THE HOLY BOOKS
OF THE DEVAS
Rev. Paul Beyerl
THE HOLY BOOKS OF THE DEVAS

Famous author of "The Master Book of Herbalism" brings you a new and wonderful book. Explore the fascinating world of Nature Spirits or DEVAS. Beautifully illustrated by professional artist Dianne Lorden. Not only read about each Devas but, actually see an illustration of these wonderful beings of nature. NO OTHER BOOK OFFERS THIS LOOK INTO THE WORLD OF NATURE SPIRITS. Learn "HOW TO" actually communicate with these Nature Spirits How to ask for their help, How they help the world and MUCH MORE!! One of the FINEST WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BOOKS OF ALL TIMES! YOU WILL WANT THIS BOOK IN HARDCOVER!!
THE INFORMATION IN THIS BOOK IS FOR RESEARCH ONLY. USE AT OWN RISK.

THE SOCIETY OFFERS A COMPLETE LINE OF BOOKS, COURSES AND SERVICES. MEMBERSHIPS ARE ALSO AVAILABLE. WRITE TO THE ADDRESS BELOW AND ENCLOSE $3.00 FOR OUR HUGE CATALOG. OR CALL 1-800-395-4467.

WE WELCOME ANY COMMENTS OR QUESTIONS ON OUR BOOKS AND PRODUCTS. ENCLOSE A SASE FOR A REPLY.

YOU ARE WELCOME TO WRITE TO THE AUTHOR AT THE ADDRESS BELOW. PLEASE ENCLOSE SASE OR $1.00 FOR ANSWER FROM THE AUTHOR.
The Holy Books

of

the

Devas

by Rev. Paul V. Beyerl

artwork by Dianne Lorden
The Holy Books of the Devas

third edition

revised and expanded from the first and second editions

text © 1993 - Rev. Paul V. Beyerl

artwork © 1993 - Dianne Lorden

First published as:
The Holy Books of the Devas: An Herbal for the Aquarian Age,
text by Rev. Paul V. Beyerl, artwork by Prairie Jackson
© 1980 The Rowan Tree Church, Inc.
first edition 1980
second edition 1986

Other books by Rev. Paul V. Beyerl:
The Master Book of Herbalism
A Weean Bardo
Painless Astrology
"Pan plays upon His pipes and She dances in the grasses, among the trees, to the tone of the Gentle Hunter..."
A Guide to The Holy Books of the Devas

I

Præludium:  4
How The Holy Books came to be translated...

A Proheme:  9
About the song of herbes...

II

The Akrylliahn
in which is recorded the beginning of all beginnings

The Ghyleana:  18
In the first was only the Mother...

The Spheroch:  23
She sang unto them the music of the spheres...

The Astraelis:  43
She creates the star-gates of Her dreams...

The Cyclælis:  61
And teaches the herbes of the Wheel of the Year...

Botanikus:  75
Living upon the Earth...
The Deva Ritual of Lothloriën: 83
A Ritual of Meditation for Communion
with the Herbe Devas...

Appendices

The Musick of the Bardo:
The Charge of the Beloved...

Ethikos:
The Laws of The Traditional Herbalist...

Sygnatures:
The correspondences of herbes

The Magick of the Artiste:
A Guide to Dianne Lorden's Illustrations
This new edition

of

The Holy Books of the Devas

is dedicated:

To every herbe and wildflower which has touched my soul, to the gardens which have given me life and to the beauty of Nature...

To the countless of students who have inspired me since the first edition came into being more than a decade ago...

To the artistry of Dianne Lorden, whose illustrations provided me with great encouragement in working on this revision...

To Gerry Begerl, my loving partner whose nurturing and careful hands provided the paste-up which completed this Union of poetry and art...

To Willi Schoch, whose skills and research as an herbalist were of immeasurable help...

To those who touch me with their love...

And to Lothloriën, the Tradition of Cicca which is my life...

Rev. Paul V. Begerl

Artwork © 1993. Dianne Lorden
A story of how the Holy Books of the Devas came to be translated.
Preludium

It was a Midsummer's Eve, many turnings of the Wheel ago, that the Hermit was following a path through the nether region of the woodlands. Earlier that night he had gathered with his kin to observe the Magick of this holy Eve. Although he knew every tree and every turn, had gathered the herbs since he was a child and grown wise and respected throughout Lothlorien, he found himself within an unfamiliar glade. A light haze had settled and he realized that his sense of direction had become disoriented.

At first disconcerted, he reined in his ego and took joy in his demusement. Somehow, he knew, this was an opportunity. He seated himself upon a nearby log, relishing its thick upholstery of moss and became One with the forest. His many years of training and discipline allowed him to next become One with whatever this reality was. The Hermit had long before learned Perfect Trust for the ways of Divine Nature.

It was first the music. Having written many myths about the pipe-songs of the woodlands, he had never actually 'heard' them before. Perhaps it was not pipes, perhaps it was the sound of a multitude of wee bells... Perhaps it was only the breeze (then why was not the fog dispelled)... No, it was music. It was the Music of the Beloved. The Hermit had many times walked between the worlds, he had spiralled into the Bardo both in this life and in many before.

He never knew if he had dreamt or had truly been taken by the Eldritch this Midsummer's night, but the world as he knew it had shifted. He could only accept and trust but his love, his adoration and devotion to the woodland had prepared him for what next occurred. When first he sat upon the moss, there had been no sense of pattern, but now he noticed that the trees around him formed a Circle. Rowans, they were, but contrary to the Hermit's reality, these trees, sacred to the Mother, held both bloom and berry at the same time. So taken was he with their Magick that he was startled when he realized that, at the northeast portal to this Circle, stood a magnificent Mallorn tree.

So often had he taken similar journeys he had no cause to think, but moved in harmony with this new life. The trunk of this sacred Mallorn was many shoulders wide and, as he knew from his magickal training, it would carry him into an other dimension. While gazing at the Mallorn, a large portal opened revealing a staircase descending into the depths beneath the Earth. Just as the Hermit had done countless times in his meditations, he moved into the tree and began his descent, step by step.
As his vision adjusted to the changing light, he became aware that the stairway spiralled down into a cavern. The stone walls were of a glowing opalescent colour, filling the chamber with a warm light. More steps increased his view and he saw walls lined with a multitude of books. Having nearly reached the bottom, he looked upon the floor. How curious! The Hermit could not tell if this floor had been woven, like a fine, magickal carpet; or perhaps was a painting of sand; or possibly had ‘grown’ with this intricate pattern as the cavern was formed within the timeless womb of Mother Earth.

The pattern upon the floor was identical to the mandala which was created with the Ritual of Lothlorien the Hermit had performed over many decades at New and Full Moons. Thus, he knew just how to walk around the Circle, to weave his own energy into the natural Magick of this subterranean library. As he brought himself to that place where the altar would be located, he was mildly surprised to see a library table appear. It was a lovely, old table, its dark finish warm with a soft patina as if hand-rubbed with oil over many years. Next to the table stood a chair, its turned legs matching those of the table and its upholstered seat a miniature of the mandala.

Sitting upon the table were a stack of scrolls, each hand written in an alphabet he had never before seen. Also upon the walnut surface were many pads of paper. He seated himself and noted that the light increased ever so slightly. He was glad that his eyes were still young. A quill pen stood poised in an inkwell and the Hermit trusted in the Universe, knowing that this was his task waiting upon the writing table.
He unrolled the first scroll and, knowing he could not decipher the lettering, thought his work was to copy the sigils as they appeared. As the quill began to move upon the first pad of paper, the letters which appeared began, "The Holy Books of the Devas." This time the Hermit was more than mildly surprised, but continued with his work. Time was lost between the worlds and his fingers worked slowly and carefully, continuing to write as if painstakingly copying the ancient script and pausing, so the Hermit could read what had appeared in his own language.

Thus began the first work at translating "The Holy Books" and for many years this manuscript was held as the sacred key which opened the secret doors onto the Mysteries of the herbal kingdom.

§§§

Many years had passed. The Hermit had long before been sent on a Quest by the Mother. His journeys had been long, sometimes seeming longer than his old bones would withstand. Now he lived where the trees were more exotic, having been sent forth to traverse the Great Desert in order to spend time teaching in a large oasis where gathered many students, to learn more about those herbs which grew where the Sun was hot and the winds dry.

The days were nearing Hallows and the Hermit sat near a sacred well, contemplating the many journeys which had moved him closer to the wisdom he had been seeking since a child. His mind settled deep into contemplation, his body thoroughly relaxed and his soul gave itself freedom. His spirit moved out from his body and he ‘fell’ into the waters of the well, sinking deep and without effort into a dream state.
As he cleared the eyes of his mind, he found himself before the same Mallorn of old, its door open wide and the stairway down to the Devas' sacred chamber inviting him. He stepped forward, pleased beyond measure to again be taking this holy journey. On this, his second journey to work with the ancient scrolls of the Devas, he completed his work. Now, more familiar with the ancient script, he amended the earlier work and translated more scrolls bringing more wisdom and knowledge back for the herbal students of the above-world.

For the times had changed and the peoples of the planet had grown. And yet the times were also more endangered. The Mother knew it was time and much change was needed if the Devas and creatures alike were to survive into the next Age.

Now would the herball be complete.
A Proheme

The song of herbs is written within the heart of Nature...
A Proheme

The song of herbes is written within the heart of Nature. Herbes recall the origins of all birth, for their source of life was the Sea, that great, tumultuous ocean that gave birth to all origins of life upon our plane. In the annals of plant life it is written:

"In the beginning was the soil, the earth of life, which fed the waters of time; out of which arose all being. And thus did the Earth Goddess, the Mother of all Nature, bring into being the element Verda, the essence of being, the being of all life..."

And thus it is recorded in The Holy Books of the Devas, the sacred Books of Shadows of the herbe spirits, how chlorophyll came to be. Chlorophyll is what makes plants plants; of a different consciousness than mammals, stones, fishes, crystals and other beings. To the herbes of the plant kingdom chlorophyll is one of the sacred elements, often written as Verda, but never pronounced aloud. But those who are trained to truly listen to Nature's ways can hear the herbes sing out their secret incantations: uncountable voices singing at once of the fifth element: Verda.

This is a holy sound, sung by all the plants as the whispering of the breeze, intoned by the Sea Mother as the tidal songs of the ocean. We hear it whispered by the billions of leaves within the forrests and woodlands and written within the generic code of every seed are the psalms of joy which sing worship and praise to the Mother Cho, in Her wisdom, created Verda. Imagine, if you will, what Magick awaits those who can hear this sacred incantation: from the succulents of the deserts to the algae of the ocean, from the towering lushness of the rain forest to the wheat fields of the prairies, there are as many voices as there are stars in throughout the skies and all are singing the sacred incantations of Verda.
When the Goddess bestowed the gift of chlorophyll and taught the herbs of the fifth element, theology within the plant kingdom evolved further. In addition to the worship of the Mother, both as Luna and as Terra Firma, the herbs began to also express their love and adoration for Sol, the Sun God.

And He, in turn, bestowed upon them the knowledge of sustenance. These were sacred gifts and forever changed the life of plants. Now, through the blessings of Mother and of Father, the plants were able to produce the foods they needed for survival and growth. This was truly the gift of life.

In time the Mother decreed that plants should partake in the rulership of Terra Firma, of the lands which were exposed, which were solid and (reasonably) dry. Plant life in its evolution had pleased the Mother of Creation. The herbs had grown wise through learning that the Sun Father brought life and that the Earth Mother was their home. Gently, She guided them out, from the oceans, into new places. She lovingly helped them adapt and change their ways.
But this was not easy. The herbes were now exposed to wind, to dust and sunlight. These were difficult times and the trials were severe. Many lives were lost. Although the Mother wept, She was already as old as time itself, and fully understood that no matter how painful, these lessons were essential for survival. The struggle to develop a root system that would seek the depths of the Earth Mother was, indeed, difficult; but She rewarded them. Soon plant life showed its love for the Mother by flowering and by bearing fruits. Thus the cycle of life and reproduction became one of the holy songs of the Devas, sung eternally throughout the seasons.

Modern science seeks to analyze the ancient elements. The fruits of its labour are added knowledge and added proof that the wisdom of the Ancients was truly within the fullness of knowing. The lore of the Devas is that the element Verda permeates all beings and is the very essence of life, itself. It is most similar to the lore found within the later tribes, those of mammals and humans, regarding the element of Haemia, or that of blood. Indeed, research shows us that the chlorophyll molecule shares startling similarities with that part of Haemia called haemoglobin. Both are pigments but Haemia contains a lesser element called ferris (which we know as iron) whereas Verda contains in its place magnesia (which we call magnesiam).
Within the plant kingdom are those members who have successfully achieved a more complex evolution. [Humankind is in error to assume out of hand that they are the highest forms of evolution.] Within these plants chlorophyll exists in a specific form called chloroplasts. A chloroplast is one of the tools of the Devas, a gift of the Mother to the flora of our planet. It allows plants to process the energy of light into chemical energy. These rod-shaped creations are very similar to those within your eyes which allow you to process light energy into nerve signals and enable you to translate the symbols on these pages into food for thought.

In the life of plants, the most Magick occurs at twilight, the moment when Devas, elves, faeries and such come out to kiss all of the plant world 'good-even,' when plants turn their worship from the shining of the Sun Father to the reflection of the Moon Mother. The Devas call some plants 'Lumins.' The Lumins are of a priest/esshood whose role it is to sing of the balance of the two light-giving forces of Nature. This is not a song for ears but is a song for eyes. Those gentle of heart and with more finely tuned perceptions are able, at twilight, to see that the processing of light is oft reversible. Plants, at twilight, emit some light, though so slight that our inadequate, human eyes can seldom see it excepting from those Lumins who sing the loudest. As is true with many priest/esshoods, these beings have somewhat withdrawn from the busi-ness of life and prefer the solitude found in marshes and out-of-the-way places. But who can deny the Magick of twilight?
At night, plants observe the lunar cycles. It is beneath the love of the Moon Mother that they grow and extend themselves further into being. They do their magic breathing, drawing in oxygen so that they can burn the glucose manufactured during their worship of the Sun God; and they turn this energy into the growth and multiplication of cells. During this process the flora of the world exhale carbon dioxide, a reversal of their daylight processes. To complete these growth patterns, plants do need more than Sun Father and Moon Goddess. They also require sharing in the Earth, using Her minerals, drinking of Her waters and breathing the sylvan breezes. Thus do the Devas participate in balancing all four elements: air, fire, water and earth; and in the wise Magick of the Ancients, plants contain great knowledge.
The inner Mysteries of the Devas have been brought into the understanding of people through modern science. We better understand that plants do contain great secrets. What is it that causes a plant to grow leaves of just the correct shape, able to draw down the right amount of sunlight? And how is it that the leaves move themselves to maintain control over this light-gathering—spreading out, opening up, seeking windows among the shading trees? And even beneath the Earth, there is this sense of knowing how to seek (and in some few cases) avoid the wellsprings of water. In the Holy Books of the Devas, this is recorded in the yet-untranslated passages of the Ghyleana, which describes the moving of the plant kingdom upon terra firma. When the Mother gave to them the gift of land, She also bestowed upon them the gift of Inner Vision. In the Ghyleana, it is written that the Mother said,

"Know, my Children, that if you truly believe in Me, I will be ever in your hearts. Partake of the fullness of knowing and all that ye need ye shall find. I give unto you, My beloved, the gift of Inner Vision, that ye be capable of divination, merely through being. Thus do you share in My holy prophecy..."

It is through this gift that plants explore their environment much the same as we do. They contain sensory perceptions we oft’ forget. It is the sense of touch, through tactile awareness, that enables a vine to curl around, causing the outer side of the tendril to grow much faster than the inner, touching side. It is a sense much akin to our sense of hearing that allows the mimosa to perceive the sound of droop, looking survive and

It is the sense of touch that triggers the flytrap, that causes flowers to dust the wings of insects with pollen. It is a sense of taste that allows a plant to sort through the minerals within the soil and use only those which are needed to nurture its particular life within.
Many members of the plant kingdom have endured the pains of scientific scrutiny in recent years. J. Chandra Bose completed hundreds of experiments and reached the conclusion that plants do have a nervous system. Reports published in 1970 by the Agricultural Academy of Moscow suggest that plants produce electrical impulses which are much akin those give off by the nerve cells within humans. These studies even imply there might be a central location near the 'root neck' which would be as the 'heart' of the plant. Cleve Backster wired his plants with a polygraph to measure the psychogalvanic reflexes and was astounded to learn that plants respond to anger, to death and killing, but also to kindness and love and other emotional forces.

Obviously, these great and learned men have not read The Holy Books of the Devas. To those who carry the secret names of wisdom, each plant contains the mystery of life, each herbe is a magickal being and each growing thing is a spiritual entity. To those who know, the Devas will speak, each appearing differently to those who choose to gaze upon their inner mysteries. It is in this spirit that this book comes to be written.

"The struggle to develop a root system that would seek the depths of the Earth Mother..."
In the first was only the Mother...
The

Ghyleana

In the first was only the Mother, She from whom all life flows. Who is the Womb of all worlds. She was without time and She was all space; Hers was the infinite and She is all that was. Within Her was the spark of Being and the Source of all creativity.

Within the eternal tides of Her Being, did She gather Herself up and begin the first song...

Into the void flowed a holy syllable, a sound, the music that would come to be the rhythm of the Universe. As gentle as the wings of a butterfly, as powerful as the tallest of trees; as soft as the life within a seed and as knowing as death did She sing Herself into the Universe.

The spark within Her was carried out and into being and thus it is said that She sang the stars into Being.

Because She saw that this was the first spark of being other than Herself, She saw fit to rejoice, and chose to wear a necklace of them. These were strung on the chain of the heavens, celestial diamonds that form what came later to be called the Zodiac. First was called Argxe, for it was first and last was called Pizens, for it was then Her attention was turned elsewhere. And in between were all the possibilities of existence.

Now, when this was done, She saw fit to celebrate and She sang out into the star-filled heavens a song of calling, which, like a ribbon of love, wound through all the astral lights. In time, one star was called. Not the brightest, nor the largest, but only that star singing its own song which blended with Her voice in love and in trust. This star was brought forth and the Mother took it for Her sacred altar. It was Her first candle, and She honoured it by placing within it the gift of Light and Radiance. This star came later to be called Soleil and is now known as the first candle at all rituals done to honour our Mother.

Then, it was time for Her to sink into Her own reflections, and in so doing She created Luna.
And she sat back to rest and bathe herself in this new light. And the light of Luna was filled with the creative thought of the Mother, a gift of the Reflection of Light. And this was her second candle, and is now lit with sacred flame from the first in all rituals done to honour our Mother. And in harmony did these two, Soleil and Luna, carry the rhythms of the Mother’s greatest ritual: that of creation and of being.

And it came to pass that the Mother wished to create yet another song of her creativity, one telling of the days before. She gave birth to the Universe. As the words passed her lips, she took them up and shaped them into a sphere. Into this sacred orb she placed the gift of Communion Between Thoughts, and she called the sphere by the name of Mercurii. Then she set it free to dance to her song, to circle ‘round the first sacred candle and carry her thoughts to wherever she chose. To the lesser beings who would come later in time, Mercurii seemed almost like a winged god, spinning quick in a timeless dance, one chosen by the Mother as her messenger. And the first message was to that area of her necklace which is known as Gemini, and she sent there that part of her being which is a song of ‘with and without,’ a melody of ‘before and after.’ And for ever after Gemini has been inarticulate. And because Mercurii was fleet of message, she sang a new song, one of Mystery, which each woman contains within before she explores motherhood.

And Mercurii carried this song to Virgo. And more and more the Universe was filled with song, for the voice of the Mother flowed everywhere that was, and all that she had created, all which was born of her being, each song from the spirit of its being: each star was of a different melody, each outpouring carried the holy vibration of being. And all was joined by the shining voice of Soleil and the soft, lifting voice of Luna. Yet the whole was harmonious and so pleasing to the Mother that she laughed in joy and her laughter sparkled in the heavens. The Mother’s Magick was indelible within the Universe and in latter days the Devas called this sparkling the aurora borealis, which translates as the ‘joyous lights.’

In her delight did she choose to reward her children (as she had come to regard all these things born of her) with the gifts of Love and Pleasure, and of Fulfilment. These she wove into a small treasure, to which she gave the name Venusia, and she set it to spin amidst the zodiacal Taurus.

And within the stargates of the Bull was it to sing in harmony and balance with Libra. And Veni soon came to share in the circles of time, to dance ‘round Soleil.
And again came the time for the Mother to rest. And She withdrew to Luna, to bask in the splendor of Soleil; to watch the dance and to feel the song flow through Her being. She came to sleep, and Her dreams were filled with the stars, the dance of the aurora; with the perfection of Her love which had filled the void. Because She is the Lady of Dreams, even these were filled with the Magick of Being. And She dreamed of all this activation, the motion and the dancing and such...

Thus did Mares come to be, to aid in the new beginning which was yet but within Her heartbeat. And this new orb was taken as a seed to Eris, which is the First.

And Her dreams were filled with the hope of benevolence for Her children, for them to perchance but open themselves to the Fullness of the being... And Jupère spun off into the night. And She knew She wanted her children to dream of secondary so Jupère was set spinning in the Sign of the Sage.
But She understood this all to be young, filled with youth; and She sought that all should come into its own: to have the gift of Choice. And Saturn was born, that all could learn as it grows so that Her music of being would grow in beauty and wisdom. And because wisdom leads to achievement, Saturn was presented as a gift to Capricorn.

But lest She overwhelm all of creation with song, She brought forth three more dreams: those of Imagination, of Pretend, and that of Cosmic Change. These were hidden, respectively, within the spirits of Tritons, for whom She had a special delight, and within Neptunia and within Plutys. Neptune was given unto Pisces, to stir the children's dreams. Plutys was the smallest but yet so special that She gave it to the depths of Scorpio. And Tritons: She knew that this spinning bead on the necklace of the Zodiac held a special Magick, one needed in future times when the preservation of all creation would hang in the balance. And She placed Tritons among the stars called Aquarius.

And awakening, She stirred, and Her dreams slipped away and came to be planets, to join in the circling of Soleil, the candle, to sing their parts of a song more vast than imagination: even that delicate weaving of the Mother—could contain.

The next morning, for Her sleep also brought forth the separation of night and of day, did She choose to create a sacred place of worship. And She opened Her heart to the beauty of Her love; and the music that poured forth was the joy of sparkling waters and the profundity of soil, for She wished into being a place of fertility, a most sacred sphere of spheres; a planet which could show the magnitude of Her love. And the sacred fires of Her creativity were the volcanoes; the love She poured forth swept the surface as the mighty seas... And for a place to rest Her feet, did She create the terra firma, strong against all time and filled to the ripeness with the abundance of the seeds of life and growing. Then She smiled in rapture, and breathed it into life.

And when She was again desirous of solitude, She set it into being where its shadow could cast itself upon Luna, and She remained in peace. Thus were the heavens born of the Mother, and thus are we all one; to sing with joy of Her love and Her creativity.

[These passages are translated from the Ohnal edition of the Ghyleana, one of the Holy Books of the Devas. These scriptures are read as psalms at the twilight balance of night and day.]
The Spheroth

She sang unto them the music of the spheres
The Spheroth

In the Ghileana it is told that, after the Mother of Nature gave to the plant kingdom the dominions of both earth and water, She sang unto them the music of the spheres.

Thus did She create the Spheroth, the planets, which include all the heavenly bodies of our solar system which affect the Earth with power. These She placed as beads upon Her ritual necklace which She wore when giving birth to the Devas so that the herbes could carry within their green souls this wisdom of the Universe.

In the Book of the Spheroth is recorded the legends of the Devas which record the history of how certain herbes came to know the music of the spheres, to carry within the vibration of the planets.

Soleil

Those herbes which carry within the song of Soleil indeed know the totality of the individual and of God the Father. They contain the secrets of this mystery which can be released through the partaking of an elixir of these herbes.

Considered by master practitioners to be hot and dry by nature, these herbes reflect the expansive, Yang energies of the Universe.

These herbes will show you how your soul is able to become conjoined with the positive and creative growth of the Universe. Solar herbes will help you unfold your creativity, even as the flower opens its petals to the sky above. They show us that we are but one of many and that all are integral parts of the Eternal Knowledge of Being. God the Mother gave unto these herbes the wisdom which helps our egos to outgrow the limitations of terrestrial being and attain to the stars.
By partaking of elixirs containing these herbs you will gain a better sense of your own being. You will be able to find in your consciousness growth in your understanding of the inner you and the ways in which it seeks to grow. Through these herbs your soul will open to the consciousness of the Universal Being. The Magick is found within these herbs that will help you find the vitality of your inner self and balance it with the surface illusions of manifest reality. Through this wisdom is one more able to manifest one's inner dreams of success.

Drink of these herbs of Soleil. Thus will you better perceive your own Divinity and learn to radiate joy. It is said that the song of Soleil was sung by all His plants, presaging the births of Osiris, of Hercules, Apollo and the Christos. Share your meditations with these herbs and they will help you discover the power of God the Father which flows within you and courses through your veins.

These herbs provide the motivation to stay upon the Path and avoid straying into darkness. These herbs will fortify your sense of purpose so that you will find the strength necessary to do the work of the Father and serve His children.
These herbs are symbols of the reality one finds living in the physical world and bring also with them the intangible realities of the Spirit that underlie all reality. Should your ego feel lost and dispirited, Solar herbs will nurture your being and allow you to feel more reality coursing through your veins.

The herbs of Soleil may be used to treat one who has become closed to those around, whose needs are to better stir the internal Divine and expand to embrace and encompass the lives of others.

Luna

These are the herbs which sing to sleep the Moon-Goddess, for they came of the Moonsong and are held special to the Mother. In these herbs is the wisdom of instinct, the beauty of emotion.

Lunar herbs are considered by master practitioners to be nurturing, moist and receptive. These herbs reflect the collecting nature of the Universal Yin. These herbs bring with them the wisdom of Goddess the Mother.
Used within meditation, you may come to know the self which is cradled deep within, to discover those inner desires which tug at your subconscious. The herbs of Luna are oft' used to touch the inner depths of emotion. They may help you touch into the wellsprings of past lives, for the deepest layers of our emotions are often linked to the karma of past being.

These are the herbs which enlighten the path of the spirit, enabling it to soar the astral heavens. The spirits of these herbs would carry your own spirit to flow as One with the Divine Spirit, flowing with the natural rhythms of the Mother’s pulse. They carry within the gifts of imagination, of sensitivity to the more subtle rhythms of life. These herbs carry with them the kiss of gentility and add softness to one’s daily domestic routines for the Magick of these herbs brings the essence of the Luna-Song into the home and into one’s being.

Often offered at Full Moon altars as incense or in elixirs and nectars, these herbs celebrate the Creation of Life as a joy for all to share. They are the keys to magickal doors which unlock memory. They bring peace of mind. For those who have difficulty in handling a daily routine, the herbs of Luna ought be blended into your meditations.

Despite their gentle appearance, these herbs also give strength to one’s sense of self and are most essential when one needs to increase the esteem of self. Within them is that quiet energy which allows one to be more calm and certain when among others. They protect one against those angry, judgmental voices which can arise from the demons-within and work destructive magick against the self.

These are the herbs sacred to Diana, to Artemis and to all Goddesses of the Moon. Use them to honour the Mother.

Mercurii

The herbs of Mercurii know the manner in which thoughts commune with one another. These herbs are capable of bringing quickness of mind and will enhance your ability to communicate. These herbs of the quick-footed deities aid in the process of reason, allowing you to better understand your perceptions of the world around you.
Mercurial herbs are considered androgynous, neither of the Father nor the Mother, but of the child without the polarity of gender to bind its play. They are quick and dry by nature.

The herbs of Mercurii will bring you gifts which show you how to better use words and how to take delight in verbal play. This delight in good humour, the ability to set laughter free on the wings of joy, this is the gift of Mercurial mystery. Partaking of these herbs leads to facile speech and a better understanding of the art of listening (if not necessarily the patience).

These are the herbs of Hermes, messenger of the gods, who conducts souls to the Otherworld after Grandmother Crone has gathered their bodies. These are the herbs which carry honour to Thoth, to Horus.

These are the herbs which will assist you in communicating within your self. Combine Mercurial herbs with those of Soleil and the elixir will enable you to share in the communion between your conscious being and your subconscious, or inner, being. Such a Magick will bring you into a totality with your own, inner harmony.

These are the herbs which contain the power of the word, the Magick of the chant, the mystery of the incantation. If you be called upon to use the words of power, Mercurial herbs are those which facilitate the energy flow. They enhance and guide the vibration of the voice, whether vocal or recit. These herbs know the music of all sound. Used within ritual, these herbs unlock the knowledge of the etheric, the akashic, the fifth element of all being which is that of holy vibration.
When the herbs of Mercurii come together with those of Uranus, kissed by the herbs of Luna, they can open you to the music found within the world of Eacy. They are kindred to the Devas learned in guiding thought and in keeping the mind carefully upon the Path of spiritual awareness.

Should you wish to increase your ability to be more consciously aware of the spiritual, to open your psychic self to the greater knowing, combine the herbs of Mercurii with those of Luna. Thus, the messages gathered by Luna are translated by Mercurii within your mind; thus are your visions given voice.

To increase skill in projecting your thought out into the larger reality, partake of the herbs of Mercurii mixed with those of Soleil. For those wishing to send a message to another, this elixir is invaluable.

A sacred tea of these Mercurial herbs will quench the thirst of the medium and allow the seer to speak of the vision. These are the holy herbs for those who would evoke the Magick of the Universe. These are the herbs which share the mystery of Divine Knowing, the manifestation of thoughts, bringing them into being.

Should the spirit of your day be fraught with clouds due to murky thought patterns, these are the herbs which can bring clarity. Should you be lost, wandering in mental circles with no outlet, Mercurial herbs can guide you back to a straightforward path.

The wise healer knows that there is a factor of Hermes within all healing. A pinch of a well-chosen Mercurial herbe will assist all parts of the patient’s body to better function, to carry the other herbs of healing more quickly to their destination.

**Venusia**

There are those herbs which carry within the ability to enjoy love, to see the sacred spark of life within pleasure. The herbs of Veni contain the secrets of attraction, of drawing those events and experiences to the self which bring fulfillment and daily joy. Venusian herbs enhance the magnetic properties of your aura which, when radiating positive energies, will add greatly to your qualities of attraction, to your attractiveness to the world around you. These herbs will bring to your inner self a better sense of appreciation and ability to enjoy and appreciate beauty.
By nature, these herbs are considered gently warm and loving. Many of these herbs are soothing and open one's body to healing. These herbs are feminine, touched by the goddesses. But this does not limit them to women in their use: When used with lunar herbs they will open to you the Path to your own inner beauty and every human, female or male, needs this wisdom for spiritual peace.

When the herbs of Venia are used in combination with the herbs of Soleil, they will encourage your inner beauty to radiate throughout your physical person able to warm the aura of another.

The herbs of Venusia were created to be of value to all who pursue the Path of the Bard: artists, poets, those who bring forth music.
For those wishing to stimulate their creativity along all artistic paths, the herbes of Venusia (as Venus is known to the Devas) encourage the natural flow of inspiration and bring the freedom which allows the inner sense of beauty to flow unimpeded by inhibition. These herbes allow us to work from the inner, divine spirit rather than with the limited knowledge of one's external ego. Along with this creative current comes an additional blessing: the inner knowledge of love and beauty bring with them a vast array of spiritual benefits.

The Devas were early in their recognition of the true nature of the wisdom of love and the Mother charged those herbes which were sacred to Veni to proffer the secrets of this wisdom, held in trust for future generations. To those who approach these herbes with a sincerity of purpose and an open heart, Venusian herbes will share some of the great Mysteries of all time. They have been known to share knowledge of lost nature deities, of forgotten nature spirits and faeries which once danced among the woodland trees and meadow flowers who, with the passage of time and the uprooting of religions which recognized their being, are now only found in the herbal wisdom. Through working with these herbes one might rediscover the lost lore and grasp the inner workings of the plant kingdom. These herbes allow you to know, deep within your heart, the natural flow of plant magick.

The herbes of Veni ought be used to give the joy of love, to overcome loneliness and despair and to enable one to see how each of us is intrinsically a part of Atma, the divine love of the Universe so pure as to heal all hurts. A delight of these herbes is that they also assist us to interact with others more easily, learning of social grace and charm, for working with these herbes will help you approach all whom you meet with the spiritual awareness of the bond of Divine Love which flows through all that is.

Mares

As the Mother gave various qualities to the differing herbes, She saw fit to give some the keys which unlocked the understanding of the nature of physical reality. These secrets were entrusted to the herbes of Mares. Thus it came to be that the Martial herbes are able to communicate the wisdom of that aspect of one's soul which guides the work within the material plane.

Master practitioners see these herbes as hot and dry. They are often aggressive in their work and most assuredly under the auspices of the gods, capable of touching the masculine energies within.
These are the herbs which contain the secrets of evolution, the Mystery of change and the essential nature of growth as a sacred key to survival. These herbs show us that self-preservation is a Divine right and within the scheme of the heavens. And yet these herbs are balanced with those which bow to Divine Knowledge, for only the Mother knows, truly, that each of us has our own timing. These herbs will share with your soul the drive to accomplish. The unlock your ability to rely upon your inner strength and bring it into outer manifestation. For the soul unable and afraid to break out of its shell, the herbs of Mares can stimulate the breakthrough.

Within the realm of the Devas and, subsequently, within the being of all, the four elements are born of the fifth element, the primal element of Spirit, which is the holy vibration of the Mother’s sacred song, the astral tremolo of the Father’s pipes. Thus comes into being all manifestation. This is the Mystery of the herbs of Mares: the ability to put the akashic principle manifestly into being. Martial herbs may be used to bring about that action which creates reality out of one’s dreams. This is the true essence of Magick.

Master healers will combine herbs of Mares with those of Soleil, knowing that these potions make some of the most powerful of tonics. The herbs of Mares work to maintain and mend the physical temple which houses your spirit, making it strong of muscle and hardy of stamina.

These herbs share with you the energy of ‘doing.’ They are invaluable to those who require stamina. They assist one in the development of increased physical strength. Used in conjunction with the herbs of Soleil, they bring into being an improved conscious awareness of one’s physical resources. They allow one to do the work without tiring. But the wise Herbalist would also add a small pinch of the herbs of Mercurii and of Urania so that the wisdom of knowing when to stop and when to rest is never overlooked.

In ritual use, Martial herbs may be married to the herbs of Luna and blessed with the herbs of Mercurii to aid Divine Reality to manifest within the sphere of herbal reality—namely, upon the planet Earth, within our own lives. This is one of the true magickal formulae, an elixir of evocation.

These are the herbs of evocation. When one has been chosen to manifest the Deity within the Holy Circle, they will give force and, with the addition of the herbs of Luna, form to the manifestation of that Divine Being. In such matters these elixirs must be used with profound wisdom.
The herbes of Mares know the working of karma. They have learned their lessons well and were at the forefront during the Devas' study of the books of Potamiko. The wisdom they hold will aid one to work better within this manifest plane.

Jupètre

In the Ghyleana it is told that the Mother of the Universe created Jupètre with "the hope of benevolence for Her children, for them to perchance but open themselves to the Fullness of the being..." That is the song which She sang unto those herbes under the rulership of Jupètre.

Thus it is that these are herbes which bring with them a healthy state of being in order that we are able to see past the physical limitations of being, to be aware of opportunity which truly is ever around us. These herbes have been called the Priests of Healing by the Devas, for they are, truly, natural healers.

The master herbalist knows that these herbes are, by nature, moist and expansive; that they carry within natural blessings which are always good for the patient. These herbes are considered masculine, but gently so. They contain the Divine wisdom which carries the nurturing aspect of the Horned One.

The spiritual essence of Jovial herbes allows for the practitioner to grasp the balance of law and religion or, in other words, of structure and of cosmic emotion. These herbes bring a fullness of being which, in the play of ritual, allows the self to relate to the fullness of Cosmic Knowing.

These are the herbes which bring compassion to those whose professions work within the structure so that in ministering to the needs of others that ministry is done in a benefic manner. These are the herbes of priests, of healers, of those who give advice and knowledge to those they minister. These are the herbes of those who give their lives to the community, who work to heal minds and souls.

When recognizing the fullness of being, one is brought into knowledge of patterns which are larger than this incarnate life. One's knowledge is expanded to an even greater reality. The herbes of Jupètre are of a growing, ever-expanding wisdom. For those who practise ritual, partaking of these herbes is essential.
Oftentimes these herbs may be used to expand one’s resources within the realm of the manifest. But using them to seek money may bring dangers. Better they are used to expand one’s wisdom so that the practitioner better perceive the flux of life and know when to act, when to be still, and have the wisdom to recognize and act upon an opportunity.

An herbal preparation which conjoins the herbs of Soleil and of Inpère will bring into meditation and ritual a knowledge of the laws of karma, a perception of justice and mercy as they must co-exist on a Divine scale.
If Jovian herbes are mixed with those of Crania, one learns the secret Mysteries of delight, that joy found when bringing benevolence to others. Through such a gift increased wisdom is found with which to further expand the self.

Students of philosophies will find wisdom in blending the herbes of Iupêtre with those of Mercori. Such a mixture will open spiritual, inner awareness, allowing the mind to grasp the depths of philosophy, of religion or the law, and of most forms of education. Often, such growth would be appropriate for those who desire to be the best teachers and leaders of thought.

A special gift proffered by these Jovian herbes is the 'ease of being' which comes from a holistic approach to comprehension: an ability to grasp the inner workings of the whole and thus partake in the joy and mirth inherent in life. Those who partake of these herbal delights shall also partake of the natural flow, moving with the natural rhythms of life.

**Saturnia**

The herbes of Saturnia are those which attune themselves to the understanding enabling a being to grow beyond one's limitations. They teach us the nature and Magick of change. These are not easy herbes to work with. The wise herbalist knows them to be binding and cold, masculine and without moisture in their energies. These are the herbes of the Crone and the wise practitioner recognizes them to be, as well, feminine and embrace either gender.

These herbes are, by nature, sober and somber. They hold the karmic wisdom within their being. These Saturnian herbes allow us to work with the structure of any system. They also motivate us to become strengthened and fortified against weakness. Thus prepared, we have the ability to surpass the existing structure and, if need be, recreate a new from the old.

The Mother bestowed Her blessings upon these herbes at the time when plants migrated to Terra firma from the safe, nurturing waters, one of the most difficult changes in all of the History of the Devas.

Because Saturnian herbes are so linked with the solidity of the Earth, they enable the practitioner to feel more settled, to be steadfast of purpose, until one's goal is attained.
These herbs allow for a binding of one's inner strength so that it can be harnessed to do the Work. The herbs of Saturnia provide a steadfastness of purpose and allow you to endure what appear to be the trials of life; yet once surpassed and transcended these trials will have become valuable memories of essential lessons you have learned, which can never again be lost.

The herbs of Saturnia are oft' used magickally in workings intended to materialize images within the earth plane and may be used in combination with the herbs of Mercurii. This enables the intellect to grasp esoteric knowledge and assists both the soul and intuition to bring hidden Mysteries to the conscious level of use. An elixir of this mixture is of great importance to all students of ancient wisdoms for it carries with it the skills of mental discipline.

For those who cling too tightly to reality, whether to a loved one or to possessions, an elixir of Saturnian and Lunar herbs will ease the pains yet teach one to accept the Divine Will and let go as needed.
Saturnian herbs may be added to any elixir as this brings an Earthen quality, designed to be grounded and to keep one's magickal work in solid contact with manifest reality. These herbs enable one to develop maturity when it is otherwise difficult, when the lessons one ought learn in life have been delayed.

Urania

The herbs of Urania may be used to enhance the aura, to lend a sense of well-being to your more finely-toned, spiritual energies. These herbs assist your energy to flow more freely. They add a sense of joy which causes your own natural energy to radiate more freely, reflecting the innate joy of the Universal Divine Love, the light of the creative forces of the Universe.

Having added more freedom to the energies of your aura, Uranian herbs enhance your ability to interact with those whom you meet socially.
Uranian herbs aid your inner vision to more readily perceive the divine spark within each person and to take delight in drawing out the spiritual and divine nature of every soul.

Used in mixture with the herbs of Soleil, Uranian herbs free the innocent, child-like nature of the inner self. Such an elixir will allow for increased awareness and a greater ability to approach life with an eager, playful quality.

When combined with Lunar herbs, one's intuition is made more keen and it will function with a creativity and spontaneity which marks a person as a true child of the gods.

Those who feel overly burdened by the restrictions of life or who carry a false sense of duty which weighs them down ought consider an elixir which mixes the herbs of Urania with those of Mares. Such a drink contains the pure Magick of spontaneity.

There is a special humour sacred to the Mother which is serendipitous. This Magick may be found through elixirs which balance the herbs of Urania with those of Intêre.

Herbes under the aegis of Urania contain the knowledge of the zodiacal workings and ought be favoured by those who are astrologers. These herbs also carry the secret melodies of the Aurora Borealis and, as we pass into the New Age, more herbs will be seen as truly in harmony with Urania and Aquarius.

Neptunia

These herbs remain cloaked within the illusory imagination of the Earth Mother. She gave unto them the song of the mystic veil which, in the hand of the adept, allows one to pull back the curtains of illusion and gaze upon the true natures of all realities.

These herbs are known to be feminine and moist, but sometimes appear to be androgynous and dry. By nature they are primarily illusive.

Add to these herbs those of Venusia should you wish to move between the worlds, to flow within the astral with increased sensitivity and touch the natural magick of the Devas.
The herbs of Neptunia act directly upon the astral, or ethereal, body. Some might call this the soul, or the spirit, of the person. Used properly, these herbs can liberate the astral body so that it may travel unhindered along the Path. Because Neptunia is the planet of illusion, however, the Mysteries and secret wisdom of these herbs is well-hidden. There are many who suffer delusion, believing they have unlocked the knowledge but only having found what 'seems' to be.

These herbs may help a human avoid the common trap of manifest reality: that of failing to trust one's intuition. They help pull back the curtain of illusion, if used with an experienced Guide, and learn that intuition is an essential aspect of reality. The herbs of Neptunia are often to be used but infrequently, following a spiritual regimen of preparation.

At the date of this translation, few herbs fall within the song of Neptunia, for this planet has not long been within our consciousness and this lore is not as Ancient as that of the first seven beads of the Mother's necklace. It is believed that the use of herbal energies of Urania, Neptunia and Plutonia will grow and reach our awareness as we pass into the Age of Aquarius and practitioners will discover that many of the familiar herbs will then reveal their higher, spiritual nature.
Plutonia

This final bead of the sphaerith, known for Ages to the ancients, has only recently been brought into general knowledge and lore.

By nature these herbs are known to be with moisture. They are procreative by nature, transitional as they perceive the future of the energy and work to carry it through transformation into its new role. Although masculine, it is an energy carried through the womb of the Universe into its next life.

Those herbs which carry the vibrations of Plutonia are those capable of evoking social change. They also have within them the knowledge of spiritual rebirth and of reincarnation. Plutonian herbs allow one to look deep within the self, with the outcome of bringing forth a new, revitalized self.
These herbs often aid one in understanding the balance 'twixt the balance of the physical and of the spiritual within the sexual nature of one's being. In so doing they aid in bringing to us a better knowing of our deeper sexual motivations. These herbs are valuable for those who wish spiritual guidance in the desire to bring forth the procreation of life.

Plutonian herbs can be used to gently stir one's motivation in many of life's endeavors, used in combination with various mixtures designed to stir the natal energies of one's personal horoscope.

For those who study the evolution of societies, these herbs will assist you to better know the integration of the different ages of generations. And for those who have trouble understanding the 'younger generation,' these herbs remind you that you, too, were once young.

Herbes of Plutonia will come to be better known in the passing of time. They will prove to hold a master key to knowledge which is yet buried within the inner-consciousness of humankind.

At a personal level, the herbs of Plutonia can be combined with those of Mares to stimulate one's passions, to bring a primal power to the Great Rite. And used by themselves, Plutonian herbs help one better learn the spiritual aspect and balance to be found within sexual joy.

The healer will use these herbs when knowledge of the preservation of life. For those who might otherwise believe the Crone attends not as a reminder of life but as a reminder of death, these herbs can help the patient endure a rite of passage through a metaphorical death, which then returns the body to the living.
The Astraelis

The Mother creates the star-gates of Her dreams
The Astraelis

In the first was only the Mother, She Who sang the stars into being, She Who created Soleil and She Who created a necklace of Her planets to wear when Her feet danced upon Terra Firma.

And in the days when the first herbes were setting neophyte roots into the soil did She realize in Her wisdom, that She wished to bring to them the Wisdom of the Universe. The Mother knew that the time would come when Her herbes would need to understand the Mysteries of the Universe, to gaze upward into the heavens and work the Magick of the patterns created by the stars. She knew that the stars were distant, a universe away from the woodlands and prairies, but in Her wisdom She knew that she could create gates to the Astraelis, to the star-magick. By gazing out into the night sky, Her creatures would see these patterns, the astral gates to the Mysteries of life. In Her wisdom, She knew that it the key to this creation would be found in Her dreams, and late one darkened night, when the stars shone bright through the clear winter air, She nestled Herself down into Terra Firma and set Her soul free.

And She waited until Soleil lowered himself beneath the horizon and the sky began to darken. Bare of foot, She felt the cool moist soil, the soft mosses and, as the Mother of Nature, She began to breathe with the Oneness of Nature.

As a tree gathering the Magick of Soleil did She feel Her feet planted in the earth and, extending Herself downward, became like the roots of the mighty Tree of Life. And then She reached upward. Taller She grew, and more majestic, until She was more great than the mightiest of mountains. As She inhaled, the fertile Magick of Terra Firma entered Her being at Her feet, even as the trees of the earth draw in the forces of life and sustenance. And raising Her arms, She extended them to the heavens.
Her hands gathered about Her all the stars of the heavens. A jeweled vision about Her head, the twinkling storms were like radiant leaves upon this sacred Tree of the Mother. Patiently waiting, She reached down again. Slowly She drew within Her the energies of Her sacred Terra Firma: the whispering breeze and violent wind; the warmth of the done and violence of the eruptive volcano; the gentlest of dew and the potent, ravaging sea; and the earth, the rich-scented sacred soil.

Filling Herself with breath, all the Stars of the Universe sparkled about Her hair and She opened Her mind and they filled her. And all the Magick of Terra Firma was drawn up and She was filled of it. And then... And then, a wondrous event occurred. Luna rose over the distant horizon, full as pregnant belly, and the Mother felt Herself stir within. Luna had stirred the cycle of Her own, sacred womb. And the Mother was both calm and excited, for She knew that this was the night to begin. Her hands reached to unclasp Her necklace and She set free the spinning orbs of the planets, for She knew She must be unclad for Her Magick to work on this night. And the coloured spheres danced out into the night to form a Circle about Her.

And She gave Herself over to the birthing of Her dreams, feeling the stars above mingling in Her womb with the earth from below. As the power grew, She kept it contained within Her and then, taking yet another deep breath, one so full Her womb was filled with passion, She exhaled and the stars flowed up with Her Magick and spread, again, out into the Universe, the multitude of Her desires and the patterns of the reality of Her creation woven throughout eternity.

And within these patterns, high above Terra Firma, were woven the same Magick as that below, at Her feet.

And on the first night, there were no dreams.

And on the second night, from the infinite field of Her dreams, She gathered a small harvest of stars which contained the patterns of Her wisdom and she braided them into a circler to gird Her waist, a band of twelve constellations, each a gate of stars to carry Her children into a greater understanding of the Divine.
One night short of a fortnight, knowing Her night's work to be done, She removed this cincture and placed it in the heavens so as to watch the planets dance along these stargates, a celestial clock for the herbes and children of Her beloved Terra Firma.

And there were twelve tribes of stars, and the character of each came to be known for all Ages. And Her work was good and She slept for all the nights of this creation, taking one, final night to restore Herself before the Luna would dance New with Soleil.

Arietis: Initiatory Fire

On the first night of dreams, the Mother of Nature dreame of the seed She had planted in the rich soil of Terra Firma during the days of dark. If Her herbes were to spring forth into new-found life, they would need to understand the spark of life. If Her herbes were to have life, this stargate would be the pattern able to manifest that spark of fire. This Magick would be able to waken the sleeping seed, dormant after the long season of dark and snow. She knew that the Mysteries of the Astraeis were to teach the seed to arise from the dead of winter and Her dreams spiralled out, into the Universe.

As the Mother shaped Her dreams into those of birth, seeing the seed spring forth life, the stars arranged themselves into the pattern of the ram horns, showing the tender herbe how to burst through the tough, protective shell and push through the clogging, moist soils of spring. And thus would the seed learn how to transcend its limitations and explore the new horizons of rebirth.
As she dreamt, the stars traced this pattern of her dream. Breaking free of her aura, they set forth into the void and danced the pattern of the ram. And when their Magick reached its zenith, they paused and set loose a wild, primal brilliance. And the Mother was pleased and took them as her first constellation and these stars became the Tribe of Arietis, the very first stargate. Her body stirred in the night and her dream returned, again, to the seed. Into the seed she placed the pattern of initiatory fire.

And the herbs who would come to sing of Arietis would teach the Mother’s children of freedom, inventiveness and initiative. They would protect the impetuous joy of the child within yet need the subtle quiet of Libra to achieve their full potential. Children of the spring, they would be useful in healing, and many would come to be valued in the treatment of illness born of heat. As the first, they would show the others how to set forth and explore the unexplored and break new ground.

And the Mother returned deep into slumber, sinking again into her roots within the earth, her head resting in the night-filled sky.

Taurus: Fundamental Earth

The next night, she knew that the impulse of initiation would need to be tempered. This stargate would move into a new cycle within which patience would be a virtue. And thus the second night of the dreaming took her back into the soil. This next of the Tribes was to teach the herbs the Magick of fundamental earth. And the Mother remembered the stories her own grandmother had told her, of the slow, patient sacred beast who carried Europa upon his back. And she named this stargate Taurus, and she felt happy.

And this pattern was the first of the hermetic lessons: one can not only strive toward the glory of soliel, but each herb must take the time to sink their roots into the depth of the earth, to establish the foundation for the onset of maturity.
And She shaped Her dreams into a greater substance, born of the earth which would cool the impulsive fires set loose by the first Tribe. The patterns of this stargate gave the tender roots of Arietis strength and courage, knowing that they could support the rampant spring blooms which would give pause to the horned beast. And the stars moved out into the night, knowing among themselves the pattern of this dance, choosing to bring themselves forth in homage to the great Father, Zeus, who was familiar with the sacred bull.

And the herbs who would come to sing of Tauros would have the greatest joy of song, for the Tribe who honoured the sacred bull would reach them the Mysteries of pleasure and fulfillment, of passing after the exuberance of Arietis to take time with the scented bloom and the lushness of Spring. Some of them would become priests, teaching the Mother’s children the value of stability and others would become healers, helping to bring health to Her creature’s blood and well being to their bodies.

And the Mother returned deep into slumber, turning Her head upon the pillow of the sky and stretching Her toes into the earth. She slept well this night.

Geminorum: Weaving Air

And the Mother knew that the first two gates were but the beginnings of the cycle and on the third night of the dreaming She called forth the patterns of the next star gate as Her visions entered yet another conception.
Having worked from above, with the spark of fire, and from below, with the depths of the earth. She sought to weave the Magick from both above and from below together and thus She created the Twins. To this end She brought forth from the myriad stars which were brilliant about Her those which could carry this message.

Again She created dreams with the astræulis, with the stars, She taught this new pattern to call upon the warming winds of summer, to carry forth the migratory butterflies, to drift the spring pollens with the breeze. And the Mysteries of Geminorum were of the weaving of air. Through these Mysteries the herbs would be taught to fan the life within with the breath of life carried by the breezes of Terra Firma, to replenish the atmosphere with the exchange of oxygen and carbon dioxide and sustain other creatures who were yet but a twinkle in the Mother’s eye.

And those stars which were kindred in this work came together and formed the Tribe of Geminorum. They were given the Mysteries of the mind to tend, helping future generations to bring ease to those with undue mental strain, to help others attain clarity by understanding the nature of opposition, the balance of seeing the wisdom of both sides. And the herbs of Geminorum would sing songs of such Magick to whet the interest of even the most blasé of the Mother’s creatures.

And Geminorum would teach the herbs to scatter the flower petals to spread the news that Summer would soon broach the horizon of life. And the Mother remembered another of Her grandmother’s stories and she sang to the stars of the messenger Hermes, who could move into the Underworld midst the darkest depth to announce the death of Spring then fly fleet of foot into the skies to herald the coming of summer.

And the Mother returned deep into slumber, quieting the fleeting images the Tribe of Geminorum stirred in Her mind, and settled back into the night.

**Cancer: Nurturing Water**

The first quarter of Her jeweled cinclère complete, She knew it was time to move into a more passionate cycle of the dreaming.
As the fourth night settled about Her, She contemplated the first day of summer and the nurturing of life. Knowing that soon the powerful heat of summer would soon settle upon Terra Firma like a great beast, She invoked the Mysteries of nurturing the Astraelis those stars able to teach this wisdom. And they came forth in dance and became the Tribe of Cancri.

Now the soil would become dry, the moisture from the spring thaw which had given drink to the seed and tender roots was spent, and the passionate storms of summer were about to arrive. Bringing great emotion, there was also a quality of love which only the Mother could bestow, for water to nurture the herbs when the Soleil grew as ferocious as a lion would be essential for their survival.

These were the patterns which would nurture life and protect the youthful herbs, bringing them into their early maturity so they would shed the flower and begin replacing it with fruit and seed. Knowing that the birthing of next year’s seed required great protection, the Mother sang onto the Astraelis. And the Tribe of Cancri took as their totem the crab, able to be soft and loving within yet able to withstand the ravaging seas and danced their round into the night sky. And they knew the Mother’s music: that true strength is found within the self.

And the herbs who would come to sing of Cancri would bring protection, helping the plants to be strong in their new-found maturity, able to move with surety into their own parenting of seed and fruit, knowing that the offspring they would bear would be the future generations. And as healers they would be gentle, teaching strength but sheltering sensitivities; honouring compassion yet promoting growth.
The nurturing stars above, She felt snuggled Herself in, taking joy in Her security. And the Mother returned deep into slumber, pulling the remaining stars about Her like a spangled comforter, nestling Herself into the security of the earth.

Leonis: Stationary Fire

And within the fifth dreaming night did the passion of summer rise to its fullness. The Magick of its heat was both mellow and sultry and yet, the Mother lay down in sleep. And She dreamt of Sol. One would never know He was waning, for during His great ripening arc across the sky it seemed that He did pause, ripening the herbs within Her gardens with the Mysteries of stationary fire.

Within the stargates of Leonis was sparked the Mysteries of Sol; for even as He reached His fullness was it essential to preserve the next generation, not even yet brought into birth. And the new, ripening seeds hung from the summer's herbs and basked in the heat. And the Magick of the Sun sunk into their depths, providing the warmth which would keep the spark of life warm throughout the winter. And the Mother gave form to Her dreams and they were woven into the tribe of Leonis, they who paid homage to the great lion, he who takes joy in his pride, he who beams the Magick of the proud father.

The patterns of Leonis were those of radiant warmth. This would be the stargate which would provide a growing sense of self, helping the fragile egos of herbe and plant to grow and mature beneath the ripened Sun. And the stars of Leonis would encourage the herbs to stand tall, reaching up toward Sol so that fruit and seed alike would bask in His glory.
And the herbs would dance the summer songs of Leonis, those of the gentle purr and those of the deepening roar and this music would provide a melody to ripen the fruits and the seeds. And their melodies would reach future generations the importance of pausing in the summer night, of taking patience and letting the future ripen in its own timing.

And then, as the warm night cooled ever so slightly, the Mother stirred, soon to wake in time to see Sol rise in His full, daytime glory.

**Virginis: Discriminating Earth**

And the sixth night came to pass and the Mother felt a chill in the air. She withdrew herself into the seclusion of a small, warm cave wherein She lay herself down to sleep and moved into Her dreams. Her spirit drifted free and wove itself throughout Her gardens where ripened the seeds under the star-gate Leonis. And She felt the Wheel turn. Then, as She moved Her dreams into the Harvest Dance, the stirrings of discomfort were felt and She knew that something was not quite right.

Her aura reached out, embracing the cave and, through the rock, sensed the discerning qualities of the soil. She realized what it was that gave Her pause: not all seed could be brought through the Wheel. And Her spirit returned to the cavern to regather itself. Wrapping Her soul in the robes of pure, white linen, She moved more deeply into Her dreams.

And the Magick of Her dreams danced into the night as the tribe of Virginis, those of the Astraelis who are able to choose which seed will survive for the next cycle, which herbs would be chosen for the harvest, which grapes would bring the wine and which grains would be stored. With their careful eyes, those of this star-gate would be able to sense which seed was fertile and which seed could bring mould to the healthy; which herbs were blessed with the Mother’s Magick and which herbs were best suited to be composted and provide the deeper Mysteries for the future.
And the Mother knew that the tribe of Virginis held a painful task and, to protect them against the sorrows of their labours, She embued them with a coolness of temperament. And the herbes would come to sing of Virginis, knowing that this stargate was the turning of the Wheel which would initiate the Harvest. And some came to fear the scythe and others to welcome it; yet all knew that bowing before the Harvest Blade was a dance of honour. And those herbes who knew best these songs became the patron herbes of the healers and teachers.

And the Mother felt the night had grown more cool and stirred in Her sleep. She woke just enough to open a drawer beneath Her bed and bring forth a soft comforter. "The nights are cooling." She thought and soon was fast asleep.

Librae: Precarious Air

Glad She was for the warmth of Her bed as the seventh night emerged sweetly among the stars. Carefully poised, the star-brightened darkness was caressed by the Autumn breeze. Stretching from one horizon to another, the gentle wind brought division to the gardens. Balancing between summer’s life and winter’s death, the night seemed precarious for the herbes, never knowing whether the zephyr would descend upon them with the killing frosts of autumn nights or charm them into growth with sunny ‘maize days’ throughout the shortened afternoons when it seemed that summer was in the air.

And on this night did the Mother’s dreams turn back to the Harvest Halls, where all the yield She had brought from Her gardens was gathered. Sheaves of stalk were stacked high; mounds of grape and grain were plentiful; the roots looked fresh-scrubbed and robust; bundles of herbes dried from the rafters and seed had been carefully sorted into kith baskets.

"Ah, how much is there?" She wondered and this question touched the very soul of Her dreams.
The Autumn breeze rose up from the gardens to touch the stars and they danced into a pattern of the Sacred Scales. And the twinkling nightlights of Librae’s tribe opened their stargate and it formed a pattern of silver pans hanging from a balanced beam and the nightdream felt good to the Mother. She sighed and her breath joined the breeze and sailed out her window.

And the gardens were filled with a sense of proportion regarding matters of life and death, of reaping and sowing. And the herbs learned the songs of Librae and danced measure for measure ‘neath the stars. And in the years to come they knew their music would celebrate the weighing of the harvest and would carry that song which would be sung midway ‘tween Midsummer and Yule.

And the night brought peace to the Mother and she could sense that life was in balance and as this dream passed into the morn did she sleep in comfort and joy.

Scorpionis: Passionate Water

And the eighth night the Mother’s dreams were dark. The crone-kiss of frost had touched her gardens and her herb beds had begun to show the starkness of Death’s presence. And in the face of Death, Life, itself, seemed to retreat to the hidden depths within the Earth. All of this seemed so imperfect when she remembered the flourishing lushness of her gardens in summer.

And within the dark recesses of her dreams, she found herself taken by her desires into the watery abyss, seeking the safe moistures within the earth as preservation against the harsh Mysteries of Death. And her spirit rose from her body and sought to bathe itself in her pond.

Moving ‘neath the star-filled night, she felt the chill of Autumn’s night air and her body trembled lightly as she stepped into the pool. But it felt wonderful: She sighed with pleasure and the sound stirred more stars into life. And the stargate of Scorpionis came into being, singing the eternal echo of the Mother’s pleasure and this night these stars also learned a Mystery: Life is able to survive the Abyss. For as the stars watched from high o’erhead, the Mother’s soul moved into the depths of the pool. And there, hidden within, was the ability to accept imperfection within all manifestation as the most perfect of realities. Deep she went until the current joined an underground spring which flowed far beneath the Earth for a great distance until it joined the mighty sea.
As the stargate sung to the Muses of Heaven, the Mother found herself within the abyss of the ocean, itself, where the eruption of the volcano broke through the deepest reaches of the earth to soar upward and meet the crests of waves. And here was born passion in the mingling of life and death. And out of passion was born the sublime and the Mother rested through the remainder of this night 'midst dreams of passion and dreams of tranquility and the tribe of Scorpionis knew their songs could reach both a greater depth and greater height than any of the other tribes of the Astraeis.

And before broke the dawn's light, the Mother's spirit was rejoined to Her sleeping body and She slept well. Thus passed the eighth night.

Sagittarii: Questful Fire

And on the ninth night were Her dreams greatly changed from those of the eighth; for having been to the depths of the manifest world did She feel stirring within Her a great longing to soar up into the heavens, reaching to the other extreme. And knowing that the tribal stars of Scorpionis were those of extremes did She feel this impulse natural and sought to embrace it.
And gathering about Her the warmth of passion did She find kindled within a flame: that of questful fire.

And a joyousness burst forth within Her very soul and she soared high, Her aura screaming behind her as an archer's bow, trailing ribbons of excitement through the sky. And the Mother knew the thrill which is found in the pursuit of wisdom and Her heart quickened as Her body shared in this quest and hunger for wisdom. And Her long legs strode through the heavens quickly moving among the stars until those of the Great Quest were brought into wakefulness.

And as She moved did She open the Mysteries of great wisdom, and thus did the tribe of Sagittarii come into being, and they embraced all of history learning to dance the steps of evolution with daring in the face of challenge. And they moved into a pattern forming the long crescent of the archer's bow, a flaring shape which combined both the lunar loveliness of the Mother and the burning fires of Her questing soul.

And the Mother knew that this tribe would be sources of wisdom for Her herbal children and this gave Her pleasure. Knowing how She would be preparing the herbes for their coming Initiations, She wove the patterns of that freedom which is found through the educatation of the spirit, stretching this stargate as a great band across the Universe like the arched bow of a rainbow. And this stargate was filled with the musick of eternal hope.

Beneath Her coverlet, the Mother's long legs stretched out and She settled deeply into sleep. And thus were Her dreams for this ninth night brought to completion.
Capricornus: Ascending Earth

The darkness of the tenth night was cooling midst the stars and the Mother pulled Her dreams about Her as snug as the blankets which kept Her warm as Autumn slipped into memory. With Her wisdom from the previous night’s dream wrapped about Her, was the flame kept bright. And on this tenth night of the dreaming She felt the earth, again, beneath Her feet and it was there that the magick ember was taken.

Knowing that true wisdom could not survive with exuberance alone, did the Mother seek to bring forth the patterns of patience and perseverance. With great deliberation did She begin Her dance, moving in a slow spiral until the very foundation of the Earth, itself, was stirred beneath Her. Step by step moved Her dance, seeking the heights explored the night before, but now was She reaching the Mystery of knowledge brought into manifestation. And the rocky depths of the Earth were moved and as the Mother slowly ascended was formed a stairway to the heavens.

And it seemed that great lengths of time had been measured but at last, She placed Her foot upon the final step: the pinnacle. And all the tribes were joyous and burst into their songs, from Arietis to Sagittarii. And the stars of a new tribe gathered about Her head as the Mother stood stately at the top of the mountain. And this stargate contained ascending earth, the quest for perfection at the onset of winter. The spark of life taken to its greatest depth within the soil, this would bring to the herbes the pinnacle of achievement, of working within the delicate threads of heritage passed from seed to seed to assure the passing of all wisdom to the next generation.
And the stars of this gate took as their totem Capricornus and danced the patterns of the mountain goat, the Mysteries which taught the following of the path toward the pinnacle of one's dreams. And the Mother knew this Magick was good and completed Her tenth night of the dreaming.

Aquarii: Inquisitive Air

And on the eleventh night the Mother drifted into a deep sleep when she realized that She had nearly forgotten Aquarii, the eleventh stargate. And with the music of 'better late than never' She began to dream the next stargate into being.

Having accomplished a great and arduous feat with the creation of the stargate of Capricornus, She knew it was appropriate to reach those Mysteries which would bring work into balance. Seeking to refresh Herself, She brought forth sacred vessels and, dipping them into the pools beneath Her, gathered waters blessed by the tribes of Cancri and Scorpionis.

Carrying the urns of water, Her feet danced and flew up the stony steps and, reaching the zenith, did She fairly fly into the heavens where She bathed Her face and found renewal. And She felt joyous and sang songs of childlike delight, in memory of that aspect of Herself which was once but a Maiden. Light of foot, She danced and brought forth merriment. But what is merriment when it is not working its Magick?

Curious grew the stars as the Mother's songs sparkled in the night. Soon, all about Her began to gather the ten tribes and all brought their memories and stories and the night was filled with the gentle din of myriad voices and a great fire filled the star-magick's circle. And the stargate of Aquarii was made merrily manifest.
As the night drew near dawn, the Mother was ready to turn again in her bed and draw sleep about her as one might snuggle 'neath the eiderdown. Bidding all her love, she wished them sweet dreaming and brought forth her pitchers of water, pouring forth a gentle flow which washed away the weariness of all tribes. Yet, before she was able to complete this night of dreams did her curiosity get the best of her. Peering through the night, she looked far below her to see where the water had landed. And yet sleep o'ertook her before even her curiosity was satisfied. And thus did this eleventh night meet the dawn.

**Piscium: Dreamweaving Water**

The final night now came into being and the Mother moved into the twelfth night. And her dreams were deeply woven. She found herself standing in the great circle of the stargates, the eleven tribes shining brightly. But she stood in an abyss, in the dark emptiness where the final gate would be made manifest.

How would this final night's dream seek completion? All about her were filled with unknowing, and the Mother could sense the anxiousness which permeated this void. Gazing far below, her vision found the pool of water which had been poured forth on the night of Aquarii and she scryed its surface.
As She settled into Her final act of creation, She set forth the Mysteries of dreamweaving water. And She looked beneath the surface to see all the possibilities within the Universe could be seen, both those which were the most beautiful and also those which might be dreaded. And those which were beautiful appeared as a graceful fish and those which were dreaded appeared as its reflection for within the Mysteries were both images were reflections of the same Magick.

And the Mother stirred the waters into life and where the waves of creation lapped at the shore did a gentle spray of tiny droplets sparkle in the air. Gathering themselves together did they form stars, shining bright with hope against the illusive waters. Because hope was essential to the Magick of manifestation, they were elevated by the Mother into the star-filled firmament and became the tribe of Piscium, the last tribe of the Astraeis. And they brought with them the gifts of illusion, of shape-shifting, and they knew the skills of dream manifestation.

And the tribe of Piscium knew the songs of creation, and the magick of carrying the dream into reality and manifestation. And they knew both the hopes and the fears of all the tribes and their song wove subtle threads into the dreams of the entire circle of stargates.

The twelfth night grew late and was washed by the early dawn. And the heavens were ablaze in starmagick. The dancing orbs of Her planets were like bright-shining beads upon Her necklace, spinning bright against the diamond-studded stargates of the Astraeis. And She felt complete, the birthing of Her dreams having made manifest those Mysteries which were needed for the survival of Her gardens.

The stargates looked bright, a confluence of stars which, on those sacred nights the Moon would be New or Full, She would take it down and gird Her loins to dance the sacred round. And the nights of dreams were completed and She turned to Her other work, for She would continue Her work for all the Ages to come.
The Cyclælis

The Mother teaches the Wheel of the Year
The Cyclus

The Mother lay in bed one early eve. Winter’s coverlets of snow kept her from her gardens and night continued its rule. But there was something in the air. She closed her eyes and reached out into the stars... and she knew: It was time. The Wheel was turning and it was time, time to teach the Devas of the seasons and how the Turning held the lessons of Life and Death.

In the morning, new light would be given birth. It was time to herald the beginning of the Wheel of the Year. And bringing forth a golden ram-horn, she raised it to her lips and a clear sound broke through the sky. And thus began the Magick on this fine Eostre Eve.

Eostre

"Arise," she said to herself with wry humour at the turn of her words, "for it is soon Spring." And all the Devas gathered about to watch and listen as the Mother presented unto them a pageant of dreams...

The Circle was brought forth, and she regaled the Devas with stories, intimating the Mysteries which would be unfolded as the Wheel turned this year. And then, she brought them to her bed and snuggled warm, they slept until the great beginning.

Soleil rose over the Eastern horizon and his light pierced the final wintry dark and the new light was given birth that heralded the beginning of the Wheel of the Year. There was much Magick in the air. The hours of the day were in balance with the hours of the night and this harmony called for the onset of new life. The Mother stirred and the Devas quickly woke.

Stepping to her window, she threw the shutters wide and took up the golden horn. The sound broke through as clear as the morning light. In the croplands the Mother’s horn sounded a melody to waken all the seeds laying in wait. In response they broke the hulls which had cradled them through the dark and the first growth probed the soil.

In the woodlands the trumpet broke through the last patches of snow as a beacon of sunlight piercing the cold and the doe with full belly knew the waiting was done. The Mother’s horn had sounded and it was time to bear her young.
And Her horn sounded far to the south, and in the desert the golden sound called a halt to the winter rains and even among the sands was born the Magick of the Egg. And thus did the Devas emerge from Esotre Eve.

Beltaine

And as Soleil rose ever higher, She felt the Wheel turn but the Mother sought to provide Him with an anchor lest He rise too far in the heavens and become lost. And out of the woodlands came forth a venerable old rowanberry who wished to teach the new seedlings the first lesson of the Magick of Rebirth. He bowed before the Mother and She kissed his sky-most boughs with a gentle love that gave the seedlings pause.

"Far across the Wheel of the Year," spoke the ancient rowan, "lies the Sabbat at which we see the Mother passing through Death's Door. Yet even today, as Beltaine celebrates the waxing of love and of life must we acknowledge Death's touch in every aspect of being. Without Death there is no life."

And with that he removed his bark and, stripped bare as a young sapling, divested himself of bough and branch and offered his greens to the forest creatures for their summer homes. In his offering of himself, he stood so tall with humble pride that he reached up into the sky and touched Soleil's Magick. In the offering of himself as a sacrifice, the rowan was blessed by the Mother and became the Tree of Life, bringing down into Terra Firma the Magick of Soleil and carrying upward, at the same time, the fertile longing of the Earthmother. These Magicks were united within the woody shaft and the Mother gathered the Devas about and with ribbons did they pay homage to the rowanberry and then danced about him in great delight. And thus was celebrated the first Beltane Eve.

Midsummer

And as Soleil reached His zenith, did the Mother know that at the far end of the Wheel would He then transcend His coming death. All of the fertility which He had brought to the land shown full in the flowered herbs. Now His work would begin to diminish. The Mother knew that the herbs might feel sadness as His glory began to wane.

She called upon Her elvenbard, who spun the tale of olden times when first She had came to Terra Firma to consecrate Her beloved herbs and consummate life with Pan. And all who heard the bardic muse were enraptured.
As the elvenbard spun his words, a haze arose from the nearby meadow and the veils of illusion were hung like gossamer curtains between the worlds. Each word was like a bead of Magick, strung together on the threads of endless time and once woven, created the fabric of lore which told of the herbies' Initiation into the realm of healers. The words, each filled with such Magick, transformed themselves into light and soon the woodlands were filled with the glimmering starlights of countless fireflies.

Then did the gates of the Earth, Herself, open and were all transported into the Land of Faerie. And Midsummer's Eve might have lasted until dawn, but time was without measure and it could have lasted many turnings of the Wheel. But the Mother, in Her wisdom, showed Her herbies the return path so that all were ready to greet the dawn. And thus did the Devas dance through their first Eve of Midsummer.

**Lammas**

The Wheel was turning to its fourth mark. The herbies had ripened throughout the Summer and the first of them were ready for the harvest. This was a time to mark the onset of the very first Great Gathering. Wearing Her best robe, She took Her golden scythe and Her basket and made ready to process to the fields. Gathered about Her were all the creatures of woodland and of meadow.

And then one fine, sunny morning, it began. The Mother set the course, weaving those who followed in loops and spirals, here touching a sacred tree, there blessing the soil with Her touch. Behind Her followed elves and Devas, woodland creatures and summer's birds. Tools of Magick were carried with pride and music was made by many. Bells were rung, banners were carried and the procession spread joy about like the warm haze of a hot summer's morn.
Soon the fields were before them. Stepping bare of foot into the grains, she held the thick stalks cant with one hand. The elves knelt nearby, holding her basket and then, the scythe was raised high in the sky until it caught the pure gleam of Soleil. This would be the finest moment of His waning. He smiled upon the Mother and a golden beam of light reached down to bless the blade. The Mother’s arm came down so quick the startled elves’ caught their breath.

In wonder, they carried the grain back to the Mother’s temple where the gnomes had laid two flat, round stones one upon the other. The seed placed between them, song and chant lent help as the gnomes ground the seed into flour. That afternoon the Mother baked the flour into a bread, shaped to give honour to the dying Soleil. And that night the Circle was cast, the bread shared by all, and the first Lammas Eve was observed.

Autumn

The Wheel had turned again. It was now as far ‘round from Edstre as it could be. The Lammas days had brought in the harvest and there were bunches of drying herbs hanging around her temple and baskets of seed drying in the afternoon warmth.

For the last day of summer, she took up her sacred harvest-blade and honed it well, knowing that its work was done. She wrapped it in a fine fabric, a gift woven by the sylphs from threads spun by moth-babies. Here it would remain until next year’s Gathering.
The Wheel had brought itself to the Measuring. Knowing that She
must teach the Mysteries of this Sabbat well, She took Herself to bathe in
the spring-fed pool just beyond the rowan. The water was brisk, showing the
death of summer and the coming of the new season. "Surely there will be the first
touch of frost within three morns," She thought, bracing Herself. She smiled.
From Beltaine through Lammas, and then even more days, did She linger in the
pool. But now, there was work to be done.

Seed had been collected from each family of herbs in Her earthly gardens.
It had been a fruitful season. She sent one of the elves scampering to Her closet
to fetch Her scales. This was the Eve of Autumn and as Soleil's aging form
sunk beneath the far horizon, did the Devas realize that the hours of day were
again in perfect balance to those of the night. The elf returned, lovingly holding
the Mother's scales, each silver pan engraved with the symbol of Librae.

She weighed the seed and took stock of this year's harvest. Measure for
measure, She knew that of all possible gardens, the earth was Her most sacred.

That night were all invited to share in ritual joy, giving thanks for the
closing of the Harvest and offering thanksgiving for the season's bounty. And
this Circle was the first observance of Autumn Eve.
And the Mother knew it was time. The Wheel had turned again. She took one last stroll through Her gardens. Here and there She paused, reflecting upon the fullness of the year which had passed. The columbine beckoned and as She drew near, She saw a tear poised like a drop of dew and She knelt, blessing the flower with a kiss. Here and there She walked, stopping to caress, to breathe in the scent, to offer other kisses to Her children. The Devas were quiet, hushed in the stillness of the clear late-Autumn afternoon. Already they had been almost touched by frost and some of the grains of the meadow had fallen to its icy touch. The Devas knew She was right in Her timing.

As Soleil lowered Himself in the sky, She walked into the woodland. Nearing one of Her sacred oaks, She raised Her hand and gave the Magick sign. A secret door opened, revealing a closet within which hung Her ritual robes. She brought forth one as dark as a wintry night and wrapped it around Her shoulders. Now She was the Crone.

Ready for Death, She loved Her Devas and was kindly, spreading across the land the soft hush of frost, laying them to sleep even as She descended the spiral into the Underworld.

Deeper and deeper She went... pausing only when She reached the very Gates of Death. She knocked. The sound echoed through the caverns of the Underworld like the sound of a bone dropping into the Abyss. The door opened. She entered. As the Gates closed She was no longer to be seen.
The Devas, following the Mother's wisdom, met in Her Aboveworld Circle. The frost-kissed night air was solemn. Candles were lit, and the ceremonies observed. The salamanders brought forth a cauldron and set it in the Circle's midst and it was filled with flame. Ever so carefully, the Devas leaned close, careful to avoid the flames yet peering carefully into the dancing blaze.

After time had passed, the silent scrying was broken by the startled voice of a young Deva. “Why, they’re laughing... Mother and Death are sitting and laughing together, telling stories in chairs before a huge fire...” No one knew if it was true, but it could be. The Wheel would turn two more notches before the Mother would return.

The Devas continued with their Circle and brought forth the feast. They were to share their repast and offer blessings for all who had perished in endless cycles of birth and death and rebirth. A cup was filled with the drink of the sacred vine. Cakes were shared, made from this year’s harvest. Though solemn and silent, the seeds of hope had been deeply planted this night. And thus passed the first Hallow’s Eve.

Yule

Deep within the Earth the Mother had spent the darkening season. Nightly She would pace the floors, trying to not worry about Her beloved Devas. Death would reassure Her, reminding Her that She could only teach them these Mysteries by entering His realm, Herself.

Nightly She and Death would sit before the fire. It was a large hearth, the fire dancing nearly as tall as the Mother, Herself. Some nights She would laugh and sing as gaily as a maiden, remembering of the first days of Her gardens. Some nights She would speak slow, an aging Crone, drawing the silken threads of Her robe about Her. Then would the fire blaze quietly and She would speak to Death of all the Mysteries. And on some of these nights, for She was tenderhearted and knew some of Her beloved creatures and heroes would not survive the blade of winter, a tear would seep out the corner of Her eye. And thus did the Mother spend Her nights in the Underworld.

More days passed and the nights grew longer. In the Aboveworld, the Devas were sound asleep, dormant as the winter winds howled o’er their thick blanket of fresh snow. They moved deep into the dreaming, and the quickening days nearly passed unnoticed, were it not for the stalwart trees bared to the croning sky.
Their branches were stark against the stars, but they gathered from the wind a knowing that the nights were growing, darkness was spreading throughout the land. And yet, despite the onset of colder days, there was the Magick of something in the air.

In the Underworld, one Eve, was the fire blazing brightly. Death knew in his thoughts that it was time. And the Mother knew in her heart that it was time. The nights were grown so long that the Wheel must be turned and the rides turned which move the forces of the darkening.

They both raised themselves from their chairs, Their bones feeling as old as the night. They embraced and She kissed Death gently upon His brow. He gazed at Her, lovingly, and said “I’ll see you next year.” And then, He kissed Her cheek, right where it glistened wet from tears.

Death stepped before the fire. His back was bent with age and His bones were pained and weary. And He knew it was time. Leaning forward, He threw Himself into the depth of the fire and fell through its blazing heart into the very soul of the Universe. The Mother felt both a great sorrow and a sense of relief, as if the weight of the world upon Her shoulders had eased. This is the way it has always been. This is the way it will always be. And this is the way it will remain.
Drawing Her chair near the fire, She gazed into its soul and the vision of a cauldron appeared. A dark cauldron, all the flames licking at it with the hungry passion which could only be found within the great Heaith of the Universe, Herself. The Mother knew that Death’s soul was nurtured within this great vessel and that She was gazing at the loving Womb of the Universe. Quicker burned the flames around the cauldron and then, from within its black-metal abyss, did a radiant glow appear. The light from within the cauldron grew so bright that the Mother shut Her eyes for just a moment.

She opened them just in time to see the new-born Sun appear, rising up from the cauldron’s depth to set free Her gardens from the growing darkness. The Wheel had turned again. The Mother realized that She had sat up throughout the Eve of Yule and now, on this First Morning was Her body sorely tired but Her heart was brimming with joy. Although most were sleeping, many of the Devas spent their first Yule Eve dreaming of the Mother and of the cauldron. And some even woke just in time to see the first smiles of the new Sun rising in the East.

Candlemas

For several days after Death had been reborn in the cauldron did the Mother sit quietly in Her chair. The fire burned itself out and She realized that Death’s home was no longer the place for Her to be. She rose, walked slowly to the door and turned out the last light. She locked the Gates behind Her and began Her slow journey back up to the woodlands.

Her legs were tired, Her back was crooked as the Crone’s sickle. It seemed there were many times more steps spiralling back up to Her gardens than there were when She took Her descent. Several times it was necessary for Her to stop and sit on the steps, resting and (don’t tell Her you know) even dozing. It seemed that the Hallows journey which took only hours was taking days and She was so weary that now and then would a tear slip and plummet to splash upon Her dusty feet.

At last the Mother reached the top steps. Only the door which separated the world leading to the Below and the world of Her gardens remained. Grateful for nearing Her journey’s end, She kissed the aging wood. Her withered hand turned the latch and She pushed against the door. Nothing. She peered through the small circle of mica to see what was keeping Her barricaded inside. Snow. Mounds of snow had been blown deep against the door, its weight holding it firmly in place.
She knew this was at it should be and yet it left Her more tired than before. She lowered Her tired body and the Mother lay near the door and slept. The next morning, the Sun was just a touch stronger and warmer than the day before. The Mother knew this because She saw him through Her little window.

And She leaned against the door with all Her weight. It moved - just enough for a wee spider to come scurrying in from beneath the snow, seeking refuge. She smiled, knowing that the day had grown many heartbeats longer than the previous day.

Then came that memorable day. The Sun had grown so bright that when the Mother pushed against the door the melting snow gave way. A trickle of water slid past Her toes and She jumped, startled, at the melt. Her body felt older than ever but Her heart was young with joy. She stepped through the mounds of snow and walked over the hill to Her sacred pool. The springs were running and there was no ice on the water's surface.
The Sun lowered His loving face in the West, and though He was not yet near enough to consummate His love for Her, He bent close and kissed Her with His waxing warmth. A Full Mothermoon rose in the East. The Mother removed Her tattered robes and lowered Her aching body into the icy, cold springwater.

Her bones no longer ached, Her joints began to feel young and vibrant. The Mother's heart reached out into the land and She felt at One with the seeds and roots. They stirred, feeling the kiss of the waxing Sun upon their Mother. They stirred, but did not waken. And the Mother rose from the water, as young as the Maiden, and walked light of foot back to Her home to snuggle through the last winter night with Her Devas. And thus did the Devas know Candlemas Eve.

And the Wheel turns and the Wheel turns. And there are no endings which were not birthed in beginnings and there are no beginnings which shall not lead to the Gates of Death and the Cauldron of Rebirth. And the Devas know well the Mysteries. They love their Mother and they love the Turning of the Wheel. This is the way it has always been. This is the way it will always be. And this is the way it will remain.
Botanikus

Translations of lessons taught the herbs in their primers, presented in no particular order...
Botanikus

In the beginning was the soil, the earth of life, which fed the waters of time; out of which arose all being. And thus did the Earth Goddess, the Mother of all Nature, bring into being the element Verda, the essence of being, the being of all life...

And She brought it manifest into many forms, capable of surviving all the lessons of Life, of inhabiting all the regions of the planet Terra Firma...

And bringing before Herself Her sacred grimoire of herbal Magick, She called them forth one night and set the stars into patterns. This night was later called the Night of Genetricus, when the Mother arranged the patterns of this wisdom into the smallest cells of every herbe, woven through all of Verda.

The primer

And herbes were created to float upon the breeze as delicately as the Mother’s sigh, to send their seeds sailing to far and distant lands. And they created their leaves to dance in the wind, to be set free in the Autumn gust and chase the waning butterflies of Summer like children even though their souls were at the end of their cycle. And they were loved by the Unicorn Raphael.
And herbes were created to survive the fires, growing stately in the primal forests able to be taken in one gust of flame set free from the lightning-filled skies. And though their rough-barked boughs would be ravaged, the seeds sown in summer past with the song of the Unicorn Michael would see the fire as a blessing, setting free the new life they held cradled within.

And herbes were created to drift like a maiden's hair in the ocean current, to meander 'mid the waters of the lakes, to carry the Mother's songs throughout the element of Water, sacred to the Unicorn Gabriel. Some of these herbes were noble, knowing that their domain would be as food for the fishes and others were sacred, bringing forth flowers to honour all life upon Terra Firma.

And herbes were created, blessed by the Unicorn Auriel, earth-bound and close to the soil. And though, in future times, they knew they would be considered more at one with the element of Earth, they knew... they knew that they represented the Perfect Balance of all four elements and did not favor one Unicorn over the other.

And herbes were created to withstand the dry, searing winds which rage across the desert, herbes to endure the paralyzing heat of the noon-day sun. These plants willingly set aside their leaves and knew that their flowers would come but briefly, following the miracle of the rain. Within their heritage was patience, the ability to wait until the seasons had turned the Wheel a number of times before bursting quickly into bloom before Soleil would again turn the dunes into the desert furnace.
Leafless they were to stand, holding a Mystery needed when Terra Firma would move into the Age of the Water Bearer: the conserving of water was within the hands of these herbal Priests and Priestesses of Mother Nature for without this the Earth could not survive its distant future.

And herbes were created to carry the Mysteries of the Crone, immortalized and frozen in time with their remains crystallized. And these herbes knew that their song would be sung slowly, the final refrain only released when, in great and distant Ages, children would discover the Mother's Magick when they learned the wonder of a fossil.

And other herbes knew that the notes of their song would be suspended in clear drops of tree resin, held sacred and precious as jewels. They were the Bards, able to immortalize the beauty of an insects wing, the timeless Magick of a flower crystallized within the hardened sap.

And many herbes knew that they contained the song which teaches the Alchemy of Time. Their Magick was one sung slowly, so slow only the Mother could measure the passage of change, transmuting the element Verda into the element of fire.
And these herbs were trees felled by storms in the rainforests and they knew that the fuels their passing would create were to be the future sustenance of the planet Terra Firma. Wise they were, knowing that even such blessings as fire, the warmth and nourishment of the cooking heart would transform the Mother's planet and bring a great and terrible future to Her children. Indeed, these fuels would even endanger all of future life; for all blessings are double-edged, even as the sword the Mother brought to their Initiation.

And herbs were created which understood the true passage of time. They were prescient and wise, never caught by their egos in the belief that theirs was the only 'time.'
For though they knew the soil in which they had taken root, those herbes of
the lush tropics were taught that in another age their history would be covered
with dunes of hot sand and their fertile earth would be replaced by wasteland.
And they were taught that their Mysteries would lie buried with the fossilized
bones of the beasts which are their foliage.

And those herbes who moved with the currents of vast oceans knew that
some day the waters would part and their stone-like remains would lie paper thin in
limestone beneath the rolling prairies of wind-swept grasses. And they knew that
the waters of time moved slowly, for the Mother is eternal.

And others were taught that the lands they called home would be buried
beneath the giant glaciers and all were taught the Mysteries of reincarnation,
knowing that their fragile, green life was but transitory but that the song within
their hearts was truly immortal.

And they were taught the Alchemy of Transmutation, learning to extract
certain essentials from the soil in wisdom, to mix these constituents with the
potent forces of the Sun and release them into growth 'neath the Magick of the
Moon.

And herbes were created to become pipes for the Mother's sacred Lover,
Pan. Hollow they would be, growing up from the waters to reach toward the
Sun. And they waited for the sacred knife to come and cut them swiftly, and bind
them with reed so that Pan's pipes they would be. And these herbes would know
the music of the Mother but held the Mysteries of the Father's tunes within
their being.
And the herbs were taught the lessons of humility, knowing they would be trodden under hoof and foot; that their bark would be rubbed raw by the rutting of antlered beasts; that they would be thought of as no more than a meal. But their humility was tempered by the secret, inner joy knowing that they were the healers of nations, and without them nothing upon the Mother could survive. And they knew that, although some would be adored for their blossoms, others would be considered common weeds, no matter the wisdom within their hearts.

And some herbs were given charge to grow into trees with branches made strong to carry fruit and nuts and the flesh of food to feed the creatures of the Mother. And they were given strength and they were given gentleness, to provide shelter for the small creatures of the Mother. And they were given the songs of Zeus, of the bolts of fire shot down from the thunderous clouds, sacrificed in fire to bring rebirth to the forest. And they knew that though their lives were tall and stately and some would live far longer than the quick-lived arctic spring-flower, their purpose was no more noble and that their lives were yet but a pulsing heart-beat of the Mother’s eternity.
And the herbes were taught of Verda, the sacred pigment which makes them kin with each other. And so pleased was the Mother that she took this verdant hue and made it equal to the three major colours of red, blue and yellow. And the herbes were humbled at being part of Her rituals.

And though they saw not with eyes, they were given chloroplasts with which to philter the light of Soleil, choosing only the red and blue and orange in order to bring forth the elixir of glucose, the nectar of life, breathing oxygen upon Terra Firma. And at night they again stirred their cauldrons and this elixir would be consumed like the fire of life and give forth the energy needed to grow 'neath the light of the Moon.

And the herbes were taught about their roots, learning to grow them with care, and to douse among the rocks and soils, to plumb the earth seeking out that libation essential for life. And the Mother taught them well for, as they grow and seek, their dance is that of the spiral.

And they learned to commune with the undines, the spirits of water, deep within the soil, to adjust their chemistry and draw into their souls not only water, but just the perfect combination of minerals needed to perpetuate their Mysteries.

And the Mother brought to the herbes the joy of bringing forth bloom, of dancing the Great Rite in harmony with Nature and giving birth to seed.
And some turned to the winds to carry their pollen and others learned the seduction of insects, sending forth amorous scent and creating lustful patterns of sacred geometry and Magick colour to evoke the bee and insect to enter the flower’s sacred circle and join in the Dance of Pollen. And those creatures which shared in the herbal procreation were given holy nectar as a reward.

And thus did the herbes bring forth seed. And to sow the seed they were given myriad skills. Some were taught to strew their seed in the wind and let Nature carry it where She wills. And some of these grew their seed to be winged. And some made their seed like miniature water craft, able to float with the tide a great distance until brought to a new home.

And some herbes learned to shake and scatter their seed about and some herbes to propel it forth with vigor. Some herbes learned to send their seeds in search of new homeland attached to unwitting messengers and thus some seeds cling and stick to the furs of the Mother’s creatures.

And each seed, itself, carries the greatest of Mysteries, knowing how and when to bring forth new life, with its own Magick from the Mother’s grimoire imprinted in its soul, perpetuating for generations its own future. And these miniature amulets carry the Mystery of Life, knowing when She has decreed it to be time, sending forth the first delicate growth.

And the herbes were taught the Magick of their leaves. And the Mother taught them to breathe in sacred rhythm, inhaling the dioxide of carbon from the atmosphere through their stomata.

And the herbes grew their leaves to channel water, some to gather it close and others to carry it out into the outer circle.
And they learned the asanas with which to follow the path of Soleil, some to gather His rays and others to shelter themselves against His passions.

And with their leaves, some herbs were taught the Mysteries of the Crone, creating a layer of abscission with which to set the leaves free before the onset of winter. And they celebrated this sacrifice of love by bringing forth the most wondrous of hues. And all the herbs knew that their leaves were but a transient dance and that the cycle of life goes on forever, until even the Mother Universe Herself is carried into the Cauldron of Death and Rebirth.
The Deva Ritual of Lothloriën
A Ritual of Meditation & Theatrical Performance

for

Communion with the Herbe Devas

which is called

The Deva Ritual of Lothlorien

The Deva Ritual of Lothlorien has been translated from The Holy Books of the Devas. It is "the legend of the Descent of the Mother Goddess into the realm of Terra Firma," and contains within its tale the Ritual of Meditation & Theatrical Performance...
Cast

In order of Appearance:

[All arrive in a parade or procession, carrying all ritual tools in a trunk which serves as an altar, in baskets, etc. wrapped in altar cloths, scarves, etc.
Music & theatre are used to set the ritual space.
Then, all go to their places and wait quietly until the Poetryman begins the ritual.]

Poetryman (Bard)

sylphs
salamanders
undines
gnomes
close
the dragon

Herbe Devas

The Goddess
Her Unicorn

Raphael
Michael
Gabriel
Auriel

Pan
Ritual Tools & Props

- the altar
- two white altar candles
- athame
- boline
- wand
- water chalice
- ritual chalice
- salt dish
- box of incense
- charcoal
- thurible

- four cardinal candles
- elemental altar tools
  (determined by the Unicorns)

- large cauldron of water
- fire
- basket of herbs
- ritual sword
- pentacle

- Panpipes
The Deva Ritual of Lothlorien

Poetryman:

And it came to pass that the Mother knew it was time. Yearly She tended the growing things in Her gardens, as She was Mother to all of Terra Firma.

Flowers bloomed in Her honour. Trees grew tall, with pride at being in Her touch; & the herbes paid heed to the cosmic dances, each growing wise in the music sung into their hearts in the days of the Gyleana.

Each had grown in wisdom & the Mother knew it was time to initiate the Herbe Devas into the Priest/esshood of the healers.
It had come time to pass the knowledge of the herbs into the land, which lore is only for those who know Her greatest Mystery.

As the Moon waxed into fullness, all knowing was set ready, & the night She fulfilled the waxing, all creatures gathered in the Land of Lothloriën, famed for its gardens & rivers.

[At this point sylphs, salamanders, undines, gnomes & the Herbe Devas all arrive as the gentle music of the Woodlands plays in the background. There is unusual excitement among them & they are dressed in their finest jewels & finery. The sylphs arrive on soft, feathery wings... the salamanders seem excitable & keep popping up, as if out of nowhere... the undines are blue & flow as they move... the gnomes are slow & walk as if laborious... the Herbe Devas are the plant spirits, of leaves & greenery, with faces like wise children... There are even a few elves amid the throng.]

Poetryman:

The Herbe Devas, as chosen children of the Goddess, made clear a space on the sandy shores of a sacred river, deep within a glade. This site was special, for there grew no plants in this sand & all the creatures could frolic & play.

At the moment the Moon spilled Her light direct from o'erhead, a hush filled the world.

One by one the stars began their ancient hymn, & as if out of the void, appeared the Goddess, riding a graceful Unicorn the same colour as the Moon.

[As stars begin to twinkle in the sky, the Moon turns full. From behind the Moon appears the Goddess, riding a pale, lunar-coloured Unicorn. The Unicorn lands at the edge of the circular clearing & the Goddess walks to the centre.]

Poetryman:

The Lady stood at the centre of them all & spoke:

I am the Mother of all & this world is the place of My altar. Here shall I bring My children & give unto them My greatest gift. They have prepared themselves, filled themselves with love & joy. Yet they have studied the healing arts & learned to observe the celestial clock, the song of the Universe.
Tonight will the Universe sing in love the Miracle of Being, & on this night I will teach you the Greatest Mystery.

[The Devas form a Circle around the Lady. They are joined by the sylphs, undines, salamanders & gnomes, who stand either as parts of one Circle or, if there are enough Devas to form a Circle, just behind them. The sylphs stand to the East, the salamanders to the South, the undines to the West & the gnomes to the North. The dragon sits near the South, guarding the cauldron & the elves choose their own places.]
Poetryman:

The Devas gathered 'round Her at the edge of a Circle. As they held hands, they could feel the oneness of Love flow through them; sunwise 'round the Lady.

[Beginning with the Devas in the East, the first reaches its left hand to the next. They smile & join hands. This continues until the entire Circle is closed by smiles & hand-holding, moving in a deasil motion.]

Poetryman:

Behind the Devas were all the creatures: sylphs, salamanders, all sorts of magickal beings, many of whom were bearing gifts.

Silence.

[He waits until all is silent.]

Nothing moved...

The Mother set Her tools upon the altar, set so She could smile upon the Earth as She sang Her sacred songs.

[The Lady sets Her sacred knife & Her magick wand upon the altar.]

She lit a candle, the left of the pair.

[The Lady lights the left altar candle.]

The Devas nodded their heads, for they knew it was a symbol of the Sun, for He is the candle of Her sacred altar.

[She lights the right altar candle.]

Poetryman:

And She carried the flame to the right candle, as the Sun carries light to the Moon.

All eyes watched Her create a sacred place.

[The Lady scribes the Circle with her athame. She returns to the altar, takes up a chalice of water, & places the tip of Her athame into it.]
Poetryman:

Taking up a holy chalice of water, she cleansed it & sang this verse:

Be gone all darkness, flee this chalice
Leave it free from, evil malice
Fill it full with joy & love &
Blessings from the Gods above.

[As the Poetryman continues, the undines shed tears from their eyes.]

Poetryman:

It brought tears to the eyes of the undines, who had brought the gift of water. They were very moved to share in this ritual.

[The Lady takes up the salt & places the tip of her athame into it.]

Next, she held up a bowl of salt, which had been the offering of the gnomes:

[As the Lady says the following, the gnomes show visible reaction:]

Salt of the Earth, Salt of the Sea
Born of the pure, So Blessed Be
Water for bodies, Salt for the soul
At home in our Mother, such is our goal
[The Lady takes three measures of salt, places them into the chalice of water, stirs it & takes it to the East from which She begins aspurging the Circle.]

Poetegman:

Gently She took three sprinkles of salt & mingled them into the vessel of water. Walking to the East She aspurged around Her altar a sacred Circle, cleansing the space.

She was delicate in the moonlight, dancing sun-wise with the Deva-song of love. Droplets of holy water landed around the Circle, making the sacred ground ready.

[Returning to the altar, She lights the charcoal. This may have been lit previously (in order to allow it to mature the fire) in which case she still carries flame to it. At Her cue, She takes up the box of incense, shows it to the Circle of creatures. The sylphs & salamanders show visible excitement.]

The sylphs & salamanders were excited as She returned to the altar; taking up their gifts of burning charcoal...
& the finest of incense...

She sprinkled the resins upon the coal; And as the smoke wafted in a gentle breeze, carrying the scent to all, She held the thurible high for all to see & sang out:

By fire & smoke do I invoke
Our Father from above.
Fill this rite with His might
With sacredness & love.

[She takes the thurible & dances deosil around the Circle, then returns it to the altar. Taking Her wand She will next seal the Circle, scribing an inner ring of Magick.]

Poetryman:

Even though the Son God was at rest, as the Mother was at Her time, was He there, His essence in the sacred scent. She took 'round the incense to share with all its fragrance.

Now, as the space had been consecrated by all four elements, She sought to dance around Her Circle in great delight, taking Her magick wand to seal Her blessing.

[The Lady returns to the altar, takes up Her athame - held within Her robe - & walks to the East. At the cue, She scribes an invoking air pentagram.]

Poetryman:

Eyes were wide at watching the Goddess at work, bringing the miracle of love into all hearts. She walked to the East, & drawing a magick blade from an inner pocket of Her gossamer robe, scribed a large, five-pointed star in the air & called out:

Lords of the East
Creatures of Air
Come, watch this rite
Bring blessings fair

Sylphs and swords & dawn's fair light
Where the rainbow's born,
Raphael, on Eurus' breath,
Will ride the wings of morn
Lords of the East
Creatures of Air
Come, watch this rise
Bring blessings fair

[At this the Unicorn Raphael, with soft, pale yellow wings, flies in & kneels before the Lady as the Poetryman continues.]
O Beautiful Lady,
Gentle Goddess, fair;
Give to us Thy wisdom,
Fill us with Thine air:

Bring to us Thy wondrous might,
Gracious Goddess of the light;
Ride the wings of Raphael,
& bless this magick rite!

Help us cast this Circle
& build a Magick Ring:
Guide us to Your beauty,
Our love to you we sing!

Goddess of the dawning light,
Kiss the dew of morning’s sight,
Light the candle, ring the bell,
& bless this Magick Rite!

Poetryman:

And then Raphael, for that was the Unicorn’s name, spoke of wisdom to the Devas as the Mother lit a candle the colour of his wings.

[The Lady takes the taper from the altar, brings it to flame & lights the East candle.]

And the Goddess breathed gently into the void;
And behold,
the gentle breezes caressed the soul
of the Universe...

Thus was born the essence of light,
Of laughter & cheer...

Pan sat alone in the Mother's Woodland.
Raising His pipes to His mouth,
He brought forth the first music,
the wings of song,
floating in the airs...
May the gentle winds of faith
stir your soul into seeking
the Mother...

As the morning song of the dawning
creeps over the horizon of your life,

May we all share in the laughing
and joy of wisdom
And may we float
in the wingèd clouds
of eternity...

[The Lady takes Her athame &
walks to the South as the Poetyman
reads the following:]

She strode to the South, brilliantly radiating joy; & stretching Her arm
into the sky, scribed a large pentagram, Her voice carrying strongly:

Lords of the South
Creatures of Fire
Come, watch this rite
Bring us desire

Salamanders of the South
Notos' fiery breath
Living under Michael's care
Rebirth follows death


Lords of the South
Creatures of Fire
Come, watch this rite
Bring us desire
[As the PoetLMan speaks, Michael, Unicorn of the South, comes out of hiding from among the salamanders, springing up in a startling manner.]

PoetLMan:

A large Unicorn the colour of flame sprang out of nowhere.

The Devas gasped.

The Unicorn lowered its head & spoke to Her:

Greatest Goddess of the fire
Fill my heart with Your desire
Keep my feet upon Thy path
Fill my heart with mirth & laugh!

Greatest Goddess, burning bright,
Keep me in Thy magick might
Dance around the fire bright,
Chant the song & do the rite.

Fire burning, fire bright
Give my soul your magick light;
Help me rise anew each day
Keep me in our Lady's Way.
Michael turned to the plant Devas. They listened closely as He spoke.

[She lights the South candle.]

From the warmth of Her maternal goodness
Did She bring fire to Her children,

To kindle in them the sparks of knowledge & the fires of delight...

From the Sun we take our warmth.
From our Mother comes desire.
As the Phoenix rises renewed of flames
May we, too,
embrace the life beyond this...

Our Eternal Goddess is the Cauldron of Cerridwen.
May we dance around Her fires in eternal joy...
May we embrace the fires of learning & kindle within our passion for wisdom...

[The Lady takes Her athame & walks to the West as the Poetryman reads the following:]

And the red candle She lit in the South, as Michael spoke, burned brightly. Long, flowing steps brought Her to the West & gracefully She carved a star into the night, singing out:

Lords of the West
Creatures of Seas
Come, watch this rite
Fill it with ease

Creatures of the moonlit sea
Zephyros, Undines all:
Drink with love from Gabriel's cup
Hear the Goddess' call
Lords of the West
Creatures of Seas
Come, watch this rite
Fill it with ease

[As the Poetryman reads, Gabriel, blue Unicorn of the West, comes flowing to the West. Gabriel has blue wings.]
Poetryman:

A beautiful, blue Unicorn the colour of a clear, mountain spring spilled out of the Moon-filled night on wide-spread wings & landed gently before Her with bowed head to say:

Queen of the Waters,  
sparking in the moonlight;
Lady of the Heavens,  
dancing in the stars bright:
Dance in the laughing waves,  
call upon the Moon,
Cast the circle, chant the song,  
Goddess, grant this boon!

Take us to Thy homeland,  
deep within the sea,
Bring the Moon into my heart,  
Dear Mother, Blessed Be!  
Dance in the laughing waves,  
call upon the Moon,
Cast the Circle, chant the song,  
Goddess, grant this boon!

Seeing their Goddess dance & sparkle to the Unicorn's song brought dew to the eyes of the Devas. More than one eye brought forth a tear as the Unicorn Gabriel spoke the words unto them:

[As Gabriel speaks, the Lady lights the blue candle in the West...]

From the deep waters of Her eternal wisdom  
Brings She forth the Mystery of Life, & thus  
does the Initiate take on the Quest of All-Knowing...

From the Cauldron of Cerridwen we take  
compassion & love,  
moving deep within the Mysteries we seek  
inner knowledge...

May the God Neptune watch over the seeker  
As the Initiate plunges to the depths of knowing...
Our Mother is the Moon's reflection upon rippling waters...
May we eternally be bathed in Her love...
May we seek Her calm, Her tranquility,
As we travel from shore to distant shore...

[The Lady takes Her athame & walks to the North as the Poetresman continues:]

The Mother walked to the North &, smiling upon the Earth, She raised Her blade & drew a brilliant pentagram in the air; & this call came from Her heart:

Lords of the North
Creatures of Earth
Come, watch this rite
Fill it with mirth
Gnomes & Dryads, stones & trees,
Pentacles & Boreas' strength
Auriel sends us wintertime
And nights of growing length

[As the Poeteyman continues, Auriel steps, in stately fashion, from the North.]

At this, a Unicorn strode out of the forest. The colour of leaves, Auriel trod up on hoofes that shone the hue of fresh-turned earth. Her eyes sparkled as if of moonlit snow as She bowed gently before the Lady to sing Her greeting:

Walking on the Earth this day,
Sensing life within;
Living with the Goddess' song,
We are free from sin:

Dancing in the forest,
Chanting with the trees;
Casting Magick Circles,
Singing 'Blessed Be's!'

Mother of the harvest,
Goddess of the fields,
You Who bring our dreams to ripe,
You Who bless the yields,

Join us dancing in the wood!
Hear us singing to the trees!
Help us cast our Circle,
Hear our 'Blessed Be's!!'
Poetryman:

Although the Devas felt carried by Auriel's song, nearly into dance, they stayed rooted to the spot & listened to the wisdom the Unicorn spoke of in Her charge:

[As Auriel speaks to the Devas, the Lady lights the North candle.]

In our quest for knowledge we cross the fields of the Earth Mother, & play in Her forests...
Her pulse is in the gardens,
Her dance is in the jungles,
& from deep within Her springs knowledge as the fruits of the Earth...

Slowly She dances the seasonal rhythms,
To the gentle music of the woodlands.
Pan plays upon His pipes,
And She dances,
in the grasses,
among the trees,
To the tune of the Gentle Hunter...

Our Mother is the Earth and we are Her children:
She gives us wisdom....
May we seek Her knowledge
in the flowers,
& in the green things...
& in the passing of time when we give to her our souls
She will take our bodies
& plant them for Her flowers...

[The Lady returns to the centre of the Circle. The elemental creatures begin slowly dancing the Circle around Her.]

Poetryman:

Almost without knowing, the Devas began to slowly dance 'round the Goddess, moving as the Sun dances with the Earth. Faster & faster they went, forming a dance of love, of joy & truth. The Unicorns stood, alert, Guardians of the Magick, & the Lady smiled upon all that moved around Her.

Raising Her arms, She began a holy song, a song of love & creativity, a song of the fertility of the Earth. Calling out into the Soul of Nature, She sought Pan with Her music to aid Her in teaching the Mystery.

[The Lady raises her arms & begins to chant: "Ohm..."]

The Dryads were among the few who had seen the sight which now appeared:

Horns like a woodland being; small, delicate hooves that seemed always to dance; curls of fur thick upon His legs.

[Enter Pan, leaping high & joining the Lady. They hold hands & dance until His chant.]

A Woodland God sprang over the heads of the creatures as He joined the Lady.

Faster danced the Devas.

Pan and the Lady held hands & danced, 'round & round in the Moonlight;

& for all who wondered who He was, He sang this chant:
'Neath the Moonlight, under Sun,
Circle 'round when work is done:
Cloven hooves upon the night,
Let My Magick bless your rite:
In the woodland, through the glade,
With the hope of promise made,
Share the laughter, this you must,
Learn of joy, of love & trust;

Hear My music, hear My tune,
Listen to the song of Moon
The song of Sun, of sun & mirth,
Hear My call, for I am Earth.
I am Pan, the Woodland Song,
Dance My rhythms all night long.
Join Me as My pipes I play,
Chanting all your cares away.

Poetryman:

Soon, all were dancing 'round & 'round, the gnomes taking short,
bounding steps; undines flowing gracefully. Griffins, dragoons, all danced &
danced until it seemed the songs of love reached up to the Moon.
[Before the narration continues, the dancing & chanting are stopped. Pan & the Lady perform as the Poet'syman continues:]

Again silence.

Pan & the Lady brought forth a large cauldron, filled with water, & set it in the centre of the Circle.

[A brightly costumed dragon enters from the South.]

When She nodded, a dragon, the colour of gold, stepped up from the South, & breathed the kindling into flame.

The Devas trembled.

Fire was feared in the land, 'though they knew they would follow Her even unto death.

All the Devas gathered before Her.

The night was silent.

[As the Poet'syman reads the following, the Lady, assisted by Pan, takes herbs from Her basket, consecrates them on Her pedestal with Her boline & places them into the cauldron of boiling water (usually a small pot of water in the center of the cauldron of flaming alcohol)]
Even the elves were still; for this night would exist but once in all eternity.

The devas all kneel.

One by one they were touched by Her magick sword; then by Her lips as She kissed each upon the forehead. Assured, calm, they all knew they were truly ready for Initiation into the Priest/esshood.

Poetryman:

As if She heard their thoughts, She spoke:

Then you shall be taught to be wise
So in the fullness of time
You shall count yourselves
among those who serve the Ancients;
And you shall grow to love
the music of the Woodlands,
To dance to the sound of His pipes,
in step with cloven hooves
& the forest song....
And you shall learn the Mystery of rebirth,
Filling your hearts with Her moonlight,
Growing in harmony with the Earth,
As Her children, protective of your Mother....

And you shall grow in wisdom...
And you shall grow in compassion...

And in love shall you heal the sick,
Pursuing the arts of healing,
the lore of the Mother’s herbs....
Learning the psychic arts,
to cure,
to nurture,
to help Her children grow....

And in wisdom you shall give counsel,
Knowing the skills of divination,
Seeing how the children best flow
in Universal Harmony,
understanding planetary cycles*
& knowing prophecy....

Thus will you be the Wise Ones,
Knowing the lores of Nature;
The children of the heaths,
& of the countryside,

Knowing all are One to the Mother;
Knowing all are One to the Father.

[The Lady scribes a Pentagram over the cauldron. The Poetryman continues:]

One by one the Devas came forward. Each knelt & received the blessing:

[If there are Devas, they come before the Lady. When they are to be
placed into the cauldron, it must be symbolic, e.g. each dropping a leaf or
flower into it, etc.]
And the Lady continued:

Let thy life & the life to come
Be in the service
of the Lord & Lady.

And then the Devas were taken up by Pan & the Goddess & placed into the boiling cauldron...

[Pause for silent meditation...]

There was no sadness, no fear, for being carried into the cauldron by both Mother & Father, all would come to understand the greatest Mystery of Being:

All is immortal,
for all is born of the Great Mother
of all Being.

[The Lady takes a ritual chalice, dips it into the cauldron if at all possible, & fills it with herbal elixir. Bells ring...]
Poetryman:

The night burst into song & as Pan & the Lady stirred the cauldron, the Earth was filled with Magick...

Lilies bloomed, flowers sparkled in the night...

All was filled with the miracle of life which sprang from the cauldron between the Two.

Then, the fire tiring into coals, the cauldron was tipped & the broth, the elixir of life, poured forth.

[Either Pan or the Lady tip the cauldron. If working with a water por within a cauldron of fire (or the other way around), the inner one is tipped. An alternative might be to pour the chalice...]

Wherever it touched the Earth, healing herbes came into being: Priests & Priestesses of the Devas;

& in legends written of this night, it is also said that humankind was born of this dew of the God & Goddess.

The Goddess again walked up to each Unicorn, beginning first with Raphael. & taking Her blade, banished the pentagrams & bade all 'good even.'

[The Lady goes to each of the Unicorns, pets them, & scribes the Banishing Pentagrams:

[All elementals wave goodnight to Pan & the Lady & leave the Circle...]

All the creatures turned into the night, seeking their homes & loved ones.
[Pan takes up His pipes; the Lady leans against Him & He begins playing...]

Pan & the Goddess sat alone & lay beneath the Moonlight sharing songs of love...

This was the Magick of the night & They felt joyous together; & danced & played in delight until dawn when the Lady took the sinking Moon, wrapped it in Her robes, & sailed into the stars upon Her Unicorn.

[The Goddess exits.]

Pan took up His pipes & played the Sun into Dawn-song...

All life upon the Earth was good.
The Musick of the Bardo:

The Charge of the Beloved
from The Ritual for the Dead in The Tradition of Lothlorien;
which is the musick sung between lives...

It was a day nearing Hallow when the Hermit walked slowly into his gardens. The trees stood tall and skeletal, their leaves already gathered to mulch the rootstock against the coming winter. Many of the birds had gathered up their lives and flown south. The butterflies had mated during summer's joy; some had returned to their winter refuge below the border and others had given their lives so that the next generation could hang in suspension in emulation of The Hanged Man of tarot, waiting for their new life to come. All in all, it was a quiet day and there was that quiet sense of Autumn death in the air for soon the Mother would take Her descent into the Underworld.

His frame was bent, his joints ached and his sap ran slow like that of an old, winter tree. This was what the Hermit called an 'old day.' The grey of his beard increased even as the hairs of his head waned. He knew his back had old bones and his knees expressed dismay when he knelt among his herbs to tend their roots, remove weeds and, generally, potter about the soil. Life moved more slowly, now, even as it seemed to slip away so quickly one could barely count the seasons.

His students expressed dismay when he told them that the Crone had been dancing within the Wheel and was preparing to choose him for Her partner. Oh, it would not be soon, but soon enough it would be time to set himself free and consign his body to compost. And the students were aghast at their beloved Mentor seeming so irreverent about his own demise. Although they had readily accepted the cycle of death and rebirth in the world of herbs, it was not so easy for them to embrace the mirror of those Mysteries in their own lives.
He knew there must be some way to explain to them the Magick he had learned from his gardens, the quiet, sublime joy the Devas felt after the chilling breath of frost set them free and they joined the Mother in the Summerland to rest and be rejuvenated at Her sacred cauldron in anticipation of their return for the Festivals of Spring.

It was not with sorrow that the Hermit reached out to perceive the Crone. He had lived a full life, one which brimmed both with joy and sorrow and had carried him through journeys far beyond those of human dreams. No, it was with peace that he contemplated his own Initiation into Death. He longed to explain to his kin that this was not a passing but a rebirth and, in seeking for the words, he thought of telling of the night he was first given The Holy Books of the Devas to translate. He yearned to tell them of the Musick of the Woodlands.

He seated himself upon the soft cushion of moss beneath his favorite rowan tree and brought forth his memories as a cherished treasure, to turn and examine as a precious babbles. A gentle melody threaded its way into the fabric of his reverie and he again heard the music of the pipes. Who was the Piper? The Horned God of the Forest, also known as the Lord of Death and Rebirth. This is the most subtle, the most sublime of the musicks of the Universe, that which brings peace to the soul when the body is no more and that which the stars sing to all manifest reality. The Hermit knew that some day he, too, would sing the Musick of the Beloved when his realm was that of the Pardo, the astral... And, from the Otherworld, he would sing to his students of the Musick of the Universe which is that of the very 'being' of life...
The Charge of the Beloved

I am the voice of the Beloved.

Mine is the song of the Universe in motion...
I am the sighing of the wind,
the feathered sound of a bird's flight...

Mine is the rhythm of all hearts;
those alive as you hear my winds,
those passed before me into the Summerland;
& those who have yet to walk upon the Earth...

I am the voice of the Beloved.

My song is that of the starrèd night,
the cry of a baby wanting milk,
the dance of a hummingbird who takes nectar
from the bloom...

I am the sound of a cloud
gliding across the sky,
sailing toward the Mother...

I am the voice of thunder,
giving birth to the sky-fired...

I am the sound of prayer,
& the sound of dying.
I am the wail of a baby’s first cry;
& my name is called when you make love,
for I am all words at all times
&
I Am Everything.

I am the voice of the Beloved.

If you listen to a flower break the soil
at Spring,
you shall hear my song...

If you listen to the soaring of dandelion fluff
in the breeze,
you shall hear my words...

I am the turning of the seasons
& the passing of Human Ages,
for I am the sound of all life
&
I Am Everything...

I am the voice of the Beloved.

Call upon me with the names of the stars.
Know me as One with the Ancients,
but no longer may you call me by my old name,
for I am becoming One with The Universe...

I am a new star in the night...
I am the gentle drop of rain upon your garden...
I dance with the Lady,
& I am the music sound within His pipes...

This is the Ritual of my Death.
It is a Feast of Joy,
for I leave my tools in your keeping,
& as Time makes its Circle,
I shall be reborn...

Ours is the Craft of Wicca.
We shall dance in the temples
Lothloriën has among the stars.
We shall meet again, & dance again,
& love again, for such is the Law
For now, let me take leave
& hold me no longer,
for I must be free...

I am the voice of the Beloved.

Find me within the Universe...
Call upon me with as many names
as there are stars in the sky...

I am One,
I am All...
Ethikos

These are the Laws of the Traditional Herbalist. They were given to one of the Elders of Lothlorien who went before the Devas seeking guidance. They appear as they were shared in 1976, as translated by the same Elder. These Laws are to aid the student of herbes in matters of ethics, for they contain, esoterically, much wisdom of the Devas, tho' gently concealed within. They are said to promote inner thought, so the true realities which are contained within will give forth the understanding.

The Laws

of

The Traditional Herbalist

The Traditional Herbalist is aware of all four elements: there is no facet of the work which does not invoke the power of earth and water, air and fire...

Indeed, the wise practitioner of the Craft of Herbs knows that each facet of the work is always a balance of the four.
II

The more wise the practitioner, the better the balance s/he will keep, knowing always the Hermetic Principle:

"As it is above, so it is below."

or, the law of cause and effect,
or as Jesus of Nazareth said,

"As a man soweth, so shall he reap..."

III

All creation is a balance of the four:
air,
fire,
water,
earth...

And a remedy of the Herbalist must be in balance.

IV

The wise Practitioner will only work good:
The potions,
decoctions,
infusions,
will only be made to restore health and well-being, letting the reward being in that creation of good.

V

The poisons of the trade must only be used to suffocate and dispel that which causes harm to a fellow creature: disease, illness, and that which keeps her/him from seeking peace and happiness within this Universe.
VI

There must never be employed any concoction which would impair, injure, nor interfere with anyone nor anything, for the creation of harm is not your realm.

VII

The Traditional Herbalist will always find a way to work with the Universe. No matter what her/his religion, his gods and the Universe are the same, and wherever s/he looks, s/he sees them both.

VIII

And so s/he practises conservation in all that s/he does: Never taking more than is to be used; Never taking anything without something being left behind, Rewarding the earth with a gift or blessing.

IX

Because s/he follows the Universal Laws of Conservation, the Traditional Herbalist will never bring harm to plant, person, nor to air, nor to earth and water, and will stir the fires of creation only to work good.

X

Because s/he practises the Craft within both the smallest laws of the Universe and the greatest laws, even to gaze at the stars is to be aware.
XI

The Practitioner finds the self following
the patterns of the moon,
the patterns of astrology,
the patterns of the Universe
even before s/he is completely able to comprehend.

XII

And s/he knows from doing:
Everything that happens
Affects everything else.

XIII

The Traditional Herbalist learns from the Craft,
for the act of doing
will bring about even greater knowledge,
even if difficult to put into words.
Syngnatures I

A list which helps the herbalist understand the manner by which the Mother has marked certain herbes with the patterned energies of the Spheroth.

Herbes marked ☼ are assigned more than one planetary signature. Some herbes are marked ☼ ☼ to denote the traditional planetary correspondence. These correspondences provide the botanical names through the assistance of Cilli Schoch who also worked carefully to ensure their accuracies.

Soleil:

- acacia
- almond
- angelica
- arom
- ash
- bay laurel
- bergamot
- burnet, greac
- butterbur
- butcher
- carob
- cat's foot
- celandine, greacer
- cencary
- chamomile
- chamomile
- cinnamon
- crocus
- dwarf red rattle
- English sarsaparilla
- eyebright
- false acacia
- false saffron
- frankincense
- frostwort
- gnaphaliums
- juniper
- life everlasting
- lorusc
- lovage

- Acacia sp.
- Amygdalus communis
- Angelica archangelica
- Arum maculatum
- Fraxinus excelsior
- Laurus nobilis
- Monarda didyma
- Sanguisorba officinalis
- Petasites vulgaris
- Tussilago farfara
- Jacaranda procura
- Antennaria dioica
- Chelidonium majus
- Erythraea centaurium
- Anthemis nobilis
- Anthemis matricaria
- Cinnamomum zeylanica
- Crocus sativus
- Pedicularis sylvatica
- Smilax sp.
- Euphrasia officinalis
- Robinia pseudoacacia
- Carthamus tinctorius
- Boswellia thurifera
- Helianthemum canadense
- Gnaphalium sp.
- Juniperus communis
- Antennaria margaritaceum
- Robinia pseudoacacia
- Levisticum officinale
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Plant</th>
<th>Latin Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>marigold</td>
<td>Calendula officinalis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mayweed</td>
<td>Anthemis cotula</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mayweed</td>
<td>Pyrethrum parthenium</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mistletoe</td>
<td>Viscum album</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>moss rose</td>
<td>Helianthemum canadense</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>myrrh</td>
<td>Commiphora myrrha</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>oats</td>
<td>Avena sativa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>olibanum</td>
<td>Boswellia thunifera</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>olive</td>
<td>Olea Europaea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>peony</td>
<td>Paeonia officinalis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pimpernel</td>
<td>Anagallis arvensis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rice</td>
<td>Oriza sativa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rock rose</td>
<td>Helianthemum canadense</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rosemary</td>
<td>Rosmarinus officinalis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rue</td>
<td>Ruta graveolens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>safflower</td>
<td>Carthamus tinctorius</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>saffron</td>
<td>Crocus sativa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. John's wort</td>
<td>Hypericum perforatum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. John's wort</td>
<td>Hypericum perforatum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>shepherd's knot</td>
<td>Potentilla tormentilla</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>storax</td>
<td>Liquidambar orientalis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sundew</td>
<td>Drosera rotundifolia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sunflower</td>
<td>Helianthus annus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tormentil</td>
<td>Potentilla tormentilla</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>vine</td>
<td>Vitis vinifera</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>walnut</td>
<td>Juglans sp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aconthus</td>
<td>Acanthus sp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>adder's tongue</td>
<td>Erigeron Americanum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>adder's tongue</td>
<td>Ophioglossum vulgatum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>agar agar</td>
<td>Gelidium amansii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>American boxwood</td>
<td>Cornus florida</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>anise seed</td>
<td>Pimpinella anisum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>anserina</td>
<td>Galium aparine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ash (mountain)</td>
<td>Sorbus Americana</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ash (mountain)</td>
<td>Sorbus aucuparia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bamboo</td>
<td>Bambusa vulgaris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>boxwood, American</td>
<td>Cornus florida</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>burner, small</td>
<td>Pimpinella saxifraga</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cabbage</td>
<td>Brassica oleracea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>camphor</td>
<td>Cinnamomum camphora</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cashew</td>
<td>Anacardium occidentale</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>chickweed</td>
<td>Stellaria media</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>clary</td>
<td>Salvia sclarea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cleavers</td>
<td>Galium aparine</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
coconut
coolwort
coriander
cucumber
dog rose
dog's tooth violet
dog's tooth violet
dogwood
duckweed
eucalyptus
flag
fleur-de-lis
ginger
goose grass
hibiscus (white)
holly (sea)
holy herb
iris
Irish moss
lectures
lilac (white)
lily (madonna)
loosestrife
moonwort
mouse ear
myrrh
orris
orris
poppy
privet
pumpkin
purslane
Queen Elizabeth root
rattle grass
rhododendron
rose (white)
rose (wild)
roman
roman
saxifrage
seasalt
sedum
sedum
sedum
sesame seed
siegesbeckia
snowdrop
Cocos nucifera
Hartella cordifolia
Coriandrum sativum
Cucumis sativus
Rosa canina
Erythronium Americanum
Erythronium dens canis
Piscidia erythrina
Lens palustris
Eucalyptus globulus
Iris Versicolor
Iris pallida
Zingiber officinale
Galium aparine
Lilium sp.
Eryngium maritimum
Eriodictyon glutinosum
Iridaceae
Chondrus crispus
Lactuca sp.
Syringa vulgaris candida
Lilium candidum
Lysimachia sp.
Bostrichum lunaria
Ursamartium pilosella
Commiphora myrrha
Iris Florentina
Iris pallida
Papaver sp.
Ligustrum vulgare
Cucurbita pepo
Portulaca sp.
Iris Florentina
Rhinanthus sp.
Rhododendron chloranthum
Rosa sp. (alba)
Rosa canina
Sorbus Americana
Sorbus aucuparia
Pimpinella saxifraga
Sal maritimum
Sedum acre
Sedum album
Sedum telephium
Sesamum sp.
Siegesbeckia orientalis
Galanthus nivalis
squaw vine
star anise
star of Bethlehem
starweed
stonecrop
cammarind
capioca
turnip
veronica
wallflower
watercress
water lily
wild celery
willows
willow
wintergreen
wintergreen
yellow flag
gerba santa

Mitchella repens
Illicium verum
Ornithogalum umbellatum
Stellaria media
Sedum album
Tamarindus Indica
Facropha manihot
Brassica rapa
Veronica sp.
Cherranthus sp.
Pasturum officinale
Nymphea odorata
Aegium graeolens
Salix alba
Salix sp.
Gaultheria procumbens
Pyrola minor
Iris pseudacorus
Eridotryon glutinosum

Mercuri:

agaric
all heal
anemone
azaleas
balloon flower
bamboo (for pipes)
bagberry
bittersweet
buckwheat
calamint
caramay
carrots
cascara
cassia
cedar
cedar
celery
Chinese lantern
cinquefoil
clover
coffee
cranesbill
dag lily
dill
decampagne

Amanita muscaria
Valeriana officinalis
Anemone pulsatilla
Azalea sp.
Patycodon grandiflorus
Bambusa vulgaris
Myrica cerifera
Solanum dulcamara
Polygonum sagopyrum
Calamintha officinalis
Carum carvi
Daucus carota
Rhamnus purshianus
Cinnamomum cassia
Cedrus atlantica
Thuja occidentalis
Aegium graeolens
Physalis alkekengi
Potentilla reptans
Trifolium sp.
Coffee Arabica
Geranium maculatum
Lilium sp.
Peucedanum graeolens
Inula helianthem
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Plant Name</th>
<th>Scientific Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>sedge</td>
<td>Acorus calamus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>senna</td>
<td>Cassia acutifolia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>senna (bladder)</td>
<td>Colutea sp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>southernwood</td>
<td>Artemisia abrotanum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>spurge</td>
<td>Euphorbia sp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>starwort</td>
<td>Aster sp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tea</td>
<td>Camellia thea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>trefoil</td>
<td>Trifolium</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>turmeric</td>
<td>Curcuma longa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>valerian</td>
<td>Valeriana officinalis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>white balsam</td>
<td>Gnaphalium polycephalum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>winter cherry</td>
<td>Physalis alkekengi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>woody nightshade</td>
<td>Solanum dulcamara</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Venusia:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>alder</td>
<td>Alnus glutinosa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>alkanet</td>
<td>Alkanna tinctoria</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>apple</td>
<td>Pyrus malus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>apple blossom</td>
<td>Pyrus malus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>apricot</td>
<td>Prunus armeniaca</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>balm of Gitdad</td>
<td>Commiphora Opobalsamum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>beans</td>
<td>Phascolus vulgaris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bedstraw</td>
<td>Galium verum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bergamot</td>
<td>Monarda didyma</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>birch</td>
<td>Betula alba</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>birthwort</td>
<td>Aristolochia longa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bishop's weed</td>
<td>Egopodium podagraria</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bishop's weed</td>
<td>Ammi majus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>blackberry</td>
<td>Rubus fruticosus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>blites</td>
<td>Amaranthus blitius</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bloodroot</td>
<td>Sanguinaria canadensis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>boneset</td>
<td>Eupatorium perfoliatum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>buck's horn plantain</td>
<td>Plantago coronopus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bugle</td>
<td>Ajuga reptans</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bordock</td>
<td>Arctium lappa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>burning bush</td>
<td>Dictamnus albus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>carnip</td>
<td>Nepeta cataria</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cherry</td>
<td>Prunus serotina</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cherry laurel</td>
<td>Prunus laurocerasus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>chickweed</td>
<td>Cicer arietinum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>clover</td>
<td>Trifolium sp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cocoa</td>
<td>Theobroma cacao</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>coltsfoot</td>
<td>Tussilago farfara</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>columbine</td>
<td>Aquilegia vulgaris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cornflower</td>
<td>Centaurea cyanus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cornslip</td>
<td>Primula veris</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
cudweed
currants
currants
daffodil
daisy
dictang (white)
dictang of Cretes
dropwort
dwarf elder
dder
fairy cups
feverfew
figwort
feabane
feabane
feabane
foxglove
fraxinella
gardenia
geelseum
geranium
goldenrod
golden seal
gooseberry
goosegrass
gosmore
goutweed
groundsel
heather
heather
herb true-love
hibiscus (pink, red)
holghock
impatiens
jewelweed
kava kava
kidneywort
ladies' mantle
lemon
lemon balm
lemongrass
lemon verbena
lentils
lilac (mauve)
mallows
marshmallow
mints

Gnaphalium sp.
Roses vulgaris
Vitis vinifera
Narcissus pseudo-narcissus
Bellis perennis
Dictamnus alba
Dictamnus creticus
Spiraea filipendula
Sambucus ebulus
Sambucus nigra
Primula veris
Achranthemum parthenium
Scrophularia sp.
Erigeron sp.
Inula dysenterica
Senecio vulgaris
Digitalis purpurea
Dictamnus albus
Gardenia sp.
Gelsemium nitidum
Geranium sp.
Solidago sp.
Hydrastis canadensis
Roses grossularia
Galium aparine
Hypocheris sp.
Egopodium podagraria
Senecio vulgaris
Galium vulgaris
Erica sp.
Paris quadrifolia
Hybiscus sp.
Althaea rosea
Impatiens aurea
Impatiens aurea
Piper methysticum
Corydalis umbilicus
Alchemilla vulgaris
Citrus limonum
Melissa officinalis
Cymbopogon citratus
Lippia citriodora
Lens esculenta
Syringa vulgaris
Malva sp.
Althaea officinalis
Mentha sp.
monarda
motherwort
mugwort
orach
orchids
parsley herb
peach
pear
pennyroyal
pennycress
peppermint
periwinkle
plantain
plum
primrose
quince
ragweed
rampion
raspberry
rose
rose geranium
rose geranium
rose geranium
sage
sagewort
sea holly
self-heal
sicklewort
silverweed
skirret
soapwort
sorrel
sowbread
sow thistle
speedwell
strawberry
strawberry
sycamore
tansy
tear
teazle
thyme
trefoil
turkey corn
verbena
verbena
violet

Monarda punctata
Leonurus cardiaca
Artemisia vulgaris
Arctium lappa
Orchis sp.
Paris quadrifolia
Prunus persica
Pyrus communis
Mentha pulegium
Hydrocotyle vulgaris
Mentha piperita
Vinca sp.
Piantago major
Prunus domestica
Primula vulgaris
Pyrus cyprium
Senecio vulgaris
Campanula rapunculus
Rubus idaeus
Rosa sp.
Pelargonium capitatum
Pelargonium graveolens
Pelargonium roseum
Salvia officinalis
Orchis sp.
Styphnolium maritimum
Prunella vulgaris
Diapensia lapponica
Potentilla anserina
Sium sibiricum
Saponaria officinalis
Romex sp.
Cyclamen hederifolium
Sonchus sp.
Veronica sp.
Amaranthus caudatus
Fragaria vesca
Ficus sycomorus
Tanacetum vulgare
Dipsacus sylvestris
Dipsacus sylvestris
Thymus vulgaris
Trifolium sp.
Dierama canadensis
Verbena officinalis
Verbena officinalis
Viola odorata
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Plant Name</th>
<th>Scientific Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>wheat</td>
<td>Triticum sp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wild arach</td>
<td>Arctium paeula</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>woodruff</td>
<td>Asperula odorata</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wood betony</td>
<td>Veronica officinalis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wood sage</td>
<td>Teucrium scorodonia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>yarrow</td>
<td>Achillea millefolium</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Mares:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Plant Name</th>
<th>Scientific Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>abscess root</td>
<td>Polemonium reptans</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>acacia (gum)</td>
<td>Acacia sp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>alder</td>
<td>Alinus glutinosa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>all heal</td>
<td>Prunella vulgaris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aloe</td>
<td>Aloe sp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>American mandrake</td>
<td>Podophyllum peltatum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>anemone (wood)</td>
<td>Anemone nemorosa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>araroba</td>
<td>Andira araroba</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>arsemart</td>
<td>Polygonum hydropiper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>asarabacca</td>
<td>Asarum europaeum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>asclepias</td>
<td>Asclepiadaceae</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bamboo</td>
<td>Bambusa vulgaris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>barberry</td>
<td>Berberis vulgaris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>basil</td>
<td>Ocimum basilium</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bay laurel</td>
<td>Pimenta racemosa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>beardberry</td>
<td>Arctostaphylos uva-ursi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>beech</td>
<td>Bagus sylocata</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>benzoin</td>
<td>Syzygium benzoin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>betel</td>
<td>Piper betel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bitter wood</td>
<td>Pterocela excelsa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>black cress</td>
<td>Sisymbrium nigra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>black pepper</td>
<td>Piper nigrum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>blessed thistle</td>
<td>Cistus benedictos</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bloodroot</td>
<td>Sanguinaria canadensis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>blue bells</td>
<td>Hyacinthus nonscriptus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>brooklime</td>
<td>Veronica beccabunga</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>broom</td>
<td>Coptis scoparius</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bryony</td>
<td>Bryonia sp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>buckthorn</td>
<td>Rhamnus sp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cashew</td>
<td>Anacardium occidentale</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>castor</td>
<td>Ricinus communis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cat thyme,</td>
<td>Teucrium marum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>chillies</td>
<td>Capsicum minimum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>chloes</td>
<td>Allium schoenoprasum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cinchona</td>
<td>Cinchona succirubra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>clematis</td>
<td>Clematis recta</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>coriander</td>
<td>Coriandrum sativum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cotton thistle</td>
<td>Onopordon acanthium</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Corallorhiza odontorhiza
Ranunculus sp.
Piper cubeba
Cuminum cyminum
Cyclamen hederifolium
Narcissus pseudo-narcissus
Hesperis matronalis
Doxomorops draco
Corallorhiza odontorhiza
Simaruba officinalis
Euphorbia sp.
Hesperis matronalis
Erechites hieracifolia
Linaria vulgaris
Erigeron annus
Euphorbus
Allium sativum
Gentiana sp.
Teucrium sp.
Asperagus gummifer
Alypium chamazips
Paulinia cupana
Doxomorops draco
Euphorbia resinifera
Crateagus oxysperma
Ilex aquifolium
Carduus benedictus
Lonicer caprifolium
Humulus lupulus
Cochlearia armoracia
Ruscus hippocastanum
Hyacinthus sp.
Indigofera tinctoria
Cinchona succirubra
Juniperus communis
Alchemilla vulgaris
Delphimium consolida
Ranuncula asiatica
Allium sp.
Rocella tinctoria
Lysimachia sp.
Lupinus sp.
Rubia tinctorum
Drosera rotundifolia
Origanum marjorana
Imperatoria ostruthium
Pistacia lentiscus
mastic, thyme
mango apple
magblossom
mustard
nettle
onion
papaw (custard apple)
paprika
parsley
peppers
Peruvian bark
pilewort
pine
piprissewa
poison lily
prickly ash
quassia
radish
red root
rheumatism weed
rhubarb
rocket
rue
salep
saltwort
samicle
sarsaparilla
saffron
sage
shepherd’s rod
simaruba
simson
smartweed
snapdragon
soapwort
sombread
southerweed
spikenard
spurge
squill
tallow tree
tarragon
thorn
toadflax
tobacco
toothress
tragacanth

Thymus mastichina
Podophyllum peltatum
Crataegus oxycantha
Brassica sp.
Ceratonia dioica
Allium cepa
Asimina triloba
Croton annuum
Carum petroselinum
Piper sp.
Cinchona succirubra
Ranunculus ficaria
Pinaceae sp.
Chimaphila umbellata
Rhus toxicodendron
Xanthoxylum americanum
Pierzania excelsa
Raphanus sativus
Ceanothus americanus
Chimaphila umbellata
Rheum sp.
Eruc saxoova
Ruta graveolens
Orchis sp.
Salsola kali
Sanicula Europza
Smilax ornata
Sabina eacumina
Sabina juniperus
Dipsacus pilosus
Simarula officinalis
Erigeron acris
Polygnum Hydropiper
Antirrhinum magus
Saponaria officinalis
Cyclamen hederifolium
Oxigra reniformis
Inula congza
Enphorbia sp.
Urginea scilla
Sapium salicifolium
Artemisia eacunculus
Cratagus oxycantha
Linaria vulgaris
Nicoctane tabacum
Dentariabulifera
Astragalus gummifer
Arctostaphylos uva-ursi
Polygonum hydropiper
Veronica beccabunga
Ivaia tinctoria
Asperula odorata
Chenopodium anthelminticum
Artemisia absinthium
Narcissus pseudo-narcissus
Aegial Chamaepitys
Eriocysteg glutinosum

Jupiter:

Agrimonia eupatoria
Smyrnium olusatrum
Medicago sativa
Pyrus malus
Sagittaria sagittifolia
Maranta arundinacea
Asclepias incarnata
Asparagus officinalis
Asphodelus ramosus
Geum urbanum
Melissa officinalis
Melissa officinalis
Chelone Glabra
Musa paradisiaca
Betonica officinalis
Vaccinium myrtillus
Aspergus androspermum
Ficus vesiculosis
Borago officinalis
Elettaria cardamomum
Yacaranda procera
Myrrhis odorata
Cassia cinsa
Potentilla reptans
Echinacea angustifolia
Tanacetum balsamita
Agropyrum repens
Ribes olivaris
Dahlia variabilis
Taraxacum officinale
Datura stramonium
Rumex sp.
Agropyrum repens
Echinacea angustifolia
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Plant Name</th>
<th>Scientific Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>cglantine</td>
<td>Cichorium endivia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>endive</td>
<td>Ficus carica</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fig</td>
<td>Potentilla reptans</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fire leaf grass</td>
<td>Gelesium nitidum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>geisemium</td>
<td>Tragopogon sp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>goat's beard</td>
<td>Vicia minera</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>grape</td>
<td>Bupleura roundifolia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>harts ear</td>
<td>Asplenium scolopendrium</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>harts congue</td>
<td>Lawsonia alba</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hema</td>
<td>Geum urbanum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>herb bennet</td>
<td>Cynoglossum officinale</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hound's congue</td>
<td>Semperivum tectorum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>house leek</td>
<td>Hyssopus officinalis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hyssop</td>
<td>Zea Mays</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>indian corn</td>
<td>Arum triphyllum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>jack-in-the-pulpit</td>
<td>Jasminum officinale</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>jasmine</td>
<td>Centaurea scabiosa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>knapweed</td>
<td>Pinus larix</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>larch</td>
<td>Citrus acida</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>lime</td>
<td>Anemone hepatica</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>liverwort</td>
<td>Sticta polmonaria</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>longwort</td>
<td>Magnolia virginiana</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>magnolia</td>
<td>Zea Mays</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>maize</td>
<td>Acer sp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>maple</td>
<td>Spiraea ulmaria</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>meadowsweet</td>
<td>Apocynum androsamifolium</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>milkweed</td>
<td>Viscum album</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mistletoe</td>
<td>Lysimachia nummularia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>moneywort</td>
<td>Circaea odorata</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mgthr (English)</td>
<td>Quercus sp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>oak</td>
<td>Carica papaya</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>papaw (melon cree)</td>
<td>Pinus picea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pine</td>
<td>Matthiola sp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pinks</td>
<td>Musa paradisiaca</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>plantain fruit</td>
<td>Asclepias tuberosa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pleurisy root</td>
<td>Potentilla sp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>potencilla</td>
<td>Agropogon repens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>quack grass</td>
<td>Rosa canina</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rose hips</td>
<td>Echinacea angustifolia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rubbeckia</td>
<td>Salvia officinalis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sage</td>
<td>Tragopogon portulatus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sausalgy</td>
<td>Santalum album</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sandalwood</td>
<td>Scabiosa sp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>scabious</td>
<td>Ochlearia officinalis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>scourcy grass</td>
<td>Sedum sp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sedum</td>
<td>Ulmus folia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>slippery elm</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
sphagnnum moss  Sphagnum cymbifolium
spinach Spinacia oleracea
spruce Pius picea
sorrel Chichorium sp.
sorrel Rhus sp.
swallow wort Asclepias sp.
swamp milkweed Asclepias incarnata
sweet briar Rosa rubiginosa
sweet cicely Myrrhis odorata
ternata Larix Americana
thorn apple Tamarindus Indica
tragacanth Datura Stramonium
wake robin Astragalus gummifer
wild carrot Arum triphillum
wood betong Arum triphillum
yam Benomica officinalis

Sacornia

acorn Acornitum napellus
adderwen Polygonum bistorta
amaranthus Amaranthus sp.
arnica Arnica montana
arsenic Polygnum Hydropiper
asclepias Asclepiadaceae
bamboo Bambusa vulgaris
banederry Actaea spicata
barley Hordeum sp.
beech Fagus sylvatica
beets Beta hortensis
belladonna Atropa belladonna
bindweed Convolvulus sp.
bird's foot Polygonum bistorta
bistort Hieracium niger
black hellebore Helleborus niger
black willow Salix nigra
bleed bluebell Hyacinthus nonscriptus
bell bottle brush Egusiectum sp.
bush Buxus sempervirens
bruisewort Symphytum officinale
bud Plantago coronopus
buckhorn Rhamnus sp.
chabbar Physostigma venenosum
champion Cucubalus sp.
cannabis Cannabis sativa
carob Jacaranda procer
meadow saffron
monk's hood
mountain laurel
mouse ear
mullein
musk
nightshade
paddock pipes
pansies
periwinkle
physostega
poke
poplar
poppy
potato
puasg willow
quercus
queen's delight
quince
ragwort
rattlesnake root
royal fern
rupturewort
sadbilla
safflower
sasqu bark
scammony, English
sciatric
scopolia
scutcap
senega
sheave grass
shepherd's purse
smartweed
skunk cabbage
skunk cabbage
snake root
snakeweed
Solomon's seal
strophanthus
sombul
tamarisk
thorough leaf
thrift
tree of heaven
Virginia creeper
water gladiole
Colchicum autumnale
Aconitum napellus
Kalmia latifolia
Hieracium pilosella
Verbascum thapsus
Nidus abelmoschus
Solanum sp.
Equisetum sp.
Viola tricolor
Vinca sp.
Phygelus decandra
Phygelus decandra
Populus sp.
Papaver sp.
Solanum tuberosum
Salix nigra
Aspidosperma quebracho-blanco
Strychnos sylvatica
Pyros cymomia
Senecio Jacobis
Poligala senega
Osmunda regalis
Hemiarria sp.
Veratrum sabadilla
Carthamus tinctorius
Gyrophilus guineense
Consolovolus sp.
Ibrius sibyrium
Scopola carniolica
Scutellaeria gælenculata
Poligala senega
Equisetum sp.
Capsella bursa-pastoris
Poligynum hydropiper
Dracontium feridum
Symposcapus facetus
Aristolochia serpentina
Plantago major
Polygonatum multiflorum
Strophanthus Kombé
Ferula sombol
Tamarix Gallica
Upletrum campestris
Hemaria maritima
Ailanthus glandulosa
Vitis hederacea
Butomus umbellatus
water pepper
water violet
water parrow
wild snowball
witch hazel
wood
wolf's bane
gum

Urania:

allspice
American valerian
ash
bittersweet
black willow
bluebells
buttercup
cacao
cedar
cedar
chicory
Chinese anise
cinnamon
clove
coca leaves
coffee
celery
champagne
cilantro
flax
galbanum
guaicam
herb true-love
kola nuts
lady's slipper
lignum vitae
linseed
logwood
mandrake
nard
nard
nutmeg
paris herb
pelitory
pimpernel
pomegranate
pussy willow
Polygongum hydropiper
Potonia palustris
Potonia palustris
Viburnum opulus
Nyamamelis Virginiana
Itoatis tinctoria
Hyacinthus nonscriptus
Bannunculus bulbosus
Theobroma cacao
Cedrus atlanticus
Thuja occidentalis
Cichorium intybus
Lilium verum
Cinnamomum zeylanica
Eugenia carpgophyllata
Erythroxylon coca
Coffee Arabica
Inula helenium
Inula helenium
Linum usitatissimum
Ferula galbaniflua
Guaiacum officinale
Paris quadrifolia
Kola vera
Cypripedium pubescens
Thuja occidentalis
Linum usitatissimum
Hyacmaroxyyn campechianum
Atropa mandragora
Nardostachys jatamansi
Valeriana Jatamansi
Mgristica fragrans
Paris quadrifolia
Anacyclus pyrethrum
Anagallis arvensis
Ponica granatum
Salix nigra
soap tree  Quillaja saponaria
Spanish chamomile  Anthemis nobilis
spikenard  Inula conyza
star anise  Illicium verum
tonka bean  Dipteryx odorata
conquin bean  Dipteryx odorata
trailing arbutus  Epigaea repens
true Unicorn root  Eletris farinosa
wild carrot  Daucus carota
woody nightshade  Solanum dulcamara

Neptonia:

adam & eve root  Orchis sp.
advice  Cyperus articulatus
apricot  Prunus armeniaca
arbutus  Arbutus sp.
arum  Arum maculatum
ash  Fraxinus excelsior
balmong  Chelone Glabra
bladderwrack  Fucus vesiculosus
bogbean  Menganthes trifoliata
brooklime  Veronica beccabunga
bogle  Ajuga reptans
bur marigold  Bidens tripartita
cabbage tree  Andraeina inermis
cannabis  Cannabis sativa
cowbane  Cicuta virosa
cuckoo-pint  Arum maculatum
cypress  Cupressus
dropwort  Enanthe phellandrium
glasswort  Salsola sp.
hemp  Cannabis sativa
impatiens  Impatiens aurea
jewelweed  Impatiens aurea
kidneywort  Coleus umbilicus
lemon  Citrus limon
lobelia  Lobelia inflata
lotus  Nymphoides lotus
mare's tail  Hippuris vulgaris
marijuana  Cannabis sativa
marsh trefoil  Menganthes trifoliata
marshwort  Helosciadium nodiflorum
melons  Cucumis sp.
mesquite  Anhalonium leminii
mugwort  Artemisia vulgaris
narcissus  Narcissus sp.
opium poppies
oranges
osier
passion flower
peach
pear
pegote
pitcher plant
plum
psilocybin,
sapphire
samphire
samuel
tea fennel
sea plantain
soapwort
sphagnum moss
tearberry tree
water agrimony
water broom
water figwort
water hemlock
water parsnip
water pimpernel
water plantain
water parrow
wild snowball
wild lettuce
willows
wisteria
worm bark
Papaver somniferum
Citrus aurantium
Cornus sericea
Passiflora incarnata
Prunus persica
Pyrus communis
Lophophora diffusa
Sarracenia purpurea
Prunus domestica
Psilocybe sp.
Cirrhium maritimum
Sanicula Europaea
Cirrhium maritimum
Plantago maritima
Saponaria officinalis
Sphagnum cymbifolium
Arbutus sp.
Bidens tripartita
Scerophularia aquatica
Scerophularia aquatica
cicuta virosa
Sium latifolia
Veronica beccabunga
Alisma plantago
Hottonia palustris
Viburnum opulus
Lactuca virosa
Salix sp.
Miscarcia cinensis
Andira inertis

Plutonia:

agar agar
agaric
alder (black)
aloes
angostura
arbutus
arracch
artichoke
asyfrocdida
bearberry
beth root
bilberry
black cohosh
black root
Grindium amansii
Amanita muscaria
Prinos verticillatus
Aloe sp.
Oenaparia febrifuga
Arbutus sp.
Chenopodium sp.
Cynara acolymus
ferula foetida
Arctostaphyllos uva-ursi
Trilium erectum
Vaccinium myrtillus
Cimicifuga racemosa
Leptandra virginica
blue cohosh  Caulophyllum thalictroides
box  Buxus sempervirens
bryony  Bryonia sp.
buckwheat  Polygonum fallopium
chaste tree  Agnus castus
club moss  Lycopodium clavatum
coneflower  Echinacea angustifolia
corn  Zea Mays
damiana  Turnera aphrodisiaca
dogwood  Piscidia erythrina
dragon's blood  Derrisomorops draco
echinacea  Echinacea angustifolia
eucalyptus  Eucalyptus globulus
false Unicorn root  Chamalalium lucem
fever bush  Barrga fremontii
flaxweed  Linaria vulgaris
foxbower  Digitalis purpurea
gelsemium  Gelsemium nitidum
globe artichoke  Cynara scolymus
ground pine  Ajuga chamaepitys
guaraná  Paulinia cupana
hops  Humulus lupulus
kava kava  Piper methysticum
maize fern  Dryopteris felix-mas
mandrake  Atropa mandragora
oats  Avena sativa
patchouli  Pogostemon patchouli
pine trees  Pinaceae sp.
potatoes  Solanum tuberosum
redwood  Sequoia sp.
rudbeckia  Echinacea angustifolia
rye  Secale cereale
salsaparilla  Scutellaria galericulata
scullcap  Sequoia sp.
strawberry tree  Arbutus sp.
tobacco  Linaria vulgaris
trillium  Trillium sp.
turnip  Brassica rapa
uva-ursi  Arctostaphylos uva-ursi
wheat  Triticum sp.
winter's bark  Drimys winteri
wood  Inatia tinctoria
wormwood  Artemisia absinthium
yam  Dioscorea villosa
yellow bogle  Ajuga chamaepitys
yucca  Yucca sp.
A list which corresponds herbes to the star-gates the Mother set about the heavens to guide the herbalist into understand the way of life.

**Arietis**

- blackberry
- blessed thistle
- chili peppers
- cowslips
- fairy cups
- juniper
- loosestrife
- lupines
- marjoram
- wood betony

- Rubus fruticosus
- Carduus benedictus
- Capsicum minimum
- Primula veris
- Primula veris
- Juniperus communis
- Lysimachia sp.
- Lupinus sp.
- Origanum majorana
- Veronica officinalis

**Taurous**

- apple blossoms
- balm of Gilead
- clovers
- cumin
- fig-wort
- heather
- hibiscus (red)
- lovage
- monarda
- roses (red, pink)

- Pyrus malus
- Commiphora opobalsamum
- Trifolium pratense
- Cuminum cyminum
- Scorphularia sp.
- Calluna vulgaris
- Hibiscus sp.
- Leonurus officinalis
- Monarda punctata
- Rosa sp. (rubra)
Geminorum

balloon flower  Platycodon grandiflorus
bamboo         Bambusa vulgaris
  dill          Prunus alnus
  dragon's blood reeds  Derris morotops draco
  eirecambagne Elsholtzia
  eftwot        Inula helianthum
  gum thistle   Inula helianthum
  horehound     Euphorbia resinifica
  lady's seal   Marrubium vulgare
  lily of the valley Polygonatum multiflorum
  meadowsweet   Convallaria majalis
  mulberry      Spiraea ulmaria
  sena (bladder) Morus nigra
  Solomon's Seal Colutea sp.
  spurge        Polygonatum multiflorum
  spurge        Euphorbia sp.
  spurge        Euphorbia resinifica

Cancri

adder's tongue  Erychlonium Americanum
agrimony       Agrimonia eupatoria
  alder         Alnus glutinosa
  balm          Melissos officinalis
  black alder   Prinos verticillatus
  daisies       Bellis perennis
  duckwee       Lens palustris
  honeysuckle   Lonicera caprifolium
  hyssop        Hyssopus officinalis
  jasmine       Jasminum officinale
  liverwort     Anemone hepatica
  loosestrife   lysimachia sp.
  sundew        Drosera rotundifolia

Leonis

agaric         Amanita muscaria
  angelica     Angelica archangelica
  bay tree     Laurus nobilis
  borage       Borago officinalis
  celandine    Chelidonium majus
  eyebright    Euphorbia officinalis
  goat's rue   Galega officinalis
  hawthorn     Crataegus oxyacanthia
marigold  Calendula officinalis
motherwort  Leonurus cardiaca
oats  Avena sativa
peony  Paeonia officinalis
rue  Ruta graveolens
rye  Secale cereale
saffron  Crocus sativus
sage  Salvia officinalis
St. John's wort  Hypericum perforatum
St. John's wort  Hypericum perforatum
thorn  Crataegus oxyacantha
wheat  Triticum sp.

Virginis

cascara  Rhamnus purshianus
cedar  Thuja occidentalis
cinquefoil  Potentilla reptans
five-leaf grass  Potentilla reptans
genian  Gentiana sp.
lancerns  Physalis alkekengi
lavender  Lavandula vera
lignum vitae  Thuja occidentalis
maidenhair ferns  Adiantum capillus-veneris
mirtle  Myrtus communis
potentilla  Potentilla reptans
sassafras  Sassafras officinale
valerian  Valeriana officinalis
verbena

Librae

bergamot  Monarda didyma
carnip  Nepeta cataria
columbine  Aquilegia vulgaris
herb rue  Paris quadrifolia
hollyhocks  Althaea rosea
horse-tongue  Ruscus hippocastanum
kidneywort  Cotyledon umbilicus
Paris herb  Paris quadrifolia
primrose  Primula vulgaris
rose geranium  Pelargonium graveolens
vervain  Verbena officinalis
yarrow  Achillea millefolium
Scorpionis

agaric
arrachis
basil
bearberry
bloodroot
fireweed
foxtail
guarana
hops
horseradish
patchouli
snapdragon
uva ursi

Amanita muscaria
Chenopodium sp.
Ocimum basilicum
Hectostaphylus uva ursi
Sanguinaria canadensis
Erechtites hieracifolia
Digitalis purpurea
Paulinia cupana
Humulus lupulus
Cochlearea Armoracia
Pogostemon patchouli
Anthirrhinum magus
Hectostaphylus uva ursi

Sagittarii

alexander
arrowhead
coneflower
dandelion
datura
coneflower
goat’s horn
house leek
hyssop
indian corn
maize
oak
sumac
tragacanth

Smyrnium olsacrum
Sagittaria sagittifolia
Echinacea angustifolia
Taraxacum officinale
Datura stamomium
Echinacea angustifolia
Astragalus gummifer
Sempervivum tectorum
Hyssopus officinalis
Zea mays
Zea mays
Quercus sp.
Rhus sp.
Astragalus gummifer

Capricornus

aconite
bindweed
comfrey
dracunculus
eim
Irish moss
laurel
liverwort
monk’s hood
moss

Aconitum napellus
Convolvulus sp.
Symphorium officinale
Symplorcarpus foetidus
Ulmus caprestris
Abondus crispus
Kalmia laitcbolia
Peltigera canina
Aconitum napellus
Lycopodiaceae
poke
skunk cabbage
wood

Phytolacca decandra
Symplacarpus foetidos
Loatis tinctoria

Aquarii
buttercup
cloes
lady's slipper
mandrake
pitcher plant
spikenard
star anise
valerian
wisteria

Ranunculus bulbosus
Eugenia caryophyllata
Cyrtoglossum pubescens
Atropa mandragora
Sarracenia purpurea
Inula congza
Illicum verum
Valeriana officinalis
Wistaria chinensis

Piscium
alder (common)
bladderwrack
cannabis
dogwood
hemp
lobelia
marshwort
passion flower
pussy willow
sea water moss
sea weeds
sphagnum moss
turnip
wild lettuce

Alnus glutinosa
Fucus vesiculosus
Cannabis sativa
Piscidia erythrina
Cannabis sativa
Lobelia inflata
Helosciadium nodiflorum
Passiflora incarnata
Salix nigra
Chondrus crispus
Fucus sp.
Sphagnum cymbifolium
Brassica rapa
Lactuca virosa
The Artist's Magick
A Guide to Dianne Lorden's Illustrations

Opening Illustration

[From The Deva Ritual] "Pan plays upon His pipes and She dances in the grasses, among the trees, to the tune of the Gentle Hunter..."

Præludium

Title page: "The Hermit, seated upon a log in the Rowan Grove, becoming one with the forest..."

6. "While gazing at the Mallorn, a large portal opened revealing a staircase descending into the depths beneath the Earth."

7. "As the quill began to move upon the first pad of paper, the letters which appeared began 'The Holy Books of the Devas.'"

A Proheme

Title page: The cat-tails are an expression of the Devas as being a different & unique life-force. They represent the spiritual reality of the herbal kingdom, in balance with the insect realm, the birds and mammals.

10. The waves showing their joy as the "cumulous ocean" which is our birthplace.

11. The desert agave, the aquatic pickerel weed and the prairie cone flower have been selected to represent the different members of the plant world all singing their praises, the song of Verda, to the Mother.

12. The Sun with the berry branch beneath... "And He, in turn, bestowed upon them the knowledge of sustenance." Wreathed in leaves, He shows His love and wisdom of the herbal world.
13. The Goddess symbol on a black field. Her eye centered with an Herbe and, below, symbols representing Magick, sorrow, love & eternity... describing the time when "the Mother decreed that the plants should partake in the rulership of the Terra Firma. ... Although the Mother wept, these lessons were essential for survival."

14. A reclining Faerie by a mushroom [Omphalotus Ilddens]... "The most Magick occurs at twilight, the moment when Devas, elves, faeries and such come out... The Lomins are of a priest/esshood whose role it is to sing of the balance of the two light-giving forces of Nature."

15. A wreath of white clematis frames a scene which represents the interaction and symbiotic relationship between plant life and the Elements... "Thus do the Devas participate in balancing all four elements: Air, Fire, Water and Earth..."

16. "The Mother bestowed upon them... the gift of Inner Vision... 'Partake in the fullness of knowing...'

17. A cabbage butterfly and a bee visit a branch from a crabapple in bloom, this being intertwined with the tendrils of a vine. From the Proheme, it is meant to illustrate the sense of touch, which "enables a vine to curl around" and "causes flowers to dust the wings of insects with pollen."

18. Bulrushes, silhouetted against the Full Moon illustrate ... "The struggle to develop a root system that would seek the depths of the Earth Mother."

The Ghyhleana

Title page: The musical note: the Holy Syllable that would come to be the rhythm of the Universe.


The Spheroth

Title page: "Thus did She create the Spheroth, the planets, which include all the heavenly bodies of our solar system which affect the Earth with power."
24. An incense burner releasing the magick of herbs which correspond to the spheres out, into the solar system.

25. Soleil: "Through these herbs, your soul will open to the consciousness of the Universal Being... these herbs provide the motivation to stay upon the Path and avoid straying into darkness."

Standing upon the Path, she embraces the sunlight, holding sunflowers. The bush off to her right is a bay laurel.

26. Luna: The Moon is reflected in a cauldron. Surrounding are Lunar herbs and plants....

28. Mercurii: silhouetted by sassafras, the priest prepares to work with fenugreek. "... the Magick of the chant, the mystery of the incantation..."

30. Venusia: "They have been known to share knowledge of lost nature deities, of forgotten nature spirits and faeries which once danced among the woodland trees and meadow flowers..."

32. Mares: A triumph of the spirit. Martial herbs "will share with your soul the drive to accomplish."

This illustration captures the ability of the Martial herbs to apply the akashic principle toward creating "reality out of one's dreams." At the same time, it is a celebration of the energy of 'doing.'

35. Iupère: These are herbs of balance, which lead to "a fullness of being." They are essential in the practice of ritual, as illustrated with the Priestess working within her Circle.

She is in the shadow of the Horned One, as the herbs of Iupère are gently masculine. They carry the God's nurturing aspects. The planet is seen between His horns... and the scene is accented with a cluster of milkweed.

37. Saturnia: "The teach us the nature and Magick of change." Aiding one to meet the challenges of life while "steadfast of purpose" and "with the ability to endure." This wise practitioner, "fortified against weakness," has indeed "bound his inner strength." His staff and staff are bound with hedge bindweed.

38. Urania: How better to express joy, freedom of energy and an enhanced ability to interact than with dance? Their lively steps are accented with trailing arbutus.
40. Neptunia: "The herbes of Neptunia act directly upon the astral, or eteric, body... Used properly, these herbes can liberate the astral body so that it may travel unhindered along the path."

41. Plutonia: "They also have within them the knowledge of spiritual rebirth and of reincarnation... bringing forth a new, revicalized self." Here is a metamorphosis of the spirit.

The Astraelis

Title Page: 
"...and She set free from the spinning orbs of the planets... and the coloured spheres danced out into the night to form a circle about Her."

44. "She taught these patterns to call upon the warming winds of summer, to carry forth the migratory butterfly, to drift the spring pollens with the breeze." [Geminorum]

45. Librae's precarious air...

46. Scorpionis' sublime aspects taken into the watery abyss...

47. Arietis: "...and thus would the seed learn how to burst through its limitations and explore the new horizons of rebirth."

47. Taurus: "one can not only strive toward the glory of soleil, but each herbe must take the time to sink their roots into the depth of the earth." Pigwört.

48. Geminorum: The twins, holding meadowsweet...

49. Cancri: "She invoked the Mysteries of nurturing water." Hyssop

50. The Crab, beneath both the sea and the heat of Soleil.

51. Leonis: Maturing breath the ripening Sun.

52. Virginis: "...chosen for the harvest, which grapes would bring the wine..."

53. Librae: The Lady's Sacred Scales hanging in the night dream of an Autumn wind.
55. Scorpionis: The song of the Scorpions reach both the depths and the heights.

55. Sagittarius: “Questful fire, dance, with daring in the face of challenge...”

56. The long crescent of the archer’s bow” combines the “lunar loveliness of the Mother and the burning fires of her questing soul.”

57. Capricornus: The Lady accompanies the mountain goat on his journey from the depths and together they stand beneath a new-born stargate.

58. An herbe, having reached the ‘pinnacle of achievement,’ will pass its message for future generations within the magick of the seed...

59. Aquarius: She dips a Sacred Vessel to collect the blessed waters.

60. Piscis: “She set forth the Mysteries of dreamweaving water”

The Cyclades

Title Page: (Belaine) The Blessed Rowan, offering himself to the creatures of the Goddess, unites the Magick of the Terra Firma with that of Soleil.

64. Midsummer frivolity....

65. Sharing the Lammas bread....

65. “She took herself to bathe in the spring-fed pool just beyond the rowan...”

66. An Autumn scene: hang to dry are spearmint, dill and cotton lavender. In the basket are elderberries.

67. In her Hallows robes, the Mother gently lays a frost upon the sleepy Devas.

67. Her withered hand against the door...

69. “Nightly She and Death would sit before the fire.”
She enters the frosty spring water as Crone, and leaves rejuvenated, under the Ombolt Moon. In the melting snow are crocuses and snowdrops.

Botanikus

Title Page: A maple leaf in a circle which represents the natural polarities found in Nature: half night and half day...

74. "And herbes were created to float upon the breeze as delicately as the Mother’s sigh, to send their seeds sailing to far and distant lands." Dandelions, which surely will sail as far as the neighbor’s lawn.

75. And herbes were created to drift like a maiden’s hair in the ocean current... some knowing that their domain would be as food for the fishes..." Here are phytoplankton, tiny plants within plankton, as they are consumed by zooplankton.

76. "In great and distant Ages, children would discover the Mother’s Magick when they learned the wonder of a fossil." The odd background is a detail of a fossilized fir cone, displaying the hidden secret of its ancient seeds.

77. "Indeed, these fuels would even endanger all of future life, for all blessings are double-edged..." This is a collage of those whose Path present lies in Harm’s Way....

78. "And these herbes were created to become pipes for the Mother’s sacred lover, Pan."

79. "And they were given strength and they were given gentleness, to provide shelter for the small creatures of the Mother.”

80. "... And others learned the seduction of insects, sending forth amorous scent and creating lustful patterns of sacred geometry and Magick colour to cooke the bee and insect to enter the flower’s sacred circle and join in the Dance of Pollen."

81. "And some of these grew their seed to be winged."
82. "And with their leaves, some herbes were caught the Mysteries of the Crone... And all the herbes knew that their leaves were but a transient dance and that the cycle of life goes on forever..."

The Deva Ritual

Title page: "Yearly She tended the growing things in Her gardens, as She was Mother to all of Terra Firma."

87. "The arrival of the sylphs, salamanders, undines, gnomes and the Herbe Devas, with their "faces like wise children."

89. "One by one the stars began their ancient hymn and, as if out of the void, appeared the Goddess, riding a graceful Unicorn the same colour as the Moon."

91. "It brought tears to the eyes of the undines, who had brought the gift of water."

92. "And as the smoke wafted in a gentle breeze, carrying the scent to all, She held the throng high for all to see..."

94. "As Her words sang into the night, a Unicorn, the colour of the breeze, flew in on large, pale yellow wings."

96. The East candle...

97. "A large Unicorn the colour of flame sprang out of nowhere."

99. "A beautiful, blue Unicorn the colour of a clear, mountain spring spilled out of the Moon-filled night on wide-spread wings and landed gently before Her..."

101. "Our Mother is the Moon's reflection upon rippling waters."

103. "Her eyes sparkled as if of moonlit snow as She bowed gently before the Lady to sing Her greeting."

105. Beloved Pan... "Horns like a woodland being, small, delicate hooves that seemed always to dance; curls of fur thick upon His legs."
106. "Pan and the Ladyn held hands and danced, 'round and 'round in the Moonlight..."

107. "... a dragoon, the colour of gold, stepped up from the South & breathed the kindling into flame."

108. The kneeling Devas, one by one, are kissed upon the forehead by the Lady.

110. A profusion of Deva Magick from the Cauldron of the God & Goddess...

112. The Lord and the Lady...

The Signatures

Throughout: A floral border ... a crescent Moon in the company of catnip, variegated sage, rosemary & basil.

The End

Blessed Be!
"POSITIVE USE OF ALL OCCULT SCIENCES FOR A BETTER WORLD"
HUGE CATALOGUE !!

THE FINEST COURSES, BOOKS AND RARE PRODUCTS AVAILABLE. CATALOGUE FILLED WITH PRODUCTS. ONLY AVAILABLE FROM I.G.O.S. SEND $3.00 FOR CATALOGUE AND MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION.

SOME OF THE ITEMS IN THE CATALOGUE:

♦ PSI HELMET & BOXES ♦ PSYCHIC POWERS ♦ UFO ABDUCTION PROTECTION & WEAPONS ♦ SORCERY ♦ WITCHCRAFT ♦ HIDDEN TECHNOLOGY ♦ FREE ENERGY ♦ ALTERNATIVE HEALING ♦ HAUNTED HOUSES ♦ ALTERNATIVE AGRICULTURE ♦ MAYAN MAGICK ♦ ALCHEMICAL MONEY BOX ♦ ASTRAL PROJECTION DEVICES ♦ TIME TRAVEL BOOKS & DEVICES ♦ RADIONICS ♦ EXORCISM ♦ ANCIENT GRIMOIRES ♦ E.L.F. GENERATORS ♦ PSI WARFARE ♦ SEXUAL SORCERY ♦ TELEPORTATION ♦ INVISIBILITY ♦ PSYCHOTRONICS ♦ MUCH MORE !!!

NOTHING HELD BACK !!!!! NO SECRETS !!!!!
LEARN FROM THE MASTERS OF THE OCCULT SCIENCES !!

INTERNATIONAL PROFESSIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR MUTUAL PROTECTION AND NETWORKING;
DEFENDING OUR RIGHTS BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE FILLED WITH PRACTICAL INFORMATION,
NEVER BEFORE MADE AVAILABLE TO THE PUBLIC!
DISCOUNTS FROM MAJOR OCCULT SUPPLIERS
RARE BOOKS, FOUND NOWHERE ELSE!
SPECIAL SOCIETY PRODUCTS—ONLY FOR MEMBERS

PUBLISHING SERVICE...... WE PUBLISH YOUR BOOK/COURSE OR SELL YOUR OCCULT PRODUCTS INTERNATIONALLY—NO FEES TO YOU!!
ORDER YOUR CATALOGUE NOW !!!

255 N. El Cielo Rd., Suite 565, Palm Springs, CA, 92262 (619)327-7355