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Goddess Temple News

Samhain 2025

Donations Welcome



Descending into the Underworld and remembering our ancestors

Welcome to the 2025 Samhain edition of Goddess Temple News!

As the wheel of the year turns once more and we reach Samhain, we are invited into the dark half of the cycle, when the days grow shorter and the veil of mist gathers over the fields and orchards of Avalon. It is the season of descent, when the pace of life slows and we are reminded that all things must come to rest in time. Just as the trees shed their leaves and the soil enfolds the seeds in the quiet of the earth, so too are we called inward, to pause and to sink into stillness. In the imagery of our sacred landscape, it is the return to the Underworld, to the Cave, to the Hollow Hills, where mystery dwells.

Crone Nolava awaits us beneath the Tor, in her dark womb-like cave. This is a hidden place of initiation, beyond space and time, where she stirs her cauldron with a steady hand. Here we sit with her to receive her wisdom, deep and ancient as the bedrock of Avalon itself. She greets us not with fear, but with a gaze that pierces through illusion, stripping away the pretences of daily life. Crone Nolava teaches us to trust the cycles of life, death and rebirth, to honour the endings as necessary preludes to beginnings. Her cauldron, vast and timeless, is the crucible in which all transformations occur, where we may surrender what no longer serves us. From her cauldron rises the magic that reshapes grief into insight, and endings into doorways. Though she may seem austere, Nolava is also infinitely compassionate, holding us tenderly in our vulnerability as we learn to surrender to change.

Samhain is also the time when Avalon reveals its face as the Western Isle of the Dead. Here, beyond the mists, we may find ourselves in the company of those who have crossed before us: family, beloved companions, friends, teachers and guides. It is no accident that at this season the boundary between the living and the dead thins, allowing us to sense their presence more vividly than at any other time of year. To journey to Avalon physically, in meditation or ritual is to walk upon the threshold where we can whisper to our ancestors, and perhaps hear their voices in return, reminding us that love transcends mortality and that lineage is a thread unbroken, woven through time's loom.

As we gather in the Samhain darkness, let us not forget the profound gift of remembering. Our ancestors live in each act of devotion we may perform. So let's keep alive the names and stories of those who came before us. May we cook their dishes, tell their jokes, carry their heirlooms, share their teachings, walk the paths they once walked and light candles for them. To honour and remember them is to ensure they are never lost, because they remain alive in us, in our choices, in our words, in our daily gestures. In this season of endings, we are reminded that memory itself is eternal. As we say in my family, no one actually dies while they are remembered.

Nuhmen Delos ~ Priest of Avalon, Priest of the Goddess, Priest of Iberia.



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Lady of Avalon, Lady of Ages

How old is Avalon? How long has the Lady who is its indwelling Goddess been present here? As a many-dimensioned Otherworld, Avalon is timeless; cannot be carbon-dated. But the physical, geological Isle of Avalon, containing the town of Glastonbury, took its current iconic shape at the end of the last Ice Age, approximately ten thousand years ago, when melting glaciers carved out the watery surround of the Somerset Levels. Was the Lady here then? Journeying into Avalon, I and others have encountered the Isle as a pristine landscape freshly emerged from the grip of the ice, richly populated with wild animals and vibrantly tenacious plant life.

Here we meet the Lady as primordial shamanic Deer Mother (perhaps venerated in caches of deer bones found at ancient sites in the region); an aspect of Her which Priestess Anna-Saqqara Price and Louisa Shorney will be calling strongly forward in their exciting new training *Way of the Wild Soul Shamanka*. Yet we know that even in this form, Her violet energy is deeply established, already eternal, uncontained by origin or end.

As Lady of Ages, the Lady of Avalon stays steadfast through time. She is always here, in the physical substance of the land, as the sculpted contours and hollows of Her body, the blood and milk of the Red and White springs, and in its literal and vibrational abundance: the annual harvest of apples, the fruits of the soul's quest for healing and realisation. The Lady of Ages abides, as epochs come and go, as Celt, Roman, Christian, Briton, Saxon, Wiccan, Pagan, Goddess devotee and New Age seeker each have their day and their say. The Lady of Ages remains, whether She is

celebrated or shunned, spoken or silenced, remembered or forgotten, believed in or not.

Slid into Her mists, the manifold legends of Glastonbury and Avalon accumulate: King Arthur and Queen Guinivere, Joseph of Arimathea, the Holy Thorn and the Wattle Church, Yeshua and Magdala, St Bridget, St David and St Patrick, the Grail Quest, the Lady of the Lake, the Nine Morgens and Twelve Hides, Fae King Gwyn Ap Nudd, the 'holiest erthe' in England, the New Jerusalem... layer upon layer, impossible to prove and impossible not to believe at least some of the way in.

Glastonbury is currently home to over seventy different religious faiths and spiritual paths, which for a smallish Somerset market town is pretty astonishing. Some participate in the town's interfaith initiatives and Welcome Unity events and some don't, yet all rest on Glastonbury's physical reality and metaphysical reputation, by the Lady of Ages' grace, and all have in common the arrival of their members through the body of a woman, microcosm of the Great Mother, on whose behalf the vision of Motherworld is summoned into being. In this season of Samhain, when the cycle of the past year draws to a close in darkness falling, and we feel the memory and presence of our beloved ancestors calling us close, we may feel more vividly also the great spiralling of vast eras, of times long past and those yet to come, through all of which the Lady of Ages is the one ever-changing constant in the manifold lore of Avalon.

Cat Lupton, Priestess of Avalon, Elder Bard of Ynys Witrin



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WEEKLY EVENTS

Temple Tresures
every Friday 7:30 PM

Temple Ceremonies
every Saturday 7:30 PM

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NEW MOON *Healing*

*November 20th
December 20th*

Goddess Temple, 2-4 PM, no need to pre-book

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THE PATH OF THE VITRI / VÖLVA



GODDESS *Healing*

Every Thursday

Goddess House, 1-3:45 PM, no need to pre-book



WITH OLOF LINDQUIST

From 13th February
2026



A Witchy Walk in Avalon: by Morgen Priestess of Avalon, Carol Morgan – nearly 3 miles / just over 4 km - 2 hours



Mystical Tor



Brent Knoll

You could set your intentions for this walk by honouring Cerridwen at the Goddess Temple during Her season of Samhain before you set off. You might like to time your walk so that you reach the top of the Tor in time to watch the sunset, as is customary in Glastonbury. Take something waterproof to sit on, and a torch, so you can see and be seen on the way home.

Turning right into the High Street from the Courtyard of the Glastonbury Experience, walk a little way up until you pass Labyrinth Bookshop, where you turn right, through a gap in the shops, into Silver Street. Walk to the junction at the top of the road. Turn right into Chilkwell Street and cross the road at the traffic calming feature. Continue along for a minute or two before taking the first left into Dod Lane. Walk straight up as Dod Lane bends left, walking past Sambogaya, where you may wish to pause to turn the prayer wheels before passing through the kissing gate which acts as a portal into Avalon.

Follow the stoney, stepped path uphill to the top of Bushey Combe. Once at the top, turn left and walk a short way across the grass to a vantage point beside the tree and overlooking the town. In the distance, Brent Knoll can be seen. As 'Knoll' implies, it is a grassy hill, while the most likely origin of 'Brent' is that it is Celtic for 'Goddess of high places'. It has a distinctive nipple-shaped top, like the tip of a witch's hat. It often appears to be sitting like an island in a sea of cloud, reminiscent of ancient times, when this part of Somerset was comprised of freshwater fens and salt marshes. In Arthurian legend, it is called the Isle or Mount of Frogs, where the knight Ider came to slay three giants who lived there! This tussocky, untamed hill is situated about 10.5 miles / 17 km northwest of Glastonbury as the crow flies. This is Cerridwen's direction in the Wheel of Avalon, the direction of death and rebirth, of our beloved dead, of the ancestors. As you stand there, call to Mazoe, the Morgen of Samhain. Ask for Her guidance and protection as you journey through the sacred land, for She is not afraid of the dark! You may hear Her caw-caw to you from the treetops on Chalice Hill or swoop down into Bushey Combe in response.

Return to the path and continue past the information board, through the gate and along the path beyond. Where the path meets Lypyatt Lane and Bulwalks Lane, it forms a triple crossroads, over which Hecate presides. It symbolises a threshold, a place of beginnings and endings, a point of change. There is the path we choose, the path we do not take and the path we leave behind. At Samhain, we leave behind that which no longer serves us. As you progress into the lane straight ahead, consider what or who you are saying 'goodbye' to this Samhain. Trust that the Hecate within will help you choose wisely.

As Bulwalks Lane bears left, continue straight, pausing by the farmgate to take in this iconic and much-photographed view of the Tor. Go through the gate on your left and into a leafy passageway lined with trees and bushes. As you progress along, you can glimpse the Tor peeking out between the branches. Passing through the gate at the end, follow the path worn into the grass that cuts across the corner of the field at a tight diagonal. Go through the gate at the end and turn left into Wellhouse Lane.

Follow Wellhouse Lane uphill for a quarter of a mile / nearly half a km, ignoring the lane coming from the left, until you reach the main gate to the Tor. From this sideways view of the Tor, the different levels of the Labyrinth are distinctly visible. Go through the gate on the right that marks the entrance to the Tor and continue along the path up the slope, absorbing the messages woven onto the fencing on your left as you walk. Go through another gate at the top of the slope and follow the path as it bends right. Continue on this path as it makes a distinct, ninety-degree left-hand turn and starts to climb steeply to the top of the Tor, twisting and turning as it goes.

As you make your way to the top, there are a couple of seats where you may pause and reflect. Alongside each lie paths which afford lovely views across the sacred land and from which you can see Brent Knoll, helping you stay connected to your intentions and to your ancestors. These lesser-known paths also offer quiet refuge from the busy-ness of the main path.

Once at the top, take a few moments to ground and centre

yourself. Walking slowly around the Tower, taking in the view from all angles, is a good way to get orientated. Make your way to the compass which points in the direction of significant places and their distance away. Look for the place you have travelled to Avalon from and then look for Brent Knoll. Use this compass to guide where you sit and then find a suitable spot. At sunset, the shafts of golden light radiating outwards will provide a healing backdrop to Brent Knoll. Spend a few minutes connecting from your heart to your beloveds in the Otherworld, and to the sunset, marking the end of another day in This World. Remember that Mazoe journeys with you and ask Her to carry any messages you have to your ancestors. Listen carefully for any messages She may return with.



Wick Hollow

When you are ready, make your way to the top of the 'spiral staircase' which you came up and, slowly and steadily, start to make your way back down. Retrace your footsteps to the entrance to the Tor and turn left into the lane. After a few minutes, turn right, at the first junction, into Stonedown Lane. You may wish to turn round to look back at the Tor every now and again, especially if Luna is rising or afoot. Continue along Stonedown Lane to the junction with Maidencroft Lane ahead.

Follow the main lane you are on as it bends round to the left and heads downhill into Wick Hollow, a small place which holds big magic. The trees along here have a particularly powerful presence. The shapes and patterns woven by their roots are wonderful, especially on the right-hand side near the junction with Bove Town, where the trees cling to the hillside. Turn left into Bove Town, where people have lived for over five thousand years, and follow the road downhill, back into town.

Cross over to the other side before Bove Town meets the Wells Road and turn right to cross this main road safely at the pelican crossing. Turn left, and then right, into the High Street. On a clear evening, the buildings are silhouetted against the lingering colours of the sunset sky. As you wend your way homewards, notice how Cerridwen's cauldron manifests in a myriad of ways here, in the High Street, where the lights from the Glastonbury shops contrast with the natural dark of the Avalonian lanes. Once home, why not light a candle on your altar to thank Cerridwen for all the treasure you have gleaned and to keep your connection with the Otherworld alight, while holding those messages received from Morgen Mazoe deep in your heart. Blessed be.

With thanks to Trevor Nuthall, Temple Papa, for the idea of connecting to Brean Down at Samhain.

Samhain invitation

Firstly, thanks for getting in touch.

I sometimes miss things these days.

Of course we are connected.

It's almost like a blood bond.

And I remember the night you mentioned,

It was Samhain – you had thrown a party,

We were all in the garden.

It was a wet night,

The paper plates were waterlogged

And the pumpkins were full of rain.

Before then I had given you little thought,

I knew one day we would meet.

I had friends who had met you but...

Well, you know how it is.

I thought you would come for me then,

Funny, that. Do you get lonely?

Do even Goddesses get lonely?

I thought you would give me a sign,

You know, when you are likely to return

But no. It is not your way,

Then your letter arrived last week,

Which I have been keeping under my pillow,

Not knowing quite how to reply.

You explained that now was time.

It would be scary and uncomfortable,

But it would be fine.

I was to wait at the end of the lane,

With a battered suitcase and a well-worn coat,

And you would immediately recognise me,

'No carnation in my buttonhole, then', I quipped,

'No, you had said, 'no need for flowers.'

'Will it take us long to get to where we have to go?

I asked,

'No, you replied,

'You are already there, my friend...'

Lorraine Pickles, Priestess of Avalon

Sheela na Gig

She has always been here... silently waiting, carved in ancient stone, waiting for our return. Waiting for us to see her, to know her, to speak her name out loud.



SHEELA NA GIG

Finally we are bringing her back into consciousness, understanding that she is a great portal of transformation. We enter her vulvic cave at this time of Samhain, into the darkness and deep silence. Her gaping vulva is an invitation to remember and reclaim.

She offers a healing journey to uncover what was taken, what was shamed, what was silenced through the generations and that we carry unconsciously in this lifetime.

We are invited to let go of what no longer serves us, to release what we are carrying that is no longer ours to hold from patriarchal judgments that shamed the women, the Mothers and Grandmothers who went before us.

And we are invited to receive our gifts too, for there is a generosity, a creativity, a presence that is offered from life itself, flowing through us as love. This is a reclaiming of power, of inviting our life force to reanimate our bodies and heal those places where shame has turned our flesh and our feeling into stone.

This Samhain season visit a Sheela na Gig near you, take an offering of flowers for her, and sit with her in her landscape. Be guided to create an image or sculpture of her and place her on your altar. And let us honour our ancestors at this time of Samhain, Let us remember their names, our Mothers, Grandmothers, Great Grandmothers back through time. Let us feel them all present as love, within us and around us, healing our Motherlines, giving thanks for their lives, giving thanks for bringing us here so we can learn how to fully inhabit our own bodies and explore the gifts we are given. Wishing you a blessed Samhain.

*Hail and Welcome Sheela na Gig with blessings
Susie Quatermass, Priestess of Avalon,
Goddess Artist, Shenanigator.*

*Please contact me – sheelanagiginavalon@gmail.com if
you are interested in finding out more about Sheela na
Gig – Pilgrimages, events, workshops and festivals .*

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
- ❖ Live streamed Virtual Full Moon 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.

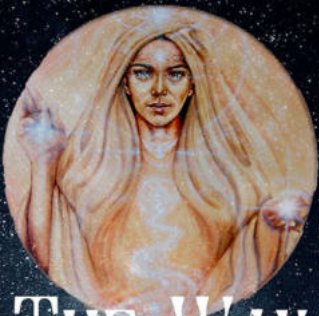
Find out more about becoming a Goddess Temple Madron by visiting:

www.goddess temple.co.uk/join-the-virtual-temple

Photo, Katia Pulli







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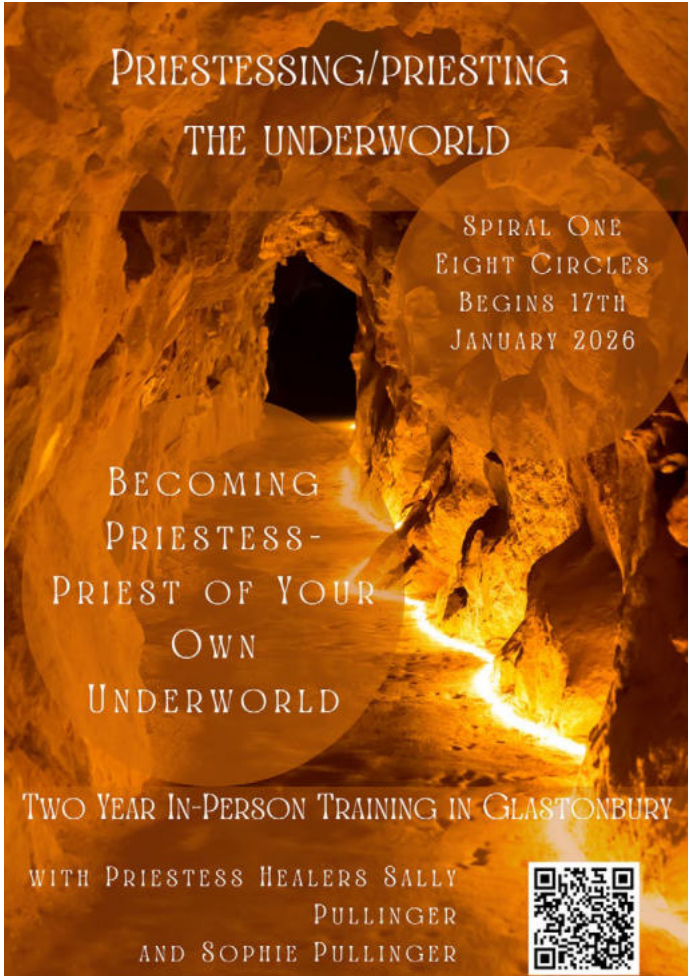
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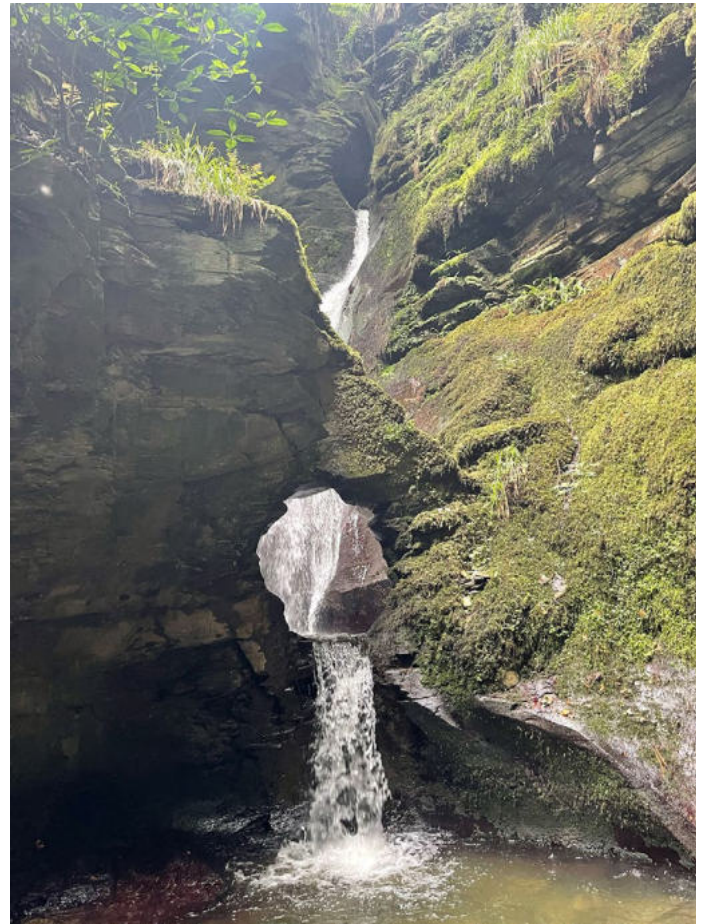
WITH PRIESTESS HEALERS SALLY
PULLINGER
AND SOPHIE PULLINGER



Blessed Samhain from Goddess Temple Pilgrimages

Samhain blessings to you all. As the wheel turns, we are delighted to share two NEW pilgrimages Tintagel and Delphi.

St Nectan's Glen



Tintagel and St Nectan's Glen Pilgrimage

Tintagel lies in a mystical and enchanting landscape situated on the rugged Cornish coast. It is a place of myth, legends and beauty, where the land and ocean meet, where the Arthurian legends come alive, where nature spirits dance wildly, and where you can feel the presence of the ancient Mother Goddess.

Tintagel



The area around Tintagel is a sacred landscape that had much spiritual significance for the ancestors. During neolithic times, Cornwall was famous for its stone circles, standing stones, long barrows and burial tombs – all places where the Mother Goddess was honoured.

Over the years it has had many incarnations, the most famous being its connection to the Arthurian legend, where it is said to be the birthplace of King Arthur. Today it is home to Tintagel Castle and below it there is Merlin's cave – a 330ft long sea cave that is open at both ends. Seawaters drawn in by the Moon flow in at high tide and empty out at low tide. It is a portal – a powerful place where you can feel the wildness of the land and ocean meeting.



Nearby lies St Nectan's Glen, which is a magical and enchanting glen where the waters flow over moss covered pebbles. It is a sanctuary – a sacred place of healing. Here there is a beautiful 60ft waterfall surrounded by ivy, ferns and oaks. It is home to the Fae and you can feel many magical beings there. It has been a sacred site for many thousands of years and was named after St Nectan, a 5th-6th century hermit who lived above the waterfall in a chapel. It is also connected to the Arthurian legends where they say knights would be blessed before seeking the Holy Grail.

On this two-day pilgrimage we will journey to the enchanting wild lands of Cornwall. We will visit Tintagel Castle, Merlin's cave, Tintagel town, St Nectan's Glen and Rocky Valley. We will visit the ocean and see beautiful waterfalls. We will walk the ancient land connecting to the nature spirits and the Great Mother Goddess. We will make offerings and prayers, we will create ceremonies and open ourselves up to receive the healing medicine of this potent land.

This pilgrimage is for individuals and private groups and can be one or two days. Get in touch for prices.

Delphi

Wednesday 27 May – Tuesday 2 June 2026



After an amazing pilgrimage last year, we are going back to Delphi! This time with Kyah May and Luana Dal Molin.

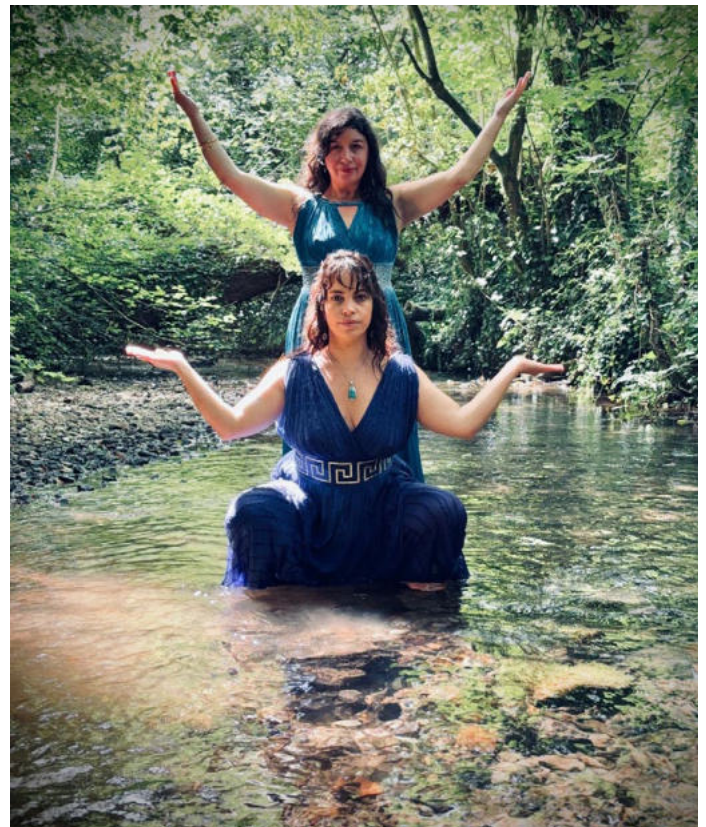
Ancient Greece holds many of the mysteries of the Goddess and her Priestesses of ancient times. Its land is full of the stones and bones of the ancestors. Sites of ancient rites, whisper the song of the Goddess and her cult on this earth. The land holds her memory in the deep valleys and the majestic mountains. The stories hidden deep in the earth, the memory of the Ancient Priestess of antiquity. She who

worshiped the Old ones – sacred sisterhood holding the balance of the spirit of the earth with her ceremony and ritual.

Do you feel the calling of your ancient self... Do you feel the call to walk the sacred lands of the Goddess in pilgrimage. Awakening and remembering that which is held inside your soul.

On this six day pilgrimage we will visit some of the most sacred places in Greece. We will spend time in Athens visiting the magnificent Acropolis and connecting to the ancient Priestesses of Athena. We will visit the beautiful Temple of Artemis at Brauron and then go to Eleusis where the famous Eleusinian Mysteries took place. We will then have some magical days in Delphi journeying deep into the mysteries it holds. Join us!

*Visit our website for more information:
www.goddess temple pilgrimages.co.uk*



Seasonal work with Cerridwen: Stirring the cauldron of transformation

Samhain invites stillness and inward-turning, a time when seeds rest beneath the soil, gathering strength unseen, and when the world retreats into shadow. This season is not only for release but also for gestation, a period in which silence and darkness hold the potential for the new. Cerridwen, the Crone Goddess of Samhain, embodies this alchemical process of transformation, patience, and labour. In Welsh myth, she brewed a potion for a year and a day, stirring ceaselessly until it was ready. Though only a few drops were destined to grant wisdom, the process itself implied patience, devotion, perseverance and the alchemy of change. When Gwion Bach accidentally tasted the potion, he gained new powers that led to his many shapeshiftings and final rebirth as Taliesin, demonstrating the unpredictable yet immense power of Cerridwen's cauldron. In the Wheel of Avalon, Cerridwen rules over the Samhain season as the Dark Mother, whose cauldron contains the mysteries of creation and transformation, holding the magic where new life emerges. Engaging in a practice of brewing herbs in water and observing their transformation mirrors this sacred process, offering a tangible way to connect with Cerridwen's myth. It reminds us that growth and wisdom often begin in hidden darkness, that inspiration requires patience, and that even invisible processes are potent and necessary in the cycles of life.

Prepare a candle, a heatproof vessel such as a cauldron or a sturdy bowl, hot water, and several herbs or spices chosen for their qualities. You might select rosemary for clarity, chamomile for peace, mugwort for vision, thyme for courage, lavender for calm or sage for releasing. Take a few moments to handle the herbs before starting, breathing in their fragrance and considering the qualities you wish to nurture in your life. Place the items before you carefully, creating a dedicated space of stillness and contemplation.

Light the candle on your altar to represent the fires that were once lit on Samhain eve. Pour hot water into your vessel and pause to observe the steam as it rises. Watch how it curls, vanishes, and reforms, as though it carries hidden truths or whispers from the unseen. Add the herbs one at a time, with awareness of the gift each brings. Notice the colours bleeding into the water, the fragrance deepening, and the way the atmosphere around you subtly shifts with each addition.

Take a spoon and begin to stir gently in a clockwise motion. Focus on the steady rhythm of your hand and allow the movement to calm your mind. Visualize Cerridwen herself at her cosmic cauldron, stirring with patience for a year and a day, tending transformation that cannot be rushed. As you stir, reflect on what lies within you now: ideas, dreams, or qualities that are not yet ready to be born. Resist the urge to name or define them fully. Instead, acknowledge them as seeds buried in the soil of your being, unseen but alive, lying in darkness and silence, where they will gather strength.

Place your hands above the steam and breathe slowly, letting its warmth soak into your skin. Imagine the vapour carrying your inner ideas, dreams, or qualities into Cerridwen's cauldron, where they will be nurtured in silence and shadow until their time comes. Remember that this season is not merely a pause, but a period in which growth quietly stirs out of sight.

When the herbs have steeped, you may drink the infusion slowly, absorbing its qualities, or you may take a sip and then pour it into the earth as an offering. In either case, the act



affirms your trust in the patience of gestation. What you nurture in silence now will ripen when the Wheel turns again toward light.

Through the act of brewing and engaging with the herbs, this exercise mirrors Cerridwen's attentive labour. Steeping, stirring, and observing becomes a magical act. At Samhain, it reminds us that everything that starts growing in the darkness of the Crone's cauldron is nurtured by her magic until it is ready to emerge.

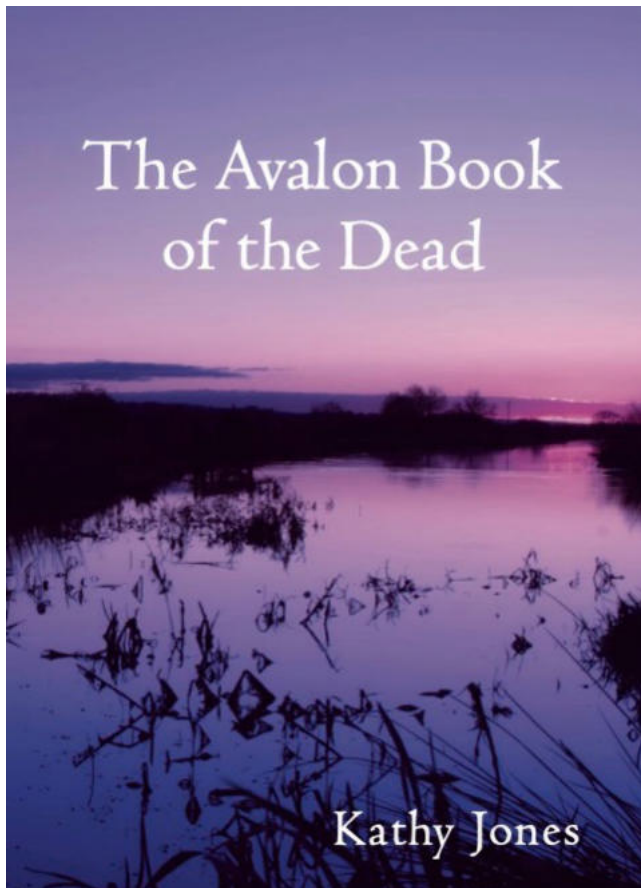
For more posts on Samhain and seasonal spiritual practices, I invite you to visit my blog, *Zona Arcana*, where many exercises and reflections can be found in multiple languages: <https://zonaarcana.com>

Nuhmen Delos ~

Priest of Avalon, Priest of the Goddess, Priest of Iberia.



The Avalon Book of the Dead – Kathy Jones, Crone Priestess of Avalon



Cover photo by Katia Pulli, Design by Carrigboy.

As I get older I am more interested in dying and death than I was when I was younger. Of course we can die at any time, but now the end is in sight, somewhere along that dwindling corridor of life, of dying. Are you interested too?

The Isle of Avalon is known as the Western Isle of the Dead. It is to this ancient and sacred Death Isle that people travel in vision, to meet their Ancestors and to prepare themselves for their own final journeys in death. This Isle of the Dead is an extraordinary place which lies beyond the Veil of Her Mystery. It is hidden from normal sight, but we can learn something of its beyond-life secrets when we open to what is known and unknown.

This is a book about dying to Avalon, to the Lady and all Her Mysteries. When I began writing the book I realised that it was not really possible to talk about death without talking about life and what it is, what it is for. There are therefore three sections to the book – Tershon: The Book of Living, Entolisa: The Book of Dying, and Renessaura: The Book of the Dead. Each section informs the others. Here are some tasty excerpts to wet your appetites.

Tershon: "Living an Avalonian life means living in the Wildness of this moment Now, being present to Now, as much as we are able. For much of the time we humans are not conscious. We are passing through time. Time is moving through us. We flash through Now leaving no trace, or sometimes Now becomes a memory that circles and repeats and distorts through time. We catch Now for a moment and then it is gone. We believe there is a constant Now but its existence is fleeting, gone before we know it. Ceremony is a way to expand the experience of the wild Now.

When we arrive in the wild Now we can perceive more, know more, discern more. We know when to move or

pause, to wait or to travel, to listen or to sing. The hold of our controlling mind loosens. It becomes the servant of the Soul, rather than its master. We let go and can feel/experience the wild flowing energy of Her freedom, for the Lady is free. She is unrestrained, not fixed in any way. She is the fullness of movement and the spirit of stillness. Leepoinso. She is spacious and wild, energy flows within and all around Her."

Entolisa: "Death comes slowly, quietly with a last breath or noisily with stuttering breathing. It can also arrive suddenly through an unexpected illness such as a heart attack or stroke, through violence or accident. Whichever way it is that Death comes for us, Death is a She, not an it. She comes for us clothed in the rags of the Ancient Death Goddess, the Old Woman, Crone of Avalon, Crone Nolava, Cailleach, Teplora forgina seturnax. She stands before us with Her gleaming Moon Sickle in Her hand, Her ancient face and body wrinkled and weathered. She has lived long. She has seen and knows everything."

Renessaura: "There is so much to take in yet all is so simple here. It is all about awareness. In moments all is crystal clear and we seem to see and comprehend everything. In other moments there is haziness, confusion and not-knowing. But here is love and all its manifestations. Colour, sound, music, vision, communication, movement, stillness. There is depth of Soul and being. There is strength and courage, passion and presence. We feel that we can be anything here. We almost forget what our recent life on earth was like. It is remembered as a dream. How hard it could be, how painful, all the negative emotions, all the suffering we endured, all that we did or was done to us. Ahhh!!! Umsareliton. Here there is peace and such a feeling of belonging." With many blessings in Avalon.

Cerridwen's Blessing at Samhain

The night bends low with silver breath,
And stars like lanterns gleam,
The veil grows thin, the earth grows still,
And silence shapes a dream.
Through shadowed fields the goddess walks,
Her cloak of raven wing,
Her cauldron glowing at her side,
Where death and birth both sing.
She gathers whispers from the dark,
Old tales of love and loss,
And stirs them deep with patient hand,
To shine like morning frost.
Her potion swirls with autumn's fire,
With sorrow, hope and rain,
She drinks the grief of mortal hearts
And gives them back as flame.
At Samhain's gate she blesses all
Who stand between the years,
With wisdom drawn from shadow's root,
With courage through their fears.
So take her gift, the brew of change,
Where every end is sown,
And know within the darkest night
New light is being grown.
With Samhain blessings,

Patricia Sutherland, Priestess of the Lady of Avalon



GODDESS TEMPLE TEACHINGS

SALLY PULLINGER



PRIESTESSING THE UNDERWORLD
THE WAY OF THE ORACLE
THE PATH OF THE VITKI/VOLVA
SOUL HEALING TRAINING
SILVER SPIRAL

with Sally and Sophie Pullinger
with Sally Pullinger
with Olof Lindqvist
with Karin Persons
with Maria Jones

17th January 2026
 24th January 2026
 13 February 2026
 13 February 2026
 21 March 2026

MARIA JONES



OLOF LINDQVIST



EVERGREEN COURSES

FROM ANCIENT ROOTS TO THE PRESENT *with Kathy Jones*
THE WEAVE OF THE GREAT MOTHER *presented by Kathy Jones*
INNER JOURNEYS TO THE HEART OF GODDESS *with Kathy Jones*
CHAKRA BALANCING FOR BIRTH *with Alison Shaloe*
EMBODIED BIRTH EXPERIENCE *with Freya Rose Birch*
DESPERTANDO ÁVALON EN TI *with Cristina Granada* *¡en español!*
NEL CERCHIO DELLA DEA *con Sacerdotessa Anna* *in italiano!*



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