

Goddess Temple News

Samhain 2022
Donations Welcome



Photo, Bee Helygen



Sheela-na-Gig art
by Jennifer Murphy, Priestess of the Goddess

EDITORIAL

Living our best life

The wheel of the year has turned once more. I am sure I am not the only one who asks herself: "where did this year go?" So many plans made, so many intentions set that after the restrictions of Covid I would live life to 'the max' and not let a day go by without smelling the roses and take the time to enjoy myself. What came of it, I hear you ask?

Well, I have never seen our lovely town so full of new visitors, which meant tremendous amounts of work for all of us serving here in Avalon. The Temple was full to the brim, every new endeavour, ceremony, ritual, embodiment, temple treats was filled with people who could not get enough of what we had to offer. Goddess House has also been extremely busy, many new therapists were called in and the success of our offerings has been very gratifying. Looking back now at this year in this time of Samhain, I can understand why it has been so busy.

People were travelling again, flowing into Avalon from all over the world. No longer is the attitude: "maybe next year". Now is the time, this is the hour. People won't delay anymore to find and enjoy what will bring them happiness and solace after the suffering. The surge into Avalon came for many from a profound feeling of losing out on two years of reconnecting to source, to the land, to the Goddess.

There was also an influx of 'newbies', people who were unsure about flying abroad for whatever reason and Glastonbury became a holiday destination. Sitting in the temple as a Melissa, I could spot the ones who were not the usual



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Thank you to
Bee Helygen
for the editorial

crowd, enter our sacred place, adjust to the surprising environment, feeling into it and settling down to relax, resource, get to know us, and the Goddess. Many more entered and stayed then turned away and left. Goddess is the soothing balm for frayed nerves in a very insecure world.

For those of us who follow the Celtic Wheel of the Year, Samhain is the beginning of the year. The Celts began their new year in the darkest of times, they also began their day when the sun set. I often have wondered why this would be the case, and maybe I may offer a hypothesis. How much gentler does our day go, if we start it with going to sleep, resting, nestling into the warm covers and dreaming in what we need. I for one love to wake up, realise I have nowhere to be, roll over and go back to sleep. I always have my best dreams and my most relaxing sleep in a lie in.

The Celtic people took great stock by dreaming. They felt that they were able to enter the OtherWorld in their dreams. They believed they could converse with the beings of the Otherworld during dreams, with the spirits of the plant and mineral world, and with the souls of the Ancestors. Travelling in dreams could yield a great deal of wisdom. The time of Samhain for them was a time of rest, no work in the fields, no early mornings and late nights. Warmth came from cosy places filled with animal pelts and peat fires. Through the mist and smoke pictures would form, in the time between waking and sleep. New ideas would form, poems and songs were composed, stories created and told. No one rushing around, no one in a hurry to get anywhere.

Continued overleaf

MORGENICAL ALCHEMY



So you may have heard of magical potions that make you smaller or bigger, some that heal, some that change you...

In a place and time faraway there was one who listened and felt and watched very, very carefully. If she was sad or in pain, she would put some leaves and flowers in an old bowl and stir them together with some water from the nearby stream. She would sit under one of the special hedges and drink her potion. It made her feel better. When she fell out of trees or got stung, she squeezed plant juices onto the places that hurt. It made them feel better.

The adolescent was changed and went to the big city where she joined an international pharmaceutical company. Now, the stirring was in big metal pans and the lovely plants came as powders and extracts. She wore a white coat and covered her hair. Increasingly, the things that went into the potions were not plants. She did not like this but understood the teachings about mixing potions at college. Now called pharmacy.

The student did not know how all the potions worked. They were now called medicine. So, she went to university to find out. Then, the scientist spent years alone in a very clean room with no windows, big machines and computers magically taking substances apart and putting them back together again to prove the medicine worked and was safe. She shared what she already knew, now called peer reviewed scientific publications.

The woman decided she was fed up with laboratories and machines that go ping. She joined the Glastonbury Goddess Temple and put flowers back in her hair. She used her hands and perception of energy flow to heal the hurts she could sense. However, she still wanted to help people with her potions and for this she had to go back to yet another university and learn another language called clinical medicine so that she could practice and prescribe her potions to people who need them.

I still love the shiny bottles, flasks and retorts, the coloured and scented liquids, the soft balms, and the herbs gracing my garden. The herbs have



brought my spirituality and science together – all catalysed by the Nine Morgens of Avalon. The Morgens are all about change, their Alchemical Elixir has changed me. I can be who I am in this time and place. I practice my art and science and they are ALL ONE.

Alchemy is the original science in which a substance is taken apart, purified, and put back together – changed. The processes include distillation, calcination, crystallisation, and sublimation amongst others. Some thought to create gold from lead. Gold is a metaphor for the Soul and this what Morganical Alchemy is about. Practical alchemy (with the shiny bottles – Crowkind will understand) grounds the esoteric practices of healing, divination and oracling that the Morgens offer. As we journey with our Morgen Nexus through the second year of the Morgen Priestess training, we take ourselves apart, we refine ourselves and our path and then we put ourselves back together again – changed. We become conscious Shapeshifters.

Yes, we make an Elixir and yes, we know how to use it with those who want to change too.

To find out more visit www.morgenica.com The first nexus of the Morgen Priestess training is again open for applications on the Temple website starting 19/2/23. Look for the pretty bottles!

With Morgen Blessings, Mary Bruce.
www.goddess temple teachings.co.uk

Continued from front cover...

I wonder why it is that we modern folk insist on rushing around at the time when our Ancestors rested? Even when we rest in our houses, we binge watch streaming TV instead of going to bed early and dreaming. There seems to be a fear of being in the dark too long. Artificial light tricks our brains into thinking it is day. Our constant companion is now our mobile phone, lighting up whenever a message or notification appears, seemingly never ending attention seeking, won't leave us alone for a moment to rest.

Here is a thought for you as you may be thinking about what you wish to take forward into this new year: let's start a revolution. Let's live a better, unencumbered life. Let's put boundaries around our time and set the 'out of office' on our phone, put it into flight mode, pick up our bed covers and hibernate, sleep, dream, rest, relax and resource. No guilty feelings about not being available 24/7. Listening to our inner sacred Self, listen to our heart and give ourselves permission to step out.

The greatest gift in this life is time. Time to meet friends, time to sit at the table with loved ones and ask them about their day, time to listen and hear, time to play, time to rest, time to cry, time to grieve, time to forgive.

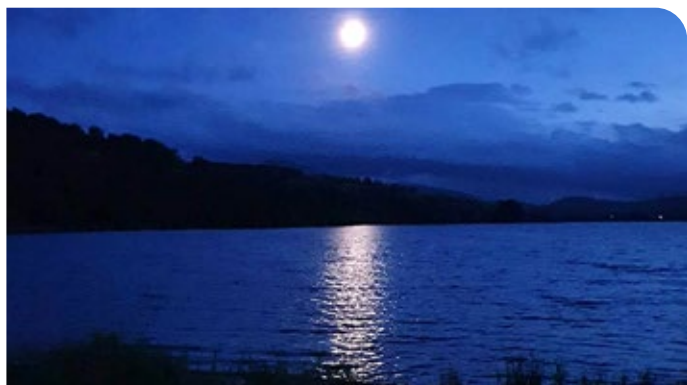
Gift time to yourself and allow the dreaming in of the best life yet to come.

Give yourself permission to go deep within, connect with you, love you. One day, you too will become an Ancestor. Make sure you have lived a life filled with adventures, experiences, love and laughter. This is my wish for you. So mote it be.

Blessings of Samhain
Bee Helygen, Priestess of Avalon, Adoratrix of Cerridwen

THE DARKEST NIGHT

Not so many years ago, in a small village in Wales, when there was no TV, no Internet and very little electricity, a family lived in a huge old rambling farm house.



Photo, Bee Helygen

Mam, Da, Mam Gu, Tad and seven children. One of them my great grandmother. They were a happy family, content with what they had, tending livestock, a few acres of grain and meadows to be cut for silage. The great war to end all wars had just ended, although up there in the hills little had been seen or witnessed of it. It was a place forgotten in time and by the rest of the world, almost.

The women were busy with their kitchen garden, their spinning of wool, knitting and sewing. The house and its people were self-sufficient. There was no 'nipping to the shops in the car quickly'. The men worked the land, shot game, birds and deer. Pigs were cared for and then eventually made into bacon. It was a quiet, steady, ancient life.

There was still much foraged from the hedge. When the rest of Britain was struggling with coupons and rationing, no sugar, queuing in the shops; the bees of the wild shared their abundance with our family. The hedge provided medicine, the next doctor being hours away in one of the distant villages or towns.

Up there are places where the *Tylwyth Teg* dance, the grass is soft and the mists rise from the land. The veils are thin in this ancient land. The boundaries betwixt and between can easily be traversed.

Autumn was earlier up there, once the fruit and vegetables had been harvested and preserved in jars, pickles made, and chutneys, including my least favourite: pickled walnuts, it was soon time to bring the animals in from the fields. They would slaughter those too old or too weak to survive the long winter, preserve them in salt and fat, the blood harvest, last of the three harvests of the year. Then it was time to close the doors for winter.

The night that no one slept was All Hallows night. A night where the barn doors were closed more tightly. The keyholes would be sealed with wax so in the morning there was warning, should the *Tegs* have messed with the animals. The dogs would be brought in and placed before the doors, no

hearthfire rug for them that night. They were to alert the humans to any shenanigans from the doors. The threshold of the doors were stuffed with old wool blankets, mainly to keep the drafts at bay but that night it was also done to keep unwelcome roaming spirits of the recently deceased at a distance.

Great bolts and locks were tightly secured. The door frames washed with water, infused with salt and protective herbs, as were the windows. No harm would come in from those portals.

There was only one mirror in the kitchen, for shaving and combing of hair before church, and that was covered with a dark cloth. No one entered through that portal either, The old tales warned the present incumbents not to be slack in their preparations for this auspicious night.

The youngest children were in bed with the older siblings so that there were no wanderings in the night, chamber pots under the bed... no opening the back door to go to the privy.

Once abed, the Elder generation would sit up around the great table, with one candle, another would be in a lantern made from one massive turnip that had been carved with a frightening visage and placed in the front window. Stories would be told, tall tales of ghoulies, ghosts and walking dead relatives come to speak to the living and may be steal their soul away with them. The male adults would not sleep at all that night, sitting up and holding watch over the rest of the family. Mine was not a praying family. I know that much. They had a healthy respect though for the beliefs of the generations before them and would fashion alder wards for protection. They would speak protection words over them and place them over doors and beds.

I remember these stories of my great grandmother so vividly, and also her being told off by my mother for trying to scare us. Now I can 'see' the scene in my own mind's eye. I visit my great grandparents' house, which is now owned by a distant family member, I can see the place for myself and imagine what it must have been like, to believe that your soul could be stolen on All Hallows' night by the spirits of the uneasy dead. The "*eneidiau aflonydd*".

These days this modern day Priestess is 'not afraid of no ghosts', in fact, I invite the spirits of the uneasy dead into my life, so that I may help them to pass to where they need to go. Just part of my Priestess work.

Samhain night is the highlight of my year here in Avalon. Myself and some of the Cerridwen Priestesses will be holding our yearly Cerridwen Embodiment and Vigil in the Temple on the night of the 31st of October, as we have done for three years before and since Covid. If you are in Avalon, come and join us, hear the words of the great dark Mother for you, and receive the blessings of the Goddess of Death and Rebirth. Allow Her to gift you with an easy soul. Blessings of the darkest night



Priestess Bee Helygen

07906 098284 for further information

DREAM INCUBATION



With the season of Samhain we are entering the darker months when the nights are long and cold. Nature slowly prepares for the winter break and our bodies too, need a break, they are asking us to fall into deep rest in the day and deep sleep in the night, to be still as nature in the winter time. Only then we can hear the whispers of our souls, whispers of Goddess and of Her old wisdom. It is a perfect time to incubate our dreams.

“Dream incubation is a practice in which a person performs a ritual act and then sleeps in a sacred place, with the deliberate intention of receiving a divine dream.” This is the definition by Juliette Harrison from her book *‘The Classical Greek Practice of Incubation’*. In ancient Greece the pilgrims visited the Temple of Asclepius, where they were ritually cleansed and purified and they set their intentions for dreaming. If they had a dream, the priestesses helped them to interpret it.

My first dream incubation on the sacred land of Avalon was on a Saturday night during the first weekend of my Priestess of Avalon training. I was on my third pilgrimage to Glastonbury that year to begin my new journey as a correspondence student.

I took a nice long cleansing shower before going to bed and asked the Lady of Avalon for a dream. “Lady of Avalon, great Goddess of this Sacred land, please come to my dream and show me or tell me what I need to know right now regarding my path connected to Avalon?”, I repeated this three times in a whisper, wrote the question down in my dream journal and went to bed.

From my dream journal, 27th of October, 2019: *I have visited a house which was under construction but nearly finished, it belonged to my soul sister Katka. It was located on the edge of a street. Katka was incredibly happy for it. Then we went for a walk and not far from the house we visited a beautiful meadow full of daisies.* The emotion and beauty of the dream stayed with me for a long time.

The dream was preparing me for my completely new chapter, a life in Avalon and it actually showed me my current house located close to the Abbey



by Dasha Dulinova,
Priestess of Goddess,
Dream Teacher



grounds full of greenery and daisies. It was a mixture of a precognitive and symbolic dream. In 2020, I came for my holiday to Glastonbury ten days before the very first lockdown, got trapped and stayed. I remember finding myself looking for that house in Glastonbury during my long lockdown walks but I could not find it. It came to me by itself when it was the right time.

In dreams, when we sleep and the rational parts of our brains are switched off, everything is possible. We can see the future and the past, receive answers to our queries and dilemmas, we can be healed, meet our dear departed ones and receive messages from them and so much more.

Sit with the Goddess in the Temple and pray to Her, ask for a vision or healing in your dreams and see and enjoy what you get while you sleep.

My soul called me to bring the ancient practice of dream incubation back. I am bringing it back in Avalon. It is offered with a sleepover in the sacred space of the Goddess Hall and starts with an evening ritual of purification and setting intentions and continues after sleeping and dreaming the next day in the morning with a sharing circle and dream decoding. You are welcome to join!

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INTO THE CAULDRON – LET’S MAKE SAMHAIN SOUP



Photo, Luna Silver

Those of you who journey with the seasonal wheel of Avalon and Bridannia know that we have crossed into the dark half of the year at Autumn Equinox and have now reached Samhain, where we meet with Cerridwen, Crone Nolava, Sheela na Gig and Morgen Mazoe. Cerridwen is keeper of the cauldron of transformation. She invites us to jump right in and if we hesitate, she’s not adverse to knocking us in with her ladle. So, what’s she up to, this crone with her cauldron? Making Samhain soup of course.

Making Samhain soup with a great big smile on her face. Gleeful almost, like her jolly faced sister in the transformation game, Sheela na Gig, who grins at us from the old stone gateways of ancient churches as she holds open her vulva and says, ‘Come on in – why don’t you’.

Vulvas and cauldrons, both places where magic can happen. Both places we may hesitate to enter. Both possible gateways to the mysteries, thresholds of initiation, that if we cross – willingly, accidentally, in a rash moment of madness... whatever – if we cross change will inevitably happen.

So back to Samhain soup and those inexplicably smiley faces. We can hear the cackle of the old ones’ shared joke at our expense as Cerridwen stirs her soup and Sheela proudly shows us what she’s got. What’s so funny? – us really – that’s the joke – it’s so easy, jump right in! Take a swim in the cauldron; give your bones to the soup. Cerridwen will take good care of the pot. She knows the recipes for a good Samhain Soup. She’ll get the seasoning just right. She’ll keep on stirring with her ladle, adjusting the temperature so the broth is simmering at just the right point to extract the goodness and boil off the excess. As we all know, a good soup can take time. She is patient. She can wait. She has the wisdom of her years to keep her company and is in no hurry to be done with us until she is done with us.

We may think that it’s OK, this won’t take long, Samhain will pass soon, and the wheel will move on,



but Samhain is of course not bound in time. Samhain is a time out of time. There is no time at Samhain so the soup will be done when the soup is done. Recently I was tipped into Cerridwen’s cauldron with a sharp tap of her ladle. It took two and a half years for the soup to be done with some unusual seasoning to get the flavour just right. There was covid, vaccination complications, temporary paralysis and loss of motor and cognitive skills, hospital horror, isolation, menopause, second Saturn return, death, grief, despondency, despair, pain, sadness, loss, fear, resistance, delusion then understanding, surrender, acceptance and even enthusiasm which led to magical alchemical transformation beyond any conscious dreaming or planning. What a soup.

I’m sharing the joke now – getting the wisdom of the granny humour. Looking forward to the next time there’s Samhain soup to be made. How about you?

*Luna Silver, Priestess of Avalon
and course tutor of the Priestess of Avalon training.
www.goddessempleteachings.co.uk*



WILD SOUL SHAMANKA/WISEWOMEN

This is a course of diving deep to 'dance' with your wild soul self, working with horses to empower and assist in grounding and integrating, your Priestess/Soul/Authentic Self.

The soul is the key to all real priestess work, when you can come fully from this place of deep presence and Goddess Gnosis, you are accessing and flowing in alignment with Goddess and all that is. This is a primal place of deep knowing, this is our wild soul self, and who better to assist us in getting into alignment and owning all our stuff than a 'wild' animal.

For me working with horses has helped me to become more empowered, and real/authentic. When you learn how to stop and be present with a horse, you can then invite them to move and be moved in a way that works for both of you. You need to know how to set and respect boundaries, know what's yours to own and what's not, learn how to own and work with your power in a grounded way, how to release and process emotions intelligently and face the fear by discerning between vulnerability and safety. Safety is key when working with horses.

For a number of years I've been working with the SpiritHorse Goddess wheel and in the Autumn we dive into the Mare headed Goddess, Demeter's cave of transformation deep in the earth to examine our shadows, bringing them to the darkness so that we can embrace, own and transform our fear of them. So often it's what we fear most that is our greatest power! I like to think of this as upgrading our programming systems, in the dark of winter ready to re-emerge in the spring refreshed and renewed.

Shadow dance is a term that's used when meeting and exploring our shadows. We hold up the mirror to see the false self and our shadow aspects that we often project onto others, sometimes this shadow can be our power or our light as well as our dark. How often have you tried to dump all that you're not owning onto the other, whether it's a horse, human or society 'oh they're so much better than me at...' 'oh I hate that in that person' 'oh I've got to help/rescue them' when what your seeing is what you are not owning or what you want someone to do for you, when you're not in your authentic self? Thus not taking full responsibility for those aspects in yourself or your life, as it's always someone else's fault.

At Samhain on the Horse Goddess wheel we work with the Night Mare, exploring this shadow dance of the *Mari Lyd* (Grey Mare) who pushes our boundaries and asks us to face our shadows to embrace all that we are, as well as the Horse Goddesses the Wild Morrigan- warrior Sisters who aren't afraid to step up, to be and own their authentic wild nature, to protect their Tribal lands and claim their sovereignty, with courage and empowered right action.

For me working with one's sovereign soul empowerment is one of the key gifts of the Wisdom of Horse. Their physical presence elicits



an integrative approach to the mind, body and soul for personal development. There's a special Limbic resonance/magic/empowerment that happens when working with a herd of naturally cared for horses in this authentic way – you can't help but be real, you can't spiritually bypass or fool a horse. When doing deep shamanic and personal development work in the presence of real horses, changes can happen quicker, and easier. It's possible to integrate and reprogramme the neuronal pathways in your brain, thus improving your body – mind – soul connection to empower your authentic self and personal sovereignty. In addition, the horses also receive healing too so it's a co-creative process.

If you're interested in working with myself and the SpiritHorse Herd I offer regular SpiritHorse drum journeys and seasonally themed SpiritHorse/Wild Soul retreat days, as 1:1 and group sessions, please ask at Goddess House and see my website for more info www.priestessannasaqqara.com/SpiritHorse.

Keeping a herd of horses is costly. If you have been moved by this article and wish to donate you can do so by using PayPal email: spirithorseherd@gmail.com

Anna Saqqara, www.priestessannasaqqara.com

GODDESS TEMPLE MADRONS

Goddess Temple Madrons are our amazing circle of supporters who donate a monthly amount to the Temple. Madrons receive entry into a monthly membership scheme of content, which connects them to the energies and activities of our Temple and the Lady of Avalon. We aim to offer a devotional path of practice that allows all who wish to journey with the Temple to discover the gifts of the Goddess. This includes:

- ◆ Seasonal prayers connecting you to the land around you and to the Goddess of the season
- ◆ Seasonal video filmed in Avalon
- ◆ Virtual Full Moon Temple, streamed live from the Goddess Temple
- ◆ A private Facebook group for Madrons with additional content throughout the month and much more!

Together, we are creating a thriving, open hearted virtual community of Goddess loving people around the globe, spreading Her love into the world. We are so grateful to our wonderful Madrons, and to all who give to the Temple in so many ways, for your support.

Found out more about becoming a Goddess Temple Madron by visiting:
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