

The Newsletter of the Network of  
**Loyal Hunters**

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Issue 34 - Imbolc 2020



Goggleby Stone by Denis Chapman

## The Newsletter of the Network of Ley Hunters

Issue 34, Imbolc (1<sup>st</sup> February) 2020

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

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.

## The Sacred Isle of Portland Part One

by Gary Biltcliffe

*"I'm sure our island could tell the most wondrous tales if it could speak. Castles and churches, roads and piers have nearly vanished! And Roman and Danish earthworks, circles and barrows, before ever castle or church was thought of. Is it any wonder that Kings came here, and called it their own, and made it one of their homes? Is it any wonder that places with no such past fail to understand us."*

Clara King Warry c1900

A visitor to the Isle of Portland today will approach along a road built into a causeway of pebbles known as Chesil Beach. The rocky isle juts out into the English Channel like a giant wedge with limestone cliffs standing five hundred feet high at its northern end gradually sloping down to the southerly point called the Bill. On arrival, you

immediately sense that it has a different feel to that of the mainland, presenting remnants of its illustrious past as an ancient quarry for a high quality fine-grained limestone, and its naval heritage. Castletown, Fortuneswell and Chesil are the lower villages on the north part of the island called 'Underhill' and as you drive inland and ascend the steep road to the plateau you arrive in 'Tophill' with fantastic views over the coast of Dorset from the Heights Hotel and carpark.

Further inland is the metropolis of Easton with its Edwardian village square and gardens surrounded by shops cafés and houses. The road south then leads into a surprisingly wide street called Wakeham lined either side with old stone cottages unique to the island with a museum and Norman castle overlooking an inlet called Church Ope Cove. Further south, is another delightful village of quaint Portland cottages called Southwell on the road that leads you to the southern tip called the Bill with its lighthouses and café.

But as any old Portlander will tell you, behind Portland's dominant quarrying and naval heritage lies an island steeped in myth and legend, with its

own recorded history and heritage. For over a thousand years, it has been a Royal Manor with special privileges and rights bestowed to the islanders by kings dating back to Saxon times. This gift has allowed a greater freedom for the Portlanders, without interference from the English Parliament, to practise their individual customs and ways of living answering only to the King. Their governing body, the Court Leet, has continued unimpaired for at least a thousand years to the present day, but its origins could possibly date back another five hundred years to the Saxon period when a revolutionary agricultural system spread over much of the country. Living in relative

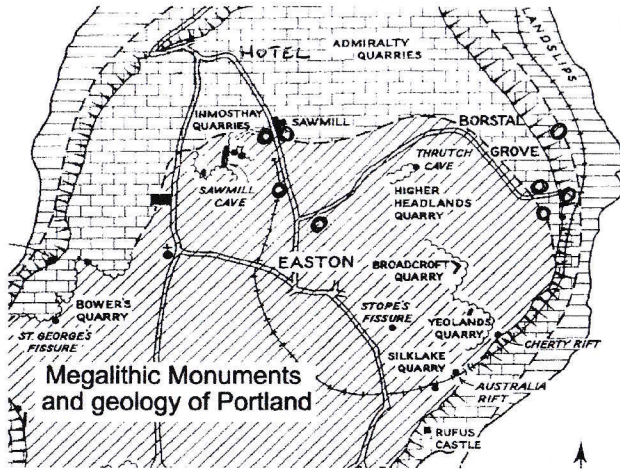


isolation with their own laws, the early Portlanders, who believed they were descended from royal stock, rarely ventured onto the mainland and were free from cultural influences, politics, and religions of mainland Britain, marrying only within the island families.

Right up until the early twentieth century, the old island families would teach their children the ancient history of Portland as handed down by their parents and their grandparents before them. Today mainland historians, who take more heed of the written word than the spoken, ignore these oral traditions regarding them as mere folklore and myth.

The Victorian period brought a decline to this unique race of people; a constant demand for Portland stone permitted the building of a bridge to replace the ferry as well as new roads and a railway which opened up the interior of the island to intensive quarrying. In addition, a new naval base and prison forced the requisition of a great deal of land, which at the time was rich with prehistoric remains. The resulting population increase of outsiders, called by locals 'Kimberlins', diluted the old Portland bloodlines and many of their ancient customs and practices disappeared.

I discovered that at least six stone circles, several standing stones and many burial mounds stood on Tophill between the Heights Hotel and Easton. Sadly after quarrying, only island place-names and traditions recall the great monuments associated with the Neolithic, Bronze Age and Iron Age peoples. Considering the size of Portland, only four and a half miles in length and a mile and three quarters wide, the abnormally large number of ancient monuments speaks volumes for its former sanctity.



as a strategically safe sanctuary for religious practices or trade.

Amongst the wealth of literature published on the Isle of Portland, there is little on the folklore and traditions of this ancient race. However, in the basement of the county museum I came across a box with a number of out of print and unpublished works written by 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> century Portlanders. Mrs Clara King Warry, formerly Clara Jane White (1856 - 1940), a well-known authority on island folklore and customs, inherited a legacy of Portland traditions from her grandmother Elizabeth White, formerly Pearce. After reading them, it was also clear that many of the old Portlanders

Long ago, this impregnable headland had only two places for landing; one at a lagoon called the Mere at the northern extremity of the Isle that became a Royal Navy Air Station then a Marina, and the other being an inlet half way down the eastern coast called Church Ope Cove. It is certain that the geography of Portland would have appealed to the prehistoric inhabitants living in this area

revered their island with a deep understanding of its mystery and heritage that reflects a sense of spirituality and enlightenment.

On the coast southeast of the Heights Hotel is the Grove, a place revered by the old Portlanders. Here stands a large foreboding Victorian building made of Portland stone, formally Portland Prison and now the Young Offenders Institution. In 1847, locals protested at the destruction of the Druid Circle to make way for the hastily built prison that was to house the convict workforce brought to the island to build the Breakwater. Later the sacred stones became a rockery in the garden of the Prison Governor's house but later removed to the sea wall because of their pagan associations.



In 1840, a few years before the building of the prison, the travelling antiquarian Fido Lunettes visited the Grove accompanied by a local surgeon. There he found an ancient British earthwork on the cliffs at the Grove (now destroyed), called Arun's Green, where a local tradition says a great battle took place. Directly below in the Weares they could see the remains of some circles with stones measuring five to six feet square and a

Cromlech with a capstone that measured eighteen feet long, six feet wide, and four feet thick.

Today, the sea wall opposite the end of Grove Road contains some unusually large weathered stones. There are also megalithic stones in the wall along Easton Lane that stand out amongst the smaller ones in areas known to have had stone monuments. Elizabeth Pearce mentions that the locals or quarrymen were superstitious of these stones, so perhaps when they quarried the area, they refused to break them up and risk the wrath of the Druids, and so preserved them close to where they originally stood. Looking up at the Grove from the undercliff area is the outline of a giant's head that at first appears to be natural weathering. Later I discovered that during the Victorian period this section of cliffs had the name Nicodemus Knowle. In the Grail legends, Nicodemus fashioned a head of Jesus on the day that he had seen the Lord on the cross. Was the giant's head fashioned by the old quarrymen?



Above Church Ope Cove, precariously perched upon a high rock platform is Rufus Castle, also known as Bow and Arrow Castle. The castle is an irregular five-sided building that is most unusual and rare and is the only one of its kind in Britain. The castle is a credit to the stonemasons who fashioned the walls in stone without mortar in the cyclopean way of building, more common to the prehistoric temples of Europe than a supposed Norman castle. John Hutchins, a sixteenth century

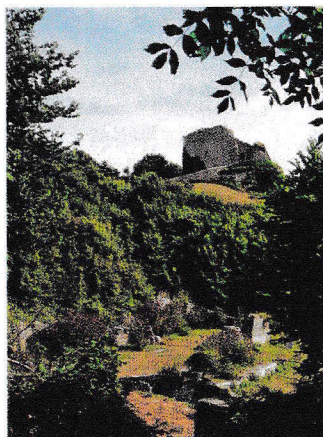
antiquarian, wrote "but little mortar has been used in the construction of the walls which are roughly built of native ashlar."

On a terrace below the castle, is the ruin of St Andrew's Church, once the oldest and at one time the only church on the island. In the 1970's, archaeological excavations revealed Romano-British pottery and an Iron Age coin under Saxon foundations and the footings of an impressive Norman church. Portland traditions state that a Temple of Venus occupied the site in pre-Christian days. If this tradition is true, the Temple may have been a Romano-British shrine dedicated to the Roman goddess or a stone circle used as an observatory to mark the rising of the planet Venus. King Warry refers to this area around the church and castle as the *High Place* and 'God's Acre' once the centre of the island before a landslip:

*'Roughly this place [High Place] is still central as regards North and South, though it ceased to be equidistant between East and West after the great cataclysm about 1100A.D., when the under-sea earthquake which wrought havoc in the Channel Isles – fortunately confined to a small place – found its vibrations felt on the opposite shore, and caused the disappearance of half of Portland on the south east. Happening at night, the terrors were thereby doubled; and as late as early nineteenth century the terrible havoc wrought, and the consequent fears of the islanders, remained an often-told tale'.*

King Warry *The High Place* c1908

I wondered why this hallowed ground was the chosen place of worship in view of its inaccessibility for most of the islanders, particularly those who lived down in Chiswell. Surely, it would have been more suitable to build a place of worship north of Easton in a more central position for the population to access. However, it appears that the site has some religious significance and, as King Warry mentions, it was once at the centre of the island before the great undersea earthquake. In our book *The Power of Centre* we found that the Greeks, Romans and Celts sought the geographical centre of their Kingdom and surveyed their realm and divided it up in accordance with the harmony of the cosmos. From this ritual centre or omphalos, surveyors would build temples, churches, political and military buildings on an esoteric foundation plan of sacred geometry using straight lines, circles, and pentagrams.



In part two I will reveal sacred geometry laid out with incredible accuracy from this Christian omphalos to other chapels and churches, and the traditions of ancient families from distant lands and a landscape giant that has gradually evolved over the years and was completed in 2012 when the Olympics came to Portland.

**Hear Gary Biltcliffe speak at our Portland Moot**

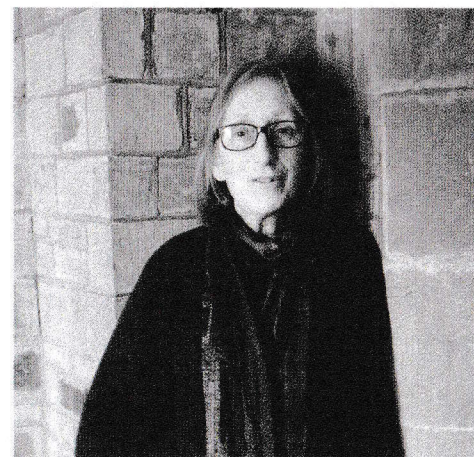
**Hear Penny Billington speak at our Portland Moot**

### Starting the conversation: A Druid way of looking at the landscape.

Druidry is a spiritual path rooted in the land, encouraging us to relate to our landscape from ecological, historic and mytho-poetic standpoints. Tuning in to nature gives us stability and continuity. It engenders a robust attitude, supporting us in the challenges of modern life; but how do we make the connection?

Druids enhance their relationship with the ancestral wisdom of the land by observation, celebration of the natural cycle and conversation with the Genius Loci. In this talk, we explore practical ways to do just that.

*Penny Billington is a Druid author, speaker and celebrant in the Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids and editor of its journal, 'Touchstone'. She is regularly invited to give talks and lead workshops and rituals. She believes in living with lightness of spirit, allowing spiritual experiences to expand from joy in the moment, and using celebration as a way of honouring life.*



**PUBLISHED BOOKS:**

- 'The Path of Druidry'
- 'The Wisdom of Birch, Oak and Yew'
- 'The Keys to the Temple (with Ian Rees) – all pub. Llewellyn Worldwide, and a series of 'Gwion Dubh, Druid Detective' novels, articles and contributions to other books.

## The Mystery of the South Dorset Landscape Patterns

By Jonathan Harwood

I am delighted to have been invited to give an illustrated talk at the Portland Moot in September 2020. Since 1998 I have been exploring the patterns created by the positions of old churches (mainly) in the rich ancient landscape between Dorchester and Weymouth. I am in no doubt that I have stumbled upon a remarkable mystery.

Ley hunters are, of course, used to including the sites of old churches as amongst the principal markers of leys. The assumption is that these churches are only the latest structures to have been placed on sites that have been regarded as sacred since the Neolithic or Bronze Ages (or possibly even earlier than that). Sometimes there is direct evidence for this sort of site continuity. Often there is no such direct evidence. It is usually impossible to say for certain how long a site, now occupied by an old church, has been used for sacred purposes.

Charles Thomas, in his book *Christianity in Roman Britain to AD 500* (1981) makes the important point that estates may well have passed in relatively unaltered form from Roman landlords to sub-Roman landlords and then to English landlords:

“... implying that sooner or later one of our many parish churches known to stand on Roman foundations will be shown to be sub-Roman in origin.”

The evidence that I shall present in my talk is that old churches (and the sites of two 4<sup>th</sup> Century Roman temples) mark the points of deliberate geometrical patterns that date, most probably, from the late Roman period (up to *circa*. AD 380). These patterns are meaningful and the messages woven into them can be deciphered using the ancient science of *gematria*.

In 2001 I discovered a grid of squares, defined by the positions of churches, that is orientated to the cardinal points. Subsequent research, over the past few years, has revealed that this grid is an accurate model of the biblical floorplan of the Temple of Solomon at a scale of 800 to 1. Patterns within this grid reveal that it was created or commissioned by Gnostic Christians and represented the *mystery of the bridal chamber*. Scholarly evidence has now come to light that at least some of the villa owning aristocracy on estates surrounding Dorchester were indeed Gnostic Christians.

I am currently analysing a pattern comprising overlaid 3:4:5 Pythagorean triangles within the grid known as the *Star Cut* or *Sand Reckoner's diagram*. I will present this new research for the first time and can promise a surprise.

## 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 plus stalls.

**ADVANCE TICKETS FOR 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 Leyhunters.

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



Here we are at Mayburgh Henge (photo: Martin Morrison)

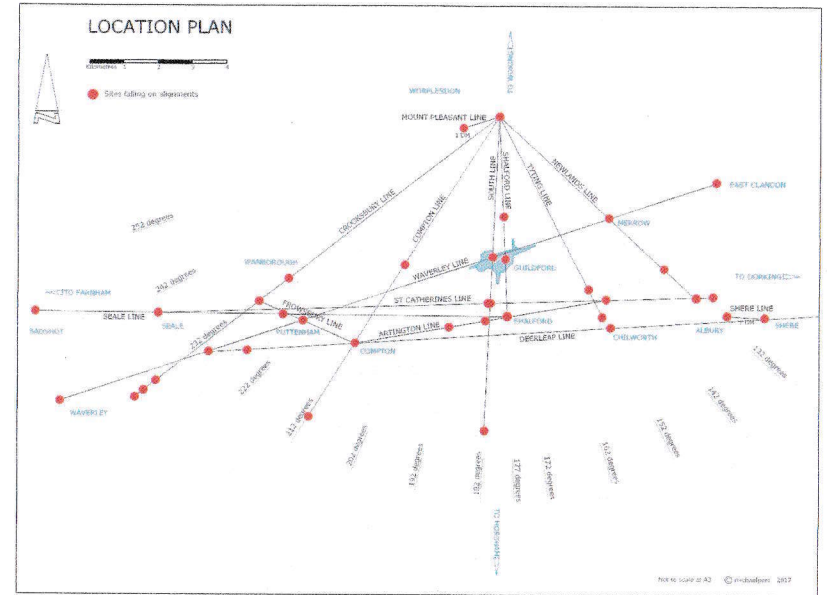
Some forty years ago I made an extraordinary discovery – certain ancient sites in the area around my home town of Guildford were arranged within the landscape in a seemingly intentional pattern. Some sites fall upon bearings of ten degrees from a common point and are aligned at regular distances from that point. This regular distance also occurs along other alignments within the area. **On one alignment I calculated a high point where I suspected a site may have existed and consequently discovered an unrecorded barrow at precisely that point – later confirmed by the County Archaeologist.**

The following pages are extracted from my website at [www.mikepeer.com](http://www.mikepeer.com) titled 'Surrey's Ritual Landscape'. They are the result of many years of intermittent research into the alignment of ancient sites across the landscape, popularly known as ley lines. Originally ley lines were defined as the physical alignments of ancient sites but in recent years they have become to be thought of as lines of 'earth energy' detectable by dowsing. At the moment this is outside my area of expertise and I no longer think of or refer to alignments in this work as ley lines. **(NB It's leys, not ley lines - Editor)**

At this time there are fourteen alignments listed in this work. Others may come to light especially if the area of interest is expanded. The alignments are divided into two groups. The primary group is at bearings of 10° intervals from a common point. These intervals have been refined to 9.95° and the bearings have been divided into the recurring distance interval of 3600 feet (1097.3m). This distance, for want of a better name, I have called the Druid Mile (DM). The secondary group are all roughly East-West and contain further instances of the Druid Mile.

It should be noted that this is very much a work in progress and many entries await the addition of information. Fieldwork, once all sites are studied and photographed, will be concentrated on visiting deduced points on the alignments in the hope of discovering other unrecorded sites. This would go a long way to proving the theory.

For those who are interested in the origins and developments of the ley theory, I recommend the website of Paul Devereux who has written a concise and comprehensive history from the coining of the term by Alfred Watkins in 1921 up to recent times. Click on the link below and open 'ley lines' in the contents panel <http://www.pauldevereux.co.uk>



**COINCIDENCE? - Some statistics.**

The area chosen for detailed examination was approximately 25 miles east to west and 20 miles north to south, centred upon Guildford in Surrey.

Within this area a list of all prehistoric sites; pre-reformation religious sites; other ancient sites; and sites of possibly historic interest was compiled. Eighty sites in all were added to a computer database, using AutoCAD, as Ordnance Survey (OS) coordinates. The data was taken from the largest scale OS maps available online using Promap to give a working tolerance of one metre.

**Of these sites 22 fell upon the ten-degree rays based upon a common base point (Whitmoor Barrow); 16 were in various other alignments; 18 were associated with a common distance of 3600 feet, and 11 of these sites occurred on more than one alignment.**

Seven sites had serious relevance problems, being moats and Victorian churches. These were included as, certainly, in the case of Victorian churches, a little research often reveals far older origins than one might at first suspect. At this time moated sites must be regarded as coincidental. The two precise ones on the alignments have been excavated with no sign of anything pre-medieval.

It may well be that some of this is coincidence but the accuracy of most of this is extraordinary – for example, if the distance value of 3600 feet (Which I have named the Druid Mile) is altered to, say 3650 feet, then this new value cannot be found between any of the 80 sites, nor can any other common distance be found. This alone is well beyond coincidence. What does seem to be a coincidence is the preciseness of the figure 3600. It is well known that the English foot was not standardised until the Middle Ages and that the more ancient values varied between times and places, so it is difficult to see how this originated.

The alignments radiating from Whitmoor Barrow are extremely precise - the South Line has the Crooksbury Line at fifty degrees to the west of south and the Compton Line at thirty degrees to the west of south. These are mirrored by the Tyting Line at thirty degrees to the east of south and the Newlands Line at fifty degrees to the east of south - again well beyond coincidence.

There are many other 'coincidences' described in the text of the alignments to be found in the website.

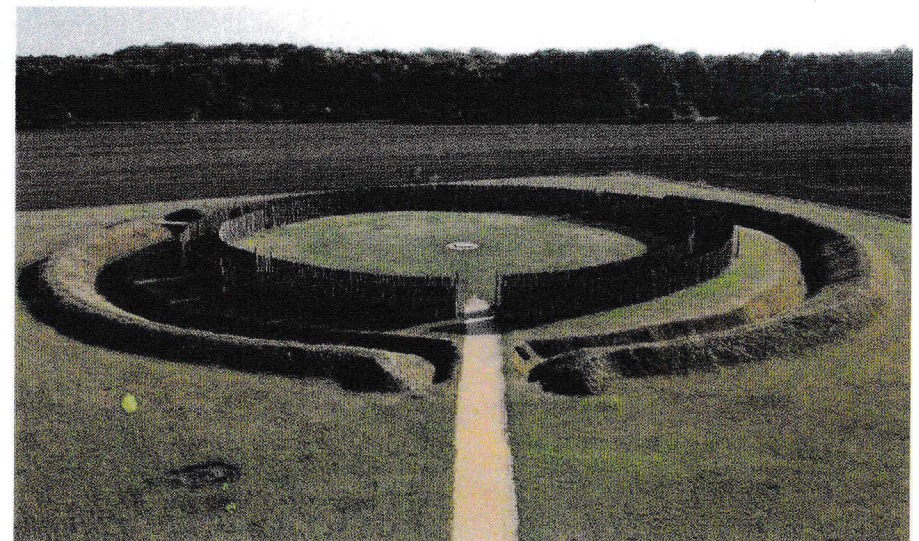
### **The Possible Importance of Latitude**

Professor Richard Atkinson, excavator and restorer of Stonehenge in the 1950's, has stated: 'The position, at least of the Heel Stone and the Station Stones, and indeed the latitude of Stonehenge itself, were astronomically determined'.

The latitude of Stonehenge is  $51^{\circ}10'42''$ . It is now widely accepted that this location was chosen because it fell upon the best position to observe the midwinter and midsummer risings and setting of the sun, together with the rising and setting position of the moon at its major and minor standstills, these being the limit of its travel during the 18.6 year cycle of its travel. At this latitude the equinoctial risings and settings of the sun are virtually opposite to each other so a sightline may have backsights and foresights; for example, the midwinter sunset in the south-west is opposite the midsummer sunrise in the north-east, and the midwinter sunrise is opposite the midsummer sunset. This only applies to a relatively narrow band of some 30 miles in width at the latitude of Stonehenge. Once one goes beyond this band the opposing risings and settings do not align.

The latitude of Whitmoor Barrow is  $51^{\circ}16'24.9''$ . This is just short of seven miles north of the latitude of Stonehenge, and well within the corridor of interest. If the above is true it would seem possible that other 'observatory' sites might lie upon the same latitude. Certainly, I have faith in my discovery of the possible midwinter sunset line, reinforced by my finding of an unknown barrow precisely on this line. There is an error of just over three degrees compared with the Stonehenge figures, which could be accounted for by the elevation of the Hog's Back, the chalk ridge which provides a very level and clearly visible backdrop from Whitmoor Barrow. The theodolite observation which I carried out at midwinter sunset in the 1980s satisfied me that I was observing down the alignment towards the destroyed Hog's Back Barrow. It would be good to check this but in the intervening years the scrub birch has grown tall and strong and it is no longer possible

It was recently pointed out to me that the Goseck Circle bears a remarkable relationship with Stonehenge in that it is on almost the same latitude. At  $51^{\circ}11'53.72''$  it is a mere 1.35 miles north, well within the band of interest discussed above. The Goseck Circle is a restored Neolithic monument in the German state of Saxony-Anhalt first discovered in 1991 from aerial photographs. It is radiocarbon dated to 4900 BC and is believed to be the oldest known solar observatory, having two entrances in the henge aligning with the winter solstice sunrise in the south-east and with the winter sunset in the south-west. The third entrance to due north has no known significance.



# The Callarde Experience

Part 11 : Did Those Feet Walk on Devon's Ancient Pastures Green?

Mark Herbert

## Visitation Revelations

Systematic use of distant seers has played a valuable, impartial role in re-claiming hidden aspects of Callarde's past. Credible themes and threads revealed by psychics have, reliably, interlaced with remnants of historical fact and scientific reason. Such plausible clairvoyant accounts has motivated outlay in this fascinating parallel line of enquiry exposing continuity of awareness beyond physical life. On 3 Aug 2018, in only my second reading with fresh and respected psychic-medium, Eileen King, the executive, "upstairs", made this candid remark and appeal;

"There's something that you're not grasping! Your land calls me to come and talk, sit with it and hear what it wants to say. We'll make it happen."

Never, in over 70 readings, had spirit been so explicit, prompting me to summon aid direct to Callarde. Hitherto, such a move felt inappropriate. But, alongside an emphatic, one-off spiritual sign at its sacred well head a day earlier, hinted now was the time to move things forward. Just ten days later, at Sirius' heliacal rising, I sanctioned a sensitive to stand and enquire at the land's hub; a first in my tenure. Shifting emphasis from seeing at a distance to that of in-situ would realise a new, uninhibited, stunning clarity of results. Eileen arrived with no prior knowledge of Callarde, yet, her opening utterance the instant she set foot on its soil was, without hesitation, "*You've a Goddess figure here ...*"

"... to do with **Ariadne**; warrior-like, a Boadicea-type; in white, like a High Priestess. She walked this very land, still very much the guardian. You're weaving something. Now's the time to bring in the weavers. She's ready!"

Just twenty minutes into her six-hour visit, Eileen relayed an account of ancient relics from the Levant and their displacement;

"There was an artefact here of great power; it came from **Solomon's Temple** –I was shown a map of the Temple. It went by **India**, the least suspect route, via three people's hands before it got here to be kept safe. I'm getting rubies, they were part of it. Shown as being long, really heavy – a metal not of this Earth, a ruby at one end and a stone at the other. It was moved to **Salt Mountain**, Cape Breton (**Nova Scotia**); the natives revere it. You've other things from the Holy Land and they're still here."

That Eileen saw Callarde's charge of an exalted object from Jerusalem's Temple, evokes the highly sacred nature and protection afforded by this site and its medieval keepers. Such a link to the Holy Land upholds Callarde's exclusive use of Hugh de Payen's three moors heads (Pt 10, Iss 32). As inaugural Master of the Temple, Payen's armorial would thus denote an eminent Templar rank that Callarde also had an entitlement.



**Star Ruby (corundum) and its intrinsic six-rayed light dispersal**

Superficially, Eileen's artefact of great power bears likeness to a rod, staff or sceptre. Indeed, the Ark of the Covenant, housed in the Temple, is said to have contained such an item of miraculous power, viz. *Aaron's Rod* (or *Moses' staff*). Yet, the depicted rod's sheer metallic burden and extent dissuades its use ceremonially or as a hand staff. Eileen called it ancient technology, a 'powerswitch' activating another device. Notably, iron-enriched *corundum* (aluminium oxide), colloquially *ruby*, was shaped into a rod to produce the first laser (1960). Star rubies are among the most treasured gemstones, producing a light dispersal pattern remarkably akin to Callarde's *Gyronny of Six* (*above*). The rod's unidentified stone may also have been non-terrestrial, (viz. meteoritic, heavy ferrous). Eileen having seen the artefact destined for Salt Mountain, Nova Scotia (recall Pt 6, Iss 28 – *Templar Salt Lines*), endorsed with incredible detail and accuracy, all that I had previously concluded (Pt 3, Iss 25);

"How curious that those landmark dates to the **New World** were mirrored in the timeline of Callarde's defining moments, as if it played a strategic role in proceedings on the other side of the Atlantic. Was it used to **safeguard certain trophies** acquired during earlier Templar campaigns, held until they could be **transferred** to the New World? Indeed, one might ask, has timeless Callarde given up all that lies beneath?" (evidently not!)

Relocating to another space I knew to be inimitably powerful (Pt 7, Iss 29), Eileen faced the present Devonian longhouse with some unease;

"I've got a completely different feel here, it takes your breath away! Is this anything to do with the **masons**? They're saying I'm a woman and shouldn't be stood here. Ohh ... I can almost see it (the mansion). It's got a **dome** on top! Being told this was because it housed an artefact from the Holy land. Red-tiled pillars, lots of gold ... rich, dark, masculine colours."

Eileen's mansion depiction fits entirely with that of Welshseer, Carol Clarke's, vision (Mar 2011), who described it as "... a very grand and



*beautiful building*'. Eileen's dome symbolises Callarde's inherent goddess energy, her portrayal emulating the pillar-fronted, red cedar-covered, gilt-overlaid walls of the first Temple; a place that, in later times, would sit at the heart of Freemasonic allegory. Eileen had, indeed, ratified my discernment for a post-1600 Masonic influence. That Callarde was recorded a site of antiquity ('~~R~~emains of ~~M~~ansion') on OS maps until 1964, among the DoE's roll of historic houses (1964) and ultimately listed as a grade II monument (1967), strongly hinted an agency had presided over more of its past than what is openly known. Besides, very few Devon sites still bear their medieval owner's name; remarkably, the "signpost" of the Canterbury Templars, carried through six-centuries, surviving a vastly changing history, still marks where the goddess sleeps. And so, with a few more jigsaw pieces in place, Eileen resumed her insights near the collapsed wall and capped well, scene of the surprise interior flood;

"I'm to tell you there's a **crystal cave** beneath and water flows through it. When you uncover the well, test the water for mineral content because it's healing water from the grotto. It's way down. You'd be literally mining. It's like this (building) shouldn't be here, the land kept as an open shrine. People used to travel here from **Ireland**; they knew about this place."

Eileen's in-situ finds elegantly matched Paul Syrett's "*powerful healing waters through a deep underground crystal*" and Carol Clarke's "*power-connecting object, so deep it is beyond normal digging*" (Pt 5 Iss 27). Inflow of Irish pilgrims, drawn to Callarde's holy issue, is entirely consistent with Kaldrade's most ancient axes reach to Ireland (Pt 6 Iss 28). History records such a migrant lure into Dumnonia (Devon & Cornwall; in "*A Book of the West : Devon*" (1900), Sabine Baring-Gould refers to the era of Irish domination (3-5c.) when "*a large portion of North Devon and East Cornwall was colonised from the Emerald Isle*". Above all, what transpires to contain the primer –the key to decipher Callarde's secretive past, is the 1530 portrait of Ralph Callarde of St Minver (Jesus' Well), fourth son of the mansion's last heir (Pt 10, Iss 32). Until 1959, this regal canvas belonged to the Stafford-King-Harman baronetcy of Co. Roscommon. It was sold-off, with land of 2400-acres, having miraculously survived the estate's ruinous house fire of 1957.

### At The Name of Jesus ...

Taken aback by the profuse detail of Eileen's insights, the scientist in me was keen to obtain a second in-situ opinion. On 18 Sep 2018, despite hindrance of a broken foot, Earth sensitive, Chair of Slimbridge Dowsers, Paul Syrett, embarked on his first visit to Callarde. His previous remote assistance gave him familiarity with my research. Even so, he was

unaware of Eileen's findings. What would Paul intuit in actual presence? Standing over the capped well, it took him a brief moment to realise the water diva, as he called Her, the Goddess. He soon became emotively overwhelmed by Her presence and screams to escape confinement;

"The deity here, the water diva, is **trapped**. She needs to be released, held by the 'lock' that has been in place since ca. 1600. From human eyes, she's stunning, but broken hearted and angry. Callarde is here because of **Her**."

Similarly, Eileen had said, "*She's ready*". The post-1600 period had come up a third time, echoing Tristram Risdon's review (1605-32) "... *even unto the reign of Elizabeth*" (1558-1603) when the mansion fell (Pt 2, Iss 22), the plundered ground on which the farmhouse was erected by Devon legend young James Oxenham (1608-1637), the hexed 'lock' energetically imprisoning Her in the satanic mill that Callarde became. But stupendous Light quashes all that is dark. As Paul and I stood beside Her, I felt impelled to ask a question I had never enquired before; "*Did anyone of importance ever come to this land?*" Swift to answer, Paul gave but one name, "**Jesus came here ...!**" In stunned silence I tried to mask my immediate incredulity as he continued;

"... He came here with **Joseph of Arimathea** on his journey to this land, moving through, because this was a tribal site of healing, a place of prophecy ... and all because of **Her**."

I could have dismissed Paul's assertion as utter nonsense. If I had, findings from resulting enquiries would not have emerged. Instead, I kept faith in Paul's reliable track record. His sincere claim, so outrageously off the wall, actually made the scenario not entirely implausible. For in pre-Callarde years, I became aware that my life path had been, as if by design, treading footsteps in the Joseph tradition. Such places like Priddy, Charterhouse, Glastonbury, Burnham-on-Sea (once Paradise!), Brent Knoll, Christon/Crook (Cross) Peak and Uphill were regular, even daily haunts. With Callarde having since revealed the earthly signs of the Soul Resonance phenomena, then it made sense that Paul's claim was a continuation of the same Arimathean journey. But where was it leading and why? Moreover, it caused me to revisit a matter I always had much doubt. For in the popular pamphlet (routinely reprinted 1936-2001), "*Did Our Lord Visit Britain as they say in Cornwall and Somerset?*", Revd Cyril Dobson cites places in the south-west where folklore alleges Jesus visited with his uncle (some say his biological father); 14 are in Cornwall (with Ralph Callarde's St Minver), 4 in Somerset, yet curiously none in the 2590 sq-mile bridging county of

Devonshire! Any smidgen of truth that Joseph and Jesus might have trod Callarde's land of Kaldrade must first begin by showing a tradition and necessity for their presence in Devon itself. Let us remind ourselves that 2000 years ago, Devon and Cornwall formed the undivided kingdom of Dumnonia until the 7c. when the Saxon eastward incursion caused the Dumnonii to retreat west of the River Tamar, a line that still defines the Cornish-Devonian frontier. Ironically, this waterway, from Hartland to Plymouth, honours Jesus' and Mary Magdalene's first-born, a daughter, according to recent studies of Jesus' bloodline. Dobson's erudite analysis views the Joseph tradition through the present divided landscape, not the unified kingdom in Joseph's time. He writes only of the Phoenician's flourishing tin trade with Cornwall, not Dumnonia!

Joseph of Arimathea, renowned as a wealthy metal merchant, was expressly in the tin trade. With Dumnonia rich in a variety of metal deposits (viz. copper, tin, arsenic, lead, silver, tungsten and zinc), Joseph would have had ample incentive to visit the south-west, trading with the Dumnonii. Thriving exports require an efficient means of moving ore from mine, through smelting, to market place. Evidently, the River Tamar would have been a chief conveyor of ore. Using data from Cornish Mining World Heritage, I prepared a land survey of the metal extraction potential in the highly productive Tamar Valley and Tavistock region. Of 177 mines within a 6-mile radius of the Tamar (centred on Gunnislake), 60% were situated in Devon, 40% in Cornwall. And so it is utterly perplexing why Dobson writes off any Devonian link with Joseph in a single, sweeping sentence, his only mention of the county;

"It is significant that no tradition exists in Devonshire, the reason for which has now become evident, **since the metal trade route does not touch this county.**" (2001 Ed.)

A dubious lack of a metal trade route appears to be the only contention precluding a Joseph tradition in Devon. With the shire conveniently ruled out, Dobson can only suggest Joseph's passage between Cornwall and Somerset was constantly by sea, never over land entailing crossing into east Dumnonia. His argument dismisses the aforesaid sea bound metal-trading traffic from mines east of the Tamar (itself confluenced with Devon's Tavy!). The Tamar heads a list of navigable rivers along Devon's south coast (viz. Axe, Exe, Teign, Dart, Avon, Erm, Yelm and Plym), their estuaries open to the continent. Can it be that none were employed in bronze age metal export? Not according to Revd Francis Lot's candidly explicit two-volume epic, "*The Isle of Avalon*" (2015);

"It is known that tin mining had first started in between the Erm and Avon estuary in the early British Bronze Age. There is ample archaeological

evidence to show that tin streaming existed high up on (Dart)moor behind South Brent at Shipley Bridge on the Avon c.1600 BC."

Devon's Druidic Dartmoor, 13-nmi south of Callarde, comprises 370 sq-miles of elevated spiritual wilderness, source for most of the shire's waters, its southern slopes prosperous in Arimathean-sought tin, a landscape once strewn with bronze age communities who held a creed of life similar to Jesus' teachings; these matters Dobson refrains from engaging. If Joseph and Jesus ever came to this land, it is baffling why the moor's hallowed heights would be excluded from their itinerary. Lot also reveals the 2010 find of 259 copper and 27 tin ingots off the Salcombe estuary coast beside a 40-ft long timber wreck dated ca. 900 BC. How could there have been no metal trade route in Devonshire?

Then, in Nov 2018, whilst researching another article, I came upon a popular Arimathean lore in the west Somerset coastal village of Porlock, one that was notably absent from Dobson's treatise. It told of Joseph and Jesus taking rest on the north Devon shore of Glenthorne by the Bristol Channel, 21-nmi north of Callarde. This sighting is said to have inspired William Blake's poem, Milton, the basis of the hymn, *Jerusalem!* How come Dobson overlooked this? I felt an underlying sense that the Church did not wish to draw attention to any Devon-Arimathean link. Instead, hype up its spiritual focus on Glastonbury as the proclaimed Isle of Avalon, hub of an Arimathean custom since only ca. 1158, shrine of an entombed Joseph whose remains have never been found.

On the evidence so far, it is truly unfathomable why Devon had been expelled from official Arimathean tradition. Moreover, if Devon has a role, as it surely appears, then why not at Callarde? Suddenly, Paul's exposé gained substance and rising credibility from what then ensued. For Callarde's true Gyronny of Six, featured in the 1530 Ralph Callarde portrait, encodes precise geographic data tracing a journey from the Holy land to the New World via key Templar sites en route; their numerical convergence guided me to a private tidal islet off the Devon coast of Bigbury, viz. **Burgh Island** (once St Michael's). Bar its 1930s hotel being an elite destination and a setting for Agatha Christie novels, I knew very little else about it. Then, in Jun 2019, I read Michael Goldsworthy's rare, out-of-print tome, "*And Did Those Feet?*" (2012). Therein, astonishing, thought-provoking evidence that Joseph and Jesus lay entombed on this 1336 monastic isle, Pytheus' fabled Ictis and the true Avalon. In the final part, *From Burrington to Burgh Island : Journey's End*, I reveal Callarde's remarkable geometric relation with this exclusive island shrine, a storehouse of Templar treasures.

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

**Part Two of Two** by Eileen Roche

One of the main features about the Folkton Drums and the Carved Stone Balls is that they are beautiful. Beauty is something that most humans down the ages have aspired to in their daily lives, often preferring beautiful practical artefacts to plain functional ones. This affects all aspects of our lives, with beauty having links to the Arts, Maths, Archaeology, Design, Sacred Geometry, Landscape Gardening, Town Planning, Making Films, Kitchen Design and 'everything'. So to decorate and embellish the Drums and Stone Balls so well signifies their importance to their users. They have been seen as belonging to powerful rulers in Neolithic times. However, they could equally have been owned by skilled artisans, or shared within the community. Although fascinated by these unusual and ancient artefacts, we must beware of and avoid putting our 21<sup>st</sup> century points of view on them and keep an open mind as to their meaning, while we hope to hear much more from Anne Teather and her colleagues Professors Parker Pearson & Chamberlain.

In the meantime, the magazine *British Archaeology*, edited by Mike Parker Pearson, carries two related articles.<sup>12</sup> The first, by the curator of



BM 8.2.17 © E.Roche

prehistory (Neolithic) at the National Museums Scotland, Hugo Anderson-Whymark, gives the history of how these Stone Balls have been described and curated over many years, from the 19<sup>th</sup>



BM 8.2.17 © E.Roche

Century onwards, sometimes carelessly and mistakenly. There are descriptions, drawings, sketches and excellent photos of Stone Balls illustrating the article's many points. In particular, attention is drawn to the beautiful digital 3D and *Virtual Reality* models of many of the Stone Balls created by the curator. These, helpfully, can be manipulated by a PC mouse.<sup>13</sup> Try it yourself, NoL readers! See what insights you can come up with and let us know!

Use of photogrammetry techniques and microscopic examination has revealed that while the size of the Drums remains unaltered, some of their decorations have constantly been re-worked. This is true of Stone Balls, as well: the latest finding by J. Shepherd of a Neolithic carved stone ball in Perthshire, has revealed that one of the six panels is differently carved, having "passed through many hands" and been added to over time.<sup>14</sup> Hugo Anderson-Whymark notes that the Balls date from the Neolithic to perhaps the early Bronze Age and the new digital technologies for studying them will counteract their being perceived currently as *enigmatic or mysterious* by the public as more discoveries are made.

To my mind, the picture of one Stone Ball from Orkney in his article clinches the tape measure theory of Anne Teather, Parker Pearson and Chamberlain because it resembles very closely a ball of knitting wool, each wind of the thread carefully and clearly depicted and copied in stone around a 24-knobbed stone sphere. You can see lovely photos of these (six photos – one for each side of the ball) in *British Archaeology*.<sup>15</sup>

The second article deals with prehistoric uses of standard units of measurement when creating monumental structures, starting with Thom's renowned Megalithic Yard, and describing the Stonehenge 'long feet' proposed by Andrew Chamberlain and Mike Parker Pearson<sup>16</sup> some twelve years ago. The article also mentions the methodology of stick and stretched cord (for some of us made famous by the enthusiastic Robin Heath demonstrating it (below) by the pond at Avebury after the TLH Devizes Moot in 1997 & laying out his Lunation Triangle, (right) at the 2017 Network of Leyhunters Moot in Wales).



© B.Teague 2017



© E Roche 1997

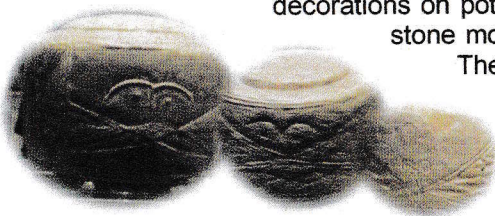
Anne Teather visited Chichester Museum in 2005 as part of her doctoral research at UCN, and drew attention to a previously unstudied chalk drum there<sup>17</sup> excavated in 1933 and now under the direction of James Kenny, Chichester District Council archaeologist. A Report on the Drum had never been published, due to funding withdrawn as part of Austerity Measures. The artefact became known as the **Lavant Drum**. Anne, recognising the similarities to the Folkton Drums even though it was almost completely devoid of decoration, studied carefully the measurements, which revealed that the dimensions of the Lavant Drum ensured it fitted perfectly into the gap between the smallest and the middle Folkton Drums.<sup>17</sup> So there are now four known "*Tape Measures*" and the different strands of archaeology neatly dovetail.

Subsequently, Anne Teather published some of her findings<sup>18</sup> arguing that chalk artefacts "form a cohesive repertoire of prehistoric artefacts with regular sizes and forms". These artefacts include chalk

items "that have not previously been recognised as a cohesive class of material". The book draws together for the first time "comprehensive systems for prehistoric chalk artefacts". It is noteworthy that some of her research concentrated on the Neolithic Flint & Chalk Grimes Graves in Norfolk (right), where it is thought that Neolithic children also worked in the mines (like the Bronze Age children in the Great Orme Copper Mines, mentioned in my first Article).



It is currently considered that the Drums are not utilitarian themselves but are elaborate representations of those, such as made of wood, in use when constructing stone monuments.<sup>19</sup> The Drums were probably used for teaching or demonstration purposes and in themselves represented a standardised measuring system gradually becoming common across Britain and elsewhere from 3000 BC. This aids in our understanding of communication in the Neolithic and later periods. The carving on the Stone Balls has been found in common not only with decorations on pottery of the period, but also with stone monumental carvings of that time.



Folkton Drums  
© B. Teague  
BM 8.2.2017

The fact that Durrington Walls and Stonehenge are in Wiltshire and the Lavant and Folkton Drums were in

Sussex and Yorkshire shows clearly how knowledge and standardisation of concepts and ideas travelled widely in those days.

It is an exciting time for people interested in ancient mathematics, sacred geometry, the Stone Balls and Chalk Drums as new discoveries and new theories are put forward, all contributing to our knowledge and comprehension of these ancient artefacts and their people. We look forward to more information, both from our Archaeologists and from our readers!

12 See *British Archaeology* March April 2019 No. 165 Article *Round robins: Scotland's Neolithic carved stone balls* p 42 & Article *Getting the Measure of Stonehenge* p 48.

13 *British Archaeology* March/April 2019 p 47 gives the web address: <https://sketchfab.com/nationalmuseumscotland/collections/carved-stone-balls>

14 See *British Archaeology* May June 19 No 166 p10 & Northern Earth Issue 157 p 3.

15 *British Archaeology* March April 2019 No 165 p 47 – six photos of a ball of wool wound round a stone ball.

16 See Chamberlain, Andrew, and Parker Pearson, Michael, 'Units of measurement in Late Neolithic southern Britain' in Mats Larsson and Michael Parker Pearson (eds), *From Stonehenge to the Baltic living with cultural diversity in the third millennium BC*, Oxford: Archaeopress, 2007, 169–174 p 171.

17 PAST, the Newsletter of the Prehistoric Society, Article 5 July 2016:

<http://www.prehistoricsociety.org/> *New insights into the Neolithic chalk drums from Folkton (North Yorkshire) and Lavant (West Sussex).*

<https://www.researchgate.net/publication/306323275> *New insights into the Neolithic chalk drums from Folkton North Yorkshire and Lavant West Sussex* & *British Journal for the History of Mathematics* Volume 34, 2019 - Issue 1 article *The chalk drums from Folkton and Lavant: Measuring devices from the time of Stonehenge* by Anne Teather, Andrew Chamberlain & Mike Parker Pearson pp 1-11, which explains that "The Lavant drum --- has dimensions that are intermediate between those of the smallest (Folkton III) and the middle (Folkton II) drums". At:

<https://www.tandfonline.com/doi/full/10.1080/17498430.2018.1555927> & Northern Earth Issue 147 December 2016 *The British Drum Ensemble* p 8

18 *Mining and materiality: Neolithic chalk artefacts and their depositional contexts in southern Britain* Archaeopress Feb 2016

19 *British Archaeology* March April 2019 No. 165 p. 51 has a photo of a beautiful wooden model of the smallest Folkton Chalk Drum made by a woodturner recently, with wooden carved cord wound neatly around.



At Long Meg on last September's Moot (photo: Denis Chapman) 21

## BOOK REVIEWS

### The Rowan Guide Books by Kevin Rowan-Drewitt

All three books are published by *Rowan Guide Books*, Blackpool.

Colour (and some b&w) photos throughout, paperbacks,

And are available from -

*Kevin Rowan-Drewitt, 14 Ball St, South Shore, Blackpool FY1 6HL*

Cost: **£7** each or **£18** for all three (prices inc. p&p)

Lovely little books with some great information, but we would like to raise a couple of minor differences with the author.

The author makes the point repeated that the various stone circles were not built by the druids as the druids were Celts who arrived in Britain millennia later. This has been for a time a common 'consensus' of historians (who are now more divided on the issue) but is based on the flimsy evidence of Roman writers who only wrote from a later period in history and is limited at best. The word '*druid*' can be shown to have its roots in both Irish and Welsh language and could as well be the name of an ancient British Priesthood who influenced, or merged with, the Celts from France/Gaul later and not the other way around.

The books, like many on the subject, refer to 'ley lines' where the more correct term is simply 'leys' as the word 'ley' already means 'line.' But that is a minor criticism and doesn't do much harm to the otherwise excellent Guide Books.

Each book discusses each ancient site with sections divided into sections entitled: *introduction, location, directions, admission (cost), disabled access, dogs, description, history, folklore, alignments*, and also sometimes: *summary, dowsing, additional information*. Some very nice colour photos of the sites and stones.

The books are clear in their directions to the sites and their descriptions and everything is easy to follow. Anyone wishing to visit these sites and stone circles referenced in the title should buy the appropriate Rowan Guide Book or snap up the bargain price for all three! A title and brief description of each individual book is listed below.

- Liza Llewellyn

### Hidden Treasures

#### The Rowan Guide to the harder to find stone circles of Cumbria

Published 2019, 60pp.

References to some circles in Cumbria that you may not have not coome across before.

Hidden Treasures

The Rowan Guide to the harder to find stone circles of Cumbria



by Kevin Rowan-Drewitt

### Spirals on Circles

#### The Rowan Guide to Long Meg, Little Meg and Glassonby Stone Circles

First published 2014, (reprint 2018), 56pp

Includes an appendix with pagan wheel of the year, Samhain, Yule, etc. described.

Spirals on Circles

The Rowan Guide to Long Meg, Little Meg and Glassonby Stone Circles



by Kevin Rowan-Drewitt

#### The Rowan Guide to Castlerigg Stone Circle

First published 2009, (reprint 2018), 40pp

Also includes an appendix with pagan wheel of the year.

The Rowan Guide to Castlerigg Stone Circle



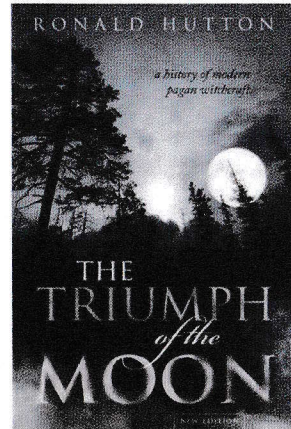
by Kevin Rowan-Drewitt

## BOOK REVIEW

### The Triumph of the Moon

Ronald Hutton

Published by Oxford University Press,  
Oxford, hardback, 2019, New Edition  
(First Edition published 1999), 15 b&w images  
515pp, £25  
ISBN: 978-0-19-882736-8



Ronald Hutton is the Senior Professor of History in the University of Bristol, and a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, the Society of Antiquaries, the Learned Society of Wales, and the British Academy.

*The Triumph of the Moon* is his now classic work on the history of modern pagan witchcraft in Britain. Consequently the work concentrates on the homeland of this pagan religion, Britain, specifically England, and considers other countries that have adopted this faith only in the context of how those countries have in turn influenced the developed of paganism here in Britain. So, for instance, there is a chapter on America and how British witchcraft has flourished there and in turn influenced witchcraft back home here. The Moon is of course a symbol of witchcraft, the religion that has triumphed.

The central thesis of the book is that pagan witchcraft is the first fully-formed religion that England has ever given to the world. The Professor argues that modern pagan witchcraft, primarily in the form of Wicca, cannot trace a direct lineage to the ancient world, but instead is an eclectic re-creation of many of the elements of ancient polytheistic religions, including Greek, Roman and Egyptian. He also argues that this new creation is a good thing and provides evidence in support of the idea that mankind has a *need* for such a nature-based religion as an alternative to, or a successor of, Christianity in the Western World. He explains how Gerald Gardner used aspects of the already existing structure of Freemasonry, and of Ceremonial Magic (such as that of the Order of the Golden Dawn and of Aleister Crowley) as regards the creation of his new religion of Wicca, but Hutton argues that Gardner *alone* cannot be said to have created this new religion, rather he was instrumental in channelling the desire, will and needs of his time – the *Zeitgeist* – and was very important link in a chain of ideas whose time had come.

- Liza Llewellyn

### THE STABLE END

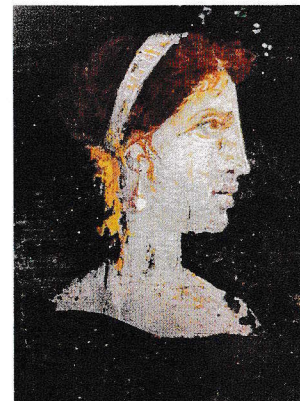
with

Richard Knight,  
*the Rustic Farrier*

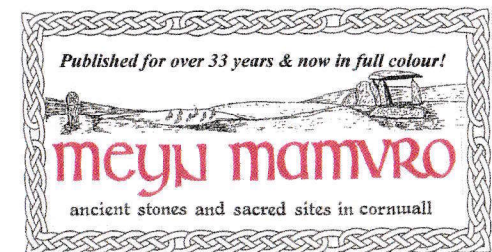


### The Strange Story of Cleopatra's Needle, part 3

In 1819, Egyptian leader Muhammed Ali gave us the Needle to thank us for beating the French at Alexandria and the Nile. We thanked him warmly and then left it there for 58 years. Nobody wanted to pay the transport for it, so the Freemasons moved it, notably WILLIAM JAMES ERASMUS WILSON, one of the very few men to have a masonic lodge named after him<sup>1</sup> during his lifetime. It's at Gravesend and he was, not only a founder, but a Primus Master.



Posthumous painting of  
Cleopatra VII



Sample copy - £4.50 Annual subscription - £9.00 Available from:-  
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Or by Paypal on the website [www.meynmamvro.co.uk](http://www.meynmamvro.co.uk)  
Tel: 01736-787186 E-mail: [editor@meynmamvro.co.uk](mailto:editor@meynmamvro.co.uk)

<sup>1</sup> Erasmus Wilson Lodge No 1464

I think now is a good time to point out that there are 13 obelisks circling the tree *cross pattee* at Grey's Court, and the erection of the Needle will make it 14. This will ring a bell with students of Egyptian mythology who know that Osiris was chopped into 14 parts, parts that were scattered throughout the world by the 'jealous brother' Set who had originally encased the body of Osiris in a casket, hermetically-sealed within lead, and cast into the ocean where it was "LOST AT SEA" (don't worry I know what I am doing!). Isis found the casket and brought it back, infuriating Set and prompting him into butchering excesses<sup>2</sup>. Isis could only find 13 parts of Osiris. Still, a good effort, but the part she couldn't locate was the bit she most wanted - the phallus which had been swallowed by a fish! Undeterred, Isis made one out of WOOD and Horus, her son, was conceived. Hopefully, it was well polished but what I suspect is that the whole story of the transportation of the Needle is a re-telling of the Isis-Osiris legend!



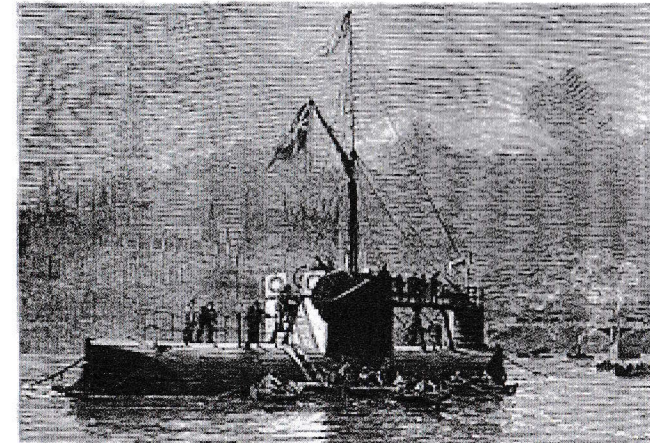
Set, 'destroyer' of Osiris

OK, back to Erasmus...he hired engineer John Dixon to make a 92 foot long, 16 foot diameter casket/ship out of hermetically-sealed steel to house the Needle. This casket-ship was called *The Cleopatra*.

It was 1877 in Alexandria where it had been taken by the Romans in 12 B.C. that this stone representation of the Phallus of Osiris was sealed inside the Cleopatra casket, and floated out to sea under Captain Henry Carter with a crew of five towed by the steamship, the Olga. *Once again Osiris was in a casket all at sea*. Then a terrible storm blew up in the Bay of Biscay and the two boats were suddenly in serious danger. Six crew from the Olga drowned trying to rescue Carter and his men. They were eventually saved but The Cleopatra was set adrift.

<sup>2</sup> Cutting the body of Osiris into 14 pieces.

It was presumed to have sunk, but on the very next day, up comes a boat that finds it and takes it in tow. The name of the heroic vessel playing the part of Isis was *The FITZMAURICE* !



Painting: *The Cleopatra in the River Thames*

Now, I don't know about you, but if I was naming a beloved boat, "Fitzmaurice" would be very low on my list of choices, "Neptune" or "The Avenger<sup>3</sup>" or some such name being more romantic choices I would feel, so I am guessing this vessel had close ties to the Fitzmaurice family! The Cleo was taken to the port of Ferrol in Galicia, so it can be said that Ferrol plays a part in this tale, which is rather strange because, in Galician, *fer rol* means "to play a role" while *fero* means "iron". Eventually, the protestant-sounding tug, the Anglia, captained by Davd Glue took it to Gravesend, England.

Of course, it would be absurd to think that the plotters would have built a wooden obelisk (as Isis built a wooden phallus)?! No, that is *exactly* what they did! - a wooden replica of Cleopatra's Needle, erected in Parliament Square. There is a painting of it, see below –

<sup>3</sup> Perhaps even "The Iron Man" (joke for movie buffs- sorry, but even the editor has a sense of humour!)



[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.

**As we go to press there is just ONE seat left on our coach for our ALFRED WATKINS COUNTRY MOOT based at Longtown (Herefordshire) from Saturday 23rd to Saturday 30th May, 2020. It costs £225. If you want it telephone Laurence Main on 01650 531354 NOW.**

**Do book NOW for our Portland (Dorset) Moot too - see page 7 of this issue.**

#### Article 4: And Death shall have no dominion!

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

So too damn right am I now saying that the performing of the Ancient Egyptian Opening of the Mouth Ceremony, their most sacred act of all, and this for the reanimating of the dead, played a part in Christ's own Resurrection, and that the two guys whom actually carried it out were Joseph of Arimathea, and his Sanhedrin buddy, Nicodemus. I say this because these two were the only folk recorded as being left alone with the body of Jesus in that tomb. And blimey, can we even assume too that because we've discovered that sacred adze itself hidden [and tellingly so] beneath this Cumbrian Christ's loincloth, that at Golgotha that's precisely where he himself hid it too, because let's face it, that's the last place any Roman would have looked for anything else worth casting lots for! That said, surely Joseph or Nicodemus would have secreted this all important resurrection implement into the tomb beforehand? Certainly, such would have been the easier option, but maybe this adze *had* to be placed next to Christ's own genitals while upon the cross. I don't know, but if the Land has seen fit to place it upon this same intimate area, indeed, as a seeming replacement for the phallus itself, well it must be for one almighty reason.

Either way, time now to take a quick look at the above two shadowy characters, and 'quick' it certainly will be as far as the Bible is concerned, because neither of them rates more than a couple of fleeting mentions.

OK, firstly the enigmatic Joseph. We know him to have been Jesus' uncle, and who is recorded as having begged the release of Christ's body from off the Cross so as to lay it in his own private tomb. But we also know that *not everything* is recorded in the Bible, and it's via myth/legend that we're told of the young Jesus' supposed travels with this wealthy merchant to Britain [see my Article 1] – this along with Joseph's most remembered act [until now that is!] re his gathering of a few drips of the dying Christ's blood and sweat into the Cup as used at the Last Supper, and in which act he inaugurated the entire mythology of The Holy Grail. However, there is for us here upon the trail of an Egyptian wonder Ceremony, a little thing worthy of note and which usually passes under the radar - this the fact that prior to being known as Joseph of Arimathea, he was Joseph of *Marmorica*....Marmorica being then in *Egypt*.



I'm sure you'll catch my drift here in surmising that Joseph may have already known a thing or two about a certain Egyptian trick of raising the dead, indeed, I can't help but go another provocative mile by asking if the real bodily fluid which he caught in that High Cup, and this perhaps procured upon the previous evening in that *Upper Room* [*Upper* itself code for the final and highest of all the Messiah's Secret teaching?] was Jesus' own semen....certainly would seem that the Gnostics may have got wind of such [see my Article2 Part2] for in remembrance of that first Eucharist reportedly sipped semen from their own High Cup when celebrating Mass, and do recollect [again from Article2 Part2] that even the word Mass has its root in the word *Mas*, and which translates as '*male seed*'. Indeed, the usage of semen, in conjunction with that star/sperm meteorite adze, may well have been a key ingredient used by those Egyptian High Priests in the original Opening of the Mouth Ceremony; I certainly suspect so. Of course, no one can either verify or discount this my suspicion, but let's just keep on asking these questions, whether discomfiting or not, for they are based purely upon that which this talking Landscape seems to be pointing a very definite finger towards – not to ask would, in my opinion, be a travesty.

As for Nicodemus, the Bible of course records him as purchasing that absolute shed-load of costly embalming ointment [100lbs of the stuff!] so as to prepare the body of Jesus for that final entombment, but it's his other mention in *John 3* which interests me for it makes a point by telling us that he *came to Jesus at night, so in secret*, and the subject of their clandestine tete-a-tete **was *Rebirth*, so in effect, how not to allow yourself to merely rot in a box....Bingo!**

Nicodemus to Jesus "*Rabbi, we know that you are a teacher who has come from God. For no one could perform the signs you are doing if God were not with him.*" And I wouldn't be surprised if one of those 'signs' which so impressed Nico was to do with the Lazarus incident. Anyway, Jesus replied, "*Very truly I tell you no one can see the Kingdom of God unless they are born again.*" Non plused, Nicodemus to Jesus, "*How can someone be born when they are old? Surely they cannot enter a second time into their mother's womb to be born!*" Jesus answered, "*Very truly I tell you, no one can enter the Kingdom of God unless they are born of water and the Spirit. Flesh gives birth to flesh, but the Spirit gives birth to Spirit. You should not be surprised at my saying 'You must be born again'. The wind blows wherever it pleases. You hear its sound, but you cannot tell where it comes from or where it is going. So it is with everyone born of the Spirit*".

Now I don't know about you, but some of Jesus' above explanations leave me feeling a bit dense! Or is it a case that whomever actually penned, or indeed did the editing/censoring job on all this, 'accidentally on purpose' made stuff a bit, shall we say, sketchy? - it certainly wouldn't be the first time, and those reams and reams of commentaries, translations, and ongoing forums out there prove that some of the stuff in the Bible is, even after 2000 years worth of decipherment and debate, still a bit hard for a 'regular Joe' to get his head around. However, I think we get the gist of Jesus and Nico's chinwag, and it's got nowt to do with that 'hip' American style "*Yippee, I'm a Born Again Christian*" kind of thing!

Anyway, their clandestine whispers continue with references to "Eternal Life" and stuff, but because Jesus notices that old Nicodemus was close to nodding-off, he pretty well calls it a night with the following succinct one-liner, a line which has been described by some as 'The Gospel in a nutshell' - for myself it's rather *The whole message of Jesus in a bombshell!*....that's if you read it alongside all we've been toying with in these my Articles, especially so those events in a blacksmith's forge, and wherein even a lump of perished iron made itself anew. Anyway, Jesus finally says: "*For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life.*" *John 3:16.*

"**Not Perish**" - I ask you! And yet how sad that the exact details on how we may not perish via the hand of Death are not specifically given, as I'm sure Jesus would have said much more to his visitor regarding this, especially so because Nicodemus was to be present in that tomb of resurrection so as to aid Joseph in whatever was to go on in there. No matter, the stuff we're now delving into could well be the gist of that which was said, but which is not recorded. Either way, later on in this article we'll find that above tingling one-liner of Jesus cropping up again, but this time buried beneath a gigantic granite phallus right bang in the middle of London!

Staying with Nicodemus, you might be now surprised to learn that he has his very own Gospel, although it'll be very unsurprising to also learn that it's in no way part of your 'pucka' Bible.....probably because it's far too easy to understand - sorry, but I couldn't resist that one! It goes without saying then that this *Gospel of Nicodemus* is certainly an interesting read and gives rise to the feeling that Jesus' confidante was indeed privy to some pretty heavy and intimate stuff, for one particular chapter is *The Harrowing of Hell* and which

could only have been originally narrated to Nicodemus by Christ whilst he himself was in the actual throws of his Resurrection/metamorphosis within the tomb, for it was in such a limbo that Christ seemingly left his physical and damaged body so as to spiritually venture into Hell, and once there he apparently raised up legions of the long dead before finally putting the ringmaster of this hellhole, Beelzebub/Death himself, to flight. So you see yet again that the repeating crux of all this is the Defeating of Death, and preferably whilst still in the flesh....now that's what I'd call *being Born Again – this to the absolute Truth of Our Immortality in this all singing, all conscious world around us – a revelation to enjoy even while feasting on our fish and chips suppers!*

*“But hold on there bud!”* I hear someone heckle.... *“This is all very hunky-dory, but if you're saying that Jesus attained Resurrection via that Opening of the Mouth Ceremony, and this in but three days....well, it's high time you gave us the nitty-gritty on what exactly Joseph and Nicodemus did, otherwise how the hell are we ourselves to get some of this Death Defying action?”*

Sure, I hear exactly where you're coming from, and I'll tell you right now that I'm at a loss as to the actual mechanics, whether of specific words/incantations, unction's/elixirs used in order to rebirth/resurrect a person via that Opening of the Mouth Ceremony. But what I can say is that it had very little to do with that scant info as filtered down to us today, for such was first committed to hieroglyphics at a time when the original secret procedures behind that rite had been forgotten/misinterpreted to the point where it had become a mere parody of that original, and which probably predated the version we have today by thousands of years. Once more, I can only refer you to *these* 'talking pictures' in a landscape, and these, yet again, overlaid upon those mind-bending events within a blacksmith's forge - when even a decomposing lump of rusty iron, spat out of the mouth of Christ, totally defied every law in the book by transforming itself into something new and astonishing [see my Article3]. But before you cast a final judgement upon all I've put before you, allow me to unearth the final piece of mesmeric evidence on the ground, and which screams out in the most graphic 'in your face' terms possible, to the effect that [and if I myself have hitherto been spouting befuddlement on a biblical scale] the one thing I've got totally crystal clear is that the paramount reason why this whole miracle under our noses has breached our consciousness is to tell us that *we CAN, and like that piece of rusty junk, resurrect ourselves*, indeed, to remake ourselves

anew *in real time, right now and on the spot* - and in the same process finally kick Death's ass, just like Christ did - otherwise this colossal pictorial sign language our Earth has created is seemingly for naught but an item of idle curiosity; a travesty indeed.

*\*Note. To that earlier heckler, however, let me say that I will, nevertheless, endeavour to offer up what might be a prerequisite ingredient re this raising/reanimating of the dead [whether of the flesh, metal, stone, you name it] a little on. Please bear with me.*

Believe me, I really am now hitching to show you that which this gob-smackingly graphic Landscape has gone and done for its party piece, but before I can take you to see this oh so visually thrilling finale, I'm afraid you'll have to allow me three more plunges into what the Ancient Egyptians may have known about how to likewise kick Death's ass - and this thousands of years before Jesus ever drew breath.

*Firstly, Egypt's Great Pyramid*, and in particular the theory of a growing number of esteemed researchers who believe that in no way was this extraordinary structure ever intended as a tomb, but rather as a celestially governed Resurrection Machine, albeit one whose pamphlet of working instructions has been lost....or maybe just hidden? Either way, to even voice such a possibility is of course to cause much nose-in-the-air scoffing amongst the ranks of academic Egyptologists whom are far happier with a tomb for the dead, rather than a womb wherein the dead might be re-birthed/resurrected.

However, for us who are on the trail of a curious meteorite-iron adze shaped as the constellation of Ursa Major, and intended for use in a ceremony to raise the dead, I think it may prove advantageous for us to have a thumb through Robert Bauval and Adrian Gilbert's fascinating and extremely learned book *The Orion Mystery*, especially the section where they discuss the four mysterious 8inch square channels that are cut with laser-like precision through thousands of tons of the Great Pyramid's granite; these starting from the inside of both the King and Queen's chambers, and then proceeding right through to the outside of the structure. This another staggering piece of architectural know-how, yet previously only ever thought to be mere ventilation shafts....until, that is, in 1993 the German robotics engineer Rudolf Gantenbrink sent a tiny remote controlled robot, fitted with a camera, up these shafts.

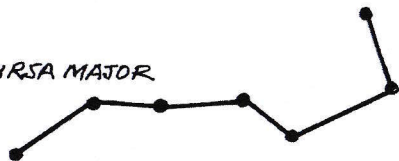
Well, and apologies for my cutting of a fascinating story of discovery short [it's fully recorded in *The Orion Mystery*] let me tell you that the two southerly aligned shafts [one beginning in the King's chamber, the other in the Queen's] were found to run perfectly straight and true [always climbing skywards] right through to the outside air. The two northerly directed shafts, however [and again, one leaving the King's chamber, the other the Queen's] were shown to be majorly 'kinked', and this presumably because these two shafts had to be navigated over the top of the huge obstacle which is the Grand Gallery, so as to likewise continue their way to the outside; sign then of a rare architectural cock-up in the Pyramid's construction...like somebody forgot to take into account the trajectory of those vents, but with a few deft kinks who'd know? Such was how this 'kinked' anomaly was first viewed, but upon closer inspection of the overall shape of these two northerly aligned shafts Gantenbrink sensed they might not be errors of architectural judgement, but rather a deliberate design feature - and let's face it, those Egyptians were no mugs when it came to building that which is still seen as a Wonder of the World.

Indeed, Gantenbrink's hunch turned out to be correct...and how! Suffice to say that it quickly became apparent to those with eyes to see that these two 'kinked'

**SHAFTS WITHIN THE GREAT PYRAMID**



**URSA MAJOR**



**ADZE FROM TOMB MURAL**



**THE LANE BENEATH CHRIST'S LOINCLOTH**



channels were remarkably shaped in the form of that Opening of the Mouth adze/Ursa Major! What's more, when their upward climbing trajectories were followed through to the night sky it was seen that the channel beginning in The King's Chamber led straight to the constellation of Alpha Draconis, while the one leaving the Queen's Chamber sped unerringly to URSA MAJOR!

My copies of the two channels as referenced from *The Orion Mystery*. For

comparison I have also included the extra illustrations.

*\*Note: the two straight channels also made their way to constellations; the one from the King's Chamber finding Orion, while the Queen's Chamber one arrowed its way to Sirius.*

So what were the true reasons behind the incredible ingenuity which not only aimed these channels at certain constellations, but, and especially for us, why the explicit shaping of two of them into that of all shapes, and one of them even shooting straight out to Ursa Major...of all places! One can only deduce that these channels were cut for a purpose far more important than mere ventilation purposes, and fast upon the heels of that 'no-brainer' one can be entirely excused from further deducing that they could only ever have been for something of profound importance to their beliefs, and this surely pertaining to the raising of the dead. Indeed, Bauval and Gilbert [and presumably without any knowledge of an Opening of the Mouth adze hidden beneath the loincloth of Cumbria's crucified Christ] likewise point to the obvious "It now seemed certain that the ceremony for the opening of the mouth had been performed, perhaps several times, inside the Queen's Chamber." And with that statement I can't but wonder now if the Soul of the deceased either flew from its opened mouth along that granite channel like a bullet aimed at Ursa Major [that location of the realm of the Afterlife] or else was it that this same Soul actually winged its way back down this channel and thus straight back into the mouth of the deceased, thereby revivifying the corpse.

Tell you what, to muse upon either possibility is mind blowing enough; but for us who know now that there's one of these 'channel shaped' adze's hidden [see my Article 2, Parts 1&2] beneath Christ's loincloth - yes, he who is the absolute benchmark re all things Resurrection - well, the extent to which our minds are being blown must surely now be off the scale!

Whatever, I think with these joint evidences, both hidden within the innards of the Great Pyramid, and so too beneath a loincloth in Cumbria, between them enticingly endorse those theories re the Great Pyramid being once used [or still could be again] as a colossal Resurrection Machine. And yes, a seemingly 'crack-pot' theory, but when in a little while I show you the final masterstroke of Britain's monumental floor plan, I hope it will go some way to proving that Messer's Bauval, Gilbert and Griffiths might not be quite so loony after all in

their tinkering with the ignition wiring of a Resurrection Machine! But let's move on....

*Secondly then, the Ancient Egyptian Bennu Bird, or to us the Phoenix*, and what better symbol for Resurrection than this legendary bird which from out of the ashes of itself arises anew? Well actually, there is another, it's of Jesus Christ, and it's entirely understandable that the Firebird's own death defying attributes were re-jigged by early Christianity so as to become a metaphor for Christ's own resurrection. Although, it still intrigues me how this mythical bird of Ancient Egyptian, and this of so heathen a heritage, ever got allowed to hover anywhere near their Messiah....that said [and sorry for keep teasing] but you'll see shortly how even the Genius within this Landscape has apparently willed not only that Egypt's very own wonder bird should be seen to be flying out of our Cumbrian Christ's own right hand, but that there's an actual....I told you I was hitching to tell ya, but I'm still not ready yet!

Anyway, to the Egyptians this heron-like Bennu Bird was also seen as presiding over the actual creation of the world, and was duly worshipped in their great Temple of the Sun/Mansion of the Phoenix at Heliopolis, and where in its honour the first ever obelisk was raised in representation of its sacred perch – this tapering pillar capped by the conical [pyramidian] *benben* stone and which was originally thought to be a colossal conical hunk of meteorite; fallen meteorites often take upon a conical shape, this due to their hurtling through earth's atmosphere. And what better material to stick upon the tip of that obelisk/phallus than a solidified piece of their Creator God Atum's fallen semen, indeed, their word *ben* [as in *benben* stone] also meant *seed*.

Tragically, the 19<sup>th</sup> century saw many of these beautiful pillars [although all of them stone rather than meteorite tipped - but their sexy message remains the same!] felled and shipped to Europe as veritable garden ornaments - one of which still stands in front of the Vatican [yep, an Egyptian cock rises in effort to remind Christianity what it's been missing!] while another stands erect near the American White House. However, the one that should interest us the most is London's own Cleopatra's Needle, although this particular phallus has nothing to do with her; rather it was made for Thutmose III, circa 1450BC, and again erected in the city of Heliopolis - yes, that aforementioned location of the Temple of The Sun, and supreme roosting place of the self resurrecting Bennu Bird/Phoenix.

For me then, London must have the most potent phallus of all those pilfered. Furthermore, either by some knowing hand, or via the subliminal promptings of the Cosmic Mind [and throughout this landscaped zodiac of Britain are many an example of such] and in readiness for this Time now, a time capsule was deposited beneath it just prior to its erection in its new location - placed inside it were all manner of oddments, amongst which being 12 photos of the most beautiful English women of the time [perfect to cause a stir in this pillar/phallus perhaps?], a baby's bottle [why?], a rupee [what?], a shilling razor [blimey] but most tellingly for us whom are here prodding unmentionable things, know that beneath this sperm tipped perch of London's Phoenix is also a **copy of John 3:16**, and this in 215 languages....yes indeed, that 'bombshell' of a one-liner [as quoted earlier] which Jesus whispered into the earlug of Nicodemus. Wow, of all things to quote and leave beneath London's phallic, and sperm tipped perch of the Death Defying Phoenix....and so damned important is this so called '*Gospel in a nut shell*', and this alongside all that *Salmon swallowed Acorn/Wisdom* stuff we found in the Dartmoor gut of Pisces [see my Article1]....well, you must forgive me for quoting such a second time: "*For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall NOT PERISH but have eternal life.*" John 3:16.

Certainly, my earlier suspicions that the swallowing of sperm [whether in the gesture of that meteorite adze, or indeed, the genuine stuff] could somehow be the catalyst to some inconceivable metamorphosis re the resurrecting of one deceased....well, became less daunting, indeed, even a tad charming, when it recently dawned on me that the actual London location of Cleopatra's sperm-tipped Needle, at least in Britain's Zodiacal scheme of things, suggests that it could well be lodged in the very throat of the giant Sagittarius/Noah [see *Behold Jerusalem!*] and hence well and truly *SWALLOWED!* And talking of Noah, well he too must have known a thing or two about life preservation - knocking up a grand 950 year life span. Wonder what his secret of longevity was?

*\*Note: But should you question my whole obelisk = phallus theory, well according to Freemasonry the word 'obelisk' literally translates as 'Baal's shaft, or organ of reproduction' – see Masonic and Occult Symbols by Dr Cathy Burns.*

*And thirdly – after death Osiris rises again as Horus; this the prelude for Jesus rising as The Christ!* Seems then that the evil Set, not being content with the mere murdering of his brother Osiris, then went about trying to make sure

the god was gone for good - firstly sealing the body in a coffin-like box before casting it adrift in the Nile, but when that didn't work he frenziedly sets about chopping the corpse up into 14 cuts of meat before having the individual lumps then scattered willy-nilly throughout Egypt. But let's fast-forward to where the Goddess Isis, the sister/wife of Osiris [and this after many adventures in the tracking down of her lost husband's remains] eventually makes him whole again....although still as dead as a Dodo, and unfortunately minus his penis, although this was later retrieved; it having been swallowed by a *fish*....another hint perchance to all we found swallowed by Pisces? Oh, and what with that word *Gill* written upon Christ's Cumbrian lips, and an early sign for Christ being that of a Fish....well, surely something 'fishy' is going on here too?

Anyway, we now catch up with Isis when she visits Osiris' fully 'put back together again' corpse at night [for she didn't want anyone to see what she was up to] and in the form of a swallow, she miraculously manages to get the still very much dead Osiris somewhat aroused by fluttering around his genitals, and from which she [still as a swallow, I should add] was able to copulate with him and thus conceive of Horus - in short, a part of Osiris would then genetically live on in the shape of his son.....*or so the story would have us believe.*

Not surprisingly, the exact details of this astonishing feat of copulation aren't shared with us, and we're left to surmise that it was purely down to a bit of magic; they were both Deities after all. However, I'd like to attempt to put a different slant on this odd-ball conception of Horus, and for us upon this weird quest, may I ask if the real hidden gem within it is in that named variety of bird - like did Isis, *as a woman* [just prior to Osiris' murder, as they knew what Set was planning] perform fellatio on Osiris, and although not 'swallowing' his semen merely collected it in readiness to transfer it back into her husband's mouth [in so doing allowing him to re-swallow his own life back; so to speak] so as to somehow *resurrect* him, albeit with the new name of Horus so as to disguise the real truth of his resurrection from Set? And would not this putting sperm into the mouth of Osiris have been the very essence of that Opening of the Mouth Ceremony, for that meteorite adze was itself the symbolic semen of their Creator God Atum - thus was Isis depicted as a *swallow* as a cunning 'cover story', albeit this seeded with a clue, so as to conceal the real 'swallowing' business going on behind the scenes. What's more, if this scenario is indeed anywhere near the subtle subterfuge I suspect to be cloaking the real truth concealed within this myth, I must then ask if this rather taboo act of Isis

was itself the very first demo of that particular Ceremony, indeed, the *prototype* for that Ceremony performed upon Jesus within Joseph's tomb thousands of years later?

And with that possibility let's stop beating around the bush, and question outright if in that adze beneath Jesus' loincloth, we are being prompted to see it as one and the very same with his penis, for there is no sign of any genitalia - only this adze marking the spot. Moreover, the next prompt must surely be that either his penis [coded now as that adze] or his semen [in the guise of that sperm of god/meteorite iron as used in the actual making of the adze] was put into the Jesus' own mouth as part and parcel of some extraordinary procedure towards the bringing about his Resurrection. Or, and if that's not already taboo enough for you, maybe for both Osiris and Jesus there was no symbolic gestures involved, and it was indeed their own semen which was gathered and then transferred back into their own mouths [thus making that sacred adze itself but 'a cover', a subtle code-cum-clue - not too unlike the biblical transposing of a *thigh* for a *penis*] for it was such bodily fluid, so charged with life, which was of paramount importance in the physical/spiritual alchemy needed to return life back to the dead? For myself, I can't help thinking that something along these admittedly shocking and inconceivable lines could well be the truth behind it all - Isis herself being the collecting vessel of Osiris' semen, before he would himself drink of it; and was it Mary Magdalen who perhaps played Isis' role when she became herself the High Cup, so to speak, for to collect Jesus' own sacred and life giving fluid, and which after the crucifixion, and having his mouth re-opened, was returned back into his body as part of that most sacred Egyptian ceremony for the raising of the dead?

OK, at one end of the scale utterly freaking ludicrous - while at the other something bordering upon the pornographic, and in the context of Christ, for some utterly repugnant. Listen, I totally get it, and feel myself somewhat uncomfortable in voicing such questions, but it is this picture-coded Landscape which demands that I do so, and if it means I have to go where angels would themselves fear to tread then so be it.

Either way, whatever did happen to Osiris and Jesus behind closed doors meant that Osiris was resurrected bearing the new name of Horus [and so keeping the 'Death loving' Set off the scent that the dead could now actually live again via a certain secret Ceremony!] just as Jesus was resurrected and named as *The Christ*. Therefore, Osiris+Horus=The Risen Osiris, and this same sum applies

equally to Jesus+Christ=The Risen Jesus – Horus/Christ, both titles of one whom was *RESURRECTED!*

*“Oh come on; surely just by giving Osiris a new name wouldn't cut it with Set and the others who would know him instantly? And in any case, how did Isis get around the fact that she'd supposedly just given birth to Horus....the Son of Osiris? ”*

Correct. So because Isis was no mug she very conveniently takes herself off to hide in the deserted marshlands of the Nile Delta [out of Set's sight] so as to give birth to Horus....or so she said! Anyway, the story goes that once Horus had grown he leaves that Delta safe-house and goes to gain revenge on Set [he the so called *Friend of the Dead* - and yeah, if Set had had a motto it would have been “Better dead than alive!”] ....or was it just Osiris who'd just had a belly full of lying low and felt it time to give Death/Set a resounding kick up the ass, just like Jesus would do thousands of years later?

*\*Note. Considering that there are in existence statues, as well as wall art depictions of Horus as a child, I guess you'd like to know how I wriggle out of that problematical fact? Well, these depictions are certainly of a much later period, and thus for me merely recording the already archaic myth based upon the spin put out by Isis.*

As to that moment when Horus [Osiris himself] did step back into public view, and when you'd think [if my take on the myth is correct] that Horus would have been soon 'outed' as Osiris – well, Isis again had it all covered, for her cunning included the new characterisation/disguise of her husband as the new Falcon/Hawk-headed Horus - thus either by more divine magic, or via the simple handy work of a very good headdress maker, she created the full Hawk's-head disguise for whenever Osiris went public. Realise too, that with this same Bennu Bird/Phoenix [see earlier] headgear [because that's exactly what it was meant to be to the eyes of those who could both see and understand] Osiris was blatantly advertising the fact that like these mythic birds he too had risen - therefore, ***I give to you Osiris unmasked, and laughing his Egyptian cotton socks off!***

\*\*\*\*\*

Time now to briefly step back and see Giza's Great Pyramid itself [indeed all pyramids] as a colossal magnification of the original Obelisk's own cone of

semen, and as you do note that the Great Pyramid also had a space left at its own tip so as to accommodate its own crowning *benben* stone/pyramidian, albeit this stone, *the symbolic Phoenix itself*, and emphatic image of Resurrection, is curiously missing. Has this capstone always been missing, or was it removed for some reason? Either way, just know that I am about to return you to Cumbria, and in particular to the location of its beautiful Lake District, because here **I will show you another Great Pyramid, one 36 miles wide by 18 miles high, and which has a bloody great Phoenix rising from its tip – and with it too know that this pyramid, at least, IS A RESURRECTION MACHINE, because this Finale, and this as if to ram home the fact that something intrinsically Ancient Egyptian was behind Jesus' own [Osiris-like] resurrection as Christ, will be seen to be streaming [or rising] from out of the right hand of Cumbria's own crucified Christ!**

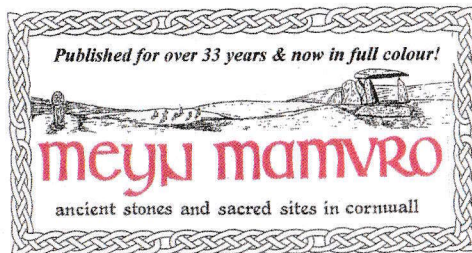
And boy, how I'm going to enjoy showing it to you right now....just hold on to your hats!

OK, for those of you who have already read my book you'll know that the land sculpture which represents Aquarius is, and just as it is in the Glastonbury Zodiac, a gigantic Phoenix [fire/water reasons aplenty in both Mary Caine's book, *The Glastonbury Zodiac*, and my own] and which ingeniously rises from the graphic tongues of flames which are the very lakes of this world renown watery [and perfectly Aquarian] corner of England. That said, this Lake District Firebird happens to be the only star giant I've found who is inverted, and yes, in a tarot card reading this would denote a negative vibe – this aspect again fully discussed in my book. However, when I looked down upon this imagery as through the eyes of Cumbria's crucified Christ [this by turning the whole of Britain upside down] it dawned upon me that from this Christ's own viewpoint this Phoenix wasn't inverted at all, and what's more, the bird seemed to be materialising from out of his own nailed right hand; this surely a provocative gesture in itself, and for me it can only be a direct pointer towards the mystic mechanisms involved in his own resurrection – but it gets better still! I then noticed how 8 of these lakes/flames seemed to lean slightly inwards like the directional folds of an opened fan, indeed, to my artist's eye they seemed to be all pointing, whether sloping in from the right or left, to the same focal point of convergence, in other words an exercise in basic perspective. So I took up my pencil and ruler and did just that by simply shooting a line along the straightest edge of each lake and seeing what happened...just for fun. Guess what? All

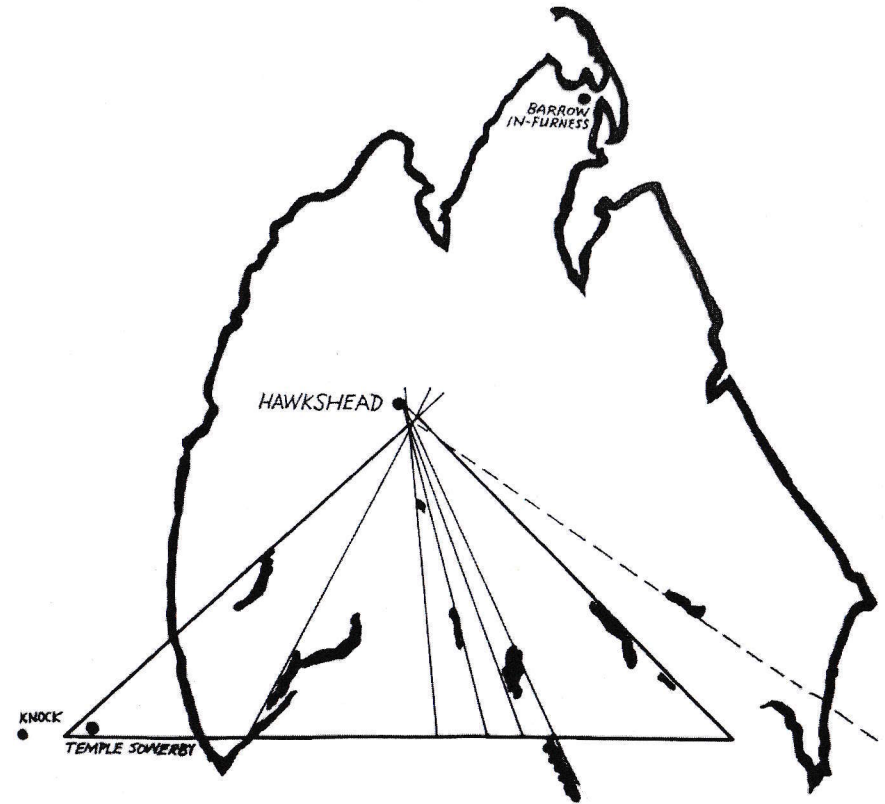
these straight lines magically zeroed in [give or take a gnat's whisker] on the very same vanishing point.....and Bingo!, I'd suddenly got myself, as near as damn it, a perfect Pyramid with that already in-situ Aquarian Phoenix/Bennu Bird rising perfectly from its apex! Staggering or what....especially so when also taking into account the fact that we are about to enter into the new Astrological Age of Aquarius – thus a message particularly primed for us of these times now?

You can bet your life that I whooped when I saw those lake driven lines form a pyramid, and which from Christ's own view point was the right way up....but you know me – as per usual, I still wanted more! So I had a closer look at the map so as to check if that actual vanishing point at its apex had a name – yeah it did, it was **Hawkshead**, and not for the first time in my years of delving did a shiver run through me, and with it the now familiar realisation that I was again in the presence of something *Conscious* within this landscape, something looking back up at me from out of the map....something deeply sacred...and yet nevertheless benignly *smiling* – for it just wanted to play, yet at the same time impart a set of stunning images programmed to change our perception as to exactly why we're here....in total a Resurrection Machine *for our minds* has appeared upon our doorsteps, and this to reawaken us to the true glory and potential of ourselves. So I say "*Behold Jerusalem!*....for if this rocky foundation of Britain can morph itself into a colossal mirror of the Mythology our ancestors were inspired to bestow upon the Heavens, well just think what wonders us humans may now put our minds to in partnership with a Nature, which via this miracle underfoot, proves that if genuine *Love* is the prime mover behind our thoughts/wishes, then miraculous things will indeed transpire. In a nut shell, *Nothing but Nothing is now impossible to us*, for 'Impossible', just like the present fact of *Death*, are to rendered defunct overnight!

Continued on next page...



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*\*Note. I've not included the dotted line on the right, this so as to give the pyramid something more like the correct proportions, while the base line is purely arbitrary. Notice, however, how Temple Sowerby [that onetime Templar base – see Article3] presents itself as a possible entry point into the structure – trust the Templars to know the doorway in....especially so when seeing that but 4 miles to the east of their garrison is a speck on the map denoted as **Knock!***

*All very nice for you, but why get a dose of the shivers from that name Hawkshead?" Well, and again, isn't a Phoenix a kind of hawk? But more than this obvious confirmation of a Firebird rising from the top of this Lakeland Pyramid, it was again to that Egyptian hawk/falcon-headed god Horus that my ecstatic thoughts then fled.*

And can you blame me now for my exuberance; because what with that aforementioned tidy little scam-cum-masquerade of Isis's idea of a hawk-like headdress so as to disguise Osiris, do you see now why I was [and still am] so moved by this finding the village of *Hawkshead [of all places!]* marking the very apex of *this Great Pyramid/Benben Stone of the Lake District*, a pyramid born [just as that lump of old iron was at the forge] out of those lakes which magically double-up as those oh so graphic tongues of fire, and which are of such paramount importance in the Phoenix's legendary lift-off. Bang-on-cue then, observe rising from this Hawkshead tipped Pyramid that great Aquarian Phoenix itself – the Bennu Bird, likewise a Hawk, a Falcon, and yes, in this context, all of them a Phoenix by any other name - and it's name is Horus, or rather now *The Self Resurrected Osiris*. Simply, the name Horus signifies but the *risen* Osiris, just as the name Christ signifies the *risen* Jesus. Indeed, via his own resurrection Jesus himself became a Horus - a Phoenix risen, and what with all this exquisite imagery exploding from out of his own nailed to the Cross right hand [as though he's saying "Look, see what I see – know what I know.""] along with our knowledge now that he also carries an Opening of the Mouth adze beneath his loincloth, well surely must he be telling us that it was that very Ceremony which led to his own victory over death....and that it was those two gods of Ancient Egypt, Osiris/Horus and Isis, who first led inaugurated such. Moreover, surely in this same stupendous imagery Egypt's own Great Pyramid must as a direct consequence receive idiot-proof verification of Bauval's belief that here be no dusty tomb, but itself a Resurrection Machine!

*\*Note: Oh, and before I forget; one of the attributes of Horus was that of his 'All Seeing Eye', so when you see Hawkshead stationed at the very tip of this pyramid see too the reverse of an American dollar bill, and whereupon is depicted a pyramid with its own apex bearing that same All Seeing Eye. Interesting.*

Again, when witnessing this truly spectacular and uplifting imagery, seen visually spilling from out of the right hand of Cumbria's crucified Christ, and it being written so gigantically [combined height of pyramid+ phoenix being some 40miles] upon the face of our now proved to be Conscious and Singing Planet, the message can only be to the effect that every man-jack-of-us can likewise DEFEAT DEATH!....if we but only have "faith as small as a mustard seed". In my very humble opinion, it must ultimately be this one emphatic message alone which has caused, or ignited, this whole miraculous mirror of the Heavens to

rise itself from out of the blazing core of our own planet, and thence up and up through our fields and cities in a visual cry of utter jubilation to this same Death Defying fact – the same fact which must be likewise behind that 'Exclamation of Joy' we found already written upon this Cumbrian Christ's own lips! I can think of no other reason for all that is dancing before our eyes.

*"Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death has no more dominion over him."*

*Romans 6:9*

Finally, and whether or not this artist has been sometimes right, or sometimes hopelessly wrong in these his desperate attempts in trying to look beyond the initial shock of all these star giants, this in effort to fathom a reason for their presence, the one undeniable fact remains that in the foundations of England, Wales and Northern Ireland, these Zodiacal figures, plus a crucified Christ thrown in for good measure, *Exist!*....because maps don't lie! Likewise too, did that extraordinary self-created adze appear from out of the blacksmith's flaming forge, and you have seen photographs to prove it – *see Article3*. All that said, I'm afraid that ultimately it's for each individual to wrestle with these strange invaders of our everyday rational minds, or then again, to simply dismiss the whole kit and caboodle as merely the product of an overly imaginative artist's mind, and with that be done with it. I earnestly hope, however, that for a few folk at least, and if for nothing else, that my discovery may fascinate enough so as to instil a feeling that there really is more to this life, and to this Earth, than that which normally meets the eye, for I truly believe that just beyond the everyday 'Known' is a magic, indeed, a Loving Consciousness at work, and to which we have for too long been blind to. To those who still may think me crazy however, can I just beg of you that this my baby, no matter how strange or even ugly it may look, isn't thrown out with all the bath water.

And so with this last article my 14 year long guilt trip on account of the stuff that was deleted from my book *Behold Jerusalem!* is now thankfully over. Although I must confess that some of the things described in these articles were only discovered or experienced [certainly those events surrounding my visit to the Cumbrian Christ's mouth/blacksmith's forge] post publication – God, it seems, really does work in mysterious ways.

Midsummer's Day 2018 – Farewell, and many blessings to you all. GKG xxx.

**Credence/Mind over Matter – can such really work miracles?**

*Howls of derision - Guffaws galore....and yes, I'd imagined such sounds going on over my shoulder throughout the entire writing of my book, but perhaps not*



to such a deafening degree as in these my last three articles, and wherein I've attempted to make sense out of that 'Shock' beneath Christ's loincloth; howls like "Yeah Graham, and if you're asking us to 'swallow' all this you really have lost the plot mate! Listen, surely you know very well that putting sperm into the mouth of a corpse [whether the real stuff, or metaphorically speaking, in the guise of that meteorite adze] will not resurrect them – it's simply not possible, indeed, you're stark raving bonkers for even suggesting it!"

And yep, I 'get it'; many times have I berated myself for this my seemingly senseless banging on about some orchestrated resurrection being possible via an instrument supposedly forged of the god Atum's iron semen - *for Christ's sake!* Surely, and to our 21<sup>st</sup> Century understanding of how things work, my telling of giants in the landscape is nonsensical enough, but for me to then suggest that the Ancient Egyptians knew how to raise the dead, well, I can only envisage either instantly glazed over eyeballs, or laughing fits worthy of a full Norman Wisdom style meltdown....and I'd fully understand either reaction.

Having said that, it's *this* bewilderingly graphic landscape of Britain which seems itself to be banging this same 'raising of the dead' drum, especially here at this the apparent climax of all it's been leading up to from the tail of Pisces in the far southwest, to this Christ nailed up against Hadrian's Wall in the far north. And yet I have to admit that for all the graphic imagery here I have not been led to but one scrap of irrefutable evidence pointing to HOW exactly those Egyptians might have raised a corpse back to life. But hang on; did I just say "I have not been led to but one scrap of evidence"....but *there was that scrap iron* I found in the mouth of Cumbria's Christ when I playfully re-enacted that same Opening of the Mouth/raising of the dead Ceremony, and what then later transpired in a blacksmith's forge [see Article3] - when that rotten lump of old iron trap chose to raise itself from out of the forge flames as a perfect copy of the replica adze I had then in my own back pocket, and which had itself fished that rusty piece of iron from out of the watery mouth of Cumbria's Christ....well, *for Christ's sake!* - that piece of iron scrap could well be the *scrap of vital evidence I've been searching for*, for something miraculous occurred in that forge, and I believe both the basic cause, and resulting effect behind this remarkable incident could well be proof of a little known subtle, yet potentially dynamic Creative Force, a Consciousness of sorts, and which the Egyptian Priests may have harnessed so as to work wonders....indeed, an energy perhaps not only tapped into re the raising of the dead, but so too perhaps in the raising of that Great Pyramid – the same know-how as used by Moses [who learnt his trade in Egypt] to part the Red Sea? Either way, allow this artist one last stab into the inconceivable by trying to nail this elusive Force, along with how he thinks it may be triggered, because it could just be that this same active energy was behind not only that metamorphosis at the forge, but so too the

creation of this entire zodiacal floor plan of Britain; not to mention the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Here goes – so could that incident in Joe's forge have been possibly ignited merely by the physical presence of my own adze, aligned at that moment to my still racing thoughts re that afternoon when as a playful gesture I opened that Christ's mouth to find therein that jaw-shaped piece of scrap iron/trap waiting there....could this simple but 'charged' alchemy of sorts, and so damned focused as it was in the rarefied atmosphere of that forge, have been all that was needed [and all in the blink of an eye] to resurrect that nigh-on already obliterated trap into a new object?....an object itself already rife with the 5000+ year residue of its raising of the dead properties! And yeah, if from out of those same forge flames had come instead, let's say, a teaspoon, or a spanner, well that too would have been miraculous, not to mention charmingly perplexing - but we know that wasn't the case, for what came into view was frightening both in its blatant choice of objects in which to morph itself, and the inescapable fact that there was proof here of an inconceivable *Consciousness* either in those fragments of melting iron, or else filling every atom of that room, and which being somehow subtly excited itself by the myriad thoughts surrounding this planned destruction of that trap, was itself ignited, even inspired, into that shocking [albeit perhaps intended to be *playful*] metamorphosis so as to show us that *Nothing is Dead*, but rather all Matter is likewise Conscious, *Alive* even, and open [based upon the vibrations of our thoughts?] to the instantaneous reshaping of itself; **and yes, that could even include the Resurrection of one who was just a moment before clinically pronounced as dead.**

I guess what I'm trying to suggest now is that if inanimate iron particles can reform themselves into a whole new object, and this set into motion via but the intense vibes being put out by one in that room whom just so happened to have a copy of that sacred hook on his person, along with a head full of all the exciting stuff he'd found singing out of Britain's landscape....well [and although I had absolutely no wish whatsoever for that iron thing which I'd taken there to destroy, to recreate itself in any way] could such subliminal vibes be the catalyst so as to thrill that all enveloping *Consciousness* into doing what it did? Like, was I in my passionate belief in the fabulous presence of that great green Christ to the north 'giving out a vibrant *credence*' to the effect that the *Impossible* could become an absolute *Reality*, and that these excited thought patterns were ripe enough to in turn excite that iron from out of Christ's own mouth into transforming itself into that very object which I'd found hidden beneath the wrappings of his loincloth? And by the same token, were those beliefs/myths which our ancestors lovingly bestowed upon the stars above, themselves intense enough for that same force of Conscious Mind to have those same star giants then come alive beneath their own fields?

I now have to ask if by projecting *faith/belief*, or via simply giving out a modicum of excited *credence*, *Love* even [call it what you will] towards something otherwise deemed impossible, [like believing there be star giants under our floorboards] that such positive and creative thought patterns can attract that same Creative Consciousness, even feed it, so to speak, and within an instant that odds-on Impossibility becomes a startling Reality – *could this then be, at least in part, the astonishingly simple prerequisite needed to ignite all Miracles?*....this the overlooked truth [because it's just too damned childish to give credence to] to the effect that there really must be a *Consciousness* prevalent in every atom, and which can seemingly interact with our most excited/inspired thoughts; as already proved in a blacksmith's forge! Could such excited thought patterns, perhaps of some specific rate of vibration, be enough to ignite profound changes in Matter - enough again to cause crumbled iron particles to reform and reshape themselves via no more than a series of somehow 'received and understood' thoughts; importantly, thoughts triggered, albeit inadvertently, by a mind trained in the acceptance, or the giving of credence to the fabulous fact of star giants in a landscape....this same basic principle being fundamental to the invigorating of one whom was deceased, but who nevertheless rose up again so as to roll away the stone? I don't know, but then I came upon this from out of, forgive me, 'the horse's mouth':

**Jesus said ".....Truly I tell you, if you have faith as small as a mustard seed, you can say to this mountain, 'Move from here to there', and it will move. Nothing will be impossible to you." Matthew 17:20**

*\*Note: My poor mind to this very day continues to wrack itself for answers, so here's another afterthought; could that metamorphosis of rusty fragments have been due in part too to the following throw-away bit of evidence? You see, when the blacksmith initially crunched up that rusty trap/gag he just happened to do it over an A4 sheet of paper I'd took along with me [and I can't for the life of me remember exactly why I had] and this being a photo copy of my illustrations re that Ancient Egyptian adze, Ursa Major, the shafts within the Great Pyramid, and that adze shaped lane beneath the loincloth. Anyway, and for ease of operation, Joe asked if he could just scrape up all that debris [see Article3] onto the sheet, and by folding up its edges bag the rubbish up before carrying it over to the forge, thence to drop the whole package into the flames....and of course it was OK by me. But I now ask myself if those accompanying illustrations [along with the already mentioned intensity of my thoughts at that moment] just added another ingredient towards exciting that magical transformation of disintegrated iron particles into a replica of the illustrations/thoughts upon that sheet of paper. Sure, an alchemy above and beyond any present day scientific understanding; but Hey Ho!*

To sum up, and after living and breathing this wonder underfoot for 55 years, I believe that the only possible conclusion as to its spellbinding creation must be again **that ALL is permeated with the essence of Mind, a Loving Conscious Mind which is, just as Jesus suggested, ready and waiting to perform miracles for us, and with us....and I have my book *Behold Jerusalem!* to prove it. But have you either the credence, the belief, or that faith as small as a mustard seed so as to release your own full and sublime potential alongside it?**

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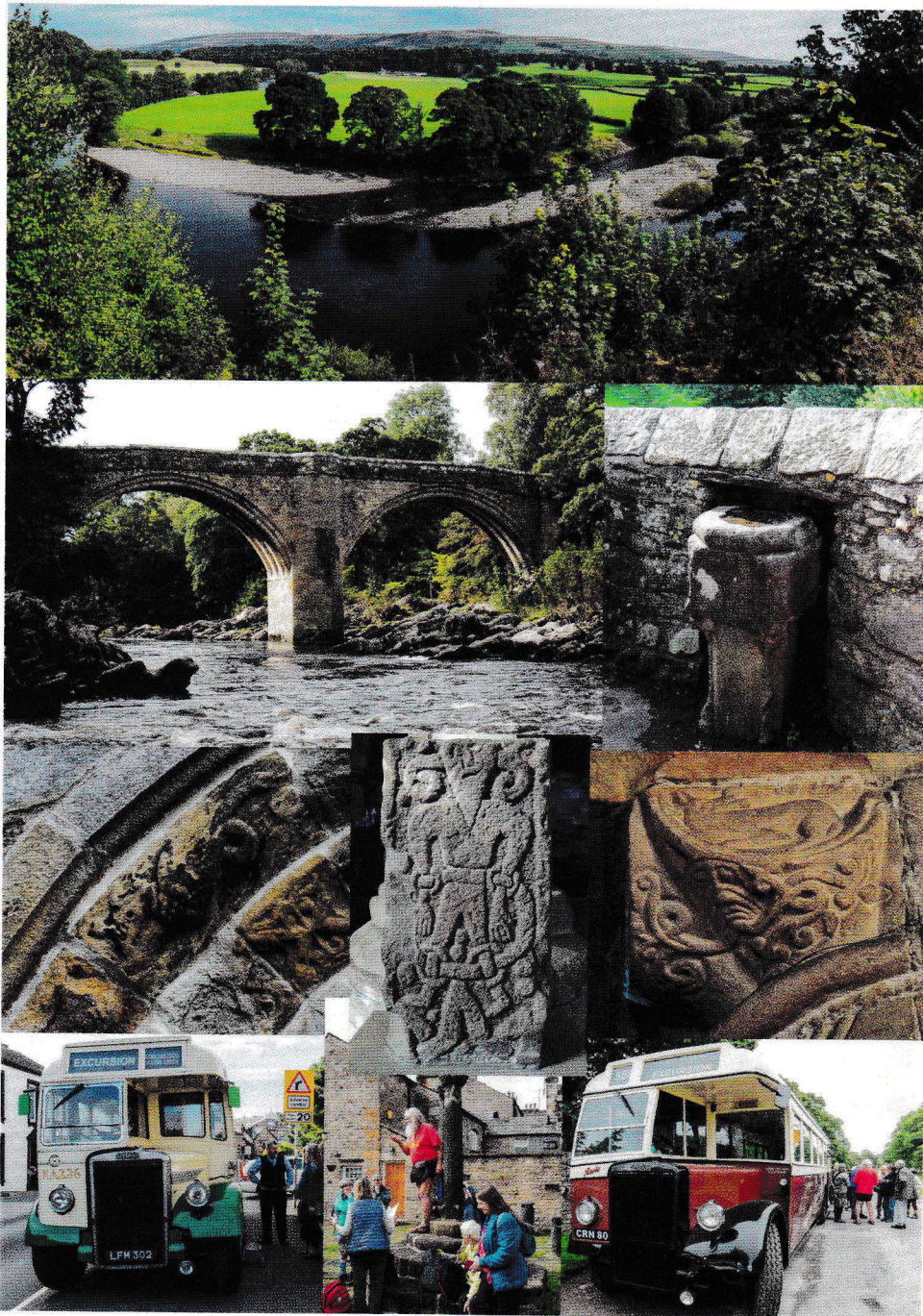
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Kirkby Stephen Moot 2019 (photos: Denis Chapman)



Clockwise: Ruskin's View, Kirkby Lonsdale, Plague Stone/Roman Alter, Devil's Bridge, Internal carving, St Mary's Church, Kirkby Lonsdale, Bus Rosie, Market Cross, Kirkby Lonsdale, Bus Daisy, Dragon carving St Mary's Church, Devil's bridge, - centre - Loki Stone, Kirkby Stephen