





Other books by Ipsita Roy Chakraverti

Beloved Witch: An Autobiography  
Sacred Evil: Encounters with the Unknown  
Spirits I Have Known  
Beloved Witch Returns

## **THE VOICE OF THE PRIESTESS**

**©Ipsita Roy Chakraverti 2018**

ISBN 978-81-937242-0-0

Ipsita Roy Chakraverti asserts the moral right to be identified as the author of this book.

First published March 2018

Second Impression, April 2018

Published in India in 2018 by

The Wiccan Brigade in collaboration with Silver Rose

Silver Rose, 121/1 Southern Avenue, Kolkata 700029;

silver\_rose.pub@outlook.com

The section of this work, titled 'You are the Thunder, I am the Lightning' was first published in 1992 as 'I am She' by the Institute of Ancient Sciences, Kolkata.

The following work is a work of non-fiction based on the Wiccan scriptures and philosophy of Ipsita Roy Chakraverti.

All rights reserved in all media. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted, in any form by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the publishers, except by a reviewer who may quote brief passages in a review.

Cover design and cover photo by The Wiccan Brigade

Cover Photo: Wooden statuette of the Goddess Isis from the private collection of Ipsita Roy Chakraverti

Photo of author on the back cover by Susmita Choudhury

Typeset done by Silver Rose Publications

Printed and bound in India by Jim Jeas, Kolkata

SR/031801-02/KK/IND

# The Voice of the Priestess

Ipsita Roy Chakraverti



Silver Rose

**THE WICCAN BRIGADE**

*Ipsita Roy Chakraverti* ✨



*To the Chalet in the Laurentians,  
where I sat and wrote.  
One day I shall return.  
- Ipsita*





# Contents

## **You are the Thunder, I am the Lightning**

Introduction	3
The Sojourn	7
The Pain	9
The Journey	11
The Game	13
The Terms	15
The Questions	17
The Remembering	19
The Tears	21
The Faithful	23
The Surrender	25
The Road	27
The Sudden Blows	28
The Cup in His Hands	30
The Waiting	32
The Protest	34

The Defiant	36
The Gifts & the Giver	38
The Foes & the Friends	40
The Arena	42
What of Love?	44
They	46
The Answer	48
The Consort	52
<b>The Priestess &amp; the Seeker</b>	
The Priestess & the Seeker	57
Secret Knowledge	60
A Winter Meal	63
The Priestess's Leave Taking	65
<b>Pagan Prayers</b>	
A Prayer for the New Year	71
Goddess With Many Names	72
A Springtime Invocation	75
At Beltaine	76

Beltaine Invocation	79
At One with the Invisible	81
After the Winter Solstice	82
The Cauldron Ceremony	84
<b>The Mysteries of Wicca</b>	
Introduction	87
Invocation to the Shadows	91
Turn of the Autumnal Wheel	94
The River Rises	97
The Priestess of Gaia	100
Coming of the Crone	104
The Priestess as Crone	108
The Silver Ceremony	110
Secrets of Life and Death	113





*You are the Thunder,  
I am the Lightning*



## Introduction

---



I have often wondered whether I should put down these lines you are about to read in print for the world to see. True, they were once put down in print by The Institute of Ancient Sciences and some people did read them but then I hurriedly retrieved the copies and hid them away. The reason being that I felt very possessive about them. I felt as if a Higher Power had sent me this knowledge and I was to hold it in trust.

I was aware that what I was writing on dark evenings sitting by the lamp-light was precious—at least to Wiccans. For this was an ancient philosophy not a religion. If anything—it challenged a Superior Power.

Many great philosophers since ancient times have written along similar lines. Many poets too. Some have denied God.



In our Indian culture, the Samkhya School which flourished around the 4th century AD said there was no place for Ishwara or God in our lives. There was only Prakriti or Nature and there was Purusha or Spirit. So to whom do we turn to pray? Nature? Spirit? Where was this Spirit? In ourselves perhaps?

Epicurus the Greek philosopher from 3rd century BC who emphasized the importance of material and worldly enjoyment did so partly because he had become disillusioned with Divine help. He stated that God existed but was uninterested in human existence. He genuinely wondered whether God was able but not willing to prevent evil.

During the period of my early quest, I wrote these lines first as a form of rebellion against the Highest. But then the realization came that the Godhead was within each one of us. In the Chalet in the Laurentians where I had my first

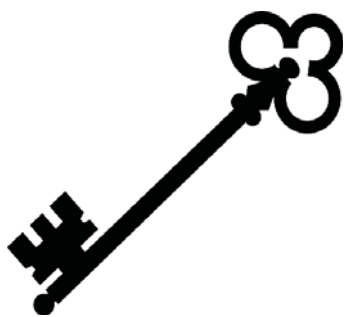




glimpse into Wiccan philosophy I learned the importance of strength and courage—perhaps a bit of detachment too. We used to read a lot from the works of Friedrich Nietzsche and one quote I believed in was—‘That which does not kill us makes us stronger’.

My first title for this book was “I Am She”, meaning I have the Goddess in me. But then what about the ‘he’? This philosophy is above gender. It is about the greatness in all of us. We have the stamina of a Prometheus, the beauty of a Lucifer.

So I believe.





## The Sojourn

---

It is all a sojourn

Let that be a thought to guide you and a comfort  
on those comfortless, bleak days and nights when  
the glory and the hope seem to have left life.

It will pass.

Be not so distraught.

Be not so disturbed.

It befits you not.

You, who have seen and borne so much of the  
vagaries of the Play, know how the acts unfold.

And He who has written the Great Play and has put  
you on stage, watches your smiles and tears.

Do not stumble on stage.

It will amuse Him.



Play the part bravely.

Even when that thing called the heart,  
breaks a little.

It is all a sojourn.

A mere game for an hour.



## The Pain

---

Most of it is pain.

There is no doubt about that.

Let us not paint a dainty picture in rosy tints.

But absorb the pain we must, because there is  
really no alternative.

Learning to take the pain is part of the great lesson.

There will be distractions and diversions now and  
then.

Be diverted and distracted.

Enjoy the temporary lightness.

But do not be baffled because the forgetting, the  
entire relief, never comes.

The Great Writer of the play holds that back.



What is the use of questioning His plot?

Do not do so.

You will get no answer.

Because it is not for a player to question the  
Author about the purpose and the design of His  
play.



## The Journey

---

There will be times of tiredness.

Most of the journey is uphill.

There are very few resting places by the way.

Some of the springs you stop to drink at, may yield  
bitter water.

Yes, the journey will make you weary.

But travel on, you must,

Because that is what you were meant to do.

If the limbs suddenly feel very heavy, sit and rest a  
while.

He will allow you that,

And then rise and trudge on.

Take comfort in this,



We all plod on beside you.

Our burdens are different.

But the road, full of rocks and brambles is the  
same.





## The Game

---

Do not try to look too far ahead.

What is destined to happen, is to be, in spite of you  
and not because of you.

The Great Player brooks no interference.

No plea.

No appeal.

He will have His plan played out to the end.

So do not worry and plot and fret for  
yourself.

It is really of no use.

I say this to comfort you.

Play your own game, according to your own rules,  
if that amuses you.



But look at the mirth in His eyes.

The little beings as they scuttle about.

Be aware of this.

Whenever He so wishes, He can sweep all your  
counters off the board and your game  
is over.

Of what use are your rules then?

Does He ever laugh at your presumption?

I think He does.



## The Terms

---

Whatever gave you the idea that He sent  
you here to be happy?

If you linger over happiness, who will bear  
the trials and tribulations?

So banish all delusions and you will find yourself  
on better terms with Life and  
the Great Player.

You will not be angry with Him because you  
will know what He expects of you.

Of course, at times the unfairness and the injustice  
will be more than obvious, but so what?

Such is the Game.



And when you are badly bruised, do not let Him  
see how you bleed.

Rise as best as you can, brush the dust off from  
yourself and return to the Game.



## The Questions

---

Why do we suffer?

Why does the Great Player not take heed?

Why do our hopes crumble, time and again?

Why is there so much pain all around us?

Why does evil seem to triumph?

I do not know.

Do the learned philosophers have the answers?

They know even less than I.

Religion can comfort- when we close our eyes  
very tightly.

Where is the answer then?

What is the remedy?

Perhaps there is no solution.



Could it be that the Great Design is to make us  
suffer?

When the combatant is in the arena he has no right  
to search for the exit.

His only task is to fight on.

The Great Player has thrown him into the arena to  
struggle and fight.

The scholars say that it uplifts his soul.

I merely smile behind my veil.

## The Remembering

---



Is it not laughable how we are all trying to forget  
the human condition?

Some with wine, some with opium, some in the  
flesh, others in frenzied pursuits.

We are working for progress we say, or we are  
seeking to rest ourselves, we say.

But why do we shirk the truth?

The truth being that we seek to forget.

We are constantly trying to forget the fears  
and pains that our human condition  
has made us heir to.

So stop running hither and thither.

Stop and realise that you were made for the



Great Arena.

Where can you run?

And do not try to forget.

Remember where you are.

You cannot make a paradise of a battlefield,  
poor fool.



## The Tears

---



Tears are a waste my friend.

So laugh.

Laugh at it all.

When the pain is too great, too near to the heart,  
you do not feel it very much,

any longer.

Then you are in a position to think.

To wonder- perhaps?

At the many ways He has devised for you.

The many ways He tries to make you crumble.

To fall.

To be one with nothingness.



If you laugh at it all, He may be baffled for a moment.

If you cry, He wins it all.

The Faithful

---



What is it which disturbs you?

Present pains, future fears?

Past guilt?

Learn to live with them all, my friend.

You ask how you will learn.

By trying not to learn.

By being.

By merely being.

Let them play over you and through you.

Tear you apart.

So what?

If they will not leave, ask them to stay.

Adorn yourself with these wild ones.



Those dark ones with nameless faces who will not  
leave your side.

And consider this.

How strange it is, that pleasures and joys are fickle.

But pain is faithful.

Turn to it anytime – and you will find it there.



## The Surrender

---

Give yourself up.

Let it be total surrender.

Fear, pain, guilt – and what else is to be  
experienced and suffered?

Take it all.

Look how it swirls around you.

Embraces you.

Will not let you go.

You tried to fight it.

Was it any use?

It was futile, was it not?

So now, look at the faces of your old friends.

They will teach you life's ways.



They will show you the false promises of hope –  
and joy which endures but a moment.

What more would you have?

Life was meant for them

What place have you here, except as their chosen  
playmates?

Allow them their pleasure, for they will have their  
way, whether you will or not.

## The Road

---



And now about the weariness and fatigue.

The days which come and the days which  
trudge by.

And the winds which toss you down and when you  
rise, the path which is hard and dark and cheerless.

But, would you have the road come to an end?

Are you not frightened?

The plodding on seems infinitely better than that  
sudden turn into one knows not what.

But – and here's a thought.

What if one could learn to sneer at both the road  
and the turn?

If one could learn to know the way for what it is.

Both are dark – or so they seem.

So sneer at one and scorn the other.



## The Sudden Blows

---

And what about the sudden blows?

The unexpected darts?

The hidden hurts and humiliations?

How should one learn to accept them?

By looking at them and smiling.

Pain is the thunder and lightning and the  
immovable sheet of rain.

But these needless, unexpected, startling blows are  
the autumn rain – light , but strong enough to chill  
and drench.

Are these showers not lovely as they fall on the  
many coloured leaves of hope?

How they sparkle on the gold and russet hued  
leaves.



## The Voice Of The Priestess



These are the tears you shed.

A few drops on the leaves lend beauty to the  
woods of life.



## The Cup in His Hands

---

The soul cries out for relief and the parched  
soil for a few drops of rain.

Relief which seems too long in reaching you.

The cup of water lingers too long in His hands  
and He smiles.

Some say we need to strengthen our souls.

Some talk of great upliftment.

Others say we wouldn't reach the light  
if there were no darkness.

Listen not to them.

Their tears fall just as hard as yours and mine.

They seek the water for the parched soil.

So let us not talk of strengthening our souls.



That is futile talk.

And look not too longingly at the cup in His hands.

If you plead too long and fervently, maybe

He will turn away and you will never know

those cooling drops.



## The Waiting

---

We must not question the Great Writer.

But we must find the purpose, the reason  
why He flung us down here  
on this desert stage.

So they tell us – the philosophers and the mystics.

That will comfort, they say.

That is the answer.

We shall realise why we suffer and we shall  
understand why we must cry.

We shall see behind the mask of pain and  
we shall no longer be tortured by evil and the  
blows of Time.

The purpose will dawn and the meaning will be



clear.

I wait for the light of solution.

I go on waiting for the darkness to clear but the  
rays of understanding do not pierce this terrible  
night.

Are the philosophers and mystics wrong then?

Could they be mistaken?



## The Protest

---

What if we do not question His ways at all?  
If we accept them without a murmur or a sigh?

Consider that.

The passive way to live.

The whisper in the dark.

The silence at the end.

But no.

We who have known knowledge , cannot

succumb to the abyss of defeat so

soundlessly.

We know His strength.

We have seen the times He has turned away from  
our outstretched arms.



But still, as we submit to the abyss, a cry will be wrenched from our lips so that, that last sound can echo through the years and the darkness of the universe and He will know that even as the yawning depths drew us down, we protested – and we did not say that we accepted His will.



## The Defiant

---

It is interesting to note at what point in time  
pain ceases to be pain.

It is interesting to note the metamorphosis  
of agony into restful nonchalance.

And most interesting is it to be able to look into  
that vast, unlimited void – and to  
search out the eyes of the only One who  
could have saved us but did not want to.

To search out those beautiful, laughing eyes,  
to meet them with indifference at last—  
and to say into them – “I have my own strength  
too.

The strength which comes because I  
no longer care.”





And for a split moment in Infinity as His eyes  
cloud, to say, “No longer can you sport with  
me – I begin to understand the intricacies of  
the maze you have devised.”



## The Gifts & the Giver

---

And what will help you overcome the  
injustice and the callousness  
which the Great Author of the Play inflicts upon  
you?

Should you drown yourself in the wine of a  
Khayyam?

The opium of a slave?

The debauchery of a decadent aristocrat?

No, that is not the way, my friend.

The way is through defiance – and knowledge.

Knowledge that He is the stronger combatant.

The amused spectator.



Your solace is in the knowing that you go on  
doing the duty which is yours to do and  
even as you swallow the wormwood in the  
wine, fling down the cup and watch it  
shatter to pieces.

Never cringe.

Never cry tears of self-pity.

Yes, you had wanted much – but that was  
before the knowledge came that He shuns  
grovelling in the dust.

So now look up at His inscrutable face and ask,  
“what next?”



## The Foes & the Friends

---

We walk the same road.

Carry similar torches of pain, through the same  
darkness.

And yet we hate one another so much.

Where is the love He is supposed to have  
strewn down on earth?

The love that is supposed to envelope—the  
compassion that is all encompassing?

On the field of battle should you look for  
protection in the arms of your foe?

And as for your ally—maybe he faints with  
the same fatigue as you—Besides, your  
'friend' of today may be bought with a few pieces  
of gold.

The Voice Of The Priestess



So, Great Player, show me the love that is talked of.  
The rose petals in the desert.



## The Arena

---

What if you refuse to play His game?

What if you upset the board and throw away the  
counters?

Will it spoil His amusement?

Will He mind, be angry?

The twist lies in this.

The board may be overturned.

The counters can be discarded, but as you walk  
away, how far can you go?

The game was set in the arena.

The doors are all locked.

You may go only when the Great Player tells the  
gatekeeper to unlock the gate.



Your straining at them will not decide the matter.

And then consider this – have you not thought of what fears He may have laid out for you without?

The game was bitter, but the road back, leads  
through you know not what.

So come, sit down once more.

Compose yourself.

Wipe the anger from your face and pretend to  
smile – and pick up again, those losing counters  
and play on – till the day He tires of the Game and  
lets you go- to what?



## What of Love?

---

And what of love?

Well, what of it?

Talk not of absurdities and incongruities.

If He cannot love or will not – why should others  
who come to you in lust and greed?

But care not for them.

They are petty pawns in Life's design.

Just do your duty and work on the loom.

Complete the tapestry. Finish the weave.

Play out the thread to the end.

Do you like the pattern you have created?

The threads to weave with, were the ones

He gave you.





He thought you would falter and the threads would  
twine and knot.

Fear not. You have done well.

The thread was rough.

The colours dark – but note the sombre beauty of  
your work.



## They

---

They just covet.

They lust.

They are full of greed.

Their hands stretch out perpetually to destroy and  
grasp.

What do they know of giving?

The ones who say they are the ultimate beings in  
His Creation.

Did He create these ones?

Look at the man who was deceived and betrayed  
and brutalized.

Where was brotherly love then?

Look at the woman tortured and violated and  
ravaged.



To whom did she appeal then?

Is the understanding finally dawning?

Is the Great Voice saying there is no way but to  
bear, and endure and to bear some more?



## The Answer

---

Where lies beauty then?

Where His power and His love?

I turn away from the tears and the pain.

I tell my heart to be still.

My lips have stopped their wild protest.

I have fought.

I am bruised.

I breathe before I rise again, to face once more His  
cruel terms.

But wait.

A streak of lightning races across the skies.

The lightning with the sound of cymbals.



The rains pour down and mingle with my tears of  
rage.

Where do mine end and their's begin?

The winds and storms offer the fierce strength  
which He had denied me. But the arms around me  
upholding and blessing – are they perchance the  
arms of my Tormentor, my Deceiver?

A stray flash streaks across the firmament of  
despair.

He never meant me to cringe at His feet as the  
slave, the supplicant.

He pierces me with the shaft of His greatness  
and I raise my eyes and look beyond the glorious  
horizon.



I am His consort, His queen, the goddess of His  
desire.

The arena of battle turns into a cosmic stage.

The tears, the pain, mere props for an hour of play.

He adorns me with the stars of infinity and like Kali  
I glow with a garland of celestial strength.

I am Saraswati.

I am Lakshmi.

I am Diana.

I am Isis.

I am the Bride of Knowledge.

The Priestess of glittering noon and the  
purple night.

The Voice Of The Priestess



I am Life.

I am Eternity.

I am That which is never destroyed.



## The Consort

---

In the dark, warm night as the lightning plays  
across the sky, He holds onto the reins of thunder.

And we become one with the beat of the  
drumming and lashing rain.

The ones to share the reins of thunder and power.

We are one with His fire and water and air.

So, cast away your suffering, Beauteous Ones, and  
acknowledge your own greatness.

I am the Empress with the flashing eyes.

You are the Queens of mountain and hill.

Let us merge with the wave and storm, fire and  
cloud.

Find your Love there.





Let the flames warm your long limbs and the  
fragrance of a thousand roses mingle with your  
silken hair.

You were never meant to be handmaidens,  
You were the Chosen Ones.





*The Priestess  
& the Seeker*



## The Priestess & the Seeker

---



Priestess: Why have you come, my child? What do you seek?

Seeker: I come for the quest. I seek thee.

Priestess: Begone then ! I am not to be sought.  
What you seek is elsewhere.

Seeker: No, my Priestess, turn me not away. My soul grieves. It searches and thirsts and is heavy.

Priestess: Lay not your burdens on me, my child.  
Turn away, begone !

Seeker: You have the answers, my Priestess. You have the salve. Unravel the skein of my burden, I beseech you.

Priestess: I am not the unraveller of twine. I am not the oak shade under which you recline. Use me not for your weaknesses and travail.



Seeker: I use you not, but answer me, I beseech you, so the way may be less weary. So the strength may be more.

Priestess: Will you stand strong and firm through the storms which arise?

Seeker: As strong as I am able, my Priestess.

Priestess: Will your sight be beyond?

Seeker: I glance at the sky.

Priestess: Will you spurn the common temptations?

Seeker: I obey.

Priestess: Will you speak forthright and yet with compassion as should be?

Seeker: Aye, my Priestess.



Priestess: Then answer me once more. Why have you come?

Seeker: I submit to your questions. I come to know the Way. I have heard of its beauty and the light which shines thereof. I wouldst partake of that.

Priestess: Give me your hand, my child. I shall be your anchor, your guide for a day. If within that time and space, you find that treasure, so be it. If not, hold me not back, for I have a long road to tread.



## The Seeker Yearns for Secret Knowledge

---

Seeker: The skies are dark tonight. There's hardly any light. We cannot see the way ahead.

Priestess: The skies are often dark my child. The moon is cold and pale. Find your way, you must. But why do you follow me?

Seeker: We would walk the Path with you. The Path of Wicca. We have heard much of its ways.

Priestess: The Path is not kind. It is strewn with rocks and stones. Be careful what you ask for.

Seeker: The skies are dark tonight. The lightning flashes and forks.

Priestess: As I have said before, the skies are often dark. The lightning flashes. But why do you follow me in this wind and storm?

Seeker: We would walk on the Path with you. We





would have you guide us. We fear not the road.

Priestess: Heed my words and return to the  
comfort of everyday. To the safety of the known.  
To hearth and home.

Seeker: No, our Priestess, do not turn us away. We  
seek the knowledge of unknown worlds. We would  
know the secret which lies behind the veil.

Priestess: Are you willing to step beyond the portal  
– the doorway which common folk call Reality?

Seeker: We are, O Priestess. Guide us. We fear not  
the harshness of the road, which has beckoned us  
for many winters.

Priestess: It is meet that you talk of the seasons for  
in Wicca, we measure time thus. The turning of the  
seasons. Yes, winter has come. But the wheel will  
turn.



Seeker: How shall we prepare ourselves for the quest?

Priestess: Be steadfast in your purpose. Let not the world distract you. And be loyal to the Power which has brought you to the quest.

Seeker: What is this Power you speak of our Priestess? How does one define it?

Priestess: Be not in such haste to know all. The Power will reveal itself to you if you betray It not.

The Priestess & Her Children  
at a Winter Meal

---



When the winds blow bitter cold outside  
And the frost sits on the ground,  
Come my children, who would learn from me  
Come and gather round.

I am a teacher, you will find none where  
No matter where you go.

I'll tell you the secret of magical caves  
And slopes all filled with snow.

Learn the codes from other times  
Known to a very few,

Be aware that there are worlds a many —  
Stars, dimensions too.

We come and enter as we will,



Through portals high and low.

Then share a meal with me today,

And I'll light the light for you.

We are a chosen band from old,

Forget not the lessons you've been told.

I, your Priestess bless you today.

I raise a toast to you.

## The Priestess Takes Leave

---



We have walked together along desert sands  
— lonely and long they have been.

Now the roads yonder, they beckon to us  
— each must walk asunder.

Fear not my child, what you have learnt will come  
to your aid.

Do as I have bade.

Look ahead, the Goddess above and trust to thine  
own strength.

The sky may scorch but the stars come at day's  
end.

Trust not many.

Your knowledge hold dear.



It will be worth more to you than nuggets of gold.

There is a design in the road we tread.

Keep true to that grand plan.

I have walked with you as I said I would.

I have pointed to the hills, for the quest my child,  
goes on.

Never let it end.

There are lands beyond and greater worlds which  
we must tread and stride.

Hold not to me as I let you go.

Remember me your guide.

I loved you well, but I showed not the softness of  
sand, but the sternness of stone.



Let that thought guide you as you face the road  
with courage, not petulance.

I say no more. It is for you to discover.

If we meet again, the Goddess willed it.

If not, this parting was well made.

I bless thee.







*Pagan Prayers*



A Prayer for the New Year

---



I invoke the Goddess in names sacred and untold.

Step over the threshold Great Isis,  
And stand before your children who would your  
blessings unfold.

Good health, good cheer, love, with bonds that  
hold,

Light, which banishes darkness into the cold.

Give us that which blesses and heals,  
Give us the strength to war with the world's ills.  
Walk with us, be with us , through seasons as they  
come,

We look to you great Isis as our Destiny unfurls.



Prayer to the Goddess  
with Many Names

I bow to Coatlique, Lady of the Skirt of Serpents.

I bow to the dark faced Madonna, whose head is severed from her body and from the neck flows two streams of blood in the form of serpents.

In Her hand She carries a human skull.

In ancient Crete the Goddess was called Rhea.

I bow to Her.

In southern Russia, She was Rha, the Red One –  
Mother Time,

I bow to Her.

In Ireland She was Cailleach, which was a Celtic name for the Great Goddess, as destroyer.

I bow to Her.

In Scotland, a land which was once called



Caledonia, the Goddess was Cale.

I bow to Her.

The Romans worshipped at one time a dark  
Aphrodite.

In Finland, She was known as Kalma. She who was  
near tombs.

I am near Her.

Amongst the gypsies, She was Sara-Kali, or Queen  
Kali.

I know Her.

In the south of France, She is worshipped to this  
day as Ste Marie de-la-Mer.

All hail to Her.



## A Springtime Invocation

---

Tonight my friends we gather here,  
At this magical time of the Wiccan year,  
When spring's not gone and summer's not here.

The skies are like your eyes and mine,  
Brooding and amethyst, like Circe's wine,

There's silver too, if you look afar,

For we've come to invoke

Wind, Water and Fire.

*Dialogue*

The Priestess &  
the Children of the Sun  
at Beltaine

---



Priestess: Why have ye assembled in the valley of blossoms on this day, my children?

Response: We have met, our Priestess, so that we may walk through the fires of Beltaine and meet you at the foothills.

Priestess: Would you tread the mountain path, for there is much beauty beyond.

Response: Yes, our Priestess. We see the beauty but we cannot reach it. If we walk through this fire which burns on either side, it has been told to us that we may reach it yet.

Priestess: But the grass is green where you walk. It is smooth. It is verdant. There is much ease and comfort where you stand.

Response: We know that our Priestess. And yet the smoothness we stand upon is deceptive. Here, the



spirit lies still and forgets the light. All is not what it seems. Let us walk with you, beyond the fire.

Priestess: My journey will soon begin. Commence then your progress through the fire. I bless you on this day invoking Bel and the goddess of the sacred flame, Brigid. May they protect you and be with you as you begin your quest.

Response : What must we carry on this our journey?

Priestess: Carry the stone which lights the earth. Carry the fire which never dies. Carry the water of the skies. And step forth as the winds around you rise. But above all, carry with you a strong and steadfast heart which does not lie.

Response: We hear the greater wisdom. We follow the Path, our Priestess.





Priestess: Come my children. Step through the fire which cleanses and renews. Let the journey begin with the blossoms and fruits of Beltaine. Let the blessings and healing of Beltaine be yours.



## Beltaine Invocation

---

I invoke the fire of the skies,  
The golden disc with a thousand eyes.  
I invoke the waters and waves that be,  
The blue and silver of the sea.  
I invoke the air, near and far,  
And to earth, great Gaia, I hold the star.  
Bless us on this Beltaine eve,  
Forget we all to weep and grieve.  
Clear our brows, our eyes, our hearts,  
As this year anew, we start.  
The weary steps we have trod,  
We leave behind, we are newly shod.



The strife, the battle on the field,  
We have faced with sword and shield.  
We care not for the darkened hour,  
We hold the gift. We have the power.



At One with the Invisible

---

We fear you not, shades of the night,

Because we are one of you.

We walk on the fringes of dark and light,

We are the watchers of the living,

Who laugh, love and settle into cosy nooks of  
house and home,

And plan and play with light and day.

We are not of them O world,

O shadows, we are one with you.

*Dialogue*

The Priestess &  
the Children of the Temple  
after the Winter Solstice

---



Priestess: The winter solstice has been with us. The portal shows light.

Response: The portal shows light.

Priestess: The sun brightens, my children. The darkness draws back.

Response: The darkness draws back.

Priestess: Look at the doorway. What do you see?  
Are those shades not afraid of thee?

Response: Afraid of us they be.

Priestess: Look to the portal through which we have come now and through which we shall return.  
The mysteries unfold while we wait.

Response: While we wait we shall surely find the answers.



Priestess: There are gateways into other worlds set  
in mountains of snow. We shall reach them by and  
by and we shall know.

Response: We shall know.

The Priestess Invokes  
the Elemental Powers  
at the Cauldron Ceremony

---



I invoke the shadows and the light,  
The moonbeam and the sunlight bright.  
Gather your leaves and the twigs of wood,  
The earth is brown where the green once stood.

The wind doth blow,  
The chill night air,  
Let go, let go, all grief and fear.  
Give to the cauldron from the past,  
And watch it blaze, what cannot last.  
Hold to the fruit the Goddess sends,  
She knows you well and your life she tends.  
Blessings to you on this day She sends.







*The Mysteries  
of Wicca*



## Introduction

---



**T**he Ancient Mystery Schools of various cultures, were mostly oral in tradition and contained the secrets and wisdom of life and living and of the after-life. The knowledge was often in code form and it was upto the listener or the reader to unwind and untangle the secrets woven into the dialogues or discourses.

Amongst the more famous Mystery Schools are the Eleusinian of ancient Greece revolving around Demeter and Persephone and based at Eleusis, the Asiatic Cult of Cybele, the Dionysian School and the Orphic. Very mysterious too was the School of the Mithraic which went back to at least 2800 BC and had Persian roots. It was a major Mystery School in Rome. Mithras had shades in him of both the light and the dark — Ahura Mazda and Ahriman.

When we come to Wicca, we realize how very ancient this school was. It goes back to beyond 3500 BC. To the time



of the Pharaohs and before, in Egypt. It was celebrated once a year at the time when the Nile came in spate and the soil became black and fertile. The Priestess of Isis at the Temple would call into the vast compound the young initiates, who would one day be masters and mistresses of the secrets of Wicca. Then through a series of dialogues she would instruct and hint at the many secrets and ways of learning which lay before them.

It was believed that Isis, being the Mother Goddess of Wicca, had her temple in Philae where her Priestess would start the first dialogue and then move on to the other temples teaching her students and initiates. In each place was a particular dialogue said, till the last one — which was taught at the Winter Solstice.

The Priestess would talk of the Wiccan philosophies through her dialogues — of Maiden, Mother and Crone, or the phases of the Moon. On behalf of her students she



would pray for the blessings of Ra the Sun God before he set sail on his barque in the winter. She assured the children that the Goddess would protect them. Osiris had been taken from them but they must be strong for that was the will of the Goddess.

The Wiccan Mysteries have their own beauty and depth and secrets. I said them long ago when I myself was an initiate. I now write them down for you.



*Dialogue*

The Priestess &  
the Children of the Temple  
Invoke the Shadows



Priestess: Now is the time and the season draws near. My children, be ready to receive the signs from those who would make their thoughts known.

Response: We are ready. What wouldst thou have us do?

Priestess: Be firm of mind and strong in spirit. And know that they wouldst come to you.

Response: We know. But how should we make this known to them, our Teacher?

Priestess: Learn the ways of Invocation and be chaste of intention. They will know. That is the way of Spirit.

Response: Teach us the way of Invocation. We would learn.

Priestess: Rise and face the way that Ra begins



His journey. Breathe the breath of the Child. Raise your arms and fold your hands in silent gesture and invite in the flame-like beings of that region.

Response: We do as thou guidest. Tell us more.

Priestess: Face the quarter where the great cold resides and the ice makes diamonds in the air. The Shadows fear not the heat or cold. Invite them near. They wait.

Response: We welcome the diamonds of the air.  
May they enter our homes and hearth.

Priestess: Turn to the quarter where Ra doth rest from His journey. The spirits glow with a dimmer light. Raise your arms and ask them to come and give you peace. You need to be healed my child.

Response: We obey, O Wise One. You know them well. Plead on our behalf.



## The Voice Of The Priestess



Priestess: Face the region of the gentler breeze where it blows over froth capped waves. The barque of man sails the seas but the spirits stand at the helm. Welcome them, my children.

Response: We invoke the Shadows of the East, North, West and South. May they enter and bless us.

Priestess: So be it.



*Dialogue*

The Priestess  
& the Children of the Temple  
at the Turn of the Autumnal Wheel

Priestess: Listen my children. Do you hear?

Response: Yes, O Priestess. We hear.

Priestess: What hear ye?

Response: We hear the wind blow and the leaves  
strew the dry ground.

Priestess: Listen again. There is more. Be still and  
listen.

Response: We obey you, our Priestess. We listen  
again.

Priestess: Know then that this is the time when  
ye will hear the turning of the wheel. Ye will hear  
the stars move and the rocks will give ye their  
message. Be still and listen.

Response: Yes, O Priestess. We listen. Guide us so  
we can learn.



Priestess: I will say this once to ye. Then no more.  
Press me not for Secrets of which I have spoken of  
olde.

Response: We obey.

Priestess: Know then that Ra, the Great Sun, is  
going on a journey to the dark world. We travel  
the Path without light. The gold is shrouded with  
mist. But we remain unafraid because the Goddess  
walks with us.

Response: We remain unafraid.

Priestess: The Darkness deepens but know that She  
who protects us will not abandon. Neither will Ra.  
He leaves the mark of light and brightness with us  
before he embarks on his journey.

Response: May we know of it, our Priestess.



Priestess: It is in the hidden places where ye look not. The Light resides there. It does not die. The Sun merely changes its place. The gold dims not.

Response: Where should we search when we are in  
Darkness?

Priestess: I give to ye a key to the mystery. It bears the mark for ye to keep. I will say no more. Walk the Path with grace and gratitude. I bless ye.

*Dialogue*  
The Priestess  
& the Children of the Temple  
as the River Rises

---



Priestess: Why are you without, my children? The skies are dark. Enter the chamber and light the tapers. My rituals for the Goddess I finish for the day. She rests now. It is time for you to listen and learn.

Response: Yes, our Priestess. We light Ra now the tapers. Ieru rises. The rains continue. Ra no longer sends fire. Now the Goddess mourns the absence of Osiris.

Priestess: The Goddess is wise my children. Mourning is of the heart, but she is also a warrior. She knows that the people need the presence of Hapi who teaches the meaning of strength and the order of the days.

Response: Then will Osiris not return? Will the Goddess who is the mother of life, not heal?



Priestess: My children, if you would learn you must know Saqqara claims none. The Goddess of life perforce must be the Crone of Death. The two are as one.

Response: Where is Osiris, our Priestess? Can we find him?

Priestess: Each has work to do, my children. The orders of Nut and Geb my parents so decree it. Osiris has his work in the underworld. He is not one to be idle.

Response: Tell us our Priestess, of signs and messages.

Priestess: Isis wears the empty throne on her head but carries the sceptre of eternal life. What would it mean to you?



Response: The empty throne, the empty throne. Is that something to be afeard of?

Priestess: No, my children. The void is never vacant. Remember the signs of the Goddess. The sceptre of life carries the order forward. The empty throne is the throne of Osiris made vacant by the treachery of Set. But Osiris returns anew through the sceptre which She holds. Never fear. The Mysteries will unfold.

Response: We await, our Priestess. We await. The Mysteries will unfold.



*Dialogue*

The Priestess of Gaia &  
the Children of the Temple

---

Priestess: Gather round my children, and listen to what I would say.

Response: We are here, our Priestess. We listen.

Priestess: Mark you, that the skies are heavy. The mists, they rise. The earth seems to send a message to us.

Response: We see, our Priestess. They have been so. Those in the court, they talk of it. They are afeard. They feel that the spirits rise and they know not what to do.

Priestess: They are weak and unknowing. But the earth gives many signs. The earth speaks to us and often we hear not. Come closer, for I would speak to ye and I would not that many hear.

*(Children gather round).*





The first men on the land were travellers and wanderers.

Response: Travellers and wanderers, our Priestess?

Priestess: It is then that they found the sacred sites and holy springs and there they made their abodes. Gaia spoke through water, earth, and the trees and the rocks of the land.

Response: How will we receive Her message our Priestess?

Priestess: Listen well. This time of year has special signs. It is also a healing land. Draw from it and breathe with it. Remember that the body of man decays and dies, but the land merely changes. And just as his spirit returns, the spirit of the land returns with change.

Response: Tell us more our Priestess.



Priestess: On these nights of Gaia, the Serpent of Power glides through the land. I will spear it and show you its strength and how I have raised it for you. In the meantime, tame your minds and speak to this power, for it is close to you. You have suffered in the months gone by but you will now be healed.

Response: What about the trees and flowers which are about us?

Priestess: The trees are Her special messengers. The flowers and the fruit are the emblems you take in hand. They will give sustenance of body and spirit.

Response: We feel the spirits around us, our Priestess, we feel them. Those at court are afeard.

Priestess: Fear is not something which becomes



you my children. You are the Children of the Temple. If you show fear, the Goddess will frown. Be brave of heart and know the truth. Truth banishes fear.

Response: We follow your words, our Priestess. We are not afeard. Guide us and bless us.

Priestess: So will it be.



*Dialogue*

The Priestess &  
the Children of the Temple  
before the Coming of the Crone

---

Priestess: Know ye children that for the first time at Catal Huyuk, the ancient city of dark glass, we discover the Goddess in Her triple aspect as maiden, mother and crone. There we had mana and mystery.

Children: What would you mean, our Priestess?

Priestess: The meaning is this. In the beginning, the Goddess was portrayed as a whole mother woman with her hands embracing the leopards. They contained all and returned all to the source of life. Then there came the concept of past, present and future. There arose the meaning of Time. There was a road with a beginning and an end. But soon returned the Goddess who portrayed the cycles.

Children: What is the cycle that ye talk of? Is it a wheel?



Priestess: Just as the moon waxes and wanes in a cycle, so do the seasons. There is a coming and a return. There is the beginning and the end and the beginning again.

Children: But what we have left behind our Priestess, we can never have again.

Priestess: You are wrong, my children. Your bodies may walk on the road but your spirits return with the seasons. Winter and summer move in cycles. The clouds in the sky, they come and they go and they return again. The wind moves round the earth in a cycle. The sun and the moon – they rise and they set and they rise again. There is no end to anything.

Children: We would know why the Goddess has three faces. What meaning has this with the cycles or the seasons.



Priestess: The Goddess wouldst have you know of Her forms in spring, summer and winter. Each has its beauty and grace. The maiden is sprightly and innocent. The mother is full of love and wise in the ways of the home. The crone has seen the world and can advise you in her wisdom. But if you look closer into the face of the crone you will see the maiden, just as in the maiden you will see the mother who is to be. The mother on the other hand shows the wisdom of the crone. The Goddess is in all. Look closer my children.

Children: We begin to understand our Priestess. We begin to understand the various names of the Goddess and what Isis has said in describing Her many shapes. We understand the mystery of the shifting sands. We understand our Priestess. We thank you our Teacher.

## The Voice Of The Priestess



Priestess: Come my children. Come into the inner sanctum. You are beginning to learn the Mysteries. The darkness of the inner chamber will now be lightened. Light the tapers.



*Dialogue*

The Priestess as Crone  
& the Children of the Temple

---

The Crone : The moon is waning. The cycle goes on. Now it is coming to darkness forlorn. The road beckons me. Look well my children. What do ye see? The mother ye knew is now a wise crone.

Children: You are the moon who has been of gold. You are the holder of secrets unknown. Tell us O Priestess of what lies beyond.

The Crone : Call me not Priestess. You see the Crone. The wheel is turning. The Crone stands alone. She has come tonight to play one last game, the dice to roll. The prize my child, will be your soul. Would you give her that for the love she once gave, or would you walk away with your silver scroll?





Children: We are not afearred our Priestess of old.  
Come to us, our Mother our Crone. We will give  
you shelter for your dry brittle bones. We will  
give you fruit as you lie on this cold stone. We  
remember the Priestess, the Mother of yore. The  
glory of your eyes, your wisdom untold.

The Crone: Will ye give me your souls then? And  
fruit for my days? For ye are the children I led  
through Set's cruel ways.

Children: We will, we will, our Crone



*Dialogue*

The High Priestess of Anset  
& the Initiates of the Temple

---

The Silver Ceremony

Priestess: The torches are lit. The flames rise. The wind blows without the the temple, raising the sands. The golden barque of Ra sails into the west. My daughters, my sons, know you that Wesir has been struck down by Set? Lament you people for the great Wesir.

Initiates: We know, we know. We lament that Evil should triumph and the Goddess should mourn.  
Set has shown the strength of Darkness.

Priestess: But I tell thee a secret from my bosom, to those I hold dear. The Goddess may be silent for the space of a shadow on the Nile, but She watches and knows. She who is in our midst suffers with us. This much I tell thee, who are full of doubts. The Goddess does not forget.

Initiates: Should we call upon Her? Will She hear?  
The darkness deepens.



Priestess: Yes, ye who doubt. Call Her. In the midst of our tears She does not turn away. Her sorrow She wields like thunder. Her tears are like the flood of the mighty river.

Initiates: But Wesir is not found. What can the Goddess do but lament? She has chosen to be mortal like us. Without the Power of might, She will not triumph.

Priestess: The ways of the Mighty are many. We are not to know. Who are we to judge? The mystery of Anset takes many roads. Judge not, ye of little understanding. Be what ye was meant to be. And be thus with contentment and peace. The Goddess when She so desires will take thee where there is amber and water and the joy of eternity.

Initiates: They say Wesir was like the Jackal, wise and learned. But now he rules the Afterworld. We



are left bereft.

Priestess: Know not ye that the two worlds come together on nights like these? Know ye not that the two worlds are as one? If Wesir guarded and ruled not the Land of the Dead where would ye go when these days pass? Look with the eyes of wisdom and ye shall see the truth of life which is hidden from most.

Initiates: We are afraid. We fear that which we know not of.

Priestess: If ye so fear the darkness, look to the light of Ra and Anset. Look to the gold of Ra and the silver of Anset. She who brings down the Moon to you tonight. She who opens the gate and the light streams through so ye may no longer be afraid.

*Dialogue*

The Priestess  
& the Children of the Temple  
speak of Ancient Secrets of  
Life and Death

---



Children: Tell us O Priestess of the Mysteries which created life.

Priestess: First there was the water. It was the chaos of Nun. From this rose a mound. This was Atum who created Shu, God of Air and Tefnet, Goddess of the Waters. With this was released duality.

Children: How mayest we know of Ra, the great God of the Sun?

Priestess: Listen well. Atum was absorbed into Ra, the Great Sun God. Tefnet was His daughter. In the beginning She has the head of a lion which came to be from the head of a ram.

Children: Tell us of the passage of the Sun and Moon.

Priestess: The passage of Ra through the vault of



Heavens was when Nut the Sky Goddess touched the western and eastern horizons with Her hands and feet. She was His mother who swallowed Him in the evening and gave birth to Him in the morning. She was the symbol of resurrection and rebirth.

Children: Tell us O great Priestess of the Moon.

Priestess: Listen well O children. The Moon was the Sun shining at night. The left eye of the Sky God known as the Eye of Horus. It was a disc resting on a crescent worn as a crown worn by Khons the Moon God.

Children: O Priestess we would know of the life-giving rays which Ra gave to raise the dead.

Priestess: Then listen well to this spell, my children.

“O Sun Disc, lord of the sun beams, who shines



forth from the horizon every day; may you shine in the face of the deceased, for he worships you in the morning, he propitiates you in the evening.

May he moor in the night barque, may he mix with the unwearying stars in the sky.” (From *The Egyptian Book of the Dead*)

Children: Tell us also O Priestess how Osiris was raised over Set.

Priestess: Listen then. Osiris was encased in the pillar which was dead and dry. But it gave stability and from it, the Great Isis took Him forth and conceived Horus. The pillar took on the symbolism for Osiris when it was seen to represent the God’s backbone. The raising of the pillar represented the victory of Osiris over Set.

Children: Great Priestess, is there no death then? May we all be made alive again?



Priestess: You may, my children. Thus says the  
Great Book.

“For I am He who inherited Eternity, to whom  
Everlasting Life was given.”

(From *The Egyptian Book of the Dead*)



*Notes*





*Notes*

*Notes*



