



*The Astrological Revolution*  
**Robert Powell & Kevin Dann**  
*Unveiling the Science of the Stars  
as a Science of Reincarnation and Karma*  
(Great Barrington: Lindisfarne Books, 2010)

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Like the prostrate pilgrim on the front cover with his head protruding through the vault of heaven to discern the working of the cosmos, humanity has for many centuries employed astrology to penetrate the mystery of the stars' relationship to human destiny. *The Astrological Revolution* unfolds this mystery, based on decades of research into both astrological reincarnation and the history of astronomy/astrology. The reader is invited to call into question the basis of modern astrology. This basis, the *tropical zodiac*, emerged through Greek astronomers from what was originally a calendar dividing the year into twelve solar months. The use of the tropical zodiac by 98% of astrologers in the West means that contemporary Western astrology is based on a calendar system that does not reflect the actual location of the planets against the background of the starry heavens. In other words, most astrologers in the West are practicing an astrology that no longer embodies the reality of the stars.

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*Thanks to Steve Carver for the beautiful photos from the Grand Canyon pilgrimage.*

What is needed to bring astrology, which means the *science of the stars*, back into alignment with the stars in the heavens? A first step in the astrological revolution, leading to an astrology true to its name, is recognition of the *sidereal* zodiac – sidereal meaning “related to the stars.” In antiquity the Babylonians, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Hindus used the sidereal zodiac. And to the present day, Hindu (Vedic) astrologers still use the sidereal zodiac. Based upon recognition, through the newly discovered rules of astrological reincarnation, that the sidereal zodiac presents an authentic astrological zodiac, a new practice of astrology is possible – one that offers tools to reestablish a wisdom-filled astrology in the modern world. This new astrology based on the sidereal zodiac is along the same lines, but in a modern form, as that practiced by the three magi who – prompted by the stars – journeyed to Bethlehem two thousand years ago.

Drawing upon specific biographical examples, *The Astrological Revolution* reveals new understandings of the working of the starry heavens into human destiny. As a demonstration of the newly discovered rules of astrological reincarnation, the previous incarnations of composer Franz Schubert and his patron Joseph von Spaun as, respectively, the Sultan of Morocco Abu Yusuf Ya’qub and his erstwhile enemy Alfonso X, the Castilian King known as *El Sabio* – the Learned – are explored, along with their sidereal horoscopes. Rudolf Steiner’s biography is also considered in relation to the sidereal zodiac and the rules of astrological reincarnation.

After re-establishing the sidereal zodiac as a basis for an astrology which penetrates the mystery of the stars’ relationship to human destiny, the reader is invited to discover the astrological significance of the *totality* of the vast sphere of stars surrounding the earth. *The Astrological Revolution* points to the astrological significance of the *entire* celestial sphere, including all the stars and constellations beyond the twelve zodiacal signs. This discovery is revealed through studying the megastars, the most luminous stars of our galaxy, and illustrates how the megastars show up in an extraordinary way in Christ’s healing miracles by way of aligning with the Sun at the time of those miraculous events. *The Astrological Revolution* thus offers a spiritual – and yet at the same time scientific – path of building a new relationship to the stars.



#### **Journal for Star Wisdom 2011**

Editor and author Robert Powell  
Additional contributors: William R. Bento, Kevin Dann, Wain Farrants, Brian Gray, Claudia McLaren Lainson, Sally Nurney, David Tresemer  
(Great Barrington: SteinerBooks. 2010)

The 2011 *Journal for Star Wisdom* begins with a special extract from *The Rose of the World* by Daniel Andreev, as well as an extract from volume three of the original *Rosa Mira: Rose of the World*—“The Preparation of Human Beings for the Coming Antilogos”—translated and published for the first time in English. This article is of special interest to those who wish to understand better the impending incarnation of Ahriman, the Antichrist. The main focus of this year’s journal is the significant year of 2012, with 2011 as a stepping stone to this pivotal year in the history of humanity and the Earth. Apart from articles by David Tresemer and Robert Powell more directly concerning 2012, William Bento’s article offers important perspectives on the theme of prophecy—its meaning and significance for modern human beings. Kevin Dann’s article highlights the Christ rhythm of 33 1/3 years in the biography of Henry David Thoreau and in the history of the United States. Brian Gray’s article looks at the Moon Node rhythm of 18 years 7 months in Rudolf Steiner’s life, especially in relation to Steiner’s artistic activity, which, according to Brian’s interpretation, is indicated in Steiner’s horoscope of birth. David Tresemer’s second article offers deep insights into the qualities of certain degrees of the zodiacal signs. The monthly commentaries by Claudia McLaren Lainson and David Tresemer are supported by monthly astronomical previews provided by Sally Nurney and offer profound insights into the meaning of stellar configurations during the year 2011.

## *Christ and the Awakening of Conscience*

**Valentin Tomberg**

Translated by Robert Powell from German notes of lectures held in Amsterdam and previously unpublished in English. Footnotes and words in brackets [ ] added by the translator. It needs to be borne in mind that these are notes, not a complete transcription of the lectures. This is the fourth in a series of five lectures held in 1939/1940. The first, entitled "Sleep and Death," was published in the Pentecost 2009 issue of *Starlight*. The second, on the theme of life after death, was in the Advent 2009 issue. The third, "The Path of Spiritual Knowledge," appeared in the Pentecost 2010 issue. The final lecture will be published in the next issue of *Starlight*. On account of the lack of published materials, few people are in a position to gauge the full significance of the Russian esotericist and Sophiologist Valentin Tomberg (1900-1973). The publication of these lectures for the first time in English is intended to help remedy this situation and to give a glimpse of the spiritual treasures living in this great spiritual individuality who said in a private conversation in 1951 that he had held hundreds of lectures in order to forge a path through Anthroposophy to a living experience of Christ, and that he himself had traveled this path.

Two thoughts upon which Christianity is founded:

- 1) that Christ was on the Earth
- 2) that Christ is coming to judge the living and the dead.

Regarding 1): The higher a spiritual being is, the deeper its activity can penetrate. When Orpheus sang – so it is said – his singing moved even the animals and the stones. This is a sign of high spirituality.

There are medical doctors who are not good at diagnosis and yet who heal, i.e. effect healing in physical reality.

Christ washed the feet of the disciples.

The descent into hell – the descent of the spiritual, the Creative World Word.

The whole of world history is the history of the revelation of the World Word.

St. Augustine: "There were Christians before Christ, for example, the Greek philosophers."

Regarding 2): Why is there a return, if Christ was already here once? A return "on the clouds," like lightning illuminating the sky – no longer in the flesh, because he was already here [in the flesh].

"Do not believe if someone says: I am here or there."

He is coming to judge the living and the dead.

[Through the event of Pentecost] the disciples became teachers. They were apostles after Pentecost. Saul, however, had an experience [and became Paul]. No-one taught Paul. He went to Damascus as an enemy. Paul also became an apostle – in a quite different way. He said of himself that his was a "premature birth." This is a typical experience; it was a prophetic event.

Conscience arose late in humanity's evolution. Initially it was external in the form of the Furies (Greek: *Erinyes*).

Conscience is interior, moral knowing.

Judas – the incarnation of conscience taken to the last consequence.

Pentecost was the revelation of positive conscience. Conscience exposes the bad and reveals the Good.

Conscience is the foundation of the wisdom of the future. The future clairvoyance will develop from conscience. It will be able to radiate out.

First steps in developing clairvoyance:

- 1) in the light of conscience to regard oneself as a stranger.
- 2) to feel oneself responsible for others – in this way true interest is furthered.

A law of life: organs develop from the will. For example, the eyes came about because we wanted to see. The legs are an expression of the will-to-movement. The organs arise through paying attention.

The apostle Paul was a forerunner. [At the gates of Damascus he beheld Christ in supersensible form and now, increasingly, human beings are having the "Paul experience."] Human beings will become authentic witnesses. Such a Christianity endures. A new era is coming on the basis of a new faculty – one which has to be earned. If one were to connect onto the Good because it is the stronger force, then many would believe in the Good, but this would not have the same moral value that the Good has when one learns to love it. Humanity has to begin to experience things on the basis of conscience. One begins to be human when conscience starts speaking. The Son of man [has] a fully-awakened conscience. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do" is forgiving taken to the ultimate level. Sinning against the Holy Spirit is to sin knowingly, which cannot be forgiven.

Science – mind

Art – heart

Science does not strive for moral knowledge. Science is amoral. The stage of Intuition through meditation: to elevate one's soul body above to meet the symbol of the object.

Goethe: "Everything is simply a likeness."

To meditate is to transcend the boundaries spoken of by Kant. Kant said that the essence of things is hidden to the human being. One can never be free of one's own [bodily] organism or from space, time, and causality. Thus, there are [according to Kant] boundaries of knowledge in three directions, on which account we are unable to perceive the essence of things. Like a cat stretching its claws, so – approximately – our mind has the three categories: space, time, and causality. However, Anthroposophy teaches that consciousness is changeable. There is a way of changing consciousness. At each stage [along the way] there is another realm of experience. The essence of the life of a plant is brought a stage closer when I ascend from the imaginative to the inspired level [of cognition]. At the inspired level things become words. What initially is sense perceptible becomes direct understanding [at the level of inspiration]. Inspiration is like breathing in. Intuition is the next step, the highest



[level] – becoming one with the object of knowledge, recognizing the essence of the object, what it is and what its goal is. Inspiration is to understand the meaning [of the word]. Imagination is reading the letters [of the word].

The limits of waking consciousness – how can one transcend them? How can one increase the force that keeps one awake and alert? Through [spiritual] exercise – [take] a familiar, trusted thought that one does not doubt and which is not at all unclear, and intensify it. Live with this long-recognized thought for three to five minutes until one's whole being is permeated by it. Intensify the clarity of the thought and make one's will and feeling life as clear as this thought. Thereby an inner strength is born, which is like a kind of "muscle power" of the soul. The soul should thus remain awake where before there was no reason to consider a thought any longer. Previously one would have considered this thought as "already dealt with." Now, however, a completely new world opens up through this thought. There are many possible consequences to this exercise, and these consequences can also be complex, if one asks for more than one needs. A "bright earnestness" establishes itself. This exercise should not simply be a technique, but rather a moral endeavor is necessary – otherwise it is worthless. What is meant by moral endeavor? The following examples indicate that there are three levels of sleep to be overcome.

*The Tabor sleep.* [This is] wanting to rest in the light in the heights. Matthew 17: 1-13, Mark 9: 2-13, and Luke 9: 18-27 describe the transfiguration of Christ on Mt. Tabor where Peter says to Jesus, "Master, here it is good that we make three huts – one for you, one for Moses, and one for Elijah – and he did not know what he was saying" (Luke 9:33). This is reported not only in the Luke gospel but also in Matthew and Mark. However, only in the Gospel of St. Luke do we read: "But Peter and the others were full of sleep. However, upon awakening they saw Him and the two men [Moses and Elijah] beside Him clearly" (Luke 9:32). This tendency to want to rest in the light\* has to be overcome, otherwise one arrives at the enjoyment of peacefully resting, the consequence of which is:

*The Gethsemane sleep.* [This is] the sleep of wanting to protect oneself from all that is tragic in the world. [Again here] one wants to rest in one's peace, not wanting to open oneself to the soul of others. This veils Inspiration, just as the Tabor sleep veils Imagination. The sleep of the disciples in Gethsemane is depicted in Matthew 26: 36-45, in Mark 14: 34-36, and in Luke 22: 39-46

*The sleep of Pessimism.* What is pessimism? It leads to inertia and passivity. It is also a kind of sleep. This inertia threatened the disciples after Pentecost. However, they were able to overcome this third sleep. So they were able to become apostles [from disciples to apostles] at Pentecost. Flames of fire flamed up within the disciples as they overcame the third sleep, which veils Intuition.

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\* Translator's footnote: In his book *Christ and Sophia*, Valentin Tomberg indicates that the present age in which we live – the age of the consciousness soul – is to become, through the Christ Impulse, the age of the *conscience* soul. Further, he speaks of the awakening of conscience as the first sign of the reappearance of Christ. From these two indications one can begin to grasp the immense significance of conscience for our time. In the final lecture by Valentin Tomberg in this series, which will be published in the Pentecost 2011 issue of *Starlight*, the theme is the human being as a trinity of body, soul, and spirit.

## *The Oil Spill in the Gulf of Mexico*

### **Words Received by Estelle Isaacson from Etherium**

It is I, Etherium. I come to you through the light of the Christ that is present in the etheric sphere around the Earth. I want to say something by way of introduction, of the being that I am, for those who do not yet know me. I came into being on a certain level when Christ's blood spilled into the earth beginning in the night of Gethsemane and culminating with the last drop that fell from the Cross. As the Being of Christ merged more and more into the body of Jesus of Nazareth, the more His blood became etherized—it became spiritualized. The drops of blood which fell onto the earth contained the lifeblood of the Christ. This etheric blood, embodied by the physical blood of Jesus, was carried into the earth, and the merging of this blood with the earth—the earth's physical and etheric bodies—gave birth to the being that I am. I am the being of this merging. In a sense you could refer to me as a nature being, from the side of my origin in the earth. There is also a cosmic aspect to my being, which hails from a much higher sphere. I give voice to the Christ Being, who has merged with the earth. Essentially, what I speak to you comes from the body of Christ which *is* the earth. I am deeply connected to all forms of blood: that of the human, animal, and plant kingdoms—the fluids which give life. There are higher mysteries regarding who I am that will not be addressed at this time.

*With the following message from Etherium, addressed to Estelle, she beheld the destruction of the Gulf of Mexico due to the oil spill and the effects of this upon nature and the inhabitants of the world.*

It is I, Etherium, who shall address the concerns and questions of your heart. The mantra that can be used for this coming time is expressed by the words of Christ: *"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the earth."* I bring these words to your minds that you might center yourself in His words; for He is with you from the beginning through to the end. He is there in all beginnings and all endings. And indeed some things shall have to pass away in order that others may come. There is a great death coming, a great death in the world. This death shall impact the smallest to the greatest and will affect certain places on the earth. It is not that what is surfacing in the Gulf is something new; it is something that can no longer be held back; it is seething beyond its bounds. It could have been held back; it could have continued to languish beneath the surface. But because of the desperate need for money, this horrible thing has now happened and it seems that nothing can stop its release. It is like a cancer that lies below the outer surface and no one would know it was there until it rises up and makes itself known and then the afflicted person must look at it, must accept that it is there, and must work to find healing lest he die.

Today [July 7, 2010] is the seventy-seventh day since the rupture and this is an important number, an important day. It is a day of awakening to the dire consequences of this problem. Most people who have been hearing this news are asleep to what is happening. They are still eating, drinking and making merry, living their lives as if all is well. I am addressing Estelle: she has also been rather asleep with regard to this issue and is only now pulling herself up above the level of the mass consciousness to ask the question: *what can be done?*

In what is happening in the world there are two streams around the events, so to speak. There is the stream of Christ around the event. There is also the Ahrimanic/Satanic stream. In every event we can choose which stream we will align with. If we choose to align ourselves with the stream of Christ, we choose to remain awake and may even choose to take on the suffering that can come from such an event, whether it is suffering of the world, of nature, or of humankind. If we choose the stream of Christ we will be given a task. We will have a work to do. It is a difficult path to choose. The other stream is the Ahrimanic stream. If we do not choose the stream of Christ we will eventually find ourselves chosen by the Ahrimanic stream. Within this stream there can be anything from reactivity with panic and/or anger, to falling into a desperately sleepy apathy, where the consciousness is dulled down, where there is a loss of freedom, an inability to choose, which is the absence of true power. Within the stream of Christ there is endless possibility. However, one must have childlike faith and not give in to hopelessness.

All of the nature beings around the Gulf are in a state of deep despair and sadness, but they must wait for the assistance of human beings. They feel abandoned.

*The following are questions asked of Etherium by those who attended and scribed for Estelle while she was receiving this communication.*

Q: *What kind of assistance?* First of all they need to be acknowledged. They need to be assisted by prayers spoken on their behalf, not only the nature beings around the Gulf, but all of the beings of nature, for all of nature is connected. The nature beings at the Gulf are completely focused upon the death and disaster that is happening. They are not able to pull themselves away from it and think about resolution or how the situation might improve or be healed. It is as if they are literally rooted to this event, as if that is all they can see and know. And there is great despair and anger. It is as if they are staring into a huge grave; and death is happening at such a fast rate that they cannot do their work. Those beings who would normally serve in the natural death process that occurs (as in animal life) cannot do their work so there is no resolution in this death that is happening. For them it feels like all of this death is outside the circle of life. This is not the natural kind of death which serves the circle of life. It is senseless. I am speaking from their point of view.

By way of analogy: It is like a village of indigenous people who would normally have certain things that they do when a member of the village dies and in the dying, new life can then begin. And in another picture, the village is massacred and the members left alive do not have the ability to care for the ones who have died, to put proper closure to their lives—and it all seems senseless. There is a shock to the natural rhythm that used to exist.

The nature beings impacted by the oil disaster in the Gulf of Mexico have been taken out of their rhythm and are rendered powerless because they cannot pull themselves away from all the death. It is all they are seeing and knowing at this time. They are not being supported. They cannot pull themselves towards life; and without the assistance of these nature beings, nature will not have the support that it desperately needs. And if nature is left to its own self without these beings it will degenerate. It will descend even further, into a falling away from its original purpose for which it was created. In other words, the world will become overgrown with forms which do not give life. The meat of animals will become poisonous. They won't be able to be eaten because they will take

away life instead of giving it. The fish, the creatures of the sea, the plant life growing on earth—will become inedible, except to those creatures or beings that have also degenerated in their vibrations. In other words, nature will fall further. It will lead to a time where over great expanses of the earth there will be degenerate forms of nature and degenerate human beings, who will become so outwardly and inwardly ugly that if we saw them today, you would hardly be able to withstand their presence. You would have to live separate from these human beings. Of course there will be places on the earth where there will be beauty and life. These places will be consciously nurtured by human beings who are able to transcend the degeneration.

This is what is being set in motion by the oil spill in the Gulf. The way to assist now is to hold to the good, to see the good, to cultivate the good. Cultivate nature wherever you are. Pray over the nature beings, and withstand the temptation of falling asleep or falling into panic. It will take great powers of focus and concentration to keep oneself at that level, not only cultivating the good in the land—in plants and animals—but also cultivating the good in others as a spiritual practice that you now take upon yourselves. It may involve assisting another with his or her cross, being willing to bear the cross of others. It is a spiritual work of reflecting the highest in others. I do not mean simply reflecting the highest of the others in your own spiritual community. I mean reflecting the highest in whatever person comes to you in your life.

The prayer that was given [earlier this year] to Estelle by Mary-Sophia (see box) is an important prayer of protection for oneself if one chooses to work in the Christ stream, if one chooses to take on the suffering. This is a prayer that can keep you in the stream of Christ and protect you so that you can remain no matter what may come. Those in the stream of Christ are working to bring about the new heaven and the new earth; and those who choose to work in this

O Holy Mary-Sophia, Mother of God,  
Extend to me now thy bounteous mercy.  
Envelop me in thy loving embrace,  
That I may know thy love and the love of thy Son.  
Vanquish every foe; subdue the evil serpent.  
Protect me in thy starry mantle  
And keep me in thy Immaculate Heart  
Until that day comes  
When a new heaven and a new earth  
Shall rise together in glory—  
Watch over thy handmaiden [servant],  
O Holy Mary-Sophia.  
Amen.

stream find themselves standing at the very place where heaven and earth meet; and they shall feel how it is to be a being of heaven who is striving to meet earth—feeling the goodness that is coming from human beings while also feeling the great evil, and in this there is tremendous grief and also tremendous love. At the same time they will also feel how it is to be a human being on earth striving toward heaven—feeling how it is almost impossible to reach heaven, feeling the darkness of humanity and because of this darkness, feeling separated from heaven, while also feeling how it is to have the divine interact with the human as prayers are answered.

*Q: Are we to think the situation cannot be turned around?* There is still much that can be done in the way of assistance for this event and all of its ramifications. With the problem itself there has already been so much damage done—damages that are unknown to science, and may never be fully known by science. There are damages done that can hardly be known by anyone, except with clairvoyant vision.

You cannot understand or know the extent of the damages which have already occurred, but there is much that can be done through faith and prayer.

Q: *Is it possible to stop the oil spill?* This is possible if there is a high enough number of spiritual people who can work for this, however it would involve highly spiritual people expiating for the sins of the world which brought this about, and at this time there may not be enough who are prepared and/or willing to take this upon themselves. It is a work that would need to be done with Christ. It is a very deep work that goes beyond what you can imagine at this time—very, very challenging work—and few are prepared.

Q: *What is the will of the spiritual world concerning this?* The will of the spiritual world is that all of this be held in prayer. If there was enough prayer surrounding the individuals who could assist in this healing, these individuals could be sufficiently strengthened. The will of the spiritual world is that all this is held in prayer—the nature beings, the earth as it is. One does not have to think that one can be the answer to the problem oneself or even to ask for answers. Just simply holding all of it in prayer is the way that one can *be* an answer.

I also want to bring to mind a certain image as a subject of prayer. Throughout time the pelican has been the symbol of sacrifice. It is shown in many of the great cathedrals. It is depicted plucking its own flesh from its breast to feed its young. And now in the gulf, we have the very sorrowful situation that is threatening the pelican population. The pelicans are being covered in sludge so that they cannot continue to live. They are bound by what is happening—it is binding them to the sludge of the subterranean spheres, which is seeping beyond its bounds, and they are dying in large numbers. This sludge is literally the stream of Ahriman which has been brought about by the world's money. It has been invited to show itself because enough money has invoked it, and now we can see how this place that used to be so beautiful and thriving with so much life is being murdered because the stream of Ahriman has taken over in that area. The dying pelicans offer a picture of what Ahriman wants to do, which is to kill off the impulse of the Christ—the impulse to lay one's own life down, to lose one's life so that all may have life: this is the impulse of love.

Wherever you are, in whatever place you live, you can take up the Christ impulse and radiate outwards His light to humanity by bearing the good. Do this as a sacrifice. Take love into dark places. Sacrifice your time and your money and go to dark places and lift up those who have no hope. Instead of being distracted by amusement or allowing yourself to fall asleep, go out and spread the good. Speak words of hope to enlighten heavy hearts. Choose the stream of Christ and it will be given to you that which you can do. As these pelicans die off, it is we who will need to take up their work, their work of sacrifice. They have been holding a special place within the circle of all, and as their numbers decrease we will need to step into the space they leave. Also, there are many other beings, many other creatures and plant life which are important in the greater whole. However, I cannot elucidate all of their purposes and what impact their decrease will have on the earth at this time. Pray for human hearts to step up and give themselves to the Christ impulse so that they may become agents of harmony to offset the balances which are falling down. People can be awakened. Let us pray that they will offer themselves up as agents for Christ to bring about this great awakening. Let us clean out the sludge that is within our own hearts and work on our own selves as



the microcosm of the whole world. We need to heal our own selves so that the world can be healed also. We cannot fully choose Christ if our feet are rooted in the sludge of unforgiveness, in the sludge of hate, or the sludge of materialism. It is these things which bind us to Ahriman's stream. Christ is the one who heals us, who shows us where we have not forgiven. He can illuminate our hate and can heal us of materialism by bringing to our souls the fulfillment of His love, that fulfillment we may only feel when we know His love. It is His love which saves. His love is the remedy for all of the problems of the earth. If we do not have His love we do not have the remedy. Above all, seek for His love – and His love shall be given to you. And with His love you shall become one of His "saviors on Mount Zion."

I leave you with these words for now, and more shall be given later. Amen.

*The following is an account of a second communication from Etherium to Estelle concerning the Gulf Oil Spill.*

I am going to address [July 27, 2010] concerns about the state of the Earth and this message comes from the Soul of the World. I am utilizing Estelle's sight and directing her gaze into the Soul of the Earth, where I will bring things to her consciousness. At this time the Earth finds itself as the object of a deep struggle. It is heavily weighed down by Ahrimanic forces, which seem to have stolen the breath of life. It is as if the Earth itself is gasping for air—having had the "wind knocked out of it," so to speak. It is wounded as if it has suffered a great hit; this is causing the air to rush to meet the wounds; the forces of air are out of balance on the Earth. The rhythm of the air, of the atmosphere, is greatly disturbed. There are several pockets in the atmosphere that look like funnels or whirlpools, and air is being sucked down at a great speed and wound tightly. Where this is happening there is great tumult on the face of the planet, and where this is not happening these places suffer on the opposite polarity, where there is a lack of air. I am not speaking of this so much in the physical sense. I am speaking of this in terms of spiritual air—spiritual atmosphere. When you suck air in very quickly due to shock, this is how the air feels around the Earth—as if it is being sucked in because of shock. And this shock is happening in various parts of the Earth. I cannot speak of all of them at this time, but will refer to the Gulf oil spill once again. Throughout the Earth there are places where oil naturally seeps. This happens in many places along the ocean floor. However, these places do not have quite the effect that the oil spill in the Gulf is having.

There is, at this time, a general sense of appeasement towards the spill where many people are now feeling more positive, thinking that it has been capped and all is well, thinking that the powers that be are doing their job, taking care of business and keeping Americans safe. This is a false sense of security. They have not remedied the problem. The truth has not been released. Many people will die and the truth will still not be released. This is a hotbed, the struggle between good and evil. This oil spill symbolizes the blood of the Antichrist, which is now making itself known. As it emerges, its first effects are upon nature and the beings of nature, and then humans. Death continues. The nature beings have "blackened faces" as they watch and wait. This stream of Ahriman does not allow truth to cohabitate with it or around it. All around it are lies. It is true that there is a disaster in the Gulf. It is true that oil is spilling at a highly dangerous rate, but most of what else is being said is falsehood—lies. This is a vial of wrath being poured out to blacken the waters of life. Satan is moving upon the water. He is calling his legions within the spiritual air to add fuel to this fire—by adding wind. This

can be stopped by those who can use powerful intentions and sacred magic to deliver the breath of God, to dispel these legions of Satan's air warriors. The air is the next place that this stream of Satan's will affect and if it goes to that level, massive destruction will take place. Already Ahriman has inspired the powers that be to spray a highly toxic substance upon the water in that area. This is his ploy to deter angels from being able to approach and assist. Something in what has been sprayed contains an element which is so anti-spiritual that the angels have to withhold themselves until something can change in the atmosphere. There are more plans in place to dispense this horrible substance. And this, coupled with the gases that are being held at bay for the time being—if those gases are allowed to meet this substance—so much life will be lost. If this happens, people will wish that they could be fish to plunge themselves under water, rather than to take a breath in this part of the world. We must have strong courage of heart. We must seek to take in the breath of God, to fill ourselves with it and to breathe it out through this place which is destined to become a great hell on Earth. We must breathe out the breath of love, the divine breath of love, the breath of the resurrection, filling ourselves with it and pouring it out so that the atmosphere can change to allow angels to approach and do their work. A prayer can be said accordingly:

O almighty God, Father of All,  
I stand before the Risen One and invite Him into my sphere.  
I take in the Divine Breath and breathe it in.  
I fill myself with the Divine Breath and ask that as I die in Christ,  
so might I be made alive through the Divine Breath.  
May the Divine Breath cleanse and purify all that is not Christ in me.  
Fulfill my prayer that all evil powers withdraw from me,  
and also from the places in the Earth where I send forth thy Divine Breath.  
Let thy Divine Breath prevail over the vapors of death, which abound in those places.  
May the elemental beings be given new life and may the angels be able to approach through the  
atmosphere of faith which I and others are creating through our prayer. According to thy will, may  
this prayer be answered, O Father.  
Amen.

Again it is possible for this atmosphere to change. If this atmosphere is not changed it will lead to destruction by fire. Again I say: Hold to the good, the good which is immediately with you and around you, and strengthen the good. Do not allow fear to take hold of you. Of course, this is the goal of the destroyer. Dispel it through breath. The Earth is in mourning. She is ruptured. She is wounded. But finally her cries are being heard by many who did not hear them before. Claim the Earth for yourself as if she is your wounded child and love her through what comes.

*The following are questions asked by Estelle's collaborators who were present at this communication to her by Etherium.*

Q: You said something about a fire connected with the gases and what is being sprayed over the Gulf. Please elaborate.

Right now there is in place a potential destruction through air. If that is allowed to happen, it will lead to a destruction through fire. This can be seen as clouds of fire bursting onto the land.

Q: *Is there a message for [a person who prefers to remain anonymous]?*

[This person] may use sacred magic to call upon the elemental beings to assist. [This person] has been doing this and can be inspired further on this point – by taking a group through a meditation wherein the Breath of God is taken in and held within the space, even creating a sphere where that Divine Breath can fill the space and then sending this on the wings of prayer to the atmosphere around the Gulf.

Q: *Is the Gulf the most endangered area on the Earth?*

As far as affecting the most people and the most beings of nature, yes. The Gulf is like an eye for the Earth. We could say that it is a spiritual eye, and the more this sludge covers this place, the more blindness there will be. With this blindness lies will be believed, consciousness will be darkened. People will fall asleep. They will shut their eyes. Remove the scales from your own eyes and have the courage to look, to behold. Start using your eyes. Use them to see—see yourself. See other humans. Wipe away the sludge from your own eyes and look that you might live. Those who see will live.

Thank you for your willingness to be witnesses for me and for the Earth.

Blessings upon you. Amen.

## ***Pilgrimage to the Grand Canyon and Journey to Turkey***

**Robert Powell**

This issue of *Starlight* contains reports on the 2010 pilgrimage of the Sophia Foundation to the Grand Canyon and also descriptions of the 2009 journey to sacred sites in Turkey. The Turkey trip was for three language groups – English, German, Italian – and was organized in the German-speaking world by the treasurer of the Institute for Astrosophy to support the Astrogeographia research that has emerged since the Sophia Foundation pilgrimage to Egypt. From its inception the Sophia Foundation was intended as a means of serving to link the various individuals and Sophia communities in North America. Now that the Sophia Foundation has grown and comprises a spiritual family spread across various continents of the world, more than ever there is a need for this linking to take place. Obviously it is impossible for everyone to participate in everything. Because some in the Sophia community live in remote areas, often with next-to-no contact with anyone else from our spiritual family, for them – and also for many others – it is a blessing to read in *Starlight* about the activities going on in different places around the world within our Sophia community. At the same time, though, for some, in reading these descriptions, a sense of having “missed out” may arise. This sense can be transformed into one of *inner participation* on a spiritual and moral level by focusing upon the overlighting goal and ideal of such pilgrimages and journeys. And the same applies with regard to the workshops, always bearing in mind that everyone in the Sophia community is united in Sophia, so that – like cells in an organism – individuals *participate in the whole* by (1) becoming aware that they are part of the whole, and (2) becoming aware of the activity of others within the greater organism of the Sophia community.



In the case of the pilgrimage to the Grand Canyon from May 1-17, 2010, which was a *journey to the heart of the Mother*, it was an opportunity on the part of some within the Sophia community to express their love for the Mother – for Nature and for Sophia. Ideally these “some” – 21 in all – who went on this journey participated as representatives of the Sophia community as a whole. Holding this in mind, it is possible for *all* in the Sophia community to feel a connection with this pilgrimage. Also, when we consider the timing of this trip, a moral dimension arises, which comes to light by way of juxtaposing the Sophia event (in this case the pilgrimage) and the world: What was taking place in the world at that time as the Sophia Foundation pilgrimage to the Grand Canyon was taking place?

The BP Deepwater Horizon oil disaster took place on April 20, 2010 just ten days prior to our departure for the Grand Canyon, and has been continuing – in some form or other – since then. Against this background, the expression of our love for the Mother in an active way – on this journey to the heart of the Mother – was from a higher perspective a “calling” to respond to the oil catastrophe in the Gulf of Mexico. Admittedly it was only a small response (this pilgrimage just happened to coincide with the oil spill, and was certainly not planned in this way), yet it was a response sounding out homeopathically into the Earth’s organism now under siege through what Daniel Andreev refers to in his great work *Rose of the World* as the “machine assault upon Nature.”

As is evident from the communication of Etherium published in this issue of *Starlight*, Nature and the elemental beings are suffering. They need our loving kindness and attention, as do all the kingdoms of Nature – especially right now. There are signs that the animal kingdom is becoming increasingly troubled by what humanity is doing to the Earth at the present time through the machine assault upon Nature driven by greed. In the communication from Etherium, an apocalyptic dimension to the oil catastrophe in the Gulf of Mexico is intimated. This will undoubtedly become more and more evident in the course of time. As the communication of the Christianized elemental being known as Etherium indicates, there is deep despair among the elemental beings of the Gulf region. Our Sophia work – and particularly the pilgrimage which was a direct and active expression of our solidarity with Nature and the elemental beings – can be a sign of hope to Nature and the elemental beings, if we take them *lovingly and with gratitude* into our consciousness.

One striking example of a conscious outreach to Nature and the elemental beings on the pilgrimage was the occasion when the *Liturgy to the Earth* was celebrated, which for some was a high point – to participate in such a celebration in the midst of the most spectacular natural beauty and in close proximity to the Elements, in particular the Element of Earth in the extraordinary formations of the surrounding towering cliffs, and the Element of Water in the powerful rushing water of the Colorado River. These Elements, and the elemental beings associated with them, were omnipresent throughout the journey along the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon, giving ample opportunity for each participant to express gratitude to the elemental beings and the kingdoms of Nature.

There would be much more to say about this – for example, about the positive significance of the Choreocosmos work for the elemental beings – but this will have to wait for another occasion to be written down. Readers of the June 12, 2009 report of a *Choreocosmos experience* published in the previous issue of *Starlight* (Spring 2010) will recall the extraordinary response of a “jubilant elemental being” to a Choreocosmos workshop taking place then. The same can be said of the positive

significance of the Sophia Grail Circle celebrations for Nature and the elemental beings – not to mention for human beings, present or not present, on the earth or in spiritual realms.

The journey to sacred sites in Turkey was not a Sophia Foundation pilgrimage. Rather, it was the result of a private initiative on the part of Bernt and Jane Rossiwall. Thirty-five people participated in this “Astrogeographical journey” (see the contribution by Lacquanna Paul and Uberta Sebreghondi regarding the use of this term). The overlighting goal and ideal to be seen here is that of aligning heaven and earth. At this time when – through modern technology – the Earth is being cut off from the cosmos (just think of all the satellites orbiting around the Earth every day), it is all the more important that groups and individuals consciously strive to uphold the *vertical axis* between the Earth and the heavens. The new science of Astrogeographia is a direct expression of the Sophianic axiom taught by Hermes in ancient Egypt, “As above, so below.” This same axiom is enunciated in the Lord’s Prayer: “Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on Earth as it is in heaven.” The journey to sacred sites in Turkey was a deed fulfilled by a small group of people, conscious of the connection of these sites to the upper three brightest stars in the constellation of Orion. It was a deed, however, which rays out into the Earth’s organism homeopathically at this time when an “iron spider’s web” is being spun by all the satellites orbiting around the Earth. The Earth and the heavens mirror one another; this is the message of Astrogeographia. And the journey to sacred sites in Turkey proclaimed this message to the world – however, in a modest way, “from behind the scenes,” out of the glare of the media. For the beings of the spiritual world looking down upon the deeds and activities of human beings, it is not a matter of numbers. From a higher perspective, a spiritual happening on Earth is an event for the spiritual world, regardless of whether 20 people or thousands of people take part. It is the *quality* of the deed or event which counts as far as the spiritual world is concerned. The angels take up that which is sown upon the Earth by human beings acting in service to the Spirit and allow this to ray out further, taking effect far and wide. That which streams up to the spiritual world from a small group of people truly dedicated to serving the Spirit can stream forth as a great light in spiritual realms, and then be reflected back to receptive human beings on Earth, thus having a powerful impact.

Grasping the overlighting goal and ideal of the journey to sacred sites in Turkey and of the pilgrimage to the Grand Canyon can give the reader of the following reports a new relationship to the contents, which are offered as a source of inspiration to all.



*Pilgrims to Turkey*



*Journey into the Grand Canyon  
and the Heart of the Mother*

Molly Rose

Great rocks  
stand  
like silent sentinels  
over the land,  
monuments  
to a timeless Being  
through which  
the waters of Life  
flow—  
quietly,  
moving deeply,  
gently lapping  
the cloistered  
canyon walls.

Soon  
playful sylphs and undines  
quicken the water  
with their dance,  
chuckling among  
the rocks and boulders,  
their effervescent ripples  
carrying us joyfully  
downstream.

Then we hear  
a thunderous roar  
and round the bend  
see white water  
boiling ahead  
as we ready ourselves  
for the next thrill, chill,  
and possible spill.

But first  
we linger a moment  
in the calm, smooth tongue  
of glazed water,  
which gathers speed,  
and then,  
gently,  
we slip over the edge  
and plunge into  
the raging rapids  
below.

We crest over  
impossible waves  
and plunge down,  
again and again.  
More waves  
slam into us  
with such force  
that we emerge  
from this elemental baptism  
newly re-born,  
glad to be alive.

Below the rapids,  
one by one,  
our boats pull over  
and wait  
till all are safely through.  
We exchange high fives  
and excited shouts  
which echo around us  
and are swallowed  
by the water and granite walls.

Paddles and oars dip  
as we silently move on,  
one by one,  
through the slow majesty  
of Earth's time,  
storied in layered heights  
above us.

We beach and explore  
caverns and hidden grottos  
and behold in silence  
the awesome beauty,  
before joining in song,  
Her weeping— streaming,  
and joyful ecstasy  
pouring into pools,  
and womb-like hearts  
within the Mother.

In all of this  
we are guided  
by Wise Ones,  
midwives  
whose memory and mastery  
of the ways  
of this watery world  
of sand and stone  
and currents and flow  
make our journey  
safer and more comfortable  
than ever before  
imagined.

We are grateful  
for *all* our guides  
and the Guardian Presence  
of kindly, luminous Beings  
to whom we offer our  
thanks.  
We sing and dance,  
as the Ancestors before us,  
a ceremony honoring  
the Mother  
and the Elements  
with which She birthed  
this Wonder of a World,  
Her labor of Love.

Intense sun and heat,  
cold, wind, water,  
sand, and stone  
bring hardship and glory  
which knits us together,  
and we find shelter  
in each other  
and warmth  
in the holy, soul weaving  
into which we collect  
the nectar  
of our experience.

There arises within  
a natural harmony  
with nature's flow—  
full, rounded chords  
of response  
to the rich, deep tones  
within the stone.

And there,  
in the dark and deepening  
Silence,  
we offer spirit-imbued,  
heart-felt  
songs and prayers,  
speaking back to the Stars  
a concordance of harmony,  
linking together  
Heaven and Earth  
in a Heart of Love  
where Honey is made.

Inevitably,  
our journey takes us back out  
into the once familiar,  
now strange,  
world,  
where the doings of men  
loom large—  
threatening  
to obliterate  
the grand landscape  
which has birthed us  
into a new life.

We are changed.  
How— I cannot say—  
only,  
that we carry the pollen  
of our experience  
out into the world  
and will leave traces  
wherever we go.

Whoever has been  
to the Heart of the Mother  
will not forget  
the golden glow,  
the honeyed  
warmth and sweetness  
Remembering,  
in gratitude,  
we can find our way  
back Home,  
not only through  
vaulted canyon walls,  
but through  
Her ever-present,  
Eternal Heart  
where we have always been,  
we, in Her,  
and She,  
in us.



*Joanne and Molly*



## **Many Nights** Andrew Elliott

Many nights I receive  
a great gift,  
a reorienting to a place closer to Home.  
Often, in the wake of morning,  
I leave the gift unopened  
and then forget  
that it was ever given.  
Today, near dawn,  
it opens itself.  
A tender sadness,  
a hint of Your fragrance  
has become my world.  
Home is not far; loved ones await.  
But now Your sun rises  
into my landscape.  
I smile again  
knowing we have work to do,  
lighting the lamps,  
calling You  
into blossom  
into blessing.  
Thank you.



*Andrew*

## *Reflections on the Pilgrimage to the Grand Canyon*

Jackie Sohn

As a child, I read every book I could find about ecology and the environment. I read with fascinated horror about the rotting carcasses of dead fish piling up on the polluted shores of Lake Erie, the traffic policemen in Tokyo who had to take oxygen breaks due to the quality of air being so poor, and the growing mountains of accumulating garbage in our landfills. I was incredulous that the world had descended to such a pitiful state. I would fervently pray and dream of enormous filters for our lakes, oceans, air and ground which would clean all the impurities and restore the earth's environment back to its pristine state. I always knew that a major purpose of this lifetime is to fulfill my promise to help heal planet Earth. I considered pursuing a career in the environmental sciences but chose to work in a healing profession instead because it seemed to me that if I really wanted to help our planet then the most effective way was to help heal people since the source of the Earth's troubles is misuse of its resources by humanity. It is a *feng shui* principle that a healthy mind, body and emotional life is reflected in a clean, organized and harmonious environment and vice versa. The outer environment is a reflection of the inner landscape. As people heal their imbalances in their thinking, feeling and will lives, they will clean up their environment as pollution becomes incongruent with their healthier state.

Once I found out that a local recycling center had opened up (in New York City, late 1960's), I became the only child in the neighborhood (to my mother's embarrassment) who picked up used cans and bottles from the streets on my way to and from school every day. Twenty years later, when I moved to San Francisco in the same month that the blue bin recycling program started there, I knew I was moving in the right direction.

Now, more than forty years since my childhood visions of technological salvation for planet Earth, my prayers were answered this May 2010 during the Sophia Foundation Pilgrimage to the Grand Canyon. Similarly to my response earlier in life when I realized that the obvious methods of saving the environment such as becoming an activist do not truly address the root of the problem, the response I received to my prayers was not anything I could have imagined previously, but is of a sublime nature working on an essential level of being. Back in the midst of civilized life, the details of our delightful communion with Nature are fading, but what is growing is my increasing awareness through appreciation and gratitude of the profound vastness of the wisdom and kindness of the spiritual beings who have been and are still guiding humanity, especially through the trials we are currently undergoing.

As we traversed down the Colorado River, we learned and practiced an expansion of the Morning Meditation with eurythmy to include the elemental beings and kingdoms of Nature. This activity provides a means through which we as human beings can begin to step into our role as the fourth kingdom to be the mediators and connecting link between the spiritual world and the kingdoms of Nature, thereby helping to redeem Nature. This practice develops the fifth ether, the moral ether, which only humanity can engender. (The elemental beings live and work in the first four ethers: the gnomes indwell the life ether and convey this ether to the roots of trees and plants; the undines live in the tone ether and carry this ether into the stems, branches, and leaves; the sylphs are at home in the

light ether and bring this ether to the flowering processes in Nature; and the salamanders are to be found in the warmth ether and imbue Nature's seeding processes with this ether.)

We started each morning at sunrise with the Salutation to the Sun, connecting the inner sun in our hearts to the outer Sun, acknowledging the Sun as the source of all light, love and life on planet Earth as well as being the home of the Christ being who is filled with peace. We then practiced the Morning Meditation.

### **Salutation to the Sun**

I see the Sun,  
The Sun beholds me.  
I revere the Sun,  
The Sun greets me.  
I unite myself with the Sun,  
The Sun blesses me with Light, Love and Life.

The power of the Sun is immeasurably strengthening.  
Through the Sun's power,  
one can pass through all trials and remain peaceful.  
Through the power of the Sun,  
one can endure to an extraordinary degree.  
The Sun bestows great power.



### **Morning Meditation in relation to the hierarchies, the elemental beings and the kingdoms of Nature (Summary version)**

In purest outpoured light shimmers the Godhead of the world.  
In purest love toward all that lives radiates the Godhead of my soul.  
I rest within the Godhead of the world.  
I shall find myself within the Godhead of the world.

#### **(Moon - Root Chakra)**

I receive the light, love, life and peace of the Angels.  
I shine light upon the gnomes.  
I radiate love toward the gnomes.  
I stream life toward the gnomes.  
I breathe peace upon the gnomes.

#### **(Venus - Sacral Chakra)**

I receive the light, love, life and peace of the Archangels.  
I shine light upon the undines.  
I radiate love toward the undines.  
I stream life toward the undines.  
I breathe peace upon the undines.

(Mercury - Solar Plexus Chakra)

I receive the light, love, life and peace of the Archai.

I shine light upon the sylphs.

I radiate love toward the sylphs.

I stream life toward the sylphs.

I breathe peace upon the sylphs.

(Sun - Heart Chakra)

I receive the light, love, life and peace of the Exusiai, Dynamis & Kyriotetes.

I shine light upon humanity.

I radiate love toward humanity.

I stream life toward humanity.

I breathe peace upon humanity.

(Mars - Throat Chakra)

I receive the light, love, life and peace of the Thrones.

I shine light upon the animal kingdom.

I radiate love toward the animal kingdom.

I stream life toward the animal kingdom.

I breathe peace upon the animal kingdom.

(Jupiter - Brow Chakra)

I receive the light, love, life and peace of the Cherubim.

I shine light upon the plant kingdom.

I radiate love toward the plant kingdom.

I stream life toward the plant kingdom.

I breathe peace upon the plant kingdom.

(Saturn - Crown Chakra)

I receive the light, love, life and peace of the Seraphim.

I shine light upon the mineral kingdom.

I radiate love toward the mineral kingdom.

I stream life toward the mineral kingdom.

I breathe peace upon the mineral kingdom.

I made it my practice to apply each of the seven levels of this Morning Meditation as I encountered each of the elemental beings and kingdoms of Nature every day as we progressed through the Grand Canyon. Beholding Vulcan's Anvil, an enormous sacred rock heralding the approach to the formidable Lava Falls (Mile 180), I received the light, love, life and peace of the Angels into my Moon chakra and blessed the gnomes. Simultaneously enjoying the sheer exhilaration of riding the white water rapids and receiving the light, love, life and peace of the Archangels into my Venus chakra, I showered those to the undines. (An additional blessing bestowed to the undines was reciting the Lord's Prayer while going through the rapids leaving an etheric imprint of the prayer to benefit all who follow.) Admiring the majestic wing-span of the great blue heron and remembering how much sylphs love birds, I received the light, love, life and peace of the Archai into my solar plexus chakra



and connected with the sylphs. With deep thankfulness to the sunlight which appeared when we were shivering from the cold, as well as to our metabolism which fuels the fire that warms our bodies, I received the light, love, life and peace of the Exusiai, Dynamis and Kyriotetes into my heart chakra and shared with the salamanders. Contemplating our good fortune with the six gifted individuals who were chosen to be our river guides, appreciating them for who they are and knowing that we could not have accomplished this journey without their knowledge, help and skills, I received the light, love, life and peace of the Exusiai, Dynamis, Kyriotetes into my heart chakra and radiated out to all of humanity.



Smiling at the large velveteen ears of the mule deer and the graceful nimbleness of the bighorn sheep, I received the light, love, life and peace of the Thrones into my Mars chakra and blessed the animal kingdom. Delighted with the delicate fronds of maidenhair fern alongside the vivacious scarlet monkey-flowers at Elves Chasm (Mile 116.6), I received the light, love, life and peace of the Cherubim into my brow chakra and shared with the plant kingdom. Marveling at the shiny black metamorphic rock, Vishnu schist, with dikes of glorious pink Zoroastrian granite running through it, I received the light, love, life and peace of the Seraphim into my Saturn chakra and bestowed these gifts to the mineral kingdom.

Upon hearing the news at the end of our journey, that our latest man-made environmental fiasco, the recent oil spill, had reached an all-time crisis high – threatening the entire Atlantic coast – I breathed deeply and was even more grateful for our meditative practices. Far from being an idyllic nature retreat, I learned inner techniques to be more equipped to help with what is currently happening in the world. The miracle filters of my childhood dreams have yet to be installed in our oceans but the



gift I received during this pilgrimage through the Grand Canyon to the heart of the Divine Mother is a far more powerful and valuable, though subtle, means of working on an elemental level to begin the process of restoring Nature back to its pure state before the Fall.



## *You are as Pollen*

**Andrew Elliott**

Those of us who received the great gift of journeying as pilgrims into the heart of the Mother, into the Grand Canyon, were met at each turn of the river with both the profound majesty of the canyon and the intimate beauty of life everywhere present.



Whispering just beneath rich sensory beauty was the mystery of Time. As we rowed and paddled the passionate Colorado River, massive layers of canyon wall revealed epochs measured in hundreds of millions of years. Only in a few places did we see evidence of human habitation.



*The birthing rock*

In one such place, known as “the birthing rock” for its naturally carved red rock chair and its panoply of petroglyphs, we sat in reverent silence, listening for echoes of the wisdom of the place.

As I offered a silent prayer to those ancestors to whom this site was sacred, an immediate reply came to me. I was told that we who had come here, in reverence and in service to the Mother, must now become the guardians of this sacred beauty. We must be born on the winds, like sacred pollen, taking back to our communities this message of protection. It was as if, in this

sanctuary of Time, the linear dimension of time had dissolved. Perhaps for an open and reverential heart, Time can yield its secrets.

This afternoon, still glowing with the benediction of the canyon, I came across this poem. It is by American writer and poet, Terry Tempest Williams, from her book *Red: Passion and Patience in the Desert*. Mrs. Williams lives in the redrock desert of southern Utah, short miles from where our pilgrimage began. She writes:

The eyes of the future are looking back at us  
and they are praying for us to see beyond our own time.  
They are kneeling with hands clasped  
that we might act with restraint,  
that we might leave room for the life that is destined to come.  
To protect what is wild  
is to protect what is gentle.  
Perhaps the wildness we fear is the pause between our own heartbeats,  
the silent space that says we live only by grace.  
Wilderness lives by this same grace.  
Wild mercy is in our hands.  
  
May we be as pollen.

*Balance*  
**Betsyann Gallagher**

In the beginning ours was not the most harmonious relationship.  
The wind blew her everywhere, baptizing us in her glory.  
She was in our eyes, our clothes, our food and even our sleeping gear.  
She gave new meaning to the Sandman's visits.

Walking up to Thunder River, hearing  
the reverberation of the boulders, tumbling and tossing  
in the current so strong, helped us to imagine  
how she was so finely sculpted  
and formed, from the cliffs so grand.

After a long morning of being splashed and  
drenched with the cold river water,  
we climbed ashore shivering, teeth chattering  
and proceeded to take off all our wet clothes.  
Her warmth beckoned and with gratitude  
we lay down and basked in her heat.  
Ah, the luscious sand, her soft  
silky texture caressed and warmed our bodies  
offering a new perspective on this once harsh host.



As we journeyed deeper into the river gorged canyon  
we became more familiar with her,  
we shared her space and breathed her beauty.  
Just like her we were tossed and tumbled,  
shaped and refined, by all the elements,  
on our pilgrimage to the Mother.  
Wholeheartedly we offer our gratitude  
to the Grand Canyon and its glorious sand.





## *Turkish Delight*

### Christine Holmstrom

*Note: From October 2 -11, 2009, an international group of pilgrims joined Robert Powell and Turkish guide and author Mehmet Cuhadar on a whirlwind tour of Turkey, entitled "The Eternal Feminine." The tour was organized by Bernt and Jane Rossiwall.*

Minarets punctuate Istanbul's eastern skyline; the massive domes of three mosques mimic the fiery solar sphere spilling over the horizon. In the distance, the Sea of Marmara reflects the early light through a low-hanging haze. On the rooftop deck of our hotel, a white garbed trio--Heinrich and Ingrid Sandkuhler and Beate Sattler--performs morning eurythmy to the rising sun. I clutch my camera and hurry from the glass-walled dining room to capture the moment on film. The glorious spectacle of that sunrise and the three eurythmists remains etched in my mind, more vivid than any photograph, a glorious beginning to a tour marked by magic and wonder.

Turkey straddles two continents, Europe and Asia. It's a land filled with Biblical names and references--Ephesus, the Hittites--Roman ruins and a culture foreign, enticing and delightful. Istanbul, the former Constantinople, seat of the powerful Ottoman Empire, overlooks three-storied bodies of water, the Bosphorus, the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmara. Istanbul is a jeweled broach securing the fine Turkish fabric which envelops the traveler in the cloak of history.

#### *Day 1 – Istanbul pre-tour*

We begin our day visiting Topkapi palace, the magnificent royal complex of the Ottoman sultans, atop a seaside promontory with a commanding view of the harbor and waterways. Inside the treasury museum, cabochon emeralds are strewn in piles inside gilt boxes. The famous Topkapi dagger, its hilt inlaid with emeralds the size of a child's fist, gleams with ceremonial menace. The Spoonmaker's diamond, reputedly found by a poor fisherman and traded for three spoons, dominates the treasury. A double row of 49 old mine-cut diamonds surround the 86 carat pear-shaped diamond, giving it the appearance of the full moon lighting the evening sky amidst a corona of stars.

The shimmering glory of the sultan's treasures, the palace's burbling fountains, airy pavilions, elaborate tile work and exquisite architecture recall the power and glory of the Ottoman Empire. Yet I am haunted by the story of royal succession. Sultans had multiple wives and multitudes of children. Only one son could ascend to the throne when the old sultan died; all others had to be eliminated. It was forbidden to spill royal blood, so these sons were either strangled with silken cords, or imprisoned in large cages to starve to death. The marble halls of the palace resound with the echo of their cries, and the flowing fountains recall their mothers' endless tears.

The nearby Roman cisterns transport me across the centuries with their fluted columns rising from placid waters stirred only by the lazy meanderings of well-fed fish. At the far end of this magical water palace are two columns, each atop a giant Medusa head--one on its side, one upside down. There is no written record to explain the significance of the placement.

We venture to the Hippodrome, site of chariot races and other spectacles, anchored by the Obelisk of Theodosius, brought from Karnak in Ancient Egypt. Then we join the throngs lined up for the Blue Mosque, an amazing tiered wedding cake of a building, surrounded by six delicate minarets. The interior is breathtaking; the lower level is lined with over 20,000 handmade ceramic tiles in more than fifty distinct tulip designs. An impossibly wide, flat, circular chandelier hangs low over the prayer area, where male worshippers prostrate themselves.

Near the Grand Bazaar is the ruined column of Constantine the Great. Robert suggests that we touch the base of the column so that we may sense the power within, but our desire is thwarted. The column is fenced off for renovations. In its original glory, the column was surmounted by a statue of Constantine in the figure of Apollo. The orb he carried was said to contain a fragment of the true cross. A sanctuary once was at the foot of the column. It reputedly contained relics from the crosses of the two thieves who were crucified with Jesus Christ, baskets from the miracle of the loaves and fishes, an alabaster ointment jar belonging to Mary Magdalene, the palladium of ancient Rome and a wooden statue of Athena from Troy.

Entering the nearby Grand Bazaar, a warren of over 3,000 shops and stands, is a bit like following Alice down the rabbit hole. Fluorescent lights flicker overhead, side streets arouse curiosity, tourists stop midstride to capture a digital image of bangled belly dancer costumes, and locals press past gawking visitors. Salesmen beckon from every stall, promising “genuine pashmina.” “Madam, only 25 turkish lira, what color do you want?” Hammered copper pots cascade from shop walls, men in polo shirts and pressed trousers wait outside leather stores, entreating passing shoppers. “Come, come in. All leather on sale.” Instead, I find refuge in a quiet side section. A juice stand with crudely lettered signs offers fresh pomegranate juice. The vendor squeezes the crimson fruit as I wait. I sit on a rickety plastic stool, then savor the tangy scarlet juice.

Finally, we venture to the Spice Market, filled with exotic culinary temptations. Turkish Delight, nuts in a firm sweet gel dusted with powdered sugar, appears in a multitude of flavor variations. Cylinders of the sugary treats are stacked on tables outside many stores. Hand-lettered signs advertise “Turkish viagra”--dried figs and nuts. When we leave, the cinnabar sun is sliding into the sea and the nearly full moon has begun its ascent.

### *Day 2 – Istanbul and Ankara*

The morning begins with a visit to the Hagia Sophia, or Ayasofya. This magnificent building, with its massive dome and glorious mosaics, was constructed in 532 A.D. as the third church of holy wisdom on a site near the Topkapi palace. It is considered the epitome of Byzantine architecture and was the largest cathedral in the world for nearly one thousand years. Later, it was converted to a mosque, and the magnificent Christian mosaics were plastered or painted over. After the formation of the modern secular Turkish state, the Hagia Sophia became a museum, a stunning blend of Islamic and Christian art and architecture.

We hope to find a quiet corner for prayer eurythmy. On the second floor near the Queen’s loge, we form a circle, but with 35 people, we are anything but unobtrusive. We have just begun the sequence “Oh Self from whom all originates,” when a guard approaches. He directs us to stop, demanding,



"Who is your leader?" Robert steps forward. The young man eyes Robert, then repeats his command as if we were ignorant schoolchildren. "Where is your leader, your Turkish guide?" Uberta and several other women protest that we mean no harm. "We are doing a prayer for peace for all peoples." The guard arches his eyebrows, admonishing us, "No praying." We disperse without further incident, but the guard follows closely, vigilant for any signs of forbidden activity.

We take turns leaning against the balustrade of an upper level balcony to gaze at the Theotokos mosaic high in an apse. Mary sits on an ornate stool adorned with precious stones, holding the child Jesus on her lap, against a golden background. The archangels Gabriel and Michael hover nearby. The hypnotic beauty of the scene elicits a profound feeling of gratitude for the eternal embrace of the Mother. Then, we stand silently in front of the badly deteriorated Deesis (entreaty) mosaic which depicts Christ Pantocrator between Mary and John the Baptist who is draped in animal skins, his hair an unruly tangle. Their heads bowed, they silently implore Christ to intercede on behalf of humanity. Robert quietly suggests that we inwardly experience the Foundation Stone meditation as we stand before this glorious depiction of Christ, whose eyes radiate such compassion that I am moved to tears.

We depart Istanbul at noon for Ankara, the modern Turkish capital, and the highly regarded Museum of Anatolian Civilizations. The museum, housed in a restored domed caravanserai, contains an astounding array of artifacts, including Mother Goddess sculptures, a hunting scene from the 7<sup>th</sup> millennium B.C.E., fertility figurines and treasures from Biblical cultures and kingdoms. The feminine aspect of the divine is first depicted in the ample bodies of fertile females with the shamanic ability to give birth. One goddess, a lumpy clay figure with wide hips, births a mysterious animal-like creature. The Mother Goddess Kybele (Cybele) appears in many forms over the centuries.

A tablet containing correspondence between Egyptian Queen Nefertari and a Hittite queen demonstrates the connection between their lands. Recreations of ancient life include a Catalhuyuk room with sacred bull heads mounted onto the walls of the central living area and a reconstruction of the tomb of the Phrygian king Midas. The spacious exhibit halls contain solar discs, vessels in the shape of sacred animals, statues of deities, weapons and everyday objects. The glory of this ancient land gleams from every corner of the museum.

### *Day 3 Ankara to Cappadocia*

We briefly tour the capital city in our bus, gazing at bronze statues and monuments depicting Mustafa Ataturk, the venerated founder of modern Turkey, in a variety of majestic poses--in military uniform astride a prancing stallion or the avuncular middle-aged leader bending towards a child shyly extending a bouquet. Ataturk promoted educational reforms, making primary education compulsory and ensuring that women could attend school. He recognized the commonality of all peoples, declaring that "Humankind is a single body and each nation is a part of that body."

In the countryside, we pass roadside stands with melons stacked high, their mottled green and gold skin flecked with dust from the fields. We stop at the Bronze Age Hittite outdoor sanctuary of Yazilikaya, whose name means "word on rock." Well-preserved rock-cut reliefs portray deities of the Hittite pantheon, including the supreme couple, the storm god Teshub and his consort, the sun-goddess Hebat, also known as Arinna. In a narrow cleft, we view a procession of male deities on one

side, female deities on the other. Only one goddess--Shaushka (corresponding to the Mesopotamian goddess Ishtar/Inanna), the goddess of love and war, processes with the males. There are a few tourists here but no guards in the outdoor sanctuary, so we are able to perform prayer eurythmy.

After lunch, we explore sections of the ancient Hittite capital of Hattusa. Little remains of the hillside city except for stacked stone foundations, a stone tunnel and enormous broken remnants of impressive lion's gate entries. As I survey the site, which spreads over hills and flatlands like an enormous wrinkled carpet, I reflect on the economic and military power of the ancient culture that constructed this metropolis. The sense one gets from reading about the Hittites or viewing photographs of Hattusa's ruins is nothing compared to standing on the Anatolian earth, where one can almost hear merchants haggling, the crisp footsteps of soldiers on watch, and the squeals of children at play.

Except for a few determined hawkers with their stacks of guidebooks and small carved copies of Hittite deities, we are alone. We spread out in a flat expanse between low rock foundations, and perform the eurythmy meditation on AUM, which connects humans with the creative godhead and drives out evil influences. Aside from our voices, the only sound is the wind.

We board the bus for the long drive to Cappadocia, passing rolling hills that spread toward the horizon like golden waves, then drive through farmland. The bus rolls past a patchwork of fields. Migrant farm workers stoop over rows of sugar beets, pulling the football-sized roots from the earth, chopping off the stems and stacking them in piles to be hoisted into trucks. Then we spot the migrant camps. Dust-caked children lean close to their mothers, who tend dinner pots over open fires beside makeshift white tarpaulin tents. A fiery sunset soon fades to darkness. We hurtle into the night; the bright full moon nearly grazes the rolling landscape. Barren hills, illumined by this magic moon, stretch towards the dim horizon. Later we pass massive concrete sugar mills, lights twinkling on grey concrete. Perhaps it's the late hour, but everything has a dreamlike quality. We turn onto a side road, half an hour from our hotel. Mehmet explains that this route will take us past some of the rock villages in Cappadocia, which are lit at night. Suddenly, people are "oohing" and "ahhing." I look out the window in wonder at twisted spires of rock and hobbit houses swathed in sparkling garlands of light.

#### *Day 4 – Cappadocia*

How glorious to awaken to bird song and a view of trees! Some members of the group have arisen before dawn to stargaze with Robert and I see them clad in heavy sweaters and hats as they return to the hotel, faces red from the chill. After breakfast, we visit the Goreme Open Air Museum, a monastic complex of churches, rectories and dwellings carved into the rock formations of a dry valley. Most of the churches are small, either one or two rooms, and the outer walls of some have collapsed. Many of the frescoes have been defaced, the eyes and faces of Christ and saints chipped away, yet the ethereal beauty remains. We join the throngs of tourists pushing into the small spaces, marveling at the brilliant ocher and vermilion hues of Jesus the Savior in the Apple Church and the mysterious symbols in the St. Barbara Church. The Eski Tokali Church is my favorite because of the brilliant cerulean background and the wonderful rendering of scenes from the life of Christ: the annunciation and birth, the escape to Egypt, miracles (including the raising of Lazarus), crucifixion, the descent

into Hell and the Ascension. In the nearby valley of Pasabagi, fairy chimneys, created by volcanic deposits and erosion of wind and water, erupt from the ground like giant phallic mushrooms. St. Simeon is said to have lived atop one of these pillars in the Byzantine period. I gaze at the tall spires with their basalt caps, and try to imagine how a mere mortal could ascend the vertiginous pillar. Perhaps angels carried St. Simeon to his precarious perch.

In the afternoon, we visit the Open Air Museum and village of Zelve, which was inhabited until 1952. We hike over dusty trails, some narrow and precipitous, peeking into the remnants of village dwellings and up at crumbling churches. After a few more scenic stops, we return to the hotel for an early dinner before an evening performance by whirling dervishes at a restored caravanserai.

We file into the courtyard of the caravanserai, before entering the room where Sema, the whirling dervish ceremony will take place. Sema was the inspiration of the revered poet Mevlana Rumi (1207-1273). It represents the mystical journey of a human's spiritual ascent through love to perfection, or the divinity, and his return to love so he may be of service to all creatures without regard to belief, class or race. The hat of the dervish represents his ego's tombstone and his white skirt is the ego's shroud, which will be born to spiritual truth. When the dervish enters the room and removes his black cloak, he begins his journey through the stages of spiritual growth. At the beginning of each stage of Sema, his arms are crossed to represent the number one and the unity of God's creation. As the dervish begins to whirl, he raises his right hand towards the sky to receive God's beneficence. He whirls with his arms open and directs his gaze to his left hand which is turned towards the earth to give back what he has received. The dervish turns from right to left, pivoting around the heart, to convey God's spiritual gift of love. The dervish embraces all of humanity and all of creation with affection and love.

As the Sema begins, the musicians and dancers file onto a central wooden floor. We are seated in tiered rows above the performance area. The music starts, the dervishes remove their black cloaks and five men, one in the middle and one at each corner, begin to revolve, each to his own inner rhythm. Somehow, they know exactly where they are and are able to change places and whirl and whirl without collapsing from dizziness or exhaustion. At first, I am skeptical, imagining this will be a tourist performance. Soon I am transported on a mystical journey, my heart filling with joy, as I witness the Sema. Any cynicism has evaporated, and by the end of the ceremony I am reluctant to return to my role as a traveler.

We are privileged to have a private meeting with one dervish, arranged by our guide Mehmet. We enter a room with low benches covered in cushions and kilims and listen to the dervish's story in translation. He has performed for decades, working during the day and leaving his family at night for Sema. Only a few aspiring devotees actually have the dedication and ability to become a dervish. Someone asked if he experiences transcendence each time he whirls. The dervish looks at us intently, thinks for a moment, and says he has only experienced divine ecstasy twice in over 25 years of whirling. When we leave, I ruminate on the gift offered by the whirling dervishes, love pouring from the vessel of their selfless devotion.

## Day 5 – Cappadocia to Konya

We begin our morning activities beneath the earth in the underground city of Kaymakli. The Cappadocia region has numerous underground cities, many with eight or more levels carved from the volcanic tuft, where entire populations could seek temporary refuge from invaders and plundering armies. Large millstones were positioned to block the narrow tunnels, and sophisticated ventilation systems brought fresh air to even the deepest levels. The cities had stables, storage and living quarters, churches and even wine production facilities. The tunnels twisted and turned, and without the signposts and modern lights, it would be easy to become hopelessly lost.

On our way to Konya, we stop at the Agzikarahan Caravanserai, which has been extensively restored. Caravanserais (caravan palaces) were located along the main trade routes, and provided free food and shelter for traders and their pack animals, as well as medical care and the services of an imam. The caravanserais were hewn from volcanic stone, with thick, high walls and portal doors made of iron to repel invaders. We admire the intricately carved portal, an excellent example of Seljuk stone carving, and climb the steep, narrow steps to the top of the small mosque in the inner courtyard.

Then we drive to Catalhuyuk, the largest and best preserved Neolithic site ever discovered, and a center of Mother Goddess worship. The inhabitants lived in mud-brick houses clustered in a honeycomb maze without footpaths or streets. Most homes were accessed by holes in the ceiling, using ladders or stairs. The rooftops were the streets. The people of Catalhuyuk buried their dead within the village, often in pits beneath the floors, especially beneath hearths or the platforms in the main rooms, and under sleeping areas. Recent investigations reveal an egalitarian society with no apparent royalty or religious hierarchy. Based on available evidence, men and women had equal access to food and goods and similar social standing. While no temples have been found, the graves, murals, cultic figures and distinctive clay figurines of women indicate a religion rich in symbolism. When we enter one of the two covered archeological dig sites, I can easily make out the plastered cattle skulls affixed to the walls of the main living quarters in each home. I contemplate the antiquity of this place, which was settled around 7500 B.C.E. Similarities to the best of modern culture are evident, including reverence for the dead, acknowledgement of the spiritual aspect of existence and a close connection with family and neighbors. We tour a reconstructed Neolithic dwelling and a small museum with bright white plastered walls similar to the interior walls of ancient Catalhuyuk dwellings.

In the exhibit hall, color photographs of villagers line an interior wall. Beneath each photograph are quotations from the local people. I nearly pass them by unread, when I overhear a comment that piques my curiosity. Soon, I'm leaning towards the writing, enthralled. Many of the villagers assisted with excavation and processing of artifacts. Their knowledge was invaluable. *"We still store things like cheese in a vessel in the ground. We could identify acorns and other foods that the scientists couldn't identify. We said, 'Those are acorns.' We have them now."* These people, who live in harmony with the nature devas, are quick to recognize the ill effects of human meddling. *"We used to have enough water. Now that there are canals [that divert water] the land is drying up. We are worried."*

The sun is nearly setting by the time we return to the bus. Someone suggests this is an ideal time and place for eurythmy. So in a gravel parking lot adjacent to the Neolithic center of devotion to the Mother Goddess, we move in our own sacred circle, blessing the Mother as the sun glides beneath the horizon.

### *Day 6 Konya to Pamukkale*

I reach to pluck a grape from the arbor in the compact garden outside the tile museum in Konya, Turkey, when I notice a worker hurriedly approaching. Guiltily, I swallow the ice green orb, expecting a wagging finger and a reprimand: "No picking the fruit." The man stands before me, points to the cluster of grapes hanging overhead, and smiles, his dark eyes sparkling. He reaches up, twists the entire bunch from the vine, hands it to me and gestures towards the garden spigot. I thank him, then wash the green globes so I can share the tart grapes with others when we gather in the adjacent parking lot before boarding our bus.

As we stand outside the walled entrance to the complex housing the tomb of the Sufi poet and mystic Mevlana ("our Master") Rumi, I see two silver-haired Turkish ladies beside Mariela Carone, folding her salmon and ivory scarf into a large triangle. The trio giggles like schoolgirls. Language is not a barrier; radiant smiles and helpful hands transcend culture and words. The women drape the scarf over Mariela's thick auburn hair and arrange it in the style of a chic Muslim woman, tying the ends in an elegant knot. Others look on, nodding their approval. The women beam.

Sufism is a most welcoming form of Islam. The ignorant and the infidel are not condemned but are invited to participate. In the entry to the shrine, I see these words: "*Come ye sinners and idol worshippers.*" Inside the ornate main room of the shrine, Mevlana's massive tomb is draped with a large velvet cloth embroidered in gold. The sarcophagus of his father, Baha al-Din Valed, stands upright; legend says that when Rumi was buried, his father's tomb "rose and bowed in reverence." The tombs of Rumi, his father and several others are capped with huge turbans, which are symbolic of the spiritual authority of Sufi teachers. We pass through the exhibit halls with ancient Islamic holy texts written in fine Arabic script and a box said to contain a strand of the prophet Mohamed's beard. I pause to read an inscription near the entrance to the main hall. Rumi taught that love is the path to spiritual growth; he welcomed people of all faiths. The words read: "*Whoever you may be, come. Even though you may be an infidel, a pagan, or a fire-worshipper, come. Our brotherhood is not one of despair. Even though you have broken your vows of repentance a hundred times, come.*"

We board the bus for the long drive through the countryside, past Lake Beysehir and Lake Egridir towards the thermal pools of Pamukkale. A few members of the group are feeling under the weather – perhaps from the rigors of travel and the enforced proximity of long bus rides, or maybe it is some sort of spiritual cleansing. In the back of the bus others are singing, a few curl up in their seats to nap; some chat or glance at the passing scenery.

In the highlands, we pass farmers in their donkey carts, piled high with hay or wood. Roadside vendors sit beside long wooden stands that bear boxes of crimson blush and moss green apples. Fields of melons await transport. Some of these melons appear on our breakfast buffet in every hotel

during our journey. The exterior is mottled and homely, but inside is a treasure of succulent flesh that melts into a heavenly elixir, bathing the tongue in sweet delight.

We stop for a late lunch at a lakeside restaurant. The view from the windows is postcard perfect – the sun dances on the water and distant mountains fade from bluish purple to grey as they meet the horizon. While we await the arrival of our food, a few of our group are drawn outside. We clamber over the rocky shore to dip our feet in the frothy edge of the lake. An energetic breeze whips the waves into foamy crests that slap playfully at the shore. After hours inside a bus, the cool water and gusting wind is delightfully invigorating. Birds swoop and call out their delight.

Dusk has descended by the time we reach Pamukkale, which means “cotton castle” in Turkish. We admire the tiered travertine pools, stacked like an elaborate window display of fine white porcelain against the darkening sky. Robert and Mehmet obtain permission to use the deserted parking lot of a nearby restaurant for eurythmy. The cotton castle rises behind us like a bejeweled scrim. After dinner and Robert’s lecture, I indulge in a Turkish bath at the hotel spa. An attendant ushers me into an oval marble room lined with basins shaped like giant shells. Water gurgles from curved spigots, splashing into copper bowls. I lie on an elevated marble slab. I feel warm water, then the brisk touch of a Turkish cloth scrubbing away the accumulated dirt and exhaustion of five days of travel. The rhythmic gurgle of water falling into copper bowls creates a soporific symphony that entices me into near sleep. I’m rinsed, rubbed with fine grey clay, rinsed again, then covered in a thick layer of bubbles magically squeezed from a soap- and air-filled pillow slip. The attendant dips the pillowcase into a bucket of soapy water, pulls it wide open, then swirls it overhead like a lasso. He holds it over my body, runs his hand down the dangling cloth and “Whoosh!” – half my body is enveloped in a cloud of bubbles. After I’m cloaked in bubbles, massaged and rinsed, I feel as smooth and perfect as a newborn.

### *Day 7 Pamukkale – Selcuk*

Hieropolis, the sacred city of Apollo, lies in crumbling grandeur above the thermal pools. Robert points to an area where the apostle Phillip was martyred by being crucified upside down. We meander through the necropolis, peering into the vacant remnants of tombs, sliding our hands over cool marble slabs inscribed with paeans to the departed. Vines, shrubs and weeds overrun the temples and sarcophagi. Birds hop merrily amidst the ruins, before taking a perch atop a broken column. Ahead of us lie the vast thermal pools heated by underground volcanic activity. The Plutonium is nearby, a cave once used by the priests of Cybele, who were able to conduct religious rites underground without succumbing to the carbon dioxide that permeates the cave.

As we near the upper portion of the thermal pools, Robert points to the temple of Apollo. It is partially fenced, and the once soaring columns lie dismembered on the ground. “It would be a wonderful spot for eurythmy,” Robert remarks. Just then, a loud whistle punctures the air and one of the many guards, shouting a noisy reprimand, points at a bather climbing over the lip of one of the pools. I am reminded of our experience at the Hagia Sophia. Most of us pull off our shoes and wade into the ankle-deep warmth of the nearest thermal pool. Rotund Europeans in skimpy swimsuits bask in the sun, their already sunburned skin acquiring a deep scarlet blush. Teenage girls giggle, boys splash and elderly couples shuffle hesitantly over the algae-slicked limestone. I slosh through the

tepid water, skirting the Band-Aids and bits of trash that litter the bottom of the pools. I soon tire of this and decide to explore the Apollo temple with Eileen. We find a few others there, some doing solitary eurythmy. "Perfect, we won't call attention to ourselves this way," I say as I look for a flat spot to begin the dance of the sun. I consider the proximity of the Plutonium, realm of the god of the underworld, as I trace lemniscates over a section of the sun god's ruined temple.

We board the bus for our journey to Aphrodisias, an ancient city dedicated to Aphrodite, the goddess of love. The site lies in bucolic splendor on the way to Ephesus. We begin with the airy museum, whose walls are lined with bas-reliefs of Greco-Roman gods and conquering heroes. A magnificent marble horse, caught in mid-gallop, is mounted on a platform in the middle of the museum. One side of the head is missing, and the body is broken, but what remains embodies the essence of equine grace and power. Only a bit of the stirrup of the unknown rider hangs near the animal's belly. Outside in the garden, an extended family of friendly felines purrs their greetings.

We begin our walk through the ruins, skirting tumbled walls and collapsed archways. A series of columns lines a long water-lily-choked lake, backed by stately cypress trees. This was once the agora, but the ground has subsided and flooded. We stroll past twisted pomegranate bushes which yield their succulent fruit into our eager fingers, then arrive at a partially intact amphitheater and seat ourselves. Roberto Colosimo, a thespian and Waldorf teacher from Australia, leaps to the stage, and mesmerizes us with a recitation of Shakespeare's *Sonnet 16* and then Rumi's *Quiet*. It begins: *"Inside this new love, die. Your way begins on the other side. Become the sky. Take an axe to the prison wall. Escape."*

We continue on to a spacious oval stadium, then clamber down the carved rock steps to the ground level for eurythmy. Heinrich and Roberto then break into an impromptu footrace, pounding across the dirt to our joyous cheers.

### *Day 8 Selcuk (Ephesus)*

The day features a visit to Ephesus, the Temple of Artemis and the Church of Mary. I have become ill, and remain behind in the hotel to rest, and have to rely on my memories from the 2004 Sophia Foundation pilgrimage. My feverish sleep is paved with pictures of the monumental façade of the library of Celsus. I envision the elevated Ionic columns of the soaring first level, surmounted by Corinthian columns, and the ample niches created by the columns. I imagine ancient Romans and Ephesians gazing at marble statues inhabiting the niches, pointing at the flowing garments of graceful goddesses before they hurry up the steps to the entrance.

Later, when I ask Jackie about the Temple of Artemis, she enthusiastically describes doing prayer eurythmy underneath the single standing column of the temple. I am mystified, unsure if we are speaking of the same place. Although the temple was one of the seven wonders of the ancient world, all that remains are a few sculptural fragments. I recall a column rising from the deep pond, crowned by an egret nest. It was impossible to approach the column in 2004. Jackie insists there is no water, only earth and wild plants. She remarks about the powerful energy that rises from the ground. Although the physical structure is gone, the Temple of Artemis remains on the etheric plane. The ancient goddess mysteries are there for us to ponder and to provide a pathway towards Sophia and the Mother.



### *Day 9 Selcuk (Ephesus)*

Restored by the angels of healing, I join the group for our last day in Turkey. We begin at the Basilica of St. John on a hilltop beneath the city fortress. We arrive early, before most tour groups. We dance eurythmy, undisturbed, around the tomb of St. John, and climb into a large stepped tub used for baptism. There is no water, but the marble walls radiate transformative blessing.

In the Ephesus Museum, we linger in the Hall of Artemis, with riveting statutes of the Ephesian Artemis. We examine the stone sculptures carefully. Robert points out the signs of the zodiac on a collar around her neck and the various creatures on the skirt of her conical garment. Most intriguing are the breast-like protuberances from her chest. Scholars and art historians have argued about what they represent, but most agree they symbolize fertility. Some say they are breasts or eggs, or even the testicles of sacrificed bulls. A recent theory is that they depict the large amber beads used to decorate an archaic cult image venerated by the ancient Ephesians. The symbolic dress of the Ephesian Artemis reminds me of an Egyptian goddess robed with images from the Book of Revelation.

We end our day at the House of Mary, the Christian and Muslim shrine where the Virgin Mary is said to have lived the last days of her life. Here on Mt. Nightingale is where she ascended into heaven, creating a link between earth and the Heavenly Jerusalem. We file into the tiny chapel and find places to kneel near the altar. Many are brought to tears. Later, we drink or fill water bottles from a spring that is reputed to have miraculous healing powers. Robert and Mehmet arrange for a visit to a private garden where we dance prayer eurythmy in reverence to the Mother and the Father.

### *Day 10 Departure*

As we wait for our airplane, I contemplate our brief immersion in the glories of ancient and modern Turkey. I think of the dervish and his commitment, the years of training, the many nights that he leaves his wife and children to dance into meditative bliss. I recall that only twice did he attain a sense of spiritual union, the ecstasy of divine love. I contemplate my own spiritual journey and what I have learned from my fellow pilgrims and the people of Turkey. We stumble or stride upon the road of destiny, struggling to stay on the path, veering neither left nor right. However long the journey, we can fulfill our evolutionary task through faith, love and grace.

Back home, I scroll through my memories: the odd sculpted outcroppings of Cappadocia, the glories of ancient Byzantium, the Hittite sanctuaries, the peaceful joy of the House of Mary. I recall my feet moving in sacred dance with our community of pilgrims, our prayers rising on the wind. The Turkish Delight I purchased in Istanbul is long gone, but the sweetness of Turkey lingers like the scent of perfume.

## ***Astrogeographia*** **A Journey in Turkey with Robert Powell from October 1-11, 2009** Lacquanna Paul & Uberta Sebregondi

Our group of 35 people, travelling through central Anatolia in Turkey, on October 4 visited Hattusha, the ancient capital of the Hittites. There we discovered in the stones of the remains two cult chambers alongside one another in the great twin temple of the Hittites. The two most important deities of the Hittites were worshiped here at the twin temple, wherein the cult chamber dedicated to Teshub, the

god of wind, storm, and the elements, stood side by side with the cult chamber dedicated to his consort Arinna, the Sun goddess.

Journeying on through Cappadocia, visiting many other remarkable sites on the way, we subsequently arrived at the site of the ancient city of Ephesus as the culmination of our tour of Turkey. Here, on the evening of October 9, Robert's first public lecture presenting his research into Astrogeographia took place. Bernt Rossiwall, who together with his wife Jane organized this tour of Turkey, introduced Astrogeographia as "a science for the future, just as Kepler's laws are nowadays the basis for calculating interplanetary space missions." The lecture was entitled *Ephesus: City of Artemis and the Virgin Mary – the Astrogeographical Significance of Ephesus*, and was held at the Crisler Library in Ephesus.

Seen in the light of the ancient hermetic axiom "as above, so below," Astrogeographia is a new science revealing the existence of a one-to-one correspondence between the celestial and terrestrial globes, i.e. between individual stars in the heavens and identifiable earthly geographical locations scattered around the globe, such that each star is mirrored at a specific place on the Earth. Astrogeographically it is theoretically possible to refer to any particular site – such as Ephesus – as being the place of the *earthly projection* of a certain star.

The basic hypothesis of Astrogeographia is that there is a mirroring on the Earth of the entire heavenly sphere, implying that particular places on the earthly globe correspond to particular stars in the heavens. But how may these places be identified in relation to the corresponding stars?

In his quest to answer this question, Robert described how his point of departure drew upon the research that had been first presented in 1988 by R. Bauval and A. Gilbert in their book *The Orion Mystery*. Bauval's central thesis presented in this book concerns a correspondence between the three pyramids of Giza and the three stars marking the belt of Orion. For Robert the primary correspondence that serves as the starting point for Astrogeographia is that between the lower star in Orion's belt, Alnitak, and the great pyramid of Giza, as beautifully illustrated in an artist's sketch from page 209 of the 1994 edition of *The Orion Mystery*. The sketch portrays the Egyptian god Osiris in relation to the constellation of Orion, with the red supergiant star Betelgeuse marking his right shoulder and Bellatrix his left shoulder. In his right hand Osiris is holding a sceptre, and his left hand is extended out toward the star Aldebaran marking the Bull's eye in the constellation of Taurus.



Robert's research developed further from this starting point of a correspondence between Alnitak and Giza. His further research resulted in discovering – through computation – that the projection of the central star in Orion's belt, Alnilam, closely corresponds to Alexandria in Egypt, and further that the projection of the star marking Orion's left shoulder, Bellatrix, corresponds to Ephesus. The discovery that prominent stars in the constellation of Orion are mirrored on Earth at these ancient mystery sites lends support to the basic principle of Astrogeographia. For these three spiritual centers

of antiquity – Giza, Alexandria, Ephesus – were indeed the locations of three of the Seven Wonders of the ancient world, i.e. the great pyramid of Giza, the Pharos lighthouse at the harbour of Alexandria, and the temple of Artemis at Ephesus.

Such correspondences point toward a direct connection between sacred places on Earth and the spiritual influences of the starry worlds, broadening and deepening our understanding of the cosmic dimension of humanity's spiritual history, and confirming the potential of Astrogeographia to make a valuable contribution toward a new understanding of the relationship between heaven and earth.

Moreover, the discovery of this one-to-one correspondence between these three ancient mystery centres and three of the most prominent stars in Orion opens the possibility of gaining insight into the nature of the cosmic influences proceeding from these three stars through comprehending that which lived in these ancient mysteries. Through the further application of Astrogeographia we can come to understand the influences proceeding from other stars as well, when seen in relation to the earthly locations corresponding to them. For example, we see in the impulse toward cultivating the worship of the Mother Goddess that flourished at Ephesus the particular quality of the star Bellatrix, known in earlier times as the 'Amazon star.' According to legend, it was the Amazon women who established the first temple at Ephesus. Originally a small edifice, this temple was the forerunner of the great temple of Artemis, later identified as one of the Seven Wonders of the ancient world. In light of Astrogeographia, something of the stellar influence of Bellatrix evidently inspired the legendary tribe of Amazon women to Ephesus to settle there and to start a new cult center dedicated to the Mother Goddess, who later became known as Artemis of Ephesus. Regarding the name "Amazon star," how else can this mysterious designation for Bellatrix be explained? From that which lived in this mystery of the great temple dedicated to Artemis of Ephesus, the quality of the Mother Goddess was evidently an influence connected with and proceeding from the star Bellatrix. This influence continued there on into the Christian era. Thus, when the temple of Artemis fell more and more into decline, particularly around the start of the Christian era, the Virgin Mary, accompanied by the Apostle John, came from Jerusalem to live in Ephesus – from A.D. 36 to 44. As Theodora Jenny-Kappers states in her book *Muttergöttin und Gottesmutter in Ephesus: Von Artemis zu Maria* ("Mother Goddess and Mother of God in Ephesus: From Artemis to Mary"), where she refers to the time of transition from Artemis worship to devotion to the Virgin Mary:

Artemis was merely a symbol.... Then a successor emerged as a reality in physical form: Mary, the Christian "Mother of God." It is impossible to say to what extent the ancient cult of the motherly-virginal Artemis of Ephesus lived on again in the devotion to Mary, but certainly Mary in Ephesus took over Artemis' role to a great extent, especially after the Church council of the year A.D. 431 when Mary was declared to be the "Mother of God," the "Bearer of God."

A further research finding of Astrogeographia indicated by Robert is that the archetypal projection of the red supergiant star marking the right shoulder of Orion, Betelgeuse, falls close to Hattusha. Against this background, it emerges that the influence proceeding from Betelgeuse was the cosmic source of inspiration for the great twin temple of Teshub, the wind god, and Arinna, the Sun goddess, that we visited at Hatthusha. Robert also indicated that astrogeographically Jerusalem falls longitudinally more or less on the same meridian as Hatthusha and hence on the same cosmic

meridian as Betelgeuse – and, moreover, that at the time of the building of the temple of Solomon in the tenth century B.C., the historical projection of Betelgeuse was directly over Jerusalem. The historical projection of a star shifts over long periods of time north and south along the same longitudinal meridian – half the time north of the archetypal projection and half the time south of it, the terrestrial location of the archetypal projection being the midpoint of the north-south movement of the historical projection along the meridian. In the discussion of stellar projections in this article, unless otherwise explicitly referred to, the projections of stars onto the Earth are, implicitly, *archetypal projections*. The shifting historical projection has to do with the changing relationship between the celestial globe and the terrestrial globe due to the precession of the equinoxes. Returning to the example of Betelgeuse, the red supergiant star marking the right shoulder of Orion, the archetypal projection of this powerful star falls close to Hattusha, and the historical projection around the time of the building of the temple of Solomon fell upon Jerusalem.

Yet another finding of Astrogeographia of significance for our tour of Turkey is that the earthly projection of the main star marking Orion's head, Meissa, is located in proximity to Istanbul, the ancient city of Constantinople, chosen by the Emperor Constantine the Great to be the new capital of the vast Roman empire. In A.D. 330 Constantine transferred the imperial residence from Rome to the new capital, which he called the "new Rome." Subsequently, in the sixth century A.D., the Emperor Justinian accomplished between 532 and 537 the building of the great domed basilica of the Hagia Sophia there, at that time the largest cathedral in Christendom. The remarkable domed structure of Hagia Sophia was seen as a new World Wonder, outdoing even the temple of Solomon. Just as the temple of Artemis at Ephesus can be seen astrogeographically in connection with the star Bellatrix, Hagia Sophia in Constantinople/Istanbul can be seen in relation to the inspiring cosmic influence proceeding from the star Meissa in the head of Orion. Sophia is the Greek word for Wisdom, and the connection of Meissa to Divine Wisdom is revealed in the majestic architectural structure of Hagia Sophia, the domed shape reminding us of the domed structure of the head. At the inauguration of the new basilica on December 27, 537, on account of the majestic architectural structure and the extraordinarily rich and artistic interior decoration, Justinian exclaimed, "Solomon, I have outdone thee."

Our journey in Turkey started in Istanbul, where we visited Hagia Sophia, the magnificent architectural monument testifying to the cosmic influence of Meissa in the head of Orion. From Istanbul we flew to Ankara and travelled from there to Hattusha to visit the remains of the great twin temple of Teshub and Arinna, the cult center of the ancient Hittite empire, an earthly testimony to the stellar influence proceeding from the star Betelgeuse marking the right shoulder of Orion, bearing in mind also that the temple of Solomon at Jerusalem was another architectural monument testifying to the influence of Betelgeuse. After journeying through Cappadocia, we came to Ephesus and visited the remains of the majestic temple of Artemis that was an architectural manifestation on Earth of the influence stemming from Bellatrix, the star at the left shoulder of Orion. Thus our journey in Turkey mapped out a triangle on the Earth corresponding to the triangle of stars (Meissa – Betelgeuse – Bellatrix) marking the head and shoulders of *Orion*. This was perhaps the first group journey on Earth to consciously trace out a constellation – actually, a part of a stellar constellation – according to

the earthly projections of the stars comprising that constellation. Indeed, this was probably the world's first consciously planned astrogeographical journey!

### ***Turkey – Some Reflections and Experiences*** **From a Friend, with Love**

The journey to Turkey, organized by Bernt and Jane Rossiwall, was incredible. As I reflect back on it, I am filled with great gratitude. Here are some notes as “after images” of the pilgrimage.

Walking and traveling through Anatolia with Robert was an experience filled with significance. The plan for this pilgrimage to Turkey was amazing! Our earthly journey mirrored a heavenly journey through the constellation of Orion. We went to places where significant stars of Orion project onto the earth. Our journey began in Istanbul (the projection of the star Meissa marking the head of Orion). From there we went to the ancient Hittite capital of Hattusha (the projection of Betelgeuse, usually depicted as marking the right shoulder of Orion). And from there we traveled to Ephesus (the projection of Bellatrix, traditionally shown as marking the left shoulder of Orion). These three places, according to Robert's research (*Astrogeographia*), correspond to the upper three brightest stars in the constellation of Orion which, in turn, correspond to the upper three *sephiroth* in the Tree of Life. Robert also taught that the travels of the Virgin Mary in her incarnation as the Solomon Mary and also in an earlier incarnation as the Queen of Sheba were between earthly projections of three stars of Orion (Betelgeuse, Bellatrix, and Alnitak) in relation to Sirius.

Both in Time and in Space something was sealed here, something in which all of the spiritual hierarchies participated. In particular, I felt in relation to our journey that there was a “sealing” on the level of the Archai. In connection with this, I subsequently received an etheric “after-image” reminding me of Valentin Tomberg's description of the Archai who form a chain – each individual Arché being a link in the chain, from the past to the future. It is the mission of the Archai to ensure that the tradition is not broken. This chain of Archai, so it seemed to me, was fortified and sealed through our earthly journey reflecting the stars of Orion, ensuring a particular future.

On our way to Ephesus, we visited Hieropolis, which was gloriously sunny, literally and spiritually – a place filled with healing forces. Here I could breathe more fully than ever before. Just being here was enhancing to my breathing! Robert mentioned Apollo and Asclepius in connection with Hieropolis, and he also referred to the second verse of the Foundation Stone meditation.

The excavation site of Catal Hüyük, spoken of as the “Neolithic Rome,” some nine thousand years old (as ancient as the zodiacal age of Cancer!), was filled with the sweetest energy. The sense of life here, and also the art, was simple and harmonious. There is some evidence of the influence of the teachings of Zarathustra here. Robert indicated that Zarathustra came to the earth to prepare for the incarnation of the “I.” It was profound to experience something of his influence at Catal Hüyük – a brilliant light embracing the whole of Catal Hüyük – *Zarathustra light*.

The temple of Artemis in Ephesus, bearing the mysteries of birth under the guidance of the goddess, was very special! There I sat *perfectly* still and felt a powerful in-streaming of zodiacal and planetary

forces which were creating my earthly form even to the depths of my bones! I could almost hear and see the heavenly tones and colors streaming into and within me.

Our last stop on this pilgrimage was the house of the Virgin Mary, originally built for her by John when they came to Ephesus around A.D. 36, about three years after Christ's Ascension. Through the visions of Anne Catherine Emmerich, the first century ruins of the house were discovered in 1891, and the house was subsequently rebuilt according to her description of it. I think a miracle occurred for me there. Our group was in a private and secluded space, close by Mary's house, doing eurythmy there. This place was like heaven on earth. There was a very unique quality of air and light present here. It reminded me of the island of Iona off the coast of Scotland, and how while on our pilgrimage there in the year 2000 the boat taking us across the water to Iona passed through what seemed like a veil. At Mary's house I also had a veil experience, which was infinitely precious and sublime. As we formed the gesture for the eurythmic sound "Ah" accompanying the words "ascending in Love," the heavens opened, the veil parted above me, and a light, so bright that I had to blink continuously as I gazed heavenward, was revealed. A minute or so later this happened a second time when we did this same eurythmic gesture for the sound "Ah" with the words "ascending in Love." While forming the "Ah" gesture, as my arms and hands drew upward with deep tenderness and gentleness, the veil parted, and the blinding light was again revealed. Robert later taught that above all it is the mystery not only of her death but also of her Assumption into heaven that lives in and around the house of Mary – the Assumption having been witnessed by the apostles in heavenly light shortly after having laid her body to rest in a nearby cave. The experience of heavenly light at this sacred place – the house of the Virgin Mary – was and continues to be an incredible mystery to me. It was as if I was graced with a glimpse into another world. It truly was miraculous!

There is much more that made this trip so very special for me and everyone else in the group. I am deeply grateful to have been a part of such a significant and blessed event. Thank you Mehmet (our Turkish guide), Robert, Bernt, and Jane – and with deep gratitude also to each of you who were and are my sisters and brothers on the journey.

*For Lazarus-John:*

It was a surprise to me that I would have such a profound experience at the tomb of Lazarus – or, rather, it is more appropriate to say *Lazarus-John*, since he took on the name of John when he first came to Ephesus from Marseille, France, where Lazarus had been bishop of the Christian community there. Likewise, in Ephesus he became bishop of the region. It was here in the ancient city of Ephesus that he died at a very advanced age. His tomb is located beneath the high altar in the ruins of St. John's basilica. At the tomb of Lazarus-John, as I opened my heart to him, I felt the presence of Divine Love. This was almost overwhelming for me – tears flowed out of my eyes with a special force. The experience was one of progression: from being deeply moved (to the point of tears flowing) to a feeling of painful sorrow deep in my heart and also elsewhere – in my solar plexus and larynx. This painful sorrow lasted for a very long time. Even now I did not really understand it. And I was surprised that this ancient site would move me so deeply.

Robert indicated that Lazarus-John returned to Ephesus after his sojourn on the island of Patmos, to which he had been deported from Ephesus because of his refusal to bow down before a statue of the emperor Domitian. Released from his captivity on Patmos after Domitian's death in A.D. 96, not long



after he came back to Ephesus he wrote the Gospel of St John at about the age of 99. Every Sunday when, as bishop of Ephesus, he came to preach at the church, he always spoke the same message: *Love one another*. Upon hearing this, it struck me very deeply. I understood Lazarus' unspeakable love for Jesus Christ, a love so powerful that he had died already once on account of it, and then had been raised from the dead to continue living on earth. I felt into Lazarus, into the depths of his being, and as I did Robert taught that after preaching for a number of years in Ephesus, at about one hundred years of age, one Sunday after preaching at the church, Lazarus-John told the disciples accompanying him out of the church to "dig today my grave in this place," and they did so right there, just outside the entrance to the church. He then came to the grave, undressed to his undergarments, lay in the grave, crossed his arms across his breast (in the eurythmic "reverence" gesture), and when he died they saw his soul lift as a cloud of light into the heavens.

When our group departed from this spot, I remained behind, and sat alone at the tomb of Lazarus-John. I imagined what it must have been like for Lazarus to witness the human condition on earth after Jesus Christ had lived and died, and how, in Ephesus, as John, he faithfully prayed that we love one another, in spite of all that he had witnessed. The presence of Divine Love around his tomb grew. I thought of the current world situation in light of this message: *Love one another*. Then I thought of Lazarus-John in a later incarnation as Christian Rosenkreutz, and recognized (to the best of my ability) his sacrifice at the initiation he received in that life. I saw inwardly the depiction of Christian Rosenkreutz on the painting by Anna May of the Grail Triptych and felt a sense of responsibility to serve his mission. Feeling this love for him, I lay face down over his tomb with my forehead on the ground. Immediately a powerful succession of breaths arose from below me, each breath entering simultaneously into all the chakras. Each breath rose up from the heart of the Mother in the depths – first one breath, then another, followed by another. After five breaths I lost count because another group was approaching. I had to get up. However, I found a lovely place within the ruins of the basilica to be inwardly quiet. Filled with appreciation, I meditated further upon Robert's teaching concerning Lazarus-John in connection with my experience at the tomb. Later that day, Robert taught that Lazarus represents for humanity the *buddhi* mysteries of the life spirit. *Buddhi* is the Love-permeated etheric body. Through this profound experience at his tomb, I am filled with love and gratitude toward Lazarus-John.

#### *For Mary-Sophia:*

We were in Ephesus, at the Chapel of the Virgin Mary. Because of the new tourist regulations, our Turkish guide thought it was necessary to limit the places where our group could do eurythmy. Nevertheless, I was inspired to slip away on occasion to be able to do some eurythmy by myself. The group went on down the way. Meanwhile, I and one other person from our group stayed back to spend time at the high altar of the church where the Virgin Mary prayed. We sat on a stone bench with our backs to the high altar and prayed the *Hail Mary* while seated, first in Italian, then in English. As we finished, a third woman (also from our group) approached and stood in between the two pillars directly across from us that formed the outer edge of the sanctuary (which was in ruins, with only some walls and pillars standing). She approached with such depth of reverence, then stopped, beautifully framed between these two pillars. She was deeply moved, we could tell. And she could tell we also were deeply moved. Each of us felt Her. Mary was present, *very* present.

After a moment of profound reverence we formed a triangle and prayed the *Hail Mary* a third time, this time in Latin and with eurythmic movement and gestures. *Amazing grace* poured in before we even began to move, and it moved us through the prayer. Our movement was blessed with the peace of Her presence, and a scent of fresh flowers. The fullness grew into a rose that formed around us, encompassing us, and then expanding outward and deeper beneath us. We found ourselves standing in a rose chalice. It was enormous, very wide and deep, and full of life! It was into this rose chalice that She then descended.

Her descent was amazing. First I saw, high above us, Her wings only. They were grand, and enormous, extending to great heights! As she descended her garment began to show, and her wings slowly came down to become her arms, which gently opened and lowered to form a very open eurythmic “B” gesture. The transformation of her wings into all-embracing arms was unforgettable. It is an experience I continue to draw upon to connect with Her.

As this transition from wings to arms took place, Her appearance unfolded as tender, fine filaments of ethereal light, delicately blue with a pink hue. The overall effect was a combination of these two colors that it is difficult to describe. The closest color would be a marbled pink, blue, and lilac on a background of white cloud light. It was delicate and soft. And Her gesture was so very pure. Her pure love filled the rose chalice and embraced us, permeating us. Tears welled up and pressed gently out from my eyes. They were tears of flowing joy-light, and their quality was that of inner awe and humility.

To be in Her presence was a most blessed experience. The three of us stood there for a long time, unable to move. It was a potent experience. She remained, cherishing us. She revealed the purity of Her being, and She showed me how she unconditionally cherishes all of Her children. Then we became aware that our guide was approaching. It was time to break our moment with Her. As we left, following our guide, She was still there, beholding and cherishing us. The rose chalice was still full of Her presence. I kept looking back as I tore myself away from that experience, and She remained there, faithfully, as we walked away. She taught me so much through that experience. I am so deeply grateful to this spiritual community that has formed around Her, and I am filled with gratitude to Her, the Beloved of Christ.

## **CHOREOCOSMOS NEWS**

### ***Sophia and the Spiritual Hierarchies:***

**A Choreocosmos Workshop at the Waldorf School of the Peninsula**

**April 16 to 18, 2010**

**Katharina Woodman**

Do you know this experience: you're in a classical concert, and some dramatic Beethoven or Tchaikovsky music sweeps over you, and you want to get up and move to the rhythm, yet you are relegated to tapping your foot to the beat? I know this phenomenon only too well when I listen to the symphony. But last weekend, I got to get up and *move*! As Robert Powell led the participants through

choreocosmic dances, we were swinging curves with Mozart, marching in solemn straight lines with Beethoven's funeral music, and performing quick mercurial steps that had us all breathing hard. Robert also introduced us to the dances for the planets, and paired them with the ones for the zodiacal constellations happening that weekend, so we ended up with one circle within the other – planets surrounded by constellations. Deep concentration mirrored on faces as well as pure joy upon getting it right, and flowing with the music dominated the eurythmy room as we were spiraling, stepping, curving.

The choreocosmos anchored the talking part of the workshop "Sophia and the Spiritual Hierarchies," given by Robert, co-founder of the Sophia Foundation, on the WSP campus, and there was more deep concentration as we learned about the interconnectedness of humans and angels and the striving for humanity to reach the angelic realms. Students on all levels of the study of anthroposophy got together for this light-filled weekend, running into old friends and making new ones: parents and teachers from our school, former parents, visitors from Sebastopol and the Sierra Foothills. More people joined us Saturday night as we gathered for a meditation, a Sophia celebration for peace entitled "Jacob's Ladder," in which we remembered those who had crossed the threshold.

As this is now the third time that we have hosted a choreocosmos workshop at the school, I hope the event will become a spring tradition we can count on and plan for. And next year, I hope we will see even more friends joining us for this uplifting and nourishing workshop; I'll be there. Thank you, Cecille, for organizing this wonderful gift to the community!

## **CHOREOCOSMOS**

### **School of Cosmic and Sacred Dance**

### **Schedule 2011**

#### **December 29-31, 2010 "A Path to Sophia through Prayer and Movement"**

A weekend workshop with Robert Powell. Choreocosmos: Sacred Dance (Prayer Sequence) At the Michael Centre, 37A Wellington Park Drive, Warranwood (30 minutes from Melbourne, Australia). Musical accompaniment with pianist Marcus Cox. Contact: Lynne Klugman: Tel: +61-39-876-5632. Email: [lynneklug@netspace.net.au](mailto:lynneklug@netspace.net.au)

#### **January 1-2, 2011 "The New Demeter Mysteries" (with Liturgy to the Earth)**

A weekend workshop with Robert Powell. Choreocosmos: Cosmic Dances of the Four Elements At the Michael Centre, 37A Wellington Park Drive, Warranwood (30 minutes from Melbourne, Australia). Musical accompaniment with pianist and composer Marcia Burchard. Contact: Lynne Klugman: Tel: +61-39-876-5632. Email: [lynneklug@netspace.net.au](mailto:lynneklug@netspace.net.au)

#### **January 3-7, 2011 "Discovering Our Cosmic Consciousness" (with Sophia Grail Circle)**

A 4½ day workshop with Robert Powell. Choreocosmos: Cosmic Dances of the Planets in the Zodiac At the Michael Centre, 37A Wellington Park Drive, Warranwood (30 minutes from Melbourne, Australia). Musical accompaniment with pianist and composer Marcia Burchard. Contact: Merilyn Rankins: Tel: +61-39-459-1231. Email: [merilyn.rankins@optusnet.com.au](mailto:merilyn.rankins@optusnet.com.au)



*Marcia Burchard*

**January 7-9, 2011 "Star Wisdom & the Year 2012" (Astrosophy Conference)** A weekend conference with Robert Powell, Lacquanna Paul, Brian Keats, David Bowden, David Tresemer. With Cosmic Dance. **Public lecture on Friday, January 7 "Astrogeographia"** with R. Powell & D. Bowden At the Michael Centre, 37A Wellington Park Drive, Warranwood (30 minutes from Melbourne, Australia). Musical accompaniment with pianist and composer Marcia Burchard. Contact: Michael Heenan: Tel: +61-40-420-2678. Email: [msheenan@gmail.com](mailto:msheenan@gmail.com)

**January 14-18, 2011 "Seeking Isis-Sophia: A Modern Path to the Human Soul"** Choreocosmos: Cosmic Dance – Planets in Signs of the Zodiac (German with Italian translation) Seminar with Robert Powell in Kinsau, Germany (space is limited – early registration is recommended). Arrival on Friday, January 14 in time for evening meal and conversation. Departure on January 18 after lunch. Information and registration: Gisela Storto-Lanfer, Am Irscherhof 35, 54294 Trier, Germany. Tel. +49-651-34053. Italian participants: Uberta Sebegondi, Via della Fonte di Fauno 20, 00153 Roma. Tel: +39-06-86904627 or mobile phone: +39-335-6749935. Email: [usebegondi@infinito.it](mailto:usebegondi@infinito.it)

**February 25-27, 2011 "The Foundation Stone Meditation"** A weekend workshop with Robert Powell. Choreocosmos: Sacred Dance (Sophia Grail Circle) At Sophia's Sanctuary, 2836 Bloomfield Road, Sebastopol, California 95472. Musical accompaniment with pianist and composer Marcia Burchard. Contact: Linda Delman: Tel: 707-827-3334. Email: [lindaevansdelman@comcast.net](mailto:lindaevansdelman@comcast.net)

**March 11-13, 2011 "Cosmic Dances of the Seven Seals"** A weekend workshop with Robert Powell. Choreocosmos: Sacred Dance (Sophia Grail Circle) At Sophia's Sanctuary, 2836 Bloomfield Road, Sebastopol, California 95472. Musical accompaniment with pianist and composer Marcia Burchard. Contact: Linda Delman: Tel: 707-827-3334. Email: [lindaevansdelman@comcast.net](mailto:lindaevansdelman@comcast.net)

**April 8-10, 2011 "Sophia and the Spiritual Hierarchies"** A weekend workshop with Robert Powell. Choreocosmos: Cosmic Dance – Planets in Signs (Sophia Grail Circle) Musical accompaniment with pianist and composer Marcia Burchard. Location: the Summerfield Waldorf School, 655 Willowside Road, Santa Rosa, CA 95401 (for directions, request Contact Tracy Saucier: Tel: 707-575-7194 x 100. Email: [tracy@summerfieldwaldorf.org](mailto:tracy@summerfieldwaldorf.org)

**April 29-May 1, 2011 "Mary Magdalene and the Virgin Mary" (Sophia Grail Circle)** A weekend workshop with Robert Powell. Choreocosmos: Cosmic Dance – Planets in Signs of the Zodiac. Musical accompaniment with pianist and composer Marcia Burchard. Location: the Waldorf School of the Peninsula, 11311 Mora Drive, Los Altos, CA 94024 (for directions, see [www.waldorfpenninsula.org](http://www.waldorfpenninsula.org)) Information and registration: contact Cecille Greenleaf: Tel: 650-533-0074. E-mail: [caogreenleaf@gmail.com](mailto:caogreenleaf@gmail.com)

**May 27-31, 2011 "Sophia Grail Circle Training for Facilitators"** starting on May 27 at 7:00 pm. A 4-day training at the Barn, near Petaluma, California, starting Friday evening and ending at noon on Tuesday. Musical accompaniment with pianist and composer Marcia Burchard. Registration: contact the Sophia Foundation of North America. Information: Karen Rivers: Tel: 415-662-2147. E-mail: [karen@karenrivers.info](mailto:karen@karenrivers.info)

**June 10-12, 2011 "Mary Magdalene and the Virgin Mary" (Sophia Grail Circle)** A weekend workshop in Utah with Robert Powell. Choreocosmos: Cosmic Dance – Planets in Signs of the Zodiac. Musical accompaniment with pianist and composer Marcia Burchard. At the Episcopal Church Center of Utah, 75 South 200 East, Salt Lake City, Utah 84111. Information and registration: contact Heidi Lazerson: Tel: 801-221-7094. E-mail: [stargateunion@hotmail.com](mailto:stargateunion@hotmail.com)

**June 15-17, 2011 Annual Board Meeting of the Sophia Foundation of North America**

At Sophia's Sanctuary, 2836 Bloomfield Road, Sebastopol, California 95472.

The meeting is open to board members, advisory board members, and guests.

**June 17-19, 2011 "The Esoteric Trials of Humanity Leading to the Rose of the World: Penetrating the Spiritual Condition of our Time" Annual conference of the Sophia Foundation of North America**

(Sacred Dance and Sophia Grail Circle) At Sophia's Sanctuary, 2836 Bloomfield Road, Sebastopol, California 95472. Musical accompaniment with pianist and composer Marcia Burchard. Information and registration: contact the Sophia Foundation of North America Email: [sophia@sophiafoundation.org](mailto:sophia@sophiafoundation.org)

**June 20-24, 2011 "Hymn to the Divine Feminine: Cosmic Dances of the Sophia Celebration"**

(Sophia Grail Circle) A 5-day workshop with Robert Powell. Choreocosmos: Cosmic Dance – Planets in Signs of the Zodiac. At Kelly's Barn, Boulder, Colorado. Musical accompaniment with pianist and composer Marcia Burchard. Contact: Cheryl Mulholland. Tel: 303-516-0606.

E-mail: [kinterra@gmail.com](mailto:kinterra@gmail.com)

**June 24-26, 2011 "Mary Magdalene and the Virgin Mary" (Sophia Grail Circle)**

A weekend workshop with Robert Powell. Choreocosmos: Cosmic Dance – Planets in Signs of the Zodiac. At Kelly's Barn, Boulder, Colorado. Musical accompaniment with pianist and composer Marcia Burchard. Contact: Cheryl Mulholland. Tel: 303-516-0606.

E-mail: [kinterra@gmail.com](mailto:kinterra@gmail.com)

**July 1-3, 2011 "Mary Magdalene and the Virgin Mary" A weekend workshop with Robert Powell.**

Choreocosmos: Cosmic and Sacred Dance (with Sophia Grail Circle) At the Waldorf School, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. Musical accompaniment with pianist Marcia Burchard.

Contact: Randall Scott, 152 West 15<sup>th</sup> Street, North Vancouver, B.C., Canada V7M 1R5

Tel: 604-988-8424 / 604-988-4600. E-mail: [RosaMundi@shaw.ca](mailto:RosaMundi@shaw.ca)

**July 4-8, 2011 "Hymn to the Divine Feminine: Cosmic Dances of the Sophia Celebration" (Sophia Grail Circle)**

A 5-day workshop with Robert Powell Choreocosmos: Cosmic Dance – Planets in Signs of the Zodiac. At the Waldorf School, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. Musical accompaniment with pianist Marcia Burchard. Contact: Randall Scott, 152 West 15<sup>th</sup> Street, North Vancouver, B.C., Canada V7M 1R5. Tel: 604-988-8424 / 604-988-4600. E-mail: [RosaMundi@shaw.ca](mailto:RosaMundi@shaw.ca)

**July 8-10, 2011 "The Zodiac and World Evolution in the Light of Divine Sophia" A weekend**

workshop with Robert Powell. Choreocosmos: Cosmic Dances of the Zodiac (Sophia Grail Circle) At the Waldorf School, Seattle, Washington. Musical accompaniment with pianist and composer Marcia Burchard. Contact: Anouk Tompot, 10734 17<sup>th</sup> Ave NE, Seattle, WA 98125

Tel: 206-364-2074. E-mail [tompotwink@gmail.com](mailto:tompotwink@gmail.com)

**July 11-15, 2011 "Seeking Isis-Sophia: A Modern Path for the Human Soul" A 5-day workshop**

with Robert Powell Choreocosmos: Planets in Signs (Sophia Grail Circle) At the Barn, near Petaluma, California. Musical accompaniment with pianist and composer Marcia Burchard, with singing led by Karen Rivers. Registration: contact the Sophia Foundation of North America.

Information: Karen Rivers: Tel: 415-662-2147. E-mail: [karen@karenrivers.info](mailto:karen@karenrivers.info)

**July 22-24, 2011 "Mary Magdalene and the Virgin Mary" A weekend workshop with Robert Powell.**

Choreocosmos: Cosmic Dance – Planets in Signs (Sophia Grail Circle) Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

Musical accompaniment with pianist and composer Marcia Burchard. Contact: Kelly Calegar, 18 Haycox Court, Durham, NC 27713 Tel: 919-824-9948. Email: [kcalegar@earthlink.net](mailto:kcalegar@earthlink.net)



**July 25-29, 2011 "Cosmic Dances of the Seven Seals"** A 5-day workshop with Robert Powell. Choreocosmos: Cosmic Dance – Planets in Signs (Sophia Grail Circle) Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Musical accompaniment with pianist and composer Marcia Burchard. Contact: Kelly Calegar, 18 Haycox Court, Durham, NC 27713 Tel: 919-824-9948. Email: [kcalegar@earthlink.net](mailto:kcalegar@earthlink.net)

**August 14-21, 2011 "The Tree of Knowledge and the Tree of Life" (with Foundation Stone Meditation)** Musical accompaniment by violinist Daniela Rossi. Choreocosmos: Sacred Dance (Sophia Grail Circle) One week Sophia workshop at Sant' Antonio – accommodation at the Casa Santa Elisabetta d'Ungheria in Assisi, Italy. Arrival on August 14 for dinner; departure on August 21 after breakfast. (English/German with Italian translation) Information: Uberta Sebgondi, Tel: +39-06-86904627 / +39-335-6749935. E-mail: [usebgondi@gmail.com](mailto:usebgondi@gmail.com)

**August 21-26, 2011 "Attuning to the Stars: Star Gazing as a Spiritual Path"** Musical accompaniment by violinist Daniela Rossi. Choreocosmos: Cosmic & Sacred Dance (Sophia Grail Circle) One week Sophia workshop at Podere Campopiano, Tatti, near Sienna – accommodation at the retreat center. Arrival on August 21 for dinner; departure on August 26 after breakfast. (English/German with Italian translation) Information: Uberta Sebgondi: Tel: +39-06-86904627 / +39-335-6749935. E-mail: [usebgondi@gmail.com](mailto:usebgondi@gmail.com)

**August 26-28, 2011 "Choreocosmos Graduates Weekend" in Roncegno near Trient, Italy. "Foundations of Choreocosmos: A Spiritual Path Arising from Eurythmy"** in the anthroposophical spa hotel "Casa di Salute - Raphael": (English/German with Italian translation). Arrival on August 26 for dinner; departure on August 28 late afternoon, or stay for start of Choreocosmos Week. Information: Sally Ellis-Jones, Tel: +39-0461-724893 / +39-3482-106251. E-mail: [sellisjones@yahoo.com](mailto:sellisjones@yahoo.com)

**August 28-September 3, 2011 "Choreocosmos: International Week" in Roncegno near Trient, Italy. "Cosmic Dances of the Beatitudes: Entering the School of Christ"** in the anthroposophical spa hotel "Casa di Salute - Raphael": 10<sup>th</sup> graduation of the Choreocosmos School (English/German with Italian translation). Arrival on August 28 for dinner; departure on September 3 after breakfast. Information: Sally Ellis-Jones, Tel: +39-0461-724893 / +39-3482-106251. E-mail: [sellisjones@yahoo.com](mailto:sellisjones@yahoo.com)

**September 16-18, 2011 "Cosmic Dance of Eurythmy: The Zodiac and Divine Sophia in Cosmic Evolution"** Weekend workshop with Robert Powell in Überlingen (Bodensee / Lake Constance), Germany (German). Information and registration: Gudrun Gundersen, Kapellenweg 2, 88696 Owingen. Tel: +49-7551-9495293. Email: [gudrun.gundersen@gmx.net](mailto:gudrun.gundersen@gmx.net)



*Perseids*  
8/14/2010

Night, expands, in silence...  
The stars are trembling at the touch of Autumn still...  
Jupiter, rising, steadies them with his royal gaze...  
The Earth's space station wheels beneath the Milky Way...  
Cassiopeia, like the Crown of Isztván, rests overhead...  
And I am waiting in the amphitheatre  
Wondering how the audience will stay warm...  
Suddenly, a match-strike shaft of light  
Streaks by the Camel-Leopard, ignites  
The crowd to agitated twinkling...  
The curtain rises in silence...  
Upon the stage, no sound...  
The backdrop filled with the  
Integrated circuits of the celestial sphere:  
Earth-North – and in the garden, I, reflecting  
How the Universe sustains its constellations  
In the mind of Night...the company  
Of dark. All is poised, a trillion insights  
Loom in this hidden calm. Stand up –  
Pray to the powers who generate this sight...  
And lo, through the line of Perseus  
Glow a liquid pulse of brilliance,  
Gliding, noiseless, a mercury-drop light...  
Warming the very heart's core with its flame-flight...  
Again, the dark surrounds, the galaxy flows white,  
The stars are steady in their singing rows, of a Capella,  
Still Polaris, and the turning faces of Andromeda,  
Under, the turning earth...Once more! I pray...  
Once more gaze up to the seat of Cassiopeia,  
And find quick gleams passing to left and right...  
Not merely Perseids, the heavens' great loom  
Is live with liquid flights – ...But one more  
From the Perseus radiant, I pray – and stay  
Another fifteen minutes, arching on my soles  
To stare through spectacles, up into the all-encompassing  
Community of light and dark...and ho, a spark,  
Another quick illuming, glow-worm, gliding  
Thread of radiance, warming, passes from the wrist of Perseus  
Into the reverent heart.



*Charlie Lawrie*

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*Starlight*, the newsletter of the Sophia Foundation, appears twice a year, in May and December. If you are intending to send a contribution to the next issue, please do so by March 1, 2011.