



DIANA'S
GROVE

Between the Worlds Patterns of Possibility

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The Sun

By Cynthia Jones

The Moon is our instinctive self, our *more-than-conscious* self. First we sense it all. We take it in. We feel it; we react and we respond. We know before we know what we know. The night draws us to the very edge of our perceptions. We reach into the darkness. We listen with our bodies. Shadows are as real as shapes. They are richly colored in shades of gray. Imagination, memory, personal knowledge, and the knowledge carried in our genetic code - all of these are one. And then...the sun rises.

Shape and shadow separate. Things return to their normal size. Differentiation comes with the day. So does time. With tiny swords, minutes divide the hour into equal portions. Shadows lose their vibrant color. Details invoke a more precise way of seeing. We take a step away from instinct, but we do so with instinct's blessing. She feels no loss - like a mother, she welcomes her well-earned rest. She knows that we will return to her when the day returns us to the night.

The purpose of consciousness is... What is the purpose of consciousness? Better yet, what is consciousness? In the Tarot, consciousness is more than awareness, for the Moon is the Queen of Awareness. She is the keeper of that aspect of consciousness that runs beneath the surface of knowing. Could it be that we must be conscious before we can have a sub-conscious? There are no prerequisites for being unconscious.



The Sun, the nineteenth card in a twenty-one card process, describes the things we know in the day. Yes, we have intuition. The sun asks us to *use* our intuition, to put what we know into service. In the Rider-Waite-Smith card, an open-armed, naked child rides a white horse in an enclosed garden. The purpose of consciousness is to create a safe place for the children. In the Crowley-Harris Thoth deck, the Sun holds all of the constellations together, as the cosmic pattern spins. By the power of the sun, our universe remains in place.

The purpose of consciousness is to create a garden, to protect the innocent, to provide for those who are born into the world that we make. Knowledge isn't summoned simply for the sake of knowing. The sun is consciousness, but all the cards before it were and are conscious. The Sun, our last return to the point, the dot, the one, is extended consciousness, an awareness of ourselves and our world. Magician, Wheel and, now, the Sun, the biggest dot of all. Consciousness returns us to the aces. What is essential? What really matters? What can you do? What *will* you do when you realize that you are a World Maker?

In the Tarot deck, the Sun follows the Moon. Take the wisdom of the night into the day. Create a place where life can flourish. Create the boundary - yes, the garden has a wall. Freedom is more than living without restriction, it requires us to use our awareness, to apply our knowledge. Innocence is a well-earned state. In the light of the Sun's day, we recreate the garden that we left when we entered life. The paradox is soon to be resolved. Polarity, duality - opposites stand face to face. We are near the end of the journey home.



Musings from the Shadows: Life as a Sacred Path The Moon, The Sun and...the beach

by Jane Holt

Skippy, Honey and I are well. No, we are more than that. We are living in the lap of luxury and enjoying it immensely. We are spending the summer at my family's cabin on the shore of Lake Michigan in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. Skippy has insisted on speaking for herself. She is hard to deny. She suggests that you skip immediately to the bottom paragraph where she gets her say. Honey is soaking up the rays on his very own dog bed. My sister bought it for him from a fancy catalogue company. She foolishly thought that if the dogs had their own poofs they would stay off the furniture. She is slowly adjusting and becoming reconciled to canine reality...as are the cats. "Slowly" is the proper word for the cats' adjustment. Skippy thinks they are fascinating. Their thoughts about her aren't as polite.

Right now, I have the curious privilege of sitting smack in the middle of a life transition; one of those moments of danger and opportunity. I have given myself the challenge of not allowing either the past or the future to overwhelm the present. I am taking this opportunity offered by life to live in the moment. It is not as difficult as I thought it would be. I'm doing nothing special. I watch the sun and moon exchange places. I watch the gentle summer waves of Lake Michigan lap unto the shore line. My sister remarks how long this particular dance between the lake and the shore has been happening – perhaps 10,000 years - and how little it has changed in that time. I have an instant epiphany of perspective: how awesome to be part of that, how utterly ordinary. How can something so un-special be so special?

I love that nothing special feeling. The ordinariness of it is comfortable. I am learning, once again, that simply being alive is a marvelous occupation. Each day I sit on the beach and watch the sun rise, travel across the sky and set. Each evening I do the same with the moon. I am simply part of the world as it turns. Each day I watch a similar experience within myself; my instincts and emotions rise, play out their moment and disappear. I watch myself experience life. I watch as I perceive the world around me. I am fascinated by how often my perceptions shift and change when I am not trying to hold onto a particular viewpoint.

On the beach it is easier to see these shifts. Life is simpler, with fewer distractions. I notice that when I simply allow life to move through me I do not feel separate from it. Last evening, as I was sitting outside on the deck with the dogs, I realized that I was in a state of complete inertia. There was nothing

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either my body or mind wanted or required other than the present moment. I was completely content. All I needed to do was continue breathing. Nothing special. All I need to do is breathe.

Skippy Has Her Say:

I run. My body stretches out as I reach for each giant stride. With strong, sure legs I push myself off from the top of a sandy hill. I fly. Every one is in awe. The sun glistens off my soft red-gold fur. It is sleek and beautiful, brushed to its former glory by my handmaidens. Only a few gray hairs show. They are nothing. I run. I run as swiftly as the wind. I chase the gulls. I race the breezes. I let them win and run before me so that they will play with me again tomorrow. When I tire of running I investigate this strange thing called a lake. It is so like my creek and so utterly different. I bite the little waves close to shore. In my mouth they dissolve into nothingness. They are afraid, as well they should be. Skippena, Warrior Princess has come to the North Country. In the evening I survey my world from a high deck. I watch out over the woods and the water. So much to see and learn. The air is filled with many new smells. Retirement is good. Life continues to be a glorious adventure. But then, I never doubted that.

The Purpose of Consciousness is to Keep the Children Safe

by Canyon

The purpose of consciousness is to keep the children safe. This statement from Cynthia's front-page article touched me deeply; it instantly brought tears to my eyes. I find these words to be both the most obvious of truths and an enormous surprise. I experience this simple sentence as both deeply profound – a true mystery – and blatantly clear. The purpose of consciousness is to keep the children safe...well, of course it is! The purpose of consciousness is to make the children safe...why and what does it have to do with you if you have no children?

Consciousness. My friend, dictionary.com, defines it first as "a sense of one's personal or collective identity, especially the complex of attitudes, beliefs, and sensitivities held by or considered characteristic of an individual or a group." This source also tells me that consciousness is "knowledge of one's own existence, condition, sensations, mental operations, acts, etc." Defined thus, this complex gift is unique to humans. As I think about it more, if its purpose – its *sole* purpose – is to keep all the children safe, whether they're yours or others', then it is not only a remarkable gift, but a paradoxical one.

A paradox: two conflicting statements that are both true. Consciousness is 100% about personal identity, about knowledge of *one's own* existence and condition, and 100% about keeping others safe, which requires knowledge of *their* existence and condition. I think the key that unlocks this paradox lies in the second half of that first definition of consciousness – that it also includes *collective* identity. I wonder whether this key lies in the 7th astrological house of close friends and open enemies, where the motto, as Cynthia says, is "We Am." Here is where I first see my own personal identity as aligned and allied with a "complex of attitudes, beliefs, and sensitivities held by...[another] individual or a group." Here is where I first *belong*.

And...if I can belong, I can *not* belong. I can be out of balance, outcast. To be outcast is to be in danger. If I am out of the bounds of my group's collective identity – if I am alone – then, surely, I am always within the grasp of death...I am *not safe*. My career has brought my life into intersection with thousands of children and the adults in their lives. I cannot think of a single instance in which the adult's definition of keeping the child safe addressed ensuring that the child was able to belong – to be part of a life-sustaining collective identity.

And, yet, with everything I know about child development, early education, parenting, and family/community supports for

children's optimal growth, this approach to safety makes perfect sense to me. This is the understanding of safety that informs my role in keeping the children safe. I can keep each child safe by ensuring that s/he *belongs* and so can you, if you choose to. But *why should we?*

A sense of belonging is a form of psychological and emotional safety; we all need it. Most adults I have met, if they think at all about keeping children safe, think that keeping a child safe is about protecting the physical body from accidental injury and intentional violation. Yes, that's important when they're young and unable to protect themselves physically. That's what that wall around that baby on the pony in the tarot image represents: keeping out physical danger is essential to children's safety.

And, if children grow up without the skills and tools to bond with others in a *life-sustaining* collective identity, they will be just as at risk as if they were thrown into the African savannah naked and with no food or tools. Because they *will* bond with *some* collective identity; they must, to feel safe. If you don't have children of your own, does this matter to you? For the sake of us all, I hope so!

Would you rather have the children in your family, in your neighborhood, in your community in a gang or in some other kind of collective identity? Would you rather have them in a group where the collective identity is about wholeness and service, or one where it is about destruction of property, self and others?

Can your consciousness – your knowledge of your own existence, condition, sensations, mental operations, and acts – inform your role in helping all children grow up with the ability to belong to something that sustains their lives? What did you learn and value deeply, or what do you wish

you had learned, from the adults who interacted with you when you were a child? Can you teach those things you value most to the children you interact with? Can you show them with your existence and your acts that you:

- Respect them and their boundaries
- Find their thoughts and dreams fascinating
- See them as beautiful and precious, no matter how they look
- Can be trusted and can find them trustable
- Wish for and support their success
- Are willing for them to be who they are?
- Believe them to be worthy of love

Even if your only interactions with children are brief encounters in public places, can you teach them about belonging by the way you interact with them in the world we share?

The purpose of consciousness is to keep the children safe. I invite you to use your consciousness well.

"What did you learn and value deeply, or what do you wish you had learned, from the adults who interacted with you when you were a child? Can you teach those things you value most to the children you interact with?"

Canyon is a member of the Diana's Grove Staff and a consultant in Child and Family Development. Her life mission is to keep the children safe.

My Favorite Places

by Arden Goewert

On my first visit to the Grove I fell in love with the outhouses. Surprisingly, these small buildings combine utility and beauty, functionality and exquisite grace. Each is unique, and graced with such decorative touches as stained glass windows, statuary and sparkling floors.

At the top of the hill is the Nature Center. This outhouse has floor-to-ceiling windows that look out into the deep woods. Posted on the wall inside is the Missouri Natural Events calendar, which tells what is happening to the plants and creatures in the woods that surround the Grove, and that you can see out the outhouse windows. The calendar's page for May might show trees of ripening apples, for example, or hummingbird fledglings beginning to arrive at feeders.

Minerva's Well is my favorite outhouse. Located on the path to the showers, it has a watery theme, with fish and mermaids decorating the walls. The barn outhouse is dedicated to air, with blue skies, white clouds and stained glass windows. The meadow outhouse is nestled in the trees. At night, its path is gently lit with garden lights. Alan's Palace in the campground is, well, palatial; the view from its deck looks out on the Peace Tree.

These outhouses remind me that everyday things can be transformed into sacred objects. Care and

attention to small details can change the mundane into the special. They remind me that I, too, can change the ordinary into the extraordinary with mindfulness.

Arden is a member of the Diana's Grove staff. She facilitates Depression as a Rite of Passage and Dancing in the Ancients. She also does art work for the Grove, and is the repository of many mythic plot-lines.



*The interior of Minerva's Well --
the Grove's best kept secret.*

Destiny

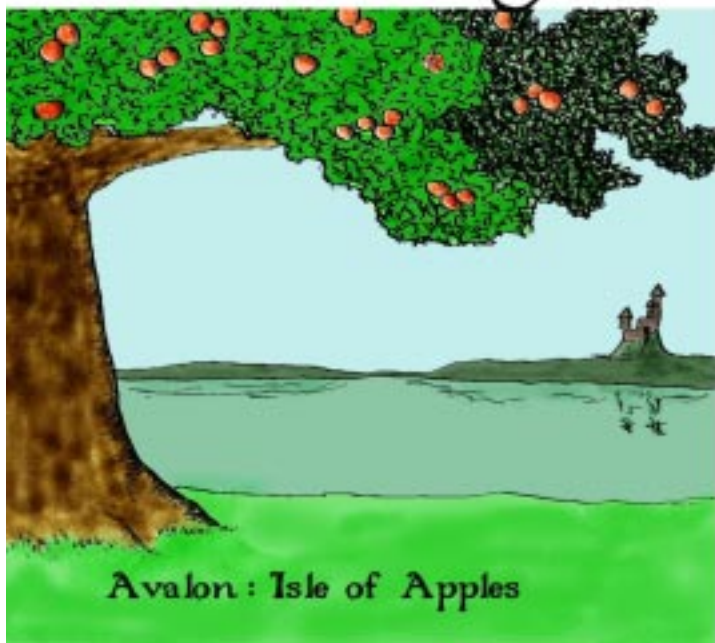
Times are changed by those who stop time.
The world is shaped by those who are destined
to be a part of something larger than themselves.

If you want to stop time and reach for eternity,
If you are destined to take your fate in your hands,
If you are called to make the future present,
then join us as we relive the story of ...

Camelot

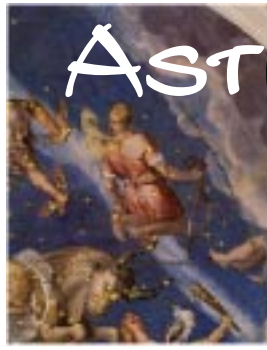
**A time that shaped time,
A place that invoked a legend.**

Camelot: Place of Destiny



Avalon: Isle of Apples

Visit www.dianasgrove.com for a schedule of events and to register for Mystery School 2005



ASTROLOGY

BY TERI PARSLEY-STARNES

Embracing the Sun

It's July, and for the last few weeks I've been in a more internal frame of mind. Full summer is here. The garden's planted; the kids are out of school and we've adjusted to our new summer schedules; several of my own creative projects have reached a point of stasis; and the weather has settled into a kind of conformity that doesn't pull me into awareness of the outer world. I've come to recognize that July is a summer stopping place for me. Typically, when the Sun is in Cancer I'm happy to just hang.

Last week, however, I sensed something had shifted. One morning, while I was out doing errands, I noticed the music on the radio sounded especially fine, the sky seemed bluer, and the colors around me crisper and more golden. I found myself excited about initiating new projects. I was curious about this new-found interest in life. As usual, I wondered what planetary transits were occurring. Later, when I was able to check on them, I realized the Sun had entered a new sign, the sign of its rulership, Leo. Things had indeed shifted.

I don't know about you, but I still can't believe that the Sun shifts like this every month. Every month the Sun enters a new sign of the zodiac; it moves higher or lower in the sky in relation to the southern horizon;

increases or decreases the amount of time it spends in the daytime sky; and it is the organizing force for the energy we experience. The Sun is the center of it all — an obvious fact that still somehow startles me.

Because the Sun rules Leo, August, as the month of Leo, is the best time to think about the significance of the Sun. It is at home in this month, and when the Sun is at home, all is right with the world. I love the Sun cards in Tarot decks. In both the Harris/Crowley deck and the Smith/Waite deck, the Sun is depicted as having an openhearted, childlike exuberance. Arms are flung out and the golden Sun is shining. What if the Sun in our birthchart gave us the same feeling as this card? What if we knew that there was something shining within us that felt at home in the center of our beings? What if we opened our arms to this Sun within us? What if we knew what we needed to do? What if it became the center around which we moved? What then?

Possibilities abound with the Sun in our charts. The Sun carries our inherent potential. As Cynthia writes in the Book of Shadows, "We strive for the quality that the sun sign represents. We strive for it and it always

seems just out of reach. But the striving brings it into life, at times, behind us. The thing we most want, then, lives in our wake." We have a Sun within us, and we are and represent that inner Sun for others. When seen this way, our Sun's mission can be the gift we steward as our contribution to the whole. I see wholeness in the Sun card as Frieda Harris drew it. The complete zodiac surrounds the figures in this card. Each sign represents a particle of the Sun, just as each of us represents a particle of the expression of our Sun's sign. Every particle, every expression of the Sun is necessary.

The Sun is an ever-evolving part of the self. According to Liz Greene, "The Sun is progressive. It is an active, dynamic principle which unfolds during the course of a lifetime. We never really finish developing the Sun, for this aspect of the personality is always in a process of becoming, of moving toward some future vision or goal. Solar goals are inner, and are concerned with self-realization and experiencing one's life as special and meaningful." Being, meaning and becoming belong to the Sun. Each particle of the Sun, represented by the different signs, gives us a new

"What if we knew that there was something shining within us that felt at home in the center of our beings? What if we opened our arms to this Sun within us?"

look at what it takes for each of us to find meaning.

I invite you to consider the following solar particles when thinking about what gives you or those you know meaning. For Aries, meaning comes from being first. For Taurus — from being in a body. For Gemini — from being connected. For Cancer — from being compassionate. For Leo, meaning comes from being seen and useful. For Virgo — from being unseen and useful. For Libra — from being in relation. For Scorpio, meaning comes from being deep. For Sagittarius — from being wise. For Capricorn — from being authoritative. For Aquarius, meaning comes from being analytical. For Pisces — from being one with all that is. These are particles of particles. They are portions of the whole constantly evolving into potential. What arises from your solar particle? Where has this particle of meaning led you?

The two winged figures dancing on the hillside in Frieda Harris' Sun card remind me that another type of wholeness is achieved when a single solar particle joins with its mirror found in the sign on the opposite side of the zodiac. As an Aries, myself, I feel that I can reach my potential when I try to encompass the values of the opposite sign, Libra. That opposite sign can be a blind spot for many of us, yet it can also illumine our potential. The Sun represents creativity. Something is created when these opposite signs merge.

When "being first" (Aries) and "being in relation" (Libra) come together, the world expands.

When "being in a body" (Taurus) and "being deep" (Scorpio) come together, soul becomes embodied and the body becomes sacred. Mystery is born.

When "being connected" (Gemini) and "being wise" (Sagittarius) come together, philosophies of human dimension are created through learning and sharing.

When "being compassionate" (Cancer) and "being authoritative" (Capricorn) come together, the family is born.

When "being seen and useful" (Leo) and "being analytical" (Aquarius) come together, spirit and mind are joined. The future is born.

When "being unseen and useful" (Virgo) and "being one with all that is" (Pisces) come together, heaven is brought to earth and earth is brought to heaven.

Solar statistics boggle the mind. I learned from the NASA Website that "The heliosphere is a bubble in space produced by the solar wind. The solar wind streams off of the Sun in all directions at speeds of several hundred km/s (about 1,000,000 mph in the Earth's vicinity)." This bubble extends well beyond the orbit of Pluto. The Sun is vast, it is powerful, and it makes life on our Earth possible. If we accept just one particle of this power for ourselves, what becomes our true potential? During this month of Leo, I plan to open my arms to the Sun and to myself. This embrace not only feels really good, but it feels really necessary to my growth.

A note from Teri Parsley Starnes: My mission is to walk the edges of Mystery and give voice to our infinite and boundless spirits. I use astrology in that walk and in that talk. I can be reached for information about your soul's journey at tpstar@mninter.net.



**DIANA'S
GROVE**

Upcoming Events at Diana's Grove

Fall Equinox - The Feast of Persephone
with special guest T. Thorn Coyle - author of "Evolutionary Witchcraft"
"Descending and Rising: Answering the Call of Your Soul"
September 17 - 19

The October Intensive
"Making Whole - The Paradox Resolved"
This is an Open Mystery School Week: It will be intense and focused. All Mystery School work focuses on finding the mystery and magic within.

October 2 - 9

For even more event listings and registration information, visit www.dianasgrove.com



Amy Asserts

The Grove rescued a litter of six "dumped" hound-dog mixed puppies in July. Amy is one of the six.

There's a spotlight on the grass where the sun comes through the clearing in the trees. It's to the east and a bit north of the Meeting Place - that building the drum sounds and jangles are always coming out of. My siblings and I love that spot, and since I'm the runt of our bunch, I love to sprawl right in the middle of the others - with their warm bodies encircling me, a head on my hind quarters, leg across my back, muzzle digging into my shoulder. Warm breath.

We choose this spot because it feels safe here. I am surrounded by my siblings and we are surrounded by our people. They think they selected us. But really we chose to be here. We chose to be close to humans. Humans with their limited vocabulary often see themselves as the domesticators. What I know is that I am here in this circle of light and so are other animals and people - all children under the sun.

I am the runt dog. I instinctively know these fears: Will I get enough to eat? Will I have a place to sleep? Will I be wanted? There is no day without the night. And yes, I am the innocent child behind the garden wall. Here I have food and water. I have a warm place to sleep. I have kind hands rubbing my head. What do you need to feel safe? The sun shines everywhere - inside and outside of walls - in prairies and even through the thick forest of trees, streaming like golden fingers. The world is filled with a brilliant light that touches us all.

The world is mine, and I am the world's. I have the sense that I belong here in this communion with people. There is a simple, physical joy in this day-to-day life. My tail wags, my head jerks up into the air as

I nip the dress hemlines of the women walking by. I have this material in my mouth - and I love to chew on it. I am picked up and set down when my jaws clamp onto the fibrous cotton. The women laugh and tap my head or encircle my belly with their hands and pull me away and then maybe kiss my nose.

Even in the shady places on top of the hill where the light does not reach the ground, I am filled with it. I am happy to sit on the porch pillow by the doggie door, and I am just as happy if you will pick me up and scratch that ornery spot behind my ear

that my hind leg will not do justice to. Carry me into the light or I will run there on my own. We careen down the hillside and I sometimes tumble head over butt because that hill is steep and I am fast and aerodynamic.

Everyone around calls to us, "Puppies!" And then quickly in succession: "Puppiespuppiespuppies!" The sound of human voices is an experience, not an idea. My experience is what I am and I am bursting with life in this space I share with my kind and with my people.

"What I know is that I am here in this circle of light and so are other animals and people - all children under the sun."



Amy (far left) and her siblings make a circle of puppies



Global Awareness: The High Priestess

Just for a moment, imagine that you are the Sun. Your view is incredible – and you have the ability to illuminate even the darkest corners of the earth. As the Sun, you have a global perspective – and you also have much to teach us mere mortals about ritual!

One of the unique roles in a Grove-style ritual is what we often refer to as the “HP,” which is short for “High Priestess.” The term “HP” is traditionally used to identify the leader of a coven or group – or the top of the hierarchical pyramid – but at the Grove we use it quite differently. The HP in our rituals is the person who is holding the plan in his or her head, attending to details, and ensuring the ritual’s overall success. In essence, the HP is much like the stage manager of a theatrical production. She serves as a touchstone for the rest of the ritual facilitators, and as a “safety net” for anyone who needs one.

The best person for the HP job is someone who doesn’t mind being the force behind the scenes rather than being in the limelight. A role played behind the scenes may not seem to have a connection to the Sun; but the HP represents that aspect of the Sun that embodies *perspective*, rather than visibility. If the HP does her job well, the participants won’t even know she’s doing it. If I were to rank ritual roles in order of importance, the HP would top the list – despite the fact that, if she does her job seamlessly, she and her work will be completely invisible. Taking on this role is a great exercise in embracing the paradox of using essential skills that rarely get noticed.

As we discovered when we explored the archetype of the Tower, even rituals facilitated with the best of intentions have the potential to go completely awry, often due to circumstances that were beyond the ritual team’s control. In such situations, the HP can be the ritual team’s most vital asset. When those Tower moments arise, the HP must have the skill to step into any ritual role at any

moment in order to make a transition, cover for another facilitator, or to shift the ritual back on track. If Mudflap suddenly twists her ankle and can’t lead the big trance, the HP might be called upon to step in for her at the last minute – or find someone who can. The HP is also responsible for the physical ambience of the ritual, such as ensuring that there are enough chairs for the participants before the ritual begins, making sure that the other priestesses have props, like candles, when they need them, or even adjusting the lights during an indoor ritual to create the right mood.

What this role requires is the ability to embody a global perspective. It’s a role in which the Priestess takes a look around, sees what needs to happen (or not happen, as the case may be), and then takes action to ensure that what needs to happen does. Though the HP is ultimately responsible, that doesn’t mean that she does everything herself – she might recruit people to set up the room before ritual. She might make everyone responsible for his or her own props, but still make it her responsibility to ensure the space accommodates usage of the props. Whatever else she does, the HP makes sure she

doesn’t get lost in her own process during the ritual, but instead remains grounded in physical reality in order to hold a strong container for the rest of the group.

If you are drawn to contrast and paradox, this may just be the ritual role for you. In several other

articles, I’ve spoken about the concept of holding “dual awareness” - the ability to have your own experience of the ritual and to simultaneously remain conscious of group needs and uphold the intention. For someone taking on the role of HP, I’d recommend developing what I would call “Multiple Level Awareness” - the ability to have your own experience, and support intention through physical, mythical, and emotional realities as well. That support includes reading group energy, paying attention to last-minute details, maintaining a global perspective, and just plain approaching the ritual with eyes open. The number of things that could happen in a ritual is infinite; therefore, an HP can’t be thrown off by unexpected circumstances.

The best way I’ve found to see if I have a knack for

“Whatever else she does, the HP makes sure she doesn’t get lost in her own process during the ritual, but instead remains grounded in physical reality in order to hold a strong container for the rest of the group.”

any ritual role is to take the risk and just try it, and then ask for specific feedback from someone that I've set up in advance to give me information. If the role of HP interests you, I would recommend finding someone who plays this role very well and asking him or her to mentor you. Alternately, just watch them at work during a ritual. Don't be afraid to ask questions such as "Why did you make that choice?" or "What would you have done differently if this happened?" Be precise. The more you hone your questions to provide information useful to you, the better off you'll be (this approach to learning works well when applied to any ritual role, by the way!).

I would also recommend that you look around during the next ritual you attend, whether it is at the Grove or not. Can you identify the person who has taken on the role of HP? Although it isn't a hard and fast rule, I will say that the HP is likely *not* the person who is the most vocal or visible! Put yourself in the role of HP, in your mind. Using your skills of dual or multiple level awareness, can

you watch what's going on and still be able to have your own experience? Look around the space – what do you perceive would make the ritual look better? What would you do differently? What would you do exactly the same? How would you handle the logistics?

If you find yourself enjoying discovering the answers to these questions, chances are you have the makings of an HP within you. I find that being an HP is like putting together a large jigsaw puzzle. When all the pieces fit, the picture is beautiful. If even one piece is missing, the picture feels incomplete. The HP is the type of person who would either find the missing piece under the table, or make a new one to fit in the old spot while no one was looking – and relish the challenge in the process!

River serves on the Diana's Grove Staff as the Ritual Arts mentor, and facilitates workshops around the country in earth based spirituality. For more information as well as her travel schedule, see her website at www.rivermagic.org.

Interview with a Mystery: Lorely Lather

by sisalfish

Lorely Lather lives in an old house on Main Street, in a small town in central Missouri. I connected with her at the July Moon Intensive at the Grove.

We talked about our part in the greater pattern at the Grove July intensive, and it sounds like you contribute to a lot of patterns through your work in communities.

Well, I don't have any family around – I think I use community to fill that void. It's interesting how communities intersect. I have the geographic community I live in, this small town, and in it I'm starting to do work with children's advocacy – our county has some of the worst statistics involving children, and now I'm the chairperson of a group formed to address that situation. Also in my town, I'm chairperson of our Women's Club. That sounds so old-fashioned, and the group did start in 1926, soon

after women got the right to vote. Most of the members are in their sixties and seventies – I'm the baby of the group, if you can believe that! I've enjoyed coming to know the women in the group. Many of them have been in this town their whole lives, and know its history firsthand.

And then my geographic area expands – I'm in a Carl Jung study group, made up of people from a wider area, and that's a great group. We support each other in our efforts and kind of keep each other going. And beyond that geographic group, I'm in a wider group, the cave community. I'm a cave explorer and cave conservationist, and I make a conscious effort to keep the caving community strong and joyful.

So you were in all these things when you first came to the Grove?

Yes, but none of those groups met my need for a deeper connection. I had no spiritual group until I came to Diana's Grove. I attended the Methodist seminary long ago, but that didn't work for me. After the death of my husband, I realized I wanted to learn all I could, and I wanted to make some sort of contribution. The Grove lets me do both.

Was your connection to the Grove through your work to build communities, or was it first a spiritual connection?

At first, I was struck by the similarities between the

"I was really already into community building when I first joined Mystery School, but I wanted to learn to build it better. .. So my Mystery School experience was a personal path for me, at first, but it's become a path about community as well."

Grove material and my Carl Jung group. The Grove fills a corner of me that wants to experience myth and the archetypes - I learn best that way. Those archetypal images let me see people as heroes rather than failures. They change my vision of people, and the future, so I can look at people as part of the whole, part of a pattern. The Grove work, the archetypes, help me make sense of my life.

But I can certainly say I've learned a lot about building community from the Grove, too. I was really already into community building when I first joined Mystery School, but I wanted to learn to build it better. Like child advocacy - I have the leadership role in that organization, but I needed the Grove to show me how to lead it well. So my Mystery School experience was a personal path for me, at first, but it's become a path about community as well.

All kinds of spiritual paths are represented at the Grove - would you say yours is still Christianity?

No; it's funny, a lot of things about the church were bothering me, but what really distanced me from them was that I was becoming more and more interested in feminism, more and more of a feminist, myself. And I was seeing that the church was determined to only value women in more traditional ways. I'd been attending a Unitarian Church with my husband. I'd begun to pick up signals that people at church weren't at all interested in feminism, in women's potential. I felt like, again and again, I was being told I could never do anything worthwhile outside a traditional female role. And I was just determined that *not* be true - I really felt there were all kinds of ways I could contribute.

I thought: if the church can't praise women for anything beyond the traditional, there's no place for me

there. So I left off with Christianity, and going to church. I don't throw that in people's faces. I think, on some level, my community sees me as a good church woman because of the work I do. But I think, once I left the church, my love for humanity came to the front, and that's led to the work I do in community.

You said your own path as a hero is based on patterns.

Yes, the pattern, the path of my life. I'm interested in patterns, and in my part in those patterns. If someone gives me an analogy, I can see that in my own life. That patterning is where my articles on Epiphanies originate, for the Grove newsletter. I think if you're conscious of the pattern you can have an influence on it. I carry all the Grove visits home with me and make sense of my life with them.

I don't see my life through my dreams - I don't remember them - but through myth. As much as I love Campbell and Jung, they didn't make myth and archetype real for me. The Grove does that. For me, the Grove connects everything in my life - reality, history - through its use of myth. Myth gives me the big picture, a view of everything through eons of time. And I think it creates edge-of-change learning. If the future is going to be a better place, I think those of us in the spiritual retreat centers are the ones who will lead the way. I believe the pattern, history, comes up again and again, and we are riding the edge of that changing pattern. Before I die I want to learn what that means - what it meant that I was born a woman, what the meaning of life is.

You think you'll come to a place and time that you've learned the meaning of life?

I think I get closer. I remain deeply touched by the intimate death of my partner in 1992. It was so incredibly peaceful; I wish my own death to be so peaceful - at home, with love surrounding me, and in no great pain. I've often wondered, since, whether, right in those moments of passing from life, one is awarded the knowledge of the meaning of life. I hold the belief that perhaps we glimpse the meaning of life during our lives, and fully see it in those final moments when we are passing. I seek those glimpses.

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sisalfish is a professional writer and editor living in San Antonio with her husband and a neurotic sheltie named Chee. She has worked with the Crowley/Harris Thoth tarot for twenty-five years. This is her fourth year as a Mystery in the Diana's Grove Mystery School, where she is currently participating in the Grove's Initiatory Priestess Program.

Epiphany Passages



By Lorely Lather

The Sun

This month, I thought to write about a moment when the sun shone upon me in a dramatic public way - but I find no epiphany in those moments. For me, an epiphany is a personal physical sensation, when a great truth floods through my body. It often requires a physical or personal encounter. I rarely find epiphanies when I am in the community's spotlight. I find epiphanies alone or within a small group of people. Thus, this month, I tell you of a small group in which, for a brief time, the sun shone from within me and I brought about an epiphany.

I usually worked Monday mornings and two evenings in the GED program, but one Monday I traded for the afternoon at the request of the coordinating teacher. Three women unfamiliar to me were the only students that afternoon. Beth and Mary Jean were friends from a town 30 miles away. They both had gotten pregnant while in their junior year. After having their babies, they were now preparing for the GED test to get their lives back on track. The third student was an embittered woman in her 30s. I cannot remember her name, and shall call her Ms. X.

The three of them sat gathered around one table for most of the afternoon, studying quietly. But late in the afternoon they started talking. Pregnant with her third child, her partner in jail, Ms. X began complaining about her 12-year-old son, whom she considered uncontrollable. She spoke with a toughened voice about the unchangeable meanness of men, the ugliness of child-bearing and the worthlessness of women. It crossed me and made my brow furrow to hear her mean-spirited language. This woman was effectively teaching these young, blossoming girls a distorted view of life. It crossed me.

"Do the other teachers allow you to talk about this?" I interrupted the embittered speaker to ask. "Yeah, they doesn't care what we talk about," she replied. This is what students always tell those they consider substitute

teachers, I thought. It crossed me. My brow furrowed tighter.

She then made further demeaning remarks about women and sexuality, until I simply could not bear it. With clarity inspired by hearing the opposing distortion, my deeper truth moved toward my lips. I got up from the teacher's desk and walked over to their table.

"There is another view of all this," I stated calmly. "There is the view that women are deeply valuable, that they are born with their eggs in them and, therefore, should be honored for carrying eternal life. There is the belief that sexuality and sensuality are sacred connections to an infinite whole. There is a view in which women are greatly valued for their deep knowing and enduring skills, where the miracle of gestation and birth is properly considered miraculous."

Out of my heart then poured a multitude of beliefs about my own feminism, beliefs I had read and felt and incorporated into my soul. The confidence of a bright sun shone from within me, so that I spoke intently and gestured freely. I touched my own womb when I talked about wombs. I opened my heart and spoke for several minutes about my love for our gender and the misunderstandings our gender has endured. Now, years later, I can't remember my specific words, because they were so spontaneous and fluid.

But at a certain point, I looked at the three women and saw they were all staring at me, with their mouths hanging open. There was a pause.

"The sun had shone from within me so that I was able to speak with clear confidence about my deepest beliefs. I found the reward far greater than any time when the sun has shone upon me from afar."

I realized I might have gone too far. GED teachers teach the "3 Rs" - what I had said had crossed a line. I physically stepped back, shrugged my shoulders and said, "Well, at least that's what some people think," trying to diminish my strong oration about womanliness.

It was almost time for them to go; we talked, more light-heartedly, about my feminist ideas, and then they left for the day. I noted the event in my journal that night, with some regret that I had spoken so freely.

Continued on page 13

Keep Swimming

by the 10 of Disks

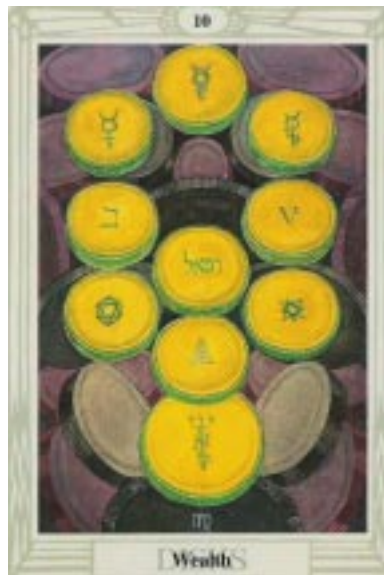
Do you know that great 1980 film, *Resurrection*, with Ellen Burstyn? After a car accident, her character, Edna Mae McCauley, gains the power to heal with her touch. She tries to use this power for good, establishing a faith-healing mission in her Mid-western home town. But she is demonized by others and attacked by her own boyfriend. At the end of the movie, Edna Mae buys a gas station in the desert of Nevada and, without fanfare or thanks, without them even knowing that she is the source of their recovery, she heals any who are ill and stop in for gas.

That's me, the 10 of disks. I'm Edna Mae McCauley at the end of *Resurrection*. Well...that's one image of me. Here's another, very similar one, painted by Pamela Coleman Smith. In this one, I'm an old magician relaxing in a castle courtyard at the end of a long and illustrious career. My friend, Cynthia Jones, calls this portrait of me "Doing Magic for the Dogs." Like Edna Mae McCauley, I still do my magic. When I'm recognized – often only by children or the dogs – it's nice...but it's not necessary. I no longer require accolades, or even recognition, for what I do. Edna heals because she can. The magician does magic because he does magic. He and Edna, they know who they are...and so do I.

I am the 10 of disks and I both am and represent that level of complete confidence that lets you do what you do because you love to do it, rather than for attention, or power, or applause, or any other reward. Lady Frieda Harris had a different take on me, when she painted this image that she and Aleister Crowley

named "Wealth." But in each of the cards that depict me, I carry the same message: that true wealth is never about money, not really.

Wealth is always about living beyond the belief in – the fear of – scarcity. Oh, sure, sometimes what you fear is scarcity of money, but you more often fear a scarcity of attention, of power, or of recognition and value, of affirmation. Truly, wealth is a sense of total confidence, of knowing



who you are. Wealth is the court magician doing magic for the dogs. Wealth is Edna Mae McCauley healing random strangers at a gas

station in the desert. When their gifts are recognized, it's nice...but it's not necessary. This feeling is a gift, one of the larger perspectives offered by the head of my household, The Sun.

And, like all 10s, this state of self-affirmation is an exaggeration. Nobody is ever really that confident, that completely independent of other's opinions...at least not for long. Nobody is ever completely and forever free of the need for affirmation. Yes, you can have that moment – we each feel that wealth of confidence now and then – and it forever after shapes who we are. But it's not a state we can live in.

You do get to feel that sense of doing what you do for no other reason than that you love it – we all do...and then the wheel turns. Oh! did I forget to mention that I share a household with the Wheel of Fortune, as well as The Sun? The Magician lives there, too, in the form of his younger, juggling self, as well as in the form of his older, totally confident self.

The Sun, The Wheel, The Magician, they are the major teachers in my household – the household of all the 10s. Can you guess who else lives there? Yes...all the Aces – we're a big family and, together, we tell an important story. Here it is: the journey through the minor lessons of the Minor Arcana – the Aces through the 10s – that journey is not uni-directional. The Major Arcana may be a circle that is never ending; the Minor Arcana are a two-way path.

You move forward from Ace to 10 and then, like the swimmer at the end of her lane, you turn, push off, and head back. In the disks, you go from that exaggerated moment of total confidence that I represent, back to the nine – the completion of the lady in the garden – back to the eight of balancing continued work with work already done, back to the seven of waiting for the harvest of your efforts, back and back, through

Continued on page 13

Epiphany Passages... Continued from page 11

About six weeks later, Beth stopped by on a Monday morning to pick up some papers she needed in order to take the GED test the next day. "Have you written an essay?" I asked, as many students dreaded writing and avoided it.

"Yes," Beth replied. "I wrote a couple, and I even wrote one on you." "Oh, really," I said, given pause by this information. I couldn't imagine how that one brief meeting could bring me into her writing and I wasn't sure that she thought well of me. We had used a set of sample questions, and I thought to ask her as she started toward the door, "What question did you write about?"

"The question *If you could spend 24 hours with someone, who would it be and why?*" she said. I sensed a cloak of blessing cover my shoulders, to think I had touched this girl's life in such a way. "I am deeply honored," I said. "I hope you will stay open to new ideas and learn all you can."

"I will," she replied. "Right now I am studying in the Church of Latter Day Saints, but I'll keep learning. I promise." "I believe you will," I said, as she smiled good-bye at the door.

What an odd thing, I thought - to write about wishing to spend 24 hours with me, and then walk away when she could have stayed and talked. I sensed that perhaps she was not ready for me - perhaps she saw my deep

feminine truth and knew intuitively that she must approach it slowly.

I thought, again, of how deeply honored I felt that Beth had chosen to write about me. Only then did I realize, with deep wonderment, that I had caused an epiphany in Beth - a sharp moment of sacred embodiment. Why else would she dream of spending 24 hours with *me*, an ordinary woman?

As you can imagine, I was curious to find her essay. I looked in her file and through all the stacks of loose papers on the teacher's desk, but it was not to be found. I realized I had to let go of Beth. She lived 30 miles away; I would not see her again. But I knew I had touched her soul.

The sun had shone from within me so that I was able to speak with clear confidence about my deepest beliefs. I found the reward far greater than any time when the sun has shone upon me from afar. And I felt my own epiphany as I fully realized that "*Act with all your heart and give the outcome to the Gods*" is a saying of great wisdom.

Lorely is a Mystery from central Missouri who views life and personal growth through the lens of epiphanies, as defined by the work of Carl Jung. She is a community leader in her small town and is studying spiritual leadership in the Initiatory Priestess Program at Diana's Grove. See sisalfish's interview of Lorely in this issue of the newsletter for more information about Lorely's life.

Keep Swimming... Continued from page 12

"Truly, wealth is a sense of total confidence, of knowing who you are."

the six, five, four...all the way back to the Ace, to your essential self, your essential gift of manifestation. You swim back through them all, but you travel with a different knowing than you had on the way out. You swim back

knowing that the complete confidence you sought on the journey out truly exists. You know because you were there for a moment; you felt it.

What an amazing opportunity! You have this transcendent experience - what it would be like to be the complete embodiment of confidence in your talent, confidence in your self and your capacity. And THEN you swim back through all the phases of your life with that experience behind you. How does that knowledge change the length and strength of your strokes? You go back to the essence of who you are...and then you turn

and push off again, traveling back toward that place where fear of scarcity doesn't exist. And you swim there knowing that it's possible, remembering how it felt to be there, and knowing that you can have that moment again when fear drops away...and you know who you are and what you can do. And how does that knowledge speed you along the River of Life?

And then...you turn and push off...

As Dory, a character played by another Ellen - Ellen DeGeneres - in the much more recent movie, Finding Nemo, was fond of singing, "Keep swimming, keep swimming, keep swimming..."

The 10 of Disks serves as a "minor lesson" in the lives of many Mysteries and others around the world. When not shuffling about with her family members and other arcanic friends, s/he keeps busy filling in spaces in Celtic Cross spreads and leaping out of the box and into the hands of seekers worldwide.



MOVING IMAGES

BY DAN WILSON

In the 2000 Italian film *Pane e Tulipani* (Bread and Tulips) Rosalba is a frustrated housewife. She married her husband, a plumbing supplier, when she was young, has teenage sons, and is unfulfilled.

During the family's summer vacation, no one in her family notices that she's in the bathroom when the tour bus leaves, and she's left behind. She's forgotten her husband's new cell number, and waits at the truck stop until he finally calls, unsympathetic to her plight, and orders her to stay put.

In a fit of rebellion, Rosalba decides to hitchhike back home, forgo the remainder of her vacation and have some time for herself, a rare and precious commodity in her life. One of the people with whom she rides is amazed that she's never been to Venice, and on impulse, she changes her travel plans.

After arriving in Venice, she rents a room at a small *penzione* that's due to be torn down, and goes to have dinner at the *café Marco Polo*. There, she meets Fernando, a reticent Icelander who's waiting tables and informs her that she'll need to have cold dishes because the cook has come down with appendicitis.

When she returns to her room,

Rosalba calls her husband at the hotel to let him know that she's okay and has decided to take a short vacation in Venice. He meets her announcement coldly, yelling at her until she hangs up on him.

As she extends her stay and starts to run low on money, Fernando invites her to stay in his extra room, and she decides to get a job with Fermo, a cantankerous anarchist who runs a floral shop. She sends periodic postcards to her family to let them know she's okay. Meanwhile, her

"The way of life she's always known is suddenly not the only option available to her, and the possibilities for her to become the person she always wanted to be are laid in front of her."

family is eating convenience food, the house is a mess, and Rosalba's husband sends one of his plumbers to find her and bring her back home.

During a chance meeting with her sister-in-law at the flower shop, Rosalba learns that her son, Nick, is using drugs, and is suddenly overcome with a sense of motherly duty.

She returns home to find the house neat and orderly (her husband had called a maid service) and everyone pretty much used to the fact that she's not there. They're getting along fine without her.

Of course, Fernando is heartbroken that Rosalba has left Venice, and comes after her to tell her how he really feels about her. He finds her in a parking lot, bouquet of flowers in hand, and as Rosalba loads groceries into the back of her car, with Nick standing by, Fernando announces that he's in love with her, and would like her to return to Venice with him.

Rosalba's been able to discover things about herself that she's been unable to discover previously because the day-to-day routines of her marriage make it nearly impossible. The way of life she's always known is suddenly not the only option available to her, and the possibilities for her to become the person she always wanted to be are laid

in front of her. Rosalba can do nothing but embrace the only choice she has to make.

Dan Wilson, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
INTJ. Art. Music. Film. Scorpio sun, Leo moon, Scorpio rising.

The Call of the Hero

by Jan Dickinson

I stood out on my sidewalk on the 4th of July as the official city fireworks display began...in fact, as I was writing this, the thunderous booms were still shaking my house. From my sidewalk I have the best view in the city; in addition to the visual images displayed with each successive shot, I could hear the cheers of the crowd drifting through the trees from Lions Club Park. Over and over, like cannon fire, the explosions screamed skyward and burst into stars, chrysanthemums and squealing pinwheels.

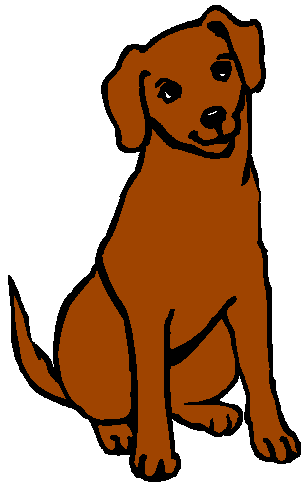
All I could do was turn away, tears streaming down my face, and shut the door. I could shut the door, but I could not shut out the noise. I turned my back in protest, but I could not stop even one of the hundreds or thousands of these commemorations of war occurring across our nation that night. Is it also hard for you to be reminded that fireworks are truly a metaphor for the glories of war? "And the rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air..."

I turned away in protest and in tears. I cried because I imagined how the Iraqi people felt when we invaded their country in 2003. I cried because courageous American servicemen and women are there still, upholding a pledge to serve when our commander-in-chief calls. I cried because war and all its accompanying rituals are emblazoned in our national psyche. For a recent example, just recall former President Ronald Reagan's funeral and the military taking key parts in that ritual. Another boom shuddered through my house. Fireworks displays are reminders of one version of a warrior culture.

One of my favorite archetypal ideals is that of The Hero's Journey. I am drawn to it because of the courage the Hero must find in order to take on an impossible task, and of the lessons she learns as she meets all the challenges that come her way. In contrast, the warrior, as typified in many sectors of American society, is single-minded in her approach to problem-solving; she is task-oriented with no regard to long-term results. Winning is everything to this version of the warrior. It is the Hero - not this version of the warrior - who learns to be humble in the face of the fierce and uncontrollable wildness of the natural world. It is the Hero - not this warrior - who chooses his battles wisely and, even then, resorts to battle only as a last resort. It is the hero warrior within us, I pray, that lives and breathes and listens to those fireworks of the modern world with the remembrance that other wars never solved our problems, no matter how righteous the cause or outrageous the provocation.

For hours, I could still hear the reverberations outside my house. Like gigantic sheets of a magician's flash paper, my window blinds lit up with the colored fires. The next day, the television news showed images of American fireworks celebrations, and reported the daily record of death and misery from Iraq. Did you, too, turn away from those fireworks out of shame? Do you feel able to turn away from the failures of "American diplomacy?" Do you, too, awaken to and heed a call reverberating from inside you to transform this part of the American psyche from that of a win-at-all-costs warrior to that of a Hero?

Jan Dickinson serves on the staff of Diana's Grove in numerous roles and currently lives in Missouri with one cat and an ever-increasing number of rhythm instruments. When not at the Grove she works as a teacher and curriculum specialist.



Dog Rescue at Diana's Grove

In addition to providing a leadership development and personal growth program, Diana's Grove also serves as an independent dog rescue operation. For more information on how you can support these efforts, as well as photographic bios of dogs available for adoption, please visit www.dianasgrove.com/dogs

Puppies, Puppies, Puppies!

By Cynthia Jones

Just after the June Adopt-a-thon, we accepted 5 new puppies - a varied pack of collie/sheltie pups mixed with, of course, Missouri Hound. Some of you have already met Jasper, Jasmine, Butterscotch and Amy (who is so precocious that she is already writing for the newsletter!). Within days, the owner of the Bunker Dairyette called and asked us to take a puppy that was living at her restaurant. Penny, a wonderful, high-energy five month old, had taken to chasing the big trucks that go by on Highway 72. She shows no interest in cars here, so it might be that she was simply bored. A dog with time on her hands will invent a game, and trucks can be fine prey.

Penny is a charming Carolina dog. She looks so much like a young Skippy that when I catch a glimpse of her, I wonder if it is the summer of 1995. But then I see, not red but gold - Penny, regardless of her name, doesn't have Skippy's burnished coat.

Just after Penny arrived, Constance found the sixth puppy from the Sheltie/Hound litter, abandoned in the woods just past Bunker. Princess, the smallest of the six, is very much a Sheltie. Smaller than Amy, she is small boned, fragile, and would love to be held all the time. She finds the other puppies to be brutish and unrefined...and they are. They want to roll her around the yard as if she were their new toy.

And then...the Salem Shelter called. Due to a very large oversight, they discovered that one of their dogs was pregnant...more than pregnant; just a day from

delivery. A shelter is not a safe place for a mother to deliver. Juliette, a beautiful black Border Collie/ Shepherd mix, came to the Grove on Friday. On Saturday, during the opening evening session of Tarot week, Juliette played the Empress. By 3:00 A.M. on August 1st, we had nine Lamma puppies - one for each Tarot constellation. All black with a white blaze on their chests - she had eight boys and one girl.

While all of this was happening at the Grove, Canyon brought a lovely Border Collie home from Kansas City. She and Constance are fostering Artemis, who was found in a storm, on the highway near Rolla, by Stephanie Smith, as she returned home following the July Mystery School. Artemis will soon be joining us at the Grove unless she finds a home through Border Collie Rescue.

Pictures of many of these new dogs will be available soon on the dog rescue page of our web site. We are currently caring for 29 dogs - 16 are puppies; nine newborns. Caring for new dogs and new babies has taken Constance and me away from our computers. This month, we need to thank all of you who have sent us money and are sponsoring our dogs as a pack - *and a fine pack you are!* - rather than as individuals. We thank you for joining us in this life saving work. Next month, we will honor each of you for your contribution to our work.

May we all catch a glimpse of the world through the eyes of a puppy that seeks shelter. May the trust within each of us invoke a gentle hand and a caring world.

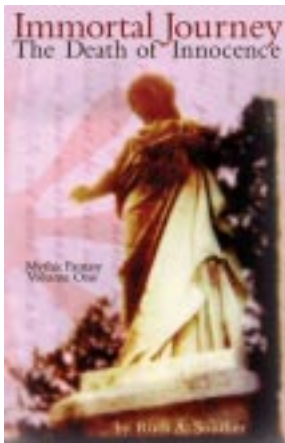


Thank You for Your Support!

After fifteen years of working with Myth and Magic, Ruth Souther, Mystery School participant and 1997 Rites team member, has completed the first novel in a mythic fantasy series.

During one intense year of Mystery School, she was asked to dedicate herself to a deity and in walked the inspiration for the Immortal Journey series. Since then, the gods and goddesses of old have whispered their tales to her in ritual and in dreams.

Twenty-five years of writing experience scarcely prepared her for the emotional impact of working with divinities as they interact with the mortal realm. And so there begins the tale of **The Death of Innocence** where the town of Najahmara lived in peace for over 300 years, hidden away in a quiet valley:



When the vision rose before Niala Aaminah, it seemed as real to her as the birds darting about in the sky, or the grass she sat upon. Day turned to night and a figure stood at the edge of the plateau looking out across Najahmara. He was tall and imposing with a chest as thick as an ox. His shoulders were wide and strong with a straight, unforgiving back. He was built ruggedly, but with a face as beautiful as the heavens and eyes black like the deepest night, as depthless as the seas and without mercy.

Niala knew him well. He was War.

He did not look at her; his gaze remained on the valley, and so it was that her eyes were drawn downward. There she saw a swarm of men blanket Najahmara, an army of warriors sweeping down upon the quiet town in unyielding waves. Though it was distant and dark, she knew there was not one in Najahmara who could fight back, for they had no weapons. Silently, the men invaded and shrieks of pain and terror burst over her beloved home. The shadowy men struck down her people with wicked blades that glinted in the moonlight until the streets ran thick with blood.

War said nothing, but a cold and mirthless smile touched his lips. Niala shuddered and wept into her hands. When next she looked, the apparition had disappeared and across the valley she saw no more than a serene town washed in the glow of sunset.

Ares the Destroyer had found her.

Ruth will be at the August Priestess Intensive with copies of her book and will do a book signing.

The special event price for an autographed copy of *The Death of Innocence* will be \$10.

Part of the proceeds will go to Diana's Grove.

Meet the Newsletter Staff!

This Month's Contributors: Teri Parsley-Starnes, River, Jan Dickinson, Jane Holt, Lorely Lather, Dan Wilson, Cynthia Jones, Arden Goewert, Amy the Puppy, The 10 of Disks, Canyon

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*We always love to hear your comments and feedback!
Please email us at: newsletter@dianasgrove.com*