



# Ordrine Scatere Stellae

## **Sea Priestess Journey** by Soror Moonshee

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Date of workings - unknown. Probably between 1984 and 1987

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## Meditation exercise

### Audience with the Sea Pretext

It is night. We open the door of our <sup>Cabin</sup> ~~mind~~ <sup>step out to the beach</sup> and see that the moon is full in the sky, though there are some clouds in the sky. The night is cool and the air is slightly damp with the scent of the sea upon it. On either side in the distance are Bush covered mountains and before us a flower rising grassy paddock that on the other side slopes down to the sea cliffs. Far off over the faint sound of

paddock we can hear the faint sound of the distant surf, all is quiet and serene.

→ We walk away from the cabin on the path that rises up the hillside hearing the soft sound of the wind in the tall grass. Follow the path as it goes up over the hilltop from there downwards to the cliffs. All around are sounds of nature.

→ As we approach the sea cliffs we see that we are 2 or 3 hundred feet above the ocean.

→ We come to the edge and pause looking down on the waves as they break of the smooth wide, empty beach below.

→ Just off to the left, not too far off, we see a dirt road which angles down from the cliff top along the face of the sea cliff. We take this path and hearing the ever louder sound of the waves as we descend along the steep cliff.

→ We reach the bottom of the dirt path and walk out onto the sandy beach.

→ The sand is dry at first, but becomes damp as we walk further on towards the surf.



The moonlight glimmers on the sea and the crests of the waves are silver white in the full moon.

The shadows of the clouds are drifting across the surface of the water and it looks as though some mist or fog is forming not too far out.

→ We turn from the sea & pick our way back along the rocks to the beach.

We walk along up the beach just to the point where the waves wash the furthest up onto the sand. The breeze is soft & warm, and the waves are lower now.

→ The mist flows like liquid tendrils around us as we walk and thickens as we realise a fog bank has reached us. It is getting ever more dense.

The fog is wet, moving only little. We can no longer see the cliffs or the sea but only our own feet on the sand.

We have a strong desire to turn towards the sea. It is as though we hear a soft voice, barely audible, calling to us over the waves. We turn towards the sea & continue walking.

The fog is thicker now, but brightly lit by the full moon. The fog swirls about us, and over us, around us, as we continue. It ~~swirls~~ ~~weaving~~ and ~~flowing~~ drifts & flows, rounding our bodies a little as if we were done.

→ We realise now we are beneath the sea walking on out over a bright path of sand, with seaweed & seagrasses on either side.



The water does not hinder us, we breathe easily, than in a manner somewhat different than before.

Drifting jellyfish with beautiful coloured tentacles surround us. They will not harm us, we continue

We notice movement near us and see that a school of many coloured fish are following behind & beside us. They are curious & friendly.

→ systems in beds next to the path. The light from overhead is dimmer, but the path is brighter, and there is a pale luminescence to the path & in the sea weed about us.

→ Large, white looking rocks of both either side.

→ A smooth, large siltier shape moves on over head to look at us then turns & heads away. It is a large shark, but it is a friend.

→ As we continue the light from overhead grows yet dimmer but the luminescence flows about us and grows brighter.

We can see what look like ancient stone runs off both either side as we continue

The shark swims easily overhead once more & vanishes

off to one side we see a small octopus, its body luminescent like a rainbow.



The path goes quite close to the wreck of an old sailing ship. It is empty & quite serene in its stillness.

Were we to look through an empty porthole we might see things of value within, but we do not pause.

Fish of all sizes are about us as we ~~are~~ slowly wander along the path.

The ruins are all about us now, and the path glows brightly.

Oyster shells have open shells and we can see the rainbow brightness glowing within them, and an occasional pearl. Many fish.

The path goes into the ruin of a great building.

There seems to be no roof, and it is draped with seaweed.

We go in through a large door & find ourselves in a hall strewn with jewels, gold, statues & treasures of the ages.

A scene of amazing richness & splendour.

In the midst of the riches is a throne.

We see someone there on + approach it gladly.

The Sea Priestess sits on her throne. She is dressed in long flowing silver white robes that drift about her.



Her hair is long & golden, drifting freely about her head.

She wears rich silver jewellery & pearls.

She watches us as we approach.

She is unhumanly beautiful with very pale skin, and ~~violet~~ eyes. ~~She has~~ an ~~aura~~ emits an aura of peace & tranquility.

One has the feeling that her emotions & thoughts are not entirely those of a human being.

In front of the throne is an altar. This we approach & pause before it, & bow deeply.

At this point she will smile & speak. But each will hear differently.

When she has done speaking we bow low once again & when we rise & look the throne is empty.

We look about once more at her rich palace & turn to leave.

Out of the great ruined palace pass the duster beds.

The junk are dropping away from us.

The jellyfish off to the side, &

it is brighter overhead.

pass the ruins of the old wooden ship



More glow from above.

Whiteness swirls around us, we feel it  
ruch at first, then less.

Sounds are lesser.  
water has become fog.

we turn back along the shore. fog thins  
fog jades + drifts away.

we see moonlight and ocean.  
up the path that leads up the cliff face  
we do not tire.

full moon, the ocean, soft breeze  
with a touch of salt spray  
we continue up along the path to the  
paddock.

Tall grass  
over the crest of the hill, bush covered  
ranges to either side. Our cabin,  
Bright, warm, enter.  
we are home.