

OUR LADY OF LIFE-OUR LORD OF DEATH

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Our Lady, the Goddess of Life, knew all things of Life.
In the morning, the Sun greeted Her warmly;
and at Night, the Moon and Stars sang Her gently to sleep.
she kept the name of all things engraved in Her heart---
each plant, each animal, each bird, each stone, each drop of water,
each grain of sand upon the beach.

And each night, She named them one by one, joying in their Life
which it pleased Her to give them.
And She taught them many songs, many joys, many dances.
She showed them that Life was a happy thing,
Life was full of wonder, Life was full of joy.
And they were as precious as jewels to Her.

Yet,
one evening , as She called out each name of all the wonderful things
She had given Life,
She found that not all of Her creations would answer Her.
So, She wandered far and wide to find them, but She could not.
She climbed through many mountains,
but, She could not find them:
She searched the valleys and the waters,
but, sound them not.

And, as She gazed at all the beautiful things that She had given Life,
She also noticed that some of them were fading.
And She began to realize that they were growing old.

So,
She went down by the waters and wept, for now She knew that
the beautiful things She had called but would not answer
had died.
And crying, She fell to sleep, dreaming many strange dreams.

In the morning, Our Lady of Life, knew She wished to know everything;
For though She knew everything of Life,
Death was a Mystery to Her and She ,must seek him out
so that She may know everything in Life and Death.

And the road was long,
and the road was frightening
for strange and darksome beings watched Her
as She went.

But, Her resolve was strong,
Her need to know a hunger in Her,
Her need to know an unbearable thirst.

In time,
the Portals of Death stood high and dark at the end of the road.
And as She approached, a Great Being
as tall as the Portals themselves, came and stood to block Her way.

“I am the Goddess of Life,” She said, “and I would know All things
even unto the realms of Death.”

“Indeed, Your knowledge is great, my Lady, but, I may not let You pass.”

“What must I do that you would let me?”

“You must abandon the vestiges of Life.”

And,
She took off Her beautiful jewels that held the glory of the Sun and Moon
and Stars.

“You must abandon the manifestations of Life.”

And,
She took off Her beautiful clothes that held the glory of the plants
and animals, and soft, brown Earth.

“You must abandon all hope that is the joy of Life.”

And ,
She took off Her silvery Web-spun veil that held all the glory of
Her creations.

And,
She was naked to the Realms of Death,
Her soul was barren to the Portals of Death,
Her spirit was split open to the Gates of Death.

The Guardian of the Portals let Her pass;
The Guardian of the Portals guided Her through Death’s realms,
The Guardian of the Portals took Her to the very chamber
of Death Himself.

And,
She was left alone before Death, before His glory, before His light,
before His frightening wisdom.

Yet,

She feared Him not and gazed with stoic eyes.
She stepped even to the foot of His throne;
She gestured with Her long, glimmering arms.
and She said,
“I give the Joy of Life to all of My creation.
Yet, You make all I’ve done to fade and die.
Why do You bring this sadness to all I love?”

The God
raised His eyes and saw Our Lady,
He saw Her wondrous beauty,
He saw the tear in Her eye for the loss of the things that She loved.

And,
The sight of Her caused a melting in Him,
Her tear caused His heart to become warm where once it had been cold.
“The ways of the Underworld are perfect. Why do you question me?”
Yet,
though His voice was stern, there was a great rejoicing in His soul.

“The ways of Life are perfect,’ She replied, “Why do you take those things
away from me?”

“I give rest and repose; for things at last grow weary.
Here, they may go strong again; so, again they may be young.
For, You ever call them back to life...I, too, give them wonder...
But, I have been alone and my heart has grown cold.
You alone give me joy.
You are beautiful.
Do not return, abide with me.”

Our Lady looked at Death in amazement,
“I love you not.

“My ways are gentle sleep, peaceful rest.
Do not return to Life, for I love you. Abide with me.”

“I love you not.”
And Our Lady looked nearly as stern as He.

“I give youth where old age reigned. Do not return, abide with Me.”

“I love you not.”
Our Lady’s mind was closed to Death’s entreaties.

Sadness overshadowed Him as He spoke,
“Then you must suffer the fate of Death.”

“Better to suffer the fate of Death which is the fate of all Living
things than to forever remain here with you.”

“By your words, it shall be so. So be it ardane.”
And with that, the Lord Death brought down the fate of Death.
He put upon Our Lady the destiny of all Living things.
He brought down upon Her the knowledge that She sought.

And,
Her eyes were opened-Our Lady looked up at the Lord with new eyes;
She saw Him for what He really was.
No longer was Death a sadness,
but rather, peace, rest, rejuvenation.

Our lady went up to the Lord and sat down by His side.
she took His hand;
She received His love.

And,
the Goddess of Life became also the Goddess of Death.
The God of Death became also the God of Life.
Together They became Our Lord and Lady of Life, Death and Rebirth.

And ever do They rule, in Perfect Balance, in Perfect Love, in Perfect Trust.
For They are One, and are They One in us all.
Blessed Be.