

Athena, Arcadian Awakening
By: Olivia Robertson

CHAPTER 8: THE AZORES

ALCHEMICAL RITE

PART ONE: THE NARRATION

"TO LIVE WITHOUT VISION IS TO BE BLIND TO ONE'S SOUL."

HOST IN THE AZORES IS OISIN MANUELE. SCENE: HIS GARDEN BY THE SEA. VISITANTS: PATH GUIDE: ELAINE. HELPER: AIDEN. ORACLE: DEIRDRE OF THE VISIONS. ALL ARE OF THE PRIESTHOOD OF ALCHEMY.

AIDEN: It is very kind of you to invite us to this lovely castle by the sea with its private beach. You have everything here to awaken your psychic faculties. One could see anything here! Why do you require the urgent assistance of the Fellowship of Isis?

OISIN: Because you stand for everything that my family fears.

ELAINE It sounds intriguing. Please be more specific. Let us have your narration.

OISIN: You will be moved by its tragic note, accompanied by the moaning of the sea. My father was an Irish aristocrat, who bought this castle as a basis for his life's work, discovering the lost island of Atlantis. He married a peasant girl in our local fishing village, and this was his and my undoing. For he aspired to the stars: she wished to be a successful business executive. She had thought of emigrating to the States, but my father turned up in the nick of time. At first they got on reasonably well. I was born, but what seemed a blessing – proved a bitter source of contention. He insisted on calling me "Oisín", the Irish hero who was enticed to the Many-Coloured land across the ocean by a faery. My mother added "Manuele" after a local millionaire, who became my Godfather. My father dreamed that I could revive the Irish branch of the Order of the Golden Dawn, and become a poet like Yeats, an artist like AE, the Bard of Eire. My mother planned on creating a fishing subsidiary, part of an American company that specialised in tinned factory salmon. Horrible, imprisoning fish and destroying their ancient life cycle culminating in this ocean.

Finally tragedy struck. My father was drowned during an exploration of a stone wall under the sea that he hoped was a part of the lost city of Poseidonis. My mother found he had lost his whole fortune with his expeditions and the publication of a splendid book with coloured illustrations, "The Lost Atlantis Revived." But instead of Atlantis rising from the sea, my father's coffin is lying beneath the ocean, martyr to The Cause. I can show you a photograph of The Submerged Wall that he used in his book. I added a tribute to my father in a new edition which I have produced on the Internet.

ELAINE: You seem all set to follow in your father's footsteps. How can we help?

OISIN: By awakening my psychic vision. Surely I should have clairaudience and clairvision like my father. They say that the Irish have these gifts. But I have tried every means – to no avail. I have sat in dark rooms trying to see the aura around everything. Not a glimpse. I have sat in the lotus position gazing into the depths. I cannot see even one nymph – the Goddess Cleito's Atlantean offspring. Salamanders elude me in the flames of my beach fire. I am forced to earn my living in the Civil Service in a job my Godfather got for me – nepotism! But I need to live in order to fulfil my dream. I want, like AE,

to see the Gods and Goddesses. I wish to live in the world beyond ours in the eternal Land of Everlasting Youth.

ELAINE: You put the blame on your mother and on your Godfather. But you yourself block your soul, gifts inherited from your father. You yourself are your own gaoler in a material cell.

OISIN: What am I to do? How do I block my visions?

ELAINE: You do not in the first place block your soul. It is done for you at the very moment of birth.

AIDEN: Who can blame parents training their children to fit in with religions, historical and national custom? Very small babies are put under perpetual, loving pressure to be “normal.” Apart from the obvious potty training, every move a baby makes is conditioned. They even now extend this to “mentally challenged” babies who may be aborted before they are born. The mothers make sure their babies have the right physique – and are taught acceptable behaviour. A mother used to submit to ministry of the clergy – but this has given way to the autocracy of the doctor. A problem is that what is regarded as abnormal and to be rejected – changes. So the child with spiritual genius is regarded as unbalanced, and to be rendered harmless, sedated with a drug now given to about 70 million children that can even cause death. At least baptismal water was physically harmless!

The most powerful weapon used by well-wishers on the rising generation is within everyone – a desire to please OTHERS. If this fails, violence follows. And the present norm is to be clever, practical, and not to “hallucinate”. Any form of psychism is treated as an abnormality.

OISIN: I am beginning to see. We Bohemians pretend that we don’t care what people think. We do. All our so-called eccentricity is aimed at impressing the public – we need a public to impress! What must I do to unblock?

AIDEN: You need continual moral courage. The essence of Alchemy is to find the hidden gold within yourself. Then what you experience will bring wider vision, which is the birthright of us all. You will no longer try to impress others. You will even endure being laughed at!

OISIN: Somehow I feel hopeful. I feel a tingling all over my body. I can see a pale light round Deirdre! She seems to be asleep.

DEIRDRE: I feel the Presence of Cleito of Atlantis. We can bring Oisín through the mystic doorway, where he may find the Golden Apples of the Sun, fruit of Atlantis.

ELAINE: Deirdre, I see you are entering trance. Oisín, we may start you on your journey to your lost Atlantis straight away, here by the sea. I shall be your Path Guide. All you need to do is to lie on the strand, and listen to the sea birds as they fly over the ocean towards the horizon.

PART TWO: ALCHEMICAL RITE
THE RISEN ATLANTIS.
"TO DREAM TRULY IS TO CREATE."

BY THE ATLANTIC OCEAN
TRANCE JOURNEY

PATH GUIDE: ELAINE. HELPER: AIDEN. ORACLE: DEIRDRE OF THE VISIONS.

AIDEN: Friends, already the Goddess has heard the prayer of Oisín that he may find his Land of Heart's Desire, the lost Atlantis.

ORACLE OF THE GODDESS CLEITO

I come to you in heavenly dreams when your souls like lovely seabirds arise from your nests, your material bodies. There is no human, however physically obsessed, who has no hidden dream of some lovely realm from which they have come. The planetary school you call earth has in reality many levels, and consciously humans dwell in only one sphere of the third dimension. They are blind and deaf to other levels above and below them. And this is necessary as incarnation is the human path of individual development. Each soul finds the pain and ecstasy of rebirth to another and wider sphere.

The time and space of every awakening is individual. All through human history have found Divine Being.

Now at the end of an Aeon when human spiritual evolution has the opportunity of general awakening, it is necessary for each man and woman to seize this chance because the Gates close as the New Aeon dawns. A new humanity is manifesting, and there is chance for each soul to awaken, however alarming this may be. The past must be respected. In reality, time is ever present in the Now. It is we who travel, not the eternal tapestry of The Fates.

AIDEN: Thanks are given to the Goddess Cleito.

ELAINE: Oisín, I see you are already in trance. We await your account. Do not lose the connecting link of my voice. Where are you?

OISÍN: Funny you should ask that, because I don't know! I feel I have been asleep for a long time. I'm back at the place where my father was drowned by the Atlantean Wall – but he's here. He looks much the same, only younger, before his beard. He has been expecting me and shook me by the hand. It's real. I feel his warm grasp. He doesn't speak. What he wants me to do is to look to the West, out to sea. I want to talk to him – but he continues to point over the sea to the horizon.

At first I see nothing but a pale blue sky and white-crested waves. Then just above the horizon I see a golden disc. Some sort of UFO I expect. It is growing, larger and nearer . . . I overcome a feeling of fear because my father is no longer with me. The disc has grown many times larger than the sun. It rotates and from it come two dazzling white streamers like wings. I remember seeing pictures of the golden winged disc of Ancient Egypt – but never thought they were real. I try to stand firm, though my knees feel weak. I remember reading of some huge Falcon, Horus, and expect to see Him emerging from the disc.

What a relief. No terrible Falcon or Aztec War God rushes at me with bared teeth. Instead there appears a laughing girl who holds a green branch like a quince with small yellow fruit. She daintily steps forth from the Disc, which proceeds to leave her on the strand. It diminishes in rotation through great

sweeping arcs across the sea. This, I thought, is the Sea God Manannan's Wheel. I never knew it really existed.

The girl can read thoughts. She says "Yes, Oisin. All sea spirits use these wheels."

"Then this is subjective?" I say. "Not at all," she answers, and suddenly I feel she is wise for her years. "What you dream of brings you to your own paradise. Every night use true vision and you go where you will. Dreams exist, but have not the same properties as those which are true and beautiful. There is only one standard to test a creation. Only Goodness is forever."

"Are you a Goddess?" I ask. "Do you ever incarnate on a material planet?"

"Let us sit in the sand," she says. "I will tell you how I did incarnate on your earth, but it is not an experience I would want to have again!"

"You mean you are too perfect?" I ask.

"In no way. I'm too much of a coward to face the earth again."

I feel offended. I say "Human life is not that horrible surely. Why did you come in the first place if you're so advanced?"

She sighs. "I see you're getting huffy. I'd better tell you why I came and why I left earth."

Now she shows me a series of images like a DVD. They are extremely beautiful, and from some higher realm. I see a golden orb like the sun, and within it is some extra-terrestrial Priest. The young girl is receiving instructions. Both the Priest and the girl are in bodies of pure light. She wants to give some message to earth people in her light body, but she is told this would not do. Human-beings would not endure nudity, and the Light would hurt them. They were arbiters of what she should wear – appropriate robes. They contributed to anything given to them, and were of course treated with respect.

I can see into the girl's mind. She doesn't like the robes. The only people she can use telepathy with are children. What is strange is that she never leaves the orb. The people are far below, tiny figures. But she can project to them and give them the message, which she does not properly understand. But as she projects, she begins to see below the earth's surface into horrific images of underground prisons. She was told that people were entrapped because they chose to do so – due to some illness called "obsession." The girl decides to project into such places to help, though she is warned against doing so. Now she makes a wonderful discovery! She has a twin brother on earth who has incarnated before. He stays, but finally she has had enough! Her brother is an extremist. She makes up her mind in future to avoid the physical world, which has no attraction for her, but to work occasionally in the dream world. There helpers travel at night. She finds they bring people lovely dreams. They dwell in heaven and visit earth when called upon, but always remain spiritually awake. Her brother does it the hard way and returns only when he has to.

I find I can't help laughing. Yes, men are like dogs. Women are like cats, and look after themselves. Then I have a shattering thought. She refers to a well-meaning twin brother who suffers on earth helping others. Surely this is not myself?

"Oisin," the girl says, "You need to travel. I have brought you to your Land of Heart's Desire to give you hope and strength for your work on earth which you do for love. You needed to find your way here because you have found you need your soul. Any time on earth when your work is too cruel, you may now travel here, and see things in proportion. Earth and heaven are one when joined by a Rainbow of Joy and Beauty."

END OF TRANCE.

OISIN COMES BACK FROM TRANCE VERY SLOWLY. HE SAYS THAT IT IS TRUE THAT HIS WORK IN THE CIVIL SERVICE IS TO DEAL WITH THE PROBATION SERVICES FOR PRISONERS. THEIR LIVES ARE OFTEN HARROWING. NOW HE WILL TAKE A NIGHTLY JOURNEY ON THE WINGED DISC. HE WILL RETURN AT DAWN REFRESHED AND INSPIRED FOR HIS DAY'S WORK WITH HIS FELLOWS.

End of Rite.

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