

Isian News, Isian Voices



Aset Shemsu - The Retinue of Aset



Issue 2

FOI Foundation Centre Publication
Rediscovering the Love and Compassion of the Goddess!

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The yews at Clonegal: photo by Pat Booker.



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Editor's Note



Winter is a season loved by many. The quietness of the land; evenings spent around the fire at our own hearths or those of loved ones; seasonal celebrations of light and renewal; a pause within which we can open to deep ancestral remembrance.

For others, it may seem like a harsh time, sometimes frightening. As our ancestors experienced the ravages of Winter weather and deprivation, so too do many, to greater or lesser degrees, in our world today. In Ireland, levels of homelessness have risen to an appalling extent. In Yemen and Sudan, families are desperately trying to stave off starvation due to an inability to pay for food; a

situation reminiscent of the Great Famine in Ireland. Throughout the world, people struggle and, all too often, do not survive.

The question is often posed, should we therefore celebrate? Are we not forgetting those in need? It is a deeply personal reflection to which only our own heart's wisdom can provide the answer. Perhaps, though, it is a deep lesson in remembrance; remembrance of the need for gratitude and generosity and inclusivity within our communities, our societies.

There are many of us in the Fellowship who will not go without this Winter season. We will have a roof over our heads; we will have food on our table and friends to share our homes and hearths with. Some within the Fellowship and our wider community may not. They may not be able to pay bills or buy presents. They may be alone or in communities where they are ostracised as many refugees and asylum seekers are.

During this season, let us embody our Manifesto: let us consider all in our communities and the ways in which we can truly embody the principles of Love, Beauty and Truth. May we share our hearths and hearts in the ways in which we can. Even small messages of care and love can bring people back from the brink of despair and allow them to stand on the shores of hope and possibility. Knowing that we are seen, that we are not alone is incredibly important to every being.

Let our ceremonies of Light this season, be inclusive and all-embracing and may we hold in our hearts, the Divine Love of the gods for all beings. May our prayers and love be carried to all beings in need.

With the love of Isis to all,
Cáit xx

Letter from Cressida Pryor

November 15, 2018



Samhain 2018

Dear Friends,

Maybe I haven't noticed the Halloween frenzy so much other years...a couple of weeks ago, on October 30th, I found I was shopping for a few 'bits' just after school finish time and the noise and excitement was palpable. Teens scrutinised plastic skeleton paraphernalia chatting loudly to their mates; checking out what was the right bit to get...primary aged children grabbed bags of sugared jellied goodies off the shelves, then filling their mum's baskets with even more sweets and cupcakes. Assistants wore Goth outfits and a band of Harry Potter fans waved lethal looking black twisted wands as they ran around the aisles...

And then the kids and exhausted mums left, the teens sloped off and the shop echoed with the quiet footfall of the remaining shoppers intent on the best marked down bargains and supper.

Perhaps what is experienced as the supernatural and spooky allows the playing out of some of our unexpressed fears of death and the unknown...to mock and also 'out them' into their more manageable place...it seems something bubbles up at Halloween that cannot be restrained with logic or formal religious ceremony... is it all just sending it all up as some ghoulish and commercial anarchic pantomime? OR does it allow a connection to that which is 'beyond'...something difficult to articulate and express? This fascination with death and what might be beyond it is a challenge to older religious institutions that seem to fall short of what is needed to give it meaning. I believe our position which is not allied to any one religious tradition gives us a unique place to meet such a challenge.

This time of the year is, after all, that time when we are especially aware of death and those who have gone before us...of course five years ago on November 14th we lost Olivia; many of you will have other, more recent losses of friends and family you mourn and grieve for too.

The name of Olivia's memorial ritual 'Dulce Domum' or sweet homecoming is a beautiful reminder of the ancient's understanding of death as the soul's return home to sacred unity with the Divine...in whatever form you understand this mysterious process, whether it be across the river Styx, returning to the Cosmic Christ, the Omega point, the Land of your Heart's Desire...the Fellowship holds a knowing that this life is not all there is and leads to an inner assurance that our life comes from the sacred, is sustained by Her and our ultimate destiny is in Her.

Blessed Isis, we are all your children
May this knowing allow our soul the freedom to
Dance, sing, mourn, celebrate and heal, and
Bless the world with our service to it.
May we all trust the protection of your holy wings
As we move towards the sacred union of our eternal homecoming in you.
And so it is for each and every one of us.

Blessed Be,
Cressida, FOI Steward

NOTICE

Links through the Goddess

We're looking to connect you!



© "The Blue Heaven" by Olivia Robertson

Hi Everyone!

We are looking to strengthen the links between Fellowship members around the world. We invite individuals, Lyceums & Iseums to build a connection, the idea being to get to know each other & share in our ideas of the Goddess in a more personal way.

Perhaps you would like to connect with someone who shares a devotion to your own Patron Deity? Iseums could be twinned or individuals could acquire a Fellowship pen-pal!

There wasn't a day where Olivia wasn't putting a letter in the post to one of her International Fellowship family.

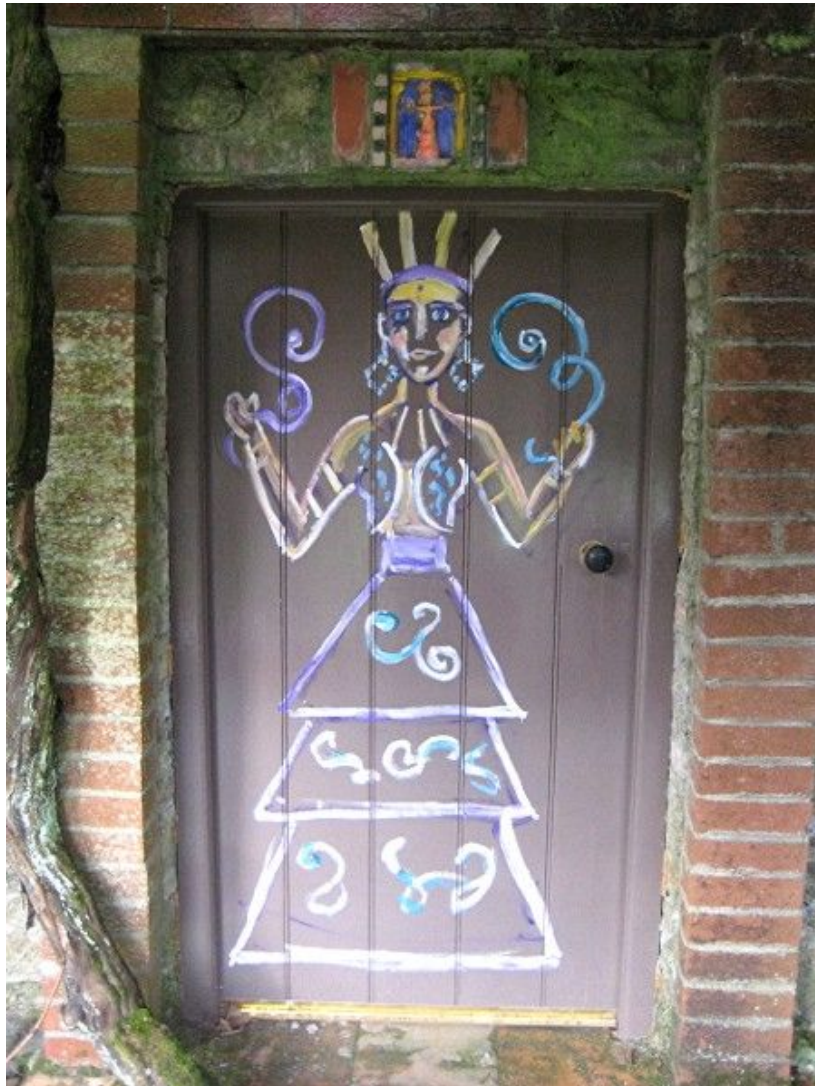
We're very excited to develop these connections, so if you're interested get in touch!

Please drop us a line on the following email, and include "Links through the Goddess" in your subject line:

submissions@fellowshipofisis.com

Katheriona Doyle and Pamela Currey

Oracle for November: The Goddess Ariadne



© "Ariadne" by Olivia Robertson. Photo by Minette Quick.

INVOCATION:

Wise Ariadne of the deep sea, High Fruitful Mother of the Barley, thou whose starry crown of Thetis shines in the heavens, bring us thy guidance. Skilful weaver of the shining thread of Life that holds all spheres in patterned beauty, inspire us with thy wisdom! Thou who art above the Labyrinth of the mind, aid us in our thought. For thou, daughter of Truth art wed with fiery Dionysus of the fruitful vine, and so from Truth and Love bring all creatures into harmony.

ORACLE:

When you are young, you seek that which is like yourself. And you reject the non-self and call it your enemy. But when you grow into maturity, you seek the not-self, for in this is your completion. And so through reconciliation with the enemy comes creation. For the votary of high spiritual Truth needs the warm glory of the Lover, lest she freezes into an ice maiden. And the Lover, demoniac in his passions, seeks the Ice Maiden that will still his ardour. And between these two comes the harmony of the spheres.

As you face the gateway into birth you receive my shining cord. But as you penetrate deeper and still deeper into the Labyrinth of time and space, the thread becomes thinner, more ghostly. For as you remember my thread, it becomes strong; and when you forget it, it wanes. As you move through the years you leave behind you a spiral pattern of the thread that brings you memory of your true being. Yet you look ahead and see no light: the light is behind you.

When you reach the nadir of the Labyrinth, and face that which you most fear, you may drop the thread. But fear not! I am always with you, though you see me not. I am Conscience, and my Mother is Nature and my Father is Philosophy. Call upon me and I shall aid you: so are you saved by my grace, and not by your own will. And this must be. For who would be saved through the separate self, rather than be aided by the Immortal Beloved!

So you return through the mazy windings of the Labyrinth, but now you face the cord and it gleams before you like my Silver Snake. And when you reach the entrance of the Double Axe, you soar above the Maze and look down upon it. And now you see the meaning of the pattern, and enjoy its beauty. And you aid others who lose their way in it as you did, and lead them to their goal.

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Oracle of Ariadne Audio:

http://www.fellowshipofisis.com/sounds/or_ariadneoracle2.mp3

(mp3 © FOI Homepage)

Subscribe to the Oracle of the Month:

http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Fellowship_of_Isis_Oracles

Áine, Goddess of Love and Sovereignty

by Cáit Branigan



Photo by Cait Branigan

I love the turn of every season, the soft outbreath that comes with the ending of a cycle and the refreshing in-breath as we are enlivened by the season to come. Autumn comes with a flurry of colour and the harvest so hoped for after all of the hard labour of seeding, tending and gathering. I love the Sun in Autumn, the rich gold of the low sun and the emblazoned sunsets. This is one of the many ways I experience Áine, in her glorious light and the warmth of her gentle touch. A promise that her light will continue as a softer light in the coming Winter.

As the seasons change, so too does our world – continuously and powerfully. Now, in this current time, we witness the raised voices of women and men seeking justice for the wounds they have received as a result of sexual abuse and rape, and the deepening of that wound through the silencing of their voices by the powerful institutions of this State. These voices are a gift. A gift that reminds us of the courage of the human soul to speak truth in wisdom and integrity. A gift that allows us all to tell our own stories and to be heard.

Goddess of Love, Light and Sovereignty, Áine, the Radiant and Bright One, teaches us of the power of love in action. As a Goddess of Love she blesses us with fertility, with laughter and with song. As a Goddess of Sovereignty she also teaches us to stand for the sovereignty of our own being with power. In Áine's story, it is Ailill Aulom who rapes the

Goddess. In rage, she bites off his ear, thereby removing from him the capacity to rule as King. It is the withdrawal of Sovereignty's blessing for a man who has offended the Land.

So too, with the integrity of our own truth telling, with a Love that is powerful, that will not be crushed by the offences of perpetrators, can we stand and know that it is our birth right to be radiant, creative and true to our own being. We can be witnesses for one another and a united Voice that says that we are Whole, Embodied and Perfect Love.

Let this be our Harvest...the stories gathered in for the telling; the clearing of the chaff that obscures the truth and the sustenance that comes with a community united in support for one another. Let Áine be our guide to the healing of our hearts, souls and beings, of our society; that through that healing we may be upheld by Her Radiance in Beauty, Truth and Love.

Osiris Remade

By Luke Eastwood

I wandered cold and alone
through the icy darkness,
my heart set to fail
at any second.

But then I heard it -
your voice, your love across
eons of time, guiding my steps.

The wanderer found his way
through the 12 gates
back to himself,
back to your loving arms.

On the Path of the Goddess

By: Peg Casey



© Artwork by Peg Casey

As a young girl I asked my mother why were the nuns not allowed to say Mass? Why were we not allowed to know what the priests know? I had many questions that perplexed my mother. She did not question things but had a strong faith in God. I learned about the blessed mother Mary, but I wanted to know more. I intuited there was

more of a stronger feminine aspect, but it was hidden. I knew the Goddess existed but that knowledge of her was suppressed. Mainstream religion kept her secret, you had to dig deep to find her. I read as much as I could to find her. I found parts of her here and there and my passion grew. She came to life in my thoughts every day, I discovered her in books and museums and in various religions. All through my adult life I have clung to her. The Goddess and her many aspects have sustained me. I never take anything for granted especially something sacred. I have grown from an inquisitive girl into a priestess of the Goddess.

I wanted to share my passion with my only son and guide him in the ways of the Goddess as I understood her to be. He was a natural, taking to the divine feminine with ease. We spent many hours discussing spiritual matters, healing and especially the Gods and Goddess. He was drawn to the Western tradition and the sacred priest/king as well. I gave him spiritual books to read and movies to watch. He owned a business and was very successful, however he suffered from addiction. Through the many stays in rehab he would always find comfort in our talks about the Goddess. I brought him to workshops with me and this helped strengthened his connection with the divine feminine. He seemed to be doing well but suddenly my first born and only son died of a heroin overdose. It's been two years now since he passed, I am still grieving his loss. The Goddess has come to my aid and strengthened me once again. That is how I get through the pain and grieving process each day. I do not question the Goddess I have a strong faith in her just as my mother had a strong faith in God. As I sit by the fire and look beyond the flames I can see him on the other side, happy with the Goddess. She has plans for him!!!

Blessings, Love and Light,

Peg Casey

Boston, USA

Eleusinian Hekate

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Hail Ἑκάτη!

The time of ta Mysteria has rounded once more
How time flows when you shine your torch
Dadoukhos you honoured me thus
Handing me the torches plus
The circling of magickal foot

Honoured am I
Devoted to thee
All these esoteric paths you lead
Allowing me to walk, to learn, to grow
Lighting the way until I Know

At thinnest most crescent
You descend
Offering me still
The light again
Growing within so bright

Ἑκάτη Enodia
Those roads I cross
Interlaced with faith
From which you stand
Torches in hand

Boedromion procession
From Athens to Eleusis
Along the Hieros Hodos
The Sacred Way
On day six offer sacrifice to pray

Holding up the Ankh in an Interfaith Group

by Gisela Kranz



Photo courtesy of Gisela Kranz

I came across the “Workshop of Religions and Philosophies of Life” about 10 years go on the job.

They told me that they were a group of devotees from various religions and countries, yet all of them at home in Berlin: Baha’is, Buddhists, Catholics, Christian Science, Jews, Lutherans, Muslims, Orthodox’s, Sikhs and also – and this was outstanding indeed - Atheists. This group deliberately included non-religious Philosophies of Life, in this case the Humanist Union.

All this sounded interesting to me, so I asked whether their group also had someone from the New Religious Movements or those going back to the Old Roots. “We would like to have someone but we are not sure where to find them” was their answer. “Try me,” I said. This was one of maybe 3 occasions I had ever shown my religion on the job.

Later on my Inner Critic was railing against me: who did I think I was? Claiming to sit at the table with the big world religions with their millions of members, their own hierarchies and, their own learned scholars? But what was said could not be taken back and my Lady Inanna surely did not oppose my spontaneous idea.

The Workshop of Religions and Philosophies of Life I was going to become part of chooses a special topic for each year, meet once a month to share their views about it on strictly personal and biographical grounds. Every year these rounds of communication culminate in a public conference for which experts are invited and usually about 100 people attend, most of them coming from the field of religious and ethical education. All this is achieved with no steady budget to rely on, with a low budget for the conference and tiny funds for documentation at the best of times.



Photo courtesy of Gisela Kranz

They had spent their first years on obvious topics like ‘Growing Up’, ‘Gender Roles’, ‘Living, Dying, Burying’, moving on to topics like ‘Mine, Yours, Ours – Money and Ownership’ ‘Religious – secular - neutral? Governance and Politics’, ‘Religions and Philosophies of Life in Times of Change’, this year it is ‘Vengeance, Forgiveness, Reconciliation’.

Nowadays it is not so uncommon and unheard of to run an interfaith group, 20 years ago they were pioneers. Yet the methods applied here are still remarkable and worthwhile considering, I believe: Everybody talks strictly on their own biographical grounds, prolonged general statements are an absolute no go. And of course the general rules of good conversation are observed: you listen, you ask with respect and sympathy, you do not diminish, and ridicule or blame – not even with the help of quoting from your respective Holy Scripture and surely you do not try to proselytize. For each session 1 to 3 members agree to talk and answer questions. Also, someone to observe the process and keep an eye on time is chosen for each session.



Photo courtesy of Gisela Kranz

Maybe all this sounds simple but I assure you these rules have kept us away from bickering “my dogma is good - no, mine is better!” These rules took us above the level of simply comparing “we have Easter, you have Pesach”; these rules spared us from the boredom of messages like “as our Bishop recently stated people should...” You might gather knowledge

about other religions in more efficient ways and this may be highly satisfying for the mind but, in case you would rather seek emotional and spiritual understanding of the Paths of others, the biographical approach is a good one. We shared moments of intense spirituality as a group, sometimes we might say a shared prayer. Divinity does not discriminate between religions.

When talking about your own personal path through life, unexpected alliances, similarities and shared preferences may arise and stretch as bridges over differences and disagreements: So a Catholic, a Christian Scientist and me discovered that all three of us are fans of Terry Pratchett and Neil Gaiman, in fact we have the vision of organizing a conference on Religions and Fiction. Until then I had been under the impression that “religion in fiction” was the domain of FOI exclusively!

Once we were sharing poems, songs, scripture that was meaningful to us in times of trouble. I had chosen a song by Peter Makena called ‘Habib Allah’. Well, I had not turned Muslim and Peter Makena is no Muslim either, he is rooted in the New Religions, had been a disciple of Osho long time ago and ‘Allah’ stands here for God or the Divine in general. It’s a song of deep devotion and surrendering; one that makes you wish to prostrate before your altar immediately. So I apologized to the Muslima sitting beside me and played the song. Everybody was touched by its message and my Muslim neighbour said that it was fine for her that I took the name of Allah for my own devotion in this way though she admitted the Iman might not agree with her. And she jotted name and title of the CD to use it herself.

I can hardly think of deeper gaps than between the teachings of FOI and Orthodox Judaism. Still when it comes to spiritual evaluation of an ordinary situation quite often he and I have spontaneously the same assessment.

I once read from the Evening Rite in Dea, soon a spell of enchantment spread over the whole group and a Muslim member who found it hard to believe that he was in resonance with Pagan spirituality asked: "who is it that writes such poetry?"

I had never thought much of Christian Science, I find their concept of "science" and "scientists" confusing. Only when our member in the Workshop talks about it, I suddenly find Christianity attractive and her understanding of the spiritual flow makes me forget that she is not the hierophant from next door.

Also important to mention but by no means surprising is that there is a common understanding about the Divine Feminine among all women in the group no matter which religion or philosophy they belong to. The Muslim wearing her scarf with grace and pride, having fought for the legal right to wear it, the Baha'i stating that she feels included when 'the Brethren' are addressed, the one with a diploma in Catholic theology who had made her way through university mostly alone among male students - they and all other women in the Workshop keep a firm eye on the feminine aspects of Divinity.

And the Humanists? We agree on many common values like compassion, truthfulness, freedom etc. We all struggle for these. But when the religious members agree on some sort of divine, a transcendent will, life, power, energy... they seem to feel at a loss sometimes. It's only a glimpse into an alien world the religious are able to offer, no more. I myself cherish the words from Dulce Domum: "The earnest questioners of immortality on earth, the humanitarians, and socialistic reformers I found here associated. They dwell in an Arcadian community amidst flowers and fountains and cultivated fields, each adding his quota of work and knowledge of the whole." Of course I have let our Humanists know that my faith at least holds their beliefs in high respect, but it would not help to quote these lines, I guess.

I think my companions on the 'Workshop of Religions and Philosophies of Life' get plenty of opportunities to realize that these Pagans, these people lacking proper religious authorities and proper Scripture are as sincere about their devotion and their seeking of guidance and understanding as other devotees. Yet I am careful not to challenge them too much; these are open minded people but prejudices are often disguised as "common opinion" and as such never given much scrutiny therefore they are running deep. All of them seem to believe that monotheism is the more advanced, more sophisticated, just the better concept than polytheism. It's never discussed, there are never any reasons given, the belief is just there. Some years ago the well-known German Egyptologist, Jan Assmann, wrote a book and started a public debate on whether polytheistic religions tend to be more tolerant than the monotheistic ones, this debate went far beyond the circles of

fans of Ancient Egypt, even the churches got involved – but it did not seem to affect the members of this Workshop. - Also I am trying to avoid the word “esotericism”, if necessary I say “hermeticism” that one is not that much charged. And I have not yet broken the news to them that all religious acts, no matter of which religion, contain some Magic.

Apart from meeting a lot of fine people this group is beneficial to me because I learnt a lot about speaking on behalf of my own faith, speaking not only in cosy rounds among our own, not in the privileged position of mentoring, but among peers on neutral grounds. And when this goes well speakers and listeners become a new, vibrating, encompassing circle of many convictions.



Photo courtesy of Gisela Kranz

Is all we know all that we are?

by Tom Swinburne



Photo courtesy of Tom Swinburne

My former Occult teacher Amado Crowley wrote that a student should only be given the bare amount of knowledge. All the rest flows naturally to an aspiring initiate. He said they must possess a thread of Truth, which will follow them through each of their incarnations. Either you have the Gods on your side or you do not. No amount of learning, wealth or privilege will change that. Whatever it is that marks you apart from everyone else, is either in you or it is not. In each stage of progression in my Spiritual life I have been constantly been aware of these words from

Amado. The amount of anguish and pain the Soul endures, while the truths which lie buried

deep inside each one of us, is only matched by the external force of the outer world. The two equal realities of objectivity and subjectivity can cause so much internalised conflict, they can overwhelm the searcher and cause a full blown crisis. I have shared with so many fellow travellers the side effects of following a Spiritual Path. Don't get me wrong, the path is full of happiness, magick and wonder but everyone I meet have also had experiences of dark periods and emptiness too. As our original self attempts to surface from the depths of the unconscious, unhealthy patterns of behaviour and repressed emotions resist any change. The ego strangles us into a headlock forcing us to believe that all we know is all that we are.

Is it a coincidence that a string of bad luck, a serious illness or an accident, all seem to attach themselves to people who have decided to follow a Spiritual calling? I mean is this the manner in which the Goddess wants someone know, that they are blind to another side to their nature? There are easier ways I'm sure. I do love the imaginative thought that somewhere out in there in the multiverse, is an opposite version of the, "Call from the Goddess". In this process, Self-Understanding and Knowledge is offered to a candidate unconditionally and freely. However, I

So instead of shaking up cocktails for her initiates, the Goddess tends to hit them with whatever she believes they will need, in order to serve their community.

do believe she chooses people she can rely on who have the ability to empathise with every living organism on this planet and beyond. From the small world we grow up in, this is an

immense community to consider. So instead of shaking up cocktails for her initiates, the Goddess tends to hit them with whatever she believes they will need, in order to serve their community. Take death for example. Every living being will pass away but not everyone has the compassion and the deep understanding to empathise. Human beings differ in the approach to death and the physical separation from a loved one. This crushing emotional loss can fracture a person's Soul. Any Priest or Priestess worth their salt needs to have experienced such a loss in their life. Addiction is another difficult process to discuss with someone unless you have ever been in that position. To me the most prevalent problem which is affecting all generations in our society is Mental Health. It's such a mess out there and no one is immune from it. As someone who presented themselves to a psychiatric outpatient clinic, I know what a Soul feels when it is fragmented. It is worth saying to you, the reader, that I question if my fate was marked by the Goddess or if it was determined by an unhealthy society in the first place.

I went up to Dunderry Transpersonal Centre in 2001 to train as a Shamanic Practitioner. I was not sure what to expect but I was introduced to Jungian psychology and the benefits of group therapy. Martin Duffy is a powerful teacher. In the initial introductory course, he spoke about all the Shamanic stuff and put us through our paces. It was not just the ritual and ceremonial practice which intrigued me. Throughout my time in Dunderry Park, Martin gave me an insight into psychotherapy, transpersonal psychology and archetypal projections from our unconscious minds. The information and knowledge Martin shared with the assembled group, about Swiss psychoanalyst Carl Gustav Jung (1875-1961), was a true revelation for me. In 1913, Jung was falling about at the seams. He believed he had lost his soul and desperately searched for a means to regain it. When he began to have visions along with audible voices, Jung thought his head had cracked open and he had gone insane. In a way, a type of definite madness did take him to a separate reality and as a scientist he wrote down every detail. After five years of exploring what surfaced in the depths of his psyche, Jung was able to rationalise the two worlds he lived in. One as a man of science and the other as an adventurer in a new cosmology. For me this system works perfectly as a Western Shamanic practitioner. But like Icarus from Greek mythology, I flew too high towards the sun too soon and fell to earth. When all my unconscious thoughts ascended from the depths of my Soul, a reservoir of suppressed emotional issues flooded in with them too. I was unable to function properly with anything. The catcher in the rye caught me by the leg.

I knew my employer would refuse to take a medical certificate from a Shamanic practitioner or a Transpersonal Therapist like Martin Duffy. He had offered me the space in Dunderry where I could take time away from the world and begin the process of recovery. That man is a legend. But realising the reaction of a medical doctor to a spiritual emergence left me no choice. So, against everyone's advice and to be in benefit of sick pay allowance, I bit the bullet and went to see a psychiatrist. I argued the toss with the head shrinker, which

I found out is a stupid thing to do. It may have been my first rodeo but this healer of people wanted to commit me for being psychotic. I talked to him about an alternative Spiritual reality and even gave Padre Pio (1887-1968) as a Christian example. This Capuchin monk was a stigmatic, he had the wounds of Jesus Christ on his hands from when he was thirty one years old. I asked the shrink if he thought the monk was a self-harming schizophrenic who worshiped an invisible man, who lived somewhere in the sky. Believe me, medical professionals have no sense of humour. This man of science prescribed me antidepressants and Xanax. Then, looking like a creepy scientist from an old black and white movie, he then told me to come back in three months. Although I returned as an out-patient, I never saw him again. At least I didn't have to go to work and the medication calmed me down.

It was a dark period but I came through with the support of my wife and my children.

Kindred Spirits who hold on to creation from a mythological framework, are always going to be laughed at by a superior scientific reality. So too supposed Berger and Luckmann in

The Fellowship of Isis is one of those communities who specialise a practice of taking in orphans of all ages.

their book, "The Social Construction of Reality". I studied social science so I could have a balanced view of whether or not realities are valid. But the knowledge of mythology and modern science as we know it, gave me an identity problem. Many people have a problem knowing who they are

but they seem to know exactly what they are not. Being part of a greater whole allows us to feel accepted and validated. There are not many communities who offers a "Path of the Heart" to a non-conforming outsider. The Fellowship of Isis is one of those communities who specialise a practice of taking in orphans of all ages. There is a long story of how I came to hear about Lady Olivia and Huntington Castle. Too long for this article but it does involve a painter with two prosthetic legs and a camper van, parked beside Sliabh na Cailleach near Oldcastle with her two children. Although I was aware I was a bit rough around the edges, I took her advice and eventually made my way down to Huntington Castle. To their credit, they not only tolerated my ignorance but they offered me a place to sit with them. They even introduced me to the best tea in Ireland, poured by Mrs Osbourne in her pub in Clonegal village.

There are unseen faces in the darkness who would not have us know anything about our true selves.

Believe me brothers and sisters, this not a conspiracy theory. "Know thyself" is a saying from ancient Greece. For me it was a start towards freeing myself from a socially constructed reality that did not have my best interests at its center. The Goddess has continued to push me from one crisis to another, for as long as I can remember. So, when it comes to meditating on which path to follow to live my life, I will always walk with her. It is a hard lesson to learn in attempting to hold back the tide because when it rises it floats all boats. The ebbing of the flow of the changing tides in our lives are least understood by the

searchers, who walk blindfolded on this earth. I found my way ashore in those early days when I visited each festival celebration with the Fellowship. In July 2018, I was ordained as a Pagan Priest by Cait Branigan and Deirdre Wadding, the Hierophants of the Temple of the Three Mothers, a Lyceum which teaches initiates to represent the Goddess Isis, in service to our communities. They are two of the most beautiful women in the world that I have had the privilege to have met. Along with my fellow initiates I will be under probation for a year and a day. In order to train and to study for this Priesthood, we learned to break through our self-imposed boundaries. In this way we cut ourselves free from the people we were, becoming the human beings we were always meant to be. In our journey we found our original selves. So, in answer to the title of this article, on the path towards truth, we learn to become more than we are.

Sources:

- Padre Pio Devotions.
- The Social Construction of Reality, Berger and Luckmann. Penguin Books.
- The Gnostic 3. The Hermeneutics of Vision, C.G Jung and Liber Novus. Bardic Press.

Autumn Equinox Festival Foundation Centre - Ireland 22nd September 2018 By: Sarah Nolan



© Castle Peacock by Sarah Nolan

As we followed our Presiding Priestess to the beat of the drum chanting we all come from the Goddess under a dull sky, the mountain's blotted out by mist, rain gently tap-danced upon the russet leaves that carpeted the earth as we tread but our Spirits were not dampened!

A newly ordained Priestess invoked at the rose garden, Rosa Mundi - The World Soul, encouraging us to see the Light in All!

We continued to the Sacred Grove where a squirrel crossed our paths and a Priestess obtained permission to enter. I saw a honeycomb on the ground which must have fallen from one of the giant trees planted by Olivia's ancestors! After invocation at the Grove we are conscious of the importance of the rain again to replenish our rivers and wells after such a hot dry summer! A crow beckoned us away and we walked by the river to the voice of a Priestess singing "The River is Flowing".

On reaching The Abbey our Druid Clan of Danu Priestess invoked and our Presiding Priestess reiterated the importance of blessing and praying for our water bodies!

We then moved along to the statue of Persephone where another Priestess invoked the Goddess of the Underworld. A peacock strutted around us as the temple bell tolled after seeking permission by one of our male colleagues to enter The Temple of Isis. At Brigid's Well a new Priestess read words from Olivia's Oracle of Isis: "It is through Inspiration that you live. Without Inspiration you are as dead, devoid of the Holy Breath." Water was obtained from the well and a libation was given back to same!

Deity was invoked by all and a new male priest sang "All my Life's a Circle" followed by a Priestess singing about The Harvest Queen!

At the High altar a Priestess in trance delivered an Oracle for the Goddess Tara for us all to looking within and not without for it is within the womb of the mother we obtain our wisdom and to see the colour in Nature and everything!

As we sat in reflection to the strains of "Mná na hÉireann" played by our Druidic priestess on her harp we were enveloped in tranquil bliss!

The Presiding Priestess spoke of the importance of everyone standing together, full of life and everyone to be Sovereign unto themselves, we are all equal, unique individuals and to honour this. She then led us into a meditation where we connected with Mother Earth and moved her energy upwards through our bodies while bringing down the energy of the stars. We emerged calm and renewed!

As a creative offering a new Priestess used a large quartz crystal singing bowl and we all joined in chanting "Mother of our Soul". The sound filled the temple and cleared within/without! And healing was sent to those named.

Floating along to the mystery play our new Priest spoke as the Mabon son of the Madron that must now return to the Mother's womb to be reborn again next harvest! A new Priestess spoke as the Madron as the trees shed their leaves at this time so too should we release that which serves us no more!

Announcements were made and scrumptious apples were blessed and distributed. Healing was provided by the presiding priestess and another priestess and afterwards those that had booked tea made their way to Osborne' for tea and cake and a chat!

To request an invitation to a seasonal festival at the Castle, go to:

<http://www.fellowshipofisis.com/events.html>

**SAMHAIN FESTIVAL
FOUNDATION CENTRE – IRELAND
3rd November 2018
By: Maoliosa Kelly**



Well Chapel of Brigid © Cáit Branigan

For the first time in a very long time we were greeted with strong winds and heavy rain for our gathering at the foundation centre. It seemed the Cailleach was heralding Samhain, the beginning of the dark half of the year, to us, in all its unfettered glory.

Undeterred, we made our way into the shelter of the theatre to meet and greet friends old and new. The genuine warmth and merriment created by this meeting was plain to see as hugs and laughter were shared out evenly among us all.

As the weather was too inclement for us to process along our usual path around the grounds, our Presiding Priestess instead guided us through it while standing in the theatre, a few words were spoken about the spiritual and historical

aspects of each of the hallowed places we visit along our way, the Rose garden, the Yew trees and the Abbey, while we gently attuned ourselves to their sacred energy. As we tuned in, we were enveloped in their peaceful healing embrace. We then danced the spiral dance around the theatre uniting our community further in the joy of collective raised energy.

It was time to make our way across the courtyard to the shrine of Persephone who was invoked by her Priestess, reminding us to not lose sight of the light within as the dark draws near. As we crossed the threshold the bell rang out, and with it arose the deep remembering that we were entering the sanctuary of the Sacred Temple of Isis. The sense of reverence that invokes never fails to soothe any tangled nerves that may be present within us. There were as always, a

few words from Olivia at the well; The Goddess Saraswati of India reminded us that eternal reality is experienced in the now, in this present moment, she implored us to fully embrace it and to thoroughly allow ourselves to enjoy it as the gift it truly is.

Each member of the priesthood present invoked their respective Deity at the well, libations were poured, and blessings were given to each member of the congregation, songs were sung in melodious tones while the blessings were shared. Soon it was time to make our way to the High Altar where a Priestess sat in trance waiting to deliver an oracle. Nuit made an impassioned plea through her Priestess for us all to recognise the narrative of hate and division so prevalent at this time, she asked us to be courageous and choose to embody only love, she expressed that by choosing love we can build a rainbow bridge from our hearts to hers and when we do this we unite heaven and earth within ourselves and this positively impacts our world and all who are in it.

Our Presiding Priestess spoke to us of the mysteries of the Dark Goddesses the Cailleach and Cerridwen and their gifts of wisdom, transformation and rebirth. It was very poignant considering Samhain is the time we come to together to honour our ancestors and their wisdom and recognise the transformation and rebirth inherent in all cycles of life. We were then guided through a beautiful shimmering meditation in which the Cailleach made an appearance again, shapeshifting into raven as we were guided along the rites of passage through our lives, each a transformational beginning and ending, but ultimately each a step closer to fulfilling our soul's purpose.

The mystery play consisted of the seeker, the Cailleach and Cerridwen. The seeker was at a cross roads in her life, she knew what needed to be done but didn't know how to get there, she required the wisdom of the dark goddesses and their cauldron to help her clearly see the path ahead of her. The seeker spoke with such searing honesty and sincerity, and the goddess's answers were so profound it was hard not to be moved by this healing mystery. As an extension of the healing gleaned from this, we were asked to place names and anything that needed healing into the cauldron of Cerridwen, trusting that it would be healed, transformed and transmuted as the Dark Goddess saw fit.

One of our members had spent some time prior to this on the Hill of Tlachtga celebrating the Samhain festival there, she spoke with great admiration of this celebration and shared a chant created by her good friend, which we all delightfully sang along to. Once again it was wonderful to experience the weaving of all the different threads in the celebration joining together to create such synergy and healing for all concerned.

Before we bid Slan agus beannacht to Our Deity and Our cherished Temple, it was time to surprise one of our beloved members who had recently retired from duty as Hon Sec with a bunch of autumnal flowers as a way of showing gratitude and appreciation for all her hard work and dedication over the years. More hugs later it was time to head to Mrs Osbourne's for our hearty communal feast for more chats and laughter.

Many thanks to Our Presiding Priestess for a wonderful uplifting ceremony and to all participants and guests for being so present throughout it.

The Goddess Travels West

by Vincent Creelan



Photo courtesy of Vincent Creelan

There were two archaeological finds examined by scientists in Dublin and at Queens University Belfast.

One was a woman they called Maria, found near the Giants Ring stone age rath/fort near Belfast.

The other was three males who arrived on Rathlin Island a thousand years later.. The article below, and the research done on these finds, examine where they came from and when they came here, delving into the origins of the Irish people.

Tracing the genetic markers in the finds showed us how populations spread and eventually replaced one another. This is an example of modern science in fact validating many of the old myths and sagas of the waves of invasions to this Island.

<https://www.belfasttelegraph.co.uk/news/northern-ireland/she-lived-in-south-belfast-5200-years-ago-now-this-neolithic-woman-is-providing-new-clues-about-the-origins-of-human-settlement-in-ireland-34319447.html>

The Goddess travels west	Destined to be the great stone builders
On her sun-cross chariot,	Of henges, portals, of burials.
Leaving bleak-awe and darkness.	By coast and sea they followed,
What lands call Sulis to them?	From Island to land, by lough and channel,
What people share her blessings?	To the last dry land, Inisfail,
Who would not follow, and	Where beyond, boundless sea,
Seek her resting place?	No more sword was known.
Maria and the Three Rathlin Lads	The sun, the goddess, dips
Muiccia's aboriginal people	Into water, slowly and gently,
Followed, leaving their balmy,	And the sea ripples, rolls and
Abundant inland sea;	At times sweeps upon the land;

Muiccia can go no further.
 This land is fresh with new growth,
 Forests, fertile soils, yearlong warmth -
 Long now, released from the ice - with
 Scattered peoples who know nothing
 Of seeds or planting,
 Of herding and the seasons,
 Of standing stones or cromlechs,
 Markers of time and year,
 Of céide fields with boulder walls.
 These people would become
 Her people, until,
 There are only her people.
 The earth becomes sacredly marked
 With venerated megaliths,
 Rock shadows of the sun -
 Gathering places
 For renewal, for sacrifice
 For love, power and worship.

 A millennium passes and still the goddess
 travels west beyond the land.
 Three men fastened by ritual - a
 Fosterage born by blood
 And milk and love -

Strike out to search again,
 To find where ancestors travelled
 And never returned. The older, Bradan,
 Wise and sage, like the salmon,
 his younger bondsmen,
 Cael, a slender warrior,
 And Goban, a little smith.
 With fairer hair (and one blue eyed),
 With bronze and wheel,
 craft and words, they
 Follow the sun passing
 Into new lands, through lines
 Of ancient stones,
 Around great circles, over mounds,
 Under menhir's shadows,
 Across rough seas, blown along
 The last wild seashores. They fail to see
 The bay where Miuccia a thousand
 Years before landed with her folk.
 They come upon
 The enchanted Island Racha -
 A safe harbour at the world's end,
 Rich in porcellanite for trade,
 In axe and blade, with fertile
 Lands, fresh water, a people

Easy to task with wise words
The mystery of a smithy,
And a sharp burnished forged blade.
There these three will prosper
Unshackled, absolved, defiant,
Trade far and wide, and cultivate.

Their ancestors, the people before,
Miuccia's tribes,
The stone builders,
Will pass into shadowy obscure memory,
As will they -
Lost words on wood and skins,
In their aligned burial chambers
With decorated clay pots,
Robbed, re-used, and buried by men
With crosses to bear.
And later, those in shield-clad ships
With fearsome iron axes
Will plunder and rob and remain,
Until a new tribe, with new ways,
An alchemist adept in fresh magic
Discovers, recovers
And retells old stories

Of Maria and the Rathlin Lads,
Their stones and their pots
And their journey into the west.
Still the nurturing goddess passes,
Eternal, unchanged westwards, And
slips and sleeps into the sea.

Clearing my House for the Goddess

*By: Shalini Sinha
10 November 2018*

I am clearing my house for the Goddess. It is Diwali 2018. I am Indian heritage, Hindu by culture, and a long time in Ireland. Diwali is my festival of lights. As with all Hindu traditions, there are many layers of meaning to it. Mostly, for me, it's about families and communities and light. I love the part of the festival that is linked to one of our great epic stories, the Ramayan.



Internet Archive Book Images @ Flickr Commons

Ravan (I always start telling the story with Ravan, even though he's the villain) was an incredibly intelligent, pious and devoted man. Through his dedication and service to the gods, they each, at different times, granted him gifts in appreciation. Each gift by itself was wonderful, but all together, Ravan couldn't handle it. The power corrupted him and he started to think he could do whatever he wanted and take what he liked. He became a destructive problem. The Gods couldn't stop him, because it was their gifts that had made Ravan powerful. And so, Ram was born on earth to confront him. Ram does solve the problem, but the story is very clear about how many people joined Ram along the way, how it was a whole community who formed and participated, and how this whole group was necessary to defeat Ravan.

Defeating him – for all the pacifists out there trying to understand Indian culture – is what was needed. Sometimes we need to *fight, and win*. That's where transformation comes from. The wisdom is in realising it is not 'others' we need to fight. There are no 'others'. It is the sides of ourselves that become corrupted, and it's the process of corruption we must fight.

By the way, the part of the Ramayan that is linked to Diwali is the point when Ram (and Laxman and Sita) comes home after 14yrs of exile. It is dark. There is no electric light. The people of the city of Ayodhya want Ram to know they love him and help him find his way. Each individual lights a lamp, and this lights up the whole city, and Ram, Laxman and Sita are able to come home. Bringing the light – the love, the community, the enlightenment – into the darkness is what Diwali is about.



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Another significant part of Diwali, is honouring the Laxmi, the Goddess of prosperity. She is not honoured on her own, but together with Ganesha, the elephant-headed God. (I'd love to have the time to explain to you all the symbols.) Ganesha embodies wisdom; and also pious duty and resolving obstacles. Laxmi is never honoured without Ganesha. There is a clear logic in this: without wisdom, a devotion to prosperity is misguided and selfish. Without the balance of wisdom, prosperity is easily corrupted into a destructive force. There must be wisdom where there is wealth.

Here is how the tradition works. For weeks before hand (or longer) Indian households (which means primarily women) work to clear out and clean the house from top to bottom. It's like an annual spring clean, but for us, takes place in the winter. Come to think of it, the weather is probably more like spring in India in winter. Nevertheless, for me born in

Canada, or even living Ireland, when cold months keep you indoors and slow your life down, it seems a good time to focus on the house. Here's the struggle, though. The belief is that if you don't have every corner of your house cleared and cleaned, the Goddess Laxmi won't come visit or bless you with prosperity this year. That's high stakes! Now, women and men of Ireland: think of your house. Think of the cupboard that is full to the brim because everything that goes nowhere goes there. Think of the rooms upstairs where visitors are banished from and where all that we can't deal with in our busy lives is stored. Now, think of those who have suffered real stress – due to mental or physical illness, family struggles or other life traumas – and think about how this affects our home. Like the chronically unemployed and those families in our current homelessness crisis, when things are most difficult we need prosperity. That's also when it feels impossible to attract it.

This is where my life has been. The tough feelings of too many jobs for one person and barely balancing the most important things in life, mean that other crucial things (like dishes and hoovering, and simply finding a place for things) don't get done. And now, I'm facing into my festival, which I love, on my own, and it feels like I can't pull this off.

So, I set my alarm for 2:30am, and get out of bed at 5am, to clean the house for Diwali, ahead of having invited friends over – none of whom celebrate Diwali themselves. My life has been going better lately, and I can find the headspace to clear things away and clean. My 'internal' house – my mind – has been getting clearer making it possible to get my actual house organised. As I find places for things, clear and clean, this mantra repeats in my head: 'I am clearing my house for the Goddess.'

And then, I have an epiphany. The Goddess I am clearing my house for is *me*. Over the last few years, through all the struggles, I have fought battles against processes of corruption, *and won*. Along the way, I have found love and value for myself for the first time. *I am* the city of Ayodhya, lighting lamps *for me* to come home. Cleaning my house is an act of devotion to me, and I am the one who will bring prosperity into my home now.

Shalini Sinha
Writer, Speaker, Coach
Forwardmovement.ie

Emain Macha

By: Pat Booker



Emain Macha by Pat Booker

I don't drive, so I scrounge a lot of lifts. One thing you learn, when scrounging lifts round Ireland with Druids and FOI members, is that Goddesses are everywhere. Every undulation in the landscape is somebody's sacred bosom, every river flows with meaning and every place name tells a story. It is beautiful to travel through a storied land, finding every path you follow charged with significance.

However, I have also learned that visiting a sacred site once, or every once in a while, is very different from going there regularly and developing a relationship with that site. Newgrange may be awe-inspiring, and my one visit to Uisneach was hugely significant for me, but Emain Macha/Navan Fort, outside Armagh, is the place I visit most. Three or four times a year, either alone or with the people I love best, I find myself wandering along the processional ditch and toiling up to the top of the mound. I've called on the Goddess Macha there, and taught her stories to my godchildren. I've prayed there, sat vigil there, done ritual there alone and in groups. I'm generally awkward and self-conscious during ritual, but less so there – I feel Emain Macha knows me now, and helps me to do better.



Photo by Pat Booker

When you visit for the first time, it's easy to be underwhelmed. What is this place but a simple green hill? When you look, however, you see the hill is more regular in shape than most natural hills. The ditch you follow to head up to the mound has a processional feel. The trees

around the base of the mound are old and beautiful, two of them seeming almost to form a gateway. When you climb to the top and look about, you can see nearby the faint traces of an earthwork which is nearly invisible at ground level. And you can see how perfectly circular is the structure on which you stand. This mound was raised for a purpose.



Photo by Pat Booker

The old stories tell us it was a habitation. They tell us that Macha Mong Ruad had it raised. Her father, Aed Ruad, took turns with his two cousins Díthorba and Cimbáeth, to be the King of Ireland for seven year periods. When he died before his third turn came around, Macha stepped up and claimed his Kingship. She had to fight for it, and her father's cousin Dithorba was killed in that battle. She then protected her Kingship by marrying the other cousin, Cimbáeth, and defeating Díthorba's sons in battle. Even so, she knew that while Dithorba's sons were at large, there would be further attempts to unseat her.

Therefore, Macha disguised herself as a leper and headed off to track down the sons herself. One by one she overcame them, as each in turn tried to have sex with her. She then brought them back to Ulster but did not have them killed. Instead, she marked out the boundaries for what would be Emain Macha with the pin of her brooch (according to one theory, the name Emain Macha means "Macha's brooch") and set the sons to ditch-digging and building the earthwork. I grin when I think of it, because this was the sheer nasty genius of this cunning Queen. Kings were forbidden from manual labour, and when the sons accepted slavery rather than slaughter, and lifted a spade instead of a sword, they forfeited any claim to Kingship for themselves or their descendants and made her safe on the throne.

Later, Conchobar mac Nessa, King of Ulster, is said to have ruled from Emain Macha. During this time, a mysterious woman, also called Macha, appeared out of nowhere and took up residence with Cruinnoc (or Cronnchu), a wealthy tenant farmer. She strolled into his house and made herself at home. She slid into his bed and made herself his wife. She became pregnant with twins. When Cruinnoc said he was heading off to a great gathering or fair at Emain Macha, she advised him not to go, for fear he would tell the world of her existence. Their partnership, she warned, would last only so long as he kept her a secret.

Cruinnoc, however, insisted on going, and predictably, opened his mouth and boasted about his wife. It was the most excruciating and disastrous boast imaginable. Upon seeing the King's finest horses, he proclaimed "My wife can run faster than they can!" Angry and affronted, King Conchobar sent men to fetch this astonishing wife.

Macha was near to the point of giving birth, and asked to be excused, but was told she must come or her husband would be killed. So she came, and was told she must race against the King's horses to save her husband's life. She requested to be exempted as her

labour was nearly upon her, but was denied. She pleaded for the challenge to wait until after she had given birth, but Conchobar told her she must run then and there.

So she ran. She crossed the finish line before the horses and fell down and gave birth there to two children (another theory about the name of the site being that it means Macha's Twins). She cursed the Ulstermen that they would feel the pangs of a woman in labour at the hour of their greatest need, and then she died.

Sitting on the mound on a sunny afternoon, I once daydreamed that fair and the aftermath of that race so vividly that I swear I smelled the sweat of the horses and saw the warriors of Ulster hang their heads in shame.

Archaeologists partly contradict and partly confirm these stories. They tell us the mound was once the site of a timber roundhouse, repeatedly built and burned, according to one report up to nine times. They say that finally it was built and filled with stones to a depth of either 2 or 3 metres, then burned again before being covered with soil and turf which was fetched to Armagh from all corners of Ulster. In light of this, it is hard to deny that the site was constructed with symbol, ceremony and sovereignty in mind. The finds at the site, such as the trumpets recovered from Loughnashade and the skull of a barbary ape, which would have been a seriously high status pet in Ireland in ancient times, reinforce the fact that people of rank gathered there.

For me, Emain Macha is the home of the fiercest Goddesses in Ulster, a place where I have built memories and celebrated important relationships, and a place where I go when I need to make or mark important life decisions. The things I say and do there have weight in a way that normal life doesn't, as if every word spoken there is a promise. For me, it is the epitome of a sacred site.

Centre Listings

To have your centre listed here, send details to: submissions@fellowshipofisis.com
Please put **Isian News, Isian Voices** in the subject line.

Next closing date for submissions will be: **5th January, 2019.**

Please note: Descriptions are limited to 50 words maximum, not including contact details.



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Centres are listed alphabetically by country.
There is also a separate section for online
and correspondence centres at the end.

Chile

- **Iseum Alas de Isis: Santiago, Chile.**
Our Iseum is open to receive new devotees who are looking for a way to initiate a contact with the divinity.
Contact: Rev. Ludovico Rojas Diaz **Email:** iseum.alasdeisis@gmail.com
- **Iseum Templo de Isis: Santiago y Algarrobo.**
Our priesthood training is open for new candidates from 21st September 2018, Autumn Equinox. Please write to our email for details. Nuestro entrenamiento para el sacerdocio abre puertas el 21 septiembre 2018, equinoccio de otono.
Contact: Andrea Angelos **Email:** templeisischile@gmail.com
Website: www.templodeisis.org

England

- **Domus Sophiae Terrae et Sancta Gradalis:** Based in Oxfordshire.
(House of Earth Wisdom and the Holy Grail)
BCM Hallowquest, London WC1N 3XX, UK
Contact: Caitlín Matthews **Email:** tigernag@gmail.com
- **Grove of the Avalon Sidhe:** Glastonbury.
This is a grove of the Druid Clan of Dana, based in Glastonbury and open for training and regular ceremony and celebrations in the Glastonbury area and online. **Contact:** Ard banDrui Danu Forest. **Email:** danu@danuforest.co.uk
- **Iseum of Cerridwen:** Portsmouth, UK.
We celebrate the eight turning points through the year by holding open public ceremonies just to the North of Portsmouth. We also offer Druid teaching and perform baby naming, handfasting and other rites of passage.
Contact: Stormwatch **Email:** stormwatch@gmail.com
Website: www.genesisorder.com
- **Iseum of SilverHearth:** Maldon, Essex.
(previously known as WomanSpirit)
Open to contacts for forming of new circle and celebrating seasonal festivals.
Contact: Rachel Mayatt **Email:** rachel.mayatt@outlook.com
- **Lyceum of Our Lady of the Stars:** Glastonbury.
This group is dedicated to my primary Goddess Nuit, and Her consort, Geb of the Green Earth. I am also a priestess of Elen of the Ways. I hold ceremonies in honour of these deities, which all are welcome to attend. Details on the Facebook page.
Contact: Annabelle
Facebook: www.facebook.com/groups/350230325389068/
- **Lyceum of Universal Learning:** Havant, Hampshire.
We facilitate a lifelong learning ethos alongside an outreach of a Healing World Network. Our outreach intends that fellow co-creatives develop a fresh and mindful way of thinking/feeling that exists in all natural order. We offer local and global celebrancy, workshops and online critical incident support.
Contact: Prs. H. Gaynor Linnecor **Email:** worldhealing@ymail.com
Website: www.royalmaze.uk/
Facebook: www.facebook.com/healingworldoutreach/

Greece

- **Lyceum Temple of the Goddess: Koukaki, Athens.**
Regular gatherings for prayer, rites and celebrations. Tours of sacred sites in Athens. Accommodation for visiting priesthood, preferential fees in our Goddess Hearth. Please enquire by writing to our email.
Contact: Andrea **Email:** Angelos templeisichile@gmail.com

Republic of Ireland

- **Lyceum of the Three Mothers: Wexford.**
Findneimid, Balcarrig Hill, Ballycanew, Gorey, Co. Wexford, Ireland.
Contact: Cáit Branigan. **Email:** cbranigan@gmail.com

Spain

- **Lyceum Isis Myrionymos: Malaga, Spain.**
Dedicated to Isis, Goddess of 10,000 Names. Focuses on a devotional path, as we learn from Her many names. Through Devotion and Ritual, we seek to know our own Divinity. Healing and Oracular Arts are part of our work. "Each act of Love, is a devotional act for the Goddess."
Contact: Annu **Email:** luperca.de.nemi@gmail.com
Facebook: www.facebook.com/LyceumIsisMyrionymos
- **Lyceum Sekhmet, Lady of the Sacred Flame: Granada, Spain**
Dedicated to Isis and Sekhmet. Lyceum purpose: to venerate the Goddess Isis in her 10,000 names. Using the rituals of the wheel of the year, we will celebrate the new and full moons. Priestess training, teachings of medicinal plants, Oracular arts/crafts, as well as Reiki and Magnified healing.
Contact: Rhiannon of the Moon **Email:** ravenariel121@gmail.com
- **Lyceum Sekhmet the Lioness of the Sun: Madrid, Spain.**
Grove of the Iberia Ash
We honor Isis, the Great Goddess, the Goddess of a million faces and names, we honor Sekhmet, the great healer. I offer you to go inside of the sacred mysteries, and learn of Isis and training, teaching you the ancient wisdom, and how to walk the sacred path to Isis.
Contact: Isabeau **Email:** bajolasalasdeisis@gmail.com **Phone:** +34629278744

U.S.A.

➤ CHICAGO

➤ **Isium of the Rekhet Akhu: Chicago, Illinois.**

Our mission is to highlight the interrelatedness of the communities of the living and the dead and to cultivate transfigured spirits (Akhu) within ourselves in our lifetimes through devotional relationships with the Kemetic Neteru, temple ritual magic and workings of apotropaic and healing magic. One-on-one and small group-based training.

Contact Rev. Anna Applegate **Email:** priestess@rekhetakhu.com

Website: www.rekhetakhu.com

➤ **Lyceum of Alexandria-Mishigami: Chicago, Illinois.**

We fuse a Kemetic Polytheist outlook with our members' disparate magical disciplines and offer a variety of public FOI Liturgy-based rituals and events for the Chicago Pagan and metaphysical communities. We also offer FOI Clergy training locally and via online methods for global spiritual seekers.

Contact: Rev. Demetria Nanos **Email:** hail_isis@yahoo.com

Facebook: www.facebook.com/FOIintheChi/

➤ PENNSYLVANIA

➤ **Isium Of the Sacred Lotus: Easton, Pennsylvania.**

We assist in developing a closer relationship with Isis. We are not a Kemetic reconstructionist group, we honour the past and Isiac history by incorporating that inspiration into modern practice. A chapter of the Temple of Isis in Geyserville California. Clergy training, student study and Isian services to the public.

Contact: Rev. James Isidorus **Email:** ausetgypsy@gmail.com **Phone:** 917-536-6303

Website: www.facebook.com/TheIsiumOfTheSacredLotus/

➤ NEW JERSEY

➤ **Lyceum of the Lady of Temenos: Bedminster, New Jersey.**

Contact: Prs. H. Janet Piedilato **Email:** temenos9@aol.com

➤ VIRGINIA

➤ **Isium of Hathor, Lady of the West: Chesterfield, Virginia**

Lyceum of Dionysus, Ariadne, and Aphrodite, Star of the Sea

Active in training Adepts for 9 years. Two Priests & four Priestesses will be graduating this 2018 later this year.

Contact: Rev. Donna M. Swindells **Email:** ibgreenie3@yahoo.com

Wales

- **Iseum Center of Pandora: Llanelli**
Blaenberem, Mynyddcerrig, Llanelli, SA15 5BL.
All Goddess worshippers welcomed.
Founder: Rev. Rufus Brock Maychild **Email:** rufus.maychild@gmail.com

Online and Correspondence Centres

- **Crossroads Correspondence Lyceum**
Founded in 1993, this Lyceum offers many home-study programs dedicated to the Intuitive Arts and Mysteries of the Goddess. Magi Degrees and Initiate Levels may be attained, as well as FOI Priesthood, Adept hood and Hierophant training. All Goddesses and traditions are honored.
Website: www.crlyceum.com
- **Grove of Excalibur and the Lady of the Lake**
La Arboleda de Excalibur y la Dama del Lago
Dedicated to the Druid World and is the centre from which we study to the European Druid Culture. Formations focused on this path are being prepared and will be taught from this centre.
Contact: Ness Bosch **Email:** centro.foi.nessbosch@gmail.com
Website: <https://centros-foi-nessbosch.jimdofree.com> *(also on Facebook)*
- **House of the Fountain of Life -Lyceum of the Waters of Fire**
La Casa de la Fuente de la Vida/Lyceum de las Aguas de Fuego
Dedicated to the Celtic and Iberian World and Mysteries and is an Authorized centre from which we share the Curriculum of the College of Isis.
We are currently taking students. Estamos Aceptando Nuevos Estudiantes.
Contact: Ness Bosch **Email:** centro.foi.nessbosch@gmail.com
Website: <https://centros-foi-nessbosch.jimdofree.com> *(also on Facebook)*
- **House of Love and Thunder - Iseum of the Power of the Heart**
La Casa del Amor y el Trueno: Iseum del Poder del Corazón
Dedicated to the World of Ancient Egypt and is the centre from where we focus in related to the Egyptian theme studies. From the Iseum we share The Priesthood of Hathor created by Ness. The Iseum also coordinates Internationally the Guardians of the Flame of Hathor.
Contact: Ness Bosch **Email:** centro.foi.nessbosch@gmail.com
Website: <https://centros-foi-nessbosch.jimdofree.com> *(also on Facebook)*

➤ **Iseum of the Divine Isis Within**

See website for those seeking to begin their Priestess of Isis training.

Contact: Auset

Website: www.thegoddessinside.com/priestess-of-isis-intensive/

Facebook: www.facebook.com/Iseum-of-the-Divine-Isis-Within-197325982435/

➤ **Priory of Universal Waters - Priorato de las Aguas Universales**

Dedicated to Water and Ecology. It is the Centre from which we share love and respect for the waters, a Mystery School of the water element. Members with love for Water and Eco minded welcome.

Contact: Ness Bosch **Email:** centro.foi.nessbosch@gmail.com

Website: <https://centros-foi-nessbosch.jimdofree.com> *(also on Facebook)*



FOI Foundation Centre © Photo by Pat Booker

How to find us on the internet

http://www.fellowshipofisis.com	FOI Homepage
http://foihomepage.blogspot.com	Blog
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http://fellowshipofisis.tumblr.com/	Tumblr
https://www.instagram.com/fellowshipofisis/	Instagram

FOI Translations

http://www.fellowshipofisis.com/espanol/foi.html	FOI en Español
http://www.fellowshipofisis.com/deutsch/foi.html	FOI auf Deutsch
http://www.fellowshipofisis.com/translations.html	Manifesto (various languages)

FOI Registration

See this page for information on registering new center and titles:

<http://www.fellowshipofisis.com/register.html>

How to submit contributions for future issues

Please send articles, poetry, artwork or letters to the following address:

submissions@fellowshipofisis.com (put *Isian News, Isian Voices* in the subject line)

Next closing date for submissions is: 5th January, 2018.



The Fellowship of Isis Manifesto

Growing numbers of people are rediscovering their love for the Goddess. At first, this love may seem to be no more than an inner feeling. But soon it develops; it becomes a longing to help the Goddess actively in the manifestation of Her divine plan. Thus, one hears such enquiries as, "How can I get initiated into the Mysteries of the Goddess? How can I experience a closer communion with her? Where are her nearest temples and devotees? How can I join the priesthood of the Goddess?", and many other such questions.

The Fellowship of Isis has been founded to answer these needs. Membership provides means of promoting a closer communion between the Goddess and each member, both singly and as part of a larger group. There are hundreds of Iseums and thousands of members all over the world, since the Fellowship was founded in 1976 by Lawrence, Pamela and Olivia Durdin-Robertson. Love, Beauty and Truth are expressed through a multi-religious, multi-cultural, multi-racial Fellowship. The good in all faiths is honoured. The Fellowship of Isis has no particular affiliations.

The Fellowship is organized on a democratic basis. All members have equal privileges within it, whether as a single member or part of an Iseum or Lyceum. This manifesto applies also to the daughter societies: the College of Isis, the Spiral of the Adepti, the Spiral of Alchemy, the Noble Order of Tara and the Druid Clan of Dana.

The Fellowship respects the freedom of conscience of each member. There are no vows required or commitments to secrecy. All Fellowship activities are optional and members are free to resign without question. Membership is free.

The Fellowship reverences all manifestations of Life. The God also is venerated. The Rites exclude any form of sacrifice, whether actual or symbolic. Nature is revered and conserved. The work of the Noble Order of Tara is for conservation of Nature.

The Fellowship accepts religious toleration, and is not exclusivist. Members are free to maintain other religious allegiances. Membership is open to all of every religion, tradition and race. Children, listed as "Children of Isis", are welcomed, subject to parental consent. The "Animal Family of Isis" accepts members' animal and bird friends through centres.

The Fellowship believes in the promotion of Love, Beauty and Abundance. No encouragement is given to asceticism. The Fellowship seeks to develop friendliness, psychic gifts, happiness, and compassion for all life. The Druid Clan of Dana develops Nature's psychic gifts.

The College of Isis has been revived after its suppression 1,500 years ago. Like Aset Shemsu, The F.O.I. itself, it has always been alive in the Inner Planes. It is from these Inner Planes that its return has been inspired. Magi degrees may be conferred through Lyceums of the College. Correspondence courses are offered. There are no vows nor secrecy.

Iseums are the very Hearths of the Goddess, or Goddess and God to Whom they are dedicated. These are listed, along with Lyceums. Tara Priors and Dana Groves are also listed regularly. All these centers are for FOI members only.

All members are equal, and are not subject to anyone. All work with the Goddess - or Goddess and God - of their own Faith. Every Being - human, animal, bird, tree - element - is an eternal offspring of the Divine Family of the Mother Goddess.