

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

£2.50

Issue 49 – Samhain 2023



Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all

Widcombe Fair by Ethan Pennell

BOOK NOW FOR OUR DEVON (including DARTMOOR) MOOT !
Sunday, 12th May, to Sunday, 19th May, 2024.
Expert guides, top speakers, great company.
Our own driver and coach small enough for narrow lanes.
Secure your seat by booking NOW.
All stay together. Exclusive campsite with glamping option. Book NOW!
See inside - PAGE ONE. Telephone 01650 531354.

"All along, down along, out along lee"

The Newsletter of the Network of Ley Hunters

Issue 49, Samhain (1st November) 2023

Editorial address: Laurence Main, 9 Mawddwy Cottages, Minllyn, Dinas Mawddwy, Machynlleth, SY20 9LW, Wales, United Kingdom. Telephone 01650-531354.

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

This newsletter is available on annual subscription of £15 (or £20 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 print enough copies of the next issue. Please **PRINT** your name and address clearly. Thank you!

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

Circulation: 360

*Tomb of
the Eagles,*

**Orkney
Moot,
2012**



DISCOVER DARTMOOR & DEVON NEXT MAY

(Moot from Sunday, 12th May, to Sunday, 19th May, 2024)



EXCLUSIVE use of Ten Acre Vineyard Campsite, Winkleigh, EX19 8EY. Bring own tent or arrange to share. Ten pitches plus two camper vans, so **BOOK NOW** to secure pitch by buying a MOOT TICKET *INCLUDING SEVEN NIGHTS CAMPING* for £ 495.

NON-CAMPERS can try GLAMPING, tel. 01837-83892, so we can all be together with some in luxury. Local B&Bs include Clotworthy House 01837-83709, The Old Parsonage 01837-83772 and Wheatfield Farm & Eco-Lodges 01837-83499. MOOT TICKET for NON-CAMPERS, for the week: £ 450

OUR OWN SMALL COACH (suitable for narrow lanes) & DRIVER for FIELD TRIPS. Monday, 13th May, to Friday, 17th May, with EXPERT GUIDES: ETHAN PENNELL, MARK HERBERT, LUCY COOPER, PETER KNIGHT & SUE WALLACE. *BOOK NOW TO SECURE SEAT!*

MOOT with SPEAKERS in hall all day (9am-9pm) on Saturday, 18th May: GARY BILTCLIFFE, LUCY COOPER, MARK HERBERT, PETER KNIGHT, LAURENCE MAIN, DAVID MATTHEWS, ROY SNELLING & NIGEL TWINN. OUR OWN SMALL COACH & DRIVER to transport us to & from High Bickington Community Centre EX37 9HG, if staying at Winkleigh for the week. IF coming ONLY for the speakers in the hall, SATURDAY ONLY MOOT TICKET: £ 45

PUBLIC TRANSPORT on weekdays, so arrive on Saturday, 11th May & depart on Monday, 20th May (booking extra nights). BUS 5B: Exeter St David's Railway Station - Winkleigh - Barnstaple. The Moot on Saturday, 18th May, is near Umberleigh Railway Station on the line between Exeter & Barnstaple.

Optional field trip with Mark Herbert on Sunday, 19th May.

Pay all in one go *or* deposit half now and the balance by 1st March, 2024.

All Moot-goers must be subscribers to the Network of Ley Hunters (£15 pa, bringing four Newsletters a year)

Post cheque (no cheque book? Telephone!), payable to *Network of Ley Hunters*, to Laurence Main, 9 Mawddwy Cottages, Minllyn, Dinas Mawddwy, Machynlleth, SY20 9LW, Telephone: 01650-531354.

DON'T DELAY; BOOK TODAY!

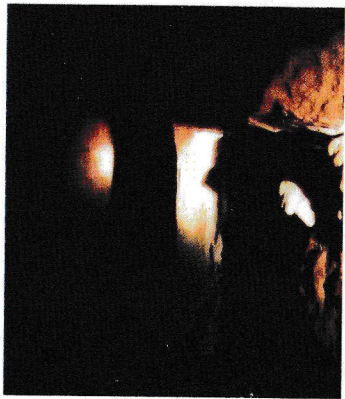
DREAMTIME – Perceiving Landscapes with New Eyes By Peter Knight

“Our destination is never a place,
but rather a new way of looking at things.” (Henry Miller)

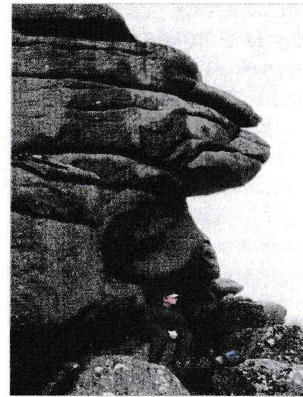
Before I expand on the concept of Dreamtime, as I see it, it may be of use to explain a little of how I arrived at this point in my life.

As a child and teenager I was always interested in astronomy, biology, geography, and prehistory. It was the natural sciences that always appealed to me; I know now I was being prepared for my spiritual life, which began (consciously) in my mid-thirties. Like many people, I initially dipped my toe into many spiritual ponds, such as the Eastern religions, i.e. Buddhism and Taoism, before eventually gravitating towards Paganism. From then on, each year I followed the old festivals, the moon’s cycles, and carved my own set of runes. This was also the genesis of my connecting with the land. I gradually got involved in earth mysteries, and soaked up everything I could find on leys and Neolithic sites, Paul Devereux’s seminal books keeping me apace with the latest developments. My love of geography and maps ensured that I was soon plotting leys galore across the Dorset landscape, where I lived at that time. I was a true ‘ley hunter’ during this period. As an astronomer, I also found astronomical alignments at many of these places. My inner nerd had a field day!

This culminated with me publishing my three books about Dorset between 1995 and 2000. These were later followed by the *Wessex Astrum*, telling the discovery of a hexagram on the landscape of Wessex. All these early works already imprinted on me the value of combining logic (research and map work) with actually walking the land.



My book on West Kennet Long Barrow continued the blend of solid research and the experiential. With my fiancée Sue, I checked out suspected astronomical alignments by actually being at the barrow when my predictions dictated. For instance, we were privileged to witness the sun’s rays penetrate to the very *back chamber* at the equinox sunrise (left). Several very early summer solstice sunrises were also observed, as well as seeing the moon penetrate the internal chambers at other times; these sacred moments transported us back to the Neolithic, so to speak. At such times the place and



ourselves seemed to come alive. One fundamental element of researching that book was the actual walking of the landscapes of the Avebury area, which we believe connected us to its countryside on a deeper level. My book on the Cerne Giant, in Dorset, was another example of how valuable and emotional it can be when one explores the land on foot. Sue and I circumnavigated the landscape around Cerne Abbas, to see from where we could see the Giant, as well as observing the key May Day sunrise from a hill across the valley. The inner nerd in me had not gone away however, enabling me to work out that the constellation Orion rose above the hill figure around 2,000 years ago. In my opinion, this dates the Giant, confirmed by some other astronomical alignments that only ‘click’ around that time. It dawned on me that the myths about the Cerne Giant, and other giants, were perhaps not invented by people, but were woven into the land. The land has memory. And that we have to go to such places for the stories to be revealed to us. We will return to the Giant later in this article.

Dartmoor Mindscapes

It was during my research of *Dartmoor Mindscapes - Re-Visioning a Sacred Landscape*, that the concepts I now hold as my truth were truly realised. I spent many days and nights walking the moor, visiting its stone circles, stone rows, megaliths and cairns, to get to grips with why places were located where they were, and not somewhere else. The key thing was being there, to walk the land. And it soon became apparent that it was often natural places, in particular the lofty granitic tors, that had been held as sacred by our distant ancestors. Clues of Dreamtime localities were gleaned from place names, such as Hound Tor, Bonehill Rocks, Grim’s Tor and Pixie House. I found that stone circles were often sited from where the maximum number of prominent tors could be seen; I found naturally-occurring rock basins, which were once revered, holding as they do sacred water (right); I located rocking stones that were also once sanctified. But, most potent for me, were the simulacra, those rock giants of the granite tors, who eternally gaze across the moor (above left). They are the very same features that our ancestors held as signs that the landscape is ensouled. For all this and more to be gifted



to me I was compelled to walk the land, often on my own (though, of course, I was never truly alone), in all weathers, sometimes sodden to the core, plodding through horizontal rain. I felt the savage bliss that comes with going out of one's comfort zone; this would sometimes be in the form of shedding my clothes – to shed *all* my inhibitions and constraints; it seemed to be important to feel the full range of sensory experiences, and to make myself vulnerable. I felt the cold wind; I felt the jagged rock press into my feet; but, most of all – I felt truly alive! For the land is meant to be walked. I now realise that writing *Dartmoor Mindscapes* was an initiation to a state of being that was more profound than anything I had previously experienced. The landscape tested me, and eventually let me in. How blessed am I?

I believe that the key to the Dreamtime lock lies in our intent, what is in our hearts, and what our true motives are; if these are attuned to a higher cause and a sense of selflessness, then new levels of awareness can be unlocked. This was where I had been guided to over all those years. And this new paradigm went hand-in-hand with my environmental beliefs; our distant ancestors only took what they needed. I think that if these ideals can be re-adopted by Mankind today then there may just be hope for us after all.

Dreamtime

So what is this concept called Dreamtime, and why is it still so crucial to native cultures? And why do I personally believe it holds relevance today?

Australian Aborigines have occupied the same territory continuously longer than any other human culture. DNA suggests they have been in Australia for at least 50,000 years. Their beliefs, and that of other hunter-gatherers, give us strong clues as to the spirituality of our own European ancestors long ago. A common feature of the cosmologies of ancient and indigenous people is that the Dreamtime Creation gods journeyed through their land, shaping the terrain, and that their essence still imbues the geography. Aboriginal Australians, as do Native Americans, the Saami, and the Inuit, believe that notable outcrop features are Dreamtime beings and the ancestors. These concepts gave rise to the belief in the *genius loci*, spirit of place, who had a hand in shaping the land. Moreover, to Aborigines, Dreamtime is still NOW!

It is impossible for Aborigines to discuss their cultural history without referencing the land, as it is their cultural map. Landscape is everything! To them, spirit embodies all of nature, as with most prehistoric cultures. To the Australian Aborigines, simulacral outcrops *are* the ancestors and gods, frozen in perpetuity, outside of time. For spirit embodies everything. In songs and rituals, natives may claim the land, but not in our sense of ownership, rather through stewardship and spiritual anchoring. Aborigines don't own their land, rather their land owns them. The land is draped in stories to read, in metaphor and image, data to be downloaded. Their world needs no pacification or refinement, for to do so would cut off the very mysteries essential to their lives. When stripped of

its mythology, a landscape is desanctified, becoming a spiritual desert, and the stifling concepts of land ownership are birthed, and with it wastelands. This is what has happened to modern societies!

What people see as hostile wilderness is, to the Aborigine, Native American or Saami, an eternal diorama of imagery expressing the Dreamtime or *Dreaming*. It holds a collection of archetypes that bestow people's cultural identity, limited only by their imagination. And it is songs and rituals that keep alive the eternal moment of the Dreamtime. As they walk and sing the songlines, nature is the tuning fork to which they vibrate. Dreamtime is not a religion, rather a state of mind, of being in equilibrium with everything.

The Dreamtime of the Australian Aborigines is etched into the fabric of the landscape, where time is collapsed into place. Space and place are never empty. As phenomenology champion Prof. Chris Tilley expounded, "*What space is depends on who is experiencing it, and how*". Any landscape is a perception, a product of the eye of the beholder, a construct of belief, a crucible of imprinted memory, and exists by virtue of how it is perceived. Dreamtime is the manifestation of a deep, primeval truth that records the origins of the world, and of Mankind's place within it. Communing with a metaphysical landscape requires entering a different state of mind from our everyday reality.

Landscape Stories

The Aborigine's land is one freighted with stories, epitomised at Uluru, one of their most sacred places. An important point to make here is that these creation stories *already existed in the landscape*, waiting to be overheard by those who listened, or were gifted through osmosis; the Earth holds memory. Aborigines describe their land not so much in words, but through geographical symbolism. Their lands were created by mystical beings, and the *present landscape is* the Dreamtime. Creation myths are keys to their knowing, and the knowledge is still passed on from landscape to shaman, and to the community, ensuring that the Dreaming is held eternally in the now. Back in Albion, I found several granite dragons and other otherworldly beasts on Dartmoor (**below**). Our own hunter-gatherer ancestors similarly perceived these as proof of the presence of a spirited land; the dragons of mythology are still on the land, for the myths *are* the land!

Dreamtime is not past, present or future, nor does it run parallel to ordinary time. It has always been, and does not occupy anywhere in the space-time continuum. It does, however, always possess geography, places of the sacred stories - seams between worlds; a



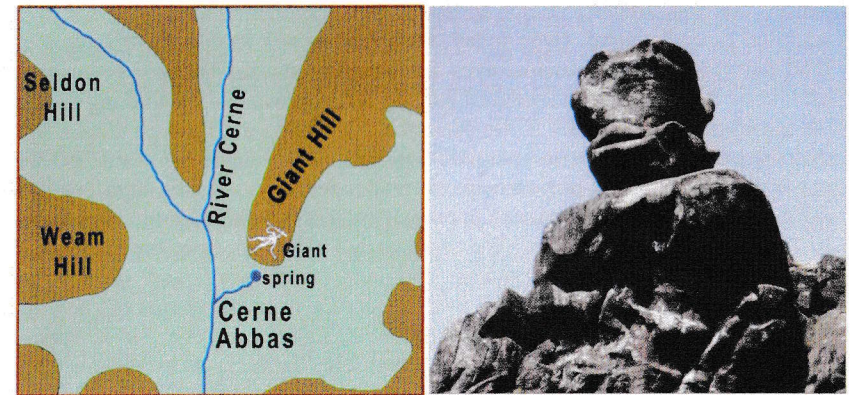
legend always has a home, a place where it is anchored. A journey through these places becomes an inner journey, where landscape and mind are fused and entwined. Paul Devereux observed that Aborigines, ‘... walked through a landscape that was a topographic myth - the land harboured the Dreamtime’. And the glow of the Dreamtime is still being cast today, through ceremony, ritual, and walking the songlines; shamans still receive epiphany from a land that never forgot. Recent excellent work, especially that of Richard Bradley, Chris Tilley and Paul Devereux, suggests that these principles were once universally held across the world.

I personally believe that this was also the mindset of our Ice Age, Mesolithic and early Neolithic ancestors here in Albion. In our book, *Albion Dreamtime*, Sue Wallace and I presented a powerful case to extend the concept of symbolic landscapes to the whole of Albion. The earliest sacred, mythic geographies of Albion were mapped on unaltered natural landscapes. Mesolithic pioneers were already driven by the spirit world, which was recognised and honoured at key natural places. As they followed the migrating herds, they were also retracing the very steps of the supernatural beings that had created the land; the spiritual foundations were already being laid for the Neolithic monuments that would be erected by later generations.

The Celts of Gaul, the Norse, and the ancient Britons all saw their gods, goddesses, dragons and giants encased in the land, eternally locked into it, and yet accessible through stories, the journeying of their shamans (such as Merlin) and by approaching sacred places with respect. The Shinto religion of Japan says that spirit/power, called *Kami*, is intensified at certain outstanding natural places, such as curious boulders and waterfalls. Taoists believe there is a force, the Tao, running through and controlling nature. Did Albion’s Neolithic, Bronze Age and Iron Age inhabitants hold similar beliefs? Well of course they did!

To recap, the essence of any indigenous mythology is to be found in the land. Their beliefs arise from immersive experiences in their surroundings. To our ancient forebears, the landscape was a projection of archetypes that presided over their hunter-gatherer existence. This is unlike a religious temple or church, which displays objects and icons, all representing a divinity that cannot be touched or experienced. The hunter-gatherer can see, touch, smell and directly experience the sacred, often at particular places which were foci of power, where spirit could be encountered personally.

I was shown a good example of a symbolic landscape which I describe in my book, *The Cerne Giant – Landscape, Gods and the Stargate*. In searching for the identity, age and astronomical alignments of the Dorset hill figure, I realised that the hill figure had been positioned very precisely within a mythologised landscape. Around 2,000 years ago, during the Iron Age, the Giant was etched into the chalk near the southern tip of a phallic-shaped hill. And just beyond this is a natural sacred spring – the life-giving waters are ejaculating from the phallus that is the hill!



Furthermore, the rounded hill on the opposite side of the valley is called Weam Hill (**above left**). Weam is an obsolete form of *Wem*, which Webster’s define as *uterus or womb*. So, on opposing sides of the Cerne valley we have a Giant standing at the end of a phallic-shaped hill and a pregnant tummy! Yin and yang in landscape harmony. And, as if to confirm this, the two hills are aligned to the equinox sunrises and sunsets – when day and night are in balance.

Seeking Albion’s Dreamtime

Albion Dreamtime came out in 2019, and was the culmination of our deep connecting to the land. Sue and I concentrated not on manmade sacred sites, but instead on the original sacred places of the hunter-gatherers. These included surviving ancient forests, caves, waterfalls and wilderness. By seeking to personally embrace the mindset of the ancients, we found that our visits to these places were greatly enhanced. For instance, we often perceived beings in the rocks, such as this 20ft high rock spirit we call ‘Buddha on a Bad Day’, at Ramshaw Rocks, Staffs (**above right**). At these magical, primal places, we drummed, chanted, or were silent and meditated, whatever we felt compelled to do. We connected with the spirit of place, and were often gifted a chant, unique to that place. We felt this chant was sometimes given so as to align ourselves to the place, and its wisdom. We entered places with an open mind, always with a sense of love and gratitude. What was required was a stilling of the mind, to loosen that insistent grip of logic, enabling higher levels of understanding to burst forth; to perceive the memory of place.

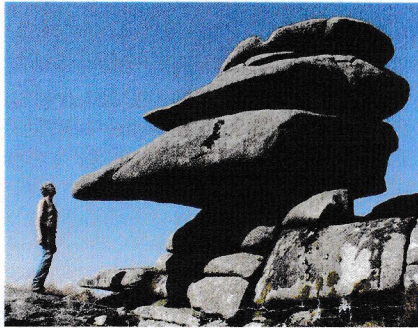
New Ways of Seeing

In researching *Albion Dreamtime*, I not only found beautiful places, but actually found myself, as well as my place on Mother Earth. I could now feel the Truth in my bones. And, most of all, in my heart. I felt I had come home. There were times when Man perceived landscapes as being spiritually dynamic, and now I

THE RENDLESHAM TIME TRAVELLERS AND THE EARTH GRID

by Jimmy Goddard

sensed that too. Ancient people inhabited lands imbued with energy and spirit, sculpted through intent. Even today, such realisations enable us to look at the land through ancient, shamanic eyes. Recognising that the Dreamtime is still all around us is to embark on a road of healing and renewal. When walking the land we are in communion with it, we converse with it, but not through words. With every footstep we create an energetic connection. We sense the landscape with our bodies, through all our perceptions and experiences, and through our inner sight. Every place we experience potentially offers us subtle levels of awareness to which we are usually blind. We must study landscapes from the inside, so to speak, immersing ourselves within the land; when we stand on the land cognitively, our bodies, senses and intuition are the principal means of knowing.



Now, more than ever, it is time to perceive landscapes as we once did, saturated with life-force; landscapes of memory. Please join me standing exposed and vulnerable on the weathered edge, gazing with ancient eyes and an open heart across re-enchanted landscapes. Our renewed wonderment of natural places can expand our hearts, so that we may marvel at the miracle of life, glimpsing the bigger picture.

I had set out to re-enchance, heal and somehow change the land for the better. But, in reality, it is the land that has enchanted and changed me. I have sensed the blessings and love that wells up from the Earth; there is no going back from such revelation. By fighting the Earth's corner I am inspired to promote a collective sensibility that reduces Man's abuse of people and nature. This awareness recognises that our future depends on the Earth's wellbeing.

I will leave you with one brief, but profound, gift from the land. One day I was tuning into the spirit of place at Dewerstone, on the edge of Dartmoor, one of our *Albion Dreamtime* places. Sitting next to the swift-flowing, gurgling River Plym, I was mesmerized by the play of sunlight sparkling on the waters, and slipped into an altered-state. My pen recorded what was gifted:

"Pete, it's about getting back to Dreamtime. Back to then. Back to when. Making it now. The rocks around you know the mystery. The pebbles at your feet know it. You know it. Times before megalith and temple, before cross, crescent, god and idol. It's the Land. All you seek is in the Land."

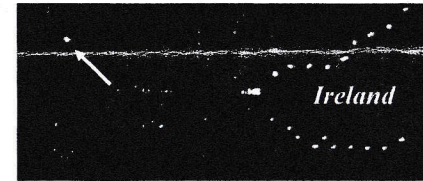
The land holds memory, and I too am remembering. And I am deeply grateful.

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website: www.stoneseeker.net email: stoneseekerbooks@gmail.com

This is a strange story apparently revealed in parts to three people who have never met. Possibly this is deliberate, to rule out collaboration in a made up story. One of them was Jim Penniston, a witness to a landed craft during the UFO sightings at Rendlesham in 1980. The second was Gloria Hazell, now Webmistress of the Spelthorne Museum web site in Staines. The third was myself. During the famous Rendlesham UFO incidents, one of the witnesses, Sergeant Jim Penniston, touched a landed craft and a series of ones and zeroes appeared in his head and did not stop till he had written them down in his notebook. Thirty years later these were recognised as binary code and deciphered as a message in English giving longitude and latitude references to a number of ancient sites across the world and implying the senders were time travellers doing an "exploration of humanity" from the years 666 to 8100 - six thousand years in the future. It also implied that their origin was a mystery island off the coast of Ireland which has appeared on several ancient maps but which has never been able to be reached. The possibility that it is a submersible extraterrestrial base was considered. There seemed to be time anomalies during Jim Penniston's encounter - a sensation of time slowed, and missing time. This could be caused by proximity to a time engine.

In between the encounter and the deciphering were several other occurrences which seem to be related. In March 1992 I was working as a resource assistant for TVEI, the Technical and Vocational Education Initiative (a local authority education project), and had been involved in setting up a weather satellite system at our unit in Chertsey, linked to the Meteosat satellite. I found a picture of the area of Britain and Ireland that had a white dot off the coast of Ireland that I thought could have been a UFO at the time, but looking at it recently was surprised to see it was in the position of Hy-Brasil, Ireland's mystery island, as marked on a fourteenth century map.



The satellite picture

In 2003 I had emails from Gloria Hazell in which she spoke of feelings that the area of Chertsey Abbey was particularly special, and that she had had similar feelings, in the 1980s, in Sedona, Arizona and thought there might be a ley joining them. She had also had a UFO sighting in Chertsey about the same time, shining down beams of light as at Rendlesham. Plotting the points on a globe I found a great circle between them would go through the area of the Great Pyramid in Egypt. In 2020 (ten years after the deciphering) I saw a TV programme in the *Ancient Aliens* series about the Rendlesham occurrence and the message - though I had heard of Rendlesham, I had not heard of the message before. I was astonished to find that Sedona and the Great Pyramid were two of the places mentioned in it, and that the line seemed to go through the position of Hy-Brasil on the old map. I later found that one of the other places mentioned in

the message, the Portara at the Temple of Apollo at Naxos, Greece, also seems to be on this line.

The Rendlesham message:

EXPLORATION OF HUMANITY 666 8100

52.0942532N 13.131269W (Hy Brasil)

CONTINUOUS FOR PLANETARY ADVAN???

FOURTH COODINATE CONTINUOT UQS CbPR BEFORE

16.763177N 89.117768W (Caracol, Belize - Mayan ruins)

34.800272N 111.843567W (Sedona, Arizona - regarded as energetic and spiritual, sometimes called "The American Glastonbury")

29.977836N 31.131649E (Great Pyramid in Giza, Egypt)

14.701505S 75.167043W (Nazca Lines in Peru)

36.256845N 117.100632E (Tai Shan Qu, China - known as "China's holiest mountain")

37.110195N 25.372281E (Portara at Temple of Apollo in Naxos, Greece)

EYES OF YOUR EYES

ORIGIN 52.0942532N 13.131269W (Hy Brasil)

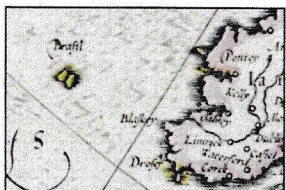
ORIGIN YEAR 8100

I plotted the points from the references and marked them on the globe, then using thin rubber bands plotted great circles, beginning with the Sedona-Surrey-Pyramid line. Although not pinpoint, this has a fair accuracy as long as two criteria are met: the northernmost and southernmost points of each circle must be the same latitude north and south, and the circle must be a straight line viewed from above, all round the globe. It was then that I found the line also goes through Naxos.

There are three other lines, which all cross in the Lines of Nazca area in Peru, and the other side of the world, at Tai Shan Qu in China, showing the two places to be antipodal:

- 1 Nazca Lines, Oak Island (Nova Scotia, Canada), Tai Shan Qu (Oak Island is the now famous "treasure island" with ingenious ancient booby-trap flooding system and megalithic stone pattern and possible connections with the Knights Templar)
- 2 Nazca Lines, Tai Shan Qu, Uluru (Ayers Rock, Australia)
- 3 Nazca Lines, Caracol, Sedona, Tai Shan Qu

The points:

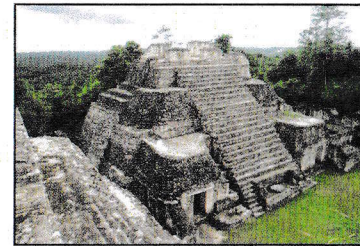


Hy Brasil

Hy-Brasil was noted on maps as early as 1325 when Genoese cartographer Dalorto placed the island west of Ireland. In Celtic folklore, this island takes its name from Breasal, the High King of the World. Both Saint Barrind and Saint Brendan reportedly found the island on their respective voy-

ages, and returned home with nearly identical descriptions of Hy-Brasil, which they dubbed the "Promised Land." The most distinctive geographical feature of Hy-Brasil,

is that it appears on maps as a perfect circle, with a semi-circular channel through the centre.



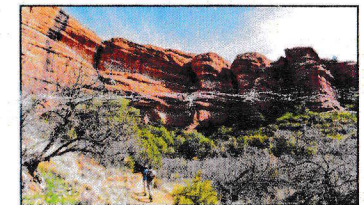
Caracol

Caracol is a large ancient Maya archaeological site, in the Cayo District of Belize, approximately 40 kilometres south of Xunantunich and San Ignacio Cayo, and 15 kilometers away from the Macal River. It rests on the Vaca Plateau at an elevation of 500 metres above sea-level, in the foothills of the Maya Mountains. It was one of the most im-

portant regional political centers of the Maya Lowlands during the Classic Period and covered approximately 200 square kilometers, much larger than present-day Belize City and supported more than twice the modern city's population. "Caracol" is a modern name from Spanish meaning "snail or shell". Caana ("sky-palace") is the largest building at Caracol and is the tallest manmade structure in Belize at 43m tall (141ft).

Sedona

Sedona is a town in Arizona, USA, which has gained a reputation as a spiritual energy centre similar to Glastonbury in the United Kingdom. It is claimed to have vortexes, which are thought to be swirling centers of energy that are conducive to healing, meditation and self-exploration. These are places where the earth seems especially alive with energy.



The Palatki Ruins, located near Sedona, are an ancient site that is filled with cliff dwellings as well as pictographs and petroglyphs that were created by the Southern Sinagua people who inhabited the Sedona and Verde Val-

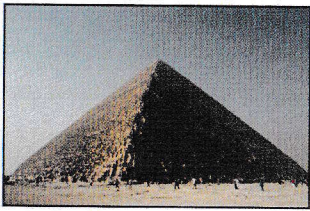


ley area from 500 to about 1425 AD. Palatki, which is the Hopi word for red house, features a cliff dwelling that was constructed in roughly 1150 AD. The cliff dwelling is about two stories high and contains the tell-tale pottery shards that are reminders of the lives of those that once dwelled there.

Although the petroglyphs and pictographs are quite close to the cliff dwelling, they are not related to it. Many of the thousand petroglyphs and pictographs are between five and six thousand years old - far older than the cliff dwelling. The rock art features a myriad of pictures and symbols that were rendered in various colours. Among the pictures are humans, grizzly bears, horses, coyote, deer, and even rattlesnakes.

Great Pyramid

The Great Pyramid of Giza (also known as the Pyramid of Khufu or the Pyramid of



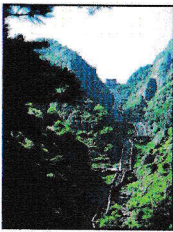
Cheops) is the oldest and largest of the three pyramids in the Giza pyramid complex bordering present-day Giza in Greater Cairo, Egypt. It is the oldest of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World, and the only one to remain largely intact.

Nazca lines

The Nazca Lines are a group of very large geoglyphs made in the soil of the Nazca Desert in southern Peru. They were created between 500 BC and 500 AD by people making depressions or shallow incisions in the desert floor, removing pebbles and leaving differently colored soil exposed.



Tai Shan Qu



Mount Tai is located just north of the city of Tai'an. Evidence of human settlement of the area can be proven from the neolithic period onwards. Religious worship at Mount Tai has a tradition dating back 3,000 years. The name Tai'an of the neighboring city is attributed to the saying "If Mount Tai is stable, so is the entire country". In 219 BC, Qin Shi Huang, the first Emperor of China, held a ceremony on the summit and proclaimed the unity of his empire in a well-known inscription. There are grandiose temples, many stone inscriptions and

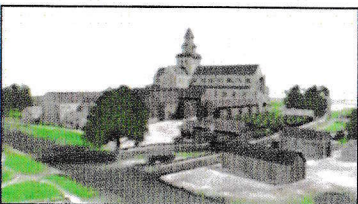
stone tablets with the mountain playing an important role in the development of both Buddhism and Taoism.

Portara at Temple of Apollo, Naxos

The imposing ruins of the iconic Portara, or gate, still stand on the islet of Palatia, near Naxos. What remains of a temple dedicated to Apollo, which was built in the 6th-7th century BC and was never completed, stands behind it today in mute beauty. According to Greek mythology, the god Theseus left Ariadne, whom he had earlier abducted from Crete after he had killed the Minotaur, to live on Naxos. This site seems to be on the Sedona-Hy Brasil-Chertsey line postulated by Gloria Hazell, before it reaches the Great Pyramid.



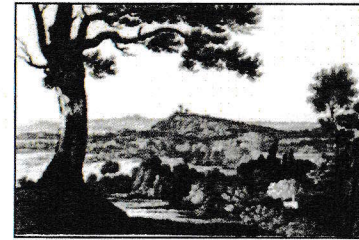
The significance of Chertsey Abbey



But why does the "exploration" start at the year 666? Most of the sites in the references are much older, and if it goes six thousand years into the future, why not a similar amount of time in the past? But it is the date of the founding of Chertsey Abbey, and it was Gloria's feelings about this place that led her to postulate the line from Sedona. It was a Ben-

edictine monastery founded in 666 AD by Saint Erkenwald who was the first abbot,

and from 675 AD the Bishop of London. At the same time he founded the abbey at Chertsey, Erkenwald founded Barking Abbey on the Thames east of London, where his sister Saint Ethelburga was the first abbess.

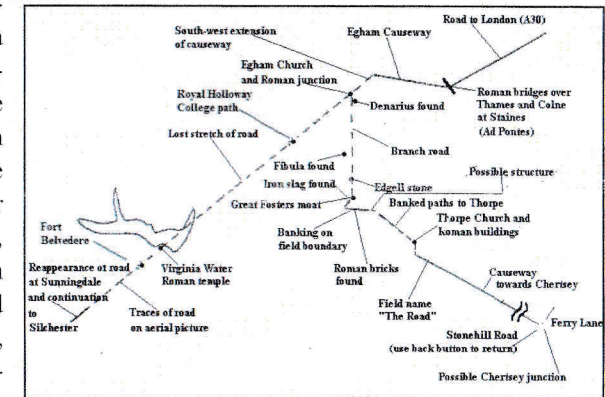


There is no known earlier structure on the site, but like several other abbeys (including Glastonbury and Cerne) it is built below a powerful hill. In this case it is St. Ann's Hill, which is an Iron Age hillfort, but has post holes of Bronze Age buildings in its area. In Gloria's UFO sighting at Chertsey, the craft moved in the direction of the hill and seemed to be shining beams of light on to it. It was originally called

Oldbury Hill, and, like Glastonbury Tor, it had a chapel on its summit, in this case dedicated to St. Anne (mother of the Virgin Mary) which gave it the present name.

In my early video *A Walk on St. Ann's Hill* (on the James Goddard Mysteries channel on YouTube) Lionel Beer tells us that Tuckers Guide of 1879 tells of a legend of a subterra-

nean passage from Chertsey Abbey to St. Ann's Hill. There is a ley skirting the southern ramparts of hill going through the site of Abbey. This goes through Virginia Water church, and in the other direction through a tower and earthwork at Hersham, Chessington Church and an earthwork not far from it, and Bourne Hall museum in Ewell, closely resembling a flying saucer.



The lost stretch of the London-Silchester road and the branch road to the Chertsey Abbey site

Not many Roman remains have been found in Chertsey, though finds of Roman pottery in the dig preceding the Chertsey Museum refurbishment were said to seem to indicate the possibility of a Roman settlement there. The Museum archive recording this also records a Roman fibula or cloak pin of 2nd century found at St. Ann's Hill in 1978 and the base of a greyware vessel found in Lyne the same year, and quite a large amount of Roman material including pottery as well as part of a flue tile and part of a rotary quern found at Mixnams Lane (where Gloria saw the UFO) in 1943, 1972 and 1998. But there is evidence that the site of the Abbey was significant at the time. There seems to be a Roman branch road leaving the main London to Silchester road by St. John's Church, Egham and going to Thorpe and then Chertsey Abbey, where it meets two others. I investigated this road several years ago, though stretches of it had been written about by others before. See the video *The Lost Roman Roads of Egham*, on the James Goddard Mysteries site on YouTube, and my website *The Egham and Thorpe*

Virtual Roman Museum <http://www.jimgoddard.myfreeola.uk/romanegham/>

The road goes south from Egham Church, and is visible as a bank. It then goes to Stroude Road where there is a nineteenth century stone with the appearance of a Roman altar, saying that a Roman road runs in the adjoining field. A little further on Stroude Road it makes a right-angle turn (unusual for a Roman road) and the right-angled bank is visible here. The bank runs along the edge of a field where the possibility seems to be indicated of an adjacent circus (racetrack) of similar size to the one in Colchester. See *The Egham and Thorpe Virtual Roman Museum* for details.

It then runs as public footpaths with banks visible, to Thorpe Church, which is on the site of Roman buildings, one fairly high status one, and another possibly a mithraeum (Temple of Mithras). But this is not the final destination of the road - it continues along a long narrow field which has had the name "The Road", then follows Monks' Walk across Thorpe Park and a former causeway to the site of Chertsey Abbey.



Possible Roman villa on Abbey Mead

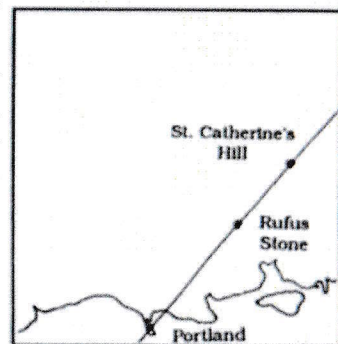
It meets two other possible Roman roads at Chertsey. One is Stonehill Road, Chobham, which has a Roman finds "hotspot" on it. The other is the alignment of Ferry Lane and Guildford Street, Chertsey. These three seem to converge at the site of Chertsey Abbey.

converge at the site of Chertsey Abbey.

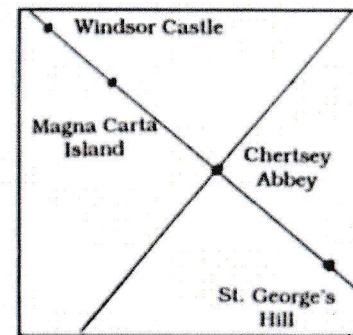
Just north of this, at a spot on Abbey Mead just south of the present motorway, the aerial picture from the old Multimap site seems to show a cropmark possibly indicating some kind of structure. The pattern of this is extremely similar to that of a Roman villa at Tockenham, Wiltshire, investigated by Time Team in 1994.

The convergence of these three roads seems to show there could have been something of significance on the site of the future Abbey; if a temple, evidence for it, as well as anything earlier, could have been completely eradicated by the monastic building. So Chertsey Abbey could be the significant point, though it is not clear why the founding should be mark the beginning of the "exploration of humanity". Also, it is not clear why it should be the only one not identified by longitude and latitude references.

There is a page on the Exeter University web site, information sent to me by Charlotte Yonge, which gives further evidence that Chertsey Abbey is a particularly significant place:

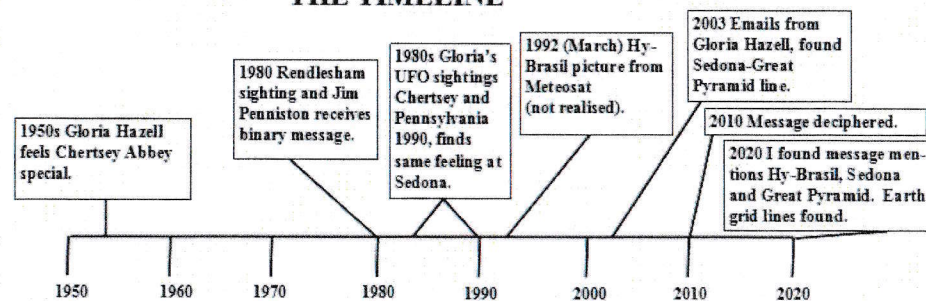


"There is a line which connects St. Catherine's Hill, Winchester with the spot where stood the tree which deflected that fatal arrow that did for William Rufus on August 2nd 1100. This we have called the Rufus Line. We looked deeper into the Rufus line. It crosses the Isle of Portland, through Victoria Square, Easton. We must admit that we were a little sad that it did not go through the Rufus Castle, about half a mile southeast of Victoria Square. There is also a church which used to be linked to Winchester Cathedral at this site. But it does lead up to the northeastern cliff range, going through the Grove Borstal. There was a stone circle on this site before the present building was put up. The line then crosses Weymouth Bay to St. Oswald's Bay, part way between Durdle Door and Lulworth Cove .



"We have also studied how the line approaches London from the southwest, and here we found some quite interesting results. The line goes through Chertsey Abbey before entering London. The thing that caught our attention was that it crosses another line, the St. George line at right angles. The St. George line comes down from the round tower at Windsor Castle , (Grid Ref: 7700,9700) through Magna Carta Island in Runnymede (Grid Ref: 7285,0000), through Chertsey Abbey (Grid Ref: 6695,0024) to St. George's Hill, Weybridge (Grid Ref: 6225,0800)."

THE TIMELINE



WebMaster / WebMistress needed !!
 for Network of Ley Hunters online presence.
Must have time to regularly update our website
 with photos of gatherings and moot reports (will be supplied).
 Contact Laurence Main on 01650-531354 to discuss.



A Mendip walk. Autumn equinox 2020

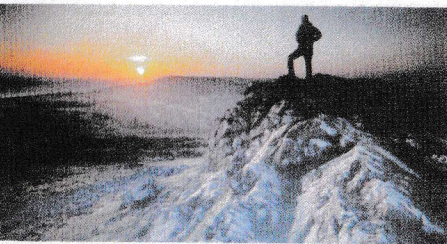
By Johanna van Fessem

This time I walk from Great Elm near Frome to Weston Super Mare, mainly over the Mendip Ridge. I've walked the Way many times and although I always recognize many a landmark, yet every time it is different and I see new views and trees and the path changes all the time. On the first night, the sun had already set, I found a peaceful place to spend the night between the sheep just beneath the Mendip ridge near Cheddar Gorge. I couldn't see much as the sky was covered. But in the morning it had cleared, the sun was out and I could see Compton Bishop Hill and Crook Peak in the distance towards the West. The early light had put a pink tinge on the soft blanket of mist draped over their summits. That blanket dissolved in the following hours as I walked along the Gorge, dived down in the lesser deep part at the end, crossed the road and climbed up again towards Shipham, passing through an old quarry and a lush forest still full of summer leaves, and along a quickly flowing brook beside the path.

It is always a bit of a climb going up Compton Bishop's Hill from the A 38 north of Axbridge, I wonder what the original name for this hill was, for it cannot have been something so boring as Compton Bishop's Hill! So let me call it Whale Back Hill. The reward for climbing the Whale's Back are the extensive views. South you can see Glastonbury Tor and the Somerset Levels stretch away in front of the Black Down Hills. Closer there is Brent Knoll, and beyond that the Quantocks, the estuary of the River Parrot and the Exmoor Coast and hills in the West and then the Bristol Channel, of which I don't like the name either, for it takes away the sea from the water. It is an extensive sea, and the sun shines and glitters on it towards the horizon.

The walk over the hills is on wide and barren moorland. Sheep graze there and this time I also saw several wild gypsy cobs with their big black, brown and white skin patterns, forelocks covering their foreheads and fetlocks their feet. They looked at me curiously, but left me to walk in peace.

It went towards sunset as I arrived at Crook Peak, a conical pointed landmark on the Mendips, towering over the M5 and covered in gorse and heather. I didn't pitch my tent on the summit; it was too exposed. Instead I went for the saddle between the Peak and the top of the Whale's Back and found a lovely flat area



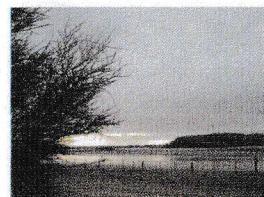
* credit/Getty

near to some gorse bushes. I could see sheep and horses grazing in the distance, but they didn't worry me; compared to cows they are no problem.

I pitched my tent facing East to catch the sunrise to morrow and sat down on a rock for my evening meal to see the sun set at 7.15 pm exactly in the West, almost rolling off the side of the Peak and sinking itself into the Sea. Today and tomorrow was Equinox Day and it was part of my ceremony to watch the sun set and rise, with a

blessing in my heart. The night was peaceful. Remembering the blanket of early mist which had lain over these hilltops this very morning, I had counted with a humid, dewy night. But it was dry and clear, stars were shining, the moon was new, there was not a breath of wind and the sheep and horses were peacefully asleep between the heather and the grass and so was I. I woke up with a smile; it was still dark, and I turned on my left side towards the open tent-door and saw suddenly this huge, bright, big, sparkling star standing in the door opening, telling me something, insisting on something and drawing all attention to it. The power of it! Could it be an alien space ship I wondered, but of course it was even better than that: Radiant Venus, the morning star foretelling dawn. For three hours I lay in the dark, enjoying its light entering the tent and watching it slowly progressing from the upper left rim of my tent door to the lower right rim, while night grew into dawn and Venus slowly and majestically faded and withdrew. A little south-western breeze started to rise, and the sky which had been so clear at first slowly covered up. I rose early to wash and dress, for I had been in bed already for 10 hours. When I stepped outside, the breeze had become stiff and strong and what I thought was a covered sky was actually a wide blanket of grey cotton woolly cloud, which strangely enough seemed to be only a few meters over my head, and was speeding into North-easterly direction, chased by the wind and streaming on endlessly, but I couldn't feel it where I stood, nailed to the ground, looking up in wonder and watching for almost an hour. It wasn't mist, they were real clouds yet the narrow layer of air where I stood between ground and sky remained dry and still and clear.

When I looked downwards to the Levels though, there was mist spread widely on the ground from here towards the Black Hills. Then, from the wooded gully ascending from the levels to the hilltop, wisps of this mist started to rise and spread over parts of the hill and loosely followed the wind to disappear over the ridge. I knew this was dew, for in no time, my tent looked like a soaked flag hanging limp on its pole, while my jacket, trousers and hair were covered in small, shining droplets. Good that I had



already packed my sleeping bag and mattress safely away. Now between that mist and the ongoing travelling blanket of cloud just over my head, the Whale's back had retained its sharp contour line against a layer of clear sky, which had started to colour from deep blue into orange and red and pink. Finally the horizon pushed up the sun. It rose exactly at 7.15 am from behind the hill in such splendour and solemnity

between these dramatic cloud and mist scapes, that I had to throw back my head and ululate loudly to give it proper honour. Here I was, just hovering over the modern, mundane M5, yet standing in a primeval landscape at the threshold of a new creation. God as the sun and the wind, was creating me, and land and sky and sea, all over again like in the Beginning. After its long contained breath, the breeze finally died down, the sun dispersed the mist and the clouds; and I went down the mountain to cross the M5 to follow my path to end my walk near the sea at Black Rock near Weston. It was low tide, and the mudflats stretched out for miles. And I took the bus back home.

*photo Crook Peak credit to Getty.

CUP-MARK ENERGY AND ITS STRANGE QUALITIES

David R. Cowan

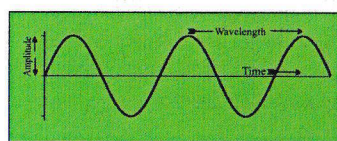
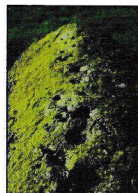
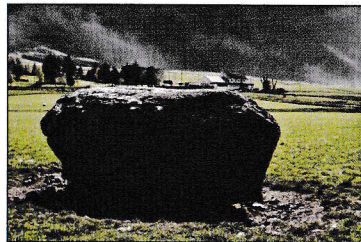
Following the energy from a cup-marked boulder is especially fascinating. The wavelength from this boulder at Connachan farm near Crieff, Perthshire, is 7 metres 32 cms., the amplitude 1 metre 7 cm., and it has some extraordinary qualities, most of which are probably unknown to science.

Placed on top of, and drawing its energy from the Highland Boundary Fault, its surface is covered with cup marks, most noticeably two joined together in a dumb-bell shape (right).

The energy leys from standing stones, wavelength around 2 metres, are straight and are able to traverse over high hills. Cup mark leys, on the other hand, normally contour hills and are usually unable to pass over them, although our ancestors solved this problem by using an unique feature of this type of ley - they are attracted to bodies of water, and in the case of the Connachan farm stone, used existing lochs, like Loch Tay, to attract them and they even built small lochans (small lochs) on the bealachs, passes between hills, to build their circuits of energy (bottom left).

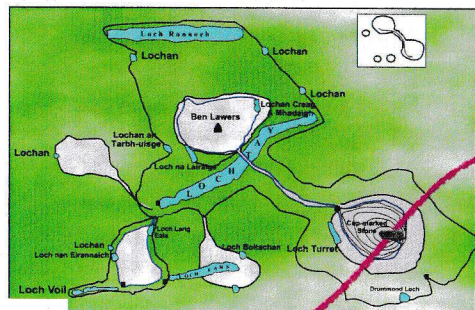
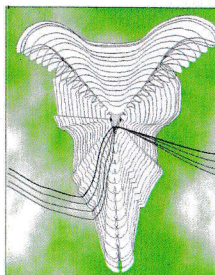
From the Connachan stone the energy spirals out, coils wide apart to begin with, the outer "working" coils less than a metre apart.

This type of ley, unlike straight leys, which are standing waves (they do not have a cyclic period) takes almost two minutes to go full cycle, and are also attracted to resonant



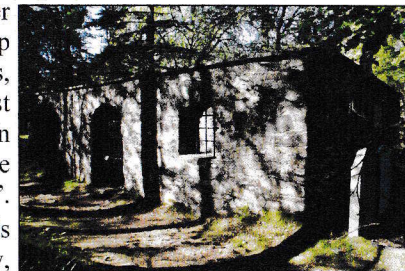
cavities, like caves, ravines, quarries, houses, castles, and especially the skulls of animals lying in the hills. It is also attracted to mounds of boulders which have many cavities in them and which the architects of this astonishing system made use of by building burial grounds and

their little shielings (homesteads) to attract this energy which is still active today. The reason for this attraction, I discovered, is that resonant cavities like a sheep's skull (right) radiate a shape-wave of that object. When a cup-mark ley encounters its outer wave it is automatically warped 90 degrees into the centre.



Another feature is that it is deflected by iron. On many occasions I discovered that it would pass through an open iron gate or through a wooden gate of a field surrounded by a wire fence, but would leave by the corner post, almost as if it was leaving the obstacle for as long as possible (there is an old Highland saying that faeries detest iron).

Many old burial grounds are placed on this outer edge of this energy, as the main purpose of a cup mark ley is to radiate telluric energy into the graves, especially the most recent, which is the most attractive cavity. There is an ancient saying in Scotland that "the spirit of the last person to be buried in a burial ground has to look after the rest".



There is one particular burial ground on this circuit at Killin, on the west shore of Loch Tay, called Inchbuidh (Gaelic, yellow island) "the prettiest burial ground in the whole of Scotland", according to Francis McNab, the 16th chief of that ilk and the most illustrious of that clan. With the river Dochart thundering down in spate on both sides, pretty it most certainly is - and majestic - and a little frightening. Unfortunately the chapel is rather small, so small in fact that when he was the chief there was only one place left for a burial, and every woman in the whole area knew the story about "the final burial".

She would know only too well that if she died before the great McNab, the burial ground would be full and *her* spirit would have to look after her predecessors for all eternity. He never did get married, although he tried hard. Despite being unmarried, it is said that it didn't stop him having more children than any other gentleman in Scotland!

Sympathetic Resonance

Another unique feature of cup-mark leys is its sympathetic resonance. If the outer "working" edge of this type of ley happens to touch an object, then it actively seeks out other similar objects within its sphere of influence, whether it happens to be a coil of wire, a drum, a boulder in a field, a vehicle, the stump of a tree, and in all probability, human beings, dead or alive.

I discovered this one day, walking high in the hills above St. Fillans to Loch na Lairaige to the west of Loch Tay. I knew perfectly well that this ley was heading towards this natural attraction, but suddenly the weaving wave turned at 90 degrees and proceeded uphill for some 50 metres, the wavelength now completely disrupted, before abruptly turning back towards the loch - quite unusual. Mystified, I retraced my steps and eventually discovered that the wave had by chance encountered a boulder with an iron spike embedded in it, part of an old dry stone dyke which had collapsed, the boulders distributed randomly down the hillside, the iron railings now rusted back to the surface of each boulder.

Cup-mark Leys Tune Into Dead Animals

Dead animals are another common attraction. Following one of the leys from "The Serpent" of St. Fillans in a ferocious blizzard, I climbed up to the top of a 1,000 ft. hill to a hill notch (probably carved there by the architects of this amazing energy circuit to make easy access for the energy). In a ravine lay the body of a deer which the ley seemed to be



attracted to, but I gave it little heed in the blinding blizzard. A few metres further on I gave a grunt of disgust - the snow covered "boulder" I had stood on turned out to be the body of a sheep. A short time later there lay the body of a pigeon, its feathers scattered in the heather. This time there was no mistake, the energy was definitely attracted to it. For some seven kilometres walking across the hills to Loch Tay I

encountered one dead beast after another. Jumping over a peat hag something gleaming white caught my eye, the skeleton of a huge gull, wings outspread like some harbinger of doom which was a bit unsettling, as a short time before I had fallen head first into the heather, almost losing consciousness in the bitter cold.

Further on, exhausted, I stopped at a bubbling stream for a drink. Cupping my hands in the icy water I drank deeply but was then appalled to see the body of a small bird under my hands. That was enough for one day, I returned back to the Serpent and home.

The following week I picked up the trail from the Loch Tay side and followed the ever weaving wave back down to Loch Tay, focusing in again on a number of dead animals and skulls until I came to an ancient church with its attendant burial ground surprisingly high in the hills. This is Cille-ma Charraig, the Cell of St. Carraig. I did not know about this cemetery, it was not marked on the map and it was the most inaccessible one I have ever come across, but there it was, several hundred feet above the loch. Placing this cemetery on this type of ley, apparently, was more important than easy access for the living.

Communing With Spirits?

There was certainly many strange aspects to cup mark energy, but one warm summer's day I encountered the strangest of all.

I was walking across a grass field, in the beautiful Glen Lyon, "the Glen of the Stones", following the winding wave, when suddenly, instead of the normal 7 metre wavelength, it changed to less than a metre (extra input of energy). After some minutes I had made little progress, and, a little annoyed, I found it gradually resuming its normal 7 metres. Intrigued, I decided that there must have been a crossing ley which caused this anomaly, so I reversed my steps, but to my amazement the aberration didn't recur.

Puzzled, I tried to think of a reason for its odd behaviour, but the only thing I could deduce was that I had happened to be thinking of the days when my friend John and I had wandered the hills together. Sadly, he had died just a few years ago, so I tried following the ley again, concentrating on him. To my amazement the ley promptly reverted to 1 metre amplitude, so I tried thinking of various people I knew who had died. The same anomaly occurred in every case, but it was noticeable that the longer they had been dead the longer it took.

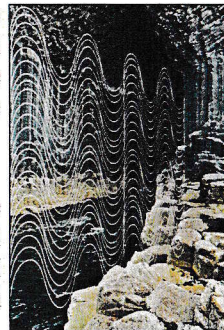
Thinking of people still alive had no effect, and abstracts like God, individual saints, etc., also activated this ley - very curious. There must be something of importance here.

There are other types of leys I have discovered, from volcanic plugs, for instance, like those which castles in Scotland have been built - Edinburgh, Stirling, Dumbarton, Ailsa Craig. These emit alternating positive/negative waves like the spokes of a bicycle wheel and where they interact, old burial grounds were built (see Ley Hunter 21). I have never been able to find what special qualities this type of ley line has, but it must be connected with the ability of a monarch or saint to rule over his or her people. These plugs emit leys the width of the plug itself.

Fingal's Cave "The Musical Cave"

One of the most powerful leys in Scotland is from Fingal's Cave on the volcanic island of Staffa (see Ley Hunter 44). The more I look at this picture of the waves emitted from this cave the more I wonder if it is entirely natural - there is a path into the back formed

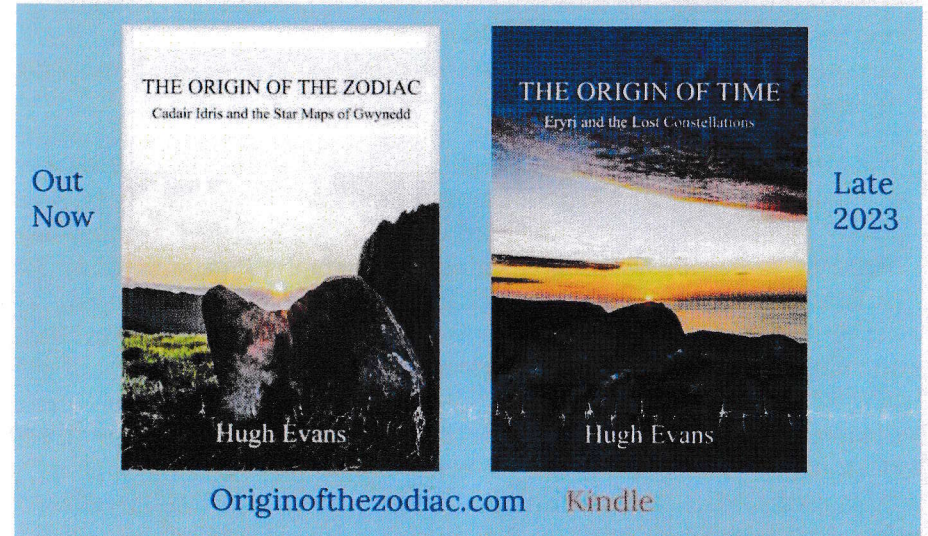
of broken columns. Website is leylinesexplained.com



THE ORIGIN OF NUMBERS

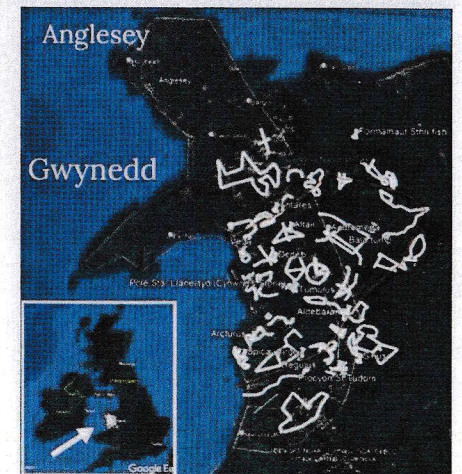
by Hugh Evans, is rediscovered.

Covering 1,000,000 acres, 1,500 square miles, a quarter of Wales and all of Ancient Gwynedd, the Star Maps of Gwynedd is the largest, and *perhaps the most important* Neolithic structure on Earth.



The Origin of the Zodiac and my previous articles suggest the Star Maps of Gwynedd not only mapped the stars and defined the constellations above, but sustained a whole society.

After The Origin of the Zodiac, I started writing The Origin of Time. The same people conceptualised and explained time in all its forms: time in the moment, in the whole, its measurement and prediction. But also in the metaphysical sense; the soul, ancestry, eternity: all within a spiritual framework.



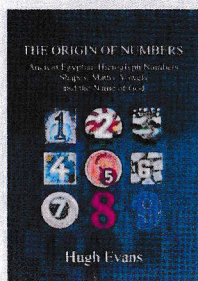
In order to map the heavens and conceptualise time, our ancient ancestors needed a number system that was able to the task and was resilient. And they needed this system functioning an extremely long time ago, so they could count, monitor, measure and predict time and space in the heavens for at least 1 precessionary cycle of 25,000 years.

The Star Maps of Gwynedd are '*perhaps the most important Neolithic structure on Earth*' because they connect our present understanding to our ancient ancestors through language and also the numeric system bequeathed to us. No other known Neolithic site makes this connection; not the great pyramids, not Gobekli Tepe and not Stonehenge.

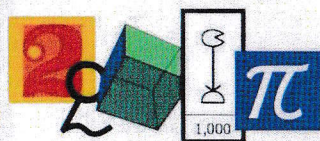
The present academic explanation is that our numbers evolved from Brahmi numerals 'an indigenous mathematical development of South Asian Subcontinent... in the 3rd century BCE (wiki)', which then migrated to Europe as 'Arabic Numerals', replacing Roman numerals. This explanation is (obviously) insufficient for the task of mapping the heavens over a precessionary cycle, and is grossly disrespectful to our ancient ancestors, who demonstrated great ingenuity and created such beauty for us, in our numbers. It is ironic that wiki asserts Brahmi numerals are 'mathematical', since this term is attributed to the Greeks at an earlier date; such is the historical obfuscation presented to us, to explain our inheritance. Mathematics is far older than the Greeks: it is explained with Welsh and was developed by our antediluvian ancestors. I explain the original meaning of mathematics in my book, *The Origin of Numbers*, and also sine, cosine, tangent, torus and helix, amongst others.

One society, our ancient ancestors, named the planets, stars and constellations, with one language and one system. Also naming numbers, time, the seasons, months, and days with the same language and star-based system.

They also named the elements, and I demonstrate the origin of the element Carbon in my book *The Origin of Numbers*. You can see this explanation on my originofthezodiac Youtube channel, please share.



Carbon
Find out the origin



The moment I realised that our numbers were a complete, inter-connecting and intra-dependant system of logic and perception began with the number 4.

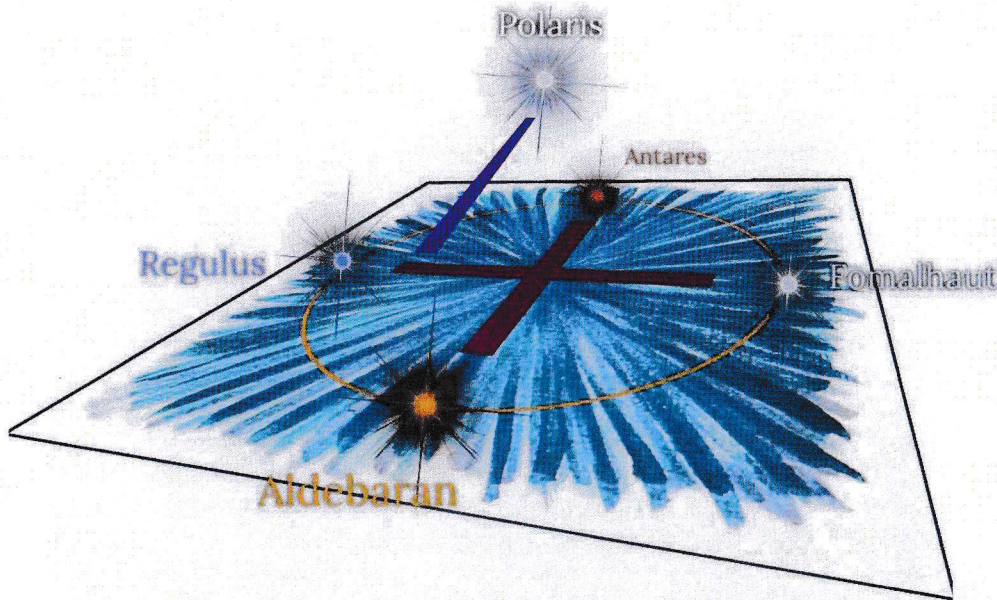
Having admired the stars all my life, scrutinised star maps, researched our historical evolution of society, and finally started to learn Welsh: a very dim light bulb began to flicker in my mind. The number 4 caught my attention: why did it have five points and three lines? Why not four? I realised it was the frame of a pyramidion, with four faces and a base.



The observer at the base of the pyramidion is at the centre of the cross, observing the four cardinal directions. The slanting line connects the base to the point above. Applied to our ancient ancestors universal reference system, the stars: the point above is the Polestar, presently Polaris. Polio - to fix a pole, -ar - upon, the northern circumpolar stars in this context: The Plough - *Arad*, the Great Bear - *Arth Mawr*. *Ursa Major* was borrowed into Latin, from Y -ar -sa; the -upon (us) -fixed (stars/pole).

The Polestar above, implies the base, our cardinal observer reference, must be the plane of ecliptic. The four cardinal base points are on the ecliptic, and for this to be a useful frame of reference over a precessionary cycle, these points must be fixed. And they are fixed, they are the four 'Royal stars' of Persian mythology, the four stars that have remained fixed whilst other stars have moved, the four stars that were named first before all others. The Ancient Persian astronomers inherited these star names: Royal is from *rhiol*, *rhi* - the chief stars. One of the four Royal Stars is Aldebaran. *Al-de-bar-an*: superior-southern-pinnacle-(that) contains (the ecliptic): its name is not Arabic, as we are told, Arabic astronomers had not forgotten the name, only the origin.

The Origin of Numbers explains the origins, meanings, name and shape of our numbers and Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyph numbers, such is the antiquity of the common origin and language of this ancient people.



I also explain the origin and meaning of our shapes, Mathematics, including the constants Pi and Phi and also our vowels.

Finally Explained

An antediluvian culture named our numbers and the heavens. Journey back in time and listen to them speak.

Pi π & Phi φ

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The ancient Egyptians developed these numbers into their own.

You can count on Hugh Evans to explore, explain and enumerate the multiple fascinating connections between the Welsh script of the ancient Britons and the Hieroglyphs of Egypt. Martin Gray, World Pilgrimage Guide, sacredsites.com

Our vowels have meaning that was designed thousands of years ago

A E I U O Y W

Extraordinary research... Investment Manager

And our shapes were born in the heavens at the dawn of time

I loved it... wonderful research... Clothing Retailer

ISBN 978-191688-712-1

Hugh Evans
Aeronautical engineer and Chartered Accountant applies his professional training to a lifelong passion for history, offering a new perspective and rediscovering the stars.

THE ORIGIN OF NUMBERS

Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyph Numbers
Shapes, Maths, Vowels
and the Name of God

Hugh Evans

MERIDIAN ;
CORRIDORS in TIME Part 1
BY FIONN RAWNSLEY 2021-22



I am lucky enough to have lived in a very lovely part of Norfolk most of my life and have grown very fond of the area. I returned here to raise my family and have been here for twenty five years or more. There is an intuitive feeling I have long held about the landscape, it is in some way quite special, maybe everyone feels that about where they live.

Years ago now a relative by marriage named Robin contacted me with a very intriguing idea. Robin is not anyone to be at all mystical or believe even in leys, but being an engineer he had become very interested in how ancient sites were distributed and had set out with his wife to survey. Achieving a very high degree of accuracy down to about ten metres he claimed, Robin became convinced that the whole British isles had at one time been very accurately surveyed and that everything was placed with near pinpoint accuracy. Robin then said that due to his surveys he was able to pinpoint the positioning of ancient monuments, particularly important ones, he said that we live very close to what should be a very distinctive ancient monument in a woodland near-by . The farm land is privately owned and a little off the beaten track so I decided to go and have a look about and see if I could find anything of note. Part of the landscape was a familiar place as I have often walked my dogs there. A pit with big beech trees in and around it seemed to me to hold the most interest. A search of the woodland turned up nothing but gentle undulations of the ground. There was also a sort of circular depression but it is planted with trees and not quite where Robin had said a henge should be . No luck we reported. The incident retreated into a dim memory until that is a few weeks ago.

I have walked through this particular place many times admiring the gracious beech trees so uncharacteristic of Norfolk, I would brush aside heaps of leaves to see the soil and look for flints. There are large pits at the place of which I speak, all overgrown. Now I have discovered what may have been there, I want to try to explain and for a brief moment resurrect the mysteries which must now lie buried.

CONTEXT; THE ANCIENT STONEHENGE ZODIAC

A few years back I made a discovery of a terrestrial zodiac around Stonehenge but through luck and some work I also discovered that the zodiac works like a sort of precessional clock, linked to the pole star through the 24,960 years which it takes to rotate through a cycle of six constellations and their polar stars. This zodiac mechanism is actually still working because it needs nothing but a shift of devotion from one place to another. Stonehenge corresponds to the lyre of Orpheus in the heavens and its pole star Vega. Vega was the pole star twelve thousand years ago. There would be no other reason to build such a wondrous building five or eight thousand years ago, it was only at this time that it was important to the rest of the

Full colour paperback at originofthezodiac.com. Kindle eversion.

zodiac landscape. We are told that precession (a slight wobble and backwards rotation against the fixed stars) was not known about until an ancient Greek named Hipparchus claimed to have discovered it.

The Stonehenge zodiac is a very well inscribed zodiac in the West Country landscape, a vast image of the Northern hemisphere illustrated with traditional characters. Many of these asterisms are several miles long.

The pole of the Earth wobbles, so due to precession the pole star loses its viability as a static navigational point and every 6000 years or so a new pole star has to become the veritable spindle of the Earth (from an Earth centred point of view.) And onwards through a cycle of six pole stars and their host constellations. (Lyre, Hercules, Draco, Ursa Minor, Cepheus and Cygnus). There is a henge at every pole star location within the Stonehenge Zodiac which seems to suggest that the zodiac has functioned for at least one precessional year (approx 24,968 Earth years. For many cultures around the Earth and for our own in ancient time the pole was of vital spiritual concern. To lose the passage way to heaven and hell would mean a loss of the chance for salvation or immortality and the direct conduit of power for kings and queens descended directly from gods. This preoccupation is shown by the symbols of the tree throughout ancient cultural art, think of Adam and Eve and the apple tree in the garden of Eden or Yggdrasil the Nordic Cosmic world tree or of the tree from the upanishads the Banyan tree , all myths of the pole of Earth.

As an extension of my work on Stonehenge I decided to try and locate the pole which the Norfolk henge related too, and by the discovery of a method of identifying ancient Sun temples I was able to pinpoint the location where the ancient pole of the Earth once was. According to a book called 'The shifting poles' by Charles Hapgood 1958, The pole of Earth had at least two separate locations in very ancient time, one in the area of the Hudson Bay and another even more ancient (about 120,000 years ago) in what we now call the Yukon.

Using a method which involves extending a measure line in Google Earth from Stonehenge to the location of the previous pole and then locating the Sun temples along this line, then confirming their presence by photographic super-imposition. By extending this line I discovered not a termination point but an image of the cosmic world tree layered into the landscape. Sun temples which correspond to the 'Aztec Sun Calendar-stone' and the 'Cosmic world tree' which corresponds to the Mayan ' Palenque sarcophagus lid ' image of a world tree; Both seem to have had Maya origins and are consistently illustrated in the same way in the landscape in every instance. As ever, I took my researches another step. Could there be other as yet unknown meridians I asked myself. I eventually was able to find many many other meridians most of which use Stonehenge as a very important node. At a very remote time the pole of Earth has been very restive indeed and has moved from place to place, whether this has been accompanied by calamity I cannot be sure. The Earth is so scarred



Fig:2, The tree is centred from the navel of the figure, the Omphalus of Earth.

over the years it's actually been possible in some instances to make use of these events to date the meridians I have been finding. To my astonishment the date of the meridians which use Stonehenge seem to go back many millions of years. I have been able to confirm this extreme antiquity by linking broken Sun temples at continental coastal regions with their other broken pieces. Reassembling Sun temples at the coastal regions of Africa and South America has meant coming to terms with the idea that they were once whole. If they were created whole, which I believe they were, then I was looking at a system which belonged to the ancient super continent of Pangea; pre human evolution. We even know now that the magnetic pole of Earth does a regular switch , north to south every 200 thousand years, but

here I was looking at a really unprecedented age and at something of such sophistication that the only conclusion I could reach is that we are the second colonisation of Earth as the first one must have died out at the K.T. Boundary (Cretaceous to Tertiary) if we are to believe in the Chicxulub meteor event when 75% of all life was wiped out.

Meanwhile I discovered that my local neighbourhood is within a landscape Sun temple area. I would have no idea that I was within the very mouth of the Sun God himself until I discovered how to superimpose this design over the landscape. Finding the tell tale signs of the Sun temple was my first step, then to put into action all the methods I have learned while studying the Stonehenge Zodiac and its connected worldwide system of meridians.

FOLLOWING THE SUN GOD'S TONGUE

Step by step I was able to discover another mystery. At the village of Guist in Norfolk there is a tell tale field shape, it's unusually pointed towards one end , and is in fact very distinctive, I believe it to be the tongue form in the sunstone design (Fig;1). This form nearly always is the first indication that the Sun design is hidden within the greater landscape. Taking a Google image and superimposing the Aztec Calendar over the landscape, scaling the design by using the tongue form and then switching the layer in my computer drawing program on and off and studying every detail of the landscape to see if there are lines which remain even after such a long time, confirmed it. It is surprising the amount of form and shape still there even within our countryside which has been there for millennia. Having studied this landscape I look very specifically at the eye on the tongue of the Sun God. A lot of design form still persists in the landscape at this point even after so much reorganisation having happened in the countryside. In the case of this Sun-Calendar (ASC for short), an old pit under some beach trees at the side of a field. Grid Ref; TF 99731 26671 TF 997266 x (Easting) 59731 Y(Northing) 326671 This location represents the star Vega in a terrestrial zodiac figure of Lyre Vultura as I will explain.

In the case of Stonehenge which is representative of the same polar star Vega, Stonehenge stands at this place in the astrological landscape drawing, but here, a large open pit 15 or 20 feet deep in some places and one or two deep trenches of similar depth. The henge is missing or is it ? If the ancient's who used this sacred place had a version of an underworld, they may have excavated an underground cavity, like a cave under their temple to represent the underworld, it may have fallen into disrepair and collapsed in upon itself. Using the central axis of the ASC temple I project it through the top of the superimposed design as far as I can within Norfolk. It passes through another large henge, a bi-form earth circle called Warham fort Grid ref; TF 92548 46141 (Ursa Minor Henge). and leaves Norfolk through East Hills at Wells next the sea.(Possibly a Cepheus henge site which would be dated to about 20,000 B.p.)



A superimposed photograph positioning the Aztec Sun Temple design at this location

DOWSING BY AIRCRAFT

By Fionn Rawnsley

IN 2018 I made a brief journey by aircraft down to Cornwall, I'm not a frequent flyer but love to look down upon the patchwork of fields and see if I can't pick out images which I know are there. It was late summer and the countryside had a slightly parched feel as we made the return journey from Exeter to Norwich. Once or twice I took my phone and took photographs feeling an impulse from my Venusian love of the wonder of landscape spread below. We skirted around south of London and I snatched this photograph.

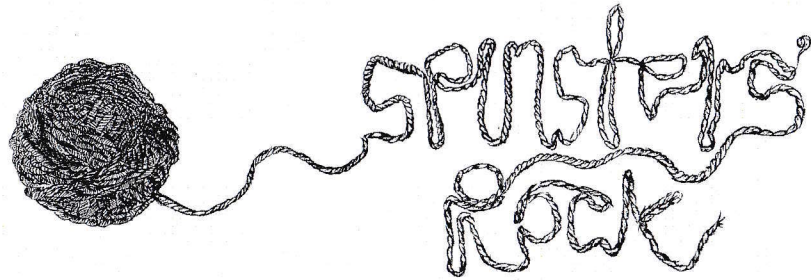


Due to the magic of the technology of my smartphone it was geo positioning me, so the metadata placed this snap at Godalming in Surrey. I was looking at this the other night and thought I could pick out the Aztec sun calendar I have been working with in my research. I super imposed the image and stretched it to fit the perspective as it suggested and found a delicious fit to the landscape detail. I later took a flat satellite image of the same area

51 02 17 N - 0 34 52 W

and had the same excellent result in the same location over Godalming in Google.

This very magical bit of luck means that for the first time I have been able to actually look across a 20 mile wide Sun temple and get a photograph of its central area. It is there in real material terms, just very hard to pick out. That is the English Channel in the background. If you have doubt about the reality of landscape images. Take the same image and superimpose it yourself. It is also worth pointing out that when I took this snap I was in exact alignment with the central axis of the calendar temple, on the ley as it would be at about 8,000 ft.



by Ethan Pennell

Devon



BOOK REVIEW

CAMPUS LINES: LEYS AND MODERN UNIVERSITIES

Jimmy Goddard

Published by Surrey Earth Mysteries Press, October 1986; 34 pp; illus.

Jimmy Goddard should need no introduction; a veteran ley hunter and a regular contributor to this magazine (and others). Jimmy wrote this self-published booklet about alignments he discovered in six universities built in the 60s, and he has plenty of details to back up his findings – he admits that these lines may sound unlikely and would not have been consciously planned, but feels they may be examples of “subconscious siting”, caused by the Earth as an intelligent entity. No-one seems to have followed up on the theory, but shortly after this appeared, I was at Stirling University and found several possibly significant sites there; and where I work on Oxford Road in Manchester is on a straight line passing through two university sites and on to the centre of Manchester, including The Midland Hotel, which local lore says Hitler ordered the Luftwaffe not to bomb as he wanted it for his northern Headquarters after he invaded! The Gothic-styled John Rylands library - also part of the University Of Manchester - is on the same line too. (Note also that Jimmy has a *youtube* video of this subject – same title)

Norman Darwen

The Toad-Witch (Dartmoor Folklore Project) by Ethan Pennell

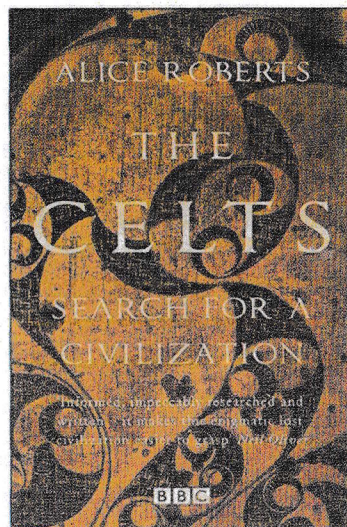


The Celts Search for a Civilization

Alice Roberts

Published by Heron Books, London 2016 (first published 2015). Available in paperback & hardback, 300pp, ISBN: 978-1784293352

Neil Oliver, the well-liked Scottish presenter of historical and archaeological television documentaries, who wrote the forward to the book, quoted on the cover, describes Alice Roberts' work as "informed" and "impeccably researched". The author, a Professor of anthropology & osteoarchaeology, is also, like Neil, a television presenter.



Celts is a very misused term, it seems, as no-one seems to be really sure who they are. They have been confused with the Irish and the Scots and even the Welsh - the original Britons. Some say the Celts were the druids, yet this is most likely untrue and the Druids who were the priesthood of the original Britons, were likely never called "Celts". Celts may simply have been the *Celtoi* in Europe in what is now called France (called on old maps "Celtica") who have been confused with the British and with the Druids.

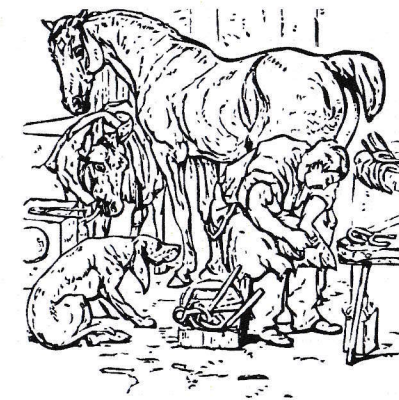
The book itself asks the questions: who really were the Celts? What was the Celtic influence on Ireland and Britain? Was "Celt" a legitimate description of a specific culture or civilisation? Did the Celts, so-called, originally come from Ireland and Britain or did they enter those countries from the European mainland bringing their language and culture with them? Were the Celts just any people the Romans decided were there to be conquered? Were some of the peoples we have called Celts, natively Celtic or merely *Celticised*? The author admits that "our understanding of the Celts has been shaken to the foundations" and considering all possibilities, ultimately draws no definite conclusions. The varied hypotheses are well-researched and well-presented enough for you to contemplate them and then draw your own conclusions.



THE STABLE END

with

Richard Knight,
the Rustic Farrier



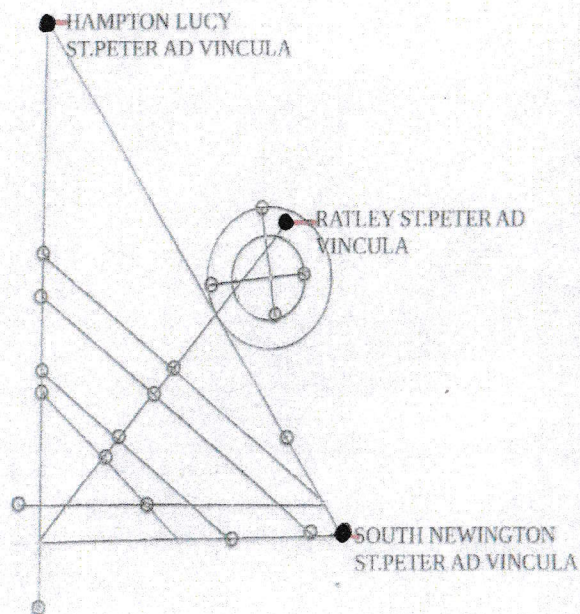
The Church That Moved, part 2

The Banbury Cross material begins in this Newsletter, issue 24 in 2017 and carries on through issues 25 and 26, but I thought I might just reproduce the main image – shown on the next page.

All the small circles are churches and the small *blacked-out* circles at the end of their lines share the designation of ST PETER AD VINCULA; still not sure of the significance of the latter but it's an extremely rare designation that began with the Chapel in the Tower of London. The centre of the two circles is TEMPLE POOL, and the more northerly church on the outer circle is RADWAY Church. This is *the church that moved* and the beginning of Alfred Watkins' Ley. The Ley that ends on the base of the main triangle actually touches that base at a LODGE, and lodges and granges are very important and will have their own section later.

A lot of Watkins' Ley corresponds to DITCHEDGE* LANE and that in turn is known by different names: Traitor's Ford Lane in Warwickshire and Beggar's Lane in Oxfordshire, the lane forming part of the border between the two counties. The Rollrights are in Oxfordshire but the King's Stone over the road is in Warwickshire. And Gallows Hill is between these boundaries as gallows were built between boundaries to prevent haunting after the horrors of a hanging and with Traitor's Ford itself being haunted it's a bit hairy. I must just point out here that I don't believe in ghosts, I mean the whole idea is absurd and irrational and is easily destroyed by logic so no, I don't believe in ghosts...unless it's dark of course. Incidentally the importance of boundaries is never more clearly shown than in the old ceremony of BEATING THE BOUNDS in which children were taken to boundaries and physically hurt to make them remember them: heads banged on Standing Stones, pushed off walls into brambles, heads held in streams etc. - proper bloody lessons!

* Ditch-Edge, see previous (recent) *Stable End* articles on the significance of Ditches & Dykes.



As mentioned, the more northerly church on the outer circle is Radway and moving clockwise we have Hornton Alkerton and Tysoe. Links to the Templars in three of them have been mentioned, so what of Alkerton? On the face of it nothing to report, but on the outside there is a carved stone frieze that depicts the life of the Black Prince and, rethinking the magnificent wall painting in Horton Church, if it's not St. George then it's St. Michael who is always depicted slaying the dragons on foot in exactly the pose adopted by the Black Prince of Hornton. George, on the other

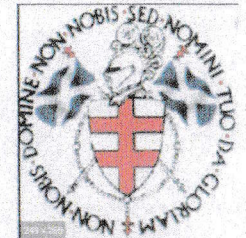
hand, is always on horseback. I'd go so far as to say the "Hornton Knight" is St. Michael. Michael is the "Rambo" of the Archangels, the leader of God's army who ejected the bad Angels from Heaven, including Satan who is depicted as a dragon slain by the warrior angel. This makes him a shoe-in for the Warrior Monks, the Templars, and he duly is right up there with John the Baptist and Mary. A quick look back at the dedications of the churches comprising the Banbury Cross gives us Michael, John the Baptist, Mary and St. Peter ad Vincula. Now the full dedication of Tysoe Church is "The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary" which has always rankled with Church Hierarchy because it means that Mary is a goddess as she was lifted (assumed), straight into Heaven. A few yards down the road is another huge great church at Shenington and people do ask: *why so many churches? It must have cost a fortune!* Well, if you think about it, it's cheaper to have a large building with a crazy man inside extracting money from the yokels to send to Rome than it is to pay to keep whole armies in the country to do the same thing. Anyway, Shenington Church has a plaque on the outside depicting a man with his arms in the air and an *ox or bull*, of which a lot more later, but for now it's back from the "Templars and the Banbury Cross" to the "Ditches and Dykes".

So now that we've got leys, ditches and dykes, churches synonymous with barrows, the Knights Templar and the Banbury Cross, all in the same 'magical area', it's time to add a few finishing observations.

Watkins' Ley and Ditchedge Lane Ditch are one and the same here, and at Great Rollright the Ditch ends, pointing to the end of the Ditch at DitchLEY House. The gap is small enough to assume they should be joined as one. This megaditch now contains Upton House, a historic mansion that was converted into an important bank during WW2 with 22 employees and POWs working in the grounds, maybe to deter bombing. These were guarded by armed servicemen. It was called M. Samuel and Co. and I visited Upton House when they had converted some of it to how it was as a bank – fascinating! Another WW2 addition to the ditch was an important RAF airfield. Add the bank and airfield to Churchill's preferred Operations HQ and birthplace – busy!

Also, there's the Old Lodge and a prehistoric settlement with ditches and pits and flint works while 800m west of Sunrising Covert is a medieval burial with the point of a sword in the breastbone, perhaps from the "Kineton Fight", or Battle of Edgehill as it's more commonly called. This was found near to what is now a *natural burial ground* under the magnificent and sadly missed RED HORSE OF TYSOE.

The line from Brailles Hill to Dorchester Abbey crosses Watkins' Ley and Ditchedge Lane at the crossroads just outside Whichford, and it's said that even if the old road or ditch has disappeared, the crossroad will remain, such is the importance of the crossroad. This one is on Oatley Hill - that's OatLEY Hill - and has masts and waterworks.



Knights Templar insignia

A little phenomenon up on Edgehill "High Street" is that rain falling on one side of the road will go west into the Avon and Severn while rain an inch away on the other side of the road will go east into the Isis (Thames) - interesting!

That is the conclusion of "The Church That Moved"; in the next issue join Richard for a drink as he discusses some fascinating information, including Templar connections, of "The Great British Pub" - Ed.

[Editor: 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

Dreaming on the Michael Serpent at Nine Stones Cairn Circle,
Belstone Tor, Dartmoor by Laurence Main



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All Aboard For Fish (Burgh) Island!

Devon-Dartmoor Moot 12-19 May 2024 with Mark Herbert

Discover *The Third Way*

My four-part serial in *Caduceus*¹ expounds compelling arguments in support of lesser known visits made by **Joseph of Arimathea**, with **Jesus** to the stannum-rich land we now call Devon-(*Deavon*, 'the river')-shire, formerly the eastern two-thirds of Dumnonia in biblical times. These previously undisclosed Holy alightments add to the more popular traditions of Cornwall and Somerset. Given that the most exemplary Ictis fitting Pytheas' depiction is co-located in tin-profuse Devon, only serves to reinforce my case. My innovative research has identified seven sites with Jesus-Joseph links (four sign-posted by the Templars), viz. (north to south) : Culbone, Glenthorpe, Holdstone Down, Kaldrade, Christow, Dartington and Burgh Island. Collectively, they define a path dubbed *The Third Way*.

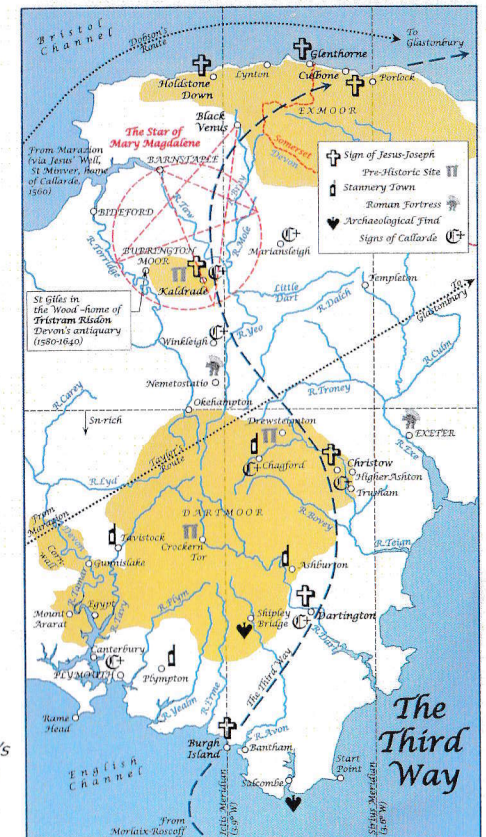
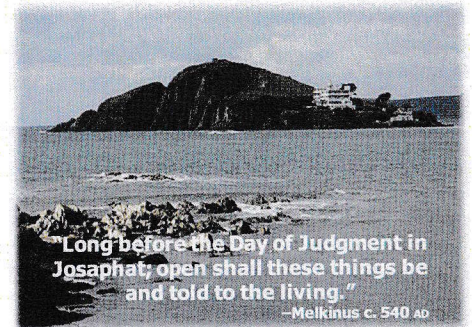
On **14th May**, I will lead a field trip along *the Way's* southern swathe, from Winkleigh via Aveton Gifford to Devon's singular tidal rock, the unmistakable Ictis – **Burgh Island**. On the **19th May**, I will also be on hand to guide a party along *the Way's* northern route; from the pre-historic complex, Kaldrade (Temple Callarde²) on Burrington Moor, to the Bristol Channel coast, through what is, indisputably, the most revered ground in medieval south-west England for **Mary Magdalene** worship.

Ictis : Hidden in Plain Sight

On **18th May**, at the **Magdalene's Star** centre, I will present evidence demonstrating why I believe (as do three other independent authors) Burgh Island to be the true Ictis, enshrining Joseph of Arimathea's tomb, as foretold by Melkinus (c.540 AD).

Applicable References

- 1) Herbert., M.K., *Did Those Feet Walk on Devon's Pastures Green?* Parts 1-4, *Caduceus* 103-106 (2020-22)
- 2) Herbert M.K., *The Callarde Experience*, Parts 11-12, N.NoLH, Issue 34 & 35 (2020)



**New
Book**

from Gary Biltcliffe & Caroline Hoare

The Holy Axis

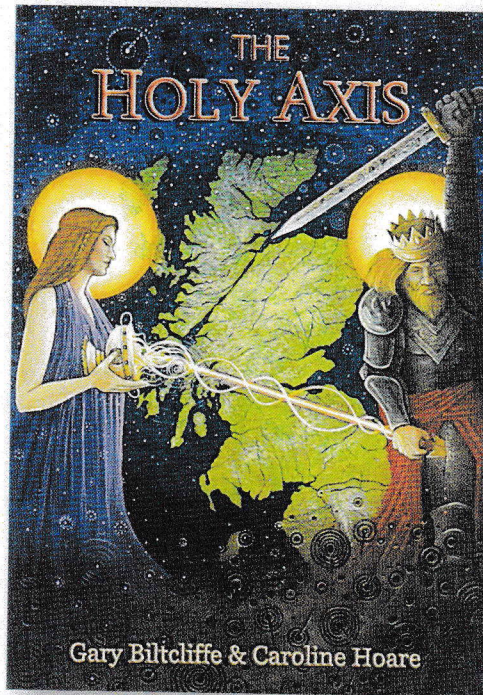
**A Modern Grail Pilgrimage
across the Neck of Britain
exploring Sacred Sites and the
Earth's Hidden Energies**

While staying on the holy island of Lindisfarne, researchers and authors of *The Spine of Albion* and *The Power of Centre*, Gary Biltcliffe and Caroline Hoare, received lucid dreams that led them to a castle on the remote coast of Northumberland, where a local dragon legend revealed a dormant ancient power waiting for release. Their discoveries led them on a quest to uncover a sacred route across the beautiful rolling landscapes of Northumberland and Scotland to the holy isle of Iona.

This fascinating spiritual pilgrimage followed a straight line or *ley* across the Neck of Britain, the shortest land route between the North Sea and the North Atlantic. Here the authors encountered well-known and long-forgotten prehistoric monuments and shrines once sacred to ancient Britons and Celts and renowned sites such as Rosslyn Chapel, Cairnpapple Hill and Kilmartin Glen.

The Holy Axis links certain legendary and real-life characters responsible for shaping the British nation, including spiritual warriors, Gnostic monks, famed historical writers and saints, with cosmic deities associated with the constellations of Orion and Virgo.

The authors also discovered that the indigenous cultures who inhabited the regions along the Neck of Britain left behind a cultural legacy of the Grail encoded within their monuments and sacred sanctuaries. At a time when our planet faces many challenges, walking the ancient trails along the Holy Axis offers a unique experience for the modern pilgrim, revealing new insights into how our ancestors viewed their world and by following in their footsteps, we can help heal the wounded king and the sacred lands of Albion.



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