Visualization-Manifesting a Wise Ruler

The year is 1100. The date is August 1. The monks in the abbey at Gloucester are celebrating the holy-day of St Peter in Chains. One of the monks wakes from a strange dream in which God promises to strike down the wicked King who has abused the Holy Church. His superior, Abbot Serlo, on hearing of the dreams sends a warning to the King, William the Red, who has oppressed all of England with taxes and disgusted many with his licentiousness and blasphemy. Red, as he is called, receives the message the following day while preparing to indulge in one of his favorite sports, hunting, in the New Forest. Although there are no longer any people dwelling in die New Forest — they were all cleared out by Red's father, William the Conqueror—there are rumors that it's a hotbed of pagan activity. And August 2 is an important pagan holy-day. The Saxons call it Lammas, the Loaf-Mass. William the Red laughs at the warning from the monks and goes out hunting. A short time later, he is dead, struck in the chest by a stray arrow, and his brother, Henry, who was in the hunting party is riding hot-foot for Winchester and the crown.

Now some people say that William the Red was a Lammas sacrifice, that having made a wasteland of his kingdom, he was killed by the people (or the Gods) as a sacrifice to bring new life to the land.

Let’s prepare for a meditation.

Take a deep breath – relax, let yourself drift. Relax your feet, all 5 toes on

your left foot and now your right. --I will count from 5 to 1 and when I reach the number 1 you will be in a deep state of relaxation. 5 -4 -3 -2 -1

It is morning. The sun feels warm and embraces you with its warmth. There is a sense of celebration and excitement in the air. Look around now. There is a small Mexican village off to your right. See the white church and the village plaza, with dark haired Indian women in red and green and yellow skirts in traditional designs selling harvest produce. In front of them you see piles of yellow corn,

and piles of orange squash,

and strings of bright red peppers

and green beans in the market place.

Dark skinned men in white trousers and bright colorful woven shirts are walking around and talking with the women, buying and selling as they might. You know with a sense of deep satisfaction that the first harvest has been good.

The women and the men are now walking towards you. They are beautiful in their hand-woven shirts and dresses in traditional designs that evoke mysteries of celebration and gratitude They are smiling broadly at you as they greet you...

“Come, we are about to begin the Corn Festival celebration, and we want you to join us.”

You stand up and join them smiling and full of excitement Walk with your new friends to the corn fields. These corn fields have been threshed, with corn stalks lying on
the ground. …You see huge woven baskets piled high with ears of corn, some yellow, but also some with red and black and green kernels as well

The sun is beginning to go down and the air is becoming cool. You are exhilarated and very

Happy…..There is a huge fire burning off in the distance and you hear faint drumming. …Walk over to the fire and take your place and sit down. You have a deep sense of belonging here, like you have been doing this forever. An old Indian, a crone comes up to you and looks into your eyes and smiles. She gives you a handful of bread dough and an ear of yellow corn. Lay the corn down beside you and take the dough and shape it into a boy. Feel the dough in your hands as you give it the shape of a boy, a dough boy, a man, who was made a king,…but ruled unwisely because he was unable to grow up…. This boy king used up the resources of his nation and took pleasure in violence and in extreme
luxury. He has poker chip eyes and a blank face.

Night has come. Look up and see the stars overhead. The sight of the sacred celestial wheel takes your breath away it is so beautiful. … Take this moment to know that you are a part of infinity and that everything is ultimately good. Our cycles of birth and death, plantings and harvestings are all leading to a great unknown - a great mystery that desires only to engulf us with miracles and love us beyond our wildest imagining if we but ask and allow for it. … Yes you say YES. Let the miracles happen. …

You are back at the fire. As you look around the fire you see the beautiful faces of the people sharing this ritual with you. The time has come to throw your dough boy into the fire. Throw it now. See it slowly burn and turn to smoke. … Ask now that a new king, a mature man, will come. In your heart, ask that this new King to lead the nation into prosperity and abundance and dignity for all people. …

The time has now come to make your corn doll. Pick up the ear of corn the crone gave you and shuck the kernels of corn to make a beautiful face of the Corn Goddess…She has hair of golden silk and a green dress of leaves. Feel the magic of her presence in the ear of corn.

The moon is now rising and throws a silver light over the threshed corn fields. Throw
your corn doll into the fire. Do it now. See her dissolve in the flames becoming smoke
that rises to heaven with your intention. You demand and you know in every fiber of
your being that the Goddess is returning now to lead human kind into a new world - a
world based on love, human potential, the immortal arts and abundance for all.

Now take moment to ask that your dream for this Lammas manifest. See the details
of what you want for yourself personally taking form before eyes.

Feel the happiness- feel the joy. It will manifest for you and you feel gratitude. Let the Corn Goddess speak to you - she has a secret to share with you. Let her speak to
you now.

Yes it is so. You have asked the goddess for your dream to manifest and you have asked her for a new world of dreams and abundance and love for all humankind. Now it has been truly expressed in words and in metaphor, and so it will come to pass.

You now hear faint sounds of music. Everyone stands up and hugs each other. You along with the others begin to slowly walk back thru the corn fields, now bathed in the light of a rising sun. Again, you see the white church and the plaza materialize before your eyes. Pause Now I will count from 1 to 5 and when I say 5 open your eyes and feel wide awake and vital and refreshed. 1 – 2 – 3 – 4 - 5