

The Newsletter of the Network of

Loyal Hunters

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* Lughnasadh Dancers • By G.K. Griffiths *

The Newsletter of the Network of Ley Hunters

Issue 24, Lughnasadh (1st August) 2017

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www.networkofleyhunters.co.uk This is not interactive, no email! Snail mail and telephone calls always welcome.

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

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

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 (O.S. Explorer 130).

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

THE SPINE OF ALBION & SACRED STAFFORDSHIRE

by Gary Biltcliffe

The county of Staffordshire was once the heart of ancient Mercia, the largest and most powerful Saxon Kingdom in Britain. From AD 628–821 the Mercian kings were called 'Bretwaldas' - overlords of Britain.

Staffordshire lies in the great farming belt within the great central plain of England nestling to the south of the Pennine Hills. Over time the importance of Staffordshire's geology with its vast underground seams rich in iron, coal and clay, fired the Industrial Revolution and shaped the Staffordshire landscape we see today. The locals however, refer to it as 'the Hidden County' because deep within its rolling hills, now covered by factories, potteries and farms, many secrets lay hidden. Staffordshire indeed had many mysteries such as 'window areas' where unearthly lights and creatures have been seen, possibly due to high magnetism at these sites, which under certain conditions create distortions in 'time and space'.

The Belinus Line and its associated Elen (female) and Belinus (male) serpent currents visit many of these mysterious zones and cross at key points in the landscape. From south to north they include: Barr Beacon, a great eminence and focal point with tales of Druids and strange lights - the vast circular Iron Age earthen fortifications of Castle Ring - the great sandstone capped Etching Hill near Rugeley in the heart of The Chase - and the magnificent Cloud Hill near Congleton at the extreme north of the county on the border with Cheshire.

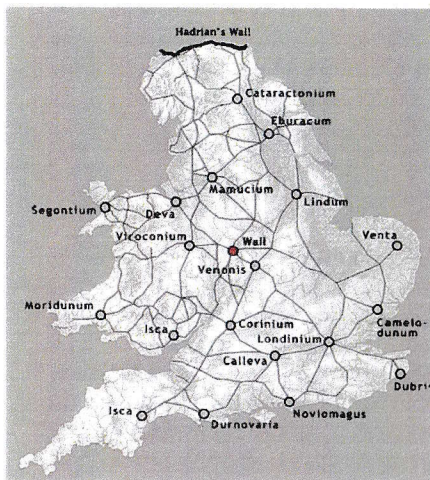
For 'ley' enthusiasts, the alignment in Staffordshire can be drawn through the right hand side of Barr Beacon up to the left side of Cloud Hill. This will create a line that passes through such places as Chasewater Lake near Cannock, Great Harwood Church close to Shugborough, the grounds of Caverswall Castle - a moated castle with Arthurian connections, the hilltop church of St Chad at Bagnall, and Biddulph Moor close to the source of the River Trent - the third largest river in Britain.

According to the Saxon historian Bede (673–753), the beating religious heart of ancient Mercia and indeed the whole of Saxon England at that time was the Staffordshire city of Lichfield. This centre of power or omphalos of Christianity was born out of its location at the meeting of two major Roman routes, Watling Street and Icknield Street that strike through the middle of England.

The *Victoria County History of Staffordshire*, says that Lichfield stands on the site where a thousand Christian holy men were massacred by the Romans upon the orders of Emperor Diocletian in AD

286. However, Lichfield only dates from the 7th Century - the actual site of the massacre was 2 miles southwest at a place now called Wall.

The Romans built a city at Wall naming it Letocetum, derived from its earlier Celtic name of *Caer Llwyd Coad* or *Loytcoyt* meaning 'camp in the grey woods' - referring to the colour of the lichens. Wall's importance



to the Romans may have come from the recognition of its central geographical position, said to be the point farthest from the high tide mark in England including tidal rivers, as well as its position at the meeting of important roads at the combined centre of England and Wales.

When Caroline and I first arrived here, the path of Elen took us through the Roman remains to a little Victorian church dedicated to St John on a small hillock overlooking the Roman site. This small and seemingly insignificant site turned out to have a fascinating

history. Dating back before the Romans, it once had its own Druidical shrine to Cernunnos, the horned god of nature, invoked by this Iron Age priesthood to integrate man with his natural environment. When the Romans arrived they understood the special significance of the site and built a temple to the mother goddess Minerva over the old pagan shrine. This in turn became a small monastic centre of the Christian Welsh speaking Britons until the site was mysteriously abandoned in the 7th century.

The reason for this may be due to Wall or Loytcoyt becoming a focus for major battles. A Welsh poem called *The Lament of Cynddylan* tells that 'in AD 665, a local chieftain called Moriael joined the Welsh Prince Cynddylan in a victorious but devastating battle against the invading Angles at *Caer Loytcoyt*.' The finding of the great Staffordshire Hoard near Wall consisting of Anglo-Saxon gold and silver metalwork dating from the 7th century, was almost certainly hidden by the Angles during this devastating defeat. An earlier battle was also fought here recorded in the Harleian MS 3859; 'A warrior called Glast (c AD 485) defends Loytcoyt against the Angles with the aid of King Arthur and successfully drives them back.' Fame of this site was also recorded by Nennius the 9th century monk who mentions *Caer Loytcoyt* as one of the twenty-eight major cities of the old Britons. A bronze bowl was found

at Wall bearing the early Celtic Christian symbol of *Chi-Rho*, one of the earliest monograms of Christ. Although the Britons with the aid of King Arthur were victorious in holding on to Loytcoyt, their sacred centre had suffered desecration and therefore no longer had the 'grail' power to serve the land and its people.

St Chad chose this area to be a Christian centre of learning for Mercia. Chad was a British monk and pupil of St Aiden at Lindisfarne,



who sent him to Ireland for his education. He was successful in Christianising the local pagan kings and brought peace to Mercia by uniting the Britons and the Angles. Chad built his church not at the desecrated Loytcoyt site but in a safer watery location defended by marshes which became modern Litchfield.

In 1153 a charter granted by King Stephen allowed the town to hold a market. A Norman cathedral replaced the Saxon church housing Chad's relics and this was later transformed by skilled stonemasons using a magnificent English Gothic design. The present cathedral we see today is built from red sandstone and has three unique spires nicknamed the 'Three Ladies of the Vale' adorned with intricate medieval carvings of England's past monarch's. The three ladies represent the old mother goddess who was worshipped here long ago - just over the hill in now forgotten Loytcoyt.

Inside the cathedral Elen flows north-south through the Nave Altar crossing with another male energy, but not Belinus. Although disappointingly she misses the present shrine of St Chad, we later discovered that under the Nave Altar was the site of the original wooden shrine church to St Chad, built by the original Mercian geomancers.

Elen continues her journey north-east to Castle Ring, a mysterious Iron Age hill fort that stands on the highest part of Cannock Chase and one of the largest in England. The fact that both currents meet at a node in its centre makes me wonder if the whole monument was originally a ceremonial site which later became a refuge. Local tradition says King Arthur fortified this area along with Wall against the Saxons. A local tradition also says that Castle Ring and Barr Beacon were the

headquarters of the Archdruid of Britain - perhaps they walked a path between these hills.

Just to the north of Castle Ring both currents meet again at the Triassic sandstone capped hillock called Etching Hill around which horses have raced for centuries until now. Both currents come close to crossing again in the grounds of Shugborough Hall (Shug bring an ancient name for dragon). Here the Rivers Trent and Sow meet at a sacred area, once the site of the palace of the Bishops of Mercia. Both currents connect with the mysterious monuments that can be found in the grounds designed by Thomas Anson, a freemason who inherited a vast fortune from the great sea captain George Anson. This allowed Thomas the freedom to improve Shugborough and leave clues to some hidden secret. The monuments have a strange history, one of them called 'The Shepherd's Monument' has a mysterious code carved onto it which some believe will lead them to the whereabouts of Anson's remaining fortune, while others say it refers to the hiding place of the Holy Grail and even the missing Templar treasure.

The last node point in Staffordshire is on the summit of Cloud Hill



near Congleton marking the boundary with Cheshire. On the lower slopes of this north-south elongated hill lie one of Britain's most important and forgotten megalithic tombs The Bridestones. Only the bare bones of the once massive chambered court tomb survive, but it is still one of the most atmospheric sites we have visited along the Spine of Albion. The Cloud is formed from crystalline millstone grit and capped with sandstone. It rises out of the Staffordshire countryside like Glastonbury Tor and like its Somerset counterpart it has male and female dragons meeting near its summit. The shape and alignment of the Cloud pointing NNE is identical to Barr Beacon and both sacred hills point towards each other across the sacred plains of Staffordshire, once the powerful Kingdom of Mercia.

References: Biltcliffe & Hoare (2012) *The Spine of Albion*. Sacred Lands Publishing
Biltcliffe & Hoare (2017) *The Centres of Britain and the Cult of the Fire Goddess*. Sacred Land Publishing

Cover Story -
Because the Church plonked so many of their buildings on Pagan sites, I just thought it would be nice if some naked, and wildly dancing Pagans, took back one of their sacred grounds - if only to make the vicar either run for his life.....or Join in!

* Lughnasadh Dancers - By G.K. Griffiths *

Please book early for our Lichfield Moot. We have a coach to fill and pay for in advance. (N.B. NO following cars!) **DON'T DELAY - BOOK TODAY!** That goes for your pitch at our campsite too. See the inside back cover - **NOW!**



Obituary

Steve Ludford 1956 - 2016

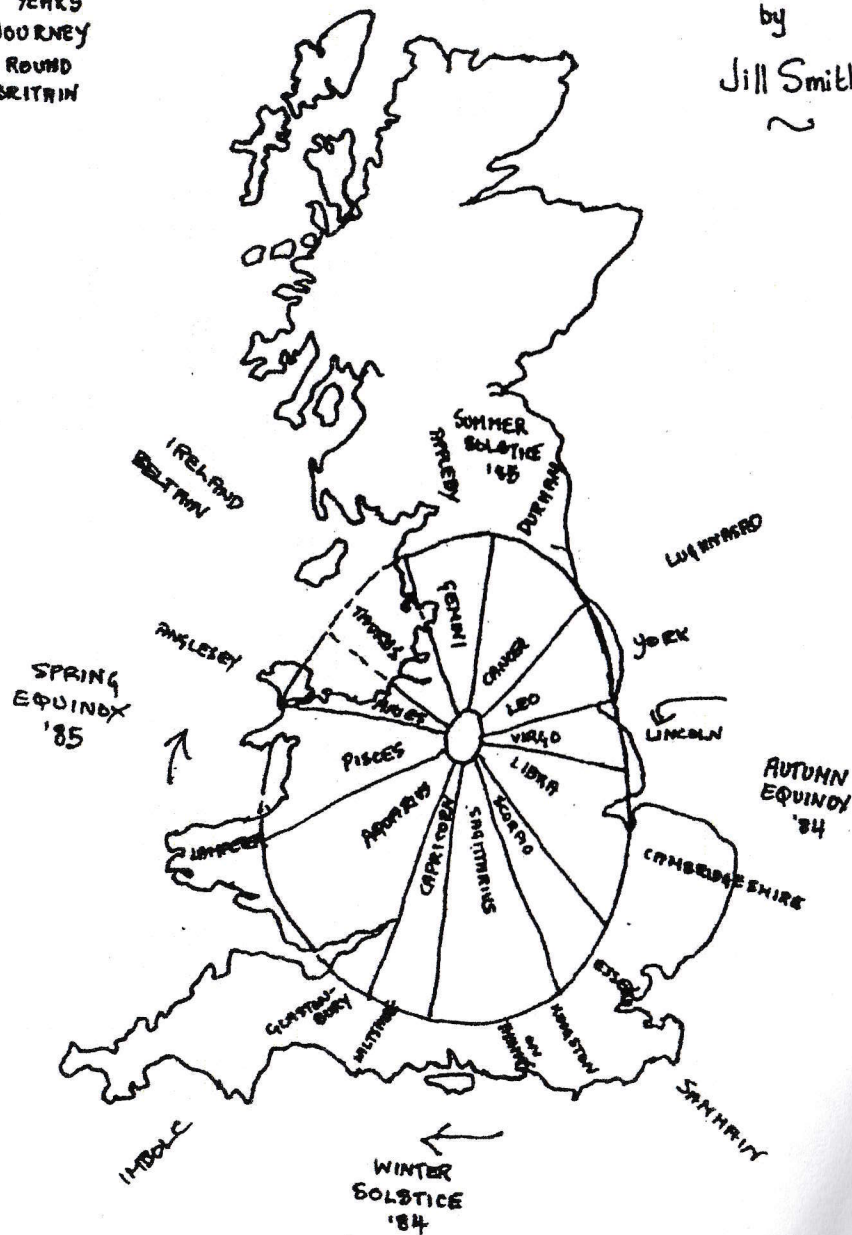
We are very sad to report that Steve died of cancer on the last day of 2016. A long-serving officer of the Pagan Federation as well as a Network of Ley Hunters member, Steve was a powerful presence and a man of strong views, determination and a lust for life. For more than 30 years he organised countless events such as camps and conferences in Wales and the Marches on Pagan and Earth-centred themes. He experimented with adventurous alternative life styles and loved gathering people together for educational and fun times both indoors and out. His infectious enthusiasm and energetic ability to make things happen left most of us far behind. A dynamic motivator, he handed over to other willing volunteers and looked forward to relaxing if only illness hadn't taken him from us much too soon. Steve certainly won't 'rest in peace' though: he's most likely to be kicking up a lively dance with kindred spirits gone before!

Audrey and Richard Bailey

THE GYPSY SWITCH

A
YEAR'S
JOURNEY
ROUND
BRITAIN

by
Jill Smith.



THE GYPSY SWITCH

For some time now Laurence has been asking me to write about The Gipsy Switch.

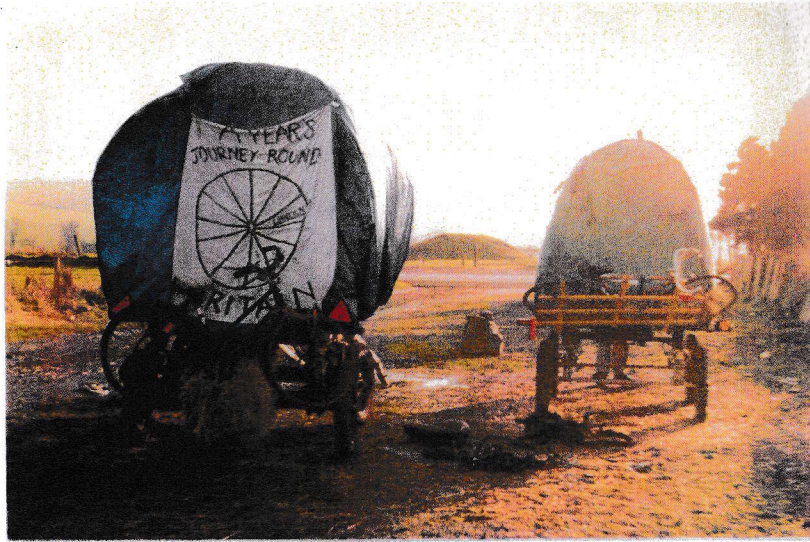
What is The Gipsy Switch? It is a year-long journey round England and Wales, touching Ireland, which I travelled in 1984-85.

Several years previously it had been given to me as a circular diagram on a piece of paper. As I was a ceremonial Performance Artist at the time (known as Jill Bruce), usually working in a circle celebrating various cycles of nature, I was fascinated by this one, which appeared to be a great zodiac on the landscape of Britain. I knew I must travel it and seized the opportunity when it later manifested in my life.

I was told that The Gipsy Switch had come from 'an old Gipsy man' in Glastonbury, who told it to someone who passed it on to someone else, various other bits being added to the diagram as it went. It was supposedly a Gipsy journey round horse fairs as they traded their animals, beginning and ending with the annual Appleby Fair in June; but no traditional travelling people we met on our journey admitted to having heard of it, so I cannot vouch for its authenticity. However, as a concept it resonated profoundly within me and authenticity didn't matter to me. To travel round a zodiac on the land as the sun travelled through the zodiac in the sky seemed to me the perfect union of the human with the land and the heavens – a microcosmic travelling of the macrocosm, joining into one whole, benefitting everything

There are specific places for each zodiac sign – areas of the country to be in and travel through as the sun travels through that sign in the skies. Some are whole counties; some are more specific places.

The peak is Appleby in June for Gemini. Cancer is Durham, Leo is York, Virgo Lincoln and Libra Cambridgeshire. Scorpio is Essex, Sagittarius Kingston-upon-Thames, Capricorn Wiltshire and Aquarius Glastonbury. Pisces is Lampeter in West Wales, Aries is Anglesey, Taurus Ireland and then it's back to Appleby. The 'hub' of this wheel on which the circle turns is the stone circle Arbor Low in Derbyshire.



Our waggons parked up on the Ridgeway near Avebury. Mine was the blue one.



Taliesin with the Gemini sign on Appleby Fair Hill. He's a Gemini.

When you try to draw it out on a map it is more of an egg than a circle – an egg in the womb of Albion maybe. There is no given route; one just has to instinctively find one's own way between the focal points. I believe each person makes the journey which is right for them.

I travelled the year in real time. I began in late summer with a group of people and two horses and waggons. I was accompanied by my baby son Taliesin. Having been born in a tipi at Talley Valley in Wales, this turning was the first year of his life.

The group was called Square Wheel Theatre, performing at places we passed through on our journey. Near the Autumn Equinox I left my waggon with one of the others and went to celebrate the Spring Equinox at Uluru in Australia: as they continued to encircle Britain, I felt I encircled the Earth, achieving the Equinox balance by being at the Spring as they were at the Autumn.

I returned and completed the rest of the journey, leaving a painted wooden disc of each zodiac sign somewhere in each focal point round the land. Some of Scorpio was spent by the Saffron Walden maze in Essex, then we moved down towards London, stopping en route with the band Crass and a magical spot owned by a Gipsy man where I parked up under a huge yew tree, feeling myself both an embryo and a seed in her winter roots.

Crossing London by Tower Bridge, the traffic stopped to let us pass, and on we went to Kingston-upon-Thames where we celebrated by the King Stone and met and were inspired by Mary Caine.

We found ourselves on a mysterious verge in a kind of 'Berkshire Triangle' for Solstice, at Greenham Common for Christmas, then on through snow and cold and Avebury to stop too long in the Glastonbury Zodiac.

Setting off again, we had to travel up the Mendips, skirt Bristol and go up into Gloucestershire to cross the Severn, as we couldn't take the horses on the motorway bridge. After some mishaps I had to be taken on the back of a lorry to Lampeter in West Wales in order to be there for Pisces. When my pony and the others caught up, having travelled through weeks of torrential rain, we joyfully performed the Taliesin story, but the others decided to go no further.



Water flowing from Swallowhead. The sign was left in the centre tree.



My Capricorn sign by the Swallowhead Spring as it was then.

I sold my pony and waggon, stored my possessions in Wales and set off to walk the rest of the way on foot, my son on my front, rucksack on my back and a bag in each hand.

We got a lift to Anglesey and its Neolithic sites for Aries, went to Tara in Ireland for Taurus then back to England to walk the last three and a half months – through Appleby, camping on the hill and being recognised by gipsies we'd met down south; over the Pennines and down through Durham, where the sacred spot seemed to be the river; York, where I spoke at a Ley Hunter Moot and was drawn to the place where the two rivers merge into one; then Lincoln and on to the spot some miles south where the journey had begun the previous year.

Travelling The Gipsy Switch was probably the high point of my life. I had walked (mostly: I usually walked beside my pony Polly) round the land as the sun encircled the zodiac in the heavens. I took the land into me, becoming one with it in a very real way, and I hold that union still within me.

I hear occasionally from others who have taken up the concept of the Gipsy Switch and celebrate it in their own ways. I am always happy to talk about my experience of it. I have written about it in detail as the main part of my book 'Becoming Land' for which I have yet to find a publisher, my time recently having been taken up by a Community Trust here on Lewis.

Jill Smith. February 2017. www.jill-smith.co.uk



Volunteers are always welcome to help in many ways. We are all volunteers. Any profits are ploughed back into the Network. We try to reach out to others. If you can make good use of our leaflets, we will send you some. We will take tables at events and give talks to audiences. Articles are written for other magazines. Please just ask!

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

Starting to Dowse for Leys (5)

We have now reached the point where we need to consider the interface between sensing the Leys and physically dowsing them.

In the workaday world, I usually find myself being regarded as a bit weird for using dowsing to discover information about intangible forces and sensations. But amongst Leyhunters it is quite the opposite, where I am considered a bit mainstream - using tools (albeit rather basic ones) to examine, even measure, aspects of what others would regard spiritual, even sacred. This doesn't worry me at all; I'm happy with where I have reached in my own development - and everyone else is on a related path.

What it does tell me is that we all see and sense essentially similar experiences in a different way. This does not mean that any of us is 'right' or 'wrong' - we just have our own take on the world we inhabit. When I discuss this aspect of the nature of reality with my colleagues, I often come back to the great Ley debate - because it is a perfect touchstone for how we describe our own reality.

Dowsers come to their craft from a variety of personal perspectives and at various stages of their evolution. In my experience, most dowsers have at least addressed the issue of Leys. However, what you find yourself - and even what you ask for from your intuition - depends on who and where you are at that time.

There is a very pertinent parallel here with the phenomenon of the Near Death Experience (NDE), which I encountered and researched for the first time when working with the late Hamish Miller. Following his own NDE, Hamish contacted many others who'd had a similar shock, to try to understand what it was they had seen or felt. And while he found some striking commonalities in the process, there were also some remarkable cultural differences. Christians tend to be greeted and guided by saints and angels, Hindus meet their own deities, and so on. Hamish Miller, engineer, designer and (at that time) hardcore rationalist found his tunnel to nirvana consisted of sheets of aluminium tubing, riveted together at the seams! In retrospect, even Hamish found this concept riotously amusing, but it was very telling that, while he was sure that he had experienced something very similar to mediaeval Christians and

Tibetan mystics, his very personal language and iconography were all he had to interpret and make sense of his NDE.

In a similar way, to some extent leys are what we make of them. There may be an overlap of shared reality, especially between people of a similar age, background and culture - but we are all individuals, with our own subtly unique take on the long straight currents that course through our landscape.

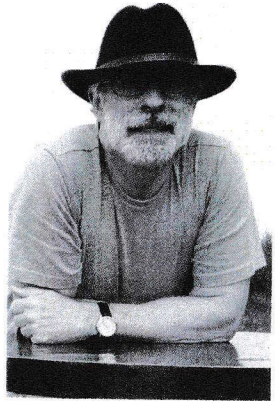
One of the less well understood aspects of the dowser's craft, and one that starts to blur the boundaries between the dowser and the medium, is the ability to ask what another person - dowser or not - is finding. In essence anyone can do this, but it does improve with practice, and there is always an element of interpretation of the information you are able to acquire. What it does enable you to do is to ask it what another person is seeing and feeling - but remember that you are still having to transcribe whatever comes through to you into your own vocabulary and your own imagery.

When it comes to Leys (and other intangible concepts), many people get very excited, and very dogmatic, about their own experience. This is entirely understandable, as it is their own personal experience that they are describing. To them it is The Truth - well, it's their version of the truth. To quote the hugely experienced dowser and philosopher, Tom Graves 'your personal experience is a fact'. Those of a scientific nature often find this a difficult circle to square, and it does raise the whole spectre of whether The Truth is absolute or relative. However, as anyone who has watched a football match or the like will tell you, one person's 'cast iron penalty' decision is someone else's 'hardly touched him, ref'. We all see, sense and talk about the world around us in a different way. I can't grasp what Mr Trump is on about most of the time, but clearly 60 million Americans would disagree with me!

The great Ley debate is a microcosm of this whirlpool of worldviews. When John Dee talked about lines of force running between ancient sites, his thought process would have been illustrated by the mindset of the Elizabethan court. By the time Guy Underwood was writing in the mid-20th Century, it was the mature age of scientific discovery and breakthrough. Consequently his ideas were couched more in terms of lines, spirals and landscape icons.

Nigel Twinn

Paul Burley, From America . . .



Paul Burley is an American scientist, engineer and researcher. He is the author of numerous articles and several books concerning ancient and indigenous sacred symbolism (*The Sacred Sphere*), and astronomical symbolism expressed at Stonehenge and the monument's surrounding Neolithic landscape (*Stonehenge: As Above, So Below*). In 2003 his career as a professional engineering and environmental consultant took an unexpected turn with discovery of a 'lost' Native American medicine wheel, leading him to close liaison with the Lakota, and some of the most intriguing experiences of his life. . . .

The Sacred Hoop

Listening to Stones

It changed me in an instant. One moment I was walking off my anxiety about the next morning's ascent to the top of a mountain peak. A moment later my concern was gone. What lay before me amidst the jumble of cobbles, boulders and slabs of rock was unmistakable. The near perfect circle of stones was a human creation. A small pile of rocks lay at the center of the wheel. Four lines of cobbles extended between the hub and perimeter stones at roughly 90 degrees from one another, dividing the circle into quadrants. Four lines of smaller stones bisected the quadrants to form an octet of pie-shaped areas. This was a medicine wheel!



See Callanish on the Isle of Lewis with us in April 2018. Our guide will be Jill Smith, we'll have our own coach and driver, and we'll have our own (exclusive) hostel accommodation. SEE PAGE 24 NOW!



Figure 1: Native American medicine wheel (photo by author).

I have investigated geotechnical and environmental conditions of properties across the United States and Canada for more than 30 years. Commercial, industrial, residential, farms and ranches – I've evaluated all sorts of historical development. Most of those projects concerned physical and chemical conditions of soil, bedrock, surface water and groundwater. I can easily recognize surface and subsurface disturbance resulting from human activities compared to the natural landscape. Humans tend to leave their mark wherever they go. I've encountered prehistoric tools – choppers and scrapers made from cobbles used for butchering animals such as bison which roamed freely across the pristine foothills of the Absaroka and Bridger mountains of Montana not so long ago.

Another time, while conducting an environmental investigation of a ranch alongside the upper Yellowstone River, I was crossing a gravel-covered hilltop when I found river-worn stones nearly half buried in the rocky soil, the stones forming a somewhat circular shape three or four feet in diameter. Each stone was weathered from exposure to the sun, water and wind for an unknown number of years. They had obviously been placed by human hands long, long ago. I was curious about the formation, but I had work to do. It was late in the afternoon and I needed to finish my reconnaissance of the property and then drive a hundred miles home that day. I didn't give the circle of stones much further thought.

My discovery of the Native American medicine wheel in the alpine wilderness of Wyoming, however, was different. I recognized that I was standing in a sacred place. The stone circle had settled into the soil about an inch or more, so I knew that the construction had been in place for many years, certainly longer than several decades. This was authentic Native American symbolism. It was the Sacred Hoop.

Why was that medicine wheel constructed there, at an elevation of over 10,000 feet, where it could be accessed only three months during of the year due to the severe alpine climate? Who built it, and when? Is it still in use? I have been on a path to find the answers to those and many other questions since I first laid eyes on the circle of stones. This leads me on a journey that will continue for the remainder of my life. The path is not short, and the journey is not easy.

I looked at the stones, and they looked back. Pay attention. Listen. The stones are speaking. Most people do not hear them, but you too can take the journey. It is a path that humans have treaded for well over a million years. It is a path of culture and tradition communicated to everyone, everywhere, at any time. Listen. Listen to the stones.

"One of the rocks...is placed at the center of the round altar; the first rock is...at the center of everything...The second rock is placed at the west...the next at the north, then one for the east, one for the south, one for earth, and finally the hole is filled up with the rest of the rocks, and all these together represent everything that there is in the universe." Black Elk

Native Science

The Sacred Hoop is the most representative symbol of the traditional Native American lifeway. In its simplest form it consists of a cross dividing the interior of circle into quadrants (Figure 2). Simple as its geometry may be, the Sacred Hoop has deep and multiple meanings. After more than five hundred years of continuous contact with Native Americans, Western society has yet to fully understand those meanings.



Figure 2: The Sacred Hoop (photo by author)

In his book 'Native Science: Natural Laws of Interdependence', Gregory Cajete uses the word science "in terms of the most inclusive of its meanings, that is, as a story of the world and a practiced way of living it." This is a foreign concept for readers raised in ethnocentric Western culture. It is certainly not a definition of the scientific method. For Indigenous people, life is not lived without direct contact with or immersion in nature. It cannot be understood simply by reading books. It is not found in laboratories. Cajete drives this point home when he writes, "In native languages there is no word for 'science,'" nor for philosophy, psychology, "or any other foundational way of coming to know and understand the nature of life and our relationship therein. . . . For native people, seeking life was the all-encompassing task."

Let's look closer at this Native American philosophy of life. Cajete lays out in very plain terms the meaning of what should properly be called *lifeway* as it pertains to Indigenous cultures, past and present. Before Europeans arrived in the Americas, Native Americans did not *practice religion*. Cajete writes that "the ultimate quest of both [the Indigenous] individual and community was to 'find life,' that is, to find that place that Indian people talk about." In his book *Native Science*, Cajete explains:

"Native science is a metaphor for a wide range of tribal processes of perceiving, thinking, acting, and "coming to know" that have evolved through human experience with the natural world. Native science is born of a lived and

storied participation with the natural landscape. To gain a sense of Native science one must participate with the natural world. To understand the foundations of native science one must become open to the roles of sensation, perception, imagination, emotion, symbols, and spirit as well as that of concept, logic, and rational empiricism."

This breadth of foundation of native science is not restricted by systematic study, organization and classification based on testable performance and predictive capabilities of Western science, of which the purpose is to gain useful, beneficial knowledge of the world. Native science is a far more holistic, philosophical approach to the study of existence and relationships between observable phenomena and the world around us. It requires a lifelong dedication to experiencing life as nature presents it, and recognizing and appreciating relationships between all forms of life, animate and inanimate. As I show in my book *The Sacred Sphere*, experience is the effect of interrelated geometrical energy events in space and time. This effect is stored in the body and assimilated to produce knowledge. With sufficient experience and understanding of cause and effect in the world, we develop wisdom – the ability to apply experience through active participation with the world for the benefit of all creation. Native science includes experience with the metaphysical as well as the physical, expression through art and experimentation with matter and energy, and the practice of ritual and ceremony. Native science is not religion, but does require living in a sacred manner. In *Native Science* Cajete finds:

"Much of the essence of Native science is beyond literal description. . . . [It] may be seen as an exemplification of "biophilia," or the innate instinct that all life forms share for affiliation with each other. . . . Native science encompasses such areas as astronomy, farming, plant domestication, plant medicine, animal husbandry, hunting, fishing, metallurgy, and geology—in brief, studies related to plants, animals, and natural phenomena. Yet, Native science extends to include spirituality, community, creativity, and technologies that sustain environments and support essential aspects of human life."

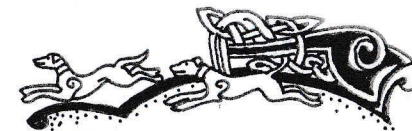
In following articles we will discover that mythologies from around the world – including ancient Celtic Britain - were developed to communicate traditional understandings of the human relationship with Earth and Cosmos. Those mythologies are, in fact, based on the very concepts expressed by Cajete and lived by Native Americans. Whether applied to science, religion, or lifeway, the same basic concepts appear to have been universally realized, understood,

and applied across the world and throughout time. The Native American lifeway is symbolized in many ways by the Sacred Hoop. It is an architectural form closely related to sacred symbols represented by the many ancient stone circles found across Britain, including Stonehenge itself.


* * *

In Paul's next article he describes the origin and power of another important symbol that is sacred to the Lakota. It is related to the pipe of peace. It is the Round Red Stone.

Paul's book 'The Sacred Sphere: Exploring Sacred Concepts and Cosmic Consciousness through Universal Symbolism' is available via Beavers Pond Press, and Amazon.co.uk.



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Evocative Sacred Sites 5:

Iceland

by Eileen Roche

This is the fifth and last article describing special liminal places in the earth mysteries landscapes and contemplating how such haunting sites and their histories may affect the sensitive human psyche. The previous articles were about the Lindholm Høje farming village in Denmark; the Orcadian Neolithic Skara Brae & the Ness of Brodgar; and the use & functions of the Round Towers of Ireland. In this article we examine Icelandic relationships to the *Thing* or *Great Assembly*, religious beliefs and the existence of the *Huldufolk*, Pixies and Elves.



Kerío volcanic crater

The Icelandic people are fortunate in that they settled their country relatively recently, it was empty land as far as we know in pre-historic times, and their written history has largely survived as their Sagas. They have their own sacred sites. I visited this unusual island of ice and fire in March

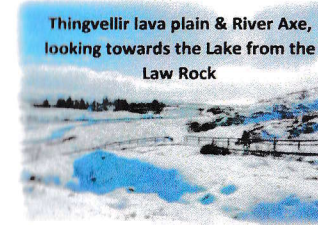
2015 and found it full of marvels, travelling completely around the coastline from Reykjavik, the capital city, and back. It is almost impossible to venture into the interior because of volcanoes, glaciers, boiling mud, erupting boiling water geysers, lakes and rivers full of ice floes, lava fields, black sand plains and deep crevasses and cracks, with waterfalls everywhere. When all this is covered in snow and ice it makes for dangerous travelling. There is even a giant worm or dragon in Lake Lagerflojot at Eigilsstadir which was first sighted in 1589 AD and last spotted in 1999, to add to the dangers, as well as icebergs calved off the glacier in Jokulsarlon Lagoon in the south east which float down to the sea before being washed back up again by the tide.



Lake Lagerflojot & its Dragon sign

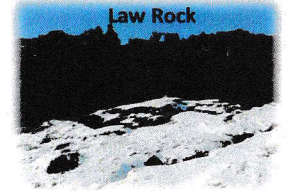
The country was first settled by Irish monks in the 700s AD, leaving when Vikings arrived from Scandinavia years later. By 874 AD Norwegians were permanently settling the land as farmers, they and others fleeing from the tyranny and ravages of Scandinavian Kings. They seem to have been very violent and it became apparent that some form of government was becoming necessary. The intrepid first settler, Ingelfur Amarnson, had been recognised as a Chief among the earliest other settlers. His son, Porsteinn Ingolfsson, eventually succeeded his father and set up the *Allthing*, a form of open-air democratic commonwealth or *Great Assembly* in 930 AD. This system was adopted as the Icelandic settlers were fiercely opposed to the concept of kingship and the abuses to which it could lead. Eventually it was agreed that Porsteinn Ingolfsson would be the supreme chief, with a system of 39-48 other local chiefs serving under him, holding their own open-air *Thing* locally. The *Allthing* was held for two weeks every year. And this is where we come to one of the Icelandic evocative sacred sites, Thingvellir.

Slightly north-east of Reykjavik in south Iceland, Thingvellir is now not only a National Park but also a World Heritage Site. There is a beautiful clear lake, fed by such crystal clean water from the glaciers, filtered through the volcanic rock, that it can be piped straight into buildings without the need for cleansing. Lake Thingvalavatn is the largest in Iceland and is exceptionally beautiful, evocative in its splendour, situated on a wide



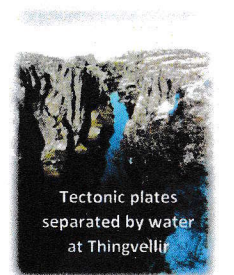
Thingvellir lava plain & River Axe, looking towards the Lake from the Law Rock

open rocky green lava plain covered in exotic lichens, mosses, grasses and winding rivulets connecting with the Öxará (Axe) River. This plain has a surrounding cliff at its western edge, crumbled by the weather into strange and alarming shapes, looming under the skyline. Below the cliff lies the *lögberg* or Law Rock, which overlooks the entire plain, and here any citizen had the right, in turn, to stand on it and speak for or against a proposal. On the Rock, the *lawspeaker* had to recite from memory all the laws, and lead the procedures of each *Allthing* meeting. The people met in the summer and often stayed for six weeks, conducting business, arranging marriages and selling, buying and trading. The sloping land under the Rock leading down to the plain is littered with the remains of the stone shelters built by the chiefs to facilitate this business. Justice was meted out during the *Allthing*. Men who transgressed had their heads chopped off, convicted women were drowned in a pool of the Öxará river where it tumbled over the cliff not far from the Law Rock. Today, the whole plain has a brooding watchfulness. When covered with snow and ice, the going is very difficult over the fissured ground.



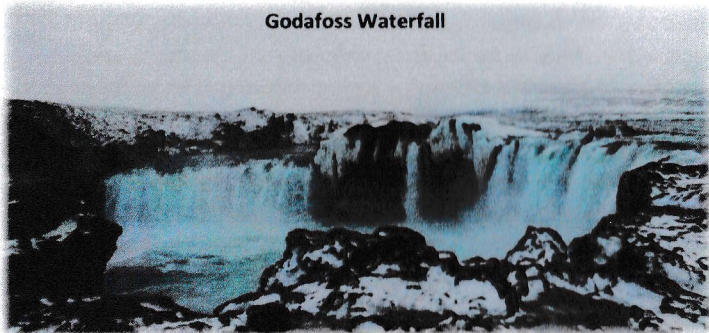
Law Rock

However, one of the most astonishing features of this evocative sacred site is geological: Thingvellir is a rift valley atop the Mid-Atlantic Ridge. A short distance down into the rocky lava plains from the Law Rock, it is possible to jump from the North American tectonic plate onto the Eur-Asian tectonic plate: these plates are slowly moving apart at a rate of 3 mm a year in one direction and 4 mm a year in the other, clearly revealing sea-floor spreading on land. We know from the teachings of John Michell and later, Paul Devereux, how important such a geological rift is for earth mysteries and revelations at sacred sites. The cliff face above the Law Rock is, in fact, the facing edge of the North American tectonic plate and the plain where the *Allthing* was held is the sea-floor spread.



Tectonic plates separated by water at Thingvellir

Now, the *Allthing* was not always peaceful. In about 1000 AD there was a proposal for the Icelandic Nation to convert to the Christian religion. The adherents of the Old Norse religion took exception to this and both sides came to Thingvellir secretly armed. Thorgeir, the *Lawspeaker* at the time, jumped upon the Law Rock to put a stop to the potential violence. He announced that he was going to make a decision on the matter of religion and that all would adhere to his judgement. To everyone's astonishment, he then jumped down, strode to his tent and lay down, pulling fur skins over his head. He lay there all day, all night and half the next day before returning to the Law Rock to make his announcement. Iceland, he declared, would have its official religion as Christianity. However, before the pagans could reach for their weapons, he declared that everyone actually had the right to practice whatever religion they liked, in private and in secrecy. This judgement of Solomon had the right effect and averted a religious war. But it had long term consequences in that paganism continued to flourish alongside the official Christianity and that worship of Odin, Thor and Frigg continued unabated, culminating in last year's successful proposal to build a temple to these gods in Reykjavik.



Godafoss Waterfall

As for Thorgeir, himself a pagan, he had himself immediately baptised in the cold waters of the River Axe, went home to Godafoss and promptly threw all his pagan idols into the waterfall. This was taken as a sign of his conversion to Christianity, but of course, putting valued objects into a watercourse is ritually sacrificial and seen as a way of keeping them safe. Thorgeir was nothing if not a diplomat. Many of the Chiefs present at the *Allthing* deferred their own baptisms until they reached a hot spring, also canny people.

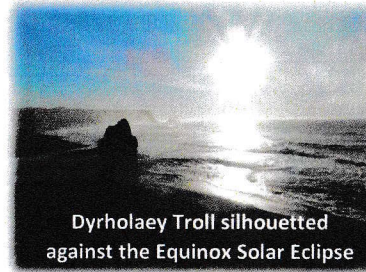


Katla Trolls

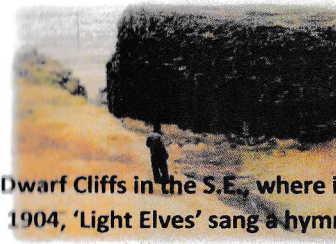
Simultaneously, belief in fairies, elves, trolls and *Huldufolk*, or *hidden people* continued down the centuries until today. There is firm belief in the existence of elves, pixies and trolls. If the nocturnal trolls were caught by daybreak, they turned into stone and there are many examples of troll rocks and elf-shaped stones in the weird and magical volcanic landscape of Iceland. Elves are much loved and treated respectfully, one 'elf church'-shaped rock had

to be moved just outside Reykjavik to the side of a new road, it could not be destroyed and even the President of Iceland and the Mayor of Reykjavik were involved in the controversy. The *hidden people* originate from the belief that Adam and Eve had many children and one day when God was visiting, Eve did not have time to clean up all the children so she told the dirty ones to hide. God was annoyed when she lied to him, as he knew some of the children were missing. So he decreed that from henceforth they should always be *hidden people*. They are considered to be similar to humans, but supernatural and ethereally beautiful.

These beliefs are very interesting as they demonstrate the conflation of different religious views with the myths and legends of others; for instance, it was very surprising for genealogists to discover that the DNA of Icelandic people has more in common with the Irish than the Scandinavians. This was because of the Irish slaves the first settlers took with them to Iceland. And of course the Irish have always believed in the '*Little People*'. I found Fairy Folk all over Iceland,



Dyrholaey Troll silhouetted against the Equinox Solar Eclipse



Dwarf Cliffs in the S.E., where in 1904, 'Light Elves' sang a hymn

embedded in the rocks and boulders, simulacra of faces and bodies topped by tall hats or bendy caps. Glimpsed through the mists, white-outs, ferocious gales and blinding sunshine of Icelandic changeable weather, it is easy to think of these as living beings. An example is the Dwarf Cliffs in the S.E., where a young girl heard the 'Light Elves' singing a hymn in 1904. At Hrolllaugsholar on the south road, the grass in the *hidden people's* meadow was cut one year:

then the *hidden people* were observed demolishing stables and killing horses in revenge. The meadow has never been cut since. Stone trolls can be spotted carved by erosion in the glacial lava field atop Katla Volcano whilst others can be observed at Dyrholaey Cliffs on the south coast. There are wonderful rocky Pixies, one in a pointed cap, overlooking Skogarfoss Waterfall.



Skogarfoss Waterfall

To summarise: Thingvellir, site of the first European parliament, is the most evocative sacred site in Iceland, it is geologically interesting, has exceptional clarity of air and water, has extraordinary low green vegetation covering the earth of its volcanic plain, and has fiery volcanoes to the north, east and south. The religious laws passed by the *Allthing* at this place have ensured that a variety of beliefs, myths and legends have

survived amongst the people and given rise to many other evocative sacred sites ringing the island, dedicated to elves, trolls, and *hidden people*. As with the Danish Lindholme Høje, the Orkadian Skara Brae and Ness of Brodgar, as well as the Irish Round Towers, these Icelandic sites have the power and ability to create nostalgia, calling visitors back, to return again and continue to soak up their special beneficial atmospheres.

For further information see:

Iceland by Andrew Evans Bradt Travel Guides Ltd July 2010

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<http://www.dangerous-business.com/20s12/04/the-hidden-people-elves-of-iceland/>



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ISLAY AND THE PAPS OF JURA – Part 1

by Cheryl Straffon

The islands of Islay (pronounced Isle-a) and Jura lie off Scotland's west coast, part of the Inner Hebrides. Their particular significance for ancient peoples in all probability lay in the particular geology of Jura. Jura has a very distinctive mountain peak ridge, consisting of three conical hills Beinn A'Chaolais (NR 489 735) meaning "The mountain of the Sound", Beinn an Oir (NG 498 750) meaning "The mountain of Gold" and Beinn Shiantaidh (NG 513 748) meaning "The sacred mountain". The three are known collectively as the Paps of Jura. These hills change shape and form when viewed from different angles on the mainland, on Islay and on Jura itself, and from many perspectives are seen as two breast-shaped mountains, which in all likelihood would have been seen by our prehistoric ancestors as the breasts of the Mother Goddess.



Paps of Jura

Some years ago it was suggested by archaeologist Ewen McKie¹ that the central stone of 3 standing stones at Ballochroy on the Mull of Kintyre on the main- land (NR 730 523) were deliberately aligned to the central Pap Beinn an Oir (or Corra Beinn as it is sometimes known) about 30k (18½ miles) NW across the sea. This marks the position on the horizon where the midsummer solstice sun would have set in about 1800 BCE, the slope of the mountainside being almost the same angle as the apparent path of the setting sun. The other two stones could have marked the extreme positions of the sun's final brief reappearance and disappearance to the right of the mountain.



Ballochroy standing stones

¹ see John Edwin Wood "Sun Moon and Standing Stones" [OUP, 1978] p.84-97

At Kintraw, some 50km (30 miles) further north on the mainland (NR 830 050) another solar observatory was identified that related to the Paps of Jura, this time the south peak of Beinn Shiantaidh, about 43km (26½ miles) to the south west. Once again, on a level piece of ground there is a cairn and a standing stone about 4m (13ft) high, but now leaning 25 degrees from the vertical. From here, the sun would have set behind Beinn Shiantaidh at the winter solstice, once again disappearing behind the mountain to re-emerge briefly before its final setting. There may have been a specially constructed platform above the stone to facilitate the observations and/or ceremonies.

With the knowledge of these sites in mind, a previous stay on the Isle of Islay afforded the opportunity to look at the sites on Islay and Jura itself to see if a similar awareness of the Paps were present, and how the sites on these islands might have been aligned to reflect this. The first thing that came to our notice was the ubiquitous presence of the Paps. From different places on the islands they would appear, change shape and disappear, only to reappear again in a slightly different shape somewhere else. We visited nearly all the standing stones on Islay and Jura and the one extant stone circle on Islay and found some very interesting possibilities as to how the megalithic peoples on these islands might have incorporated awareness of these sacred hills into their alignments.

Of the standing stones, a number were intervisible with the Paps themselves. The Blackrock standing stone (NR 294 633) was placed on a ridge near the sea (originally it would have been even closer to the sea, as the land has risen and left a dry plain below), from where the Paps were clearly visible in a north east alignment, the direction of the rising midsummer sun. Furthermore, the stone itself seemed to be shaped to reflect the shape of the slope of the Paps. Interestingly, folklore records that the scree slope of Beinn an Oir was itself called Sgriob na Caillich - the slide of the Calleach, or Old Woman, so at some point the Celtic hag/crone Goddess became linked to the Paps.



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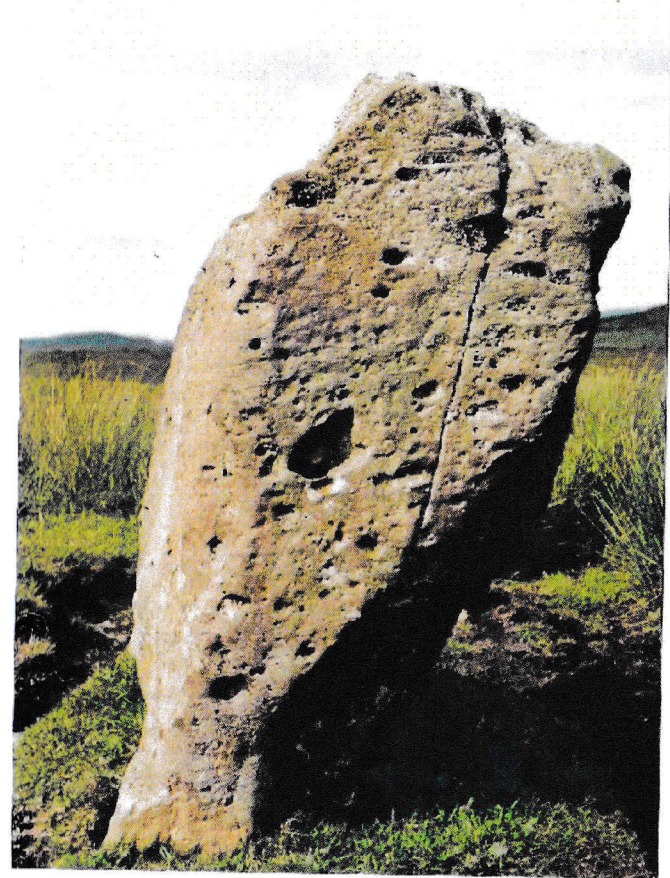
“friendly people”



Blackrock standing stone

Another standing stone that revealed a beautiful alignment to the Paps was the one at Mullach Dubh (NR 403 642) which stood on high ground surrounded by a superb vista of distant hills. This was an amazing stone, both for its location and for the stone itself. It faced the Paps in a NE alignment, so that from the stone the midsummer sun would have risen directly over the Paps. As for the stone itself, it had clearly been deliberately chosen for the very natural vulvic-shaped opening on the side of the oolite stone, inside of which had been fused a bright orange small feldspar accretion. It was very striking and unmistakably significant, and we immediately named it 'the Clitoris stone'. Its

distinctive qualities and its location in relationship to the Paps made this perhaps the most significant find of our research on Islay.



Mullach Dubh standing stone



MARK HERBERT will be back in our next issue with Part 3 of the Callarde Experience, plus our Iona Pilgrimage and much more!

BOOK REVIEW

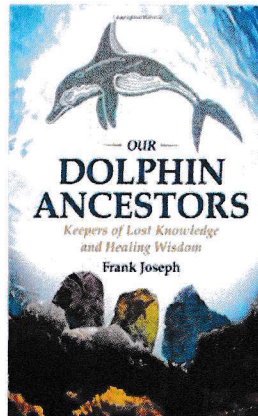
Our Dolphin Ancestors, Keepers of Lost Knowledge and Healing Wisdom. - Frank Joseph

Publisher: Bear & Company, Vermont 2016, 300pp,
ISBN-13: 978-1591432319

The book essentially builds on the work of the previous book, "The Aquatic Ape" by Elaine Morgan, later updated to "The Aquatic Ape Hypothesis", which puts forward the theory that, building on Darwin's Theory of Evolution, the ape-like creatures we descended from, at one time in their evolution, due to flooding, had to adapt to wading through water and, due to the buoyancy caused by the water, this ape-like creature began to walk more upright and hence is the reason why we eventually ended up walking upright as we do, unlike others of the ape family that are bent over. The book puts forward the theory that dolphins and humans share a common ancestry in the specific sense of both being originally land creatures that moved to the sea, the dolphins were those among these creatures who stayed in the sea, whereas the humans were those that returned to the land again. Bear in mind that dolphins are described by *mainstream* science as mammals and are considered by current *mainstream* evolution as having evolved from land-dwelling animals. This explains, the book argues, why we, as humans, enjoy swimming in the ocean more than other mammals, apes, etc., and why we have less hair on our bodies than these other similar species. Among the evidence given for this is the observation that in ancient culture, there was tremendous interest in and reverence for the dolphin.

The author details many fascinating examples of this, including Druidic culture, Hindu writings, ancient Greece and, in South America, the Mayan civilization. The book references legends of mermaids and mermen –adding weight to the idea of humans as semi-aquatic, and ancient Greek philosophers Plato and Aristotle both mention dolphins, the former noted how human-like their vocal utterances appeared to be, and Plato mentions their importance in relation to Atlantis (in the middle of the Atlantic ocean) and of Poseidon, the human-like god of the sea, riding on dolphins, and perhaps most interesting of all, is the fact that the famous Temple of Delphi, which had etched at its entrance, the words "Know Thyself" - arguably the most profound statement of the entire Mystery Tradition - is itself a name associated with the dolphin (*delphi / delphinus / dolphin*) due to the legend of Apollo, to whom the Temple is dedicated, having, according to legend, first come to Delphi in the *form* of a dolphin. The book also discusses the now scientifically recognised high intelligence of dolphins compared to other mammals, their complex communication system, and, most interesting of all, their incredible warmth towards, and natural rapport with, human beings.

-Liza Llewellyn



BOOK REVIEW

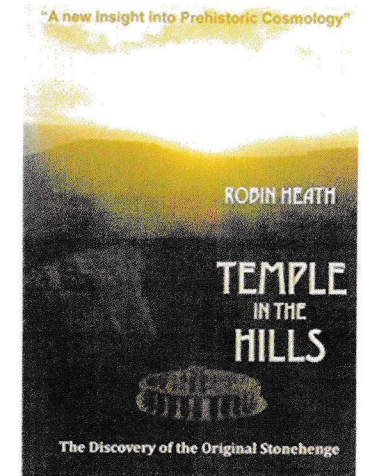
Temple In The Hills

- Robin Heath

Publisher: Bluestone Press, Wales 2016
144pp, ISBN: 978-0-9526151-9-4

It has been known for some time by archaeologists that the bluestones that formed part of Stonehenge came originally from the Preseli Hills in Pembrokeshire, West Wales, some 150 miles away from where the famous monument stands today. There are currently two main theories as to how they were transported. One is the recent idea that they had been carried there by glaciers, the other that they had been carried by humans across land and sea (either the Bristol Channel or round the Cornwall coast). There are some arguments against the glacial theory such as evidence of quarrying in the Preseli Hills and the fact that there were no other significant bluestones near Stonehenge other than those used in the monument itself. This book adds weight to the theory that the stones were deliberately moved by developing the idea that there was an original Stonehenge in West Wales. It starts by referencing an ancient Welsh folklore tradition that talks about an original bluestone circle in Preseli region, mentioned in, for instance, Robert Graves' *The White Goddess* that was moved, in part at least, to Wiltshire. And of course there is the colourful legend that Merlin (according to legend born in Carmarthenshire, West Wales) had moved the stones from the West. Bearing all this in mind, the author then looks at the landscape itself for clues of an original blueprint of Stonehenge by looking at the previously-thought-of idea of a landscape zodiac in the Preseli area (along the lines of the more well-known Glastonbury Zodiac of Katherine Maltwood) and, from this line of enquiry, discovers a landscape pattern he calls the 'Preseli Wheel' which closely corresponds with the landscape zodiac and is centred around the Castell Mawr henge. This circular-rimmed landscape pattern is then compared to Stonehenge using an astronomical, geometrical and metrological analysis of both this Preseli Wheel and the Wiltshire monument and, without spoiling the conclusion of the book too much, suffice it to say that this comparison yields very interesting and significant results.

- Liza Llewellyn



THE STABLE END

with

Richard Knight,
the Rustic Farrier



The Templars and Banbury Cross

On the way there (South Newington) I was telling myself that it didn't matter if it was or not, would make no difference and I didn't care either way. These sentiments would have been more believable if I wasn't continuing to drive through worsening fog and ebbing daylight. After having been at Ratley and Hampton Lucy, I got to South Newington and, after a search, found the church. It was locked. I fumbled around the graveyard in the fog and was about to give up when I almost walked into the post with the church dedication on it – "ST. PETER AD VINCULA"¹... the same dedication (one of the rarest in the world) that I found was *also* on both the Churches at Ratley and Hampton Lucy.

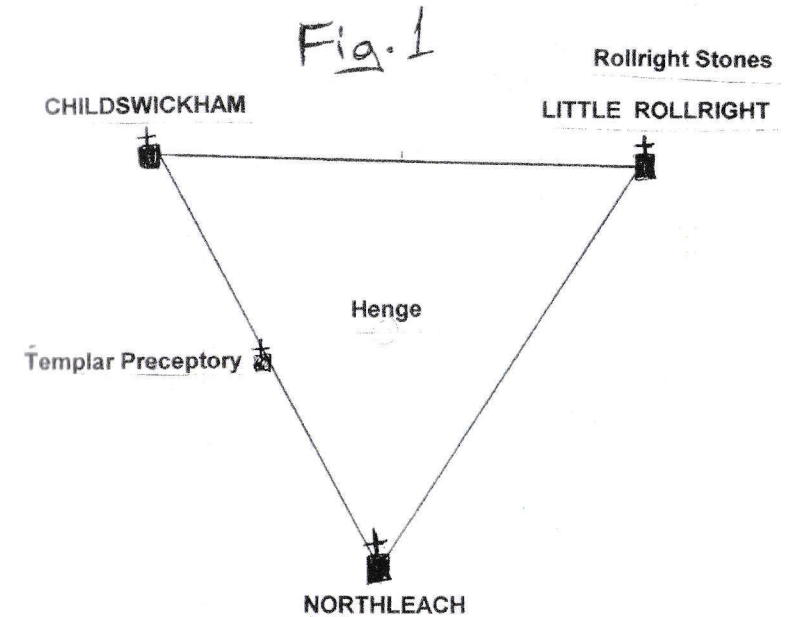
At odds of tens of thousands to one, there it was and I'd been wrong. It did matter and I did care and I would carry on with this stuff forever but, for now, with what felt like a Hammer Horror set, I legged it to the car and was off, narrowly beating a couple of hooded warrior monks to it... probably.

About a year before this I'd read a book in which the author² found a pentagonal star of churches and mountains and searched in vain for a water feature between the legs of the star which would have represented the womb and acted as a font for baptism into the cult of the goddess Isis. I had a tourist map (number 8, Cotswolds, O.S. Tourist Map) and after ruining it and several others I found a perfect equilateral triangle of churches (see FIG. 1). But the best

¹ Literally – 'St Peter in Chains', a reference to the biblical account of St Peter being imprisoned by King Herod Agrippa.

² Henry Lincoln in *Key to the Sacred Pattern: The Untold Story of Rennes-le-Château*

thing about this map was that a line of churches (top right) lead onto the first of many O.S. Landranger 151s. Now we're talking!



The first line of churches was joined by two others and they all originated at the same spot (FIG. 2)
Avoiding a lot of trial and error, a map led to the results best shown pictorially in FIG. 2, including the extraordinary relationship of the three lines of the churches to each other.
Lots of self congratulation and "this proves it!" (whatever "it" was), and then another bombshell – a lake called Temple Pool in the centre of a cross made of churches... the Knights Templar had arrived! How I'd missed it all these months God only knows, a sort of tunnel vision due to excitement I suppose, but here was what I and the author of that book had been looking for, and the name, perfectly apt (according to that author) was Templar in origin and used as a veneration of the ancient Egyptian goddess, Isis.
Baptised in *Temple Pool* - just too good!

The pool lay at 45 degrees to the right angle of churches, FIG. 2 - of course it did! - and the outer circle was tangential to the hypotenuse of Hampton Lucy and South Newington (if you are not a maths nerd, you will need to look at FIG. 2 again).

The fifth point of the pentagonal star is the ex-Lord of the Manor's house called SUNRISING. Isis is the maker of the sunrise³ and the Rising Sun is one of the main Masonic and, arguably, therefore Templar symbols, especially in the USA - see FIG. 3.

Sunrising sits impressively on top of the Edge Hill overlooking the Vale of the RED HORSE, so-called after a carved hill figure of a horse set in the red soil somewhere below the house. I say "somewhere" because some idiot ploughed it up.

The town's name (as I noticed from my map) is called Banbury and not Banbury Cross as I used to think was. The term "Banbury Cross" is a reference to a "cross" in Banbury that was smashed by a gang of Puritans in 1600 (who of course were against any holy "graven image" or form, including even crosses). I like to think that they marched down Parson's Lane to see something that offended their "pure" sensibilities, as this Lane was frequented by prostitutes and was originally called Gropecunt Lane (as apparently were several lanes in old England for the same reason!), but I digress... There is now some documented evidence that this so-called "cross" was an obelisk being described as a single shaft of stone with a pyramid on top.⁴

The destruction of the "cross" (obelisk) was opposed by some, notably Mathew Knight, and applauded by others, notably William Knight; and as the cross came crashing down, Puritan Henry Shewell shouted the most intriguing thing - "God be thanked, *their* god, DAGON is fallen to the ground!" "Their god"? who are *they*? and who is Dagon?

Well, Dagon was a god of the Philistines, in form: part-man, part-fish, and mentioned in the Old Testament.

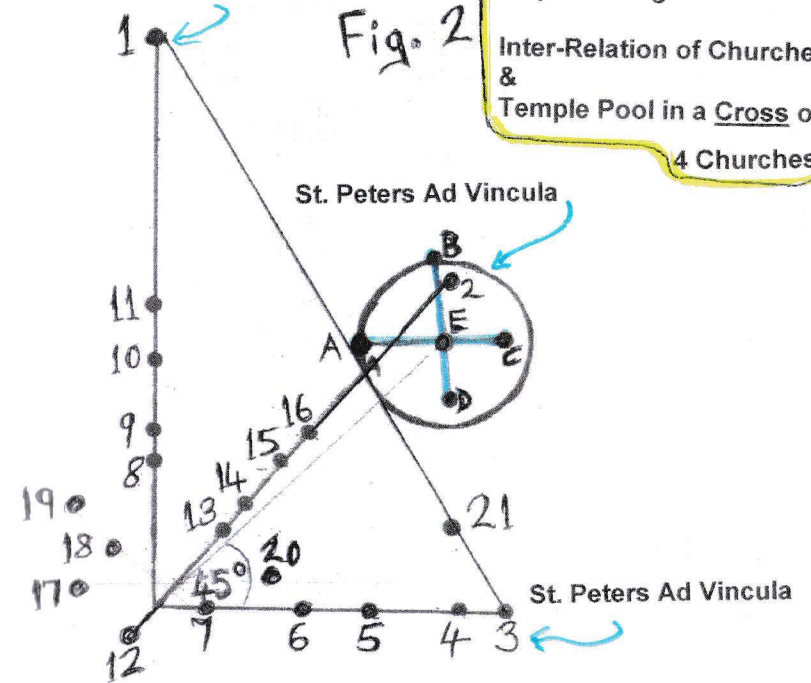
³ Each morning Isis, gives birth to Horus the Sun, hence "making the sunrise". (In Egyptian, mythology Horus is the son of Isis)

⁴ Evidence for which will be discussed in a future *Stable End* article.

St. Peters Ad Vincula

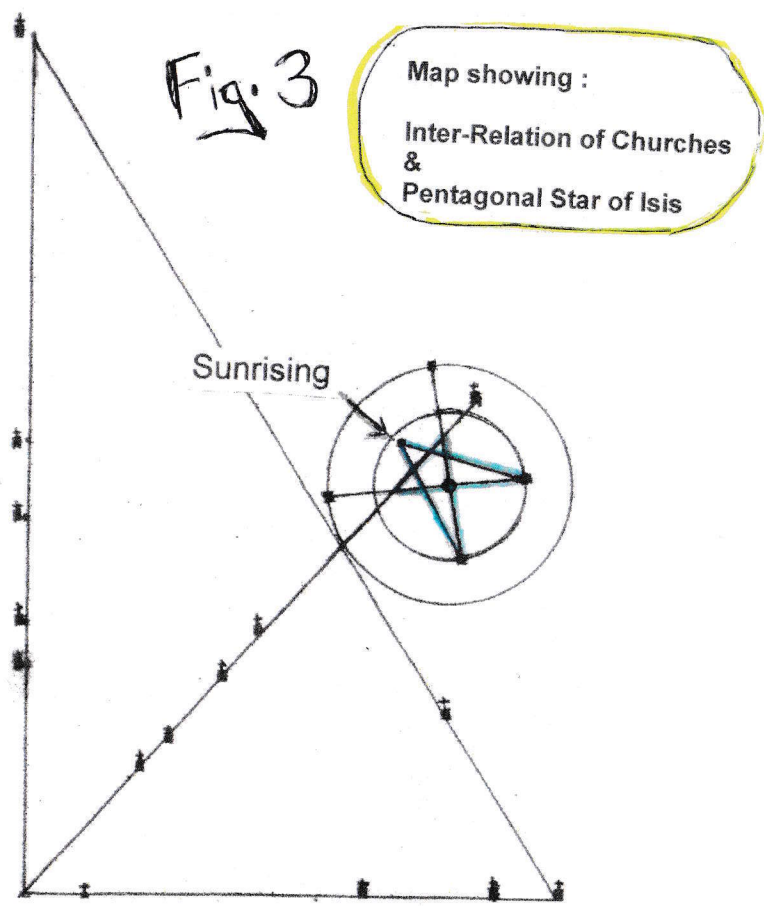
Fig. 2

Map showing :
Inter-Relation of Churches
& Temple Pool in a Cross of
4 Churches



Church Names and Map References

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Hampton Lucy, SP 257 570 | 15. Lower Brailles |
| 2. Ratley, SP 384 474 | 16. Winderton |
| 3. South Newington, SP 407 333 | 17. Great Wolford |
| 4. Wigginton | 18. Todenham |
| 5. Hook Norton | 19. Stretton on Fosse |
| 6. Lodge | 20. Whichford, SP 312 347 |
| 7. Long Compton, SP 287 331 | 21. Swalcliffe, SP 378 380 |
| 8. Shipston | |
| 9. Shipston | A. Church Tysoe, SP 341 444 |
| 10. Tredington | B. Radway, SP 368 480 |
| 11. Halford, SP 259 367 | C. Hornton, SP 392 450 |
| 12. Barton on the Heath | D. Alkerton, SP 377 430 |
| 13. Cherington, SP 292 367 | E. Temple Pool, SP 374 447 |
| 14. Sutton under Brailles | Sunrising Manor, SP 364580 |



To be continued....

Brief bio of Richard Knight, the Rustic Farrier

Richard was born about two yards from the River Kennet in Mildenhall (Minal) in what is now The Old Forge, but was then called simply 'The Forge'. His father was the last Blacksmith in the area and was Romany Gypsy. He taught his son the trade of Farrier which he still is to this day.

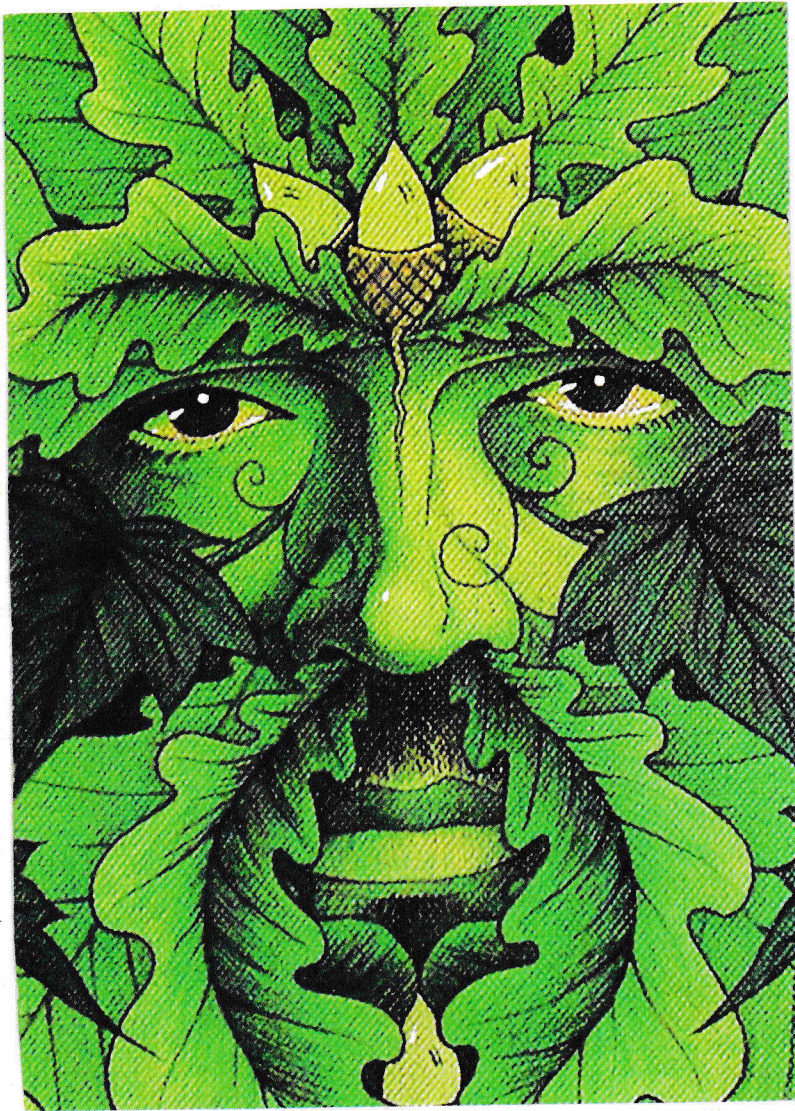
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BOOK NOW FOR OUR LICHFIELD MOOT

We continue our pilgrimage up the **Spine of Albion** under the guidance of authors Gary Biltcliffe and Caroline Hoare, dowsing the Elen and Belinus serpents, over the weekend of Saturday 9th and Sunday 10th September 2017. Preceding this will be bonus walks led by Laurence Main on **Friday 8th September** at Wall (the navel of England) and Lichfield (local bus fares and admission charges payable). We'll be based at the historic cathedral city of Lichfield (train plus b and bs). We've negotiated our own field to camp in at only £5 pppn (full facilities) at Fullbrook Farm on the northern edge of Lichfield, post code WS13 8EP, grid ref. SK118128 on OS Explorer 244(OS Explorers 220, 232, 245, 258 &268 also useful). Just say you're with the Ley Hunters when booking your tent pitch for the long weekend (or fewer nights) from Thursday 7th September with Sarah on 01543 410759. We've booked our own coach and driver for both the Saturday and the Sunday, starting each day at 9 am from the campsite and picking up at Lichfield City railway station (9:30 am) – returning to both places from 4:30 pm. We'll discover the highlights of the **Spine of Albion** from Barr Beacon through Staffordshire to the Cloud. Some admission charges payable. Cost **£60** for the whole weekend; £45 for either the Saturday or the Sunday. The Friday is a bonus. **Secure your seat now!** Post your cheque (payable to Network of Leyhunters) to Laurence Main, 9 Mawddwy Cottages, Minllyn, Dinas Mawddwy, Machynlleth, SY20 9LW, tel. 01650 531354



GREEN MAN by Yuri Leitch

Book now for our Lichfield Moot this September – SEE INSIDE BACK COVER FOR DETAILS.

Register now for our Isle of Lewis Moot next April – SEE PAGE 24 FOR MORE INFORMATION.