

THE ROCK OF THE MOTHER

Light a candle before you and close your eyes. See the flame with your inner vision, and see the flame begin to grow. As you watch the candle flame grow, you begin to sense your own inner flame, and feel its strength grow. As the candle flame grows bigger you see faces peering through the flames looking at you. walking towards the flame, you are drawn to step into the fire and immerse yourself in its power. It is a power that does not burn, but a power that cleans and regenerates you.

The longer you stand in the regenerating fire, the more you are filled with stillness and silence – it deepens with each passing moment until you feel you have always been here, and that this is where you came from. You drift in the silence of the regenerating Divine flame, becoming one with its power.

Through the silence, you hear a woman weeping. The weeping gets more and more urgent until you are compelled to leave the flame by stepping through it to the other side.

You find yourself walking around and around the perimeter of an ancient wooden and stone temple that is roughly circular, and you can feel that something of great power and beauty is housed in that temple. As you circle this building, you become aware of an angelic being walking beside you silently, its presence is calm, powerful and focussed. The angelic being has long hair that trails on the floor behind them, erasing their footsteps as they walk.

You come to rest by a heavy set of doors that you had not noticed before. The angel pushes the doors open and walks into the temple that had a large rock in the centre: only the surface of the vast rock is exposed, and the rest seems to be buried in the ground.

Its surface is slightly rough and a bit uneven, but it is smooth enough to look like a naturally formed surface that things could lay on. An urge to touch the surface of the rock overwhelms you – you reach out and place both your hands upon the rock, and to your surprise, it moves a little bit as if it was breathing. A deeper urge rises into you, to kneel down and with great reverence, place your forehead upon the rock.

You become aware of the angel stood behind your left shoulder, and of another presence, another angel stood behind your right shoulder. You turn your head first to your right and utter, *Peace unto you oh Honourable One*, and then turn your head to the left and utter, *Peace unto you oh Noble One*. Out of your heart comes the words, which are spoken by your heart to you, and *Peace unto you, oh Developing one*.

The angel behind your left shoulder leans down and whispers in your ear: *This rock is the breast of your mother which nourishes you, honour your Mother, this rock is the stone upon which she threshes her harvest, respect her*.

Something deep down inside you awakens - some far distant memory, a scent, something that reminds you of safety and love rises to the surface of your thoughts. You remember the scent as that of your eternal mother and you lie down on the rock to embrace her. You drift as you lay upon her, and remember many of the deeds both good and bad that you have done up to this point in your life. Some of the memories make you proud of what you have achieved, and some memories make you ashamed of your failures, of times when you acted in a way that is less than you are capable of.

The rock watches and listens as the Mother joins in your memories, but doesn't judge you. She simply watches your thoughts and memories, and prompts you to release those memories to her. The angel behind your right shoulder leans down and whispers in your ear:

Cup your hands before you, and let the words of your heart fill your hands – this is your harvest. Lay your harvest down upon the breast of the Mother, that she may examine that which needs to be threshed and sorted.

Bring your hands up before you in a cupped shape, as if you were carrying water. You become aware that your hands are getting heavier and heavier as if filling with something. When you can hold no more, whatever it is that is in your hands, carefully place it upon the rock – the Threshing Floor of the Mother. Step back from her so that she can see to her harvest in peace.

The angel nudges you and points to a covered doorway in the corner. Beyond the doorway are steep stone spiral stairs that twist down and down into the darkness. A man is sleeping in a chair by the doorway. He is the guardian of the cave and stays by the doorway to ensure the safety of the cave's secrets. Tiptoe past him and carefully climb down the dark stairs. The angels follow you.

At the bottom is another door of ancient carved wood. It has the mark of a red hand and you instinctively placed your hand upon it. You feel the presence of a woman, a woman of great spirituality and honour. As you push the door open, you feel a female presence.

The door opens out into a small cave directly under the large rock. It is damp and you can hear water running but you cannot see where the sound is coming from. The sound of the water mingles with a distant sound of cries and wailing, as if many people are mourning or are frightened. The door slams shut behind you, and the cave is plunged into darkness. The darkness is heavy and you begin to feel tired, so you lie down.

You drift to some deep place within. The sound of running water is all around you as you drift in the comfort and safety of the cave. You do not want to leave, you want to stay here forever, in the womb of the mother. You can feel the presences of many others who also lie sleeping and drifting in this silent safe place – you can feel that they have been here for a very long time, waiting in the womb of the Mother, waiting for the call to awaken and rise. As you drift on the edge of sleep in this place, you can feel connections forming between you and the other presences that sleep in this place, other people who have released their harvest upon the threshing floor of the Mother, and who now wait to rise and regenerate into life.

The angel of your left shoulder pushes the great door open, and the angel of your right shoulder shakes you to waken and rise up while whispering into your ear, *awaken and arise, become the threshed seed that is planted, that sprouts and that grows into a new forest. Awaken and rise that the sun may once more fall upon your face: be born, grow and be of service. Protect the weak and limit the strong, walk in footsteps of all those who have risen from this place before you, awaken and rise with your brothers and sisters.*

Get up and walk to the open door. As you walk you feel all the other presences around you also wake up and begin to follow you. Pass through the door and as your left foot crosses the threshold, you become aware that the door and the threshold and the capstone above the door are all angelic beings. The angel of the threshold marks the sole of your left foot as you pass over, giving you protection in life, that you may find the right path ahead. The other presences

follow you and you become aware of men and women walking behind you, each of them being marked upon the left foot as they pass over the threshold of this most sacred place.

The moment your foot touches the stone stairs the thought of ascending the stairs fills you with terror, and yet you know there is no other way. You must do it: the angels that stand behind your left and right shoulder ascend the stairs with you, and each step they take, they utter prayers that you do not understand.

Your legs are heavy as you ascend the stairs and you became increasingly aware of the men and women who ascend the stairs with you. Together you move step by step until you meet the guardian of the cave who is waiting at the top.

The guardian touches you on the forehead and tells you to take a breath. You breathe in. As you exhale, many visions pass before you. All the things that have happened in your life up to now parade past you at high speed. You know your life had led to this moment and yet you cannot comprehend what was so important. The angel behind your left shoulder takes you by the hand and leans over to whisper in your ear:

You are leaving the womb of the Mother, the cave of Prophets, the womb from which all messengers of God must be born of. You are to carry the sorrows of the Mother and the words of the Father to the people which will pave the way for what is to come. The sons and daughters of God are to be born soon and your actions carry them from the womb of the earth to the arms of the world.

The words of the angel resound around your head like the ringing of a loud bell. The sound takes up all thoughts and feelings. The power of the angel's voice creates a wall of fire all around you. Within you, the voice of the Mother cries out and the cry passes through you and flows out of your lips. The cry mingles with the wall of fire which closes in all around you until you are in fire. You can no longer see the guardian of the cave, nor the men and women who ascended from the cave with you, all you can see is fire.

As you stand in the fire, before you stands a woman whose skin glows like the sun. Her hair is of fire and her eyes are of the stars. She reaches out in gratitude and touches you on the forehead. With her touch, all the power of the sun and stars stream through your body altering your blood. Everything within you changes as the power of life flows through you, her touch reaching every cell in your body. The knowledge of the stars awakens within you and you feel the Universe in its entirety before you. The woman turns from you and stands in the west, her eyes looking deeply into you.

The power that streams from her eyes becomes too much for you to hold and the angel of your left, who is standing in the flame behind you, reaches out to embrace you. You fall backwards into the arms of the angel and into darkness. You drift in darkness and stillness as your spirit recovers from its experience.

Slowly, you become aware that you are sitting in the room where you first started and the flame is burning brightly before you: you are back in your body, back in your space and yet filled with a fire and light that pierces all darkness around and within you; you are enlivened.

When you are ready, open your eyes and look at the candle flame. Turn your head to the right and utter, *peace unto you oh Honourable One who holds my harvest*. Turn your head to your left and utter, *peace unto you Oh Noble One who guides my planting and growth*.

Be aware of the candle flame as a threshold and path, and leave it lit for a while, to light the way for all those men and women who ascended from the cave with you.

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