in the depths of Winter, the little seed is alive and waiting to be reborn into life. The second being the idea of reincarnation; with the Well (like the Cave) being the Womb of the Great Mother to which we all return after death and from where we are reborn again. And the third being the fact that although we might sometimes feel we have come to a dead end in our work, our relationships, our journey through life, we can always rely on Her Well of Youth to be there to replenish us, to inspire us, to give us new hope, new beginnings!

This year, like every year, Bridie calls to you from the depth of Her healing Well and invites you to begin anew, over and over again. Like the Phoenix from the flames you can always rise again, no matter what. She is the one who invites you to open the door and let the new light of Imbolc in, into your hearth, your heart and into your life!

Happy Imbolc.

*Marion Brigantia van Eupen, Priestess of
Brighde, Tutor Priestess of Brighde Training
www.priestessingforyou.com*

At this time of year I can really envision the maiden Bridie being held captive by the Cailleach in Her winter cave in the Scottish Highlands. Although Imbolc is traditionally the first Spring, the land is still cold and dark and Springtime seems far away. High in the mountains the white snow lies on the ground, keeping new life at bay. But something is definitely stirring and my heart leaps of joy every year when I see the first snowdrops peeking up from the earth. The first signs of new life, new hope, new beginnings!

In the stories (because there are many) of Bridie and the Cailleach there are several events which symbolise the turning of the Wheel: Bridie gets the task to wash a brown cloak into white, so to cover the dead, dark land of the Samhain time in the Cailleach's snow white clad mantle; Bridie finds the fragile Snowdrops heralding hope of the return of the sun; Wherever Bridie's staff touches the earth there are flowers of

A Winter's Tale

by Janet Bliss
Sister of Avalon



The Cailleach walked across the Land we now call Scotland accompanied by the Rook Hrokr. The snow was less crisp than normal and her boots sank into the drifts rather than being supported. The Cailleach was concerned at these signs, it was nowhere near as cold as it had been. "Hmm the Rook Hrokr is the Guardian of the Land before Existence, he will know what is happening" She mused.

"Hrokr, what is happening to the snow, why is it softer, why is the air warmer?"

"Well Mistress" croaked Hrokr "I think they call this a thaw".

"A thaw! Well why is that happening now, I haven't given up my staff – here it is in my hand, this just isn't good enough!" She stamped her feet and shook her staff in the air to emphasise her words. This misfired badly as she sank into a snow drift and dropped her staff so had to struggle out without its aid!

"Why is there a thaw here Hrokr? What has caused this?"

"Well Mistress, they call them climate ripples. They bring about rapid changes in temperature and here they are making the snow and ice melt."

The Cailleach continued to walk over the Land and she muttered "What shall I do, I need the snow and ice to stay awake. If they disappear altogether I will never wake again." She thrust her staff repeatedly into the snow but it stayed soft. "My reindeer won't like living without snow and ice, the females keep their antlers especially to dig through the snow for food." She staggered out of another soft snow drift. "Who will guard the Land if I am sleeping?"

Hrokr stretched his wings and flew off towards a tree. "Now where has he gone? He won't find anything to eat on that tree now, and I need his aid." The Cailleach strode on across the Land after him.

"Hrokr fly off and see whether other Lands also have this thaw. Perhaps not everywhere is affected and I could move to another Land where the reindeer and I would still have the snow and ice."

So Hrokr flew off going East over the sea toward the Northern Lands. In his own Land there were many Rooks living past the edge of the ice where there were trees to roost in and plenty of carrion to eat, small reptiles and mammals to catch and kill and seeds and berries to eat. One of Hrokr's favourite foods was the Elderberry. Many other animals enjoyed these especially the Badgers that frequently left their five-clawed mark on the tree's trunk as they stretched up to reach the lower branches laden with berries. The Cailleach's Land ended just to the south of where the ice ended but the Land beyond did not have a Goddess so she watched that Land too with Hrokr's help.

As Hrokr flew further towards the East he noticed that there were fewer and fewer rooks and fewer and fewer elder trees. Turning North, he reached the Land we now call Scandinavia where he landed on the snow. Here the snow was hard and sat above a thick sheet of ice, there was no sign of any life here. "Harr, here is a Land the Cailleach would be at home in." He croaked "I wonder if this Land has its own Goddess".

The Goddess Holda wasn't far away and was just rousing Herself from sleep and wondering whether to bring more snow by shaking Her feather bed or rain by doing Her laundry or a thunderstorm by spinning some flax. Then she heard Hrokr croaking and set out to investigate. "I wonder what bird that is that has flown so far North above the snow and ice. What could it possibly find to eat up here?"

Holda walked across the ice in Her sturdy boots until she came to the Rook Hrokr. "Good morrow Mistress" said he, for he was well acquainted with deities and was always polite. "I am the Rook Hrokr, flown here from the Land of the Cailleach in the West, I Guard the places where nothing exists, I move freely in the Void, I offer Guidance."

"Well met Hrokr" said Holda graciously, "Why have you flown such a long way from your home?"

So Hrokr explained about the climate ripple, the snow becoming soft, the ice melting, the reindeer using their antlers to find food, the Cailleach sleeping when it was warm, and even about the elder tree and its berries. He said that this climate ripple seemed to be affecting the Cailleach's Land far more than Holda's Land and that the Cailleach was looking for a colder Land to move to.

"Well Hrokr" said Holda "I can understand why the Cailleach has sent you out to look for a different Land for Her. Before we speak of Land, tell me more about yourself and your kin and this marvellous Elder Tree." So Hrokr spoke to Holda for a long time telling her about the rooks and their cousins the crows, jays, magpies, ravens, jackdaws and choughs. Then he told her of the Elder Tree, of its growing near badger setts and near beds of nettles. Of how the badgers marked the tree and this mark means Ruis, the name for the tree in the language of women and men that will come to the Land of the Cailleach; and how this mark will also mean rook in their language. He told Holda of the medicine that came from the tree for birds and animals that would help women and men too.

Holda listened and she longed for an end to the cold ice all year round. She longed for there to be trees, birds and animals on Her Land and she hoped that one day women and men might come to Her Land so that she might teach them Her ways. She began to wonder whether she could give the Cailleach some of Her weather working skills so that She could bring snow for half the year. Perhaps in return the Cailleach would bring the thaw to Her Land. She spoke of this to Hrokr and he cocked his head on one side as he listened to Her suggestion.

"Horrr, this seems a fair proposal Mistress" Hrokr croaked, "I think the Cailleach would agree to sleep for half the year if there was cold and snow for the other six months. Some of my cousins and family would be happy to come and live in your land and we will bring seeds from many trees and plants so that the land will attract smaller birds and mammals too. When it is winter here and too cold to find food we will fly to the edge of the Cailleach's Land, returning in the Spring. However, how will the Cailleach wake and who will take over Her guardianship of the Land while She sleeps?"

Holda was pleased that Hrokr felt the idea was a good one but she was perplexed by his question. Each of the Guardian Goddesses and Goddesses of Winter had their own Lands and would not wish to move twice a year. She had heard of the Goddess Brigantia who travelled with the tribes of women and men across the lands further South where the ice did not cover the land. Perhaps She would be willing to travel to the Cailleach's Land and share its Guardianship in return for Her tribes having Land where they could live permanently. So she told Hrokr of this Goddess and asked him to fly and find Her and put the proposal to Her.

So once again Hrokr set off on a long journey. This time, rather than flying across the sea, he flew across the lands we now call Europe, seeking the nomadic tribes and their Goddess. He flew South and East to where the snow and ice were gone and instead there were vast forests and enormous plains. He flew on day after day resting at night and eating then too.

Eventually he saw a large group of men and women travelling together. He followed them until they stopped for the night and then flew down and croaked outside the tent of their leader. To begin with nothing happened but eventually a woman came out to see what was happening. "Harr" he croaked "I am Hrokr, seeking Goddess Brigantia." The women were taken aback to hear him but understood his words and called into the tent "Lady, there is a rook here who wishes to speak with you, I think, although it calls you Brigantia rather than Brid". "Bring him in and give him some grain he will be tired and hungry" came a sweet voice inside the tent.

So Hrokr entered the tent and was given food and water and spent some time telling the Goddess Brid of the Cailleach, the climate ripple, the melting snow and ice, the Cailleach sleeping, the reindeer, the rooks and their cousins, the Elder tree, the Goddess Holda, her wish for birds and trees, and even women and men, the Cailleach sleeping for 6 months each year and needing someone to share the Guardianship of Her Land and the Land next to Hers that had no Goddess! After all that they both needed a rest!

The Goddess Brid called the women leaders of the tribe together and told them all about... Well you know what about! And the women talked together and then they talked to the whole tribe and they decided they would go to the Cailleach's Land and the adjacent Land and Goddess Brid would share the Guardianship of the Land with the Cailleach. They also spoke to another tribe who agreed to go to the Goddess Holda's Land once it was warmer there and there were plants and trees, birds and animals.

Hrokr flew back at last to the Cailleach and found Her waiting by the Elder Tree. He had been away for so long that there were now berries on the tree. "Well" the Cailleach said "You took long enough, you've been gone 8 months, I hope you've found me a new Land, not that I want to leave here but I can't be a Guardian while I'm asleep". "Good news" croaked Hrokr "You don't need to leave, you'll have snow and ice for 6 months of the year and another Goddess to be the Guardian while you sleep for the other 6 months." And he told Her all about Goddess Holda giving the Cailleach weather working power and the Goddess Brid bringing Her tribe to live below the ice line and waking the Cailleach at each Samhain.

So it was all arranged with Hrokr busy taking messages between the three Goddesses. Then the Goddess Holda arrived to give the Cailleach the power to bring the storms that herald the winter by washing Her plaid in the Corryveckan Whirlpool, and to bring the Spring storms once it was time for Her to sleep. Holda gave the Cailleach a Rod and told Her to pass it to the Goddess Brid to symbolise passing over the Guardianship of the Land. The Goddess Brid arrived at the end of Winter and received the Rod from the Cailleach. Her tribe explored the Land and chose the best places to live.

Hrokr sent off several of his family and cousins carrying seeds in their bellies and crops to the Goddess Holda's Land for the climate ripple had melted some of the snow and ice there too and Holda had realised that She already had the power to bring the spring thaw.

Before Holda returned to Her Land and the Cailleach went into Her cave to sleep, they held a lovely ceremony and celebration. Hrokr was presented with a beautiful light and dark green stone called Malachite to thank him for his part in the Transformation of all their lives. He was warned not to carry it around or peck at it too much so he wove it into the outside of his nest and tempted a very beautiful young rook to share his nest!



The Cauldron Born

A Story

by Bee Helygen

Priestess of the Goddess, Sister
of Brighde, Tutor, Cerridwen's
Cauldron Cycle Priestess training



One day, as Brighde was in the forest collecting healing herbs for her potions and salves, with which she healed all that came to her in their pain and suffering, she saw a woman sitting on the trunk of a fallen tree. The woman was mature but with features so classically beautiful that even in age she would be stunning. Her dark wavy hair was streaked with a little white, but it looked like those strands were sparkling in the fire of the sunlight filtering through the green canopy of the mighty trees in the forest. Brighde approached, bowed and greeted the stranger politely.

"Blessings on you Lady. Be welcome here in the forest of my father. I hope you enjoy all it has to offer. My name is Brighde. I am a healer, here today to pick fresh herbs for my remedies."

The Lady rose and bowed in return. A smile appeared on her face. "Thank you so much for your lovely welcome, Lady Brighde. I hope my presence here has not disrupted your toil. My name is Morwenna. I am from the great mountains in the Land of the Cymru. I have travelled far to gain knowledge of the healing herbs that grow in other lands and in turn be allowed to offer some of my knowledge in exchange. Please sit with me so I may offer you some refreshment in return for the pleasure of my time in your forest, and your kindness to me."

Brighde sat on the tree trunk next to Morwenna, who offered her a drink in a small horn. It was fermented and smelled strongly of herbs, some of which she recognized when she tried it. The liquid was cool and refreshing, sweet yet tangy, an intriguing mix which seemed to sweep through her body right to her toes, made her body tingle and warming all her insides. It tasted wonderful. She had never had its like. She wondered if Morwenna would be prepared to share the secret of its making with her. Most herb healers she knew were quite secretive and protective of their recipes, because they often had been handed down in their family for generations, from mouth to ear, never written down anywhere.

Then Morwenna shared a sweet cake with her, flavoured with mint and sweetened with honey. Brighde nearly moaned out loud from the pleasure of the taste but caught herself just in time, her mother had taught her better manners than that. The two women spoke of this and that, shared stories of family, country and travels. After a while Brighde had to ask: "Please Lady Morwenna, don't think me impertinent but you mentioned that you were prepared to share your knowledge. I am intrigued by the drink you gave me. It was wonderful, it has refreshed me immensely and I am feeling very strong although I toiled since dawn already, picking these herbs."

"I'll be happy to share my knowledge with you but first let me tell you a cautionary tale from my land as a warning about being careful with our gifts of healing."

A long time ago a mortal woman, who was also a very gifted wise woman, a witch, wanted to help her son who had been blessed with a beautiful, kind soul but cursed with an unrelenting

ugliness. His sister was as bright and beautiful as he was dark and ugly, they were twins but in looks they were like night and day. The boy, whose nickname was Afagddu, was loved by many because of his goodness but no one could stand to be in his presence for long or look at his face, so frightening was it, it was just too much to bear. Despite being a master of the knightly and courtly arts, his mother knew he would never have the chance to be truly respected as he deserved. People would rather avoid him. His father, a powerful man, was often from home and Morfran, for that was the boy's real name, blamed himself for his long absences. He felt that it was his face that drove his father to stay away. In despair over her son's heartbreak, though he tried to hide it from her, his mother decided to brew a potion to give him ultimate knowledge, ultimate understanding, which would bring the people to him for his wisdom regardless of his looks.

She resolved to brew the very essence of the Awen – divine inspiration itself. She petitioned the mighty Druids, our Priest caste, at Dinas Afaron, high in the mountains, for the recipe. These men are called the Pheryllt, all the wisdom of the plants, the stars, the very earth is theirs. It was a true testament of Cerridwen's standing as a witch that these men even let her into their fortress, never mind giving her access to their sacred texts and recipes, she must have been truly powerful and worthy.

For a year and a day did she and two others, the old blind man Morda and the young boy Gwion, toil over the cauldron that held the brew, this mighty spell, so well intended and yet, so wrong. It may be called fate's intervention that on the night that the brew was finally finished, it was Gwion, not Morfran, who ingested the three drops of Awen, needed to gain ultimate knowledge and wisdom, even though perhaps by accident. But what was done, was done. The rest of the brew turned to poison, the cauldron burst with an almighty crack, the poison ran into the river and much of the land was destroyed and the animals grazing on it perished.

The damage done was so great that when word about this terrible disaster reached the Druids, they were devastated. They decided that the sharing of the knowledge of herbcraft was dangerous, especially in the hands of the village women. So it was made unlawful to pass this knowledge on, forbidden by threat of severe punishment.

If people got sick the residing Ovate would be called and the Power of Healing fell into the hands of only the men and women of the Druid caste. Of course they only meant to protect but their

long years of training meant that there were never enough Ovates around in time of need. The distances they needed to travel often meant that they got to the patient too late to be of help. Women died in childbirth, children died of fevers, live stock perished, the people suffered.

Slowly, in some of the villages, women began to practise the herbcrafts again. More women came to be taught by these wise women, always aware that if caught they would be punished. Nothing was written down, for if found the books would be taken away and disaster would befall the whole family. "Then the clever women, ever resourceful, found a way to help pass the teachings on more easily."

At this point Morwenna held up a plaited piece of work. Brighde had watched her work on it whilst listening to her rather sad story. She had admired her deft fingers, so quick. It was almost mesmerizing – magical. Now she looked closer at the heap of plants laying in front of Morwenna's feet. She recognized stacks of Mugwort, Valerian, Nettle, Sage, Wormwood, Thyme amongst them. She peered closely now at the form of the plaited piece in Morwenna's hands. It formed an equal armed cross but the middle was intricately woven into a special pattern.

"Let me show you how we teach our daughters," Morwenna said. She took nine stalks of herbs. "I shall show you a remedy we use to bring down the fever after childbirth. She halved the stalks and started to plait them together. Of Mugwort she had two stalks, the other ingredients one stalk each. Quickly the cross began to form. "You see, we hang these above the hearth in our houses, the men believe they are decorations to make the house smell pleasant, to protect against evil spirits. Let them believe that if it gives them peace. We women know better." She smiled at Brighde, a conspiratory smile shared by women in the know.

Brighde was fascinated. All afternoon Morwenna showed her one cure after the other, often there were similarities with Brighde's own recipes but much was learnt, all in form of these crosses Morwenna produced.

In the end the light faded in the forest, darkness threatened and they had to stop. "Come with me to my father's house, stay awhile, take your rest. I really want to learn more from you." "I am most grateful Lady Brighde, and would accept this offer gladly, such honour you show me but I can only stay under one condition." Morwenna paused, then continued urgently: "these," she pointed at the crosses " must stay our secret."

Brighde sighed deeply, "I would share them with our healers with your permission, these are too useful to keep to myself."

"By all means," Morwenna answered, "but you must promise never to mention my name in connection with them. People from your country visit our land often, I am well known as my father is a very famous Druid there, advisor and personal physician to our King. I am using his knowledge that I pass on in these recipes. I just don't believe that they should not be shared. Call them by your name: Brighde's crosses."

At first Brighde demured, surely taking credit for another 's teaching was wrong. Morwenna insisted. "It honours you Lady that you think thus, but I am on my Ovate journey, I worked long and hard to get where I am now. If it was discovered that it was me who passed on the secret healing recipes of the Clan of the Pheryllt, I would lose everything: my position, my family, my very life perhaps. If there was any other way to do this I would, I swear, but there is so much need in the world, I can't risk being discovered and being prevented from doing this. The women I teach pass on the knowledge to their daughters, even their daughter's daughters. They are my family, my friends, they are the Cauldron Born. You would put them all in mortal danger."

In the end Brighde understood and she agreed that for the greater good it would be best to stay silent on the origin of this medicine. One day maybe the Cauldron Born women would once again be free to heal and nurture but until then Brighde's Cross it was!

PRIESTESS GRANDMOTHERS!

Both Kathy Jones, our Temple Founder and head of the Temple priestess trainings, and Angie Twydall, priestess of Rhiannon and tutor of the Priestess Healing training, became grandmothers at the end of 2015. They have sent us the following beautiful photos:



Kathy, her daughter Iona (Goddess Temple weddings) and baby Samba



Angie and baby Rosie

Imbolc Poetry

Song of Brigantia

Imbolc

I have called men to me since ancient times
For I am the Spirit of Celtic lands
I am the breath they breathed as I wove their worlds
And shaped them in my fires.

I am the dark womb out of which all things arise
And in time must return to this Sacred darkness
But now, as this first light begins to stir
I call to you to come to me.

Come bathe in my healing waters
Purify yourself in my Sacred flame
Hear the songs on my breath as I breathe you
Let your quickening begin.

Let the Power of the white rod inspire you
As the Caillach loosens her hold
Open yourself to this time of Imbolc
And I will Birth you into this Sacred Land.

Iona Eveson, Priestess of Avalon

I welcome Imbolc into the circle of my life

Sunrise glows on smoky hills, blends land and sky horizon deep or shines
in city windows, wakes night workers trying to sleep ;

moon shadows fade away when first birdsong brings all the news
I need to know — for now. Choose peace to start the day,
send healing to each troubled place.

Imbolc spins the gift of space, billows sails, blows away the cobwebs in my mind,
her play of spiralled air reminds me of a dream...

...a dream life force can paint into a song, a symphony, an ode to transformation.
Ideas blow in with morning breeze — awake, I relish expectation of the hours ahead.

Goddess turns Her wheel toward the spring, when She'll fulfill Her winter vow,
make Her pledge of plenty in the summer fields.
We trust, know this will be so, feel Imbolc stir
beneath the ground, tell of energy bursting to be green
found in colour, leaf and stem and seen in birth,
new life across the land.

Air greets our Imbolc time,
fills bellies, seeds, and roots, heads and hearts with life in every way.
May we spin Her energy into creativity,
make our pledge of plenty too, in gratitude and love.

Blessed Be, Roz Bound, Conference Elder

Goddess Temple Weddings



Avalon was once an island in an inland sea, and all who come to its shores still feel the peaceful and often transformational energies, bringing to the fore long-remembered awakenings of the soul. Known in the modern world as Glastonbury, this magical place, often called the Heart Chakra of the planet, is a jewel in the heart of Somerset.

What better place to join with your soulmate? Here we have the first Temple to the Goddess in over 1,500 years, a registered place of worship that provides a space for reflection and healing for the many pilgrims who visit here.

Glastonbury is now firmly on the map as a desirable wedding location, with its sacred landscape, colourful spirituality, great vibes, stunning scenery and beautiful historic sites. A doorway into the mystical to complete your sacred union to your beloved.

We live in Paradise, not only in geographical location but in the consciousness that has resulted from the life choice made by us to serve from Glastonbury outward to the world wide community.

We are both Priestesses of Avalon and have undertaken the necessary three years of training, which connects us deeply and fully to Goddess, just as our ancestresses connected throughout the world, before the destruction of the Temples.

In 2014, we were granted licence to conduct Pagan/Goddess sacred marriages in the Goddess temple. These are legally binding marriages that are beautifully bespoke and conducted by us both. We are the first Priestesses in English history to be able to have the honour to do this for conscious Pagan couples here in the Goddess Temple. A truly historic event in Paganism that has so far been written of in publications including Pagan Dawn and Kindred Spirit. We have also been interviewed by the Times newspaper, as well as magazines in other parts of Europe.

In addition to the weddings, we also offer wedding packages and bespoke wedding planning services, making it easy for people who live outside of Glastonbury to get married.

For more information about legal sacred marriages in the Goddess Temple, please visit: www.goddess templeweddings.co.uk

Sweet Blessings of Love for 2016 from Temple registrars; Dawn, Priestess of Avalon and Rhiannon and Sharlea, Priestess of Avalon.

Support the Goddess Temple

Giving Your Time and Energy

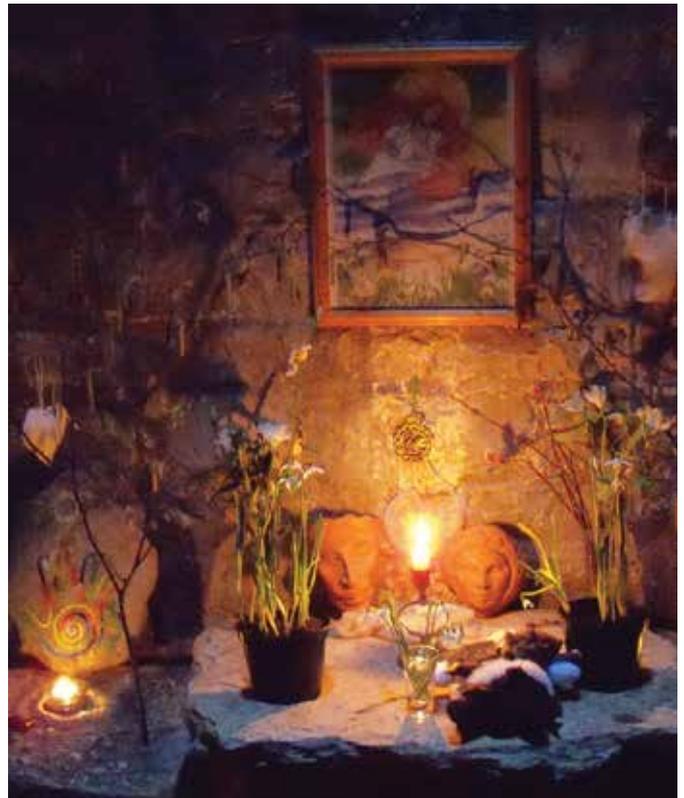
The Goddess Temple is open to the public seven days a week with volunteer Temple Melissas looking after the space while it is open. All kinds of people come to the Temple, some experiencing a Goddess Sacred Space for the first time, and many Goddess pilgrims who come to bathe in Her loving energy, to attend Ceremonies and Healing Days. We always need more volunteer Temple Melissas. If you would like to become a Melissa and can offer two or more hours of your time regularly to care for this beautiful sacred space. Contact Dawn Kinsella – dawnkinsella@hotmail.co.uk.

Become a Temple Madron

Make a monthly standing order donation to the Goddess Temple to help cover our regular monthly costs. Any amount you can donate will support the Temple. As a Temple Madron you will receive our Temple Newsletter four times a year, plus invitations to special yearly Madrons, Friends and Melissa days where Goddess speakers and presenters will delight and entertain you. Please see details on the Temple website: <http://www.goddess temple.co.uk/index.php/how-you-can-help>.

Make standing orders to The Glastonbury Goddess Temple, Sort Code: 40-22-07 Account No.: 21374532.

Let us know your address for newsletters by emailing: info@goddess temple.co.uk.



Photo, Marion Brigantia van Eupen

Glastonbury Goddess Conference 2016

26th -31st July

with Fringe events from 23rd July

**ALisa Starkweather, Carolyn Hillyer,
Julie Felix, Kathy Jones, Katinka Soetens,
Kellianna, Ruth Barrett, Starhawk
& many more great women & men**

Full information & book online:
www.goddessconference.com
Email goddessconference9@gmail.com

New Moon Healing Dates

in the Glastonbury Goddess Temple as follows-

8th February

9th March

7th April

6th May

5th June

4th July

2nd August

1st September

30th October

29th November

29th December

Healing is from 2-4 pm,

please contact Michele Eve – Michele.eve@gmail.com
for more info and/or if you can help.

Priestess/Priest of Brighde Training

*as part of the
Glastonbury Goddess Temple Trainings*

A transformational 2 year (10 weekends) journey of healing, discovery and reconnection with Brighde as Goddess of the Land & Goddess within you as well as remembering and reclaiming yourself being a Priest/ess of Brighde.

Starts 12-14 February 2016



With
Priestess of Brighde and Avalon
Marion Brigantia



For more information:
priestessingforyou@live.co.uk
Telephone: 079 480 79 671
www.priestessingforyou.com



Goddess Temple Priestesses

♦ A New Website! ♦

We are a network of International Priestesses and Priests that have all trained with the Glastonbury Goddess Temple.

On the website find:

- ♦ Priestesses/Priests local to you
- ♦ Priestesses/Priests at your travel destination
- ♦ Use the Service Directory to search for: Handfastings, Baby Namings, Therapists/Healers, Funeral Care and Moon Lodges.
- ♦ Bespoke Ceremonies and Training Courses
 - ♦ Find Goddess Temples
 - ♦ Discover Goddess Events.

Find us at: www.goddess temple priestesses.com

Email: goddess temple priestesses@gmail.com