

CROSS OF LIGHT TEMPLE

presents

INVOCATION OF MARY



Through reflection on the Third Stage of the
Cross of Light Six-Part Rite

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ἐν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ λόγος, καὶ ὁ λόγος ἦν πρὸς τὸν θεόν,
καὶ θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος. οὗτος ἦν ἐν ἀρχῇ πρὸς τὸν θεόν.
πάντα δι' αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο, καὶ χωρὶς αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο οὐδὲ ἓν.
γένονεν ἐν αὐτῷ ζωὴ ἦν, καὶ ἡ ζωὴ ἦν τὸ φῶς τῶν ἀνθρώπων·
καὶ τὸ φῶς ἐν τῇ σκοτίᾳ φαίνει, καὶ ἡ σκοτία αὐτὸ οὐ κατέλαβεν.

"A Spirit and a Vision are not, as the modern philosophy supposes, a cloudy vapour, or a nothing; they are organized and minutely articulated beyond all that the mortal and perishing nature can produce... Spirits are organized men."

William Blake, 'A Descriptive Catalogue'

There is no evidence that she ever lived, although she was blessed above all women and glorified as an object of veneration. She endured great suffering but it ended in triumph. She was hounded from place to place in the guise of being guided by glory. She set down no sayings and there is no record of what she knew. She is associated with the fragrance of roses and lilies. Her husband adored her. She was an embodiment of truth. She wept at the foot of the cross.

She is a shifting, wind borne vision, a many faced archetype dissolving into an emanation of light. She is an image arising on the north wall of the temple, her garment decked with gold and adorned with rubies, sapphires and pearls. The leader and the congregation of the temple raise their arms, so that the full moon lies between their limbs, rendering them a moonlit forest.

She is mercy from the collective unconscious, the glory of the stars, the mother of heaven and earth, duality in unity, combining the qualities of a pagan goddess and the mother of God inhabiting the kingdom. There is no severity in her, only mildness and humility. She is an embodiment of compassion, balance and judgement, and she fills the field of vision completely.

She is the union of mystery and fertility, a link in the context of origins, giver of fruit and grain, the womb of the word, distant behind a veil of text, alternating with formless light. Her function and purpose precede her image. She is the womb of the world giving birth to the kingdom of heaven. She is the mother of death, the cave and the tomb in the cavern. She gazes upon the world from heaven and conducts call and response across the temple. She is the new Eve, as her son is the new Adam. She is the mystery of generation. She is the icon of the gateway of the brightening sky. She is the knowledge that father and son are best approached through the mother.

I don't really know anything about God, the soul or the spirit. I'm able to conceive of a God, even an inconceivable God, through the writings of others, who don't really know anything about God, and through developments of these conceptions based on a particular form of personal experience - a body of knowledge based on not really knowing.

Nothing that anyone has ever said about God is true. And yet the idea of God possesses a power that is greater than truth and compels men to action, and the competing ideas of God have shaped the world for thousands of years.

And Mary is the mother of God.

Cari Saluti,

Helgi P
Cross of Light Temple

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<http://crossoflighttemple.wordpress.com/>