

At Oimelc the fires of the Sacred Earth Womb melt the frozen gates of seclusion to swell rocky stream beds. The sturdy, stubborn ash, baring enscaled buds, welcomes the wild, boisterous cascade as the glowing Goddess and her entourage emerge, brandishing torches and stangs, and descend into the valleys below.

Now, in the the pre-dawn hours, the Great Lady invokes the howling spirits of mighty winds, whose wild chants blow out the torches, sweep the ground for the shining one's delivery, and dry her mossy bed of loam. The ashes sway giddily to the swishing rhythms, while north-easterly Fays, attired in royal blue of ebbing night, harmonize to the chilling sweep. They too become giddy from the invigorating briskness, and whirl madly till the Goddess summons them to gather round. Slowly, in unison, they inhale and exhale deeply in preparation for the love-labor at Ostara, the Spring Equinox. Their magical breathing expands them to the quivering stars for the last far-spatial recharge of the holy year. In the coming months, their energy will

focus on the fructifying emerald urges of Earth. The Queen an her enchanted ones fall into a gentle reverie and finally begin to doze peacefully toward their awakening by the seeping dawn of Spring.....



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