

THE MAGICAL JOURNEY

Elizabeth Keller shares her experience of being called to Glastonbury, and explains how this led to her role of arranging pilgrimages both to Avalon and to Sedona in the USA.

*Glastonbury... Glastonbury.
Whispering winds blowing, adore the sound.
God's voice calling to me,
My head deep under the current waves' e-motion.
Will heaven truly come to Earth?
Will man learn to Love,
Unconditionally, equally and peacefully
On our Planet Goddess Earth?
Oh sister to Venus, Mary and Gueneviere's Love
Adonis, Jesus and Arthur have come,
Come, my love, quickly,
Oh, stones In circles, circles in wood
Wind - Air - Fire - Flame - Unity - One
Quench thy thirst in the great waters.
The red rock towers of Sedona
Call from my window
Reminding me of something
From deep memory, past Golden Ages
On horseback riding through green rolling pastures,
In Goddess country. To the Chalice Well
We drank beneath golden boughs.
Up the mighty Tor, the gateway, labyrinth walk
I placed a gift upon the eggstone altar
An Egyptian stone, connecting
With the ancients in this time continuum spiral.
What a blessing our Mother Earth is birthing.*

THE WORDS TO THIS POEM flowed through me after a truly magical journey, a spiritual awakening and life-altering pilgrimage to Glastonbury in 1993.

Since that time I have discovered with many others, that there is a spiritual highway, a rainbow bridge connecting Sedona, Arizona and Glastonbury, both important places of ancient and recent pilgrimage and ceremony. Many people are hearing and following a call to return, remember and connect their heart and soul in these powerful spiritual vortex points on Earth at this important time.

For me, the calling came on a beautiful autumn sunrise in 1993 in Sedona, Arizona. For some time I had been feeling disillusioned and was going through a "dark night of the soul" period in my life. Unable to see the light I knew was at the end of the tunnel, my only real relief came in meditation and when I would look out my window at the mighty red rocks of Sedona's Thunder Mountain. For about one year I would look at a specific rock formation on Thunder Mountain and feel as though I was flying above any worries and concerns. For some unknown reason I felt the formation and the freeing

sensation was linked to some place in England, although I did not know where. When I asked friends who had been to, or were from, England, to look at the rock formation in the hope that it would remind them of some place in England, most said I must be experiencing a strong leyline energy, although my inner voice knew differently.

It was on this autumn morning that I stepped into my bath to soothe my weary soul, when I heard a resonant, haunting, whispering voice say, Glastonbury... Glastonbury."

I didn't know where or what Glastonbury was, although I had a certain 'knowing' that it was in England and had something to do with time. My first thought was it must be Greenwich. In the late '60s when I was seventeen years old, I had lived in London at the Transcendental Meditation Centre (where I was continuing my teacher training) and in the same year was a student at London's Theosophical Society (where I was studying astrology). Since that time I had always felt a strong desire to return to England. So to myself I thought, "Ah-ha, yes, now I have a direction and a plan to follow, perhaps in a year or so I will go to this place, Glastonbury."

The following week, I received a 'phone call from a lawyer who was working on a class action suit I was involved in against one of the big motor corporations. He said that, since I had such good documentation on all the mechanical work that had to be done on my van since its purchase, he wanted me to be the class representative in the case. He needed me not to drive the van any more, just to store it; he would pay for a vehicle to rent until I found a suitable replacement. He added that he would send a cheque for fifteen thousand dollars to cover my expenses. My van would be off the road, I would have a substantial sum of money. I knew then that I had to go and discover this place, wherever it was in England; it seemed to be the destined time.

Immediately after that 'phone conversation I telephoned British Airways to find out about air fares to London for myself and my almost-one-year-old son, Kai. I found a great round-trip air fare for us in November. I then 'phoned my cousin, Carol, who was living in London and told her we were coming to the U.K. in November and had to find this place called Glastonbury, wherever that was. She asked why I was coming at one of the worst times of the year and I replied, "Because I am being sent Now!" She invited us to stay with her when we arrived and said she would point us into the direction of Glastonbury.

The synchronicities began immediately. I suddenly met people in Sedona who had some kind of connections in Glastonbury. One woman I met, Carly, who had just moved to Sedona, told me she was in Glastonbury the year before. She said she had been in a bookstore called

"Gothic Image" when someone came into the shop and announced that they were planting a Celtic tree circle just outside Glastonbury and were looking for volunteers to help plant the trees. Carly volunteered, and planted the willow tree for the Celtic tree circle. She asked if I would try to find the farm, a few miles outside of Glastonbury and called Dove Farm, and check on the tree and take a picture if possible. I told her I would do my best to make that happen.

Later that week, I met with harpist Ani Williams for tea. I learned not only that she had been to England many times, but that her previous partner was Nicholas Mann, the author and geomancer who has written many books on the energy and spirit of Glastonbury, the ancient Isle of Avalon as well as on Sedona's Sacred Earth. Serendipitously, during our tea at a local coffee house, a woman came up to Ani and mentioned that she was not going back to Glastonbury as soon as she had originally planned. She said she had been renting a room there, and would arrange for me to stay there when I arrived in November. Not only did I now have a place to stay in Glastonbury, but Ani also gave me contact 'phone numbers and addresses of people to meet – and one address she gave me was the "Dove Farm" where Carly had planted the willow tree. I felt blessed and guided as the way was being so beautifully prepared for my arrival; magic was happening and Spirit was with me.

When my son Kai and I took the bus to Glastonbury from the town of Wells on a eclipse full moon in Scorpio, we saw for the first time, through the mists, the landmark hill known as Glastonbury Tor with its distinctive tower on top. I said to Kai, "That is it! The Tor has been calling me all the way from Sedona, Arizona."

When I entered Glastonbury, my soul stirred, my heart opened and memories of my ancient home returned to me.

While there, I learned that ancient finds from the Tor suggested that it had been in use since prehistoric times. I also discovered that Glastonbury, which had once been an island surrounded by water, was said to be the "Isle of Avalon", home of the legendary Avalon priestesses during Arthurian times.

When I was told about the Tor being a gateway into the Celtic "Otherworlds", and that a labyrinth is formed by its slopes, which (when walked with intention, ceremoniously) can admit one into the inner chambers of the inner worlds, I knew would return in spring. And I knew that I would then receive the message the Tor had been signalling to me all the way across the Atlantic Ocean.

After my first visit to Glastonbury and on my return to Sedona, I realised that, since being in Avalon had been such a life-altering experience for me, there would be others who heard the call as well. Ani agreed with me, so we decided to organise a sacred pilgrimage for the following spring, and very quickly two people signed up. By the time we travelled back to Glastonbury in the spring, we were a group of twelve.

It was during our two-day labyrinth walk (into, and next day out of, the inner chambers of the Tor) that I discovered who had guided me there.

At the end of the first day's walk in, we sat above the egg-stone on the slopes of the Tor in meditation. As I sat in this peaceful state, I experienced a clairvoyant meeting with Merlin, and realised he had been my guide. He then held out his hand, and I could see a beautiful glow, a shimmering female light-being in front of him. I asked with my inner voice who this was. Merlin answered by saying, "This is my Mother."

I felt humbled, honoured, loved and welcomed to Avalon that day. And I felt inspired to continue bringing others to Avalon, knowing that there truly is a special spiritual portal which can be experienced by those called to this mystical land.

Later I discovered the spiritual highway, the rainbow bridge which connects these two powerful spiritual centres on our beloved Earth, the healing Green of Glastonbury and the shamanic Red of my home, Sedona, Arizona. Both are sacred centres where the veil between this world and the Otherworld is thin, so that we can more easily gain access to spiritual dimensions, and to the holy grail within, bringing healing, meaning and purpose into our lives.

This year, 2007, guidance came to share sacred pilgrimages to Sedona, where the ancestors of the land are calling us right now – for there is an important and critical time-shift happening on the planet. Sedona, although so very different from Glastonbury, is another spiritual portal. This sacred land has been a place of ceremony and vision to ancient peoples and native tribes for thousands of years, for the land itself is both shaman and teacher. The rich iron-red earth has a powerful native energy; it can facilitate one to connect with, and help anchor one onto, their spiritual path. Under the crystal-clear blue sky by day, and the magnificence of the brilliant stars of the milky way at night, the Sedona pilgrimages will be self-quests to connect with the spectacular Red Rock 'cathedrals', naturally formed and filled with the ancestral spirits and guardians of Sedona's beautiful desert landscape. Entering the many and diverse vortex power spots is an awe-inspiring experience; we will do this ceremonially, using drum, song and creative writing. During the journey we will experience the love, song and prayers which free the soul to spread its wings and fly. Walking the pathways between inner and outer worlds, we will come to understand the meaning and message of the four directions of the medicine wheel teachings. We will nourish ourselves, express our deepest intentions, listen to our heart-songs, and know ourselves to be supported as we walk our personal earth-walks.

I feel blessed to have known the portals of Glastonbury and Sedona in this life, and to have been given the gift of weaving together the green and the red in my heart.

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Elizabeth's next two pilgrimages to Sedona will take place on 21-30 October 2007 and 16-25 March 2008. For details of these, and of her pilgrimages to Glastonbury, see her website www.astrojourneys.com or e-mail elizabeth@astrojourneys.com.