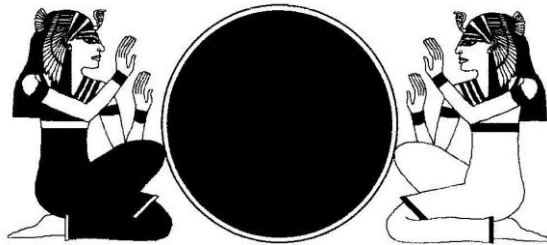


Temple of the Dark Moon



My Sacrifice

By Frances Billinghamurst © 1995

(Written on the eve of the Summer Solstice at the Butt of Lewis on the Isle of Lewis, Outer Hebrides, Scotland, when I was going to greet the birth of the sun at Callanish)

The cliff is exposed and bare to the elements, dropping vertical to the sea, with waves crashing violently on the rocks below. So high I stand on the edge, watching in awe at Her strength, knowing that should the winds change, I shall fall and be reclaimed. A terrible death, yet I stand without fear. Should She call, I would follow.

The blackened sky darkens still as Her anger is unleashed, as if to punish those who have treated Her with neglect. But amongst the darkness the lightning flashed, illuminating the blackness for a second. Powerful, beautiful as she could only manifest.

For a brief period of time it seemed as if She exposed to world to Her inner power – but no one was watching. Out of the darkness comes light but one must experience the darkness to appreciate it.

The circling energy is building around and within me. I am part of it - physically, mentally, and emotionally. Awaiting the test spiritually. A feeling of collectiveness never felt before. The rain wetting my physical being seems to have no affect at all. I am one with the Mother.

Maybe She recognises me no longer. I have come, after all, out of curiosity. An inner urge for something I did not know, yet a willingness to learn. To be tested in whatever way She felt fit. I stand and show no fear.

This life is just part of my existence. I feel the urge to kneel in respect, head bowed, feeling the winds rush over me, the rains cleanse me, the waves call me. I know She has the power that cannot be controlled. She is the great giver, the controller of All and She can take my life. The reclamation has begun.

Balancing on the edge of life and death I feel Her force. She speaks to me, through me. My humble offering a seemingly minute sacrifice. She does not want my life. She already has my soul.

About the Author:

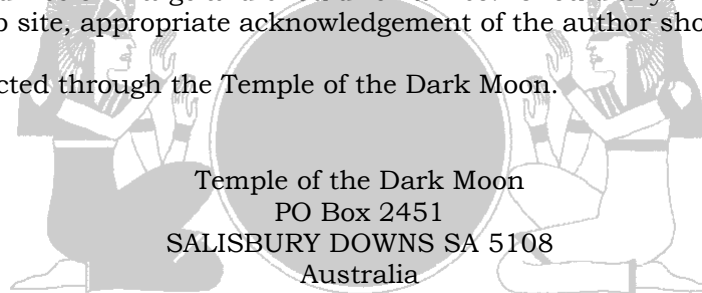
Frances has been a student of metaphysics and the occult for most of her life, with her formal training having commenced in 1993. She has been initiated into the Alexandrian Wicca tradition, with interests also in ceremonial magick, the Qabalah and traditional Wytchcraft.

After founding the Temple of the Dark Moon in 1999, Frances spent some six years as secretary for the Pagan Alliance Inc (SA) where she worked closely with both the Police and Attorney General with respect to changes in legislation. She has led rituals with Chief Druid, Philip Carr-Gomm, and occult philosophy Ramsay Dukes, as well as presented lectures at various national and international events.

Frances regularly writes for *Insight*, Australia's number one spiritual lifestyle magazine, with her articles also appearing in over 10 separate publications, including *Spellcraft*, *The Cauldron*, *Circle* and the Llewellyn's *Witch's Calendar*. She has further essays in a number of anthologies including *The Faerie Queens*, *Unto Herself: A Devotional Anthology for Independent Goddesses*, and *Memento Mori*.

This article is provided free of charge and should remain so. Should anyone wish to duplicate this article on another web site, appropriate acknowledgement of the author should be given.

Frances can be contacted through the Temple of the Dark Moon.



Temple of the Dark Moon
PO Box 2451
SALISBURY DOWNS SA 5108
Australia

(Email: frances@templdarkmoon.com)
Web site: www.templdarkmoon.com