

# *A Trip to the Spiral Castle*

**The Night of Alban Elved:**

Day and night stand equal;  
the time of the waning Sun...  
The Celestial Autumnal Equinox  
**9/22/2019**

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## About This Podcast

We have performed this past-life regression rite every Autumnal Equinox since 1993, refining it over time to arrive at its current form. In the 26 years that we have been performing the rite, over 300 folk have trod the Spiral Path, and the majority of them have succeeded in getting glimpses of past lives. We hope that you will too.

And now we are doing this rite as a podcast; the idea being that the rite will now be available to you so that you can access it whenever the Spirit moves you. 'Tis best performed at night, preferably late, when your world is psychically silent. Just before the Full Moon is best, or any time near the Equinox.

The most important part of the rite is the visualization that launches you into the regression. We advise that you pause the podcast here and resume it again after you've reached your desired level of completion

I prefer to see my own incarnations as riders on a carousel (call it Gwydion's Wheel), and i can watch them go by, and choose any one of them, and merge into that life, and see through their eyes and know their minds...

For your dining and dancing pleasure, the full text of the rite including the background and source material is available online at the site for Dancing in the Light and Shadow.

## Background, Alban Elved

*My chair is in Caer Siddi,  
Where no one is afflicted with age or illness...  
It is surrounded by three circles of fire.  
To the borders of the city come the ocean's flood,  
A fruitful fountain flows before it,  
Whose liquor is sweeter than the finest wine.*

--Taliesin

All our fears are splinters of the Root Fear, and that is death. And coming to an understanding of life's conclusion is the primary focus of religious thought, and the occupation of all spiritual leaders.

If the physical world is all there is, then life makes no sense. For us to exist and flourish and learn and live the range of human experience, and then for it all to suddenly wink out; this is a wasteful way to run a universe. There is logic to an afterlife.

William G. Gray speaks the Celtic vision eloquently when he says that our lives on this plane must be seen against the background of the infinite timeless state of pure being, from which we as essences come and to which we return.

In truth, there is within us an eternal component that lives on when we leave these envelopes of flesh, and is there before we are born.

And in the Celtic writ there is Gwydion, the archetypal Enchanter, known for being a man who exists alongside the linear progression of time, able to see its length from his vantage. An underlying truth is conveyed here; from a specific magical perspective, call it Gwydion's Look, all points in time are accessible, for all points are one point.

The aim and design of this Rite is to create the magical mindset required to access this Wheel, the wheel of incarnation, and gain some knowledge of our having lived before, and thus conquer the root fear and strengthen our belief in our own immortality.

And in the process come closer to our higher goal, being at One with the Celestial.

*Let us journey to a meta-reality where all takes place at once, a frame of reference which includes everything: time, space, temporal reality.*

*The realm of the Is, Was, and Will Be.*

– Meself

## ***Pryddeu Annwm (The Spoils of Annwm)***

Our Celtic-influenced Rite of Alban Elved is centered on the idea of reincarnation and its implied variations, including rebirth, shape-shifting/transformation, and the nature of the afterlife.

The source of the Rite is primarily the Welsh poem, *Pryddeu Annwm*, or *The Spoils of Annwm*, attributed to Taliesin. I would rather call it *The Nature of the Otherworld*, with Annwm as the lake of Spirit into which we merge.

Occasionally this collective Aetherial place/state manifests itself as incarnated human beings or other inspirited forms. By enacting this rite we can ideally remember that we are an extension of the infinite...

*Pryddeu Annwm* is seen by such disparate commentators as Robert Graves, Robin Williamson, and John Matthews as an embodiment of the Celtic cosmology.

Here is the poem as translated by Robert Graves:

Praise to the Lord, Supreme Ruler of the Heavens,  
Who hath extended his dominion to the shore of the world.  
Complete was the prison of Gwair in Caer Siddi  
Through the spite of Pwyll and Pryderi.  
No one before him went into it;  
A heavy blue chain firmly held the youth,  
And for the spoils of Annwm gloomily he sings  
And till doom shall he continue his lay  
Thrice the fullness of Prydwen we went into it;  
Except seven, none returned from Caer Siddi.

Am I not a candidate for fame, to be heard in the song?  
In Caer Peryvan four times revolving,  
The first word from the caluldron, when was it spoken?  
By the breath of nine damsels it is gently warmed.

Is it not the cauldron of the chief of Annwm, in its fashion,  
With a ridge around its edge of pearls?  
It will not boil the food of a coward or one forsworn,  
A sword bright flashing to him will be brought,  
And left in the hand of Lleminawg,  
And before the portals of the cold place the horns of light shall  
be burning.  
And when we went with Arthur in his splendid labours,  
Except seven, none returned from Caer Vediwid

Am I not a candidate for fame, to be heard in song?  
In the four-cornered enclosure, in the island of the strong door,  
Where the twilight and the black of night move together,  
Bright wine was the beverage of the host.  
Three times the fullness of Prydwen, we went on sea,  
Except seven, none returned from Caer Rigor.

I will not allow praise to the lords of literature.  
Beyond Caer Wydr they behold not the prowess of Arthur.  
Three times twenty-hundred men stood on the wall.  
It was difficult to converse with their sentinel.  
Three times the fullness of Prydwen, we went with Arthur.  
Except seven none returned from Caer Colur.

I will not allow praise to the men with trailing shields.  
They know not on what day, or who caused it,  
Or at what hour of the splendid day Cwy was born,  
Or who prevented him from going to the dales of Devwy.  
They know not the brindled ox, with his thick headband,  
And seven-score knobs in his collar.  
And when we went with Arthur of mournful memory,  
Except seven, none returned from Caer Vandiw.

I will not allow praise to men of drooping courage,  
They know not on what day the chief arose,  
Or at what hour in the splendid day the owner was born;  
Or what animal they keep of silver head.  
When we went with Arthur of mournful contention,

Except seven, none returned from Caer Ochren.

## The Seven Castles

Robin Williamson sees the various Caers as 'stations of the soul in its journey after death, between lives, or while alive, in a bardic vision.' Robert Graves says that all the names of the castles are synonyms for the Spiral Castle:

|              |   |
|--------------|---|
| Caer Siddi   | The Spiral Castle                                 |
| Caer Peryvan | The Four-Cornered Castle,<br>Four Times Revolving |
| Caer Vediwid | The Castle of the Perfect Ones                    |
| Caer Rigor   | The Royal Castle                                  |
| Caer Colur   | The Gloomy Castle                                 |
| Caer Vandwy  | The Castle on High                                |
| Caer Ochren  | The Castle on the Shelving Side (off a slope)     |

The spiral of the Spiral Castle is pretty much agreed to be the migratory path of our essences, withershins whirling inward then reversing in the center and moving back out again, Sunwise into life. This is echoed in the Spiral Dance, often enacted in Circle.

Aidan Kelly in *Crafting the Art of Magic* speaks thusly:

'In this dance, withershins is transformed into Sunwise, destruction into creation, death into rebirth, and those who dance it pass symbolically through the Spiral Castle: here all the traditions and myths of the Craft are pulled together into a single, moving symbol. In a very real sense, all the other rituals of the Craft are merely "explanations" of this dance.

'To go through this experience with understanding is to repeat symbolically the initiatory experience each time the circle is formed and the dance completed.'

Clearly, Arthur was on a shamanic journey along with his company, three times the fill of his ship Prydwen. This suggests a

group experience much like the Ayahuasca Rites of the shamans of the Putumayo as witnessed by T. McKenna in South America.

Does this line, 'Complete was the prison of Gwair in Caer Siddi', suggest that Gwair is a shaman/traveler trapped 'by the spite of Pwyll and Pryderi' in the Otherworld, unable to return to his physical vehicle?

As the limitless lake of energy, Caer Siddi is our true state of being: we dwell in timelessness, with occasional sojourns into linear corporeal existence. Could it be that Annwm is a way of living on the earth in a disembodied state? With no corporeal form, is there no more suffering?

## **Going Within the Hill**

Those of you who have joined us in our Lammass Rite, *Going Within the Hill*, will remember that I see the great New Grange tumulus in Ireland (and many others) not as a burial mound but as an initiatory/visioning structure. The mysterious bathtub-shaped stones in the do-called 'passage graves' were for the repose of initiates. They would be locked in by a rolling stone and would remain for a day and a night in classical McKenna silent darkness. They would have whatever was needed to be comfortable, and they would have entheogens.

The skulls of ancestors rested in niches nearby, and communing with these worthies was one of the goals of their journeying.

Another of their ends was the trip to Annwm. As we know from our own initiatory experiences, wearing a blindfold causes the realm of our senses to expand out into the space around us in compensation for lack of physical sight. When these shamanic Celtic folk were Within the Hill, I see a similar thing occurring, magnified and multiplied by their awesome surroundings, the power of Ritual, and their entheogenically heightened awareness.

By way of confirmation, Robert Graves says this in *The White Goddess* (103):

'In front of the doorway of New Grange there is a broad slab carved with spirals, which forms part of the stone hedge. The spirals are double ones; follow the lines with your finger from outside to inside and when you reach the centre, there is the head of another spiral coiled in the reverse direction to take you out of the maze again. So the pattern typifies death and rebirth; though, according to Pryddeu Annwm, 'only seven returned from Caer Siddi.'

If Caer Siddi is our lake of energy, the returning seven are seen in a new way. As human incarnation is an excursion, a rarity against the disembodied eternity of Annwm, then perhaps none of the others WANTED to return. Perhaps not everyone reincarnates...

### **The Cauldron of Keri ad Wyn**

As we know from our research for the Rite of the Cauldron of Keri ad Wyn, the appearance of the pearl-rimmed Cauldron in Pryddeu Annwm indicates the importance and the dangers of the entheogenic brew. Consider these three lines, which sound like a warning to those who would partake unprepared:

'...It will not boil the food of a coward or one forsworn,  
A sword bright flashing to him will be brought,  
And left in the hand of Lleminawg...'

Robin Williamson translates these lines as:

'...that will boil no coward's repast nor one forsworn  
to these will be brought a death sharp and shining  
by the sword that will be left in Lleminawg's right hand...'

That it is Keri ad Wyn's cauldron is clear:



'The first word from the cauldron, when was it spoken?  
By the breath of nine damsels it is gently warmed.  
Is it not the cauldron of the chief of Annwm, in its fashion...'

And here is something interesting. A chain of cognates can be drawn thus: Rhiannon / Ariane / Aradia / Ariadne / Arianrhod / Keri ad...

The Goddess of the Cauldron, the Queen of Stars, the ruler of the Spiral Castle, all are One; with Aradia the Goddess of Witches included as well.

Thus we can see Keri ad Wyn as the Chief of Annwm. And all the metaphors for her Cauldron map on nicely: perhaps some of the ancient Celts were envisioning our Lake of Energy as the Great Cauldron....

## **Arianrhod & Gwydion**

In our rite we shall invoke Arianrhod & Gwydion to dwell among us within a Sphere of Gold that we shall Shape at the center of our Circle.

Arianrhod is known by a variety of names (as per the above) and many countries are her home. Called Ariadne by the Greeks, it is she who aids Theseus through the Labyrinth and in the slaying of 'Labris, the bull-headed monster of the double axe,' as Graves names him.

This tale sounds like an allegory of the journey to the Otherworld of Annwm. The Labyrinthine excursion echoes the Celtic Spiral path between this life and the other, in and out of Caer Siddi. Ariadne and Keri ad Wyn are both the helpmate of the traveling soul. Might the fight with the formidable Labris be the archetypal wrangle with the Root Fear?

As Arianrhod she is also called Silver Wheel, a reference again to the cycle of birth/death/rebirth. Silver Wheel also harkens to the ring of stars the Celts call the Northern Crown, which is her Spiral

Castle and her Diadem, and she is often depicted thus adorned, for she is the Queen of Stars...

Gwydion ap Don, the Premier Enchanter of Welsh myth, is the Wizard God with power over the Earth and the Skies. He is the essential shape-shifter, the father with Arianrhod of Llew Llaw Gyffes (find his tale in our Lammas Rite).

To circumvent a Geasa laid upon Llew by his mother, Gwydion uses his magic to create for him a woman of flowers, Blodewedd, to be his wife. Gwydion knows all there is to know about the Craft, of seasons and times. He knows the very number of the winds, and the dimensions of the Earth.

What Robin Williamson says of Taliesin can be applied to Gwydion; 'He has been everywhere, at all times and in all things...' He is the master of Time, the trickster, the dweller in the Is, Was, and Will Be.

Cognated with Hu Gadarn (who you will remember as consort of Keri ad Wyn), Gwydion exists outside of linear time.

Together, Arianrhod and Gwydion are the balance; the intuitive and the logical, lunar and solar, the keeper of Annwm and its plunderer.

### **The Primary Work of this Rite**

My chair is in Caer Siddi,  
Where no one is afflicted with age or illness...  
It is surrounded by three circles of fire.  
To the borders of the city come the ocean's flood,  
A fruitful fountain flows before it,  
Whose liquor is sweeter than the finest wine.

-- Taliesin

A lovely bit of corroboration from the Shaman/Bard of Britain, illuminating the cosmology of which we speak. By saying his chair is

in Caer Siddi he implies that this timeless place is his home, his true state of being. Its non-corporeal timelessness leaves it free from afflictions. The three circles of fire are the triple circle/cast of William G. Gray (praise his name): above and below, north to south; above and below, east to west; and circled round horizontal. (The visualization is a casting of fire in three circles and the forming of three radiant blazing impenetrable concentric spheres).

'The ocean's flood' at the borders of the city is the same 'blue collar' that Pwyll and Pryderi used to imprison Gwair: another bit of Shamanic lore to warn travelers (those coming magically to the Otherworld and leaving their bodies behind) to know what they were about lest they be caught as well.

'The fruitful fountain' sweeter than any wine is the knowledge to be gained by the Shamanic journey to Annwm.

Specifically, knowledge of past lives.

That is the primary work of this Rite. The equality of the periods of day and night at this time are optimum for the accessing of past/life experience, propitious for this kind of journey.

We will go through it together, entranced.

### **Here's the plan:**

With our various physical bods arranged in a circle (with our heads in the center) and comfortably lying on the Earth, we walk through the seven-step process thusly:

**First**, yogic relaxation, tensing and releasing muscle groups, starting at one's feet and moving up through the bod (though refraining from clenching one's chest).

**Second**, *setting the scene: describing a night in the Womb of Ceridwen, including the procession to the Gate, entering, and getting comfortable in your Visioning chamber.*

**Third**, *visualization of the form of the Fiery Triple Circle of Protection:*

*From outside influences,  
From the presence of others,  
From the shadows of the mind.*

Beyond what is evident, the first of these also implies protection of the physical body while journeying. The last is a way of banishing doubt, self-criticism, and fear, and allowing Faith to flourish. This sphere also gives us a way of taking a stand re our own unconscious magic and bringing it into harmony with that which is formed consciously, the way of our Will.

**Fourth**, the rising of the Light Body, the separating of the Light Body from the physical form, with the bod's electrical wiring taking its own shape and form. Or alternatively, the Cadeuceus exercise for anyone who is seated.

And here the Spiral Ascension: your Light Body, weightless and luminous, glides up flight after flight of Aetheric stairs, eventually carrying you to the Spiral Castle. After each flight of stairs is a landing where you will turn to the right (the generative Sunwise direction) and start up the next flight of stairs, step by step, one flight after another, up and up, ascending unto the clouds. We often read the Pryddeu Annwm during this passage.

This is the trance-producing agent in our ascent.

With your ascension complete, you reach a broad cloud-plateau, and before you is the Strong Door of the Spiral Castle. You use your personal Word of Power to gain entry (Chap 8, page\_\_\_). You go in.

**Fifth**, your Light Body flows down a long long hallway, the Hallway of Years, and as you walk, you are growing ever-younger, back to the zero point, to where you are pure Spirit, completely Aetheric...

You are now a point of awareness, free of the physical, and free even of your own sense of self.

Now you emerge from the hallway. You are in a beautiful domed chamber, crowned with a rose-colored skylight. A ring of

doors surrounds you, all the way around the large and beautiful chamber.

**Sixth**, summon the Record-Keeper. Ask them to come forward. Challenge them to show you a sign, a religious symbol or artifact that you know to be of powerful Good.

And in the name of Arianrhod and Gwydion, ask them to show you one of your lives, with lessons for you that are currently appropriate. A lifetime when you were in your power and connected to the Earth.

**Seventh**, go through the door indicated by the Record-Keeper. When you go through it you will be in one of your previous incarnations.

Go on through and let the visions flow...

*I have been three times resident  
In the castle of Arianrhod.*

– from DW Nash's *Hanes Taliesin*

## **Preparing for the Rite**

This is a Rite of serious magical intent, and presupposes some training on the part of the celebrant. Those of you who have been with us in past years will appreciate the importance of preparation and commitment.

May we all agree to the following...

\* A ritual bath on the day of the Rite, preferably with Hyssop oil; a chance to say to ourselves, 'Tonight i will gain insight into my current life through knowledge of a former life.'

\* Dressing magically, from the skin out. Be prepared to leave behind as much of the mundane world as possible; this is a point of power, so that we can be free in our Rite.

\* Thinking ahead; a cape and a pair of tights against the cold and a flashlight will serve you well. If we are comfortable we can do our work more clearly.

\* Bringing a prayer rug, dreaming mat, or sleeping bag to lay upon the ground for the journey.

\* Also, fetching along an Offering for the spirits of the place. When we are doing our Work on the Hill, we will leave an apple at a cairn by the Haunted Corner for the Powers, so an offering on your altar would also be appropriate.

Some fasting and yoga also help me to get into the frame on the day of the Rite.

Several other things i like to do before entering into this Rite include going over past-life memories as revealed in previous enactings, and looking at images as evocative as the one above to experience a kind of resonance with a given time and place. Sometimes i have specific questions in mind, depending on what my current need might be.

Reading the work of someone who echoes my belief in past lives, like Stephen Levy's *Grist for the Mill*, or anything by Ram Dass. This strengthens my faith that i have lived before, and arms me against the scientific materialist mindset that was prevalent during my 'fifties childhood.

*We are more than these envelopes of flesh; there is within us an eternal component, and we have lived before...*

*And will live again...*

## **How to Use the Rite**

There is a whole lot of material in the Rite that follows, and it should be noted that it is up to the Priestess or Priest leading the Rite to choose what works best for the group and the setting. Also, feel free to change it on the fly. refer to the book only for things like the *Pryddeu Annwm* and suchlike. Trust in the Awen, be Bardic, allow space and time for the unexpected: sometimes i will just open my mouth and words will come out. One should, however, have a clear idea of where everything is headed from the outset. Or not...

If you are leading this Rite, i suggest you memorize the seven sections of the meditation. When i lead this part of the Rite, i like to get into position first, lying on my back and wrapped in my century cape, with the cowl of my robe over my face.

### **A Word about Where to Perform this Rite**

Ideally, this Rite is to be performed outdoors.

It is important to be under the stars so that we may look upon the face of Arianrhod. It is important to be physically in touch with the earth when we journey to Annwm. And likewise, it is important for us to travel a distance in silence and secrecy and darkness in the wild.

### **The Autumnal Equinox**

Alban Elved and Alban Eiler are the balance points of the solar year. This endows the equinoxes with magical qualities not available at other places on the great wheel of days. For Alban Elved, this means access to knowledge of past lives and karma and fate.

Come join with me and your kindred circle-mates for this evening of rare opportunity.

Walk in Power, Remain in Light,

M\*, yr Scribe

## **The Night of Alban Elved: A Trip to the Spiral Castle**

### **The Celestial Autumnal Equinox Rite**

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#### **Opening, *The Poe chant***

*All we see and all we seem is but a dream within a dream,  
All we see and all we seem is but a dream within a dream.*

#### **Entry**

After the altar has been set and the Hill made ready, you are to stand ready at the perimeter of the circle. Here the Priest and Priestess will ask you these three traditional Bardic questions.

What is your True Name?

(whereupon you will be anointed with oil)

Where do you come from?

(whereupon you will be asperged)

What art do you practice?

(whereupon you will be shown the mirror  
and told,)

'Thou art God(dess).'

You have answered well, and been purified. Come in and find your place in the circle around the altar.



## **Bonding Chant**

### *The Heartsong chant*

*Listen, Listen, Listen to my hearts' song,  
Listen, Listen, Listen to my hearts' song,  
I will never forget you, I will never forsake you,  
I will never forget you, I will never forsake you*

## **Casting the Circle**

All follow the circle-caster, holding hands in a line, as the perimeter of the ring is trod Sunwise. From the time that the circle-caster strikes the ground and raises the Rod until the time that the circle is complete and the ground is struck again, all of us together visualize the forming of the Sphere of White Light, above and below.

### *The Holy Ground chant*

*May all we encompass be Holy Ground  
As we walk the path of the circle 'round;  
Protected space for our work this night,  
Here in a sphere of Solid White Light*

### Overvoice of the Circle-Caster:

This is the time of the waning sun.  
Day and night stand equal;  
Feel the change of the season:  
Summer is flickering into fall.  
We stand at the place they call  
the back of the North Wind...

## **Calling the Quarters**

Going around the cast circle in a runic pattern, starting in the South, then going to the East, then the West, and ending in the North (SEWN).

### *The Quarter Chant*

*Spirit of the Fire, carry me,  
Spirit of the Fire, carry me home,  
Spirit of the Fire, carry me home to myself...*

The chant is repeated in each of the quarters in the above order, using the appropriate element in each; Fire, Air, Water, and Earth.

## **Forming the Temple of Invoking**

After creating a golden light-sphere of combined visualization above the altar in the center of the circle, Arianrhod & Gwydion as the Divine Presence are invoked.

### **Invocation of Arianrhod/Ariadne:**

The Priest and Priestess invokes Arianrhod and Gwydion, he the Goddess into her and she the God into him.

### Underchant:

Arianrhod, Silver Wheel, May Thy Will Be Real

### Overvoice of Hps:

Arianrhod who the Greeks call Ariadne, who is also called Aradia, you who aided Theseus in the Labyrinth and the slaying of the labris, 'the bull-headed monster of the double axe,'

Thus we seek You, O Glory of All that Is; show us our own  
true paths; Be with us now in all our levels of battle.  
Arianrhod/Silver Wheel, Queen of the timeless cycle of  
rebirth, teacher of the spiral in the Spiral Castle,  
Be With Us Now as we knock upon thy Strong Door!

(And, when the Presence is with us,)

Behold, the Queen of Stars!

### **Invocation of Gwydion ap Don**

#### Underchant:

Gwydion, Lord of Time, May My Will Be Thine

#### Overvoice of Hp:

Into the night we call thy Name,  
O Gwydion of the Many Guises;  
Father with Arianrhod of Llew Llaw Gyffes;  
You who formed the woman of flowers, Blodewedd,  
through magical means;  
Wizard God over the Earth and Heavens;  
Premier Enchanter of Welsh myth;  
Essential Shapeshifter  
Who knows all of Craft, and all there is to know  
of seasons and times;  
Who knows the True Name of every wind, and every  
aspect of the Earth, and every Dimension of the  
Aether;  
O Clever Master of Time, Trickster God, Dweller in  
the Is, Was, and Will Be,  
Three times you have entered the Castle of  
Arianrhod:  
Benevolent Gwydion, Come Ye Down,  
Be With Us Now!

(And, when the Presence is with us,)

Behold, the Lord of Time!

### **The Journey: A Trip to the Spiral Castle**

*My chair is in Caer Siddi,*

*Where no one is afflicted with age or illness...*

*It is surrounded by three circles of fire.*

*To the borders of the city come the ocean's flood,*

*A fruitful fountain flows before it,*

*Whose liquor is sweeter than the finest wine.*

--Taliesin

Let us journey to a meta-reality where all takes place at once, a frame of reference which includes everything: time, space, temporal reality. The realm of the Is, Was, and Will Be.

*'In front of the doorway of New Grange there is a broad slab carved with spirals, which forms part of the stone hedge. The spirals are double ones; follow the lines with your finger from outside to inside and when you reach the centre, there is the head of another spiral coiled in the reverse direction to take you out of the maze again. So the pattern typifies death and rebirth; though, according to Gwion's poem Preiddeu Annwm, 'only seven returned from Caer Siddi.'*

-- Robert Graves, *The White Goddess*

The center of this ritual is the following guided journey into Annwm. The Work is connecting with the Record Keeper and coming back with the experience of a past life, ideally with information that bears on our current incarnation. There are seven steps, and they invite Bardic embroidery.

With our various physical bods arranged in a circle, our heads in the center, and comfortably lying on the Earth, we walk through the process thusly:

**First**, yogic relaxation: breath-work, then tensing and releasing muscle groups, starting at one's feet and moving up through the bod (though refraining from clenching one's chest).

**Second**, Setting the scene: a night in the Womb of Keri ad Wyn.

You are in the western end of Wales, near the North-facing coast. It is a very long time ago, and your world is lit only by candle-light or fire-light or the Sun and Moon and on a very dark night, the stars. Your Light Body inhabits a physical one: you are part of a clan, and you and your family and your ancestors have lived here in this village all your lives.

Tonight is one of the four corners of the year, a night of Power, Alban Elved. It is the custom of our clan that on this night, three of our number climb the spiral path up the Hill to the Pentre Ifan temple, the Womb of Keri ad Wyn, and there spend the night.

Three have been chosen by mutual consent to go up and pass the night in the charged and sacred chambers of the Womb. Each of the three will be intent upon their own ends: our chief, to seek the counsel of his ancestors; our High Druid, the wisest head, to know the Will of the ways of the Earth; and you, for your initiation into the mysteries of Annwm and the gaining of some insight into a past life.

In the time just before the Equinoctial Sun sets and the curtain of night descends, when the light turns golden and the sky in the West turns colors, we all gather at the Holy Well in the center of our town, the whole clan: it's time for the Chosen Three to go to the Hill. The High Druid leads the way, followed by all of our kin and neighbors and helpmates, all carrying candles in cups, and chanting this chant...

As we wend our way up the spiral path to the top, we are spread out in a long line, each following the other. The candle-lights moving up the Hill is a beautiful sight: we feel like we are part of an unbroken line that goes back three thousand years. As we ascend, we are reminded that the Temple stands on a hill with a commanding view of the country thereabout: to the South-West stands Caer Ningli Mountain brooding under the rising Moon, the spine of this mountain

aligned with the portal of the temple, both leading the eye all the way down to the Nevern estuary to the North.

Energetically, this hill is an omphalos point, the entry/exit portal for a mighty river of Ley energy that moves through the Earth. At the Solstices, it changes direction, from in-breath to out-breath, and at the Equinoxes the flow is at its height: inhale at the Winter Solstice and then build to a crescendo at the Vernal Equinox, then a slow slide into the beginning of the Great Exhale at the Summer Solstice. This is what makes this night special. the Hill will be the source of a great rush of outward-bound Ley energy. The Presceli Mountains are nearby.

And now we are gathered at the stone portal of the temple, and with great ceremony and Bardic accompaniment, the stone that blocks the entrance is rolled away by ten burly men, and The Three are granted entry. Behind you, the stone is rolled back across the portal with a very final sound.

But for your candle in the cup, it would be black dark, and in the flickering light you make your way down a long corridor, following the lights of the Druid and the Chief. The walls are chinked dry-stone, and the corridor hums with their lithic resonances. You reach a large domed central chamber with three much smaller chambers opening onto it. The Chief goes into the one in the center, the High Druid goes to the one on the right, leaving you the chamber on the left.

There you find a comfortable pallet of sweet-smelling herbs, and all else that you might need for your night's Work. And there's a golden flask nearby, filled with the elixir of visioning. Fixing the Work of the Rite in your mind, you quaff the brew, and as you begin to feel its effects, you are ready to begin...

***Third***, visualize the form of the Celestial Triple Sphere of Sacred Fire Protection:

From outside influences,  
From the presence of others,  
From shadows of the mind.

This visualization is about the forming of three radiant blazing impenetrable concentric spheres of fiery red light. When Working this Rite, setting up protections is paramount, for as my teacher says, 'Working magic lights you up on the Astral like a neon sign.' You may, of course, set up other protections, including amulets and sigils.

To form the Triple Sphere, first visualize a point of red light at the perimeter of the circle at eye level in the North, then visualize it moving half-way around the circle to the South leaving a semi-circle of red light. Next, see this semi-circle of light pivoting on this North/South axis, moving down and beneath you, behind you, over your head, and finally meeting at its starting point, forming a sphere. This is the first and outermost of the three spheres. Next, repeat the process above and below in the East and West, forming a red-light sphere inside of the outermost one. Finally, for the innermost sphere, visualize a point above the center of the circle and move the point of red light downward and behind you, forming the third fiery hoop, and then sweep it around to form the innermost sphere.

(This triple sphere-cast is the invention of author William G. Gray, [praise his name,] and his work, *An Outlook on our Inner Western Way*, is recommended.)

**Fourth**, the rising of the Light Body, the separating of the Light Body from the physical form, with the bod's electrical wiring taking its own shape and form. Or alternatively, the Cadeuceus exercise for anyone who is seated.

Visualize your body's wiring, your nervous system, and feel the electricity coursing through it, all the sparky nerve impulses moving through...

(Pause)

Now transmute that voltage into Light, consciously see your body's wiring as made of Light, a glowing shimmering network of filaments of Light...

(Pause)

This is your Light body, that part of you that is incorporeal, free of the constraints of the physical, and existing all the while inside you...

(Pause)

As you are aware of this separate body of Light within you, begin to transfer your consciousness, your focus, your home as a being, to this Body of Light. Become so much your Body of Light, that you see through those incorporeal eyes, feel the filaments of Light as your true self,

And gently, slowly, separate your Body of Light from your physical one; rise from your physical bod until you are above it...

And here, the Spiral Ascension: your Light Body, weightless and luminous, glides up flight after flight of Aetheric stairs, eventually carrying you to the Spiral Castle. After each flight of stairs is a landing where you will turn and start up the next flight of stairs, step by step, one flight after another, up and up, ascending unto the clouds. We often read the Pryddeu Annwm during this passage.

With your ascension complete, you have attained the broad landing at the top, a high cloud plateau, and your Light Body flows onto it. Across the plateau is the Strong Door of the Spiral Castle. Glide across the clouds and up to the Door; use your personal Word of Power to bid it open. You enter.

**Fifth**, your Light Body flows now down a long long hallway, The Hallway of Years, and as you walk, you are growing younger and younger. Back through the years, back through your twenties and teens, before that, nine years old, seven years old, four years old, back to birth and before, back to the zero point, to pure Spirit, completely Aetheric...

As you emerge from the hallway. You are in a beautiful domed chamber, crowned with a rose-colored skylight. A ring of doors surrounds you.

**Sixth**, summon the Record-Keeper. After greeting them (he or she or it), challenge them to prove that they are who they say they are. This



is an important safeguard: have them show you a sign, a religious symbol or artifact that you know to be of powerful Good.

Ask them in the name of Arianrhod and Gwydion to lead you to knowledge of a lifetime that will further you; a lifetime when you were in your Power and connected to the Earth.

**Seventh**, they will point you to a door. Go through it, and let the Visions flow...

Here a period of visioning/ twenty to thirty minutes should suffice...

(Musical Interlude)

When it appears that most everyone has finished and has started stirring, the returning bell can be rung, along with these words:

Return ye now, come ye back, back to your physical self,  
back to the Hill and this Night of Power...

### **Mnemonically:**

**First**, yogic relaxation

**Second**, Setting the scene: a night in the womb of Keri ad Wyn.

**Third**, Visualization of the Fiery Triple Circle of Protection:

Protection from outside influences,  
From the presence of others,  
From shadows of the mind.

**Fourth**, The rising of the Light Body.

**Fifth**, The hallway of years, the domed chamber, the ring of doors.

**Sixth**, Summon the Record-Keeper. Challenge them. Ask them to show you a lifetime.

**Seventh**, Through the door...

### **Thanking the Deities**

Arianrhod & Gwydion are released, along with the temple sphere of golden light at the center of the circle, with a rising chant.

### **Unquartering**

The quarters of protection are released spontaneously, including the following traditional opposites, in this order: North, East, West, South (NEWS). This is the chant:

*The Earth, The Air, The Fire, The Water;  
Return, Return, Return, Return.*

At the end of the chant the energy is grounded.

### **Uncircling**

Here we take up the cast; the Rite is ended.

*May the circle be open  
Yet unbroken  
May the Lord and the Lady  
Be forever in our hearts  
Merry Meet, Merry Part,  
And Merry Meet Again...*