

The Newsletter of the Network of
Ley & Hunters

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Issue 31 – Beltaine 2019



**Do Arthur's Knights sleep here at Alderley Edge?
Photo: Denis Chapman**

The Newsletter of the Network of Ley Hunters Issue 31, Beltaine (1st May) 2019

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The Network of Ley Hunters is an informal movement for all who are interested in leys and patterns within the landscape. The importance of this in these critical times may be that many find their eyes opened to the living nature of the landscape and are then led to act accordingly.

This newsletter is available on annual subscription of £15 (or £30 if from abroad). This brings you four quarterly issues. Please send a cheque or postal order payable to the Network of Ley Hunters. Bank notes are also welcome.

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Please subscribe soon so that we print enough copies of the next issue. Please **PRINT** your name and address clearly. Thank you!

Contributions are welcome for future issues. Please send 14pt typed camera ready copy on a single side of A4 with 1 inch margins. Pictures and diagrams are welcome. Remember, **we** will reduce to A5. Please contact the editor re length and subject, or if you need help with typing. Volunteer typists are also most welcome to contact us. We have early deadlines because we are often away on Vision Quests and Pilgrimages (which you are welcome to join). We are delighted to read about your local leys, but please remember that we are not all familiar with your territory. Please provide six figure grid references and details of relevant Ordnance Survey Explorer maps (1:25,000). Don't forget the letters of your 100km square. The grid reference for Stonehenge, for example, is SU 123422 (O.S. Explorer 130).

A major function of the Network is our Moots and Field Trips. Apart from the interesting places visited and the expert speakers you can hear, these are good ways to meet other ley hunters. We have much to teach each other. By coming together as a group we hire buses and drivers for our trips, and even book carriages on sleeper trains to and from Scotland and Cornwall. Apart from encouraging group spirit, providing transport for all, and being better for the environment, buses allow us to be dropped off and picked up on narrow lanes where there is no room to park a car. Early booking helps us to organise buses and drivers. Our Moots are also located with regard to public transport and affordable accommodation, including a campsite where we can be grouped together. We try to provide vegan food at Moots.

Cumbria, the Land of the Goddess and the Warrior by Gary Biltcliffe

The Lake District National Park in Cumbria is a magical mountainous landscape that has enticed people of all ages and beliefs over many centuries, a land that many feel to be the sacred heart of Britain. Cumbria is indeed the most central county in mainland Britain, situated halfway between the lighthouses at St Catherine's Point on the Isle of Wight, and Cape Wrath in Scotland. During our research of the Belinus Line, Caroline Hoare and I discovered that the centre of this north-south alignment through Britain and Scotland also lies within Cumbria, marked by the remains of a megalithic serpent temple at Shap, near Penrith.

Centuries ago, Cumbria had the greatest number of stone circles in Britain, numbering over fifty. Some still exist like the colossal Long Meg and Her Daughters in the Eden Valley, Castlerigg near Keswick, and Swinside near Duddon Valley. Up until the 18th century there were remnants of two circles and a massive stone avenue over 2 miles long at Shap and in the surrounding landscape were several Bronze Age circles, including henge monuments and standing stones, cairns and tumuli. However, Shap had suffered, like other monuments in Cumbria, from the hand of man and dynamite.

In geological terms, Cumbria's fault lines, sandwiched between high mountains of crystalline rocks under deep freshwater lakes, creates a powerful force of natural magnetism that our ancient ancestors focused into many of their monuments, which were then utilised for fertility, healing and spiritual purposes.

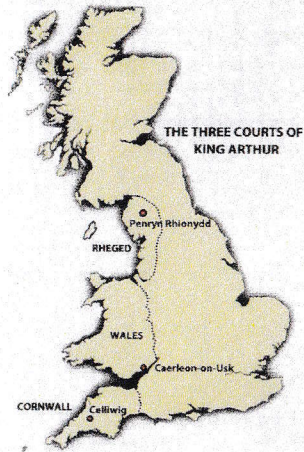
The present boundaries of Cumbria include the old regions of Cumberland, Westmorland and part of Lancashire. However, for centuries the Lake District and its mountains had their own natural boundaries, formed in the south by Morecambe Bay, the Irish Sea to the west and the Solway Firth in the north. The rivers Eden, Lyvennet and Lune define the east side, together with the natural plains that form a great valley between the mountains of the Lakeland and the Pennine hills, along which the A6 extends. This was the 'old north road' to Scotland, which passed through the frontier towns of Kendal, Shap, Penrith and the city of Carlisle, now replaced by the M6 motorway a short distance to the east. This natural Lakeland landmass forms an oval - a goddess shape - with the great mountain of Helvellyn at its centre. Below is Grisedale Tarn, the most central body of water, where we find the legend of Dunmail, Cumbria's last British king whose crown lies at the bottom of this atmospheric pool, like Excalibur, waiting for a time when he awakens to call it forth to lead the nation once more.

It is of no surprise that the old pagan worship of the goddess Brig, Brighida or Bride has survived in Cumbria longer than in any other part of England, Scotland and Ireland. F. J. Carruthers writes in *People Called Cumbria*: 'Transmission of Brighida from Ireland into Cumbria or indeed any part of the

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Brigantian North Country was unnecessary; she was already the principal deity there.' Cumbria is also rich in traditions and history harvested from the works of the ancient Celtic bards or poets, which it shares with Wales, Ireland, Northumbria and southern Scotland. Some of these legends suggest that Cumbria, once a holy Celtic kingdom called Rheged, was a springboard from which early Christianity took off into Pictland and Ireland. Rheged was the last stronghold of the Celtic British, its valiant Kings having fought off the Saxon Northumbrians, Scots and Normans, allowing it to remain a relatively independent kingdom right up to the Middle Ages. These warriors along with Arthur were Urien of Rheged, his son Owain, Dunmail (the last king of Cumbria) all of which were descendants of Coel Hen (King Coel) and the legendary bloodline of Brutus. It is therefore of no surprise that it is rich in Arthurian place-names and traditions during this remarkable heroic age of 'the Cumbri'.

Just as Arthur had Merlin, Urien had a great bard called Taliesin (Tal –yes-in) who chronicles this mighty warrior into songs and poems composed in the mid



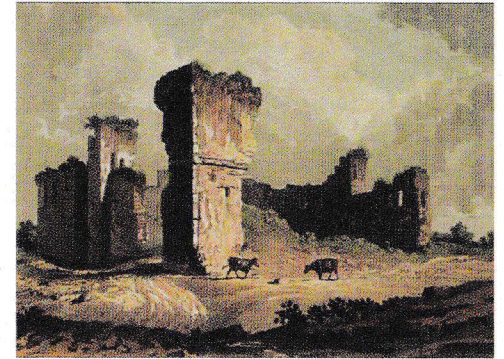
to late 500s. He was described as a wise, learned, and benevolent ruler and 'Sovereign supreme ruler all highest' who courageously defended his kingdom with his trained cavalry descended from Sarmatians, brought over to garrison the north by the Romans. Like King Arthur, he was known as the Raven King, because of a talisman or good luck charm that he carried constantly. Triad 1 of the 14th century *Welsh Triads* by Rachel Bromwich states that the Three Tribal Thrones of the Island of Britain where Arthur was chief Prince were Mynyw St David's in Wales, Celliwig in Cornwall and Pen Rhionydd in the North. Triad 85 also states that Arthur's Three Principal Courts were Caerleon-on-Usk in Wales Celliwig in Cornwall and Penryn Rhionydd in the North. Experts have yet to identify the location of Arthur's seat in the north but Penryn

in Welsh means 'promontory' or 'high place' and Rhionydd means *royal*. The closest sounding name is Penrith in Cumbria, for in the Welsh language ydd is pronounced ith, thus Pen-Rhion-ith. If this is correct then there must be a defended high place linked with royalty in Penrith. In *Lhuyd's Cornish Vocabulary* (p. 238) Penryn Rioneth is called the seat of the Prince of Cumbria – which could either be Carlisle or Penrith.

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The massive tourism of the Lake District and a busy town thoroughfare has allowed the ruins of Penrith Castle to be overlooked over the years. It was built

over the site of a Roman Fort, which Urien or Arthur may have reused as a royal court. Around Norman times up until the 14th century, it consisted of a single Pele tower, but the constant Scottish raids demanded the building of a great wall around the town, and a new castle. Judging from the massive ancient banks of earthworks that surround the castle, the Roman fort may have been adapted into a 5th century hillfort



settlement. It was also described as 'the Castle of the Kings' even though historians record no reigning monarch having actually lived there. Could this be the site of Arthur's illusive royal court or seat in the north or the court of Urien and the later Rheged kings? Interestingly, there is a grave monument to an early king of Rheged - perhaps a royal cemetery - within the circular Penrith churchyard of St Andrew's, a short distance from the castle.

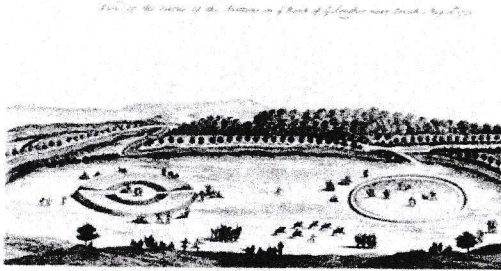
The castle lies on a high place, strategically overlooking important routes and boundaries and the henge monuments by the river Eamont known as Arthur's Round Table and Mayburgh Henge. Dating from 2000 BCE, Arthur's Round Table has a deep circular ditch and a 1.5 m (5 ft) high external bank surrounding a raised level platform at its centre. The general design of the earthwork is flat and round, and according to 17th century diagrams, included two stones standing at its northern entrance; this quadrant is now lying beneath the road and the adjacent public house.

Folklore refers to Arthur's Round Table at Eamont Bridge as the place where a giant 'six yards tall' dined with another even taller giant, which he later killed. He is also said to rest in the 'Giant's Grave' at Penrith Church. The Round Table was also a fabled venue of many tournaments between chivalrous knights, where the legendary King Arthur instituted the order of Knights of the Round Table for the encouragement of young warriors in the use of the lance. Local folklore also describes the gathering of fifty champions of the realm at the Round Table to take part in a contest to win the hand of King Arthur's daughter Gyneth. In fact, the outer banks of the henge with its inner platform forms a sacred enclosure, perfect for tribal gatherings and festivities, no doubt serving many cultures throughout the ages, including the post-Roman Kingdom of Rheged.

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Leland, writing in 1538, mentions the henge as 'Arthur's Castle'. Its present name has been in existence since at least the time of William Stukeley who visited the site in 1725. It has a long history of being a place of country sports and military exercises, and Hutchinson (1794) recounts a local tale that the site was a 'tilting ground' during medieval times, where jousting and wrestling matches were held 'within living memory'.

To the west of the table is Mayburgh Henge, one of the greatest prehistoric structures in England that measures 110 m (360 ft) in diameter and lies on a



tongue of land between the rivers Eamont and Lowther. Long ago it enclosed a four-stone feature, of which only one huge, 2.8 m (9 ft) high megalith remains, the rest, including four entrance stones were dynamited in the 19th century. The lone standing stone sits at the centre of the monument, surrounded by a steep oval bank over 6.5 m (21 ft) high, made from

literally millions of small cobblestones collected from the rivers nearby, an extraordinary feat of engineering. Considering the amount taken away over the centuries for use as building material, the bank is still an impressive sight. Sir Walter Scott, a friend of the Brougham family, of nearby Brougham Hall, once wrote, 'Mayburgh's mound and stones of power, by Druids raised in magic hour'.

An east-west alignment exists between Mayburgh Henge, Arthur's Round Table and the well at Brougham Hall, that stretches westward to the sacred twin-peaked Blencathra mountain, suggesting an important equinoctial ritual landscape. Here people would have gathered twice a year to honour the sun when the hours of daylight and darkness are equal, a time when nature is reborn and the fruits of the harvest were celebrated. In *A Guide to the Stone Circles of Cumbria*, Robert Farrah observed that when facing west on a clear day from the location of the Round Table's northern entrance, the saddle of Blencathra is visible spanning the bowl of Mayburgh's entrance. There are a number of megalithic sites in Cumbria aligned to Blencathra, also called Saddleback, which means it was sacred to the megalithic race. Devil sites are often pagan places of power and the name Blencathra in old Cumbrian means 'Devil's Peak'. According to Lakeland historian Marjorie Rowling, this mountain is another resting place of King Arthur; even its earlier name the Roakes of Blenkarthure means 'mountain of Arthur'.

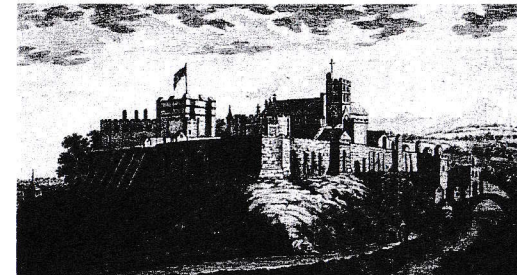
With Shap only nine miles south of the monuments at Penrith, this area has to be one of the most sacred in Britain. Interestingly, the dowsing of the Elen and

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Belinus currents that follow the Belinus line through Cumbria has revealed much more of the history of this hidden landscape. On the south border of Cumbria is another place associated with the devil at Kirkby Lonsdale, where the alignment and both currents node in the churchyard of St Mary's in the town near Ruskin's View. The exact point is on a grassy mound said to have been a motte founded by King William Rufus. An altar discovered here next to the node in the 19th century, has a rare dedication to the sun god Belinus, but has since gone missing.

The currents also node again in Shap on a tump that was once a key assembly point in the Shap complex similar to that of Silbury Hill at Avebury called Skellaw Hill. Further north the male current flows through Brougham Hall, Arthur's Round Table and Mayburgh Henge, then swings north through Penrith Castle (Castle of the Kings) and descends into the town to the cemetery of the Rheged kings. Further to the east, Elen flows along the Eden Valley to Long Meg and her Daughters stone circle and some mysterious caves nearby on her way to meet with her counterpart further north at the ancient city of Carlisle, its coat-of-arms depicting two red dragons.

Urien was probably born in Carlisle as his name means city born and may have created his court there in later life. Carlisle was still a Roman city situated



on Hadrian's Wall, where the memory of Rome still lived within its architecture, engineering, Latin literature, arts and learning. The city would still have had Roman buildings, aqueducts, baths, manuscripts, streets, and defensive walls, plus a Romanized ruling elite, reminiscent of a real-life Camelot. You could also say

that King Urien and Rheged equates with King Theoden and the kingdom of Rohan from *The Lord of the Rings*.

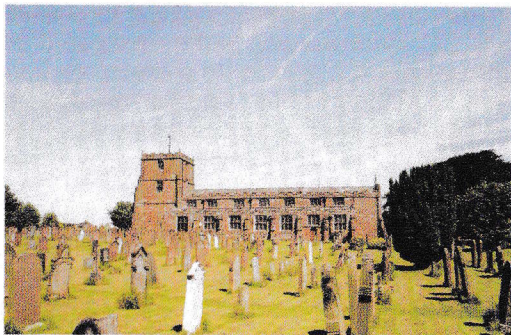
Evidence of a real-life historical Arthur is stronger in Carlisle than at any other place in England; even the highly respected modern historian Michael Wood (2010) suggests that the city was the most likely base for this legendary king.

Henry II and Eleanor of Aquitaine held court here from time to time and the writer and poet Marie de France attended. Her *Lais de Lanval* mentions Carlisle as Arthur's Court. When Eleanor of Aquitaine was married to her first husband Louis VII, she was patron to Chrétien De Troyes, the most famous writer of Arthurian romances. Chrétien also mentions Carlisle or Carduel as Arthur's Court, and credits Marie de Champagne, daughter of Henry and Eleanor, for

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supplying material for his poem Lancelot the Knight of the Carl, Carl referring to Carlisle.

Further north of Carlisle close to the alignment is the church of St Michael and All Angels at Arthuret (Arthur's Head). The church, close to the Scottish border, has the strongest claim outside of Glastonbury for the burial place of Arthur. The first church developed on the site as early as the 6th century - about the right era - and although it has



been destroyed and rebuilt numerous times since then, Arthur's memory remains thanks to a plaque explaining the history of the church and its most famous intern. In CE 573, a famous battle was fought here between two rival Rheged kings, one of them, named Gwenddolau, was a descendant of Hen Coel, later portrayed as Old King Coel in nursery rhymes. The church has an unusual grail carving in the south wall of the tower through which the male current passes, and the churchyard has ancient crosses, mounds and a holy well dedicated to St Michael.

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BOOK NOW FOR OUR SPINE OF ALBION MOOT

with authors Gary Biltcliffe and Caroline Hoare, in Cumbria. Visit Kirkby Lonsdale, Shap, Mayburgh, Long Meg, Carlisle, and Arthuret. On Saturday, Sunday, and Monday 14th, 15th, and 16th September 2019. Our own coach and driver (9:30-5:30 each day). Our base and a variety of accommodation is at Kirkby Stephen (reached by train). Book your bed in Kirkby Stephen hostel (including Friday night 13th September) by telephoning Denise Robinson on 07812-558-525 www.kirkbystephenhostel.co.uk. You must **book early!** **ADVANCE MOOT TICKETS** are available now for £135. After 9th June 2019 Moot tickets will cost £180 (or £60 each day). **RESERVE YOUR SEAT ON OUR COACH BY BOOKING EARLY.** We have to limit this Moot to 33 people. Cheque payable to Network of Ley Hunters, send to L. Main (see page 1).

THE HIGH PLACES by Geoff Blenkinsop

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help..." (Note 1)

To sit on a mountain or hill top, looking down on the rest of the world, is one of **the** great experiences. The effort of getting there may vary from a short walk to a multi-day expedition, but the effort is almost always worth it; that's why so many people are drawn to these high places.

I have been drawn to the high places since I was a child. My father took me walking on Dartmoor on most Sundays and I learnt to love the tors, each with its own character and views. When was 16 I attended my first 'outward bound' camp, a week of camping and walking in the Lake District organised by my school. From our camp in Eskdale we walked to Scafell Pike, Great Gable, Pillar and Steeple and several lesser peaks. I was amazed; I'd never seen such scenery. I became hooked on mountain walking, which became my main lifetime diversion from work and other trivia.

When my first marriage ended I went straight to Wasdale with my dog, camped in a tiny tent and walked the high hills for a week. The mountains made me realise how small and unimportant my troubles were. They have that effect. Someone said "who has the hills for companions has true friends." I can vouch for that. Or maybe this is me:

*"Day after day, alone on a hill
The man with the foolish grin is sitting perfectly still
Nobody wants to know him
They can see that he's just a fool
But he never gives an answer
But the fool on the hill
Sees the sun going down
And the eyes in his head
See the world spinning round..." (Note 2)*

There are many reasons for visiting our own high places, but it would be helpful to explain some of the esoteric terminology first.

In most of Britain and Ireland, a hill must reach 2,000 feet to be considered a mountain. English and Welsh +2,000 footers are known collectively as "Nuttalls" after a couple of that name who categorised them, climbed them and wrote the definitive guidebook. In Scotland, +3,000 foot mountains are called "Munros" after Sir Hugh Munro, the Victorian walker who included them in his eponymous list. Sadly he

died before climbing them all. There's a plethora of other names for English and Welsh under-2,000 foot hills, Scottish hills of over 2,500 and over 2,000 feet. These heights look ridiculous in metric, so peak-baggers stick to the old, tried measurements. There are 257 English +2,000 footers and 189 Welsh. Over my lifetime I have been to the top of 256 English and 122 Welsh. I have also climbed 118 of the 282 Scottish Munros. More to do! A good resource is the Hill-Bagging website, <http://www.hill-bagging.co.uk/index.php> where all these mysteries are revealed. You can also record your progress there.

But an arbitrary height is no guarantee of quality. Roseberry Topping in Cleveland is a mere 1,049 feet but rivals many of the dull Durham +2,000 footers not far away. The same goes for Staffordshire's Shutlingsloe, a distinctively shapely peak of only 1,660 feet. Stac Pollaidh, North of Ullapool, only reaches 2,006 feet but rivals many a Munro. Don't think you have to live in mountainous country to explore the high places. Denmark's highest point, Himmelbjerget or "Sky Mountain" is only 482 feet high, yet it's a very popular place.

Mountains don't need a sharp summit peak. Some of the County Durham mountains are mere hillocks on an elevated mass; the same goes for many other mountain groups such as the Monadhliath in Scotland. Ben MacDui, Britain's second highest mountain, lacks a sharp top too; it's a vast, arctic sprawl covering many square miles, encompassing Cairngorm and other lesser peaks. The home of Britain's only Reindeer herd (originally a native species but re-introduced in 1952) the range has rare Dotterels and Snow Buntings, and Arctic Char in one of the lochans. It's also home to "Am Fear Liath Mòr" The Great Grey Man of Ben MacDui, or simply The Greyman, who follows lone travellers, looming on the edge of visibility in the frequent mists. He was reported in 1890 by the Victorian mountaineer, Professor Norman Collie. Born at Alderley Edge, Collie attributed his love of mountains to his childhood walks there. In 1943 one walker was even provoked into firing his pistol at the apparition. Despite this, pistols are not recommended hill-walking gear! I have been on Ben MacDui over half a dozen times, in all seasons and weather, and have yet to be granted a viewing of The Greyman.

Why go to the High Places? Well, I have already mentioned a couple of good reasons. It's fine to see the hills are a challenge, but they are not there to be 'defeated' as some believe. True hillwalkers and mountaineers know nature cannot be defeated and they climb to be closer to the spirits of these places. There's great satisfaction when you reach the summit, often marked by a cairn or trig point. If the weather is kind, the views are usually worth the effort. You certainly get a different

aspect. Imagine what it must have been like to stand on Suamaval, the highest part of "the sleeping lady" looking Northwards to Callanish at the Moon's northernmost standstill. To see the gathering, the fires, maybe hear the chanting if the wind was right?

We wild-camped once South of the Howgill Fells, and as night fell watched a procession of torchbearers walking up The Calf to celebrate the Queen's diamond jubilee. A beacon was lit and blazed out. The high places were an essential part of Gloriana's early warning system; the Spaniards are coming! We were shown such a beacon site by Gary Biltcliffe during our recent Leyhunters' Moot, on the highest point of Alderley Edge. Tolkien fans will recall that superb episode where the beacons of Gondor call the Riders of Rohan, one of the literal high points of the film.

Hills and mountains usually abound with our native wildlife. I touched on this when mentioning the Ben MacDui arctic-type plateau. Grouse moors are a sad exception; they are wildlife deserts where any creatures but grouse are persecuted and exterminated. Walking the Pennine Way was a saddening experience for me; in a fortnight of walking on moors where Hen Harriers should soar, I saw a total of only two raptors - a sole Sparrowhawk and one hovering Kestrel. But on some other high hills you will see Arctic Hares, Ravens, Buzzards and rarer birds, as mentioned above; those who restrict themselves to the lowlands never see these wonderful sights. "Folkies' of my generation will recall this from a once-popular song:

*"I've seen the white hare in the gully
And the curlew flies high over head
And sooner than part from the mountains
I think I would rather be dead." (Note 3)*

Another reason for going to the tops; "T'Owd Man" as they say in these parts, has been there before and left his imprint. (T'Owd Man is The Old Man or Our Ancestors). You won't find stone circles, dolmens or menhirs on the summits of hill; they're always further down, usually where there's a good all-round horizon view towards the focus, be it the sun, moon, Cygnus or whatever. But summit burial mounds, ancient cairns and hill-forts are quite usual across the land. Nine Standards Rigg close to Kirkby Stephen has nine magnificent cairns, huge, very old and beautifully built. The reason for them being there is lost in antiquity.

In some places menhirs guide you upwards. When walking up Mount Brandon in SW Ireland, these islands' most Westerly +3,000 foot mountain, I followed a path marked by cairns from which tall menhirs

rose, looming regularly from the mist. Close by some were large, numbered wooden crosses marking the Stations of The Cross. Not being brought up with that mythology, I guessed there were ten stations. When I reached cross number eleven, I changed my guess to twelve. When I reached cross thirteen, I thought "what the @#...!" Fortunately there were only fourteen, plus a mighty one on top rising out of "St Brendan's Cell" which is almost certainly another pre-Christian burial mound.

Our ancestors used the long ridges as tracks across the land, clear of the valley bottoms, often overgrown and the haunt of dangerous beasts; we had Bear, Hyenas, Aurochs and Rhinos in the land then. A Rhinoceros skeleton was found in a cave which I can see from my window as I type this, close to an ancient high track known as the Portway. These tracks have been used for many centuries or even millennia; the Ridgeway national trail path is perhaps the best example. Your feet will follow those of the ancestors, as recommended by old Jehovah himself;

"Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls". (Note 4)

Some mountains and hills are considered sacred places. The Heathen Icelanders believed they would go 'into the mountain' when they died, the idea behind Edvard Greig's piece "In the hall of the mountain king." Mount Brandon is sacred for the Roman Catholics. So is Croagh Patrick, a mountain which the penitent climb on their knees, not a recommended method of ascent. Do we have sacred mountains closer to home? Well, Laurence will testify that Cairn Ingli is a sacred mountain. Shapely Schiehallion by Loch Tummel is named for the Sith or fairy folk. Snowdon is Yr Wddyfa, or the tomb, in Welsh, supposedly the tomb of King Arthur. Other sacred high places that come to mind are Crockern Tor, the site of regular Tinner's Moots and named for Crockern, an obscure ancient deity. Not too far away is the Dewerstone, either named for Dewar, another obscure deity, or a derivation of Tiw, the Anglo-Saxon old sky father, from whom we get Tuesday.

Christianity, of course, believes these names are aliases for their devil. While visiting Dartmoor recently we went to Brent Tor, an ancient sacred height and node on the Michael and Mary line, christianised by a chapel perched on the summit. The same happened to Glastonbury Tor, until an earthquake caused most of it to fall. That mini-Glastonbury Tor (and a great favourite of mine), the Burrow Mump, has a derelict church on top. Nature is reclaiming these special places, and a good thing too.

The highest high place of all, Sagarmatha, mother goddess of the world to the Sherpas, was supposed - and indeed hoped - by them to be unclimbable. Sadly Everest, as we know it, is now a high-altitude dump of frozen faeces, tons of discarded kit and quite a few bodies, beyond safe recovery. Another Himalayan peak, Mount Kailash, is venerated by Buddhists and Hindus. Still inviolate, they believe it to be the centre of the world, and long may it continue to be so. Mount Ararat in Turkey, the resting place of Noah's ark in mythology, is another sacred summit.

The bible records that Jewish people would worship in "the high places" until Solomon built his temple and decreed people must worship there instead. The followers of other Middle Eastern deities continued to use the high places. Incidentally, some modern archaeologists tell us there's no historical or archaeological evidence for Solomon or his first temple; they believe it's all propaganda. Solomon was probably one of the Pharaohs and 'the temple' one of the Egyptian Pagan temples. The Israelites had to wait until they had conquered Caanan before they could have their own temple and kings.

Legend tell us Moses, Jesus and Mohammed all climbed mountains for enlightenment. Sadly, the messages these shamans brought back to their followers have since been misunderstood by those who didn't understand and misinterpreted / misrepresented by the power-hungry: 'twas ever thus. Cue a terrible old joke - Moses comes down from the mountain and tells the assembled Children of Israel "The good news is that I talked him down to only ten, but the bad news is that number seven is still in!"

The lack of a suitable high place has been no barrier for those who are dedicated. Nimrod built his own high place in the flatlands of modern Iraq - a tower so high that it attracted Jehovah's rage. He seems to have shifted his wrath onto other things since those days, as far as towers go, anyway; fortunately for modern high-rise cities.

So, next time you are out and about, climb that hill and let it speak to you. Take in the changing views as you ascend, sit on the top and contemplate the view and think of those who have gone that way before. Be still and watch the wildlife emerge. Descend mindfully and see if the hill has a message for you, then or later. I always ask for "a sign from nature" that I have been welcomed and that any blessings I offer have been received. You'll be surprised how often you do get a sign; moments after I left one top, three swans flew close over the summit. On another summit I was surrounded by swallows. From another, I watched hares 'boxing' in a lower field. On yet another, a hind

and her fawn walked close by. Open yourself to the High Places as so many seekers have done before.

But please make sure you are suitably equipped; wear boots, shoes or walking sandals with decent tread, and maybe take a stick or pole for stability (I have used a telescopic pole for over 40 years and wouldn't be without mine). Don't forget a waterproof as the weather can change quickly up there, plus a torch. If you range higher or further, take a map, compass, hat, gloves, food and drink. And don't forget the camera, or camera-phone, you will want to show your friends your achievement.

The final words are from Charles Hamilton Sorley, the conclusion of his fine poem about Death. He was killed at the Battle of Loos in 1915.

*"I think it like that signpost in my land
Hoary and tall, which pointed me to go
Upward, into the hills, on the right hand,
Where the mists swim and the winds shriek and blow,
A homeless land and friendless, but a land
I did not know and that I wished to know." (Note 5)*

Exactly!

NOTES -

Note 1 - Psalm 121, King James version. Sadly it goes downhill from that line, weird references to the moon burning you at night and so forth. Still, a good opening sentiment!

Note 2 - "The Fool on the Hill" sung by the Beatles in 1967, written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney.

Note 3 - "The Manchester Rambler" first sung in 1932 by the writer, Ewan McColl.

Note 4 - Jeremiah chapter 6, verse 16, King James version. Interestingly the verse that follows says "But they said, we will not walk therein." The Hebrews were clearly not keen walkers!

Note 5 - Charles Hamilton Sorley's first sonnet.

COME TO OUR MOOTS!



Celebrating my 70th birthday on Sgurr nan Conbhairean (Peak of the Dog Men), 3,638 feet, Glen Shiel, May 2017. (Photo - Geoff Blenkinsop)



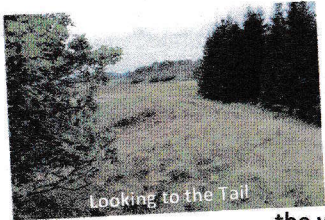
A truly magnificent ancient cairn on Garreg Lywd (Grey Rock), 2,021 feet, the Westernmost of the Brecon Beacons, May 2018. The summits of the Western Beacons have some of the largest - and oldest - cairns in Britain. (Photo - Geoff Blenkinsop)

COME TO OUR MOOTS!

Observance of Serpents

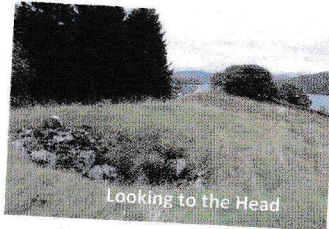
by Eileen Roche

Congratulations to our Editor, Laurence Main, on his excellent choice of articles for Samhain Issue 29 of our Newsletter. In particular, the piece on "Seeker of Serpents" page 4 by Eddie Murray and Susan McKim struck an especially resonant chord with me.ⁱ In October 2014 my



Looking to the Tail

companion and I had travelled to Scotland and enjoyed seeking out



Looking to the Head

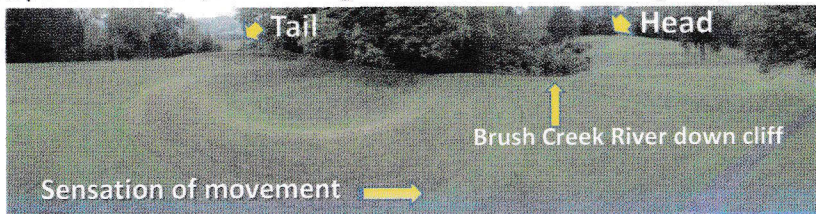
the wonderful Serpent Mound near

'Dalanease' on the edge of Loch Nell, although it was very overgrown. It overlooks the crannog in the Loch. So we welcomed this article, learning more about Scotland's serpent mounds, especially, where Prof. Forlong is quotedⁱⁱ comparing the Loch Nell and Ohio Serpents & spelling out their many similarities.



ⁱⁱⁱ In October 2018, we travelled from Tottington, in Lancashire to the **Peebles Great Serpent Mound, in Ohio**, driven there by our friend John Emerich from

New Jersey, with whom many of our readers will be familiar, due to his frequent visits over at least sixteen years, to explore UK Sacred Sites with us. As mentioned by Murray & McKim^{iv}, it was Paul Devereux himself who drew my attention to the Peebles mound, too. He insisted that I should visit it. So, many, many years later, with encouragement and assistance from John Emerich, I did, to be rewarded with a wealth of knowledge and an amazing experience. The Serpent Mound is 1,400 feet long and was over 5 feet at its highest point.



(We also visited Ohio's second effigy earthwork, Alligator Mound, near Newark, although it looks nothing like an alligator, more like a lizard.)

BOOK FOR OUR SPINE OF ALBION MOOT NOW (page 6)



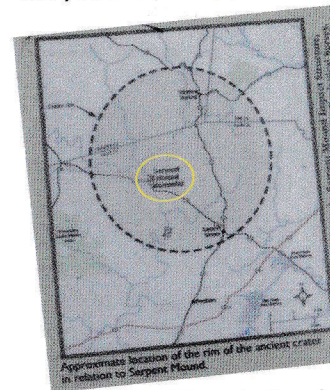
Ohio Serpent Tail



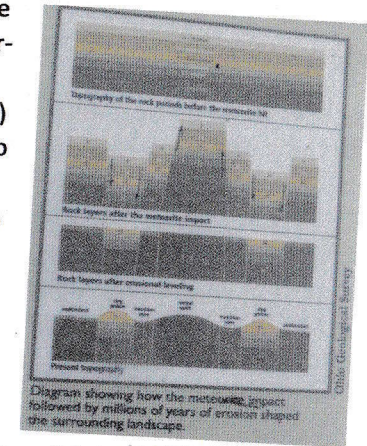
Ohio Serpent Head

"Egg"

The geological placing of the Peebles Serpent is inside an ancient asteroid impact crater in Ohio, formed more than 256 million years ago. These are photos of nearby Information Boards: on the left you see the Serpent Mound (in my super-

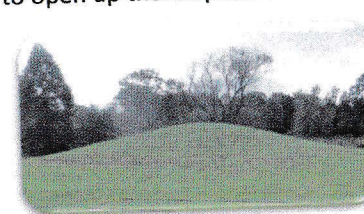


imposed yellow circle) in relation to the Impact Crater & on the right are diagrams showing how the earth



strata moved from before impact at top to how it is today at bottom. Paul Devereux tells us the site "is located on an unusual geological feature, probably unique in the whole of the USA – a highly localised, compact area of intensive faultingThat such an exceptional monument should have been built on this unique geological site is not accidental."^v

The serpent nestles on a spur of rock overlooking Ohio Brush Creek and is now rather overgrown with trees so that the river has become invisible. The Ohio State Archaeological & Historical Society intended to cut back the tree canopy to open up the Serpent on its rocky mound but the local people, who love the



BOOK FOR OUR SPINE OF ALBION MOOT NOW (page 6)

“mysterious atmosphere” imparted by trees, prevented this.^{vi} There are three tumuli, thought to have been built by the Adena Culture around 600BC - 100AD nearby and these and the Serpent Mound today constitute a liminal landscape Sacred Site to their modern Native American Indian descendants.

Archaeologists are divided in considering who built the Serpent Mound. It was either the Adena Culture 2,300 years ago, or the Fort Ancient Culture 900 years ago.



vii Ben Barnes, Second Chief of the Shawnee Tribe is quoted on the Site’s Welcome Board as saying that the whole area is to be recognised and respected in the same way as a cathedral, mosque or

synagogue. He tells us that this effigy mound is representative of the Great Serpent, the Lord of the World Below, a realm beneath the earth as well as in rivers and lakes. This Spirit is still worshipped by many Tribes today and its power can be called upon to cure illness or to cause a successful hunt. The power manifests as copper or shells, considered as scales.



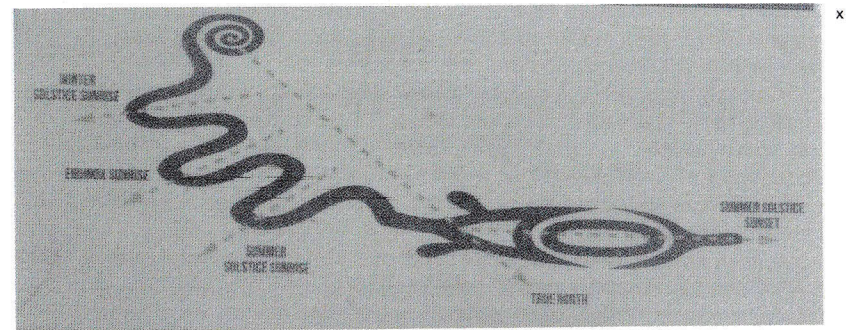
Tenskwatawa, the Shawnee Prophet, told of his people arriving here

thousands of years ago when a gigantic turtle carried some of their warriors under the sea on its back. To rescue them, the people fasted, sang and prayed for several days to “Grandfather Serpent”, known as King of the Serpents. One morning they found the dead and bleeding body of a monster on the shore. It had the body of a huge serpent and the neck, head, and horns of a large buck. Then they knew they had lost their warriors. Cutting the monster into bits, for generations they used them as powerful medicine.



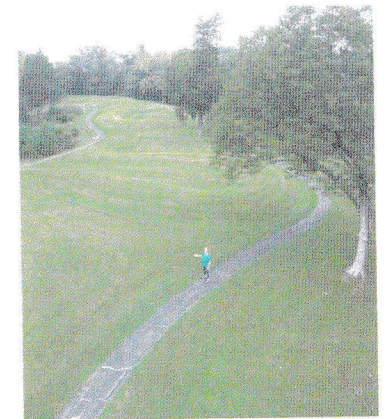
The Ohio Valley Archaeology, Inc. and volunteers undertook a magnetometry survey and then excavated a missing curve to the right (away from the river) side of the Serpent’s neck in 2012. This U-shaped feature had been a part of the Mound & in antiquity, had been removed. (I should like to think that it had

represented a dragon’s wing. After all, the illustration of a Serpent in Endnote vii, carved above a doorway, near the top of the previous page seems to show a dragon breathing fire!



The diagram above depicts alleged solstice and equinox alignments. None of this can be verified, apparently, because of the difficulties involved a) with the Serpent’s curves and b) with the trees obscuring sight lines. From our knowledge of European and African prehistoric sites, however, it seems highly likely. The photo on the right with the person alongside the Serpent gives the depth and scale of this enormous earth effigy and also the encroachment by trees.

Altogether, the trip to the Peebles Serpent Mound in Ohio was awe-inspiring, leaving us amazed and excited, with many questions to be explored in the future regarding earthen Serpents in general in the Literature and on the ground world-wide. The last words are from Marilyn Nissenson & Susan Jonas, who write^{xi}, “Since prehistoric times snakes have stimulated fantasies & inspired artists in all cultures. They have invaded our dreams. More cults have been devoted to snakes than any other animal. Serpents were worshipped in the ancient Middle East, around the Mediterranean basin, in China, & in India. They were sacred to the Norse, the Aztecs, the mound builders of Ohio, & tribal kingdoms on the west coast of Africa”.



ⁱ The article complements *The Serpent Shall Rise from the Mound* by Susan McKim and Edward Murray published in Northern Earth Magazine Issue 152 March 2018 p16. This compares the Rotherwas Ribbon (or the Dinedor Serpent) to the Ohio Serpent Mound and describes Phené's discoveries of the Skelmorlie Mound, leading to international discoveries of Serpent Mounds. This was followed by a short piece in NE Magazine Issue 153 June 2018 *The Serpent Reprised* by Gordon & Tom McClennan p28, with more descriptions.

ⁱⁱ NoL Newsletter Samhain 2018 Issue 29 pp. 4-5 Comparisons of the Loch Nell & Ohio Serpents.

ⁱⁱⁱ Diagram of the Serpent Mound photographed on an onsite Information Board.

^{iv} NoL Newsletter 29 *Seeker of Serpents* p10 para 3.

^v See "Places of Power. Secret Energies at Ancient Sites: A Guide to Observed or Measured Phenomena" by Paul Devereux, Blandford 1990 p.214, first two paras. & see Chapter 1 p19 penult. para.

^{vi} Pers. Comm. from the Curator of the Serpent Mound Museum on site. The Society instead erected a tall viewing platform, from which some of the photos of the Mound accompanying this article were taken.

^{vii} The diagram shows a photo taken of part of an onsite Information Board showing the King of the Serpents based on a Mississippian shell engraving.

^{viii} The diagram shows a photo taken of part of an onsite Information Board showing The Great Horned Serpent carved before 1731 over the door of a house in Delaware. Romans thought that snakes protected their homes, according to *Snake Charm* by Marilyn Nissenson & Susan Jonas, Harry N. Abrams, Inc, Publishers 1995 ISBN 0-8109-4456-1 p22 para 1.

^{ix} Portrait of Tenskwatawa, Shawnee Prophet, photo of part of an onsite Information Board.

^x Diagram of astronomical alignments along the Serpent photographed on an onsite Information Board.

^{xi} *Snake Charm* by Marilyn Nissenson & Susan Jonas, Harry N. Abrams, Inc, Publishers 1995 ISBN 0-8109-4456-1 p20 first para.



GO SCILLY WITH THE LEY HUNTERS!

EXPLORE LYONESSE – THE TRUE START OF THE MICHAEL LINE

Assemble on St Mary's, Isles of Scilly, on Saturday evening 8th June 2019. Enjoy six days (Sunday 9th – Friday 14th) being guided by Cheryl Straffon, author of [The Earth Mysteries Guide to Ancient Sites on the Isles of Scilly](#). Book for this **NOW** by sending £90 (cheque payable to Network of Ley Hunters) to Laurence Main, 9 Mawddwy Cottages, Minllyn, Dinas Mawddwy, Machynlleth SY20 9LW. **I will advise you about paying for inter island ferry trips when we know numbers for group bookings.** Visit www.simplyscilly.co.uk or telephone 01720-424 031 for information on travel and accommodation. You must book EARLY for B&Bs. I will be camping at the Garrison campsite, telephone 01720-422 670. There is a Friday night sleeper train from London Paddington which arrives in Penzance on Saturday morning. Go by ship from Penzance to St Mary's or fly.

Laurence Main

THE WARRIOR WOMAN OF ST. KILDA

By Jill Smith

I have previously written briefly about some sites in the Western Isles of Scotland. One place I didn't include was St. Kilda.

St Kilda is an archipelago 40 miles west of the Outer Hebrides, way out in the wild Atlantic: the remains of an ancient volcano.

In the distant past it may not have seemed remote, as people in early boats 'island-hopped' round the north of Scotland down to Ireland and further south.

Archaeology is pushing back dates of occupation, though it is not known whether very early remains were from permanent settlements.

It is now well-known for its last population, which lived in Village Bay on Hirte, the main island, its men climbing precariously down the vertiginous rock faces to catch sea-birds and collect their eggs. These people left in 1930 and since then it has only been occupied by MOD staff and National Trust work parties, though it is well-populated by wild Soay sheep, the unique St Kilda wren and mouse, and teeming flocks of birds, including gannets, fulmar, puffins and a few pairs of Great Skua (known as Bonxies) who have arrived since the people left.

The place had fascinated me for decades though, unable to afford a charter boat, my attempts to get there were unfulfilled until Angus of Kilda Cruises in Harris began to make daytrips in a powerful speedboat. Since then I have had several awe-inspiring visits, sometimes camping (by arrangement with Angus and the NT).

Why does this place have such a hold on me? I had long known of the legend of its Amazon, female warrior or giantess. On the other side of the main island to Village Bay is a glen of very different character – Gleann Mor (Big glen) or Gleann na Banaghaisgeach (Glen of the female warrior).

In this glen there are many unusual threefold structures, somewhat similar to the 'beehive houses' found elsewhere in the Hebrides, but these peculiarly having long arm-like walls reaching out from them, giving them a strange animalistic quality. One of these is known as 'Tigh na Banaghaisgeach; or 'The

Amazon's House'. We know of this from the writings of Martin Martin, who visited in about 1695, speaking to a population which was then almost wiped out by a smallpox epidemic in 1727. These people told him of their ancient Amazon traditions. Frustratingly, he writes that he 'would not bother the reader' with many of them – however, he describes her house as he saw it, the place where she laid her helmet and sword and tells how she went hunting deer with her greyhounds when the stretch of water between Hirte and Harris was dry land (the Ice Age?).

I found the glen to have an extraordinarily powerful presence – to be indeed completely filled with the energy of this Amazon who had the whole glen named for her.

I knew that in the early '80s the artist Keith Payne had spent some weeks on St Kilda and that one evening, as the sun was setting, walking high above the glen he had looked down and seen that there was the actual figure of the Amazon lying the full length of the glen. Her body was formed by sections of curving walls which seemed to have little other purpose, some of the beehive-type houses, other stone structures and even a length of scree running up one side of the glen. The lengthening shadows emphasised other features not visible in broad daylight, especially of her face.

She held a well (Tobar nam Buaidh or Well of Virtues) in one hand or arm, and seemed to have a 'breastplate'. Most of her leg stones had gone, probably taken to build the lines of cleits (storage structures peculiar to St Kilda), but she had knees, curvy hips, breasts, genitals, a heart, two arms and the subtle face.

I had never seen the drawing Payne made at the time, and it had since disappeared. On my visits I had found her impossible to see from the floor of the glen and wasn't quite sure what I was looking for.

Following the death of John Sharkey, with whom Payne had collaborated on the book 'Road through the Isles', the sketchbook containing the drawing was found. He sent it to me. I realised I must make at least one more visit, now I had some idea where to go to see her.

BOOK FOR OUR SPINE OF ALBION MOOT NOW (page 6)

Filled with expectation I unfortunately found that a damaged foot, age and general lack of fitness after a sedentary winter made the tough climbing required quite a challenge. Everything on St Kilda is extremely steep! Also, the weather can change in minutes and it is easy to get lost there if cloud descends, so I was there in the bright sunlight of the afternoon, rather than at a time with long shadows. However, I made it a good halfway up the side of the glen opposite from that which I had climbed down, turned, and saw to my delight and astonishment that she actually was lying there, very distinct and clear once you realise what you are seeing.

Being lower down the side of the glen than Payne was when doing his drawing meant I was seeing her at more of an angle, and without the late afternoon shadows I couldn't see her face but rather saw her with her head thrown back. The brilliance of the sunlight and its bleaching of my viewfinder caused my photographs to not show her as clearly as my eyes saw her. Payne's drawing remains something which can't be bettered. I now know that she does indeed lie there, seen only by the swooping birds and the odd human who does not recognise that she is there - clear as daylight and moonlight: a reality not to be denied.

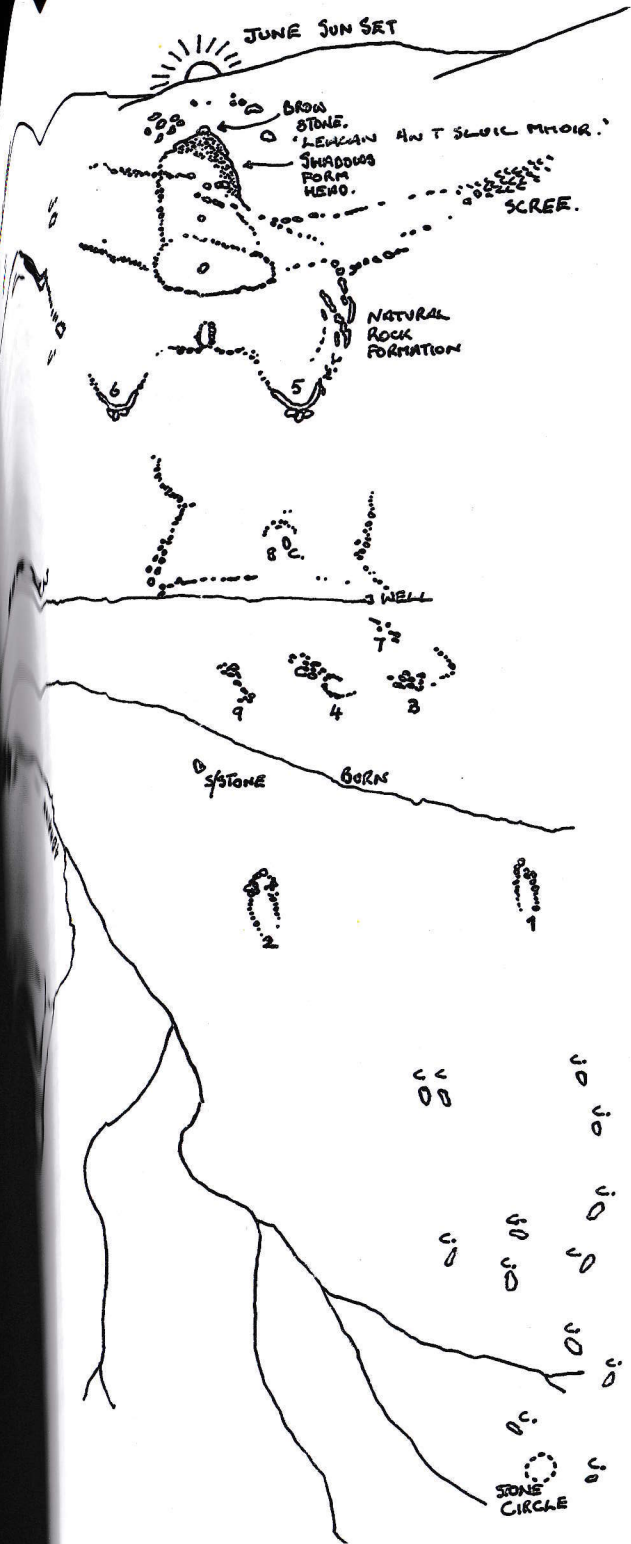
So who was she? She who gave her name to the house and the whole glen? Some extremely ancient creation ancestress whose legend was carried down through millennia? A goddess of some long-ago settlers of the island? Or an actual female warrior who had once protected her people in time of need?

She is however the manifestation of the spirit and energy of place. Did some people in the past lay out her figure in stone to honour her, or did the energy of place cause them to unknowingly form her shape. We shall never know, but can honour her today, now that her reality has been discovered.

Do we want her excavated by doubting archaeologists, or do we just want her to remain undisturbed, to be seen and honoured by the few who may go seeking her?

I may try to see her one more time, but even if not I feel privileged to have seen her that once and to have been with the power of her energy in the glen.

Jill Smith, Isle of Lewis, February 2018. www.jill-smith.co.uk



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THE AMAZON HOUSE, GLEANN MOR, ST KILDA (Photo
Jill Smith)

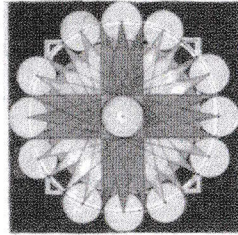


BOOK FOR OUR SPINE OF ALBION MOOT NOW (page 6)
COME TO OUR MOOT ON THE ISLES OF SCILLY NEXT JUNE!



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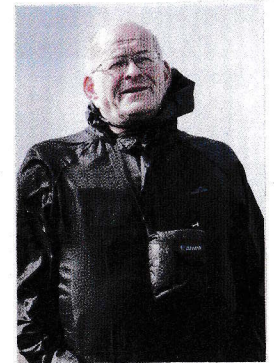


In Memoriam

Dave Shead

3 February 1956 - 21 February 2019

Dave was instrumental in the formation of the *Network of Ley Hunters* and ran the *Dorset Earth Mysteries Group* with enthusiasm

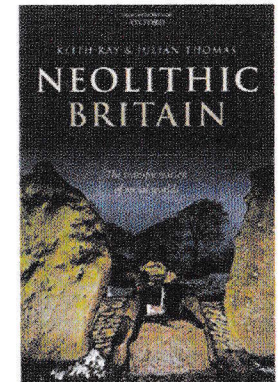


BOOK REVIEW

Neolithic Britain

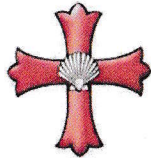
Keith Ray & Julian Thomas

Published by Oxford University Press, Oxford,
20th September 2019 in hardback, 384pp, £30
ISBN: 978-0198823896



A scholarly, academic and very thorough look again into the period spanning 4000 - 2200 BCE, incorporating the most up-to-date research and recent discoveries concerning the cultural development of societies in Neolithic Britain. It is useful to remember that 'Neolithic' means the 'New Stone Age' (*neo*= new, *lith*= stone), as the authors enquire into the changing relationship between individuals within their society and how this impacted their stone architecture as well as the inheritance of practices over time. Includes some first-rate analysis of Stonehenge and the Neolithic structures of the Orkney Isles. Contains many beautiful colour photographs and illustrations.

- Liza Llewellyn



The Callarde Experience

Part 9 : Richard's Canterbury Tale of Past Life

Mark Herbert

The Dinsley Revelation

Enormous thanks go to Dr John Walker, St Andrew's University, Fife, for enabling access (via an online repository) to his doctoral dissertation, *The Patronage of the Templars and of the Order of St Lazarus in England in the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries* (1990). Without this body of research the earliest record of the Callarde Templars would not have been so easily discovered nor the wider implications realised. Therein, Callarde is spelt Calward, as it was in their native Canterbury pre-1368, the name equivalence resolved by Thomas Philipott (Villare Cantianum, 1776) via common heraldry. Dr Walker established Callarde at preceptory Temple Dinsley (near Hitchin, Herts.) in 1155-85. This land (on which Princess Helena College, Preston now stands) was granted by charter to Richard, son of Callarde of Dinsley by Frater Richard de Hastings (third Grand Prior of the Temple). Dinsley, Baldock and Royston formed the hub of Templar activity within the Michael-Mary currents of the Icknield Way. In *The Sun and the Serpent* (1989), Hamish Miller and Paul Broadhurst follow this Templar trail;

"We were led to what was once the large Templar Priory at Temple Dinsley, now a school. The distinctive Templar church of St Martin's at Preston was also on the energy flow, and had an unusual feeling that made the evening sunlight seem strangely mystical, like molten gold."



Church of St Thomas of Canterbury, Lapford

Richard of Hastings, employed by Henry II (1133-89) in a diplomatic role (1154-89), was also confidant to martyred Archbishop, Thomas Becket of Canterbury (1118-1170), whose own dispute with that monarch led to his assassination. Pre-1287, Callarde had been entitled to ecclesiastical houses in the precinct of Canterbury Cathedral (scene of Becket's murder), property they later gifted to the monks of St Augustine's Abbey and those of Christ Church. How Callarde came by such rights of entitlement at the heart of English Christendom is uncertain. Suffice to say, as they also kept deed of land at Dinsley's Temple Priory through Becket's closest ally and England's Grand

Prior, hints that Callarde held very influential ties. They appear well placed, historically, socially and geographically to bear close witness to the altercation between Church and monarch, not least face the challenges caused by 21-years of dramatic aftermath that began with Becket's murder; viz. the ensuing social lamentation, widespread healing miracles, Becket's rapid canonisation (1173), the cathedral's ruinous fire (1174), its revolutionary gothic rebuild as a shrine to martyrdom (1184) and founding of the Templar Order of St Thomas of Canterbury at Acre (1191) familiar by its scallop shell-centred red cross (see first page).

Heart of Devonshire's Becket Cult

The essence of Becket had reached the south-west by ca. 1180. One of the four barons implicated in Becket's murder, William de Tracey, owned many Devonshire estates, two in Callarde's immediacy; viz. Nymet Tracey (now Bow) and Newton Tracey (near Templar Tawstock). Tracey partly served his penance by building churches devoted to the martyr, notably Lapford (Grade I) 8-miles south-east of Callarde. Devon has a total of 618 C of E churches (i.e. 1 church per 4 sq-miles of county, 2008). Only 9 are dedicated to Becket of which 4 reside in just a 12-mile radius of Callarde (i.e. 20% of Devon's 2590 sq-mile area), viz. Lapford, Newton Tracey, Puddington (4-miles from Templeton) and Northlew. Such high spatial incidence suggests this locale was markedly prevalent in Becket veneration and indeed resistant to its ban at the Reformation (1529-47) when the martyr's cult became outlawed by Royal decree; Becket's sainthood was annulled, his festivals banned and name removed from books, the Canterbury shrine destroyed and plundered, his corpse reportedly exhumed and burnt. It was also in this period when Callarde's Devon and Buckland (in Dover) mansions both fell.

In Search of Richard

Callarde's tie with Canterbury and Becket does not end with these historical facts but persist through the author's personal journey in this life. Soul Resonance (SR) indicators and synchronies have added a new dimension to support a past life role that has become my own unique Canterbury tale. For Canterbury, England's powercentre of Christendom since St Augustine's arrival (AD. 597), has been frequently named by no less than three separate clairvoyants, as have these relevant names:

"... in your life when you were a Templar ... I keep seeing two names ... **Richard-Thomas**, Richard-Thomas, all the time. And these are the names you could have been known by coming through the centuries."

—Carol Clarke, Welshseer, Jul 2011

Indeed, of the six generations of Callarde heirs in Devon (from 1360), the first and third were called Richard; the others comprised a William, 3 Johns but no Thomas. However, the sixth heir and last holder of the Templar mansion, John, did have an heir named Thomas (d. 1585), not "of Callarde" but "of Southcott" in Winkleigh (4-miles south with its two ruined castles); at the fall of Callarde's mansion, Thomas' father married the heiress of this ancient clan from Chudleigh (3-miles west of Bovey Tracey, land of William de Tracey!) These post-1360 genealogies of Devon's Callardes do appear consistent with Carol's claim. However, there is much more evidence suggesting that her insight refers to an historic pair of characters, not of Devon but of Kent in Becket's lifetime.

Virtually all my life has been spent in a few places along a 50-mile axis south-west of Bristol. So the two rare occasions to shift long-term from my native habitat are thus conspicuous, even imperative to my spiritual journey. One such occasion, long before Callarde consciously entered my life, was an unforeseen invite to study in Canterbury. There was a necessity to periodically live in the ancient-walled city (1994-2001) and lodgings were offered a mere ten minute walk from the Cathedral, its infamous north-west transept of martyrdom the vista from my room's only window. Those formative days of mature education were recounted in a reading years after my father's passing (1997);

"I'm getting Canterbury. It's your father talking about Canterbury. He says that he is proud of you at that time. It is a beautiful place. You are going back there again ... there is a reason."

—Glenda Bayley, Jul 2015



Stained glass window of Thomas Becket in Canterbury Cathedral

Immediately after these Canterbury insights and proof of my late father's spirit, Glenda saw my presence at an interment of a very important, wise and powerful male with white hair and beard, someone whom I honoured in learning; the name Thomas related to this man. With no one so far resembling this character or event in present life, Glenda's words painted only one impression in my mind, that of the hasty, unceremonious and covert burial of Becket by monks in the Cathedral's crypt shortly after his murder. This scenario would also neatly dovetail with other impartial readings two years earlier;

"For some reason, the name Benedict may be connected with you ... as I'm getting either a bishop or a monk, something to do with the

Church and your past lives. I'm definitely seeing robes and catholic garb. I feel the name of a king like Richard or Richard something ..."

—Andrew Chaplain, Feb 2013

"Can you take Kent? I'm getting Archbishop in a past life."

—Natalie Josephs, May 2013

The name "Ric-hard" arrived in England at the Conquest. It derives from the Germanic "Ric" meaning "ruler" (as in king) and "hard" denoting "strong"; hence strong ruler. Benedict was, in fact, the name of the Prior of Canterbury (1175-77), a witness to Becket's murder and present at his swift entombment. According to the chronicles of Canterbury monk, Gervase, Becket's body lay for hours where it had fallen around 5-7 pm on 29 Dec 1170. In those pre-midnight hours, the people of Canterbury gathered at the scene to pay homage, some daubing their hands and clothes in Becket's blood, a ritual claimed to bring phenomenal cures to everyday ailments. But one individual saw fit to swiftly prepare and inter Becket's body, safeguarding it from further mutilation. He was the martyr's lasting colleague and appointed Chaplain called Richard, the Benedictine Prior of Dover. Known simply as Richard of Dover, he became Becket's successor as Archbishop of Canterbury (1174-84) and the first Richard appointed as "head bishop" of All England.

And so the speculation and intriguing questions begin. Is this the Richard clad in Episcopal robes that Andrew and Natalie saw me as? Could this also be the same person whom Glenda glimpsed present at a Canterbury committal of a wise and learned Thomas? Is Carol's recurrent "Richard-Thomas" simply an expression of Richard's eternal soul bond with Becket's in successive lives? Can it be beyond usual coincidence that four unbiased psychic accounts of my past lives interlace just five common themes (see table) capturing a single eminent historical event? The spiritual info handed to me by seers does not hint of a past life in Becket's time as Callarde's Richard of Dinsley or

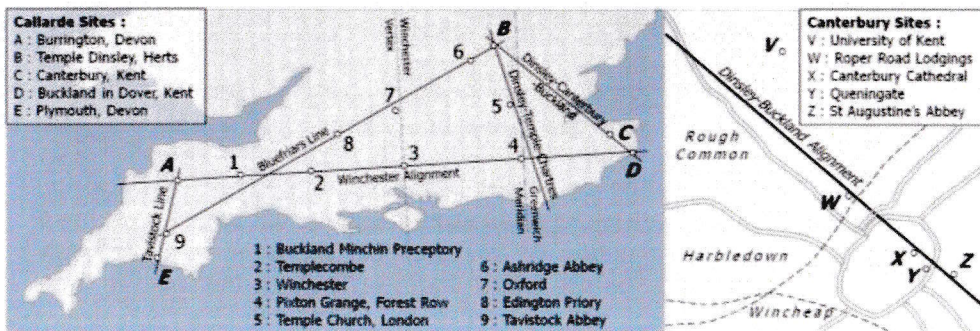
Psychic Theme	Carol	Glenda	Andrew	Natalie
Richard	✓		✓	
Thomas	✓	✓		
Canterbury-Kent		✓		✓
(Arch) Bishop			✓	✓
Becket's Burial		✓	✓	

of Hastings, not even as Tracey's accomplice, Richard the Bret. Instead, as the soul of the man who secured Becket's body in the earth and his onward passage to the afterlife. Richard of Dover is also interred at Canterbury Cathedral.

Working with SR methods and discerning experiential synchronies have so far supported this notion. SR is a provable phenomenon and a fresh objective means able to show how soul relations are tied both in time

and to the historic landscape. The result is an exquisite array of divine pre-natal patterns, axes and centres. Findings from researching my own path causes me to teach SR's founding principle : viz. the soul "returns" along pathways and to places frequented in past timelines. With related souls "returning" too, the likelihood of familiar encounters and continuity of shared experiences will prevail. When such events are charted across the land, an energy network emerges pertaining to the soul's past and thus its transmigration from one body to another. In my case, five resultant axes link my soul with Callarde as shown below (left). That which I label the *Winchester Alignment* (see Issues 21 & 22) not only pioneered the SR sensation but also establishes Callarde's tie in antiquity with Dover, native home to Richard! Also shown below (right) is the *Dinsley-Buckland in Dover* axis through Canterbury in relation to my destined path this lifetime in view of the cathedral (W). It also identifies positions of Callarde's houses at St Augustine's Abbey and Queningate.

In terms of time resonances, Lambeth Palace holds no record of Richard's birth date, so excluding direct comparison with my own. However, it does give that Becket was born 21 Dec at the Winter Solstice. The most common pattern emerging from case studies between related souls is that of mutually aligned solar longitudes (or dates) of key events, usually natal dates. Being born 24 Jun at the Summer Solstice, my incarnation strongly resonates with Becket's. Yet of all the signs linking with Becket, none has been more convincing and powerful than my 86-year old mother's passing, it having occurred (as if a spiritual reminder) on 29 Dec at 7:30 pm –the date and time of the martyr's fall. If this was not emphatic enough, cause of death was not the condition triggering her hospitalisation but the systematic and furtive withdraw of care, alias the Liverpool Pathway –an express route to the hereafter. Like Richard, I witnessed the taking of a loved one and, at the time, I too was helpless to prevent such an action. Now I realise the great significance of the hidden spiritual message it contained.



Article 2/Part 1 Lifting Christ's Loincloth

Continuing **The Missing Revelations** as deleted from the book **BEHOLD JERUSALEM!** - *The discovery of the Zodiacal miracle buried within the foundations of England, Wales and N. Ireland.* By Graham K.Griffiths.

Those who have already read my book will know how horrified I was when first I stumbled over this totally unlooked for 48 mile tall depiction of the Crucified Christ upon the peaks of Cumbria, because what the hell had the Christ/Christianity to do with Astrology? Yes, I'd earlier suspected his presence around that swallowed little fish in the Dartmoor gut of the giant fish of Pisces, but never ever thought for one moment that I'd spot his own gigantic depiction amongst the rest of the star giants. Indeed, placed as he is at the very northern height of England, and thus visually towering above all the other giants upon his 300mile tall Cross, it seems the Land has purposely lifted him up, along with I assume the strange message he brings, as the absolute pinnacle of this entire miracle underfoot - there simply can't be any other way to see this his so prominent placement within Britain's celestial floor plan.

But oh how I tried so damned hard *not* to see him on the evening he first came storming into view from off the Ordinance Survey map, and this his arrival happening all within a few devastating and tear filled moments which caused me to cry out in abject fear for my own sanity – see my book. In hindsight, however, and with William Blake's electrifying "*And did the countenance Divine Shine forth upon our clouded hills?*" still ringing in my ears, I know that if I'd have chickened-out of giving him his own chapter I would not only have robbed this miracle of its crowning glory, but so too its final, and utterly mind-boggling crescendo – a crescendo which only came to pass a few months *after* my book's publication, and when I drove up to Cumbria for to experience in person this Christ for the first time.

The events surrounding that visit must, alas, wait for another article, but just know that the events which followed will both haunt and fascinate me until the day I die. In the meantime allow me to firstly reinstate that which I sadly deleted from even the chapter which relates to this dazzlingly land-crafted Christ, for this, and although I didn't know it at the time, will itself supply the spark which will ignite that final 'crescendo', indeed, that which will forever remain as *the shock of my entire life!*

BOOK FOR OUR SPINE OF ALBION MOOT NOW (page 6)

So the catalyst for that coming crescendo-cum-shock, and which would pretty well mug me a few years further on down the line, began with me spotting seven provocative [to me, anyway] place names all strung out beneath this Christ's green loincloth, and when joining up those dots I then found that I had inadvertently unveiled a 10mile long image which I think would have had the Egyptian priests of some 5000+ years ago dropping to their knees in awe. For myself, however, well I needed to delve a whole lot deeper beneath that loincloth before dirtying my own knees.

You see, this name-spotting routine had been a very enjoyable pastime in my digging out of all the terrestrial star giants I'd found, for many times had a place name suddenly jumped into view and which seemed to uncannily verify the zodiacal giant upon which it was located. As an example I remind you of the place I've already mentioned in my previous article, this the hamlet of *Nateby*, and perched as it is upon the edge of this Cumbrian Christ's right buttock/hip, and which although initially meaning zilch to me turned out to be Old English – *nate* meaning *buttock*, thus Nateby must surely mean *By the Buttock*. Delightful.

Anyway, 3 miles northwest of Nateby, and but a mile away [a gnat's whisker on this scale] from that same right hand edge of his loincloth, the place name of *Soulby* [by the Soul?] then leapt out at me, and what with me surveying the body of Christ, the humour of Nateby fled away and left me instantly on high alert. Intuitively, and in this sparsely populated area, and hence not many place names to latch onto, my eye then dashed 3 miles east of Soulby and to the next place marked on the map, and because we're now in effect looking *beneath* his loincloth, this happened to be located directly upon the spot where would be his genital area – but there was no graphically sculpted penis/phallus to be seen, just the name of *Kaber*, another hamlet in the middle of rolling greenery – neither was it a name with any inference whatsoever towards anything sexual...or so I thought.

Sitting there musing that name, however, a bit of that Nateby-style humour returned so as to put a twinkle back in my eye, for the Scottish border isn't all that far away from here, and do forgive me, but I couldn't help *not* thinking of their 'Caber' [that tree trunk-cum-pole] and their love of 'tossing' it! Silly school boy humour? Sure, but I sensed something playful leading me on, and this not for the first time on this my questing after the *Impossible*, for this whole zodiacal miracle of Britain [which first caught my eye when I was 11 years old]

has it's very essence and birthing from out of this same happy and playful signposting of the Way.

That same happy-go-lucky little boy still within me the man insisted I then phone the nearest local library I could find to Kaber with the simple question of "Do you know of any meaning behind that rather interesting village name of Kaber?" The librarian who picked the phone up [sounded an older lady, and judging from her rich accent to be herself local to the area] informed me that she did not know of any background to the name, but did playfully rebuke my own pronunciation of it, by telling me that in the local dialect it should rather be pronounced as "Kaba", or was that even "Kaaba" she'd said? Either way, she'd said enough; and yet although it had the boy in me beaming, I the man was left most definitely frowning!

Whatever, with her "Kaba/Kaaba" in the bag my finger tip was in a flash continuing out of that village eastwards again [yet still over these same loins] upon an unmarked country lane, and to where 1 mile further on the next marked spot laughed out of the map – this no more than one or two buildings going by the name of *Duckintree*; a disconcerting 'quack' if ever I heard one, and one far too frivolous to trouble a librarian with, so I left the duck in its tree...at least for the present. Not stopping, my digit raced on another mile eastwards on that same loin-lane until *Oxenthwaite* then came into view, and with it a slight glimmer of recognition, but of what? Still staying with this same lane for another 1.25 miles then had the intriguing sound of *Barras* call out of the map, this again but a scattering of dwellings and farms, and although intriguing, the sound still didn't strike any immediate chords for me. Now from here my finger tip could well have just carried on with this quiet lane until in a few extra miles I could see it get sucked into the thundering and chaotic A66, and this just seemed wrong, as to go further than this barrier would have taken me beyond both this Christ's loins, and so too his left hip, thus beyond his body – a deafening dead end then? So I stopped for a cerebral breather, and hoped a little intuition might come into play and guide both my eye and finger tip – and it did. With my finger poised above Barras I then saw sprouting from this lane a very distinctive disused railway line, indeed visually, it was almost an alternative continuation of the lane itself, so I let my finger walk me along its great jaw shaped curve of long gone track, and after half a mile the desolate spot marked on the map sent a strange shiver of *knowing* down my spine – it said *Mouthlock*.

Now this is where I struggle to put across to you just how that name grabbed me - akin to an electric shock, it had the pulse in my wrist jumping through my skin, in fact, just in bringing this back to mind now does exactly the same thing to me. Let me just say that as I looked back along this approx 7-8 mile long lane, which my finger tip had just travelled along but a minute or two before, I instantly knew that if I joined up the dots of those six place names along its length the odd, but to my eye very distinctive shape that would be almost nearly completed would be that of the distinctive seven star constellation of the Great Bear/The Plough/Ursa Major - so I simply needed one more place name-cum-star dot so as to turn this journey, begun at Soulby, into a replica of that constellation which revolves nightly around The Pole Star. I looked again at that sparsely populated area of pastoral beauty on my map and stabbed my digit down to where, just for fun, I reckoned a seventh place name should be in order to complete this same constellation upon the loins of Cumbria's Christ. However, when I lifted my finger and saw the place beneath it, my jaw gapped open, and with it came a sharp intake of breath, for this miniscule dot on the map which completed a constellation, and which is connected to Mouthlock via a mile of footpath, was but a single cottage by a stream, and the name it cried out with was *Gillbank*. "So what?" you may think, but the reason I myself cried out was because that same, and on the face of it, uninteresting name, albeit written as Gill Bank, marks the very place of this Christ's own mouth some 20 miles away to the north - and this name likewise belonging to yet another lonely and ancient dwelling by a stream.

OK, mildly interesting, but why would a chap 'cry out' at finding such? In answer, I knew that that constellation of the Great Bear was the very shape of a small hand-held tool which the Priests of Ancient Egypt used in what is today thought to be their most sacred rite of all - this *The Opening of the Mouth Ceremony* - a rite performed upon the deceased Pharaoh so as to pretty well *resurrect* him by placing this hooked star tool/adze over the teeth of his lower jaw and pulling downwards so as to open it, thereby allowing his soul to either re-enter/reanimate his body, or else to leave and fly away to the region of the heavens where the dead lived again - this the region of that constellation of Ursa Major....hence the shape of the sacred tool used by the priests. Indeed, so important was this Ceremony that it's gigantically depicted in all its graphic glory on the wall mural that dazzles us to this day alongside the sarcophagus of the boy Pharaoh Tutankhamun. Now, upon the body of this Cumbrian Christ, with this adze of Resurrection hidden beneath his loin cloth, and what with

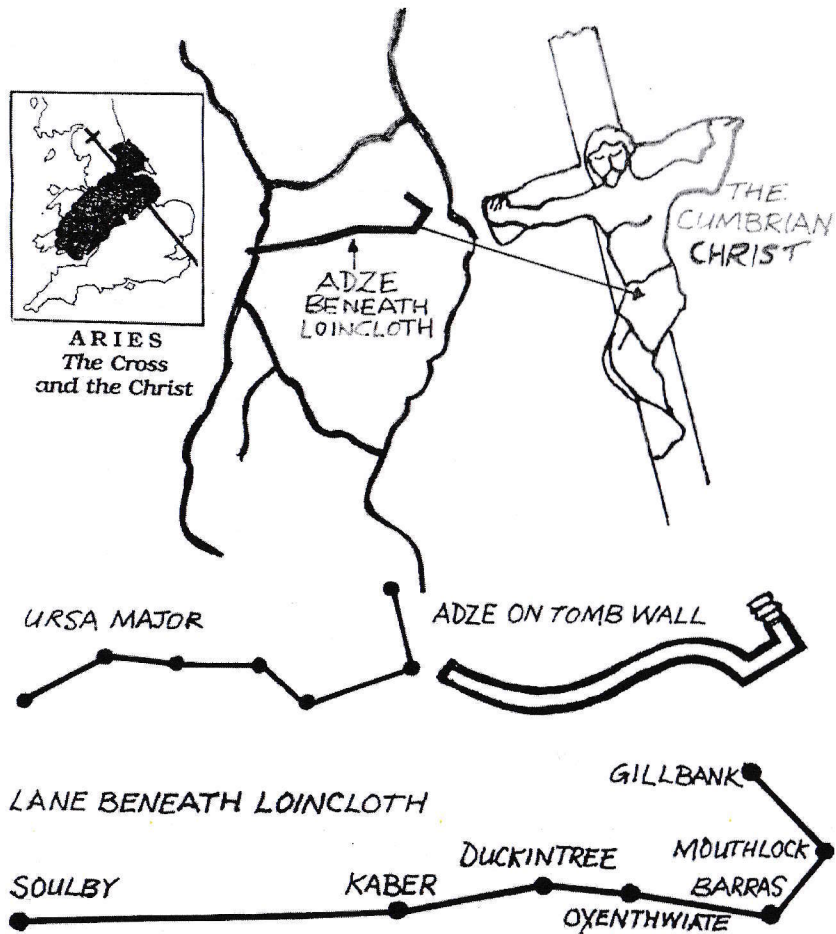
Soulby written upon its handle, *Mouthlock* upon its hook, and with *Gillbank* [echoing the very name upon this Christ's mouth] written upon the very tip which would actually slot into the dead Pharaoh's mouth, can you blame me for rapidly putting two and two together and 'getting' the shocking picture to the effect *that this starry hook was destined for Christ's mouth too?*

Think about it! In short, we are talking 'Resurrection', and this, because we're here standing upon the loins of him who is the very symbol of the same, I think demands our urgent attention - it certainly grabbed mine, and still does to this very day!

But there's yet much more to add into this potentially mind-blowing equation, for look again - see that this constellation shaped tool is also *this* path across these loins of Christ, and as we walk it we'll be following what can only be the *Path of the Soul* itself, its route[remember, we started at Soulby/By the Soul] both prior to birth and after death, indeed, it could even be showing us the rudiments of how we too may be able to resurrect ourselves, for what other reason could there be behind this staggering unveiling in a location, where if anything, the life giving genitalia should be, but in place of the obvious we find instead a life giving tool - an instrument intended to give life back to the dead....*including Christ?* We shall see.

Needless to say, and with such a strange theory now suddenly looming ever so large, we shall now have to look deeper still into those seven place names strung so provocatively across the green loins of this colossal Christ - seven place names which we'll see not only mirror the placements of those seven stars of Ursa Major, but will also prove beyond doubt that they are likewise singing of that very same mysterious Opening of the Mouth Ceremony. Moreover, know in advance that this their staggering song will indeed lead us both wide eyed and opened mouthed to this entire Zodiac's last and most earth-shaking message of all.

Soulby/By the Soul - the first place name/star. Since man's first asking of the question "Is there a life after death?" the subject of the Soul has been of paramount importance to virtually every spiritual/religious school of thought ever conceived, and placed here upon the Christ, placed likewise both upon the handle of a magic tool used 5000+ years ago to bring about the resurrection of deceased Pharaohs, and this tool itself shaped so as to mimic that constellation where it was thought the Soul of the deceased flew to in order to live again,



well, I think already that Soulby is speaking volumes for itself. And yes, so explicitly does this one name tell us that we're on the right track of thought that I could happily move straight on to Kaber without further ado – except, that is, we can't, for someone has left a problem upon our path, and one designed to make us *stop dead* in our tracks. You see, someone, sometime, has felt the need to give the otherwise glittering waters which pass through Soulby, the uncomfortable name of *Scandal Beck*.

Scandal, what scandal? Could it be a sign, even this early in our attempt to follow the Path of the Soul, that there is no such thing as a Soul anyway, and

that the whole concept has been either a prolonged and outrageous lie, this for the purpose of religion [under whatever name] keeping a hold upon the faithful, because let's face it, the threat of Death/Purgatory has always been big business for them...or else has this concept of a Soul all been simply a sad misconception snatched at by mankind's desperate need for some kind of Hope of a life after death? Either way, the blunt answer to both questions would be that the prospect of that life after death is pretty well shot to pieces, and with it most religious/spiritual systems debunked overnight. Then again, if we really do have such a thing as a Soul, could the *real scandal* alluded to here be the fact that most organised religions [with the exception of those beliefs of Ancient Egypt] have from 'the year dot,' *purposefully* kept from us the full truth of our Soul's heritage and potential, both before and after death, fearing such knowledge could perhaps render those same 'God fearing' hierarchies of no further use to us? Whichever way you read this glaring *Scandal*, written so emphatically upon the waters that pass through Soulby, it's hard not to see it as a sign that some muddying of these waters pertaining to the Soul has gone on, and thus leaving us with the nasty taste that we may well have been kept in the dark, one way or another, about something of immense importance relating to the Soul. These disturbing thoughts certainly intensify when we learn too that this word 'scandal' comes from the Greek *Skandalon*, and which means *Stumbling Block*. Double confirmation, it seems that whether it be a Scandal or a Stumbling Block, that *something* extremely negative has been purposefully thrown in the way of the truth surrounding this potential journey of the Soul, indeed, thrown right across the very path of us, and anyone else who has ever attempted to set out and follow this same course – an obstacle designed to trip us up before we've even started – why?

Actually, this phrase 'stumbling block' has been used many times throughout the Bible, even Jesus used it when he said to Peter "Get behind me Satan! You are a stumbling block to me..." Matthew 16:23. Certainly, wherever this phrase is used in the Bible it is used in the sense of something which is preventing the truth from being seen. For instance, to those who have "shut off the Kingdom from people" this was said "Thou shalt not put a stumbling block before the blind" Leviticus 19:14. And this from Isaiah 57:14; He will say "Cast up, cast up, prepare the way, take up the stumbling block out of the way of my people." I think we get the message, it implies 'blocks' to spiritual truth, and it seems these obstacles are placed by those who would rather keep us in the dark – indeed, sometimes these 'blocks' can even be self-imposed by way of a 'closed

mind', and this perhaps the weightiest 'block' of all. Disturbing, then, to again find one plonked especially here at the very start of this Path of the Soul, for I say again that's exactly the path we are now to follow beneath this loincloth of Christ, and which will itself lead finally into his very own mouth....thus, with a 'open mind' know that nothing, but nothing is going to stop us now! So from Soulby, here on the side of his right hip, we now step bravely right over that *block* and head crow-like 3 miles east to Kaber, provocatively placed exactly where his phallus *should be*, but isn't....*but then again!*

Kaber [Kaba] = Kaaba = the Ka and Ba, this the second place name/star. That silky Cumbrian voice of the elderly librarian, nevertheless, came down the phone line to me like a bellow, for her kindly rebuke as to the local pronunciation of Kaber being "Kaba" put me in an instant whirl of both excitement and trepidation, for those first few flippant seconds of me toying with a Scottish *caber* suddenly melted into not only the sound of Ancient Egypt's *Ka* and *Ba*, but so too the more daunting prospect of the name *Kaaba*....yes, that most holiest place in all Islam seemingly likewise making itself known here upon, of all places, the genitals of Christ! Surely not?

Anyway, let's deal first with the *Ka* and *Ba*, and which to the Ancient Egyptians were the two most important aspects in their complex conception of, wait for it....the *Soul*; and yes, this Kaba [hidden within the name Kaber] is just 3 miles on from Soulby! Simply, to the Egyptians the *Ka* entered the mouth at birth with the first breath, and was in effect the animator or Life-spark to that body. Moreover, they saw this *Ka* as the Double, or Twin of that newly born, and only leaving that body, and again via the mouth, upon point of death - this a concept not too unlike our own thoughts pertaining to the Spirit. The *Ba*, on the other hand, again entering the mouth at birth, they saw as being the undying essence of that body's personality, and upon death leaving via the mouth in the form of a bird with a human head. Both *Ka* and *Ba* then joining as one transfigured spirit known as the *Akh*, and in such form would take flight to the Afterlife/Paradise, a region located amongst those stars which never, unlike other constellations, drift out of sight from their circuit around the unmoving Pole Star - these primarily belonging to the '7 stars apiece' constellations of both Ursa Major and Ursa Minor.

However, and with that librarian's own local pronunciation ringing in my ears, that telephone line of tingling thought re the *Ka* and *Ba* had me in the next moment worrying my way beyond Egypt to Mecca, because who could not hear

at the same time the sound of "Kaaba", again that most sacred site in all Islam, that 'Black Cube' and focus for millions of Muslims the world over - and yeah, on the face of it, standing as we are here upon the genital area of Christ, a most confusing prospect to conjure with.....or is it? I ask this because judging by the pre-Islamic usage of this same site/building we may hopefully find ourselves not quite so flummoxed after all.

Surprisingly then, and prior to Islam, the location where the Kaaba stands today stood another building devoted to a Pagan polytheism orientated towards the worship of the Goddess, and although Muhammad rid the place of a total of 360 idols that he found here, he seemingly kept the one most revered by those Pagans, this being that mysterious 'Black Stone' [thought to be a large meteorite] and which, like the Pagans before them, pilgrims to the Kaaba today still kiss, for Muhammad had it built into the eastern corner of the Kaaba's interior wall, and there becoming its very corner stone. It is this stone then, itself such a focus within this 'Cubic focus' of all Islam, which I'd like us, albeit here strangely stood upon Cumbrian soil, to now focus upon.

The story of this stone begins with it reputedly falling from the sky and landing at the feet of Adam and Eve. However, another version as Abraham, the first builder of a sanctuary here, stating that it was the angel Gabriel who presented the stone to him. Anyway, in time Abraham's holy sanctuary fell into the hands of the Goddess worshipping Bedouin tribes of the area, and that Black Stone became an object of fertility rites wherein women were said to have rubbed their genitalia against it in hope of increasing their own fertility, indeed, the word '*Hajj*', which today signifies the Islamic pilgrimage to the Kaaba, is seemingly derived from '*Hack*', the Arabic for '*friction*'. And yes, a Matriarchal system once occupying the spot where the Patriarchal Kaaba now stands seems a case of extreme polar opposites, and yet in Guillaume's translation of *Ibn Ishaq*, he an early biographer of Muhammad, it's shown that today's 7 times circumambulation around the Kaaba by pilgrims is itself an echo of an earlier pagan fertility rite at this same place, for it is recorded that such was once performed by naked men, and semi naked women.

Again, such Goddess/fertility rite references situated anywhere near the Kaaba would seem today a totally uncomfortable proposition for further debate. Yet that Black Stone, itself having been such a magnet to those earlier fertility rites, and now embedded as it is as a corner stone within their holiest of places, *is still* an object of deep reverence which pilgrims still attempt to touch or to kiss as

once did those earlier pagans. Moreover, so revered is it today that it has now been encased all around by a large silver oval frame, and this of such a clear and detailed design that it is well nigh impossible to see it as anything other than a vulva, and wherein that large round Black Stone visually becomes the epitome of a baby's head a moment or two before birth. And please understand that this is not just my own artistic 'take' on the above, but one that has already been many times over reiterated by other observers.

Before we move on to our next port of call along this Cumbrian Path of the Soul, because that's exactly how this route is going to pan out, let's just take-in, and take with us, a break-down of that which we've just accrued via this overlaying of the Kaaba upon Cumbria's own Kaber, or as the Liberian insisted, *Kaba*.

Firstly, and whether that mysterious Black Stone, again thought to be a meteorite, first fell at the feet of Adam and Eve [it is said that the Kaaba was built directly upon the spot where it landed] or was a gift to Abraham from the angel Gabriel, it's apparent that it was endowed with a most sacred aura, an aura which to me has the strong vibe of the '*Seed of God*' about it. Why so? Well, to the Ancient Egyptians the sight of a falling meteorite was to them to see the bright long-tailed ejaculation of God seeding the earth, the Earth Mother herself, and when seeing such fall at the feet of Adam and Eve, or in the hands of Gabriel, he who came to the Virgin Mary to inform her, in words to the effect that she carried the seed of God, I think the shared imagery here presents us with a tempting link. Likewise, when taking into account those fertility rites wherein pagan women rubbed their genitalia against this same stone in hope of pregnancy, along with the strange fact that this stone is today encased around by an unmistakable vulva, the link to 'God's own Seed' becomes hard to ignore. But let's chalk-up some more pointers as to us being upon the right track of thought.

Take too then that amazing sight of thousands upon thousands of present day Muslims upon their *Hajj* pilgrimage as they swirl 7 times around the Kaaba in their so called *circumambulation* of the same [seemingly as their pagan predecessors did] and remind yourself that there just so happens to be 7 stars in that constellation of Ursa Major/region of the Afterlife, just as there are 7 places names along this Cumbrian route and which when joined up just so happen to mirror the exact shape of those northern *circumpolar* stars [not to mention that Opening of the Mouth tool] as they themselves rotate around that heavenly, and

unmoving, focus which is the Pole Star/Polaris – that very star which shows mariners the way home, and which in turn, perchance, shows us who endeavour to journey along a very strange path indeed, that we're not lost either.

The last two titbits we should take forward with us from Kaber are as follows: firstly the fact that to those pre-Islamic tribes their Goddess, *al-Uzzah*, meaning *The Mighty*, was identified with the planet Venus, the Morning Star [just as the Virgin Mary herself was] and secondly, the very weird fact that this al-Uzzah was worshipped as a 'thigh bone', and as such was she shaped from a slab of granite which once stood alongside that Black Stone. Now later on in our journey we'll find this same weird 'thigh bone' imagery cropping-up again in other cultures as a code for a penis/phallus [enticing, considering where we stand] but for now just take onboard the fact that to the Ancient Egyptians that constellation of Ursa Major [and every time I mention Ursa Major you must also remember that I'm also saying "Opening of the Mouth tool" too] was envisioned by them as a *Thigh!* Seems wherever we roam along this Cumbrian path we're never far from Ancient Egypt.

Anyway, add all this Kaber/Ka/Ba/Kaaba and 'fertility' stuff up, not forgetting that meteorites = God's sperm; even, if you like, include that school boy's 'tossing of the Caber-cum-pole', and then slap it all wham-bang upon, of all places, this genital area of Cumbria's Crucified Christ....we'll, we've got something highly taboo immerging from out of some deep forgotten, or heavily censored past, and which for me is as disquieting as it is so utterly spellbinding. Onwards then to see *Donald Duck stuck in a tree!*

Duckintree, the third place name/star. Ok, Ok, I admit it - in my finger tracing a line from Soulby to Gillbank, and getting the same old excited 'buzz of expectation' as I'd had so many times before in my rooting out of Britain's star giants, that place of Duckintree stood out like that waddling cartoon character – in truth the words *Wild, Goose, and Chase* came cackling to mind! However, that same happy and tingling vibe which had drawn me to Soulby and Kaber still held sway, and so it was that when I did return to this charmingly named place less than a mile down the lane from Kaber [a place of nothing more than a small group of, I presume, farm buildings] for to see what if anything lay waiting in its name, I was indeed greeted with yet another yell of joy emanating from Ancient Egypt [where else?!] and with it another bright, albeit unexpected, beacon pointing the way along this Path of the Soul. In short, I've always found that if I was on the right track that proof of the same would come quickly or not

at all, and naturally enough my first enquiry regarding 'birds in trees' had to be within the realms of Egyptian mythology – although again without holding out too much hope....but I should have had more faith, as I was within a few moments spinning in my chair and laughing out loud!

You see, that image of a human headed bird we came across when delving into Kaber/Kaba = Ka/Ba, and representative of the winged Ba/Soul, was imagined to actually perch upon the upper branches of the so called *World Tree* [like the Pole Star, a kind of celestial axis point] and whose branches touched the very stars. Perched here then, between Heaven and Earth, would the individual Ba's wait either to enter a new born child via its first breath as a new Soul incarnate, or else via the last breath of one deceased, would rise up to these same branches before that Soul would take flight to the Afterlife somewhere amongst those northern constellations. And what lovely imagery this is; a starry Tree, roosting place for both coming and going Souls, and this less than 4 miles from Soulby/By Soul, with Kaber's own Ka and Ba imagery in between – just perfect!

Typically me, however, it wasn't long after my chair stopped spinning that I had a pang of "But surely a duck is a somewhat clumsy depiction of the winged Ba/Soul, for to the Egyptians it was seen as a far sleeker falcon/hawk type of bird, albeit with its own sleek aerodynamics compromised a tad by the cumbersome addition of a human head!" Indeed, did ducks even perch in trees anyway?

Happily, I soon found that some ducks do indeed perch, and even nest in trees, and although these Wood Ducks are not native to Britain, they do turn up here and can be seen in the wild via their migratory routes, or as escapees from local reserve/private breeders. That said, I also found that our own common Mallard are themselves occasionally partial to both roosting and nesting in trees....not to mention, in hanging baskets too! With that you would have thought I'd have been laughing again, but no, I wanted far more – so back to Egypt I went. This time I wanted to know a little more about the actual tree wherein the Ba would perch – this their star-touching *World Tree*.

Seems they saw this tree as a mighty Sycamore under the especial guardianship of their great Goddess *Hathor, Mistress of the Sycamore*. Interestingly, the Goddess *al-Uzza*, whom we met down the lane at Kaber, is herself often

equated as the Middle Eastern Hathor - but like Oliver I still held my bowl up for more, and to get it I now needed to hunt specifically Egyptian duck.

Hunt as I may, I found no mention of any Nile paddling duck which had a penchant for perching in their sacred Sycamore, until, that is, I came across the three hieroglyphic characters which made up the name of Hathor – the middle character being a duck standing beneath the sun, and which I learnt was her sign [a duck being personally sacred to her] to the effect that she was a Daughter of the Sun God *Ra*. Simply put, Hathor = Duck, and Duck + Sycamore = *Duckintree* = The World Tree, roosting place of the Ba! When much later on, and just for the hell of it, I typed 'Duck Symbolism' into Google, and got back such perfect 'Soul food' as '*Because they could both walk on water and soar into the air, they were seen as a sign of freedom*', along with '*Many cultures believed them to be a symbol of eternal life, and a link between Heaven and Earth*', well perhaps I wasn't going totally 'quackers' after all.

Lastly, and before we again move on, I'd just like to mention that if there is indeed a tall Sycamore, or any other type of tree for that matter, standing at this place of Duckintree, and should a duck, or any other type of bird, perch upon its upper branches they'd spy one farm not far from the actual road sign and whose own name will be of welcome encouragement, especially so if that bird is indeed a Soul preparing to wing its way back to the stars, for let me tell you that that farm across the way is seemingly set as another neon signpost which points towards Home – it's called *Starrah*. And no, you really couldn't make it up....and yes, when spotting it I was again spinning in my chair and shouting "Hurrah for Starrah!". Thanks Donald.

Oxenthwaite, the fourth place name/star. In less than a mile from Duckintree [now a *Soul in a Tree*] and still finger tip-strolling down this same constellation of a lane, we come next to another scattering of peaceful farm buildings - but boy, what a 'Blast from the Egyptian Past' booms out of the unassuming road sign which spells out the name Oxenthwaite. And yes, I've already told you how the Ancient Egyptians saw that constellation of Ursa Major, that final destination of the Soul, as the Great Thigh, but I didn't tell you that they saw this same thigh, or foreleg, as belonging to an Ox/Bull! We are not 'Lost Souls' – we are heading home to the stars, and have an Ordinance Survey map to prove it! And as we go keep in mind how in my next article I'll show you how a *thigh* was once a weird code for *penis*....and speaking of a penis, let's stride forth to Barras.

Barras, the fifth place name/star. In another mile and a bit, and with Ursa Major now well and truly taking shape beneath our feet, this magical lane brings us to, you've guessed it, another scattering of farms and rural dwellings. And of course, the first name-vibe certainly came as a hint towards the already mentioned *Ba*, and thus would make a nice tie-up with that *Ka* just down the lane in Kaber. However, I felt this allusion to the *Ba* to be a wee bit too easy, so decided to firstly have a poke around for any English meanings behind the name, and brought up only that once upon a time the surname of Barras, oddly enough, meant a *Tradesman*, and was also sometimes used as short for *Barrister* – not very Soul inspiring. After then dropping the 'B' and from *arras* getting only a *tapestry wall hanging*, I just knew that I was searching in the wrong area, for although this place was of English soil, it was, and as per the vibe around the other places, probably going to speak of a more eastern lineage. Suffice to say, it was again into the dusty storerooms of both Ancient Egypt and the Middle East that I now returned.

My first find, however, was of a curiously mixed English and Egyptian variety [nothing new there] as it seems that Barras was suspected to be a corruption of *barrow*, as in ancient burial mounds; while according to Herodotus a *bier* to the Ancient Egyptians was termed a *bar*. OK, a tenuous linkage perhaps, but when talking 'Soul stuff', along this of all country lanes, surely the subject of 'death' can't be too far away?.....and it isn't, as to both Arab and Hebrew eyes Ursa Major was indeed seen as *The Bier!*; the last 4 stars at the mouth/hook end [of that Opening of the Mouth adze] forming a box, and this was perceived as the Bier bit, while the other 3 stars [in our adze the 3 that form the handle] were allocated as 3 mourners. Nice to know then, that in our terrestrial Ursa Major Barras would mirror the placement of the lower left hand star of that box/bier/bar in the sky. Charming too, again because this lane is shaped as The Great Bear/Ursa Major, was the fact that Barras was also once an ancient surname which denoted someone who lived by a *bearwes*, meaning a grove....a grove that once had a bear lurking in it?

I then went sieving through ancient Babylonian/Assyrian/Sumerian usages [cultures not without cross-pollination links to Ancient Egypt] for similar Barras-like words, and although finding no identical fit, the following 'bits'n bobs' certainly tantalised. For instance, *Barra* meant a *holy sanctuary/shining house*, and with that I was again thinking of Kaber/Kaaba just down the road. The sound of '*Barra*' was also voiced in magical incantations, and meant

"*Begone!*"- and whether rightly or wrongly, I wondered if ever a priest knelt at the bed of one deceased, and with that sacred adze pulled its mouth open; commanding then that Soul, and with that one word "Barra!", to leave that body via the mouth and so return Home to the Stars. Or did such a priest ever pull a jaw open so as to allow a Soul to *return* via the mouth, and thus it would be Death which would be commanded to *Begone!* – as a result that deceased one resurrected on the spot? I can hear "*Bonkers!*" in reply to that one, but before you dismiss it as such I only ask that you hear me out, not only in this particular article, but so too the articles which follow - for now though, it's back to the word search.

More sniffing around found that *Bara* also meant *iron*, and with that know that the Opening of the Mouth tool/adze was sometimes **made from the iron found in fallen meteorites....the ejaculated semen of their god Atum**, remember! And yep, when those Priests inserted such an adze into the mouth of the deceased they were likewise inserting Atum's sperm too....the corpse was in effect swallowing Life back into itself, indeed, in my coming articles this, for the moment, purely poetic allusion to the swallowing sperm for the purpose of resurrection will ignite into something of crucial importance, and with it that word 'allusion' will go straight out of the window!

Bara also meant *axe head*, which even my dictionary relates to an *adze*. However, the two words which tantalised the most were *Bar-sil*, meaning *groin*, and *Bar-us-sa* meaning *erect penis*. Now just think about it - Bar-us-sa, so could Barras itself be the centuries old outcome of so many Cumbrian tongues attempting to wrap themselves around that foreign sounding *Baruss-a*, and this erect penis vibe, albeit in a foreign tongue, subliminally prompted by that 'Consciousness' exuding from underfoot – here upon the very groin of this Land Christ? If so, and as I've already mentioned, this would not be the first time in this vast terrestrial zodiac that men have unknowingly aided and abetted this miraculous manifestation via naming a place so as to uncannily gild exactly that which lay unseen, yet magically evolving beneath their own hearths. Having said that, however, I accept that neither of all the above words/sounds are identical to our Barras, but with us again standing here *beneath* a loincloth, and in the context of what we've found buried in the place names already visited, I believe these 'close-fits', especially that last one, to be far too tantalising to discard out of hand.

Before we leave Barras, I think I should mention that one could, because the few buildings here are so widely dispersed, be easily forgiven for driving straight through without really being aware of the fact, except, that is, for two things. First of all, the very clear road sign, quickly followed by the sudden and forlorn sight of a boarded-up roadside pub, although when I drove past some 14 years ago, I still couldn't help stopping, not in the faint hope that there was still refreshment to be had, but to simply stand and admire its peeling sign – this the once welcoming *Slip Inn*. Sure, a delightful name to have once tempted in both passing motorists and tired rambler alike, but on this magical adze shaped route, knowing that such a tool was destined to be 'slipped into' the mouth of a deceased Pharaoh in order to literally yank the jaw open, and knowing too that our next destination is to be *Mouthlock*, well, I hope you're chuckling now as much as I was all those years ago.

Mouthlock, the sensational sixth place name/star. As earlier mentioned, from Barras this country road, which has led us so tellingly onwards from Kaber, heads straight for the noise and fumes of the A66 [this highway defining the edge Christ's left hip] and is there annihilated, leaving me with the strong gut feeling that from Barras there'd be sign of another route to follow, for I sensed that my finger on the map was being urged not to simply call it a day at Barras, but to carry on hovering like a hawk looking for its next target. Indeed, ever since Barras I'd started to get a weird gut-feeling that this joined-up line of place name dots were already hinting at that subtle, but nevertheless uniquely shaped 'handle section' of the Opening of the Mouth adze/Ursa Major, and thus the hawk looked towards a shot at maybe completing such a shape....if only for fun. However, within a split second I knew that this my playful little 'look-see' would have some rather dumfounding implications, for it was the name **Mouthlock** which brought the hawk quickly back down to earth with a squeal! My digit upon the map fled ½ mile from Barras to what was a monstrous jaw shaped cutting through solid rocks and where once hurtled steam engines, the track now dismantled but seemingly still reverberating! - Mouthlock, written here of all places, screamed in my face "**Locked Jaw**" and this quickly followed by another yell of "**Open It!**" - and with a quick look back to Soulby it then pleaded "**Let Soul Out**", or more profoundly, was it rather "**Let Soul back in!**"? Suddenly I was seized by an imploring line on a map which had a Soul at one end, and now this Mouth at the other, and I shook like a leaf, sensing that 'something' extraordinary was coming my way, like the ghost of one of those bygone steam trains thundering out of a long disused tunnel - I knew I was

indeed on the right track, albeit heading fast towards something inescapably taboo! I knew too that this spellbinding route needed one more place name to complete the sharp angle needed so as to mimic that tool which could indeed unlock a mouth – a Key, no less, to Resurrect the dead, and in another split second there it was [after a brief moment of initial disappointment] and *it was beyond extraordinary!*

Note: Just a little titbit while we pause for breath here, but did I mention that the Sumerian meaning for the word Ka [see Kaber] was simply **Mouth? No, I don't think I did, but you know now!*

Gillbank, the seventh place name/star. "Nothing very extraordinary about Gillbank you may think, and such was my own initial conclusion after I'd stabbed my finger tip into the map to mark where a place name had to be so to complete both the shape of that constellation, and so too that sacred adze. OK, in this remote area of Cumbria I did feel a wee bit lucky in so much that there was any name at all beneath my digit, indeed, I noticed too that a lonely footpath of about ½ a mile long actually connected it directly to Mouthlock. Anyway, under my finger tip was a solitary building bearing that name of Gillbank, but after all my 'edge of the seat' vibes leading up to this point, this last spot seemed the ultimate damp squid...but was it? You see, within another few moments that squid had jumped up and slapped me in the face, for it hit me that I'd heard this name Gillbank somewhere before, but where?.....the squid then said "*You bloody fool Graham, don't you remember that some 20 miles to the north the place that marks the **actual mouth** of this Cumbrian Christ goes by the name of Gill Bank!*" - **and surely in this was I being told that this Gillbank mouth-tip of the adze, upon which my finger had come to rest, was meant to fit into the other Gill Bank – that mouth of Cumbria's crucified Christ! Instructions so graphically gob-smacking, and magnificently idiot-proof to boot!**

As I've already mentioned, both Gill Bank, and Gillbank are lonely cottages set in beautiful countryside, and each has a brook running alongside. And of course *gill* = narrow stream, and steams have *banks*, but this whole miracle beneath our feet has only took shape because of a fool's playful audacity to look a smidgen beyond the everyday 'taken-for-granted' landscape. I grant you, 'not rocket science' yet potentially far more explosive – in short, I just knew there'd be more to this mundane name than that which initially meets the eye.

So what, if anything, could then be in that word 'gill', other than the obvious? Well, firstly, I was a little intrigued by the mere fact that the sign which early followers of Christ used was, rather than the Cross, a Fish, and as mentioned in my book, this a most apt sign owing to Jesus being born under the sign of Pisces; and do not fishes breath through gills? Thus, the word *gill* placed over this Cumbrian Christ's mouth, along with the same sound singing off the very tip of this sacred adze of a Pathway, now found hidden beneath his loincloth, certainly gave me that customary little 'giggle' which so often was itself a sign for *something 'impossible' seeking to return as 'fact'*. As per usual, though, I still wanted more, and so back again I went into the deep Past for to see if there were any other meanings for this same word, and true to form, I was not to be disappointed. Unfortunately, I can at this stage give you but one example, for the others need to make themselves known in the context of my following articles, but for now just be happy to know that upon Sumerian tablets of the 3rd millennium BC that word *Gill* meant simply an **Exultation of Joy!** – likewise was its meaning to the Hebrews. So from this Cumbrian Christ's own mouth hear now this same exultation! - the full cause of which will I again make known shortly.

Until next time then, I'd like you to muse upon the following: so when we join up all the dots of those seven place names and get the spitting image of both Ursa Major, and likewise that Opening of the Mouth adze, do we then upon noting that this resurrection tool has Soulby at one end, and the name of the actual mouth of Christ at the very end/tip which was designed to slip into the mouth.....**Oh damn, I'll just come out and ask it: like are we being shown in the most graphic way possible, that such a rite was indeed performed upon the crucified Christ himself once they had placed his body in that tomb near Golgotha – and thus was he resurrected via some astonishing Ancient Egyptian know-how....hence this his apparent Exclamation of Joy as so profoundly recorded upon his Cumbrian lips? And is this 'hidden' fact the reason why such an Opening of the Mouth adze had been, until now that is, secreted away beneath Christ's loincloth – the only place he could hide anything! Again, answer me after reading the coming articles, while in the meantime reminding yourself that you are at present walking with me upon these colossal terrestrial star giants, and who have themselves arrived as a screaming challenge to every damn thing we ever thought was Impossible.**

That said, cast your mind back to that Stumbling Block we found at Soulby – here be the only obstacle in your way to witnessing the coming wonder, and this

in the form of a closed mind – just make sure yours is wide open in readiness for my next article.

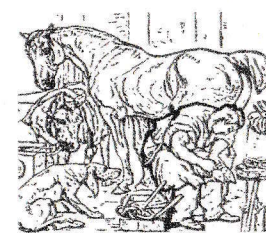
Until next time, happy Soul searching - GKG x.

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Here we are on Alderley Edge last September (photo: Martin Morrison)

