



Between the Worlds

Patterns of Possibility

The Diana's Grove Mystery School Newsletter
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The Universe

by Cynthia Jones

The Universe, the last card - the end - is a portal to the beginning. Death, the 13th card, holds the banner of rebirth in his boney hand. Death will ride over every one of us; he will take us all. Could it be that death is the father of your greatest fears, no matter what face they wear or what story they whisper into your waiting ear? If you were to create your fear's family tree, would you find death sleeping in the roots? Curled in a fetal circle, cradled in the roots of the tree, death sleeps. His dreams rise like sap and shape the tree.

I am writing this page on the first day of the October Intensive. Tonight, in a candle lit room, we will invoke fear...our fears. And, yes, we will begin to share that shadow's shadow. What fear keeps you from being fully who you are? What fear keeps you from being fully alive? My greatest fear is that I will give up - give up on my dream, give up on my destiny or my chance at destiny. Perhaps that is why destiny is begging to write next year's Mystery School. JkDestiny wants to tell the Legend of King Arthur's Camelot.

Stories make the complex simple. In Arthur's words, "My times needed a hero and I just happened to pass by at the very moment when time invoked a King." He tells me that he was neither great nor brilliant, although he does admit his ideas were revolutionary. He was willing to do what could not be done. He was willing to believe in what did not exist. Is that the definition of a visionary?

Does the future also slumber in the roots of life's tree? Or...do our times dream the future...and we are all characters in the dream? I have heard that, in a dream, each character is an aspect of the dreamer. If that is true, then we are each an aspect of the times, a piece of destiny dreamed into being by a future who dreams of now. If that were true, then each one of us holds a piece of the picture, each one of us is a piece of the picture. Each life, your life, is a tile in the mosaic of our times. No one but you can

*Move through the portal
of your greatest fear and
you will conjoin with the
power of the Universe.*

-- Patricia Sun



fill your place. Arthur tells me that the vision and the visionary, both, belong to the times. The dream is dreaming itself.

Arthur's genius was his refusal to betray the world that he knew could be. It was his refusal to compromise destiny's belief in him.

No matter how hard the story, I envy those whose lives are told on pages. It is harder when each day is a page, the story told in invisible ink that leaves a coded marking on the heart and soul of those who read the hours and minutes, searching for the key to the plot. Can you feel fate's hand turn the page as night falls?

Pages make it easier to plot the neat rise and fall in the arc of legend. An editor takes out the extraneous meanderings and meaningless distractions...the daily work of washing the coffee cup and rearranging the furniture doesn't make it into the final copy. Days, not pages, so many days... are there too many or too few to find the

plot? How do we know what destiny wants of us?

My greatest fear is that I will betray my destiny. My fear: that I will spend my life sorting hours and folding each day so I can put it away in the proper place. Dying no longer frightens me, it is the larger death I fear. The thought that I will come and go and make no mark upon my times. Will I betray my immortality? Will you? Will I put off my reason for being alive until I finished a few more pressing matters? As Minos said to Theseus, "Knowing the outcome, having the answer...that's not the quest. Playing your part well...that is the challenge! Live well your own story, and I will live mine. Act with all your heart and leave the outcome to the Gods." For when you do, and only when you do, you will conjoin with the power of the universe.

A Rite of Passage - let go of the world you know and fall into the hands of.... Free. Fall. Portal of stars...a naked dancer bids you to take a leap of faith and fall into the arms of eternity, destiny, time and timelessness.

*And hear the song that the universe sang,
when she held you in her starry, starry arms.*

Life as a Sacred Path: Musings from Moon Shadows May We Each Dance Our Own Rites of Passage by Jane Holt

These intimate Musings of mine have never been easy to write. This is my last one. It is a Rite of Passage in and of itself. It is also the result of another Rite of Passage.

Several nights ago I did something I have wanted to do for years. In the past, I always had good reasons not to do this thing - good, sensible, logical reasons. In truth, my reasons all grew out of fear, fear of doing something that, for me, was empowering and power-filled. Several nights ago, in spite of my fears, or perhaps because of them, I set aside my reasonableness. I literally and figuratively dove into dark waters; I swam the path of the moon.

As the moon rose high enough in the sky to reflect her light on the dark waters of Lake Michigan, I stepped into the lake naked and swam out into the night. I played in the moon's lighted path and let her light play on me. I have wanted to do this forever.

Each person's Rite of Passage is uniquely their own. This was mine; surrendering myself to a totally irrational desire, committing myself to the Moon and the Water, letting go of the rational and the reasonable and embracing the mysteries.

Today, in the light of the sun, and the left-brained rationality of putting these thoughts on paper, so to speak, my old fears are jumping around like water droplets on a hot griddle. I am still afraid of my desires and of this one in particular. I am afraid of so much. I have spent most of my life afraid; afraid that my parents didn't love me, afraid that my mistakes would be found out, afraid that my schoolmates and fellow workers wouldn't like me, afraid that I wasn't lovable, afraid that I wasn't good enough or smart enough or just plain not enough. I have spent my life fearing that I couldn't handle life, that I was different, that I would never be anything except average, that I would die without being remembered, and that I would never not be afraid.

Perhaps I was right about all those fears. What I know now is that it doesn't matter. I know that I will always know some fear. If nothing else, the small tingling at the back of my mind that reminds me of my own death. What I also know is that those fears don't have to cripple me. Fears are useful, they can teach me caution and perhaps a touch of wisdom, but they don't have to direct my steps. They don't have to keep me from myself and what I yearn for. In fact, I am learning that they often point the way toward who I am and what I really desire. They may yet become my precious fears rather than thoughts to be avoided.

"Where there is fear, there is power." I once had a friend tell me that she tried, each and every day, to do at least one thing she was afraid of. At that time, I thought she was very courageous. Now, I realize that she was also very wise. Living well in spite of my fears. Living courageously in small and

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important ways each day. I will live well and embrace life and the fears that go with living.

I dance through this Rite of Passage, through the victory wreath of the World Dancer. I reach out to touch life, to stroke it as it strokes me. I reach out with both hands, arms wide to enfold it into myself. I reach out to take hold of life and live. I reach out in spite of how much it scares me. In spite of how much my chest tightens or my throat closes. I will let life embrace me as a lover. Each time I am afraid I will seek the power hidden there.

There is power in saying that I will not write these Musing articles any longer. Things change. It is time for me to put this energy someplace else. There is power in this moment...and there is loss and, therefore, sadness. This has been a strong connection with a community that I value deeply. I will forge a different connection. Who knows what it will look like. I say hail to each of you as you dance through your own Rites of Passage. May your fears make you strong and the mysteries grant you wisdom.

After spending seven years as residential staff at Diana's Grove Jane, along with Skippy and Honey are exploring the rest of the world. The dogs think cats are scary, marvelous and way fun. Jane thinks the same about everyday conversations with friends and family. They can all be reached at Holtannarbor@aol.com

Día de los Muertos

by sisalfish

It is early October, and here in San Antonio, the days of the dead are approaching. I am blessed to live in a culture that marks, and celebrates, Día de los Muertos, the Day, or Days, of the Dead. At no other time of year do I so feel that the entire city is my community – not just because the culture here in south Texas, and in Mexico, acknowledges death, but because of the way it's acknowledged. With ritual, with altars, with metaphor. The people of my city participate in these rites and lay new patterns in their souls, based on their memories of their ancestors, and their love and respect for them. There are altars *everywhere* – in homes, along the Riverwalk, in the libraries and the galleries, in the hotel lobbies. During the Days of the Dead the entire city sinks into ritual, and I'm delighted to sink right along with them.

It's something of a dark theme, even to someone on a path like mine, but with a light-hearted approach. The dead are remembered as they truly were; glorification isn't usually an element of the remembrance. Instead, the altars hold the favorite vices of the dead – their cigarettes, their favorite liquor and favorite sweets – along with the traditional touches: candles, marigolds, bread shaped like bones, skulls made of sugar. All over town, the children dance and giggle as they suck on sugar skulls. Try contemplating *that* if you want to widen your envelope.

This year I get to spend the Days of the Dead with my chosen companion, the World Dancer. I've looked forward to this for months. Rite of Passage? Yes, indeed – as this year's Book of Moon Shadows says, "She will lead you to the place where you are one with everything and time weaves the thread that binds us to the semblance of order that we call

reality." One of the traditions I plan to explore with her during the Days of the Dead is the Dumb Feast. Traditionally, the Dumb Feast is a communion around food. At it, the favorite food of a revered ancestor is served at a meal eaten in complete silence, as a way to commune with the ancestor once again. It isn't a Hispanic approach, so much, but it still takes place around All Souls' Day, and seems to me to be in the spirit of the altars and other homages around town.

This year there will be three guests at my feast: The World Dancer, the self I am now, and the self I was at the start of the year. It's the self I was at the start of the year – my ancestor, and the one now gone from this plane – that I wish to honor, and remember.

I plan to prepare a true feast, and, weather allowing, I plan to set it up under my pecan trees, lights strung in the almost bare branches. Leaves will still be falling. As we three eat in silence, I plan to look

back on the moons of this year, new and full – moon of trance, moon of intuition, hummingbird moon, moon of heart-ache – we three will look at sisal as she was under those moons, and remember her. As with every Mystery year, she has changed.

My plan is to remember her just for the sake of remembering – and then to ask the World Dancer (over dessert) to make me "one with everything" again – with

who I was, and who I am now. It's my hope that the World Dancer will then dance me through, the circle of this year closing with that last bite of chocolate (there has to be chocolate, right?) – a slightly wiser sisal stepping out of this Mystery year, a glad Fool stepping into the next.

Blessings to those who honor the departed by remembering them,

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Learn more about sisalfish at the end of her interview with 10-year Mystery Ed Wankowski starting on page 10.

My Favorite Places: The Paths Across the Land

by Jennifer Wilson

There's a magical time of day known as the Golden Hour, when the sun is sinking low and the world is gilded with soft, warm light. This is one of my favorite times to hike down the narrow trail near the top of the driveway to the meadow, with a dog or seven, and set forth on the neatly mown trails that wind across the land at Diana's Grove.

Some of the Grove paths cut straight through the top of the meadow to the road below the grassy expanses, while others hug the tree line. Paths can be found at all corners of the land, and they connect in many places. This pattern of intersecting pathways creates the opportunity for me to walk a familiar route or try a new one, depending on my mood or the intention behind my walk.

I appreciate the time it takes residential staff to keep these paths so well-maintained. Knowing my feet have a safe path to tread allows my mind to wander far beyond my steps. At the same time, I'm mindful of my intimate connection of sole to earth.



Path, wild onion grows green throughout the year, springing up even when the land is dusted with snow.

I've walked the paths across the land at all times of day. On cold, crisp autumn nights. In the cool wet of a spring dawn. In the blazing heat of midday in summer. In all kinds of weather, fair to stormy, I walk the paths across the land.

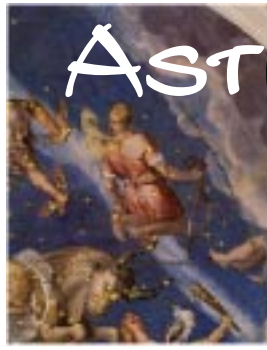
These paths restore my soul.

I wish this newsletter allowed me to share the sensations I've experienced on the course of my walks directly with your senses! I'll paint a few vignettes for you with my words, since those are what I have to use.

After an early summer rain, clouds of delicate blue butterflies decorate mud puddles. A barren tree in the lower meadow reveals its stark beauty when it stands silhouetted against the deepening blue evening sky. Prickly pear cactus, lying low to the ground, grows just off the path down near the bend of the creek. The wooden bridge that connects two ritual areas bounces just a bit as I walk across it, and my steps sound delightfully rich on its boards. Down toward the Water



Jennifer is a member of the Diana's Grove Staff and has many passions: tarot, writing, drumming, walking the land with dogs, life coaching, myth and magic and ritual. She offers tarot readings and coaching in person and by phone: jennifer@dianasgrove.com



ASTROLOGY

BY TERI PARSLEY-STARNES

Beyond the Threshold

On the World card before me, as it's depicted in the Waite-Smith deck, I see a dancer surrounded by a wreath that looks like a gateway. In the corners are images of the four fixed signs - Taurus, Leo, Scorpio and Aquarius. They represent the elements, earth, fire, water and air, anchoring the edges in the four corners of the world. On the surface this image is hopeful, satisfying, showing completion and release - like the sigh of contentment after exertion. There is a feeling of victory, a promise. How do we reach this gateway?

Contrast this image of contentment with the qualities often associated with Saturn, the astrological symbol the Crowley-Harris Thoth deck associates with this card. In old astrology books Saturn is known as a malefic planet. Liz Greene writes about this view of Saturn: "He is usually considered to be the bringer of limitation, frustration, hard work and self-denial." She goes on to give another, forgotten view of Saturn, ancient as well: "he is the Dweller at the Threshold, the keeper of the keys to the gate, and that it is through him alone that we may achieve eventual freedom through self-understanding."

This idea of a dweller at the threshold comes from an occult

belief that says before we move through the ultimate portal — some might call it death, and others a rite of passage — we must first confront our deepest fears. Saturn is a useful archetype in this role of initiator who confronts us with our fears. Not only does this planet remind us of our limitations but also, physically, Saturn stands at the limits of the visible solar system. Saturn dwells at the threshold, defining the outer limits, slowly marking time in its 30-year orbit, holding the keys to the portal of our rite of passage.

Saturn is not an easy energy. When Saturn is emphasized in a chart, there is a need to deal with burdens. Saturn is heavy, literally. Sometimes I imagine that it behaves like a super-heavy object drawing everything to it like a black hole. When Saturn comes around by transit to our charts, we are reminded of this heaviness. Time slows and issues of accountability and commitment come up. During Saturn transits we confront the Dweller at the Threshold. How do we move through his challenge into the promise of the Dancer Beyond the Threshold?

When I am stuck in a hard transit, or want a better way to frame an astrological idea, I turn to myth to

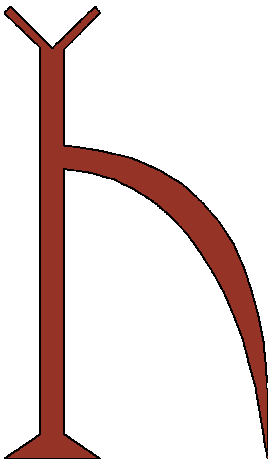
help me find an answer. Myth and astrology are born from the same mother. Astrological symbol and mythic archetype are intertwined like strands of DNA. The stories found in myth help us to understand astrological concepts. Within the details of the stories there are usually clues about the nature of the problem and ways to overcome it.

The problem and potential of Saturn can be found in the stories about Kronos, the Greek version of Saturn. Kronos was the son of Gaia, Mother Earth, and Ouranos, Father Sky. He was born a Titan, one of the old gods. Also born to Gaia and Ouranos were monstrous beings like the Cyclopes. Ouranos hid these creatures from the light of day. Gaia wanted all her offspring to live. So when Kronos was born, Gaia gave him a sickle and asked him to castrate his own father, which he did. Essentially, he separated heaven from earth.

Kronos then became the supreme god of the Titans, and a Golden Age ensued. During this time, men lived like gods and did not work, get sick or die. However, the Golden Age was founded on fear because Kronos carried the burden

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"Saturn dwells at the threshold, defining the outer limits, slowly marking time in its 30-year orbit, holding the keys to the portal of our rite of passage."



of killing his father. He also carried the burden of a prophecy: that one of his own offspring would also kill him and take over his role. Kronos would become accountable. These burdens weighed heavily on him and on the age he ruled.

Kronos took Rhea as his wife, and every child she birthed was immediately swallowed by its father. Kronos became heavier and heavier as he carried his children within. Rhea grew tired of being forever pregnant but

never a mother. She went back to Gaia for advice and was given a plan. After the birth of her next child, who would be known as Zeus, she was told to substitute a stone. When Kronos swallowed the stone, she hid the child and waited for him to grow up. Kronos, he of the sickle who caused the end of his father's reign, would eventually know the end of his own.

As a grown god, Zeus needed help to fight against his father. He turned to a goddess, Metis. She gave him the drug that caused Kronos to vomit up the children and the stone. After they were released, Zeus organized them to fight against Kronos and the Titans. The Golden Age came to an end. Zeus placed Kronos, at last, in the underworld as the lord of the Elysian Fields — the paradise that heroes attain after their death.

As an archetype, Kronos is complex. On the one hand, he was responsible for a Golden Age, a time in which no laws were necessary. On the other, with his sickle he acted to create limits, separating earth from sky. Around him, the earth was fertile, requiring no toil to produce food. Yet trying to put off his own demise, he swallowed his own creations, fearing that their life would be the end of him. In the end, the Golden Age ended, but Kronos remained the ruler of a paradise. It is no wonder one feels the paradoxical pressure of loss and potential during a Saturn transit.

I've been thinking about Saturn a lot lately. As I sat down to write this article, I realized that I am currently having seven Saturn transits. This can sometimes happen in charts when several planets are located within the same degrees of any sign. In my own chart I have several planets ranging between 19 to 26 degrees in different signs. Right now, Saturn is moving through those degrees in Cancer. I am having my Saturn moment.

Saturn moves slowly. I am going to be having my Saturn moment for several more months. I have plenty of time to learn new lessons about accountability and fear

of loss. I also know that, somewhere deep inside, hidden like one of Kronos' own children, I have the possibility of moving through this transit to meet the dancer on the other side.

Kronos swallowed his children. He contributed to his own heaviness by not letting his creations go. Have you ever been afraid of your own creations? I wonder if Kronos knew that the last child was really a stone. I wonder if, somehow, he was ready to move away from the weight of all those children within him.

I've been thinking about this myself. I've noticed my response to this Saturn transit has been to take on extra responsibility. Things seem to matter more now. I am also going through a transition with my daughter, who is looking at colleges for next year. I find myself literally having a hard time letting go of one of my children. The hanging on and the extra responsibility are "weighting" within me. At some point, I think I will need Zeus to come and remove the load.

Two goddesses helped Zeus to conquer and Kronos to move on. Rhea, whose name means "flow," as in the flow of menstrual blood or the flow of amniotic fluid, was a birthing goddess. She took the initiative, began the flow, when she decided to hide her son. When feeling stuck in a Saturn transit, it is good to remember to flow, to let go. This letting go is not like turning away. For what Kronos needed to do was not deny he had children, but to allow his children a life of their own.

The other goddess was Metis, whose name means "wisdom." She gave Zeus the drug that released the children. What role does wisdom play in moving us through our rites of passage? What gives us wisdom?

The Star goddess says, "For behold, I have been with you from the beginning, and I am that which is attained at the end of desire." Perhaps wisdom comes when we reach the end of desire. Kronos needed to account for his actions and allow his creations to fulfill their own destiny. He was the father of the Golden Age, but that was not enough when he did, at last, reach the end. Perhaps when we reach the end of all we have experienced, learned and created, we become ready for our own wisdom. Perhaps being ready is like taking away a burden. Perhaps it is like moving beyond the threshold and into the dance of life.

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.

Ed Elaborates



I dreamt that I was being chased. I dreamt I was in a cold tunnel. At both ends white figures gathered and created darkness. I dreamt my paws were mired in thick mud and garbage that had flowed into the tunnel with the last big rain. My brothers and sisters were nowhere near. I don't remember my mother. I dreamt that the light at the ends of the tunnel shrank. I struggled in the sewage. Finally, I dreamed myself awake.

I don't want to die.

When I woke up I was in a white place. Other dogs were barking. I could hear cats, too. I could hear machines and people shouting at each other but not in a bad way. I couldn't focus my eyes. Something touched my neck and I tried to turn toward it. My jaws instinctively snapped. And suddenly I was very tired again, and I ached. I fell asleep again.

I was by the road. The cars were going by. After a while, I stopped looking at them. After a while, I got tired of walking. I sat down in the ditch and tried to catch my breath. Night came and I slept. I dreamt back many years. Back before cars. I dreamt of the first dogs. They looked no different than us. They raced across a prairie and barked. Just like us. But they were on their own. A human tried to take one in, but the dogs showed their fear by snarling and revealing their teeth. I thought, I may have to learn to do that.

But then I found the right people.

I woke up in the white place again, and this time I heard voices I knew. The dogs and cats were quieter. It must have been late. I was picked up and carried outside. The sky was dark. I could hear distant sounds of cars and trucks on a big road. Horns honking. Someone strong was carrying me.

I dreamt I had to try and get away. I don't know what I was running from. I couldn't see it. My chest hurt. The bottoms of my paws were raw from running across a burnt field. It was the only way. The thing chasing me was roaring like a train but it wasn't a machine. It was panting like an animal but it wasn't an animal. I had to get away

from it. And I couldn't wake up. I had to get away. I had to wake up to get away. I couldn't pull myself out of sleep. It was breathing on my neck. I was trapped at a high barbed wire fence I couldn't get around, and the thing was right behind me. It smelled of earthworms under wet leaves.

Fear finally woke me up. It was safe and warm where I was. I looked around and then got up to drink some water. I felt better. My head was not spinning. My stomach was full. I wasn't with the other puppies, but that was OK. I hadn't wanted to play with them. Not yet. I will someday. Something tells me that I will. Things are right now.

I had the same dream again. It chased me across the burnt field again. I kept thinking I could outrun it. I kept thinking I could get away. I came to the same fence again and started trying to wake myself up. I rolled my head, trying to shake off the sleep. And as I rolled, I felt something inside me grow. And so I stopped. I stopped and I turned around. And I took a step toward it. My heart was thudding against my chest wall. My eyes were wet with windy tears. I lifted my head and looked at it.

It was not an "it." I did not move, as the clearing before me filled. I came forward and was embraced. I came forward. Somehow I guessed that if I stopped running, I would be safe. It doesn't matter what I face.

I sense I have little to fear where I am now. I am not like the first dog, afraid of being domesticated. I am also not like those who don't know fear. But they exist with me. I know there is power in fighting death. I know that life called to me and to others. When I stopped running, I was free.

Ed, along with his siblings Al and Dusty, came to us from a family in Bunker who were unable to place all nine puppies born into their home. Knowing they could not afford to feed three more dogs, they called us. At four months of age, Ed was already starving, full of worms, and had not had any puppy shots. We got him immunized, wormed him several times and, soon, as he began to look and feel better, took him to an adoption event. Four days later he came down with Parvo, a deadly disease that is every dog owner's nightmare. For six days, Ed burned with fever in a near-death coma while the Parvo ravaged his digestive system... and yet he lived. After seven more days in hospital, Ed returned home to another two weeks of confinement in his own outdoor run. Though the worst danger had passed, he still didn't have much of an appetite and only recently started eating well again. Although Ed lost a lot of ground in his growing time and is very small compared to his siblings, he is a healthy puppy now, loving and cuddly, though somewhat serious in his demeanor. In this month of the Universe card, Ed wished to speak of his journey to the portal and back again.



Holding the Sacred

Here we are at the portal of the Universe, the final archetype that the Fool meets in the twenty-one card journey through the major arcana of the Tarot. The Cosmic Dancer holds the key to this gate that leads to eternity and timelessness. When we come face to face with her, we come face to face with the exquisite intimacy that is ours when we choose to truly embrace Spirit, and become a part of all that is.

In ritual, this card mirrors my experience of that moment right after the ecstatic release of energy at the end of a chant. Or it could reflect my experience of truly looking into the eyes of another ritual participant and allowing myself to be vulnerable and seen in that moment. That is how I define “the sacred” in ritual. It is that moment of intimacy when I’m not just going through the motions, but I am truly a part of something larger than myself, and yet completely of myself. It’s where I expand my capacity to hold the intimacy of timelessness for as long as I can possibly bear it.

We work in an ecstatic ritual tradition at the Grove, and sometimes that ecstasy brings a connection with community and spirit that is deep, and beyond our level of comfort. What sometimes happens is a build-up of dynamic tension that I believe is the process of committing to laying a new pattern in my soul. New patterns can be scary at times, and so it is in these moments that I am most likely to “break the sacred.”

At its essence, breaking the sacred refers to an inappropriate release of that dynamic tension. It often manifests as cracking a joke that doesn’t support intention, looking away at an intimate moment, or simply disengaging. At its essence, it’s refusing to acknowledge the depth of a moment out of fear of intimacy, timelessness, and/or connection. Often, this is a conscious reaction—but more often than not, it’s an internal defense mechanism that you may not be aware you have.

I invite you to challenge yourself to truly step into the magic of interpersonal and ecstatic connection during the next ritual you attend. Even if the ritual doesn’t include chanting or drumming – can you dare intimacy by meeting the eyes of another participant and creating an authentic connection?

Notice the ways in which you avoid the sacred moments that occur during ritual. When someone tries to make a connection, is your first instinct to politely smile and then turn away? After ecstatic energy has built to its peak, are you tempted to break the silence by cracking a joke or even just saying, “Wow! That was great...”? Notice your tendencies.

Awareness of your own intimacy avoidance is the first step in being able to facilitate and hold the experience for others. As a priestess, what you do in ritual will ultimately set the tone for everyone else. Your own ability to stay in tune with the ritual flow, open the gates to timelessness, and hold presence will go a long way toward making it safe for others to do so. As the ritual leader, if you are the one cracking jokes after the energy-building, then that’s the same level of depth you’ll get from the participants.

The two most important priestessing tools we have are our voice and our body. How can you use voice and body to mirror your intent to support a

“Awareness of your own intimacy avoidance is the first step in being able to facilitate and hold the experience for others.”

ritual's intimacy? Some of the most brilliant priestessing I've ever seen came right after a beautiful energy-building moment in a ritual. The intent of the ritual was around giving birth to a new world. The drumming had been dead on, the singing was gorgeous, and the energy in the room was palpable. The trance work leading up to the ecstatic release was intense and personal, and it was the last night of the event, so the participants had an awareness that the connections they had built throughout their time together were coming to closure. All of these ingredients made the ritual ripe for a deep level of intimacy, and with deep intimacy comes the temptation to break it because it's simply "too much."

Right at that moment of ecstatic release, when the drumming faded and we all lifted our voices in a tone that faded into a thick silence – someone in the back of the room cracked a dirty joke. I immediately felt the comment had cheapened the experience, and I lost a good deal of the euphoric feeling that had built during the course of the ritual. I also, as a priestess supporting the sacred and the ritual, had no idea what to do about it.

Then one of my co-facilitators stepped into the center and, with a good deal of presence, integrity, and lots of eye contact and power, said, "Isn't it interesting how difficult it is to hold this moment when we have the responsibility to create a new world? Can you feel the intimacy of this moment? Can you feel the weight of this responsibility?"

As soon as she spoke, the entire room was focused on her; the energy deepened, and the dirty joke was forgotten. She pulled the sacred back simply with her presence and confidence, and her determination not to give the ritual away. One of the four Priestess Arts that we talk about at Diana's Grove is "Relentless Support for the Sacred Made Present." My co-facilitator was relentless in supporting the sacredness of the ritual, and her presence – through the use of her voice and her body – allowed the sacred to touch us all.

This is the one nuance of ritual arts that rarely gets taught, and yet is so critical to the integrity of the ritual itself. If I am better able to expand my individual capacity to hold the intimacy of a moment, then I will be more effective at creating space in which others can do the same. In doing so, I can truly honor the new patterns that I as a priestess, and the participants, too, choose to lay in our souls.

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.



**DIANA'S
GROVE**

Upcoming Events at Diana's Grove

Rites of Passage Weekend

Help us celebrate our Rites of Passage by honoring yours.

October 22-24, 2004

Samhain

Life seeks the depths, the depths reach out and touch life.

October 29-31, 2004

To register for these events, visit www.dianasgrove.com

Interview with a Mystery: Ed Wankowski

by sisalfish

I spoke with Ed Wankowski, photographer and 10-year Mystery, from his home in the birthplace of rock and roll, otherwise known as Memphis, Tennessee.

You're just back from the Grove's Fall Equinox: Feast of Persephone.

Yes, the weekend and Thorn were great. The weather was warm during the day, comfortable at night – and Thorn was a good presenter. We were working with Answering the Call of your Soul – we looked at the Feri Tradition's tool of the three souls. One is the sticky soul (physical, and extending to the aura), then the auric egg that surrounds you, and then God self, or God soul; that's your connection with divinity. We did exercises to align the three, and unbinding, for self-healing.

Your Mystery bio says you've been coming to the Grove for a long time, and you say "I am not who I was."

True. I think this weekend changed me, but I won't know how for a while. It all sinks in on me over time – that's how the Mystery weekends usually are, for me.

But over the many years I've been coming I know things have changed for me. I used to just work at reviewing documentation. I wrote technical data packages for parts and I never even saw the parts I was writing about. I wasn't even sure what the parts actually DID, or where they went, or how they got there. That was my life; I used to go to work, and do my job. Seven in the morning to 3:30, every day, start, stop, home, all the while trying to be unobserved – to just do what I needed to do and come home. No passion.

And you found passion at the Grove?

I think so. I started seeing things differently. I left a high-paying job and I found something that I really like doing. I took a risk and found a new job and made the move myself. Now when I go to work, I have a feeling I'm doing something, accomplishing something. I'm getting up and saying something. Now, I stand up, give my ideas about things, and speak with authority. And I have a feeling that I know what I'm talking about – and that my ideas matter. I learned more of who I am at the Grove – and, then, how to express that.

I think what they say is true – Mystery School laid patterns in my soul, with ritual. Deep down, almost imperceptibly to me, it laid those patterns.

Is that what's kept you coming back to the Grove for ten years?

The changes I've seen in myself keep me coming back, but more than that, it's the community. I like the people there. They give me comfort and safety – or at least that's how it feels to me there.

And going there gives me a chance to walk out at night, to be out in nature at night, both to be there and just experience it – the barn, the meadow at night – and to photograph them. When I go to the Grove, I tent – getting back to nature is a big part of it for me, getting close to nature.

What draws you to photograph the barn and meadow at night?

I create images. I mean, I don't shoot snapshots – photography is an art to me. I'm not looking for something typical, but rather something out of the ordinary, in terms of perspective. Something I don't think a typical person would take a photograph of.

I think there is only one opportunity to take a photograph. They have to be perfect, the first shot, because that's my only chance. If I see something going on and I'm interested, and I miss it – I can't recreate it. I think if I try, the image won't be the same. I'm striving for perfection, and art – and it's a one-time thing.

When I look at the photograph later, sometimes it looks different – I see things that weren't there before. I look to see if the image was what I wanted to get – did I achieve what I wanted to – I want to look at things differently, like when I shot the Grove meadow in the full moon. I left the shutter open for several minutes shooting the meadow and the image is so bright it almost seems like day.

Or in another of my shots, of the Main Ritual Area. I can tell there were people walking through as I took that shot. But I'm trying to shoot in a way that's different from what you ordinarily see. With the shutter left open, though there were people there, and it was night, and the leaves were green, what the picture shows – the way I shot it – is that it's so bright, with the torches and the long exposure, it's almost like day and the leaves are yellow with a green tinge from the fire. And you had to be there to know there were people in the image.

Do you regret you can't get everything you saw, everything your eye took in – that it's the nature of photography to frame an image and cut out the rest?

No, that's not it. I don't view the world through my camera lens. When I see something that I think would make a good image, I bring the camera to my eye and capture the image. I more often regret the one thing I saw but couldn't get.

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You'll be back at the Grove again before the year is out?

Definitely. For rites weekend. It will be ten years ago this October that I came to the Grove. They are celebrating their 10th anniversary, and it was 10 years ago next month, in October, that I first went there.

I've made just about every Rites weekend. The Rites weekend is not about closure of the year – it's just: this is the October weekend, and I'll be there. I know in November I'll be there, and in January, when Mystery School starts again. I don't think about me changing, about the changes, and I don't choose them, or think about them. I just keep going to the Grove. And over time, I know I've evolved into something else. It wasn't that I went there thinking, "This is how I want to be." It was just that one day, I looked at myself and said: "Looking back I have an idea of what I was, and this is how I've turned out."

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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.

Sacred Shelter by the Three of Disks

As you explore the true meaning of the Universe/World card, do you find yourself feeling the need of a sacred space? That is often true. When faced with those rites of passage called *birth and death*, our souls yearn for sacred shelter. As you notice your yearning, do you envision that shelter as a church, as did Pamela Coleman Smith in the Rider-Waite deck? Or do you envision it more as Lady Frieda Harris' pyramid in the Crowley-Harris Thoth deck? Perhaps, instead, you envision sacred shelter as a temple, a grove of trees, a sweat hut, a canopy of stars, a community... However you envision the sacred structure that shelters your vulnerability at times of significant passages, I am the one who tells you what you need to build it.

I am the Three of Disks and I hold, not the blueprint, but the process map for creating sacred shelter at those times when your soul is most vulnerable. I have a secret to share...but I'll tell you that later.



First, I invite you to look at these two images of me from the Rider-Waite-Smith and Crowley-Harris Tarot decks. In the former, you see three individuals in consultation on the building of a church – a mason, an architect and a priest. They represent body, mind and spirit, respectively. In the latter, a pyramid is supported by these three aspects of self, represented as wheels like those at the helm of a sailboat. Here, sacred shelter is

raised from the fog of confusion by the three ways you steer your life: body, mind and spirit. These are simple images for a simple lesson...to create sacred shelter for your rites of passage, all you need is collaborative alignment – consensus – of your body, mind and spirit.

I know...I say *all you need* as if this integrity were easy to achieve. But, after all, I'm just a three – a minor lesson – and I tend to look at life in simple terms. If you want to explore the deep meanings of my approach to your need for sacred shelter, talk to the leaders of my family, the Hanged One and the Universe/World. They are those major rites of passage that began and now end your Foolish journey through this year.

Oh, yes...that's the secret I wanted to tell you...one of those visible secrets that's been right out in the open all along. The Hanged One was a birth, remember? You hung out in the womb of the World Tree only until you were ready to let go. Then you fell into the arms of transformation. And, as Cynthia revealed in her front page article this month, the Universe is the true death card; the portal at the end of life. Step through it and you become pure spirit once more, a Fool standing on a cliff, not yet stepping off. You think of these beginnings and endings as the big rites of passage – the ones that require sacred shelter – but here is the secret I promised: they are not.

Life – what passes in the moments, days, years or decades between birth and death – those fibers that slowly unravel from the length of thread that Lachesis



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assigns you and Clothos snips into the world...those are your true rites of passage. This year has taken you from Death to Rebirth and into negotiation with the Devil. After these significant rites of passage, your Tower fell and you dropped to earth as the Star you really were all along. Then, you explored two aspects of the light that you truly are – the Moon and Sun – and found your way to Atonement, where you reconciled and harmonized your entire journey. And you might do it all over again...next year, next decade, or tomorrow.

These are your rites of passage, my friend; these days that you are living right now. In your vulnerability, are you protected? As your soul makes its journey from the top of the tree to the eye of the Universe, do your body, mind and spirit align in the integrity required to raise a shelter to protect you? What sacred shelter have you built?

The Three of Disks is well-known for having enough sense to come in out of a storm. This hard-working and multi-faceted little archetype enjoys reaching for the heights and providing shelter for friends in vulnerable times. She lives at the top of the highest hill in San Francisco and enjoys taking and collecting photographs of Coit Tower and other high places that penetrate above the morning fog.



MOVING IMAGES

BY DAN WILSON

Harold and Maude

Harold is a young man from a wealthy family who just happens to be obsessed with death. He drives a hearse, stages fake suicides in front of his mother, and attends funerals for fun. It's at one of these funerals that he meets Maude, an energetic elderly woman with a joy for life. Neither of them knows the deceased, but they bond over their respective fascinations with the event.

Harold's there out of morbid curiosity. Maude, on the other hand, sees funerals as celebrations of life, where happy memories are interspersed with the tears. As Harold and Maude spend more and more time together, Harold becomes more and more enthralled with this woman. She's excited to live her life fully, to live it with enthusiasm and gusto.

Surprised that Harold doesn't know how to sing or play a musical instrument, Maude gives him a banjo. The two of them have adventures stealing trees from the city and replanting them in the forest. She teaches him to sing and dance, and to enjoy all that life has to offer.

Discussing their respective philosophies, Maude

imparts her wisdom on Harold's obsession with death. "A lot of people enjoy being dead," she says, "but they're not...they're *alive!*" Later, she adds, "Live as well as you can, otherwise you've got nothing to talk about in the locker room." Harold is captivated by her lust for life, and listens with rapt attention.

Harold falls in love with Maude - which seems more natural over the course of the movie than one might think, given their many decades' difference in age - and asks for her hand in marriage on the night of her eightieth birthday party. She's touched, but respectfully declines, because she won't be here much longer. The pills she's taken will be kicking in soon, and she won't wake up in the morning. Horrified, Harold rushes her to the hospital...but it's too late. He's left trying to understand what it all means. After all, she loved her life so much, how could she end it?

Maude has taught Harold two important lessons. The first is about the transience of life. We are here a short time, and can't escape death. Life's end is inevitable for each of us, and when it comes, there's nothing we can do to stop it. We can only make a choice about how we'll respond. Will we approach death reluctantly? Or will we choose to face it gladly, as just another phase of our existence? Maude has also taught Harold that while we're alive, we have a choice to live with joy and passion for life. Her choice to do this made it easier for her to leave. Without regrets for paths not taken, she found it easy to leave the party while she was still having fun.

Harold has been affected by his relationship with Maude, as short-lived as it was. As the film ends, he destroys the hearse-like car he's been driving. He's made a choice to live his life in a way that Maude would be proud of, and we can almost hear her voice singing along with his as he plays his banjo and dances along the cliff, the Fool's journey beginning anew in his life.

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

Epiphany Passages



By Lorely Lather

Humanity

I had a dog-eared file folder in which I kept papers that reflected my personal epiphanies. It is lost among stacks of magazines and papers on a side cabinet now, but I used to carry it to the GED Learning Center each evening - just in case someone asked an epiphany-level question.

In this folder, I had Jung's two-page description of Yin and Yang, Bloom's Taxonomy of learning, a description of America in 1901, a description of genuine maturity, and a description of the correct proportion of humanity. All these papers represented epiphanies that I felt I had grasped. I arrived each night at GED, ready to enlighten students who might ask a BIG question, but no one ever did. I have since learned that people ask BIG questions when *they* are ready, not when I am ready - with proper papers in hand to prove my insight.

The general role of a GED instructor is to sit quietly to the side, staying alert for a student who has a question, while students study on their own. Therefore, while at GED, I couldn't get absorbed in my own personal reading, but kept my eyes watching the classroom so I could assist, if needed. Yet, one night, I learned deeply from my own epiphany folder as I sat quietly daydreaming in the GED classroom.

It was the paper titled "The Global Village" that drew me into envisioning. I read again the accurate proportion of humanity on this earth. The paper describes how humanity would look if it were reflected in 100 people. *One hundred people*, I thought; *that is a size I can imagine*. The Universe is too large a concept for me to place myself within it, but I can picture myself as one of 100 people. One hundred people would fit in this classroom, I thought. It's a normal classroom for 25 seated students; 100 humans would fit, but they would have to stand.

I then envisioned the classroom filled with undifferentiated people, like gray murky ghosts taking form into physical reality. It took a moment, as I watched, for them to materialize. It was a little crowded, but people could move around without touching.

Fifty-two of them were women. It was the first differentiation of the ghost-like mass of humans. Bodies changed shape before my eyes; 52 were women's bodies. I felt momentary pride at being a member of the majority.

Then, quickly, before my eyes, 57 became Asian and eight became African. In total, only 30 were white people. My head pulled slowly and gently back as I envisioned the classroom nearly full of color. We whites were outnumbered. I noticed white people gravitated toward my corner of the room.

The paper states that half of humanity is malnourished. I saw half of the GED classroom population shrink in size and reflect the crippling body shapes of lifelong hunger. Most of the malnourished were colored people, now gathered quietly at the far end of the classroom. Crippled women there were helping those in yet greater suffering.

The white people were uncomfortable at seeing the diminishment caused by malnutrition and related illnesses. They gathered more closely around me, with five people grabbing the only available chairs and sitting down around my table. We six humans now seated around my desk were the Americans - only 6% of humanity, and with the only chairs in the room. But, in spite of these people sitting close to me, my attention remained drawn to the malnourished and ill women at the back of the room.

After a bit, I looked at we six Americans. At least two of us - a man and a woman - were colored; if not actually of colored skin, they were colored in the sense of lacking full citizenship. These two seemed a little uncomfortable in their chairs.

An elderly white American man sat directly across the desk from me. His eyes were glazed over; his arms were crossed and he appeared withdrawn and smug. To his left was a younger white man whose eyes were restless. He appeared agitated, angry that he could not control this classroom of diverse humans. He avoided looking at we two white American women.

I looked toward the other white woman, who was seated to my right, but just then my daydream was interrupted. I was pulled back into reality by a young high school dropout who was raising her hand with a question. She was seated near the back of the room.

I stood up from the table of Americans and walked toward the back of the room. Not quite shaking off the vision of humanity filling this classroom, I felt as if I were walking into the group of malnourished and ill.

For the next 15 minutes, I discussed math word problems with my young student. Often, a student's math skills are sufficient. It is their comprehension of the questions that is lacking. So she and I discussed what the questions were asking, and her eyes lit up to see that her math was accurate, once she understood the problems.

I hate to lose my daydream of humanity, I thought as I returned to the teacher's table. It was like an overlay of the earth's people in one room - my classroom. It was yet a deeper epiphany than I had realized before, to embody humanity as 100 people within this room. And, with this overlay in place, I could see that my act of walking across the classroom to help one American high school dropout was simultaneously the act of a privileged American white woman reaching out to the malnourished and ill on this earth.

I understood my place in humanity that evening in the GED classroom, through envisioning myself as one of 100 people. Words on paper were embodied through my daydream; envisioning caused an epiphany.

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.

Rites of Passage

by Arden Goewert

A Rite of Passage is a recognition of a personal transformation. The rite is a public acknowledgement of a great change in an individual. The real work happens before the community celebration.

A Rite of Passage marks a death and rebirth. The self must die to an old way of being and be reborn into a new self. In western culture, we celebrate only a few of these passages. Graduation marks the change from scholar and acknowledges the work the student has done. The student self dies and the graduate self is born. Marriage marks the death of the single self, and the birth of the spouse self.

Along with death/ rebirth, another aspect of a Rite of Passage is initiation. In many rites celebrated in many cultures, the individual gains membership into a group of people who have undergone the same deep change. New members learn the mysteries known to all initiates. For example, Australian boys learn that the terrible and frightening noise that they hear during ritual celebrations isn't the voice of the gods, but comes from a bullroarer, and that the gods that join their holidays are really fathers and uncles in costume. The initiates learn to take on the duties and responsibilities of their new roles. In Western culture, bridal showers and baby showers can be a similar initiation, as wives and mothers share stories and explore the mysteries of these life changes.

Yet many of the transformations we experience don't get recognized, either publicly or personally. Many of our small and large deaths and rebirths pass by unmarked, and perhaps unrecognized for what they are. I might celebrate my first house or new car, but not the first time I reacted with compassion instead of anger, or the first time I said a difficult thing or took the first step in healing a relationship, even though I was very scared.

I lead the "Depression as a Rite of Passage" group at the Grove. I've been asked about the name of the group: what does it mean? Instead of answering that question directly, I thought I'd share with you my experience of the last month or two.

My descent is gradual, almost imperceptible. The colors of the earth muted. The keen edge of my contentment becomes dulled. I am restless, bored and irritable. I compare myself to the fledgling birds, preparing for their first migration; some change begins to stir, some quiet and powerful voice whispers for me to *come away*.

I fall and, more quickly now, I am caught in her enclosing arms. She wraps me in soft layers of gauze, thin

and binding. I am caught in her cocoon, her web, her feather bed. I struggle briefly and then yield. There is nothing else I can do.

The darkness thickens. In the brightest day, night lives in my soul. I am weary, too tired to sleep, too tired to cry. The moon keeps me company throughout the hours before dawn. All pleasure has drained away from the earth; food has turned to sand; it's too much trouble to get up and pour a glass of water. Dishes, bills and dust grow into mountains. I wear the same pair of jeans for days.

My thoughts turn to sludge. I can't plan or remember or concentrate. Getting out of bed requires an hour of consideration and tremendous effort. Obligations and promises are too much to consider. I am in the blackest part of my journey.

"Initiated into the mysteries of the darkest depths my soul can reach, and the steps on the journey into light, I am reborn into myself and the world."

I see my doctor and get a new medication added to my old. I take it faithfully, although I have only a little hope of it helping. Side effects plague me: sleepiness, nervousness, stomach upset. I know that these should fade in time, but, for a while, I feel worse. I wonder if it's worth doing.

Slowly the cocoon opens; the blanketing softness parts. Yesterday I washed the dishes; today I make my bed. I begin to rise and find that I can breathe deeply again. I discover a new self, still fragile and tender. This new self, wiser and more capable, has survived the journey into the depths of melancholia, depression, and is now returned to the world reborn. Initiated into the mysteries of the darkest depths my soul can reach, and the steps on the journey into light, I am reborn into myself and the world.

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 artwork for the Grove, and is the repository of many mythic plot-lines.



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

Generosity and Gratitude Galore

by Cynthia Jones

Once again, *thank you*. Contributions to our *Give Life a Chance* fund have covered our recent medical expenses. Thank you for enabling us to save the lives of five puppies who are all healthy and very glad to be alive. All four of Juliet's puppies who were in critical condition have families of their own now. Ed, who talks about his experience in this newsletter, is doing very well.

September was a record month for adoptions for us. Thank you, Elizabeth Wilson, for your work with our web site and with Pet Finders. Thank you, Constance, for answering countless e-mails and spending hours on the phone arranging 13 September adoptions. Thank you, Julienne, for inviting us to bring our dogs to the St. Louis Pagan Pride day. Thank you, Lucinda Sohn, Juliette Jackson and Michele Solvej, for fostering puppies who were in danger of catching Kennel Cough when illness moved through our pack. Your excellent foster care and commitment to these babies has resulted in nine puppies finding homes.

As we reach out to find homes for our dogs, others reach in with needs and concerns that were outside our awareness. We have been asked if we can help the women and the pets of women who seek sanctuary in domestic violence shelters. At times, women are not willing to get the help they need for themselves and their children because leaving an abusive situation means that their beloved pet will be left in the hands of an angry abuser. If you are willing to *consider* providing a foster home for a dog or cat, please let us know. We would like to create a network of possibilities for a variety of situations where foster care is the best short term solution.

If you are interested in being contacted about a taking a dog or a cat for short-term care, e-mail Constance, Eliza-

beth or Dogs @dianasgrove.com. Tell us about the kind of dog or cat that you are willing to care for. Don't worry, you won't come home and find a puppy in a basket on your doorstep...but we will call you if we encounter a needy pet that meets your specifications.

Rather than look at the problem - for, yes, the problem is too large for any one of us to solve; the need is greater than anyone's capacity to give - look at the world through the eyes of one creature who seeks sanctuary. See yourself through that creature's eyes. This month, they, and we, say, THANK YOU.

Thank you to those of you whose contributions to our *Give Life a Chance* fund arrived after last month's newsletter when to print: Maggie Beaumont, Charlotte Parsons, the St. Louis Pagan Pride Organizing Committee, Jeanne Adwani.

Thank you to those of you who sponsored a dog for the months of September and/or October: Barbara Smith, Tracy and Kevin, Fern Feto, Scarabella, Jay and Mary Stewart, Jeanne Adwani, Jim O'Rourke and Synnove.

Late August and September Adoptions:

Piney River Puppies: Morgana, Devi, Lady, Puck, and Peaches

Bunker Puppies: Al and Dusty

The Hound/Shelty/Border Collie litter: Princess and Jasmine (Butterscotch and Amy are betrothed and will soon be with their new families.) Freckles is looking for someone who can see a beauty that the camera can not capture. "My beauty is more than skin deep," he says. And Jasper, his brother, is one of the most beautiful dogs I have had the pleasure of caring for.

Juliet's Puppies: Artemis and 4 of her brothers have new homes, 3 puppies are still here, waiting to be discovered.

Dogs: Ember, Memphis, Artemis - *the grown up Border Collie* - and Carrie.

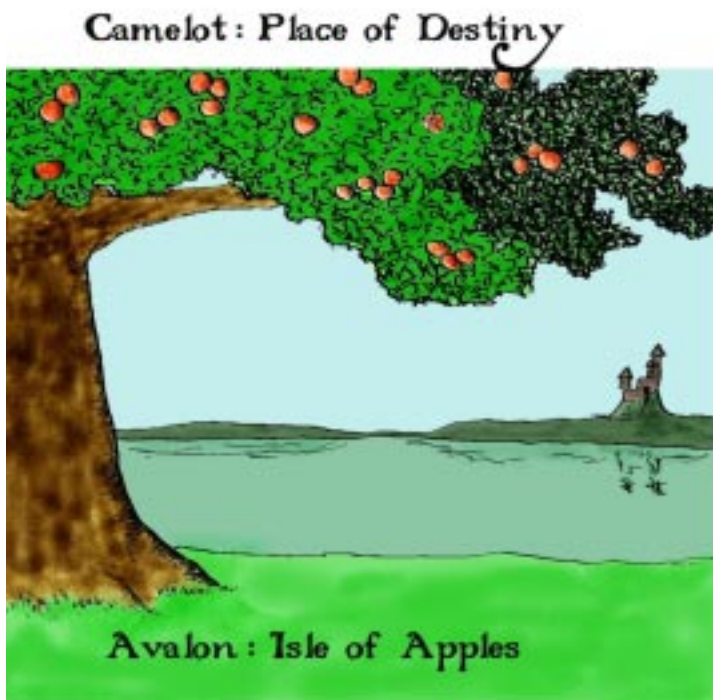
Destiny: Stories from Arthur's Camelot

by Cynthia Jones

The Legend of King Arthur, with its complex characters and their even more complex interactions, inspires a zealot's devotion to plot. Never have I had the audacity to tell a myth or legend that is so passionately interpreted, told and retold. All I can promise you is that I won't take the liberties Hollywood has taken. I will tell this legend in the way I tell all myth and ballad; I will stay true to the bones and allow motivation and intention to shift in such a way that all characters have value. Each one has a role to play in the making of a story that will live for 1500 years as a tale of integrity, honor and vision – a moment in time that changed time. And I will call each of you to step up and take your place at the table.

As I have begun to search for the bones of this legend, I have found that there are *bones* that support almost any version I might want to tell. I am going to use *Chronicles of King Arthur* by Andrea Hopkins as the basis for the structure of the story. I imagine I will be monthly reminding myself – and all of you – that the Mystery School year is about you, you...not Arthur. This tale will retell itself in a way that addresses our times, our struggles, our past and our future.

We will joyously be welcoming new *mysteri*es next year who are already thinking about ways to invite us to enter the England of 500 CE (Christian Era). The woods around the Grove are listening for Merlin's footsteps. Enchantment stalks. And...by 9:00 AM, the morning fog must disappear...wait – time hasn't been invented yet, has it?



To register for Mystery School 2005, visit www.dianasgrove.com

Meet the Newsletter Staff!

This Month's Contributors: Teri Parsley-Starnes, River, Jane Holt, Lorely Lather, Dan Wilson, sisalfish
Cynthia Jones, Jennifer Willson, Ed the Puppy, The Three of Disks, Arden Goewert

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