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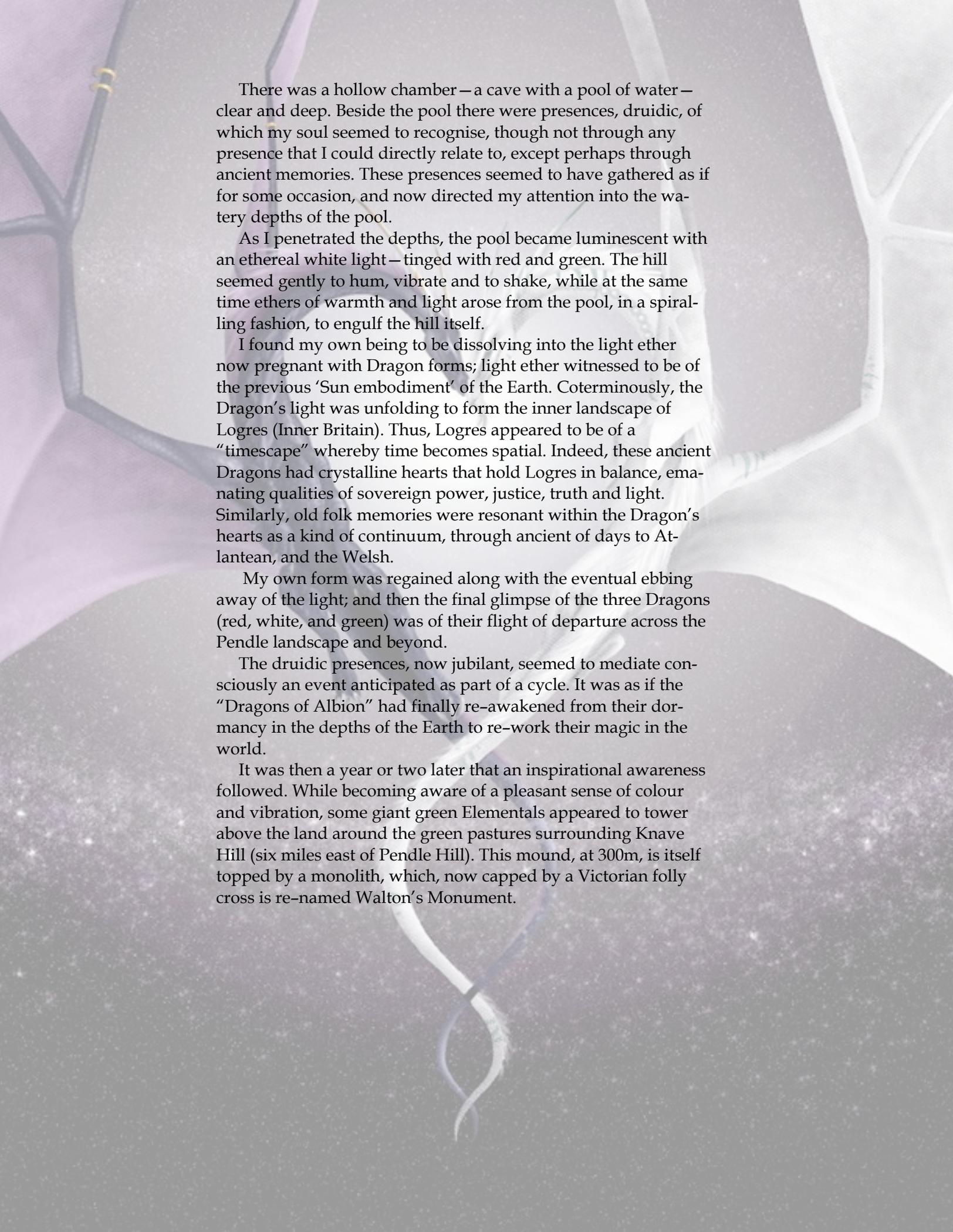
Dragons Beneath the Hill



Around 1994 I made a twilight approach as far as the path would allow, drawn by an otherworldly power felt to be emanating from the tor like hill above the Pendle village of Blacko.

As sensed clairvoyantly, there is an ethereal power at certain times of the year, particularly around spring equinox, spiralling up and around its contours.

It was sometime in April that my presence was made close to the summit (310m). Here, by re-orientating through inner vision, objectively, and through the gritstone cap of the hill, I was able to find my way into the hill's etheric counterpart.



There was a hollow chamber – a cave with a pool of water – clear and deep. Beside the pool there were presences, druidic, of which my soul seemed to recognise, though not through any presence that I could directly relate to, except perhaps through ancient memories. These presences seemed to have gathered as if for some occasion, and now directed my attention into the watery depths of the pool.

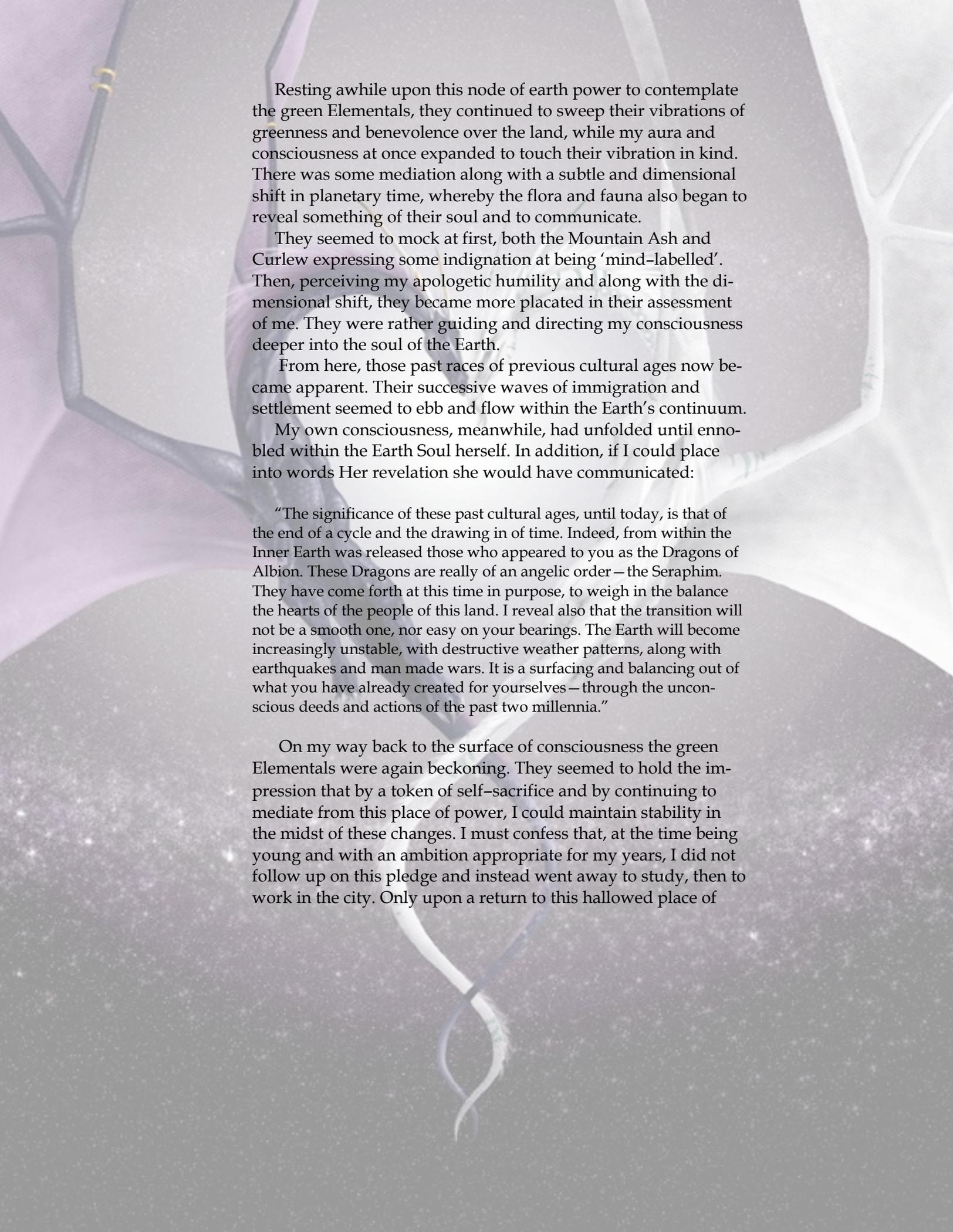
As I penetrated the depths, the pool became luminescent with an ethereal white light – tinged with red and green. The hill seemed gently to hum, vibrate and to shake, while at the same time ethers of warmth and light arose from the pool, in a spiraling fashion, to engulf the hill itself.

I found my own being to be dissolving into the light ether now pregnant with Dragon forms; light ether witnessed to be of the previous ‘Sun embodiment’ of the Earth. Cotermiously, the Dragon’s light was unfolding to form the inner landscape of Logres (Inner Britain). Thus, Logres appeared to be of a “timescape” whereby time becomes spatial. Indeed, these ancient Dragons had crystalline hearts that hold Logres in balance, emanating qualities of sovereign power, justice, truth and light. Similarly, old folk memories were resonant within the Dragon’s hearts as a kind of continuum, through ancient of days to Atlantean, and the Welsh.

My own form was regained along with the eventual ebbing away of the light; and then the final glimpse of the three Dragons (red, white, and green) was of their flight of departure across the Pendle landscape and beyond.

The druidic presences, now jubilant, seemed to mediate consciously an event anticipated as part of a cycle. It was as if the “Dragons of Albion” had finally re-awakened from their dormancy in the depths of the Earth to re-work their magic in the world.

It was then a year or two later that an inspirational awareness followed. While becoming aware of a pleasant sense of colour and vibration, some giant green Elementals appeared to tower above the land around the green pastures surrounding Knave Hill (six miles east of Pendle Hill). This mound, at 300m, is itself topped by a monolith, which, now capped by a Victorian folly cross is re-named Walton’s Monument.



Resting awhile upon this node of earth power to contemplate the green Elementals, they continued to sweep their vibrations of greenness and benevolence over the land, while my aura and consciousness at once expanded to touch their vibration in kind. There was some mediation along with a subtle and dimensional shift in planetary time, whereby the flora and fauna also began to reveal something of their soul and to communicate.

They seemed to mock at first, both the Mountain Ash and Curlew expressing some indignation at being 'mind-labelled'. Then, perceiving my apologetic humility and along with the dimensional shift, they became more placated in their assessment of me. They were rather guiding and directing my consciousness deeper into the soul of the Earth.

From here, those past races of previous cultural ages now became apparent. Their successive waves of immigration and settlement seemed to ebb and flow within the Earth's continuum.

My own consciousness, meanwhile, had unfolded until ennobled within the Earth Soul herself. In addition, if I could place into words Her revelation she would have communicated:

"The significance of these past cultural ages, until today, is that of the end of a cycle and the drawing in of time. Indeed, from within the Inner Earth was released those who appeared to you as the Dragons of Albion. These Dragons are really of an angelic order – the Seraphim. They have come forth at this time in purpose, to weigh in the balance the hearts of the people of this land. I reveal also that the transition will not be a smooth one, nor easy on your bearings. The Earth will become increasingly unstable, with destructive weather patterns, along with earthquakes and man made wars. It is a surfacing and balancing out of what you have already created for yourselves – through the unconscious deeds and actions of the past two millennia."

On my way back to the surface of consciousness the green Elementals were again beckoning. They seemed to hold the impression that by a token of self-sacrifice and by continuing to mediate from this place of power, I could maintain stability in the midst of these changes. I must confess that, at the time being young and with an ambition appropriate for my years, I did not follow up on this pledge and instead went away to study, then to work in the city. Only upon a return to this hallowed place of

power, have I consciously begun to fulfil something of my part
in this spiritual pledge.

