

Meditation: For Morning Ritual Anadikia 2007

“You are a pilgrim and you have traveled for many days to reach a special temple. You stopped the night before to rest and you have slept the night in a place that is natural and splendid, outside on a bed of soft moss and wildflowers, the night sky has been the canopy of your bed a million, million stars have watched glittered above you as you have slept. Selene with Her bright silver face has watched over you and kept you safe through your journeys with Morpheus. Now as Eos begins to show and Nyx retreats, you wake. The sky turns purple, then pink then gold as Helios appears. You rise and stretch; holding your arms high you greet Him. Near you are your belongings you have carried with you, you gather them from where they lay. A pouch is one of these things; in it are some gifts you’ve brought as offerings.

In the west at a distance you see the temple gilded with Helios’ light, this is your destination. It beckons you and you begin to walk toward it, the birds sing and the sun warms you, the winds caress you, the scent of waking blossoms surrounds you. Dew covers the grass beneath your feet it isn’t cold but refreshing. The sky continues to lighten, gold and blue, and then yellow and blue as Helios rises higher.

As you walk you find small treasures and gather them; a stone with pretty and unusual colors, flowers and blossoms. A coin, a semi-precious gem; malchallite, amethyst, garnet, amber, onyx, aquamarine or cats eye. A small clay figure. A nugget of incense. As you find them you add them to those things in your pouch.

At last you reach the temple there are stairs to and you climb them slowly feeling that you are entering a special and sacred place. A place that is holy. The doors are before you and you reach out to touch them. Feel their surface still cool from the night just past but beginning to warm with the light of the sun for they face east. A slight push and the doors open for you. You enter the temple and it is beautiful; as beautiful as you can imagine. It is made of the finest materials, from the ceiling comes soft swirls of light that cascade down and surround you, you feel warm, safe, loved and secure. You are at peace and filled with humbleness to be in this blessed place.

Around the walls are tall niches, in each is a statue of one of the Olympians, in front of each statue is a bowl or receptacle for offerings, you approach each one, making an offering from the treasures you’ve carried and say a prayer of thanks or ask for a gift.

Hestia is first, followed by
Zeus...Hera...Demeter...Poseidon...Hades...Aphrodite...Hecate...Apollon...Dionysos.....
Hermes...Athena...Hephaestus...Artemis...Persephone...Ares...and you come again to Hestia.

When you have given each an offering and said your prayer or made your request, you take a few moments to think about your journey to this place and you know that once you have been here you may return again and again; for here you are always welcome and always will know the love and regard of the Immortal Olympians. When you are ready you take your leave of temple and return to the waking.”