



Newsletter Volume 5

Between The Worlds Patterns of Possibility

Diana's Grove Mystery School

February 2003

Number 2

The Priestess

Two - an infinite exchange. Two is the number of *give-and-take*...the *give-and-take* that shapes us, smooths our edges, and molds us like a lump of clay pulled by life's hands from Fortuna's wheel.

The Priestess is classically depicted as a woman, at times nun-like in her ecclesiastical garb, she sits between two pillars. Those two pillars, they are the black and white of it, the push and pull of it. They are the day and night of it, the right and wrong of it. They are the my side and your side - *can you see both sides?*- of it. But I am talking about the pillars and not the Priestess.

The Priestess...She who is in constant exchange, She who is shaped while shaping life, She who lowers the veil and moves *between the worlds*.

The Magician is the doer of Magic; his counterpoint is the mystic, the keeper of the Mysteries. Cycles, night mysteries, Queen of Shadows, you walk in the land of dreams. I feel your bare feet dance across my soul and, in the morning, I look and look...but I find no trace of you. No footprints, no lingering moon glow...just the musky scent of a long forgotten forest and dregs of an impelling yearning. Instinct. Intuition settles deep and writes stories with my body's hunger.

These are the mysteries you keep.

Here are two words that want to be on the front page this month. **Instinct** - The Intuition of the Body. **Intuition** - The Instinct of the Soul.



**DIANA'S
GROVE**

The Priestess - The Mystic

My 1928 dictionary doesn't seem to be able to define Mystic, and *Undefinable* is a fine definition. My dictionary can, however, define Mysticism.

Mysticism: The belief that the ultimate nature of reality, and of the divine may be known in an immediate apprehension, intuition or insight differing from all ordinary sensations or ratiocination: hence, the experience of ecstasy.

A Mystic, therefore, is one who believes that the divine can be - in fact, must be - directly experienced.

Mystic - Mysticism - a mystical experience has the quality of transcendence. A mystic is one who thinks in the language of the sacred. That language is often spoken without words. It is heard by your body and understood in your soul. When someone speaks about the world with words rich in reverence, they are speaking mystically. Nature speaks this language eloquently.

Our goal at Diana's Grove is to create a time and place to listen. When edges of separateness dissolve and "the self" disappears into the wholeness of life, that's mystical. Moments of awe, of transcendence, of forgetting ourselves and remembering forever; those moments capture a way of being that can be called transcendence.

Diana's Grove is a Mystical tradition. We believe the Divine to be ever-present and unknowable. Unknowable, unnameable, and uncontainable. Our goal in ritual, or in prayer, is not to transcend the body but to embody transcendence.

The Theme For This Month Is The "Priestess' Arts"

Cynthia asked the Rites team to share the *Priestess' Arts*, the skills associated with air, fire, water and earth. The Magician is not the only juggler. For more information on the Rites program and the Rites team check your *Myth, Magic and Community* book, page 25.

The Art of Facilitation: The gifts of Air: communication, intention, using words to create reality. Speaking in a way that allows others to hear us, and listening to understand instead of hearing our own stories...ah, this is Air's art. Conscious intention is what elevates conversation to a *Ritual of Exchange*.

To facilitate this Ritual, the Priestess takes up Air's tool, the Sword, in service and with love. With it, she carves expectations and upholds them when necessary. He cuts an opening for one who has not been heard. She parries to draw attention to a profound idea and invite intimate exchange. As Priestess, how will you wield this tool and gift of Air?
Jennifer

Leading to Discovery: Priestessing - inspired by fire, wands blazing with intuition and creativity, he strives to awaken these capacities in others. An attitude of "leading to discovery" burns away the dead wood of dogma and nurtures each person's inner fires of intuition and passion.

This fiery leadership builds rituals and group experiences that deepen participants' journeys into Mystery. The Priestess of Wands helps kindle hidden passions, elicits from others their own wisdom, and plays midwife to new understanding or knowledge—not creating or providing it, but assisting it to come forth. How will you lead others to their own discoveries?
Matt

Acting as Healer: The gift of cups is the ability to invoke healing within our communities. Imagine the healing power we can bring by being present, open, and authentic, and by speaking from our

hearts and listening with compassion. Oh, the possibilities to nourish relationships and support healthy process abound. Can you hear the Priestess calling you to embody the cornerstones of thinking well of self and others? To honor boundaries, communicate directly, speak from your experience, and resolve conflicts? Opportunities await for you to invoke experiences of worth, health, and wholeness within your lives and your communities. How will you answer the priestess' call?
Kristi

Relentless Support of the Sacred made Present: This Priestess' art is the gift of Disks and Earth. Earth teaches me to know the richness of each moment, while holding the power of cycles and seasons. Disks ask me to embody the knowledge that Life, my life, and the life of all beings is sacred. Acting with awareness, living with reverence and gratitude, the Priestess honors the gifts of Disks. What I do, and how I do it, matters. Listen to the secrets of the Earth. How do you honor the gift of Disks? What will you grow with your day?
Constance

These are the four elemental Arts of Priestessing. Deeply rooted in these arts, the Priestess stands in the Center with her Community. Here the Priestess uses the four arts to initiate an exchange.

In service to his community, the Priestess brings the unconscious into consciousness; he midwives a personal past into a dream for the future. She knows this exchange - this service - matters, and knows it will change the world. How will you be in service, in exchange, with your community?
Elizabeth

Life as a Sacred Path - Musings from the Book of Shadows

Remembering why it is more blessed to receive than to give

By Jane Holt

I am not ready to leave that single dot yet. I love standing here as The Magician. I feel so powerful, so in control, so...immortal. As The Magician I feel as if I can do anything. By myself I am invincible and...I am bored and lonely. I don't want to do magic just for myself. I want to show someone else my magic. I want to be seen and, yes, I want to be loved.

That Hermean (for Hermes' hunger to be greater than a lesser god) hunger for something larger than myself tugs me off my single, magical dot. I step into the spot The Priestess holds, that place of relationship and exchange. I look around this place. It is huge. It is, oh, so much more complicated than that single dot. It is filled with traps and pitfalls. It requires choices and decisions. It has dualities and polarities. It has me and you. I find it overwhelming. If I could find that Magician's dot again I would forget my loneliness and hide behind the luxury of singleness.

I have done exactly that for much of my life. My mind thinks I could do that again easily. My heart isn't so sure. I am beginning to understand what being in relationship means. I don't feel quite so much like a bull in a china shop anymore. Occasionally, I am even slightly graceful in my dance with the world. I am, however, still mystified by the part of exchange called *receiving*.

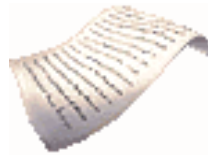
Why does *receiving* have to be part of relationship? That may be a funny sounding question and there is part of me that often really wants to know. Why can't I just give and let someone else receive? That would be much simpler for me. Actually, that has been a life pattern and I know from experience it doesn't work well. At least it doesn't work well to build relationships. It does work well to get things done. It works well at allowing me to hold the illusion that I have control. It works well at

keeping me separate...and isolated. It works well at letting me live in my own mythic world. Continually giving and rarely being open to receiving obviously has many uses.

One of the most useful uses is never having to look into the mirror held by the other half of a relationship. Any relationship. If I don't notice that the air outside is smelling worse each year I don't have to be conscious of what I, myself, am doing to contribute to that pollution. If I don't notice the hurt look on the cashier's face I don't have to notice that I was rude to her. If I don't take the time to listen to the voice of the divine as it whispers in the gentle fall of rain or the call of the Virginia Wren, then I don't have to feel the deep awe and gratitude when I hear that same voice in myself. If I don't notice that everything and everyone around me grows, changes and eventually dies, then I don't have to acknowledge that I am also part of that cycle.

To receive means to be mortal, finite, and limited. To receive reminds me that I have needs; needs and limitations. It reminds me that I am not able to *be all and do all*. I am not a self sustainable world unto myself. I am part of a world that holds me; I am in relationship with that world. Each time I receive something that moment reminds me that I am not alone. It reminds me that others are not separate from me. In spite of my resistance and protest that gift of interdependence sustains and supports me. How could I possibly do this living thing alone? Why would I want to?

Each breath I take is a gift from the trees. Each bite of food a gift from another living being. Each laugh a gift from another. Why would I want to do this alone? You give me the gift of reading what I write; that gift gives me a reason to write. *Thank you*. I am grateful for that gift. What gifts have you received lately?



Why me? by The Two of Disks

I have to tell you people...with all of the other cards out there, I was more than a little bit surprised to be the *guest speaker* this month. I am the Two of Pentacles or Disks. I am just a two. Really, why not pick someone just a little more exciting, like maybe...the *nine of swords*...that guy is exciting! Oh, or maybe the *seven of wands*...he has some issues to discuss.

Me, I am just the *two of disks*. I am everywhere you are. You know me. You deal with me just about *ALL* the time. I am your need to adjust. I am the constant little changes and compromises that life demands of you.

I live in the suit of Pentacles, or Disks. The Pentacles represent the manifestation of life. The time you invest, your mundane daily tasks, the work you do, the money you make...or don't make. Earthly, physical reality stuff...that's me. No escaping it, really.

If you look at the Rider-Waite-Smith deck, I'm shown as a character juggling two disks. The waters that are in the picture behind me are very wavy, and the little boats are getting tossed around.

Two is my number. The dynamic of exchange - interaction, exchange - duality...the give and take. Relationships, partnerships, the interaction between one point and another - the complete missing that happens when realities cross, the understanding that happens when realities connect. Juggle, juggle...and then juggle some more. Waves rise, waves fall.

I am the juggler in this picture. I am juggling what I have. I am moving my resources, shifting and changing the balance...shifting and changing my relationship to my resources. Changing, moving, and shifting things, I am juggle what I have, what

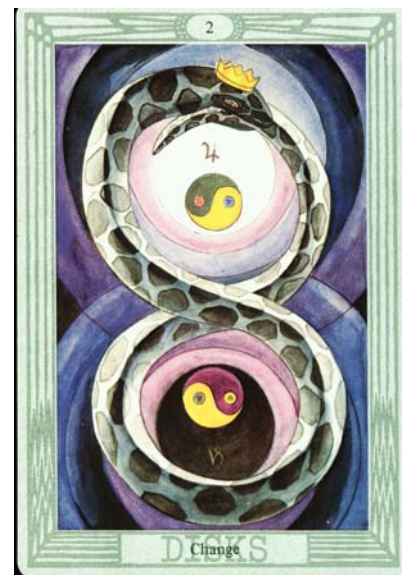


I need, what I long for and desire. Have you ever done that?

I am the seemingly effortless movement that requires precise concentration. I am all of that. I am the ship riding the waves. I ride the rising swells of life, the ups and downs, while trying to stay balanced, while trying to juggle. I am the juggler, I am the ship, and sometimes...I am the waves.

I am all that I am...and I am my relationship *to* and *with* all that I have. I am what I am...and I am the way I work with all that life hands me. I know who I am by the way I interact with the world around me. Interaction and exchange, duality, life manifesting.... Well, maybe I am not as uninteresting as I originally thought.

Actually, I am much more interesting and important than I gave myself credit for being. Are you? I just tossed the disk to you. Catch!



Coming Events..

The Men's Weekend

Jim Carey

I have shared stories both fanciful and true from my past. I have spun dreams of the future to come. I have opened to the possibility of finally asking the questions that I never dared to ask when I was growing up, lest I be shunned or teased. I remember walking through the starlit nights and hearing deep male voices carried by the wind. These are some of my fondest memories from the five Men's Weekends that I've attended and in some fashion helped create here at Diana's Grove.

Each year the night arrives when we gather for the weekend. A typical weekend starts with the coming together of strangers from far distant places and from widely divergent lifestyles. It ends with friends and comrades saying our goodbyes and creating ways to stay in touch with each other. That is the long and the short of it, the alpha and the omega...but why do I keep coming back?

Somehow, over the few short hours of the Men's Weekend, something starts to change inside of me, a change for the better. One weekend it was the barest beginnings of trust in men, a feeling I had never owned before. Another time, at long last, I opened my blind eyes so I could "see" my memories. I took the first steps toward seeing my past for what it was and not for what I had always believed it to be. Those steps took me toward my healing and my growing. They were steps that I might not have taken without the accompaniment of other men, other lost boys.

How does this happen? It happened when I was tired of hiding my manhood away because I was ashamed to be a man. It happens when we come together looking to make changes in ourselves and our world. It happens because a friend or an acquaintance makes a suggestion that we might enjoy the event. Perhaps, it is pure serendipity. This I do know, it happens because the men who come want it to happen. It happens when we come together with an intention and an idea. By working

together, our intentions to heal and grow become real.

Women's Spring Equinox

By leaf and by bud,
by all that greens and yearns to grow,
We call to you, Persephone, grow in us.

Demeter grieves and winter ends.
Spring comes creeping back,
from the deep places, she returns.

She fills the roots and then, she reaches up.
She is in the grass, in the green wood, in the
bud
that reaches for the light.

She is in the heart that prays for hope,
in the land, and in the egg.
Persephone, return.

The early February frogs call to her.
They think Persephone is in the hot tub.
They are sure that if they sing all night,
those soaking Goddesses will rise and it will be
spring.
You who call are also called.

She who gives birth to spring...this weekend we will hear your story. "Demeter laughed and the ice broke, the seed cracked. The sprout began a spiral toward the promise of sunlight." This weekend will honor the creative process, the wisdom of cycles, the joy of Spring and the promise of hope. This *Open Women's Weekend* is a great introductory weekend. Like all "Open" weekends, you will have plenty of time to walk the land and search for signs of Spring. Or...you might prefer to relax in the great room or enjoy a cold March afternoon in a steaming hot tub - give a frog something to sing about! The weekend will end with a great brunch on Sunday morning.

My Favorite Places

by Jane Holt

They are called low-water bridges. They are essentially a slab of rough concrete with gradually rusting corrugated metal culverts set in the middle. They were designed to replace fords across creeks when cars became fussier about driving through water. They are bridges when the water level is low. When the creeks flood they disappear under the water. I find our low water bridge a place of wonders and connection.

The herons cleverly stand on the downstream side of the culverts catching fish as they emerge out, siphoned directly into their fishing range. Over the years the water slowed by the cement slab has created a pond area on the up stream side. In the winter, mists rise up from the slower water settling on the trees and bushes that live close to the edge. On a sunny morning the hoar frost glitters and sparkles up and down the creek. I am always delighted by the sight. It is simply beautiful. In the spring and fall snakes like to sunbathe on the warm surface of the concrete. In the summer, when I drive across the bridge I often see a staggered line of turtles, each one claiming its own sunny rock kingdom. If I drive very slowly and don't stop they carefully watch me as I drive past. But if I stop, they desert their craggy cabanas instantly; gone, as if they were never there. Abstract ice sculptures often decorate the edges. I've seen deer quietly drinking in the late evening.

And when it floods, when the water is no longer low and the bridge no longer a bridge, it reminds me of the awesomeness of nature's forces. It reminds me that I am not separate from that awesomeness. I'm not separate from the beauty. This funny little concrete bridge reminds me that I am not separate from the world that surrounds me. I am connected, I am in relationship with all this beauty and wonder.



Trust in Our Lunar Natures

by Teri Parsley Starnes

The High Priestess represents the patient willingness to let oneself be guided and wait for the right moment to react to an impulse. *So this card is an expression of trust in our inner voice.*" Hajo Banzhaf in "Tarot and the Journey of the Hero"

This year I will be exploring the interaction of astrology with Tarot. I am myself learning about this relationship and I am finding new depth in the cards as I relate what I know about astrology to them.

The High Priestess corresponds with the Moon in our natal charts. As those who have used the Tarot for years know, each card has many layers of meaning; each symbol of astrology is similarly multi-layered. When we explore the idea that the High Priestess card represents "an expression of trust in our inner voice," we are investigating one quality of this card — a quality that intrigues me when I think about my Moon. Can the Moon in my chart inform me about how I express trust in my inner voice? Can it teach me about how I structure my defenses and project my fears? Can it also show me how I can begin to open those defenses, to best use my sensitivity to serve myself and others? The High Priestess invokes for me receptivity and service. Can my Moon show me the way that I might best embody those qualities?

While meditating on these questions I was drawn to the image of the High Priestess in the Crowley-Harris deck. In this card she is holding a net or web. The web evokes the incredible sensitivity that we feel in our lunar natures. All of us have invisible webs through which we sense our world. A small tremor in the corner of our webs can send a shiver through the whole. When we say that the Moon represents our emotions, I think it is this level of emotion that we are talking about. I think this is also why the Moon is said to represent our unconscious. We are constantly feeling and sensing the world through our webs. The Moon lives in this web.

How is your Moon woven into the web? Astrologers look at several factors to evaluate the quality of any planet in the chart. We look at the sign and element of the planet, the house it is in, the aspects (specific geometric relationships between two planets) to the planet, and in the case of the Moon, we look at the

phase. I imagine all of this is woven into my High Priestess web. As I study my Moon I learn about how I seek safety, what I need to feel safe, where I feel most rooted — for it is in that place that I can most easily begin to trust my inner voice. But I also notice that from my Moon I learn about wounds and habitual behaviors that keep me from expanding my trust into the world outside my web. If I only listen to the old stories about why the world is not safe, which in my case can be seen in hard aspects from Saturn and Pluto, then I become stuck in mistrust of my inner voice. The image of the High Priestess in the Waite-Smith deck shows the priestess sitting between two pillars, showing me the paradox and duality of the Moon. On one hand, I must follow the lunar voice leading me to a safe place but on the other hand, in order to increase my trust in the inner voice I must release myself from the old wounds of fear.

Perhaps you are interested in exploring how your natal Moon can call forth the inner voice of the High Priestess. A place to start might be the element of your Moon. For air: Does your inner voice come to you through thoughts, soaring through insights, or through attention to the breath? Do you ever use your air as a defense? Can you imagine allowing that defense to lift off you like a bird? For fire: Does your inner voice come to you through action, assertiveness, or truth and stories? Do you ever use your fire as a defense? Can you imagine letting fire transform your fears? For water: Does your inner voice come to you through the sensitive and changeable nature of water? Do you ever use your water as a defense? Can you imagine letting water take away insecurity? For earth: Does your inner voice come to you through structures, creation, or traditions? Do you ever use your earth as a defense? Can you imagine letting the earth regenerate your trust in the world?

As we heal ourselves we become Healers. As we dare to honor and question our lunar natures, I believe we become Priestesses. "May we be in tune with the healing of the Moon, forever and ever and ever."

Developing Intuition Learning the Language of Spirit

Cynthia Jones

Intuition is a mystical way of listening, a magical way of gathering information. Intuition lets you see the stories told by a tarot card and connect with the prophecy that is contained in every moment. Intuition is knowledge that lives at the edge of your awareness, it is knowledge that tells you its story in pictures and poetry, through visions and visceral knowing. Imagining is one way to get in touch with intuition. Visiting the magical land on the edge of your own reality is another. Come with me to that magical place and imagine. Imagine that you can listen to the world around you with your eyes, body, and heart. And finally, listen with your ears. Listen. The world is telling you stories about yourself and life. And, then, notice when your attention is captured by words.

Words. Words are wonderful symbols for things. They are abstract representations of experiences and feelings and objects. Words can be an array of multi-hued paints, and our bodies and voices are their brushes. The space between any two people is a canvas. In so many different ways, in so many different styles, we draw pictures with our words. When we speak and listen with words, we call it communication. When we hear what isn't said, we often call it intuition.

Words are the language of the mind. They invoke images. Images invoke memories, imaginings and knowings. Learn to hear images and you will know the language of the spirit and the soul.

Can you imagine hearing a language without words? Your nose and body know how to listen to the wind. The temperature and direction of the wind will tell you stories about the weather. The wind speaks eloquently to the wolf. It tells the same story to the dog but with less style and fewer adjectives. In times past, those who understood the stories that the wind told were Shamans. They spoke "intuition".

When we hear in images, intuition deepens. Knowing deepens. If I say "warmth", notice the images that dance on the edge of your mind. What sensation does your body remember? What is the color, quality and texture of warmth? What story does warmth tell you? What promise does it whisper to you? Listen. Listen. Listen to the images, sensations, whole pictures and stories that are invoked within you.

Will you listen to sunlight with me? Find a place to sit near a window where the sunlight can touch you. Can you feel the difference in temperature where it touches you and where it doesn't? What images, sensations, and knowledge does the sunlight invoke in you? What does the sunlight tell you about the world outside? Is your conversation with the sun interrupted by breaks in the light or shadows? If it is, what are the shadows saying? How does the morning sun differ from the afternoon sun? Can you imagine how fluent you would be in "sunlight" if you took time every day to learn this language? Developing intuition is like learning to hear the sun.

Imagine yourself standing and moving to the window. Imagine looking out over the meadows and woods. The wind is moving the tree tops and dancing over the grass. You can see the wind talking to the world below you. Do you want to hear the story that the wind is telling the grass in intimate tones? Are they discussing a change in the weather or a coming rain? If you can hear them talking you are developing your intuition. Listen. Listen with your body, your nose, with the tiny hairs on your arms and legs. Listen.

How do you listen to sunlight? *What do you know when you do?*

How do you listen to the night? *What stories does the night tell you?*

How do you listen to the animals in your life? *What do they know that makes you want to apprentice to their wisdom?*

How do you know when you listen to a friend or lover and hear what is said without words?

Silence invokes listening. A drop of water is just a drop of water, but sometimes the whole world is captured in the convex lens of a drop of water. A drop of morning dew can hold the world. From horizon to horizon, everything is held in the tension of that small drop of water. Silence can be like that. It can hold a world between its edges.

Silence invokes listening. Listening comes before hearing. Hearing opens the door to the language known as intuition. Imagine yourself listening to the world that speaks without words.

Who Are The Mysteries:

An Interview with a Mystery: Mary Baxter, Cambridge MA

I have, hidden away somewhere, a notion that truth is important. This truth is not a simple opposite of falsehood, not specifically related to honesty, but TRUTH, in all capital letters, truth that is the same as beauty when beauty means more than pretty, means something more like love.

I don't yet know how to talk about this without falling from one imprecise word to the next: truth, beauty, love. Here's another one: art. I believe we all should make some art in our lives, that perhaps we can't live without doing so, that perhaps that's why we're here. I write because writing fulfills my notion of truth and art, of being alive. I write because I don't believe I can draw and I never really learned how to play an instrument.

Writing and cooking are the two most intuitive ways I have to say "This is me. This is my world. I love you." Without speaking out loud. I write because I need to believe that I can.

Mary

This post by Mary Baxter was sent to the Creative Writing class, Writing with Winged Feet. It made all of us here at the Grove, say "WOW". We wanted to know more about the person who had written this beautiful post. We thought that the rest of you might like to, also. Who is this woman with a natural poet's gift of flow, and the writer's ability to invoke images and emotions with her words? I called Mary to find out.

Mary Baxter is new to Mystery School this year. She is a part of a group doing the Mystery School work in her local area. Mary graduated from MIT in 1993 with a major in Political Science. She currently makes her living as a Tech. Support Manager.

Q: *How did you first find out about Diana's Grove?*

A: Several years ago I visited the Grove for a weekend with some friends from a Missouri Pagan cluster.

Q: *What are you looking forward to getting out of Mystery School this year?*

A: Well, I initially joined Mystery School to be a part of the group doing the work together here, in my community. But...I am discovering the depths of the work now, and am thinking that I will get a lot more out of this than I had expected. The Mystery School work is beginning to effect every aspect of my life, and I do believe that it will be life changing for me.

Q: *How do you experience the Divine and/or what is Divinity for you?*

A: I can experience the Divine in almost anything I do. I think *experiencing the divine* is about being open to the Divine. There is a lot of work behind that. It takes work to have an awareness of the Divine, and to hold the awareness that every act is a ritual.

Q: *What is your spiritual, religious, or psychological path or practice?*

A: I am a second degree initiate of the Blue Star Tradition of Wicca. I am currently actively practicing solitary.

Q: *What are you driven by or passionate about?*

A: Love

Q: *How do you connect with people?*

A: Sharing ideas. Sharing food. There is something really special about sharing food with people.

Q: *What gifts do you bring to your community?*

A: Well, I won't be attending the Grove physically this year, and I don't know how active I will be able to be on the e-mail. I am hoping to contribute to my local Mystery School group. We will be doing the monthly work, individually, while supporting one another. I hope to offer my priestess skills to help the group work together as they support each other through the process of the personal work. Also, I hope to be active on the Magician e-mail line, and on other lines too. I am looking forward to all that this year will bring.

Again, *WOW*. Thank you Mary, for your beautiful e-mail post and your willingness to be interviewed. I am really excited about all of the new people in Mystery School this year. I wish I could interview every one of you. I look forward to getting to know everyone better as this year progresses.

*** Solice



Skippy Speaks

Arskipemis Stalks Again - Learn the Real Story

I know there are some of you Mysteries who have been looking at the Priestess cards from your Tarot decks and you're puzzled. You are wondering where the heck the dog is. You're thinking there is no dog. You're thinking that I have run a con job on you. You're thinking I made Skipphooly up! You're thinking that little dog jumps off the cliff after the Fool and disappears. I'm thinking...you should have more faith. I, Skippy, would never try to con a Mystery, certainly not all of you at once.

We left our heroine, Skipphooly, bravely exhorting the Fool to jump off that cliff and into life. And, thanks to our heroine, we jumped. Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, thump! Sometimes those landings can be a bit rough. Skipphooly does them with the grace of a gazelle, but then, she has had lots of practice.

Thanks to Skipphooly you jumped directly into magic. What a fine romp that is. So many toys to play with; fetch the wand, run off with the sword, bury the disc, roll around in those lovely flowers, tip the cups over, chase the monkey, and bark at the snakes. We dogs never get bored in the Magician's garden, we devise endless games with those things you humans call magical tools. There is, however, one of those magical *tools* that has us stumped, the little gold egg with wings. We're beginning to think it's a Quiddich snitch - although how Aleister Crowley knew about Quiddich before J.K. Rowling told the rest of us...hmmm...makes one wonder doesn't it. The Magician often isn't pleased with our antics, but, you know, he really needs to lighten up a bit. He's a little stiff and serious. Even that gold one who dances around with wings on his feet, he has to really concentrate to keep all those tricks in the air. What he needs is a puppy in his life. Wouldn't that stir up the magic a bit! We dogs romp through the Magician's garden fairly often. A complacent Magician is a sad picture.

And, now, this month, there is the lovely, enigmatic Priestess. Where, oh, where is our

undaunted canine heroine, Skipphooly, now? Out hunting, of course. Dogs aren't good at sitting around. We sleep around very well, but sitting around usually leads to sleeping around. Besides, when you're a Priestess doing your best to look mysterious, wise, and serene, having a dog curled up at your feet gnawing on your moon, or worse, making a dog bed out of your *Veil of Mystery* simply ruins the picture.

They (the very mysterious and omnipotent *they*) say that Artemis is the archetypal priestess, just as she is the Goddess of the hunt, the hunter and the hunted. Some of you may be beginning to understand who the *real* archetypal priestess is. She is, of course, *Arskipemis*. Some history books have missed this very ancient and important archetypal figure. Who do you think humans learned to hunt from? Who better to teach you humans about hunting? *Arskipemis*, the mistress of intuition, mystery and desire. She is Artemis' top dog, the leader of the archetypal hunting pack, a relationship made for myth.

If you will remember, when Prometheus finally finished making those first humans there were no gifts left in the bag. Epimetheus had used them up on all the other animals. Prometheus stole fire for his new humans, but that was it. *Arskipemis* thought the fire was a fine thing. She also took pity on the little, naked, ungifted humans. Taking care of people has been a dog trait from the beginning. *Arskipemis* took those early human's under her, er, paw, so to speak. She taught them how to hunt. In turn, those humans became pretty good cooks. It was a fine exchange. (*Please note the extremely clever way the theme for the month has been worked into this editorial.*) There are numerous theories as to why and how *Arskipemis* evolved into the human Goddess Artemis. For most authorities, the current theory is that *Arskipemis* was simply too sacred for her worshipers to create images of her. And so, the Goddess Artemis was born out of the true archetypal priestess, *Arskipemis*. Now you know the real story.