

# The Newsletter of the Network of **Ley Hunters**

£2.50

Issue 33 – Samhain 2019



**SAMHAIN** by Anne Thomas  
annethomas23@hotmail.co.uk  
07772500124 (Greetings Cards)



Comment on our recent Kirkby Stephen Moot by Sue Gask:  
'Thank you for a very interesting & enjoyable weekend with the  
Ley Hunters... I also would look forward to meeting up with you  
again & some of the lovely people we met on the weekend.'

## The Newsletter of the Network of Ley Hunters

Issue 33, Samhain (1<sup>st</sup> November) 2019

Editorial address: Laurence Main, 9 Mawddwy Cottages, Minllyn, Dinas Mawddwy, Machynlleth, SY20 9LW, Wales, United Kingdom. Telephone 01650-531354. [www.networkofleyhunters.com](http://www.networkofleyhunters.com) Denis Chapman is our Webmaster. Email [nolh@btinternet.com](mailto:nolh@btinternet.com).

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 then are 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.

If your subscription is due an "X" will follow now. X

Please subscribe soon so that we can 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 local territory. Please provide six figure grid references and details of relevant Ordnance Survey Explorer maps (1:25000). Don't forget the letters of your 100km square. The grid reference for Stonehenge, for example, is SU 123422 (OS 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 better 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.

### Book now for our Portland (Dorset) Moot!

Trains run to Weymouth, then good local bus service to Portland. Budget accommodation at Portland YMCA (01305 823761). Optional visit (donation), if mustering on **Friday, 4<sup>th</sup> September, 2020**, to the Quarry Trust Workshop/Memory Stones (talks by Hannah Sofaer & Paul Crabtree). 5pm – Sunset.

**Saturday, 5<sup>th</sup> September:** St George's Centre, Portland, 10am – 8pm. Moot with speakers: Gary Biltcliffe (Spirit of Portland), Penny Billington (Druidry), Roma Harding, Jerry Bird, Yuri Leitch (Portland-Callanish Ley), Jonathan Harwood & Serena Roney-Dougal (see p. 6), plus stalls. **Advance tickets for this Saturday Moot only: £45 each.**

**Sunday, 6<sup>th</sup> September:** Portland Walk with Gary & Caroline.

**Monday, 7<sup>th</sup> September:** Coach trip with Gary & Caroline to Cerne Abbas & Maiden Castle.

**Tuesday, 8<sup>th</sup> September:** Coach trip with Roma to Abbotsbury area. **Advance tickets (for the whole Moot): £135.** Pay **£35 deposit NOW**, then four monthly payments (which can start next April), of £25.

Cheques payable to Network of Ley Hunters.

Send to Laurence Main, 9 Mawddwy Cottages, Minllyn, Dinas Mawddwy, Machynlleth, SY20 9LW, tel: 01650 531354

**DON'T DELAY - BOOK TODAY!**



**At Little Meg on last September's Moot (photo: Denis Chapman)**

**Comment on our recent Kirkby Stephen Moot by Sue Gask:**

**"Thank you for a very interesting and enjoyable weekend with the Ley Hunters... I also would look forward to meeting up with you again & some of the lovely people we met on the weekend."**

## PAMELA ARMSTRONG

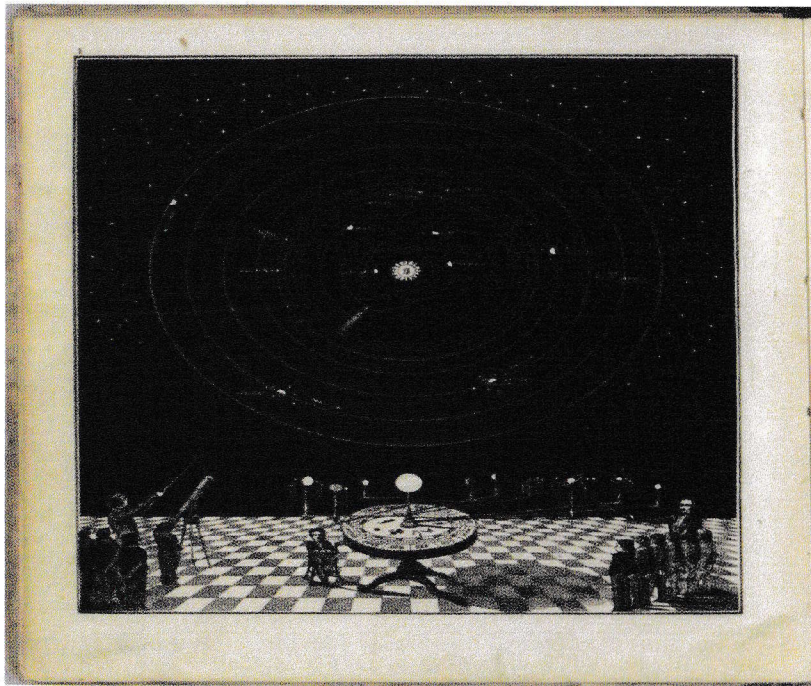
ASTROLOGER, JOURNALIST, BROADCASTER, AUTHOR

Pamela works as a consulting astrologer and can be contacted at [www.AstroTimeMaps.com](http://www.AstroTimeMaps.com)

She has given astrological talks on a variety of subjects. These include presentations to The Astrological Lodge in London, Aquarius Severn, Bristol Astrological Society and The Bath Astrologers Group in the west of England, as well as at the United Kingdom's Astrological Association's annual conference.

In her other life, Pamela has been a broadcasting journalist and currently lectures on the History of Women in Television. She has written two books 'The Prime of Your Life' (Headline) and 'Beating the Biological Clock' (Headline), as well as contributing a weekly opinion column to the Gloucestershire Echo.

She recently completed an M.A. from the Sophia Centre for the Study of Cosmology in Culture at the University of Wales Trinity Saint David. This included the study of subjects ranging from Stellar Religions to Sacred Geography, Cosmology, Magic and Divination. Pamela's MA thesis explored the archaeoastronomic properties of ancient monuments and she is currently embarking on a PhD, which will continue her research into prehistoric astronomy.



[www.AstroTimeMaps.com](http://www.AstroTimeMaps.com)

Hear Pamela Armstrong speak at our Moot in Longtown, Herefordshire, on Saturday, 23<sup>rd</sup> May 2020. **ONLY FIVE SEATS ARE LEFT. BOOK NOW!**

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Hear Pamela Armstrong speak at our Moot in Longtown, Herefordshire on Saturday, 23<sup>rd</sup> May 2020. **ONLY FIVE SEATS ARE LEFT** on this **ALFRED WATKINS COUNTRY** Moot lasting until Saturday, 30<sup>th</sup> May.

We hope novelist **PHIL RICKMAN** will show us **KILPECK CHURCH. OWN COACH & DRIVER FOR THE WEEK. BOOK NOW!**

### ASTROLOGY: HOW YOUR SUN SIGN SHAPES YOUR EXPERIENCE OF THE LANDSCAPE

A talk by Pamela Armstrong



This is a presentation supported by a richly illustrated power point. It lasts an hour, though can be shorter to allow time for questions. What I do is briefly talk about how astrology works in a light hearted and easy going fashion.

Given the ley hunter community celebrates our relationship with the landscape, my talk will look at how the different sun signs experience that landscape. I will take each sun sign in turn until I have covered all twelve, looking in depth at their varied qualities

and the different ways those qualities help shape our experience of the material world.

I make sure my presentations are simple to follow and comprehensible. There is nothing technical or difficult in them. Thus they are designed for the lay person who knows nothing about astrology, but who feels up for taking a fresh look at an old craft.

[www.AstroTimeMaps.com](http://www.AstroTimeMaps.com)

**MOOT ADVANCE PRICE ONLY £225**, payable as a deposit of £25 **NOW** then five monthly payments of £40. **MOOT BUS FROM/ TO HEREFORD RAILWAY STATION INCLUDED. CAMPSITE, B&Bs. DON'T DELAY, BOOK TODAY!** Tel. 01650 531354

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## Spine of Albion Moot in Cumbria, September 2019

by Jimmy Goddard

Following the Spine of Albion currents into Cumbria, we first visited Kirkby Lonsdale, where the Elen current crosses the Lune near Devil's Bridge. In the village, a monument on the female current marks where Bonnie Prince Charlie rallied his troops before the Battle of Culloden (also on Elen). At the church, there are intricate carvings round the door including a dragon with a serpent tail, seemingly marking the node here. The mound nearby, the actual node of the two currents, is probably prehistoric, near the famous "Ruskin's View". A rare Roman altar to Belinus was found in the village. In the afternoon we visited the remains of the circles at Shap, mainly on Belinus, which seems to have been a serpent temple with avenues very similar to Avebury. It has a hill called Skellaw Hill similar to Silbury, where the male and female currents node. Stones from the monuments have been incorporated into walls.

On Sunday we first visited the church of St. Michael on the Lowther estate, on the Belinus current. The Lowthers had been responsible for much of the destruction of Shap. We then went on to the double henge monuments of Arthur's Round Table and Mayburgh Henge, both on Belinus and, with nearby Brougham Hall, on an equinoctial alignment. Saxon King Athelstan held a meeting here of the kings of surrounding kingdoms. We then went on for lunch to the castle-like Brougham Hall where Belinus goes through the well. The next site was the undamaged stone circle and outlier of Long Meg and her Daughters; an attempted destruction was thwarted by a sudden thunderstorm. The huge Long Meg casts a "mating" shadow between the entrance stones at midsummer sunset. Elen goes through it, but several other currents have been detected. Laurence has been following a line with currents from Glastonbury to Glassenby nearby, which nodes here. From here we went to see the remains of Little Meg circle with its cup and ring carvings, and then another stone circle on one of Laurence's currents.

On Monday we first visited the church at Wreay built under the direction of Miss Sarah Losh on a medieval site, with many spectacular carvings including the font through which Elen flows. She restored the nearby holy well. There was also a Roman aqueduct from here to Carlisle. At the market cross in the centre of Carlisle, on the Elen current, was formerly a fountain fed by the aqueduct. The city is one of the contenders for Arthur's Camelot, and is the only place, in a 12th century charter, with documentary evidence mentioning Arthur - Arthur's Burgh - near St. Cuthbert's Church. We visited this, with its ancient wall. St. Cuthbert's, on Belinus, is on the site of a Roman temple, and is aligned to summer solstice sunrise. Belinus and Elen node at the cathedral, over a St. Catherine's well under the floor. Elen passes along the nave east-west, and there is a capital on one of the columns depicting two kissing dragons. At the castle there is a cell on Belinus, similar to the Royston cave. It has a sheela-na-gig as well as Templar symbols. Finally we went on to visit Arthuret Church, on Belinus, legendary site of a battle in 573 where eighty thousand were killed and caused Merlin to go mad. Moot attendance was 33.



Here we are at Mayburgh Henge (photo: Denis Chapman)  
KIRKBY STEPHEN MOOT ATTENDANCE: 33  
And in Kirkby Stephen Hostel (photo: Martin Morrison)



## Hear Serena Roney-Dougal speak at our Portland Moot

### The Earth's Magnetic Field, Psi and Sacred Sites

*Serena Roney-Dougal  
Psi Research Centre  
Glastonbury*

#### Geomagnetism (GMF) & Psi

Decades of research in parapsychology have found that telepathy and clairvoyance (often studied under the term remote viewing) are more successful when the GMF is quieter than normal. In contrast, the research has found that poltergeists are more common, and psychic healing is enhanced, when the GMF is more active. I understand this is receptive psi being enhanced by quiet GMF conditions and active psi by energetic GMF conditions.

With regard to my research into the possible relationship between psi and the pineal gland, it is of interest that GMF affects production of pineal enzymes involved in the production of melatonin and pinoline. The pineal gland is involved in regulating our hormones, our sleep cycles and potentially a state of consciousness which appears to be conducive to expiring psychic phenomena. There are many effects of the GMF on us. For example, our sense of direction is related to sensitivity to GMF. Shielding oneself from the GMF desynchronises the pineal related circadian rhythm (wake and sleep cycles) in humans. I find it interesting that Neolithic long barrows are places that shield electromagnetic fields, and possibly also the GMF, which would make them conducive to receptive psi experiences. And also that stone circles are located near to geological fault lines, which are places of geomagnetic anomaly. Many stone circles and sacred sites utilize naturally magnetic rock. This would be conducive to active magic. Sacred sites are legendary places for psychic experiences, fairy and magical lore, and UFOs. Geological faults are also related to ground water flow, and research with dowsers suggests that we are sensitive to the changes in GMF caused by this, which suggests that dowsers are reacting both to the physical effects of the GMF and the psychic effects.

Because of these ideas, I was asked to take part in a four-year investigation, conducted with long-term meditators at Samye Ling Tibetan Monastery in Scotland, to further explore this relationship between psi and GMF. The research was conducted there because Samye Ling is close to a highly sensitive magnetometer operated by the British Geological Survey in Eskdalemuir. They kindly allowed us to use there extremely accurate data. The idea had been to look at variations in GMF connected with the solar sunspot cycle, but the sun refused to cooperate! However, we did still find a relationship between GMF and psi scoring, and more particularly that people who are most sensitive to the GMF in general were the ones whose psi scoring was most affected by changes in the GMF.

Hear Serena Roney-Dougal speak at our Portland Moot.



## Letter from Cheryl Straffon

5th July 2019



Dear Laurence,

I have great respect for Terence Meaden's research and ideas, but I must disagree with his assertion [NoL newsletter, no.32] that prehistoric (Neolithic) people were unable to calculate the precise day and time of the Equinoxes. Sites all over Europe (from the Dolmen de Soto in Andalucia, Spain to Cairn T at Loughcrew in Ireland) have the entrances to their burial chambers precisely oriented to the rising sun at the exact moment of the equinox. This can still be observed today (as I have done) and at Cairn T for example, the equinox sunrise lights a slab covered in rock art at the back of the chamber. It travels slowly across from the top left, illuminating each symbol in turn, before "disappearing" at the bottom right. Due to the speed at which the sun appears to move daily at this time, this can only happen on the equinox day itself, and must have been as impressive and magical a sight in the Neolithic as it is today.

Best Wishes,

Cheryl



Carvings at Cairn T [Loughcrew] illuminated by the rising equinoxial sun

**Ponderings on our beautiful Folkton Drums & Exquisite Carved Stone Balls – Neolithic Measurements.**

Part One of Two *by Eileen Roche*

The first week in December 2018 found me attending an Exhibition at the British Museum (BM) in London. Afterwards I popped along to the Prehistory Section to revisit some old favourites, greeting Lindow Man as a long-standing friend, and admiring again the Battersea Shield and the Mold Golden Cape. Imagine my horror when I came to the exhibition case housing the Folkton Drums<sup>1</sup> and found their space was bare. A curt notice informed that the exhibits had been temporarily removed to Stonehenge Visitor Centre, no mention of why. I fumed all the way home, thwarted in my intention to re-photograph them with a better camera than before, in order to study them in more detail at leisure, as part of my ongoing interests into their possible links with prehistoric carved Stone Balls and mathematical measurements.



Folkton Drums © B. Teague BM 8.2.2017

An original article published online 15.12.18<sup>2</sup> gave rise to Yuletide revelations in the Daily Mail 21.12.18<sup>3</sup> reporting findings by Anne Teather,<sup>4</sup> Mike Parker Pearson<sup>5</sup> and Andrew Chamberlain<sup>6</sup> that if a string or cord is wound round each of the Folkton Drums, the results all come roughly to just over one foot (0.322m). So that is where my Drums in the BM had disappeared to – Academia! I was very pleased with this discovery, as I am no mathematician but had long suspected that the Drums represented some ancient form of model of measurement or geometry. The authors think that perhaps prehistoric stone circles such as Stonehenge (and the nearby Durrington Walls) may have been laid out using these sort of Drums as **tape measures**, which is a very interesting theory, tying in quite nicely with practical aspects of sacred geometry. Northern Earth's Season's

*gleanings*<sup>7</sup> carries a brief summary from The Times 21.12.18: a string wrapped seven times round the largest drum, eight times round the middle one & ten times round the littlest equals 3.22m; Stonehenge lintels are 3.2m long.

The Folkton Drums are made of chalk and were found in 1889 in a North Yorkshire Neolithic round barrow containing a child's grave, tucked behind the head and the hips. Perhaps this child was already a skilled surveyor and that is why the drums were placed under the body: children in antiquity were workers as soon as they were

able, as we know from the Great Orme Bronze Age Copper Mines in Wales, where some passages are so low and narrow, only small children could have worked there.

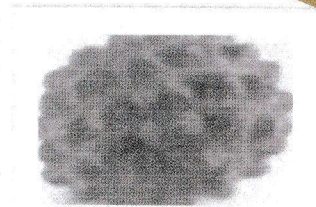


Carved Stone Balls BM 8.2.2017 © E. Roche

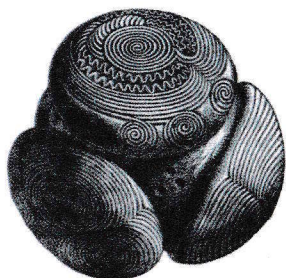
Carved Stone Balls date from the Neolithic period to the Iron Age and have been found mainly in Aberdeenshire in Scotland, often associated with recumbent stone circles and also elsewhere including England, Orkney and Ireland (and one in Norway). They are of a similar size, about that of a tennis ball or orange and have a variety of protuberances and geometric ornamentation, some are plain but many are beautifully carved and richly decorated. There are over 400 known at present.

I have referred to Stone Balls in a previous article, partly reproduced here:<sup>8</sup>

Articles found at Skara Brae include gaming dice, a whalebone pin and what the on-site information board describes as 'a mysterious stone ball'. Similar stone carvings can be viewed in the British Museum. These stone-carved balls are found usually in Scotland and no-one today has yet configured their function. They could however represent examples of Neolithic geometry. The pin is repre-



Information Board

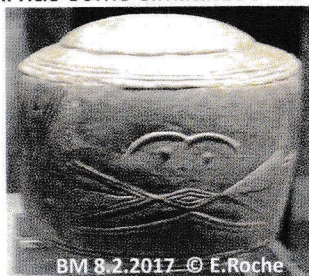


An exceptionally beautiful decorated Stone Ball found at Towie <sup>9</sup> (left) was acquired by the National Museum of Scotland (NMS) in 1860. They consider it to be a high-status ceremonial weapon i.e. a slingshot, once owned by a Neolithic farmer (nothing to do with geometry or measurement, apart perhaps from the trajectory from the slingshot). Part of its decoration resembles the spirals carved at Newgrange.

<https://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/a/a5/Towriepetro sphere.jpg> ©Public domain

The Towie Ball has some similarities with

the carvings on the Folkton Drums (right),

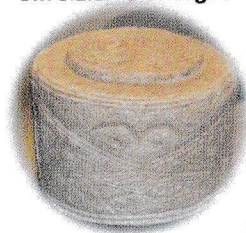


BM 8.2.2017 © E.Roche

particularly the distinct 'eyes' or stylised human faces. It is thought that concentric carved lines on stone balls appear to be stylised oculi or eyes, which has led to considerations of Stone Balls being used in divination, à la casting the runes for oracular purposes. (However, once accepting the tape measure hypothesis, it can be surmised that you need to use your eyes for accurate surveying.)

Both the Folkton Drums and the Stone Balls have given rise to many theories, some as eccentric as those above, including being paperweights, gaming pieces, ritual objects, wealth / power displays etc.

BM 8.2.17 © B.Teague



However, if one considers the depictions of Stone Balls on the Wikipedia, National Museum of Scotland and British Museum web sites, it becomes obvious that most Stone Balls readily lend themselves to being measured with pieces of cord wound along their grooves or notches, as indeed many of the decorations depict. Necessarily, the form and type of 'string' would have had standardised properties such as diameter, breadth,

tension and so on, but anyone who could create such wonderfully decorative, similar and valuable balls would easily have accomplished such standardisation too. One of the Skara Brae Stone Balls <sup>10</sup> is not round at all, it seems a similar (but more elaborate and beautiful) shape to the large pieces of bright red flat oblong plastic which we use today to wind electric cables around to tidy them up e.g. lawnmower or hedge-trimmer cables.

So far, my limited researches into both the Folkton Drums and the Stone Balls have led me to theorise that they represent the Neolithic version of the 3-D Geometric Platonic Solids, others have thought the

same. Our current civilisation has emerged from the backbone of ancient prehistoric mathematics based on the 6<sup>th</sup> century BC clarification of use of volumes, lengths and areas. Ancient Greek theories – based on the teachings of Plato (350 BC) and Euclid (300 BC) <sup>11</sup> - are usually accepted without question today, clarified in the 17<sup>th</sup> century by theorists such as Rene Descartes & Pierre de Fermat. Since then, weird concepts such as manifolds and non-Euclidean geometry have emerged, which I find difficult to understand, as a non-mathematician.

However, we now do know that there are a variety of types of geometry.<sup>12</sup> These can include Differential, Discrete, Convex, Topological, Algebraic, and Computational Geometry, as we label them today. Network of Leyhunter readers, I hope I have not lost your interest yet? My thesis is that our Neolithic ancestors had an altogether *different* type of geometry, or mathematics, which today we are on the verge of re-discovering, personified in the dimensions & curvatures of the Folkton Drums & the Neolithic Carved Stone Balls. Interestingly, the bosses on most Stone Balls are the same number as the faces on the Platonic solids.

Part Two will continue in a future Issue of our NoL Newsletter.

1 See the Folkton Drum images at the BM and the Yorkshire Archaeological & Historical Society websites:

[https://www.britishmuseum.org/research/collection\\_online/search.aspx?searchText=folkton+drum](https://www.britishmuseum.org/research/collection_online/search.aspx?searchText=folkton+drum)

<https://www.vas.org.uk/Sections/Prehistoric-Yorkshire/Neolithic/Neolithic-Yorkshire-the-Folkton-Drums>

2 British Journal for the History of Mathematics Article: *The chalk drums from Folkton and Lavant: Measuring devices from the time of Stonehenge* by British Journal for the History of Mathematics Volume 34, 2019 - Issue 1 by Anne Teather, Andrew Chamberlain & Mike Parker Pearson pp 1-11. At:

<https://www.tandfonline.com/doi/full/10.1080/17498430.2018.1555927>

3 <https://www.dailymail.co.uk/sciencetech/article-6519551/Ancient-Stone-Henge-cylinders-used-tape-measure.html>

4 Visiting Scientist from the University of Manchester

5 Professor of British later prehistory, University College London

6 Professor of Bioarchaeology, School of Earth & Environmental Sciences, Manchester University

7 Northern Earth magazine Issue 157 June 2019 p 2.

8 Journal of the Network of Ley Hunters, Issue 21, November 2016. Article on *Skara Brae, Orkney* by Eileen Roche p 13. Extract above p 17.

9 The Towie Stone Ball & many others can be admired here: <https://www.nms.ac.uk/towieball> including in 3-D.

10 See *British Archaeology* March April 2019 No. 165 Article *Round robins: Scotland's Neolithic carved stone balls* p 42 – photo of three stone balls – the one referred to above is in the foreground.

11 See: <http://mathworld.wolfram.com/PlatonicSolid.html>

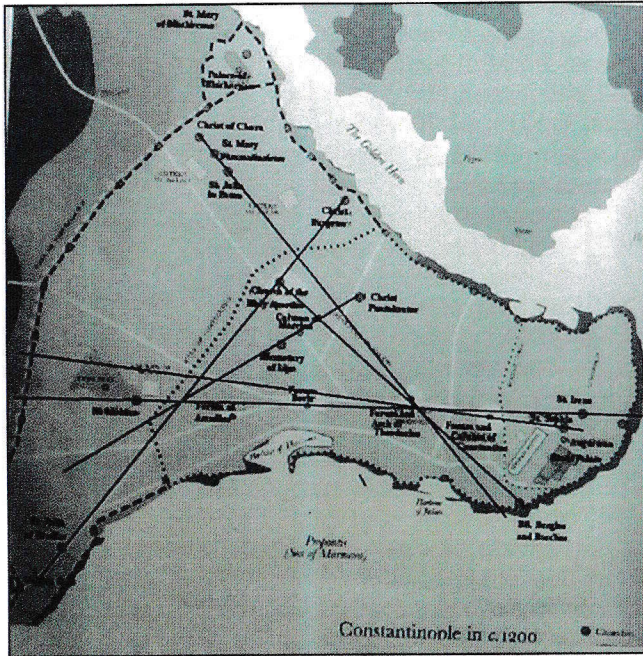
12 See: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Geometry#Contemporary\\_geometry](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Geometry#Contemporary_geometry)

**Mark Herbert will be back next issue with Part II of The Callarde Experience**

**Hear Serena Roney-Dougal speak at our Portland Moot.**

## THE BYZANTINE TRIANGLE

by Jimmy Goddard



In 2009 there was a very interesting exhibition on Byzantium at the Royal Academy of Arts in London. The Byzantine Empire succeeded the Roman Empire when Emperor Constantine moved his capital from Rome to this eastern promontory in 330 AD, and it ruled a constantly changing area for a thousand years, finally ending when the Ottoman Turks invaded in 1453. The former settlement had been called Byzantium, but Constantine renamed it Nova Roma (New Rome). However, for some reason the name never stuck and the city came to be called Constantinople. It was Christian, as Constantine had made this the state religion, though there is some doubt as to his total conversion as a coin of his was found bearing the Chi-Rho Christian symbol on one side, and Sol Invictus on the back. However, his successors were certainly Christian and this was the origin of the church we know as the Orthodox Church. In 1453 the city became Moslem and the name was changed to Istanbul.

There were many interesting exhibits illustrating life in Constantinople and the empire over this very long period - at court, at home and in church. One early example was a Roman mosaic pavement found in Thebes in Egypt, depicting the months of the year in human form. Another interesting one was the Antioch Chalice, which is one of the contenders for the Holy Grail, although when I dowsed it asking if Jesus had held it, the answer seemed to be "No".

However, as a ley hunter it was the churches in the city which revealed something amazing. There was a map on display which showed all the churches in Constantinople in 1200. It was fascinating to find that, when they were aligned, they seemed to form an isosceles triangle of the



*Antioch Chalice*

same proportions as the Great Pyramid, with base angles of about 52°. The base of the triangle seems to run due east-west.



*Fatih Mosque, on site of Church of Holy Apostles*

The eastern side first goes through three churches quite close to each other in alignment - Christ of Chora, St. Mary Pammakaristos and St. John in Petra, then the Forum and Arch of Theodosios. The western one goes through Christ Eurgetes and the Church of the Holy Apostles, runs parallel with the Wall of Constantine and goes to St. John of Studios, running along the road leading to the Golden Gate.

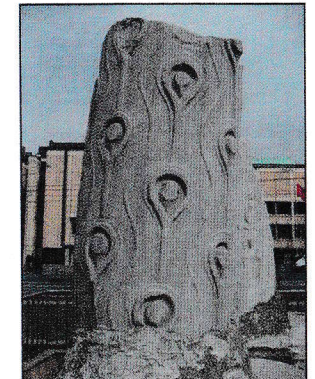
(The Church of the Holy Apostles was the second most important church in Constantinople, a large mausoleum church where emperors and other dignitaries were buried, as well as allegedly relics of Saints Luke, Andrew and Timothy. The Fatih Mosque is now on the site).

The baseline, which runs along the main east-west road of the city (called the Mese Road, which formed the main artery of the old city, passing through Theodosios's triumphal arch, continuing on to Thrace and as far as the Balkan peninsula). The line goes through St. Mokios (with remains of a temple to Zeus underneath), then through the squares of the four forums and St. Irene, thought to be the oldest place of Christian worship in Istanbul.



*Marcian Column*

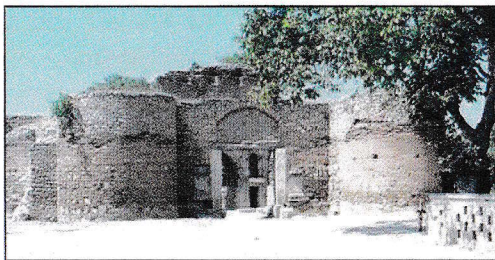
A line from the apex (unmarked) through the Column of Marcian provides a perpendicular for the triangle (the form of isosceles triangle with a perpendicular occurs very often on leys). This meets the baseline in the square of the Forum Bovis, named after a large statue of an ox, the head of which had been brought from Pergamon. The piazza was situated on the side of the present Aksaray Piazza. There are also two other alignments which go through the base angles of the triangle, which seem to confirm its validity, forming ley centres of the corners. One goes through Christ Pantokrator, the column of Marcian, the Monastery of Lips and the western base angle (very near the Forum and Arch of Theodosios - today the Beyazit Mosque marks the corner), to the church of Saints Sergios and Bacchos.



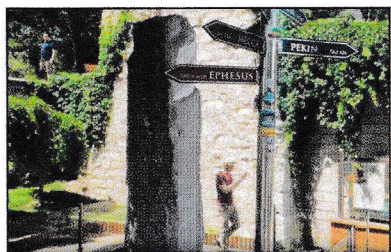
*Remains of triumphal arch at Forum of Theodosios*



The eastern side of the triangle could point towards Jerusalem; on one of the other maps in the exhibition, the angle of a line joining Constantinople and Jerusalem is 55°, but this discrepancy could be due to the fact that, at this distance, the line would be a curve. The line also seems to go through Nicaea, where Constantine held the first Christian council, which produced the Nicene Creed (though this was amended sixty years later at the Council of Constantinople, long after Constantine's death).



*Lefke Gate, Nicaea, and city wall*



*The Million Stone*

The significance of the figure seems confirmed by the east-west orientation, the relationship with various roads (in other words, the lines seem to be leys), and the other alignments leading to the corners. It is strange that the cathedral, St. Sophia (converted into a mosque, but now a museum) is not on one of the lines, but the street leading from it aligns with the Column of

Constantine and the eastern angle of the triangle. This line could also go through the Million Stone, from which distances to other places in the Byzantine Empire were measured.

## BOOK REVIEW

### BRITISH CAMP: HEREFORDSHIRE BEACON

Amanda Simons

Wisteria Books, Birtsmorton, Worcs, 2011

ISBN 0 9527760 5 7

British Camp is a huge earthwork crowning the Malvern Hills on the Worcestershire/ Herefordshire border, and though it is not the highest point of the range, it does draw the eye from both east and west. Amanda Simons details a guided walk around the "hillfort" (possibly dating back to the Bronze Age), and also gives plenty of information on the history of the camp, the geology of the area, its numerous springs, the district's flora and fauna, and the artists who have been inspired by the camp and its location. It is also profusely illustrated with photographs old and new, and maps, making this an invaluable companion for anyone visiting this inspiring site.

Norman Darwen



**Little Meg (above: Martin Morrison) and Long Meg (below: Dennis Chapman)**



## BOOK REVIEW

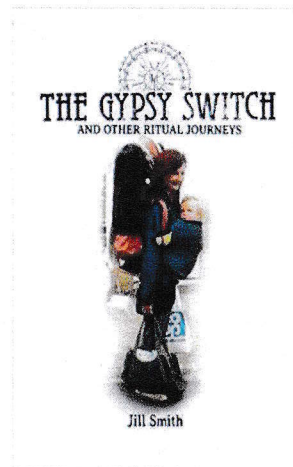
### The Gypsy Switch & Other Ritual Journeys

Jill Smith

Publisher: Antenna, UK, June 2019, 344pp, many illus & photos (some colour), ISBN: 978-0993216466

Price: £12 + p&p of £3 UK /£6 Europe/ £9 rest of world

Available from: Jill Smith, Monte Rosa, Aird Uig, Isle of Lewis, Outer Hebrides, HS2 9JA, Scotland  
website: www.Jill-Smith.co.uk



This story tells of a year-long journey, travelling around a *terrestrial* zodiac, that is: a zodiac in the land that 'reflects' the *celestial* zodiac of the heavens. The name was taken from Irish gypsies who travelled around, parking up their wagons at various points on the journey. The Gypsy Switch, as the author recounts it, is a circular journey stopping on the way at each of 12 points (one for each sign of the zodiac) around England and Wales, and, at one point, touching Ireland – essentially, travelling around this terrestrial zodiac as the sun travels around the celestial zodiac. The author had heard of other terrestrial zodiacs before this, having come across the Glastonbury Zodiac of Katherine Maltwood and others mentioned by Mary Caine. She was already intrigued by all this and, when hearing of the Gypsy Switch from a friend while at Arbor Low stone circle in Derbyshire, she felt that it was her destiny to travel around 'the Switch', in a gypsy-style wagon, and document the journey.

The book is very readable and, from beginning to the end, with a very captivating narrative.

Aside from the Switch, the author tells of how her awakening to the spiritual power of the land began while travelling, first, through Wales and, then, when at West Kennet Long Barrow she felt a sense of ancient tribal 'connection'. She mentions discovering John Michell's work and her understanding of leys. She describes how she escaped the clutches of city life and made the move to the country. She speaks of her three children and her early relationship with a man from whom she eventually separated. She tells of her time as a low-wage earner in London and also as a stage performer who never 'made it big' but who found profound purpose and value in life in seeking out spiritual power points on her wild journey around the centre of Sacred Britain. She explains how a goddess invocation from Apuleius' *Golden Ass* performed as theatre became a real magical catalyst for her later adventures. If you liked Jill Smith's other books (*Mother of the Isles*, *The Callanish Dance*) then you will love this book!

- Liza Llewellyn

## BOOK REVIEW

### The Terrestrial Alignments of Katharine Maltwood & Dion Fortune

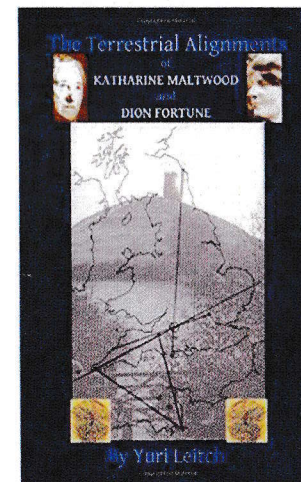
Yuri Leitch

Independently published, 2018

480pp, paperback, b&w illus and photos

ISBN: 978-1731039095.

Price: £17.52, available from Amazon



The fires of enthusiasm that drive so many of us to explore everything we can of the mystical and magical traditions of our home country of Britain, is most fervently expressed in the work of Yuri Leitch. Although centred on the lives and writings of Mss Maltwood and Fortune, what is presented in the pages of this fascinating book is a view over the whole spectrum of the Western Mystery Tradition. The book begins with a discussion of the Michael Line (ley) and the author talks about how this initial study, which he describes as his "initiation into psychic questing," led him into many other areas of spiritual enquiry. Leys, in fact, feature prominently in the book. The author speaks of his meeting with Mary Caine and he recounts the story of how she came to feel she was chosen to carry on the work of Katherine Maltwood after the latter passed away. Naturally, the Glastonbury Zodiac is referred to. There is a quite lengthy discussion on Dion Fortune's most famous novel, *The Sea Priestess*, including how parts of the geographical landscape such as Brean Down and Brent Knoll in the West Country inspired the imaginary landscape of the novel.

The book joins a lot of dots and shows significant connections and correspondences between the lives and work of Mss Maltwood and Fortune. The author's own mystical artwork is shown throughout along with many other interesting images and photographs, such as those of Katherine Maltwood's *Holy Grail* sculpture. A vast myriad of esoteric subjects and schools are discussed. Throughout, for instance, there are the many references to the Order of the Golden Dawn, of which Ms Fortune was a famous member and to Freemasonry, with a discussion of such intriguing subjects as masonic Royal Arch symbolism and how this can be 'seen' in Maltwood's sculpture work. The author's enthusiasm for his subject matter shines through on every page.

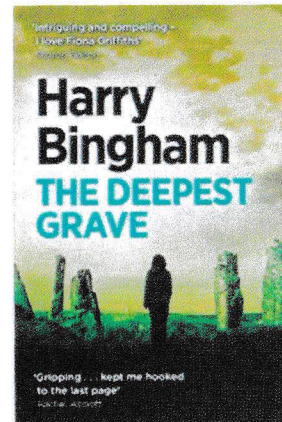
- Liza Llewellyn

## BOOK REVIEWS

### The Deepest Grave

Harry Bingham

Publisher: Orion, 30 Nov. 2017, London  
464pp, paperback, ISBN: 978-1409152804



Part of the popular crime series involving a Fiona Griffiths, a detective living in Cardiff with a dark past. Here she is called to the scene of a murder under bizarre circumstances and is led by her investigation into some dark waters involving some very interesting Welsh history and in particular stumbles the legend of King Arthur and his history with Wales, including Excalibur (or, in Welsh as the book reminds us, *Caledfwlch*, meaning "hard cleft") and Camlan, the place of Arthur's last battle. Anyone who has read Laurence Main's non-fiction book *King Arthur's Camlan* and likes a good murder mystery will really enjoy this book!

- Liza Llewellyn

### A GUIDEBOOK TO ARTHURIAN BRITAIN GEOFFREY ASHE

Longman, London, 1980, 234 pp  
ISBN 0-582-50282-9

Geoffrey Ashe has long been acknowledged as perhaps the foremost authority on King Arthur, and in this book, after a brief outline of the Arthur of history and myth, he looks at geographical sites associated with the legends – whether just by traditional association, such as standing stones, earthworks and wells predating the historical setting, those with a possible archaeological basis or those with perhaps a literary origin. Arthur varies from leader of a warrior band to almost a God, and the sites in this book illustrate that. It is good to see too that he is not afraid to mention sites such as the Glastonbury Zodiac. There are omissions – my home county of Lancashire is represented only by Manchester, though I know of two "Arthurian" sites within five miles of where I live. What is in the book though is invaluable for those looking into the folklore of many sites.

Norman Darwen

Mark Herbert will be back next issue with The Callarde Experience

## THE STABLE END

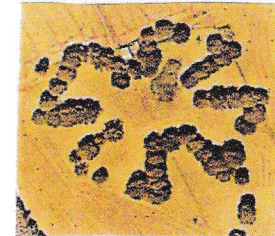
with

Richard Knight,  
*the Rustic Farrier*



### The Strange Story of Cleopatra's Needle, part 2

Here they are, the mystery landmarks! Not marked on maps because they are fully grown mature trees. The central group (51° 33' 07.07" N, 0° 54' 46.97" W, elevation 321 feet) is a Knight's Templar CROSS PATEE, while the outer group (52° 21' 15.06" N, 0° 38' 12.72" W, elevation 194 feet) is a GAMMA CROSS composed of four Greek gamma letters (see images below).



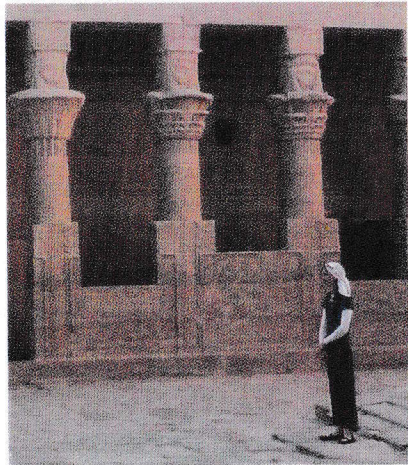
The cross patee is near Henley in what could be called "Grey country", and Grey's Court, Rotherfield Greys, etc. of Lady Jane Grey repute. "Grey" or "Gray" will be important names in this tale. Remember that the line connecting the two Cleopatra's Needles starts at the TEMPLAR area on the Embankment (UK) and ends at the CROSS of King Street and Peyton Street (USA), while the circle of obelisks start at a TEMPLAR symbol and end at the gamma CROSS. I've been to the Henley Cross and no locals have even heard of it although most have walked right through it, but there were young trees planted to maintain the integrity of the design, so someone must care.

## Kingston Lacy and Philae

There are two and a bit genuinely Egyptian obelisks in the UK. One is Cleopatra's Needle and the other is here, along with a chunk of its twin, both of which came from the Island of Philae in Egypt.

Kingston Lacy (house) was built in 1633 for Ralph Bankes by architect Roger Pratt (who would have done well to consult William Cant on the subject of name changes). In 1835, owner William John Bankes commissioned his friend Charles Barry (Cherhill obelisk.... FITZMAURICE, etc.), whom he had met in Egypt, to remodel Kingston Lacy. Before this, Bankes obtained the obelisk in 1821 and, with the help of Giovanni Belzoni had it brought over the sea to Kingston Lacy. "The Great Belzoni" as he was known, was 6'7", said to have a large wife, and got work as a circus strongman. They really *lived* these people, didn't they?!

Philae is a mythical burial place of Osiris, so given that that obelisks represent the phallus of Osiris, one can see why Bankes considered these to be very important monuments indeed and the inscriptions on them in hieroglyphs and Greek record a petition from the priest of Philae with a favourable response from Ptolemy VIII and



Queens Cleopatra II and III, making them more worthy of the name "Cleopatra's Needle" than the one on the river in London. The whole island is dedicated to Isis with a temple to her that had to be moved to nearby island of Agilkia when Lake Nasser flooded the area. The obelisk's hieroglyphs, viewed alongside with those of the Rosetta Stone, helped with understanding the Egyptian language. It's interesting to note that Christians destroyed many references to Osiris and Isis on Philae but left intact those to Horus who they regarded as parallel to Jesus.

Editor Liza Llewellyn at Temple of Isis,

Philae, Egypt, 2011 **Comment on our recent Kirkby Stephen Moot by Sue Gask:**  
**"Thank you for a very interesting & enjoyable weekend with the Ley Hunters ... I also would look forward to meeting up with you again & some of the lovely people we met on the weekend."**

**Old John** (Tower) was built as a folly for George Grey, Vth Earl of Stanford and takes its name from the highest hill in Bradgate Park, Leicester, the birthplace and early home of Lady Jane Grey<sup>1</sup>, protestant heroine nine day queen.

**Wetherby Hill** has an Iron Age hill fort in which an obelisk hides in the trees, dedicated to Edmund Morton Pleydell. The Pleydell-Bouverie family owned parts of the Templar district near the embankment reflected now by street names there.

**Barwick obelisk** is one of four follies in the park<sup>2</sup>. Another one of the follies is called "Jack the Treacle-Eater" named after a message boy who ran to and from London fuelled with treacle. It's topped by a statue of Mercury/Hermes.<sup>3</sup>



Cleopatra's Needle with sphinxes, Victoria Embankment, London

<sup>1</sup> These Greys are not to be confused with those later descendants who, centuries later, lent their name to the famous Earl Grey and Lady Grey tea.

<sup>2</sup> Each one aligned with one of the four cardinal points. The conical obelisk in the south is, interestingly, another obelisk called *the Needle*.

<sup>3</sup> As Jack was a messenger boy, it was appropriate to adorn the spire with Mercury-Hermes, the god of messengers.

Leaving aside the Needle for now, let's have a look at the other obelisks to see if there is a common ground and find out who dunnit, sorry... who *did* it?

**Chiswick House and Gardens**, including the obelisks, is a shrine to Freemasonry created by Richard Boyle, the 3rd Earl of Burlington<sup>4</sup> with fellow architect and landscape-gardener William Kent. Kent, who ranks deservedly alongside Inigo Jones and Capability Brown in greatness, changed his surname from its original Cant because, on moving to London, he wanted to avoid the scorn and derision of heathen cockneys who, because of their mispronunciation of a vulgar term for the female anatomy, were left simpering and giggling. Oh the indignity! Kent was a member of the KIT-KAT<sup>5</sup> club and was one of its architects along with Sir John Vanbrugh and Nicholas Hawksmoor (known as 'the Devil's Architect').

**Blenheim Palace**, the only non-royal palace, is a story all on its own, but to keep it brief, the main people involved in its design and construction are John Vanbrugh, Nicholas Hawksmoor, William Kent and John Churchill - all "Kit-Kats", Sanderson Miller and at least some, if not all, freemasons. There is a nice "human interest" story that proves nothing really changes. Originally John Churchill, the owner of Blenheim, told Mrs. Churchill that he had run into Vanbrugh in town quite by chance and wanted him to design the place. In truth, of course, they were old Kit-Kat buddies which suggests she didn't entirely approve of his club. Mrs. Churchill didn't want Vanbrugh to design everything and didn't want obelisks, so Churchill had to sneak Vanbrugh, in disguise, into the grounds to make his plans, probably even had to pay the exorbitant admission price! John Churchill had been made a prince by the Holy Roman Emperor<sup>6</sup> which is possibly why the place is a palace.

**Stowe House** became a school in 1923 and the boarding houses reflect the names of people involved in its past, among them are Cobham, Grafton, Stanhope, Temple and Walpole. All Kit-Kat club. Sanderson Miller was involved in the design with Vanbrugh who was replaced by Kent after his death. The obelisk is a memorial to General Wolfe which connects to Vanbrugh's Wolfe Memorial in Greenwich by a straight line through Christ Church Spitalfields, the beautiful work of .....Vanbrugh and Hawksmoor.

<sup>4</sup> known as 'The Architect Earl' and 'The Apollo of the Arts'

<sup>5</sup> The name came from Christopher (Kit) Catling who served meat pies at the club known as "Kit Kats" – there is evidence the modern chocolate bar took its name from this 17<sup>th</sup> century club, a club which had strong ties to political and literary circles in London.

<sup>6</sup> Leopold I

Hawksmoor's work was said to resemble homage to Satan rather than Christ, hence the "Devil's Architect" tag.

**The Lansdowne Monument**, near **Cherhill**, Wiltshire, erected by Henry Petty-FITZMAURICE (remember that name for future reference) with the architect Charles Barry who designed the rebuilt Houses of Parliament<sup>7</sup> and the embankment around Cleopatra's Needle. He also did work on the Inner Temple and his son, C.B. Junior, built the secret Greek Masonic Temple in the Great Eastern Hotel (now Andaz Hotel) at a cost of, in today's money, £4 million, and which was originally concealed behind a heavy studied door and a false wall! Barry's protégé, George John Vulliamy, designed the sphinxes and pedestal for the Needle and was presented with the R.I.B.A.<sup>8</sup> gold in 1850 by none other than Thomas de Grey, 2nd Earl de Grey.

**Farnborough** house and obelisk are the work of Miller and Kent.

**Bristol and Eastnor** obelisks are dedicated to members of the Somerset and Somers families respectively. Both of these are Kit-Kat club names.

*To be continued.*

[Editing and footnotes by Liza Llewellyn]



### **Brief bio of Richard Knight, the Rustic Farrier**

Richard was born about two yards from the River Kennet in Minal, Mildenhall, Wiltshire in what is now called The Old Forge. His father was the last blacksmith in the area and was a Romany Gypsy who taught his son the trade of farrier, which he still is to this day.

### **Mark Herbert will be back next issue with Part II of The Callarde Experience**

<sup>7</sup> Rebuilt after the fire in 1834 that destroyed them.

<sup>8</sup> Royal Institute of British Architects

### Article 3: Opening the mouth of Christ to find therein a horror – a horror which 14 years later becomes a personal Epiphany!

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.

After 41 years of mulling over this near inconceivable sight of star giants beneath my feet, and with 10 of those years spent in the intense researching and writing-up of this discovery, my book *Behold Jerusalem!* was finally out there and for all to make of it what they would – phew! The only thing I then wished for was to just get back to doing what I hoped I did best, this just trying to again earn some much needed corn as an artist/illustrator, because I knew I was no author – and never wanted to be one either!

But, and for reasons already explained in my first article, my conscience soon became troubled, for I knew damn well that my book didn't contain *all* that I'd found. It felt as though I'd cheated, or misused the gift that I had been lucky enough to have presented to me as a boy upon that Christmas morning so long ago, a dazzling gift which was to carry on 'giving', and indeed, 'living' even to this very day. In short, and in those weeks that followed my book's publication, I found myself returning to my maps, especially to that country lane beneath the loincloth of the Christ, in fact, I couldn't help feeling that it was him I'd let down most of all. Thus, by way of an apology to him, and upon a whim, I purchased a lump of iron/nickel meteorite and found a blacksmith who was happy to melt and beat it into a copy of that implement used by the Egyptian High Priests in their most mysterious rite of all, that enigmatic Opening of the Mouth Ceremony. Indeed, as both the blacksmith [who knew nothing of this Ceremony, only that I had a fascination in all things Ancient Egyptian] and I watched this strange object slowly but surely taking shape, I think we both felt a curious child-like excitement in the thrilling knowledge that this birthing of a constellation shaped adze, and it being forged from a piece of shooting star [just as it was in Ancient Egypt] was perhaps the first time in many thousands of years that such had been attempted.

Finally, and after several hours of subtle, and sometimes brutal deftness by the blacksmith, the 6in long red hot hook was plunged into a tub of cold water, and

out of the hissing steam came the most magically charged object I have ever had the pleasure to hold - this mini copy of that constellation of Ursa Major literally vibrated and sang upon the palm of my hand. Time just seemed to implode, and a deep peaceful silence reigned where had been until now but the ringing of hammer blows and the general everyday chitchat between a blacksmith and an artist. But as wondrous as that little object was, little did I sense at that moment that which would unfold in the following weeks; events which I had myself seemingly set into unstoppable motion simply via my commissioning of its flaming rebirth into this new millennium.



It was only as I drove back home, with that silver meteorite adze lying like a charm upon the passenger seat next to me, that I felt the first vibes that its creation had a significance beyond that of it just being an interesting little item of conversation, for when at every set of red traffic lights I took another sideways peek at it, it seemed it was strangely demanding of me that I take it another 300 miles north to the very mouth of him whom I had partially gagged **in my editing out of all the stuff I'd found** beneath his loincloth [see Article 2, parts 1&2]and hence had, to all intents and purposes, sold him down the Swannie! Needless to say that within a month I was indeed, and with adze in hand, heading north to Cumbria. Cutting to the chase, I was going to use that star tool just as it was intended some 5000+ years ago. Namely, and again with this newborn adze, I planned to go mimic [as best as any happy-go-lucky fool of the 21<sup>st</sup> century could] a 'Mouth Opening Ceremony' upon the Christ himself, albeit a 48 mile tall land-crafted image....the one which Blake asked "*And did the countenance Divine shine forth upon our clouded hills?*" – yes, that very one!

And so I arrived amid those clouded high hills of Cumbria in an attitude of boyish fun and adventure - this my first ever in-person trip to these parts, although owing to the countless hours I'd already spent here via my cerebral digging and delving within its Ordinance Survey depiction, I felt totally upon home ground.

*Day 1 – beneath the loincloth.* My first day found me leisurely meandering along that 10 mile, or so, country road [and all beneath *that* loincloth] from Soulby to Gillbank - this Pathway of the Soul [see *Article 2, parts 1&2*] a route which not only mirrored Ursa Major, but so too the starry-iron wrought adze I now carried in my pocket. And yes, I took my time upon this exquisite busman's holiday, just taking in the atmosphere of each place/star dot I came to, and like some moon struck lover leaning against tree trunks whilst musing that beautifully bright November day away. But this fool had not taken into full account the shortness of these late autumnal days, and by the time I strolled into Barras it dawned on me just how low the sun already was. So like a Royal Marine I had to start 'yomping' with a vengeance to Bleathgill Farm and where I knew there to be a walker's path to Mouthlock - stupidly it was now me against that golden ball in the west, and I admit that the first twinges of anxiety were beginning to bite, because I needed to complete this magical route by sundown as I'd got other fish to fry the next day.

Excuse me then for rushing you with me, scattering a flock of sheep as we go, in this my effort to make up time and find my way to this mouth/jaw, or 'U' shaped cutting, blasted as it was through solid rock, and through which once thundered the Iron Horse. And how strange the atmosphere was when I stood in the gap where those rails had once been; to each side of me the rocky walls reached well above my head, and it really was like standing in a giant mouth between two sets of rocky teeth. Through this spooky and claustrophobic mouth I went, picking up shards of rusty metal, the only reminder of those rails, until reaching the forlorn foundations of a one time signal box, and where the signal for me was to get the hell back to my car and head to Gillbank, for a great bank of battleship-grey cloud had suddenly reared up like the wave of a tsunami and swallowed the sun. However, before I left I 'clinked' my own adze against that wall of teeth for the boy in me just wanted to cheekily send out the message that he was indeed here to open mouths!

Originally, I'd planned to walk to Gillbank along a marked footpath out of this Mouthlock jaw, but I knew time was now really against me, so I raced back to

my car knowing that the only way to save my day was to take my chances along what looked like extremely narrow farm tracks – I also knew before I even came up to Cumbria that to actually find this particular place, just a solitary property with a stream alongside, was going to be a major test in its own right. So with headlights now on, and anxiety really taking a hold, I held my breath as I drove far too quickly down those one-vehicle-width tracks, looking for any sign of a lighted window in order for me to knock a door, and whilst profusely apologising, to ask for some directions. But I was getting nowhere fast as here in this sparsely populated area no light shone out for me, and almost defeated I pulled into a rare parking place and I guess called out for guidance. A moment later and there *was light*, for over my shoulder another set of headlamps were coming my way – what could I do but to follow that car [because I doubted there'd be another that day] and somehow attempt to hopefully make it stop by my flashing it from behind. However, just before I'd caught up it pulled up to a five bar gate and an elderly lady climbed out of the car so as to open it – it was my last chance.

Not wishing to frighten her I doffed my cap as I approached in the glare of my own headlights, and as apologetically as I could, tried to reassure her that I wasn't up to no-good, and that I was an author [who was a long way from home, by the way] who'd written a book mentioning GillBank, and it was this place I'd love to actually see in person for a few moments....so could she kindly give me directions on where to find it? Amazingly, and without [thankfully!] quizzing me upon the nature of the book, she said "*Yes, I live there – just follow me.*" Oh my God, how lucky was I! I followed her down a long bumpy track between fields, and which I knew I would never have found by myself, to her ancient cottage, and upon whose garden gate was magically painted in flaking letters *Gillbank*. You can imagine my inner jubilation, along with that almost 'luxurious' release from the 'panic stations' which had but moments ago been assaulting my every nerve end.

The lady then just pointed to where the stream was and bid me farewell. I climbed over a fence in near pitch darkness and there I was at the very tip of that route which had guided me along a gigantic 10 mile long replica of a sacred instrument of Ancient Egypt, let alone a copy of the constellation which I knew was about to make its own entrance above my head; I was indeed at the end of this day's quest – and I'd done it in the 'nick of time' thanks to that marvellously trusting lady. From my pocket I then brought out my own adze

and dangled it in the water as a gesture of completion to whatever *Force* had willed this wonder underfoot. Although my final gesture was to drop into the water a tiny piece of raw iron meteorite that I'd brought with me for this purpose, a silver nugget of star sperm for to mark this enchanting spot.

The next morning I would be on my way north to this Christ's actual mouth, unaware of that which was already lying in wait for my arrival there.

**Day2 – Sucked into a trap?** Upon a morning of glittering frost and a sky of pale delphinium blue I set off to the mouth of Christ, although before getting there I wanted to make three quick stops, the first being the village of Temple Sowerby [see *Behold Jerusalem!*] – a onetime Knights Templar base/temple, and seemingly, in both placemen and name, they knew very well where they stood. I say this because upon this Cumbrian Passion Play the place is significantly stationed upon the right shoulder of this crucified Christ. And doesn't this Sowerby/*By the Sower*, strike you as it did me, for surely one needs no imagination in picturing Jesus himself as *The Sower*, either by virtue of his famous *Parable of the Sower*, or by the Gnostics more risqué version of him, whereby the seed he sowed was semen [see Article2 Part2]; our word *seed*, incidentally, coming from the Greek word for *semen* - and do remember too how we've already discovered in my previous article that the name Jesus itself translates as '*the semen that heals or fructifies – the god's juice that gives life*'. Indeed, it's believed that the Templars themselves practiced a belief system closely linked to Gnosticism, and thus this their provocative *Temple by the Sower* may well be verification of such.

Before we leave Temple Sowerby, however, another point of interest comes when we find that the actual site of this Templar base is to be found a little way out of the village – today a 16<sup>th</sup> century National Trust 'pile' sits upon the original Templar 1228 foundations, although it still bears the name those warrior monks gave to it, this being *Acorn Bank*. And as we drive away doesn't that name Acorn take you right back to all that 'swallowed Acorn/Knowledge' imagery we found so abundantly written within the belly of that Piscean Fish within a Fish [see my Article1] we caught on Dartmoor?

Along this right shoulder I then drove to the hamlet of Hunsonby and which is upon the closed lid of Christ's right eye...incidentally, his closed eyes are delightfully sculpted by a narrow ribbon of water which forms two simple up-turned and tear filled crescents; a most satisfactory bit of depicting closed eyes

to the eye of any cartoonist! However, it's this river's name which really does bring a tear to my own eye – it's the **Robberby Water**.....think about it, **By the Robber**, and was not that robber, nailed on the cross next to Jesus, perhaps the last person Jesus both saw and spoke to [see *Behold Jerusalem!*] before he shut his eyes? The robber called to Jesus "*Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.*" to which Jesus replied "*Verily I say to thee, Today shalt thou be with me in paradise.*" Luke23:43. And yes, that robber *is* indeed beautifully remembered upon the very eyes of this green Christ in Britain's own portrayal of a star garlanded garden of Paradise. Of course, how could I not then stop a moment on that Hunsonby eyelash and taste these blissful tears? I then drove over the bridge of his nose to the village of Melmerby upon the watery left eye and there reminded myself that when writing my book I found that this name hid another from ages past, this being *Mael-muire*, and which meant **St Mary's Servant**....and he was!

Prior to us heading down the line of his nose in search of that all important mouth, I really must make it clear that my intention of *Opening* Christ's mouth with my own replica adze was to be nothing more than a personal gesture of gratitude towards again whatever *Force* [name it how you like] had created this whole wonder within the floor plan of Britain, and for giving me the eyes to have seen it. Likewise, in this my simple act of dipping my adze into the beck which formed this Christ's mouth, and then gently pulling it through the surface of the water towards the lower lip, was itself my innocent acknowledgement of that which had presented itself beneath his loincloth; that 10 mile long mirror of both constellation and sacred adze, and an adze which had Gillbank written upon the tip of its hook - a stunningly simple instruction [unlike those instructions which come with flat-packed wardrobes] that it was ever meant to be placed in the mouth of this Cumbrian Christ, for his mouth, and remarkably so, bears the same place name albeit some 20 miles to the north. Thus in my own innocent way I intended to make it happen in a playful "Message received and understood" gesture. But know too that I wasn't in any way armed with any 'mystical inside information' as to the correct words, either whispered or chanted, used by those Egyptian High Priests when originally performing this Ceremony of Ceremonies – but neither did I care! You see, this my 300 mile journey north was made purely out of love; I was but a kid with a large fishing hook made from the metal of a fallen shooting star [or the sperm of the Egyptian's creator god Atum] and to simply experience my rippling of the water of that mouth [minus any daft pseudo priestly robes/embarrassingly made-up



vocals] whilst just musing all I knew, was to be magic enough to send me home feeling sincerely well blessed.

Join me then upon this afternoon of jewel-like November sunlight, and with the fields and high hills of this absolute Height of England shimmering all around me as I drove down the line of his nose, and once upon its tip began my search for Gill Bank, a search which I knew would be just as difficult as yesterday's was for that other Gillbank beneath the loincloth, for again this place was but a solitary farm building with a beck alongside it, and from yesterday's experience I knew that these lonely farmhouses lay hidden away down dirt tracks that meandered out of sight, and neither did these farms care to advertise their presence via any nameplate fixed to the five-barred gates which fronted the tarmac of any passing lane – seemed only initiated postmen were privy to their whereabouts.

And so it proved, again driving down one car width tracks with high stone walling each side blocking any sight of buildings beyond I began, just like yesterday, to get the first twinges of anxiety, but at least this time I had several hours of daylight left before panicking! In short, I knew my only chance was to again hopefully find someone to guide me, and soon enough I found an elderly lady walking along the lane towards me and carrying a bucketful of late blackberries. I asked her if she knew this Gill Bank and in a rich Cumbrian accent laughingly said "*Oh yes, as a young girl I used to go a courting down there!*" and you could tell by the way she said it that those naughty memories were once again flitting through her mind! However, after 20 minutes, and a bewildering set of verbal directions, I bid her "Farewell, and happy memories" knowing that I'd already forgotten most of what she'd said. Although at least she'd made a few pointed finger gestures over the top of the field walls as to the general area I was to make for, along with some idea on distance, but which all counted for nowt as I was soon feeling again very much lost and bothered, and for all I knew I could well have begun driving in circles. Like yesterday evening I needed another guiding angel to appear – and yep, another one did. As I came round a sharp bend I saw an old chap, shepherd's crook in hand, chatting to a BT engineer whose van was parked in front of a farm gate. So I called out to the shepherd if he knew where Gill Bank was – and guess what, with his crook he tapped the gate post next to him and said "*Tis here young man*".

I couldn't believe my luck, just like my trying to find that other Gillbank, providence had placed a person by the very gate in readiness for my arrival. The

shepherd informed me that the property lay well beyond the gate, and although he didn't live there told me to just drive down the track as the old farmhouse was used as an holiday let, and that no one was using it at that moment – he even ushered the BT guy and his van out of the way and held open the gate for me – and all this without ever enquiring of my business there!

As I inched my way slowly down this narrow and deeply rutted track between high stone walls, exhaust rattling and clanking as it grazed the upraised centre between the ruts, and wing mirrors taking scrapping blows to each side [even though I'd folded em in!] I just knew that I would never have found this place without that old chap's help. But I was truly concerned about damaging my car so far from home and did consider just leaving the car where I was and walking the rest of the way, but I also knew that to have to reverse back along that track would be even worse, so I drove on. Soon a roof came into view beyond some leafless trees, and I guessed maybe just 100 yards away – I was wrong re the distance. You see, as I came through the clump of trees I saw before me a deep drop down to the beck, with the farmhouse itself perched high on top of the opposite and almost vertical embankment – the whole track, both down to the beck and up the other side, was a sea of black mud [Oh for a 4x4!] but I knew I had no alternative but to drive to that farmhouse in hope of being at least able to turn the car around for my return journey – it was certainly impossible to carry out such a manoeuvre anywhere else.

So there was nothing I could do but grit my teeth and go for it. Going down I knew that my tyres were fighting for grip, and once at the bottom of this veritable ravine I gently applied some juice and prayed as the poor Saab climbed her way up to the farm – to have slithered uncontrollably down to the bottom again could well have had serious consequences, but thankfully both driver and car held their nerve and fishtailed into a level, but ankle deep in mud, farmyard.

That secluded farmhouse of Gill Bank looked a picture in the mellow late afternoon glow, and yet an inexplicable dread started to creep all over me – but why, I was here at my destination, here at the pinnacle of all my endeavours re *Behold Jerusalem!* and ready to have some fun, or so I thought. But maybe this my sudden 'dread' was no more than a silly kick-back from my concerns about getting here without serious mishap, and of course, the worrying return journey was already beckoning. However, the cause of this my unease seemed due to something more than just this, indeed, mixed up with that vibe of dread was an

undercurrent of abject sadness – for the life of me I just couldn't work out why, I only knew that that which I'd come so far to do had now to be done quickly.

For sure, the fun had gone out of my adventure, and still I couldn't work out why as I scurried on foot back down the steep and slippery slope towards that watery mouth of Christ, and yes, I know it again sounds silly, but I sensed *something seriously negative* which just wished me gone from this place – *this* magical mouth place which I had for so many years longed to experience in the flesh - and it bearing a name which in the Sumerian/Hebrew meant an *Exclamation of Joy* – ironic or what? Even as I quickly chose my spot alongside this crystal clear stream, so as to do that which I'd been compelled to journey 300 miles for, I felt so rattled to the extent that I wondered if it was *this Christ* himself who wanted me gone, and that my planned Opening of his Mouth was tantamount to committing a terrible sin against him. Or on the otherhand, was my feeling of dread emanating from something actually *opposed* to Christ, to even my own presence and intentions here, and wished not to have him resurrected for a second time....not even in play! Either way, I'd come too far to do 'a runner' now, so I took from my pocket that adze and leaned forward in readiness to slice it towards me through the gently flowing water in act of pulling down and opening the lower jaw upon which I stood. However, there upon the gravel bed of this shallow crystal clear beck, and directly below where my adze was already poised, I saw a dark *U* shaped object, indeed, like a thick and extremely oversized horseshoe - but whatever it was I felt instantly intimidated by it and knew it shouldn't be there, this piece of junk in the mouth of Christ! So as I dragged my adze through the shallow water I made sure that in the same movement I would hook out this object.

As though the width of my hook had been specifically designed so as to fit perfectly over the width of this blackened object I hooked it out in one swooping stroke, and dripping silver droplets as it dangled from my hook I brought it up to eye level so as to examine it more closely. The 'thing' was quite chunky and its metal was of a strange matt black or very dark brown, and as I've already said, had the look of an extremely oversized horseshoe. However, it then dawned on me in a flash; it was metal and on one edge had the remains of a row of pointed teeth, now in a severe state of broken and rotten decay....it was one half of bloody ancient animal *trap*, one once so sturdy it could have brought even a man down in screaming agony, and there it had been placed in the very mouth of Christ – *a trap within a trap*, so to speak! Stunned, I stood there

staring at it as I became more and more convinced that here was the very focus from which that vibe of dread had been issuing from; the atmosphere all around me seemed to crackle with danger, indeed, I felt that in its seemingly pertinent placement in that mouth, and exactly where I'd chosen to stand and then draw my hook through the water/mouth [if I'd have taken up a position but a yard to either my right or left I probably would never have noticed it] that I'd been set-up, but by whom? No one else knew the reasons behind this my visit to this mouth in the middle of nowhere. I even began urgently scanning around me in case the prankster was sniggering behind a tree, but all was deathly still, the only sound coming from the gurgling beck.

Standing there lost in thoughts almost too rapid for translation I then became aware that I was sinking, no, rather being sucked into that very mouth, for the mossy lip upon which I stood was, under my weight, revealing itself as bog. I was transfixed; the whole thing was becoming a seemingly orchestrated nightmare, a *full-on trap* in every sense of the word! In no time I had sunk down to the top of my calves – in one hand my adze, in the other a grotesquely fanged iron jaw bone, and yet it was all so utterly stupefying that without a fight I found myself calmly descending centimetre by centimetre into this Christ's mouth - I couldn't explain it, but it almost seemed that I was actually daring this whole situation to do its worst; a dangerous game of 'Chicken'. Thankfully, a modicum of sense returned and popped the surreal bubble I was apparently caught in – for at that moment I had been like a mesmerised fly upon the verge of walking straight down the throat of a Venus Flytrap. My release came with a memory of once stupidly walking headlong into one of Dartmoor's infamous mires and how I managed to get myself out - so I did the same now by lowering myself down into a sitting position [taking the weight off my legs] and then lying flat on my back before slowly, but forcefully so, lifting upwards from the knee each trapped lower leg. Well it worked again for me, but I was again fascinated by just how tight a grip that disguised bog had had on my legs. Morbidly, and at that point of final release, I then couldn't help checking the reception on my mobile and there wasn't even the slightest blip of life – needless to say that if I hadn't of managed to free myself, and what with me being coatless, owing to that mild afternoon, and the certainty of another hard frost coming that night, well.....

Covered in bog shite I considered what to do next; just what the hell was this supposedly '*Joyful*' mouth in the wilderness trying to say to me? Again, was it

that Christ hated my guts so much for practicing some evil heathen rite upon him that he wished me dead, indeed, chewed up and swallowed down via his own now *terrible* mouth in retribution for my defilement of him? Or was that which really wanted me gone/silenced the one which had put that rusty trap into Christ's mouth as some kind of a token gag/lock for to keep this Cumbrian Christ's own trap permanently shut....*to silence that Sumerian 'Exclamation of Joy' by preventing his resurrection?* If it was this latter scenario had I now, in a sense, *unlocked* that jaw [remember *Mouthlock* written upon the adze beneath the loincloth] via my removal of that trap? For my own sanity I had to put my faith in this second option, and with it came the intense compulsion that this vile instrument of pain needed to be taken far away from this image of Christ in Cumbria, **and destroyed!** Before scampering back up that steep embankment, however, I had one thing left to do, this [just as I did yesterday at that other Gillbank] to drop a small nugget of meteorite [and with it all that Egyptian inference of sperm] into his mouth as a token to....God only knows what!

Heart pounding, shaken, and mightily confused, I got back to my car, threw that mocking jaw into the boot, and with notably far less caution than when I arrived, beat my retreat.

Once safely back in Appleby, and uncaring of my muddy appearance, I went straight into the nearest pub, because boy, did I need a beer and a dose of normality! The pub was very quiet and I chose a table in a dark corner so as to gather my wits, and hopefully let the anxieties of the afternoon fall from me. However, there were three youngsters sat over at the bar, and I couldn't help but to overhear the astonishing [as it was certainly not the usual kind of bar chat] nature of their conversation.....it was to do with Osiris, Egyptian god of the Underworld/Afterlife, and **Resurrection!** No, you couldn't make that up either - I only knew that *something incredibly weird was in the air*, and I still wasn't sure whether it was good or bad.

Back in my B&B, and because I couldn't stand the sight of that grinning jaw with the vibe of old blood upon its teeth [between you and me, know that I didn't even want to touch it] I looked for a bag or something in which to hide it from view, but I had nothing suitable. Instead, I ended up wrapping it round and round with loo paper, giving it the unintentional effect of it being bandaged - mummy style; at least I managed to end this disconcerting day with a grin of my own. The following morning I would be ridding this Cumbrian Christ of that trap's brooding presence by hightailing it back home with me, and once there to

have it melted down into gobbets of formless scrap, fit only for the dump. For that night, however, I hoped only for to rest my head upon the body of this landscaped Christ beneath my bed and to be afforded with an untroubled night's sleep, as I had far to go in the morning with an unwelcome addition to the contents of my car's boot....although little did I know then that the **real shock of my life** was to still to come.

*\*Note: Before dropping off to sleep my last thoughts re the events of the day did sooth me a tad, and they went something like this: in my innocent gesture of Opening Christ's Mouth was I, however, also carrying out that which the genius in the landscape had been subliminally urging me to do ever since I found Gillbank marked upon the mouthpiece of that adze beneath the loincloth, namely to take that Gillbank [now symbolically upon the tip of the replica adze I'd had forged] to that other Gill Bank which marked Christ's mouth - there to then notice that submerged trap/gag [even in a sense that Stumbling Block/Scandal? - see previous articles] and to fish it out with my own replica hook - in act of cleansing the spot, and even re-resurrecting him - in a sense giving him his voice back?*

*Next morning, and as I put the key into the ignition, the answer to the above had become a definite "Yes". But if so, I had been seemingly 'used'. That said, if I'd have known in advance what was needed of me [even taking into account that which was still waiting in the wings so as to totally freak me out in a week's time] my answer would still have been another "Yes"!*

**Once safely home again** let's just say that the first thing I did was to chuck that *thing* into the shed, because there was no way I was having it cross my threshold; such was my continuing distrust of it. The second thing I did was to phone the blacksmith who had made my meteorite adze, and without going into any detail asked if he could do another job for me, this time not by actually making anything but rather to *unmake* something already existing. And yeah, it was a strange request, but without asking one question in return, *what a relief*, he agreed to do the deed.

A few very uneasy and jittery days later, because believe me, that thing in the shed still had the power to trouble my thoughts, I set off to the blacksmith's forge upon a morning of freshly fallen snow, and oh how beautiful it was, indeed, so gorgeous that it actually helped to ease my tension - the heavily snow festooned tree branches making for me glittering gothic arched tunnels to

drive down, and all set against a piercing blueness which I the artist could never hope to replicate. 45 minutes later I opened the door of the forge and walked into its hot welcoming scent of ancient tools and forge fire – that fiery womb from which my adze, which I still carried in my pocket, had had its own magical birth. But here I was now upon a reverse mission, this time to create nothing, but rather to destroy, to obliterate, and to blast back to hell that object which I guess, like a surgeon, I'd removed from that mouth; or more properly, which Christ had, in effect, *spat out of his own mouth!*

*“Out of the fire....”* My blacksmith [let's just call him Joe] stood square-on in his spark burnt apron, sleeves rolled up to reveal arms befitting of his trade, and quietly ready for whatever task I was going to throw at him, and yet his normally rosy cheeked and friendly face this time belied what must have been the many questions he had been building up since my cryptic phone call, and the nub of these, naturally enough, was what on earth had I brought with me in order that he should, after a lifetime of *making* worthy objects, be now asked to melt down an already made object into unrecognisable gobbets of scrap metal....and for what balmy reason anyway?

I sensed all this from him and felt like a complete fool in his strong presence as I laid upon his work table that loo paper wrapped item, and then with head bowed took a step back almost in way of a feeble apology for wasting his time, sheepishly adding at the same time that I'd found the thing in a stream – but said nothing regarding that stream being the mouth of some 48 mile tall landscaped depiction of the Christ; neither that it was the star adze he'd made for me which had hooked that object out.

But Joe, bless him, again refused to add to my noticeable tension by questioning me further, and neither did he give out any sign that he thought me an idiot [not openly at any rate!] and proceeded to rip off the loo paper - why hadn't I done that before stupidly presenting it to him? Whatever, and now unwrapped for the first time since leaving Cumbria, that black trap was now held in Joe's non-sense grip as he quietly studied its every contour - *“Why is it that matt black colour and not just rusty orange?”* I asked, he replied *“Maybe some mineral in the water”*. I then asked *“How long would you say it had actually been under water?”*, he said *“I'll soon tell ya”*. Within the blink of an eye Joe had suddenly snapped the thing in half, and I was taken aback at just how easily that seemingly sturdy thing had indeed snapped; within its outer show of rigid strength, and albeit, somewhat worn away fanged ferocity, this trap was soft and

rotten to the core. *“At least 50 years judging by this”* was his answer to my question, and with it cleared up that feeling I'd had that someone had recently 'set me up' by planting it in readiness for my arrival at Gill Bank – unless, that is, it had been purposefully planted 50 years in advance of my visit! Or was it that it had been innocently tossed into that stream, in another place altogether, all those years ago, but via the will of that *Force* which had created this colossal conundrum underfoot, had, for a reason, been washed down to the very spot where it was predicted I would stand so as to *open that Christ's mouth*, and this again, for a reason? Or then again, was there no mystery whatsoever – the junk just coincidentally ended up there – end of!

Quickly, and before Joe could wreak any further damage on it, I asked him to return it to the table so that I could take a photo. \*Incidentally, from what I can remember it was at least 12 inches in width.



From the little I knew of Joe, previously having spent but a morning with him, I nevertheless gauged that behind his outwardly pleasant persona was a most down-to-earth man of normally few words, and not given to expressing his emotions easily, especially not to relative strangers like myself; the strong 'silent type' I'd say. Certainly an 'old school' type of chap, and one who would perhaps give very short thrift to any mystic mumbo jumbo, indeed, and for this same reason, I'd never mentioned my whacky book even upon my first visit to his forge in order to have my adze made....merely saying that I was an artist with a passion for all things Ancient Egyptian, and that the constellation shaped item to be made was thought to have had some ceremonial purpose. However,

and back to the piece of junk I'd now lumbered him with; as he stood hovering near that table while I took the photo, I sensed, rightly or wrongly, from him a degree of impatience, even anger towards either the presence of that trap within his forge, or my own wasting of his valuable time with this my idiotic request – I was of course going to pay him, but.... Either way, and as I stepped back from that table, he pounced upon that now broken in two trap like a man possessed, for in a flash he had taken up both pieces in his vice-like grip and began to tear them apart as though they were a couple of Crunchie bars; that blackened evil implement, designed to either snap the ankle of man or beast, or else keep that mouth of Christ permanently shut tight, fell from his mighty fists as a crumbled golden dust onto his table....not unlike, I'd guess, how some iron object fetched up from a sunken wreck might perish after exposure to the air.

I was speechless – it was all happening too fast. He then with the side of his hand brushed the heap of gold/burnt orange dust, along with one or two remaining lumps, onto a sheet of paper which he then unceremoniously gathered up to make a bag and whisked it over to the glowing forge; the flames leapt up in joy of being fed, while with forceful thrusts of his poker Joe rammed the stuff further down into the throat of his hungry dragon.

It was, relatively speaking, all over in no time; I leaned over and looked into the intense and aromatic heat, and the *thing* was merely a bunch of glittering sparks of a slightly brighter hue than the surrounding lava-like glow....the trap was no more, or so we thought.

Joe swigged from his mug of tea, while continuing to give the general area of that thing's demise the odd poker prod for good measure; it was simply 'job done'. For myself, however, I must admit to having felt it had all been an anticlimax; after all the strange events and intensely worrying concerns which had led me here with a dreadful lump of rusty metal, fetched out of that mouth of Christ....well, and although I was not in any way whatsoever expecting anything other than this destruction of it in Joe's cleansing flames, this ending just seemed a tad flat. But "Hey Ho!", it was again 'job done', and so being still visually in love with the twilit interior of Joe's ancient forge, I picked up my camera and began happily shooting the shafts of sunlight pouring through his open door and dancing in the smoky blue haze of this special place. All was so deliciously peaceful, and I couldn't help saying to myself "Fool, what more magical ending than this could I ever have wished for?"

Click, click went my camera's shutter as it recorded this my journey's end, however, the next click was accompanied by a subtle ripple of alarm which suddenly prickled the back of my neck, and with it the rather disconcerting sensation that someone had silently crept up behind me. Lowering my camera I slowly turned; it was Joe, and he looked decidedly unwell, while in his hand was a poker with a glowing red tip, and it was pointing directly at my midriff – he said nothing. What the fucking the hell was going on? I noticed then that Joe's eyes were not on me but focused on the end of that poker, and changing my own focus to that same spot I gasped at the sight of that which was delicately hooked over and dangling from its tip and which I had not initially noticed; it was of a rose glow fading to an ashen grey; **it was another Opening of the Mouth adze!** Slightly smaller than the version in my pocket, and perhaps of a more flimsy construction, **but it was *that sacred tool*, and I just wanted to vomit!**

*"What the freaking bloody hell have you got there?"* I yelled, along with a torrent of other expletives born out of my abject horror and confusion. My head swam; I wanted to run; I wanted to stay and stare, I was a rabbit caught in headlights, and still he pointed that poker, along with that dangling insult to my intelligence, towards my midriff as though poised to run me through. Still he said nothing; still his eyes focused only upon that new and now more dreadful *thing*. I nearly said *"Joe, if this is some kind of joke I'm not bloody impressed mate"*, but the words didn't come because his own ashen face told me it was nothing of the kind, for I could see that he was as appalled, no, as sickened and dazed, as me. Indeed, I knew him well enough even in these few shared hours of ours that he was a far too noble and descent a man to have pulled such a childish prank on me.

Further bemused minutes passed before Joe finally spoke and broke the now suffocating silence. Quietly, almost whispering, the big burly guy said in a voice noticeably quivering with emotion, that as he parted the coals with his poker so as to check that that metal rubble was, as intended, no more than unrecognisable fragments which later in the day he would clean out with his dead coals and commit to the ashcan, he found this adze already formed in the spot where that thing had nigh on melted – in short, that trap, albeit obliterated beyond any clue as to what it once had been, and unlike in the making of my own adze whereby hours of deft hammer blows, plunges into cold water and returns into the furnace of the forge were needed to form its intricate shape, **this**

**new one had CREATED ITSELF within moments!** Of course, we both knew this could not be; it was an affront to all the laws of metallurgy, and a complete insult to anyone's intelligence, yet there it was, a stiff middle finger gesture in the face of all we ever thought was *Impossible* – it was truly absurd, but it was hanging there at the end of the poker as a grinning challenge to our very sanity.....this, I assure you, the shock of *both* our lives!

I felt increasingly nauseous, and the feeling lodged in my throat like a ball of hot sick, and I knew I was visibly shaking, but Joe somehow gathered himself, and in a voice almost not his own but one of a strange monotone flatness, asked if I wanted to keep this thing, for if I did he would plunge it into the drum of cold water; and still it dangled off the now cooling tip of that poker; and still his eyes were glued to it, and yours truly was struck totally dumb. *And yes, some may say that my discovery of star giants rising up through the foundations of England, Wales and Northern Ireland has itself an affront to common reason, and yet for me this beautiful landscaping sings of something positively joyful and holy, whereas this shocking episode revolving around that lump of crap smacked of something sinister and threatening, indeed, at that very moment of its unlawful self creation into another Opening of the Mouth adze, I judged it anti to everything I'd found. This was, in a word 'disgusting' to behold.*

So yeah, I was already feeling scared and sick to my stomach, but with Joe's deadpan question my scrambled mind went to war with itself; on one side roared "Temptation", on the other the forces of "Repulsion" roared straight back. God, how I wanted to keep that self created adze as proof of this mind boggling happening, but so too did I want it thrown back into the furnace for surely this was something potentially evil fighting to save its own skin by tempting me into taking it back home with me as a treasure beyond compare – it was like being caught in a living fairy tale, wherein the ugly evil old witch, whom I was just about to decapitate with my singing blade, craftily transforms herself into a delicately angelic little girl.

Needless to say that I was utterly beguiled by that dangling object, for in its magical metamorphosis from the detritus left from that vile and decaying trap, into this slender rendition of a constellation, was a charm which ignited shear lust in me. Time was defeated; I swear even my heart had given up beating, and yet as calmness personified I ordered the blacksmith to send it back to the flames, though not before I aimed my camera lens at it because who the hell

was ever going to believe what had just happened if I hadn't got proof? Click, I pressed the button.....and the blasted shutter jammed!

Can you imagine how I felt? My quality Nikon had decided to die on me at that of all times, and yeah, if you've not guessed it already, that entire forge throbbled with that very same negative and threatening vibe which had harangued me at Gill Bank.....had done ever since that first prickle of alert had ran down my neck when sensing someone [Joe] behind me, and what's more, I was now damn sure that Joe felt it too.

No matter, I'd made my mind up and Joe plunged that unwanted tempter back deeply into the glowing red eye of his forge, and followed through with several vengeful thrusts of his poker, and amazingly as he did so we both witnessed it writhe within a weirdly greenish tongue of leaping flame descriptive, perhaps, of a sudden release of combustible gas – it was almost as though we'd thrown a live snake into that terrific heat, and yet within another second it seemed to stiffen and reveal itself as brittle and hollow as an empty egg shell....like fairy gold becoming no more than a handful of dried leaves, the thing had itself reverted back into that detritus out of which it had created itself. In another few moments we could see the thing was no more than a few tiny glowing scabs - it was gone. Tell you what though, *nothing but nothing was ever going to erase it from my memory....nor Joe's, I shouldn't wonder.*

Before leaving Joe I of course asked him of his own professional opinion of that which we had just witnessed. Still in a kind of expressionless stupor [as I was myself] he simply answered that that which had just occurred was beyond his lifetime of metalworking to make sense of – the big man looked like a little boy lost, even more so once I had finally confessed that I'd fished out that trap via the very adze/hook he had previously made for me – an instrument, I told him, used to hook open the mouth of one deceased in order to allow the soul to re-enter via the mouth; in a word, *Resurrection*. When I then fetched a copy of my book from my car for him, and showed him exactly where I'd been fishing [in that mouth of him who was a 48mile tall Christ crucified upon Cumbria's clouded hills] there was nothing more to be said. We hugged as though in sympathy and compassion for each other's distress and bewilderment, and I went and threw-up on the snow behind my car before driving home.

**Hear Serena Roney-Dougal speak at our Portland Moot**

Two weeks later I took the chance of having that presumably ruined film developed, and “Yesssssss!” it seemed that the god’s really did want that extraordinary self-metamorphosed ‘thing’ recorded after all, as proof that not everything in this world can be explained away by reason and scientific formulae....nor even by that bloody last resort of a ‘get-out clause’ we call *Coincidence*.



Fourteen years later, however, and sitting here now reliving all of this, I still find myself uncomfortably perplexed by the above events, indeed, frustrated to the point of feeling a total failure. Why? Because I believe with all my heart that I have failed to interpret fully the reason why beneath this Christ’s loincloth there is a 10 mile long copy of that Ancient Egyptian Opening of the Mouth adze/mirror of Ursa Major [image of a sperm?] and this placed exactly where his genitals should have been – not to mention my finding of that blasted trap, and what then transpired in the forge. In short, my friends, I feel I have been, and still am, unforgivably deaf/blind to what must be the screaming final word to this my entire discovery; without it I have let the whole thing down, and I have, and continue to, mentally beat myself up on an almost daily basis as a despairing consequence of it all.

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It goes without saying that every single day since that episode in the forge I’ve wracked my mind in effort to glean the definitive answer as to what happened/what it meant, and many are the times I have pleaded out loud for Christ [yes, the Christ himself] to just ease my inner turmoil via some sudden bolt of clarification as to the real reasons behind my fishing/hooking out of his Gill Bank mouth that damnable animal trap, followed by that gobsmacking sight of that same trap re-birthing, no, *resurrecting* of itself [because that’s exactly what the bloody thing did!] from out those flames - becoming itself a perfect copy of that sacred adze which I believe Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus used to resurrect Jesus in the tomb....*but hang on a mo, blimey, is that which I’ve just typed the simple yet shattering truth of it all* - have I, with this my narration of that trap’s own resurrection, just taken the crystal clear words [as I did the trap itself] literally out of Christ’s very own mouth - in short, was this his own verification that that trap’s own metamorphosis into that adze used in the most sacred Egyptian Ceremony of all, and this to raise the dead, *is* indeed the truth behind his own victory over Death, and which he now wants us all to know and experience for ourselves – could this message alone be the one that’s caused the heavens to sing out from beneath the floorboards of Britain? *For look – if rusty old iron can resurrect itself....my God, just imagine what we could do!*

**Fool that I am....have I in stating the above just ignited the simple and joyful answer to my 14 years of soul-searching hell - this which Christ has just laughingly bellowed into my waxed-up ear holes *IS* that knowledge**

which the Bible has hitherto robbed us of, itself being the very 'Scandal' we suspected in Soulby's *Scandal Beck*? How suddenly obvious too, that trap I hooked out of his mouth was indeed the grotesque GAG to this hidden fact; a gag but which Christ had, in a sense, spat out, and had tellingly remodelled within the forge flames as the very instrument behind his Resurrection [a masterstroke or what!] hence the whole purpose of that gag so as to obliterate exactly *this* revelation that the Opening of the Mouth Ceremony had been performed on him....and thus again this gagging act, via that wonder from the forge, has been miraculously used and turned totally back upon whomever/whatever wished to keep his mouth permanently shut to this fact – the gag itself remade into a veritable loudhailer of the Truth which had been safely hidden beneath his loincloth, where nobody would think to look, in readiness to blow the lid off everything....and with it *The Scandal* is joyously outed! That trap is now well and truly sprung. Indeed, that adze dangling off Joe's poker WAS Christ's own 'real-time' *Exclamation of Joy* - to me, to Joe, to everyone with eyes to see – and such already predicted via that Sumerian/Hebrew meaning behind the word *Gill* as written upon his own Cumbrian lips.

Oh my God, I've got tears welling in my eye as I now type this. Here in again, in electrifying real-time, another blissful example of the childlike humour and magic which has arrived as an 'Exclamation of Joy' [this time even from out of Christ's own mouth] and which has always arrives in the nick of time so as to help this old fool out of a spot of suspected insanity with a belly laugh, along with the sudden appearance of a glowing signpost marked 'Don't worry anymore, you're *HOME and DRY*'.

And yes, this sudden and simple clarification could well be the absolute final distillation of the whole reason why these almighty zodiacal star giants, gathered as they are into the vast shape of an Ark/Ship [see my book], have breached the foundations of this corner of our Earth, and which has the Christ nailed at its apex, indeed upon its very mast-cum-cross, and there surely high enough for all the world to see....to see such written upon a Cross 300 miles tall should be miracle enough, but to then lift that loincloth is, I believe, to realise just why this vast picture created by a Love Divine has arrived upon all our doorsteps....and that picture cries "All is Alive, for again just look what the living rock has done to Britain!; all matter is Super Conscious; nothing is Impossible anymore, for see how even

*rusty fragments as spat out of Christ's own mouth, and intended to gag his final message to us, were reformed and rendered anew – moreover, became the very starry hook which opened his own mouth and brought about instantaneous resurrection...and in the flesh! And as you witness all of this know that Death, as a consequence, is to be utterly Defeated!"*.

And wouldn't such news bring unbridled joy? Certainly, Cumbria's 48 mile tall Christ is crying out to the world a message which warrants ecstatic rejoicing; for learn now that the Sumerian/Hebrew translation of that word *Gill*, and which marks his mouth, not only means an 'Exclamation of Joy' but so too *Rejoice/Rejoicing*, along with *The Exalted One*, likewise *Being Glad*, and to be *Excited unto Levity*, or to *Shout Exultantly*. And if that's not enough get this too....it also means to *Tremble with Excitement!*

Thus, from this crucified Christ's Gill Bank mouth comes no cry of pain, but rather one of ecstatic release, and this presumably prompted by what can only be some intensely beautiful feeling going on within his Being – a feeling which apparently causes his whole body to tremble. And what with our tracking of sacred star sperm from his loins to his mouth could I venture that this his cry of joy is somehow *orgasmic in nature*? If so I sense here an orgasm brought about not merely by sexual stimulation as we know it, but rather via some inner, and for us hardly comprehensible, Spiritual/Physical alchemy, whereby both conception and birth were as though one instantaneous event, resulting in a veritable on the spot rebirth of that person *from out of themselves* – I guess I'm talking of a re-entry of the Soul/Ba via the mouth of one deceased, and thence within the very core of that person rejoining with its Spirit/Ka [see Article 2, Parts 1&2] in a lover's embrace, causing not only the conception, but so too the orgasmic cry of one Resurrected/Reborn - and all this seemingly triggered by that mysterious Opening of the Mouth Ceremony? In answer to myself, "I don't know". But what I do know is that an Opening of the Mouth adze *has* been found stowed away beneath this Cumbrian Christ's loincloth [in itself surely a nod and a wink towards the Sacred Sexuality as once revered by our ancestors?] and it's now impossible to turn a blind eye to the staggering possibility that such a ceremony was performed on Jesus in the privacy of that tomb near Golgotha - causing him to both 'Tremble with Excitement' and cry out in an 'Exclamation of Joy' [exactly as intimated upon his Gill Bank lips] before walking out of that tomb/womb Resurrected....and yes, in a sense *Born Again from out of himself*.

**Mark Herbert will be back next issue with Part 11 of  
The Callarde Experience**



Once again, could all these strange and taboo whispers rising up from the body of this Christ, let alone that which occurred within a blacksmith's forge, be between them somewhere near to the truth behind the events which led to Christ's resurrection, and which certain folk throughout time might have striven to keep from us by laying stumbling blocks across our thought-paths, and by the setting of heretical traps for those who always knew there was more to Christ's message than the Church had told them? Either way, our Earth has sculpted from the apparently not so dead bedrock of England, Wales and Northern Ireland an enormous starry statement of what can only be a rendering of her own ecstatic joy - **to me, it's as though even Christ's own trembling orgasm and cry has itself penetrated into this same bedrock and was indeed the very catalyst for the rising up of all the star giants I've discovered....we're seeing how his own resurrection upon the hills of Cumbria has invoked even the granite to come alive and to animate itself into a singing mirror of the heavens. And if stone and soil, the ocean and the rivers, the wind and the rain, allied to the tunnelling works of badgers and worms have lovingly conspired to present to the world this living miracle beneath our feet, then little wonder that a few handfuls of decayed rust, fetched from out of the mouth of this great green Messiah, can reconstruct/resurrect itself into another copy of that sacred star adze; the same instrument which once long ago, and in another Jerusalem, was perhaps placed in the mouth of him who was dead but whom was then likewise himself reanimated amid orgasmic cries of sheer ecstasy.**

Truly, somewhere herein must be the final word of that Loving Force which has willed this entire wonder of 'thought to be' unconscious/dead material, and which forms the bedrock of Britain, to nevertheless writhe itself into miraculous life - and thus with it that final word can only be again that "*There is no Death!*", for see, everything, but everything is conscious and ALIVE....yeah, even a handful of rust particles!

*\*Note. And speaking of whatever transformative forces ran through Jesus' body and then down the shaft of the Cross and into the Earth, thus perhaps in turn causing this animation of Britain's rocky foundations, let us not forget that even the Bible itself records that while he hung there some awesome earth penetrating force was indeed unleashed, and which had the power to raise the already long dead from their graves; these seemingly in such fine health that they*

*were reported as happily strolling the very streets of Jerusalem by the end of the day!*

Please do forgive me, however, for all the above bold type; I just couldn't help it! You see, never would I have guessed that here in my writing about that *trap*, a subject which has been these past 14 years a personal 'stumbling block' to me, that it should return here to free me at last - an Epiphany indeed! That said, and should that trap/gag I found in Christ's mouth still rankle with you [and before we move on to my last article wherein we'll stand before Britain's own Great Pyramid, and to see double confirmation of that which Christ is seemingly alerting us to] I ask you to consider the following; in my earlier foraging for a soothing balm for to at least alleviate my own discomforts surrounding that same disquieting object I did go to the Bible in forlorn hope of finding some kindly mention of traps, and found this from Isaiah 8:14 wherein the prophet tells us how Jehovah/Jesus Christ will be looked upon when he is made flesh:

*He will be a sanctuary,  
But a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence  
To both the houses of Israel,  
As a trap and a snare to the inhabitants of Jerusalem.*

Of all the weird and mysterious [but perhaps not so now?] things to find - Jesus being referred to as a *trap*, and me actually having fished one out of his own Cumbrian mouth-cum-trap! But so too we see him also prophesied here as being a *stumbling stone/block*; remember then how beneath his loin cloth we found the village of Soulby marking the beginning of that 10 mile long lane rendition of that Egyptian adze, and how that place had the Scandal Beck running through it - Scandal coming from the Greek word *Skandalon*, and which meant *Stumbling Block*.

But I admit it, at the time I first came across Isaiah's strange prophesy I found no real balm in it, and yet now I find it soothing beyond words....'Jesus the trap' magically speaking to us all from out of the flames of a blacksmith's forge - a trap which snaps back at our present day 'know-all' scientists [and seemingly those too who in his own time kept truths back from the masses] who would scoff "Not possible!" to a man walking on water; to turning water into wine; to the raising of one who was dead back to life, and to a handful of crumbled rust which was once a trap transforming itself from out of the flames into a replica of that resurrection prompting hook which I'd fished out of Christ's mouth, *as a*

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trap, for God's sake!....so thank you Isaiah, the trap is now sprung; that Church instigated gag to Christ's mouth removed, and the stunning truth set free for to shock the living daylights out of us all! Simply beautiful, and surely now oh so simple to read – in a blacksmith's forge Christ has indeed sprung the trap which was primed to prevent us from knowing the full truth of the glory of *Ourselves*....yes, us upon this sphere we call Earth, but which is in reality *Love* made incarnate, and this spinning in that infinitude we call the Universe, but which is itself a spangled sea of Divine Consciousness.

Of course, to the above some might protest, and rightly so, as to "*Why then is there so much pain in our world if it is made of Love personified?*" To which the answer may one day prove to be, in part anyway, that such is a result of our own long term out of kilter relationship with Nature, and perhaps with each other too....but I honestly don't know.

And before you ask, neither do I know the answer to the obvious "*No death?....Crikey! – there's gonna be one hell of a population explosion, not to mention the resulting mayhem re food, water, accommodation, and umpteen other shortages!*" However, I'd like to think that there might be a sparkling clue left in the pages of *Luke* re the new condition of one who has been resurrected: the following scene is set shortly after the crucifixion, and when the disciples are 'holed up' in a 'locked' room in fear of themselves being arrested. Anyway, the risen Christ suddenly arrives in their midst, not via knocking their door first, but apparently materialising through the solid wall, and yes, the startled group reasonably thought he was now in Spirit form, a ghost no less, but Christ was ready to put them to rights....and how! In *Luke 24:36-43*, he certainly quashes those 'ghostly' fears by firstly showing them his still very warm and fresh wounds: "*See My hands and my feet, that it is I Myself, touch Me and see, for a spirit does not have flesh and bones as you see I have.*" But then comes that which is for me the most telling, yet most charmingly humorous of all the Bible's passages – so picture this: at that moment of Christ's sudden entrance the disciples were just about to tuck into a nice fish supper – so *He said to them "Have you anything to eat?" They gave him a piece of their broiled fish and he took it and ate it before them.* Oh man, how fantastic is that! Simply, it seems he's telling them, and *us*, that one resurrected/re-birthed is transcended into a state which allows that one to be master of many different dimensions/worlds; to either fly with angels, or to sit down and enjoy a good old fish an' chip

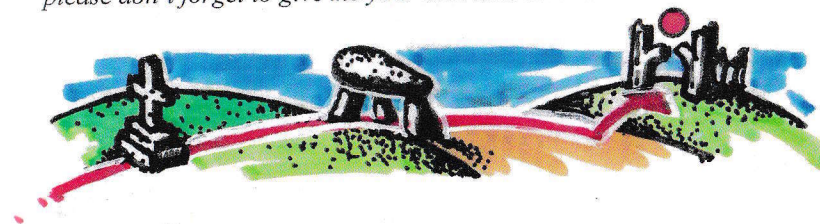
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supper [with lashings of vinegar, and a beer I hope!] – a *Man-God* no less! Herein may be the wondrous prospects awaiting a new mankind.

Lastly, and if you should still have any doubts re all this resurrection stuff, and this all leaning towards an Ancient Egyptian connection, well, in my next and final article know that this astonishing Landscape has one final masterstroke left up its green sleeve - one which left even this Doubting Thomas dancing the Hokey Cokey!

GKG x.

**\*BEHOLD JERUSALEM! - BOOK OFFER.** *This signed 1000 limited edition soft back/large format book, 304 pages, is available to members of the Network of Ley Hunters at £15, includes p&p [normally £17.99 + p&p] Please make cheques/postal orders payable to Graham K. Griffiths, and address to G.K. Griffiths, The Laurels, 186A Exeter Road, Exmouth, Devon, EX8 3DZ. \*And please don't forget to give me your own address! Thanks.*

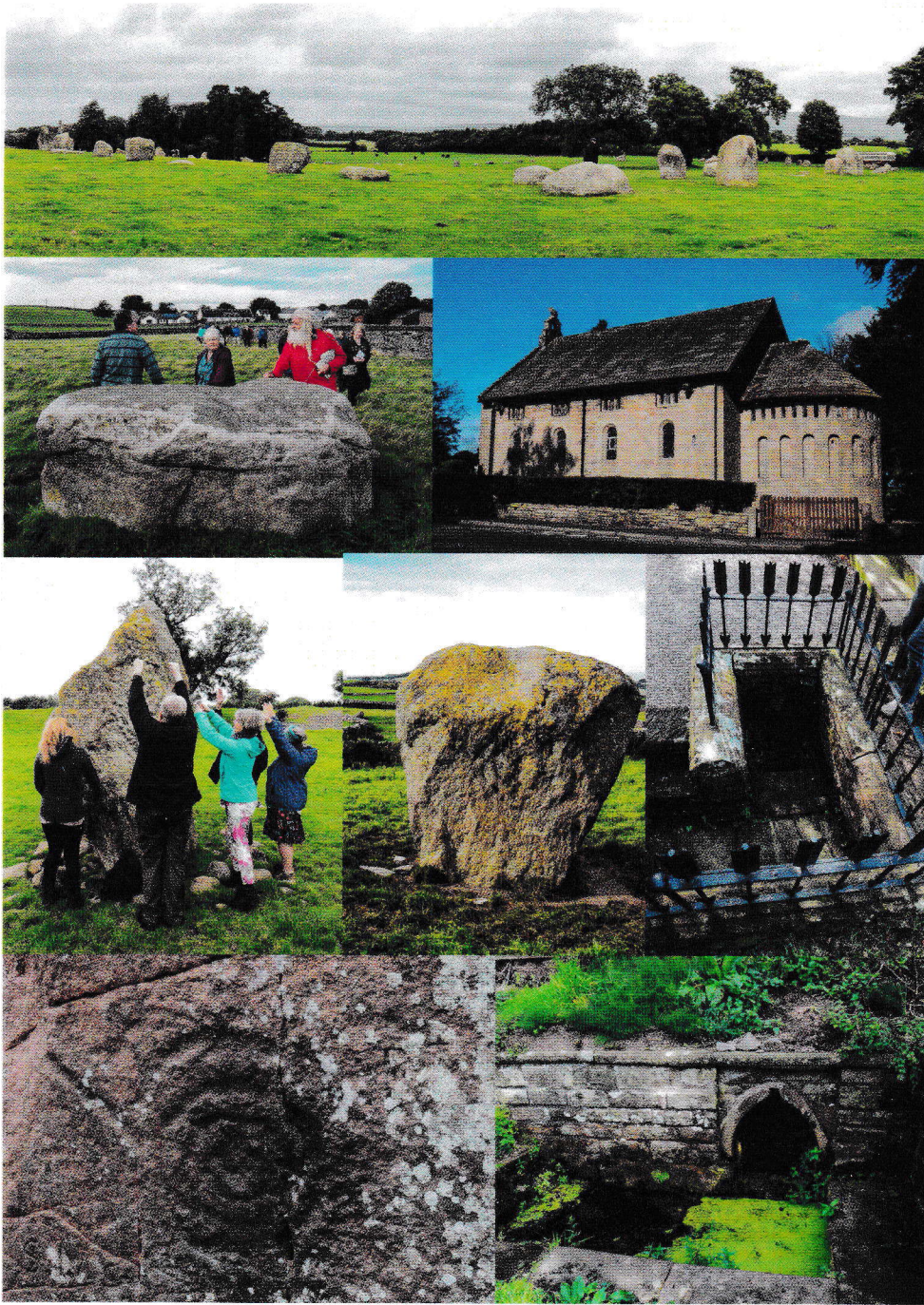


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Kirkby Stephen Moot 2019 (photos: Denis Chapman)



Clockwise: Long Meg and her Daughters Stone Circle, St Mary's Church, Wreay, Well at St Mary's Church, Wreay, St Michaels' Well Longtown (Arthuret), Ring marking at Long Meg, Central stone at Mayburgh Henge, Giant's Foot Stone, Shap, and centre Googleby Stone, Shap