



## VISIONJOURNEY: THE SHINING PATHS

*The following meditation is centered upon a journey to Michael on St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall, a powerful centre of his influence. The meditation can be done at any time, but is especially effective on those days that have come to be associated with Michael or the pagan sun-gods that came before him: May 1<sup>st</sup>, August 1<sup>st</sup> and September 29<sup>th</sup>.*

You are standing on the southwest shore of Cornwall facing St. Michael's Mount. See the island before you, a rocky pinnacle topped with a small chapel of rough grey stone. It is lit with the last rays of the evening light, and you recall how such places were once called Din Sul, the Eye of the Sun. Before you, leading out to the island, is a stone causeway that is under water at high tide. But now the tide is low and it is revealed for you to cross over.

You walk carefully over the cobbled stones of the causeway, slippery with seaweed, which take you to the island. Before you, a winding path leads to the top of the Mount. As you take this path, the western sky is reddened with the colors of sunset and a strong wind springs up, making your upward ascent a challenge. The higher you climb, the fiercer blows the wind, buffeting you with mighty gusts so that at times you fear you may fall. From time to time in the noise of the wind, you hear the faint yet unmistakable sounds of angelic voices around you, high and celestial, or deep and thrilling, reverberating throughout the Mount. And out of the corner of your eye, you sometimes seem to catch the shadow of mighty wings, limned with gold – or perhaps they are only the edges of the racing, ragged clouds?

As you near the summit, the path becomes a narrow ledge, a most perilous passage in this windy place. The embers of the sky smolder with a dark crimson glow. You feel the fear arise within you, yet at that moment a light appears a little above you, and, looking up, you see the cowed figure of a monk holding up a lantern in which shines a small six-pointed golden star. Your fears are soothed and you follow this guide with confidence to the top of the Mount.

You arrive at the doorway to the chapel, and the monk steps aside, motioning you to enter in through an oaken door. As you step across the threshold, you are aware that you are wearing different clothes than when you started: you are dressed in a white woolen robe, knotted at the waist with a cord, the color of which you should take note. As you step inside, you see a seven-branched candlestick ablaze with light upon a stone altar. By its light, you see that you are in a chamber of rough-hewn stone, with small arched windows set within its thick walls. There is no glass and the mighty wind rushes in and whirls around the chapel, causing the candle flames to suddenly shoot high into the darkness of the vaulted roof. Dazzled, you take a step back in awe as the seven flames resolve themselves into seven great columns of rainbow light and you are aware that you are in the presence of the seven great Archangels, the Lords of Flame.





You are almost overcome by the splendor of these shining figures of opalescent hue, now towering above the chapel in luminous, iridescent colors of pure light, light that sings in exquisite harmonies. You are aware too that the chapel has completely disappeared, and that you are standing on the top of the Mount in a radiant dawn, gazing at the seven great Lords of Flame who now form a brilliant arch of light over the glittering sea. Below the Seven, in a huge semi-circle, you can make out an infinite host of countless angelic beings. The Archangel in the center is taller than the rest, and radiates an intense sapphire blue, shot through with the gold of sunlight. You know him to be the Archangel Michael, He Who is like unto the Countenance of God, Leader of the Host of Angels, Guardian of the Holy Sanctuaries, and Preparer of the Way for the coming Child of Light.

Michael raises a huge, shining Spear of Light that stretches from heaven to earth. And now it becomes a caduceus, a tall rod on which two spiraling streams of light ascend and descend. First they appear as red and white dragons, then as red and white streams of water, and finally as two rays of supernal Light, gold-red and diamond bright. This is the Blended Ray of Love and Wisdom. From its point within the heavens, the two rays pour down and stream out over all the land, in a never-ending benediction over all the Earth and its myriad forms of life. All darkness that is of evil flees before its path. As you look around, you notice that at certain points in the landscape this twin ray gushes up to form sparkling fountains of light, in particular, on the shrine-topped hills that stretch along the southwest of England from the Mount through Glastonbury, Avebury and eastwards to the Suffolk coast; and from Skellig Michael in Ireland, through Mont St. Michel in France, Monte Gargano in Italy, Delphi in Greece, and all the way to Mount Carmel in Israel. In each of these places the light creates etheric temples of illumination in the landscape whose light ripples out in ever-widening circles to fructify the land and its people with spiritual sustenance and blessing.

After a while, the light gradually begins to fade away, and you find yourself once more inside the chapel, where the seven-branched candlestick stands upon the altar of stone, its flames shedding a gentle, serene glow. You hear a soft footfall, and the hermit appears. At this point, you may consult him for spiritual guidance if you so desire . . . Then when you are ready, leave the chapel, closing the door behind you, and wend your way down the path to the foot of the Mount. The tide is still low, and your steps are light as you walk back to the mainland, and return to your body in this time and this place, giving thanks for that which you have witnessed and received.

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