

The Clarion

March 1, 2021

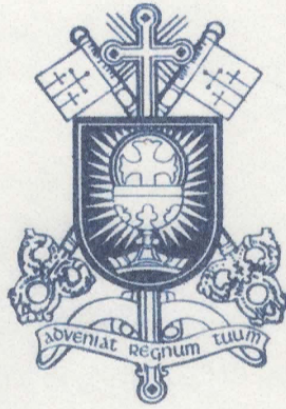
Normally we meet at 332 Harbour Way in Richmond, close to 880; just 4 blocks from Bart. Parking in back. We look forward to seeing you there when the pandemic is over.

*March
comes in
like a lion*

*And goes
out like a
lamb*



J. Gibson



THE LIBERAL CATHOLIC CHURCH
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDING ARCHBISHOP

KNOW ALL PERSONS BY THESE PRESENTS THAT

THE REVEREND MATHIAS VAN THIEL

A PRIEST OF OUR CHURCH SINCE NOVEMBER TWENTY SIXTH NINETEEN EIGHTY NINE, WHO HAS SERVED THIS CHURCH WITH DISTINCTION AND HONOR, IS HEREBY AWARDED OUR SINCERE GRATITUDE AND APPRECIATION. HE HAS SERVED FAITHFULLY AS RECTOR OF ST RAPHAEL LIBERAL CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE BAY AREA FOR MANY YEARS.

OUR BELOVED BROTHER IN CHRIST HAS ALSO SERVED HIS CHURCH AT THE PROVINCIAL LEVEL WITH WILLINGNESS, LOYALTY AND FAITHFULNESS. HE HAS BLESSED US WITH HIS SPIRITUAL GIFTS

WITH SINCERE THANKS, GIVEN THIS FOURTH DAY OF FEBRUARY IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD TWO THOUSAND TWENTY ONE.



William S H Downey
THE MOST REVEREND WILLIAM S H DOWNEY

...OF RABBITS AND OF HARES

by Peggy Heubel, TS, LCC

March is fast upon us and oddly enough as I was considering this a few days ago, there came to mind the hare, as in “Madder than a March Hare”; as in the March Hare of *Alice in Wonderland* fame. Since myths are an interest of mine, I decided to do a little mythological research on rabbits and hares...on rabbits because, too, (coincidentally) the recent full moon had just gloriously framed the “rabbit-in-the moon” in exceptionally clear relief.

I remember as a child one of my misguided cousins chopped off the rear left foot of a rabbit he had killed to supplement dinner. Since I had been crying at seeing a bunny killed, this, he mistakenly thought, would please me and bring me luck. No. But the memory of it never left me—I was scarred for life. From that point on, I seemed to notice every rabbit’s foot in sight: dangling on rear-view mirrors or keychains, and always evoking thoughts of those that might be snugly tucked into a pocket or purse—a rabbit’s foot was, and still is, considered a lucky charm...not of course for the rabbit; better still was the left rear foot of a rabbit killed in a cemetery at midnight. It seems the rabbit’s foot was a pagan talisman, able to take the worst kinds of evil and subvert them by its very existence—a counterpoint the religion doctrine of the day.

Throughout olden times and in places not so far away, the rabbit and the hare possessed magical qualities. In Celtic folklore, for instance, the hare is linked to the mysterious Otherworld. The Mountain Hare is native to Scotland and the Irish Hare is native to Ireland dating back to 28,000 BC. In these lands, the hare is often associated with fairies whose world is reached by traveling underground. For some, to harm a hare would invite dreadful consequences. Druids were said to employ hares in prophesy by first catching them, then turning them loose to interpret the path of their escape. Shapeshifters would often take the form of a hare. In one tale, a Celtic warrior, Oisín, hunted a rabbit, wounding it in the leg. He followed the animal into a bramble bush where he found a door leading underground. He went in and came to a large hall where he found a beautiful young woman sitting on a throne bleeding from a leg wound.

The hare (just as versatile) seems to do a bit of shape-shifting itself; sometimes the trickster for good and bad, sometimes the moon goddess, sometimes the ruffian. Depending on your state of mind, seeing a hare was a bad omen, a harbinger of death, a messenger from the Otherworld or perhaps the old lady next door that was suspected of being a witch.

If our minds are not wandering to the March Hare at the Mad Hatter’s Tea Party, here is a little bit of nature lore: all of us have probably heard the phrase, “Madder than a March hare.” It has to do with rabbit

and hare breeding frenzy, i.e., going a bit crazy in spring and summer and, as they say, “multiplying like rabbits.” One mother hare can produce up to 40 furry little offspring in one season.

Back to another Celtic tale: Saint Melangell is the patron saint of hares. She became associated with them when, to escape marriage, she took a vow of celibacy and crossed the Irish Sea to take refuge as a hermit in a remote spot in Powys, Wales. She lived in isolation (as a virgin, of course) without seeing the face of any man for fifteen years. One day, Brochfael, Prince of Powys, was hunting hares with his hounds. Having driven one of the animals into a thicket, he pursued the hounds to retrieve his prize. Instead, he found the hare sitting at the hem of Melangell’s dress “boldly watching the Prince’s dogs”. When Brochfael heard her story, he endowed her with land to build a monastery, which she did on the condition that not only people could find refuge there, but all gentle creatures who were being pursued. This legend is beautifully preserved on a wooden screen that depicts hares running to her for protection. Hares are still sometimes called St. Melangell’s Lambs. After her death her memory continued to be honored at her shrine. Saint Melangell’s Church, Pennant Melangell is located near the village of Llangynog, Powys, Wales and houses the restored shrine of Saint Melangell, reputed to be the oldest Romanesque shrine in Great Britain. Pennant Melangell has been a place of pilgrimage for many centuries and Melangell remains the patron saint of hares.

On to the March Hare in *Through the Looking Glass*: like the other characters at the Mad Hatter’s Tea Party, the March Hare is often interpreted as an adult, pre-occupied with the mundane, absurd, and rude. On the other hand, he also proves himself to be a most philosophical character, as is demonstrated in this exchange with Alice:

“...and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M—.”

“Why with an M?” asked Alice.

“Why not?” replied the March Hare.

“Why not” indeed. The March Hare challenges Alice’s judgments, just as his inclusion challenges our judgment of what it may mean to be mad and, without the Hare, there can be no banter, which is certainly part of what makes the Mad Tea Party so fun...and puzzling.

"In that direction," the [Cheshire] Cat said, waving its right paw round, 'lives a Hatter: and in that direction,' waving the other paw, 'lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they're both mad."

"But I don't want to go among mad people," Alice remarked.

"Oh, you can't help that," said the Cat: "we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

It has been said that Lewis Carroll's "compassionate treatment of the 'mad' characters, the March Hare, the Mad Hatter, and even the Cheshire Cat", took a radical stance for the rights and humane treatment of the insane. He argued that 'mad' people sometimes see the world better than the 'sane' ones and gives each character a voice and an entire world to occupy specifically created for them. On the other hand, some have argued that his was a "satirical move" to point out the absurdities and irrationality of most adults. It is ours to judge. And let us not forget: the phrase 'hare-brained' refers to the same behavior.

As this article comes to a close, let us not forget the Easter Bunny. Eostre, the Goddess of the Moon, fertility, and spring in Anglo-Saxon myth, was often depicted with a hare's head or ears, and with a white hare standing in attendance. This magical white hare laid brightly colored eggs which were given out to children during spring fertility festivals -- an ancient tradition that survives in the form of the Easter Bunny today.

Eostre was associated with mythic stories of death, redemption, and resurrection during the turning of winter to spring and in this we can, perhaps, intuit a glimmer of universal truth not solely the doctrine of formalized religions. Before the people of her

day transferred their belief in the moon goddess to another god...and before her power waned...Eostre was a shape-shifter, taking the shape of a hare at each full moon; all hares were sacred to her, and acted as her messengers. In Ireland, it was said that eating a hare was like eating one's own grandmother—perhaps due to the sacred connection between hares and various goddesses, warrior queens, and female fairies, or else due to the belief that old "wise women" could shape-shift into hares by moonlight.

As Christianity took hold across Europe, hares and rabbits, so firmly associated with the Goddess, came to be seen more and more in a less favorable light...viewed suspiciously as the familiars of witches, or as witches themselves in animal form. Numerous folk tales tell of men led astray by hares who were really witches in disguise, or of old women revealed as witches when they are wounded in their animal shape. In one well-known story from Dartmoor, England, a mighty hunter named Bowerman disturbed a coven of witches practicing their rites, and so one young witch determined to take revenge. She shape-shifted into a hare, led Bowerman through a deadly bog, then turned the hunter and his hounds into piles of stones, which can still be seen today; known by the names *Hound Tor* and *Bowerman's Nose*. "Demonic" hares and rabbits are found on cathedral carvings and in other forms of Christian sacred art... but we also find the opposite: the pagan Three-Hares symbol representing the Holy Trinity, and unblemished white rabbits symbolizing purity, piety, and the Holy Virgin.

March is a "magical" month; beautiful and delightful. The majority of its days is ruled by

Pisces and Venus and it is here that we experience the Spring Equinox as it ends. If we can do so in good conscience, let us bow briefly to the full moon on the 27th and honor Eostre, Goddess of the Moon, and her retinue of hares.



Esoterics of the Future: The Seven Rays Illuminated

By Barbara Penninton, TS, LCC

The stunning glory of undifferentiated oneness radiates light eternally and infinitely. As the light extends, it is transfigured into a myriad of subtle expressions each with an extraordinary energetic signature.

An esoteric artist, Rowena Pattee Kryder, has amazing insights into eternal light. She has provided a Cosmic Map of essential variances of supreme light. The map of cosmic light is based on her work presented in Foundations of Co-Creation:

Eternal Light
Radiates
from Prime source



Supernal Light
Emergence of Logos and Ray Lords

Diamond Light
The faceted realm of Archangels

Diffused Light
The Higher Planes of Spirit

Refracted Light
Imaginal, Archetypal
Realm of the Seven Rays

Reflected Light
Crystalline Energies
Energy-Matter Relationship

Illusory Light
Spotlight on Glamour

As chalices for the radiance of these marvelous lights of the cosmos, we are essentially bright and beautiful. In the magnificent complexity of our auras, we have a kaleidoscope of all the cosmic lights including primordial, undifferentiated light. Nothing shines as brilliantly as the light of the absolute yet when that light is refracted we have the rainbow of colors that

permits creative artistry to emerge.

The rays of happiness, like those of light are colorless when unbroken.

Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow

When this divine light meets a refractory source, it differentiates into seven rays (as well as many variations on the rays). These seven light rays are considered in esoterics as

seven major creative principles of the manifest world. Ray principles are mediated by extraordinary Lords of Light who essentially design the manifest world.

In the esoteric view, the energy of the seven rays is directly involved in the appearance of color and geometry. Complex patterning of the seven rays forms blueprints for the aspects of our manifest solar system and beyond.

In the multi-dimensional reality of each human, the rays compose the nature of the personality, the soul and the monad. Each being becomes differentiated from absolute oneness by the configuration of rays on each plane of existence,

Just as white light becomes an array of colors when it passes through a prism, our lives take on distinctive complexions. The designation of ray influence may be as simple as identifying the dominant ray for each person, profession, nation or as complex as determining the rays, sub-rays, the hidden rays and shadow rays for each plane of the being.

Although seven-ray theory has emerged most systematically in the last couple of centuries, the roots can be discovered in antiquity. Ancient origins are reflected in a statement by Aristotle:

The essence of light is white light. Colors are made up of a mixture of lightness and darkness.

Newton, continuing this investigation, researched scientifically the spectral composition of Light. He asserted that light is comprised of colored particles. Einstein defined light as photons.

The esoteric investigation of light is a synergistic blend of physics and metaphysics. The rays are energetic vibrations that can be revealed through spectral analysis and through attunement to the signature resonance. Spectral investigations have revealed significant light frequencies invisible to the human eye. Some of these invisible bands of light, named infrared, ultraviolet and gamma rays, have importance for human evolution.

The metaphysics of spectral light considers not only the evident, visible aspect of the spectral bands involved, but the inherent creative force in each ray. As humans evolve to greater co-creation, the sophisticated involvement of these creative forces will be essential.



Although there is some variation in ray theory, there is considerable agreement that the first ray that emerges from the source is Power or Will. This first ray is somewhat like an arrow that initiates action.

Madame Blavatsky on Will:

As God creates, so man can create. Given a certain intensity of will, and the shapes created by the mind become subjective. Hallucinations, they are called, although to their creator they are real as any visible object is to any one else. Given a more intense and intelligent concentration of this will, and the form becomes concrete, visible, objective; the man has learned the secret of secrets, he is a MAGICIAN.

The first ray of Will is in close relationship with the second ray of Love-Wisdom. While Will is associated with straight lines, Love-Wisdom moves as curved geometric lines. The third ray closely related to the first two rays is Active Intelligence This ray has spiral geometry. These first three rays are called "Aspects." They evidence t

he primary principles fundamental to creating a world. With power, will, love, wisdom, and creative intelligence it's possible to bring source into form.

Ray 1: Will or Power
Ray 2: Love-Wisdom
Ray 3: Creative Intelligence

The next four rays combine with the first three to constitute the seven-ray system. The fourth to seventh rays are variations of the third ray, active intelligence. These rays, called "qualities" are specialized ways of intelligent action.

The four rays of attributes or qualities are:

Ray 4: Harmony through conflict
(Associated with the arts, certain social endeavors, a variety of energy modalities and healing)

Fifth 5: Concrete Knowledge and Science
Description and Classification
Prediction and Control

Ray 6: Devotion and idealism
Fervent attachment to leaders, ideas and established systems

Ray 7: Ceremonial, Scientific Magic
Organization and Ritual Order

In our evolutionary process, we are now leaving the influence of Ray 6 and entering into Ray 7 in the Age of Aquarius. This will be a time of cooperation with the deva kingdom to co-create iscientific magic.

C.W. Leadbeater describes the characteristic type of magic for each ray.

- First ray: Magic of Will of magician
- Second ray: Magic of Raja Yoga (Development of Mind)
- Third ray: Magic of Astrology (Natural Magnetic Forces)
- Fourth ray: Magic of Hatha Yoga (physical development)
- Fifth ray: Magic of Alchemy (Manipulation of Material Substances)
- Sixth ray: Magic of Bhakti Yoga (Selfless Service and Altruistic Love; agape)
- Seventh ray: Ceremonial magic (Invocation of Elementals, and Devas)

We each have a dominant ray and full complement of rays that may become more creative and magical in the Aquarian Age. There are extraordinary resources to help us determine what is the primary of our monad, predominant and secondary rays of our soul and the many rays of our personality. We may have separate rays on the mental, astral and etheric levels. When it is all configured, it's possible to see how we individually differentiate within the wholeness of being. As a drop in the ocean of oneness, we have a signature spectral light pattern. We are simultaneously undifferentiated oneness and a differentiated individual with a complex pattern of light rays. Our intention will illuminate the emergent reality.

Seven-Ray forces fuel the evolutionary journey of individuals returning to the grand splendor of oneness. They indicate appropriate practices and services that will foster elevation of consciousness.

Each of the seven rays has potential as a three-fold pattern: outward manifestation, hidden expression, and shadow configuration. The ray system may include exponentials of seven (7 x 7). The question arising in the Aquarian Age is: Could there be additional rays

beyond the seven? Some metaphysicians are suggesting that there might be a twelve rays system. Perhaps it is like the chakra system with seven primary energy centers and five complementary chakras in a system of twelve. Might it be like the seven "white" notes on a piano and five additional black notes form one octave?

In the Aquarian Age we are challenged to become masters of the seven or even twelve creative forces. As evolving humanity it is a glorious opportunity to be co-creators with devic beings and move into the fifth kingdom with 12-Ray patterns of exquisite divine souls.



My Heart Leaps Up When I Behold

By William Wordsworth

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

To the Rainbow

By Thomas Campbell

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art; -
Still seem; as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Limericks and What Not

There Once Was a Saint Named Patrick

By Barbara Penninton, TS, LCC

There once was a saint named Patrick
Who was kidnapped by pirates fantastic
Released by luck of an emerald shamrock
Saved all the souls of his Irish home lock
Celebrated now with toasts and tipsy lyrics.

In the Cave of Machpelah

By Odette Larde, TS, LCC

In the cave of Machpelah¹
Lie the ancient bones,
Awaiting mighty Gabriel
To sound his Clarion tones.

Who parented the joys and woes
The world could e'er conceive,
The smallest and the greatest
That were born of Mother Eve.

They lie there in a sweet embrace
Asleep to all our noise,
Which *malus* with a *malus*² brought
To all our transient joys.

Someday the Cave of Machpelah
Will host no more the bones,
When Angel Gabriel will come
And roll away the stone.

1. The Cave of Machpelah in Hebron is where the bones of Adam and Eve are, according to Jewish tradition.

2. *Malus* means *apple* and *evil* in Latin.

St. Patrick and St. George Were Itching For a Fight

By Odette Larde, TS, LCC

St. Patrick and St. George were itching for a fight,
About which saint was holier,
And which was always right,
Said Patrick to St. George
“I banished all the snakes!”
Said George to holy Patrick,
“That was a piece of cake!”

A Leprechaun Writing a Limerick

By Odette Larde, TS, LCC

A leprechaun writing a limerick
Was searching for something aesthetic,
He looked up at the moon
Which caused him to swoon,
For a leprechaun's deeply poetic.

I Want to Drink a Pint of Beer

By Odette Larde, TS, LCC

I want to drink a pint of ale
I want to drink some beer,
A hearty piece of soda bread,
Will bring my heart some cheer.
Today I found a shamrock,
Waiting to be plucked,
I put it in my buttonhole,
And had a world of luck!

I Wasn't Born in Ireland

By Odette Larde, TS, LCC

I wasn't born in Ireland,
Nor in the USA,
But when I hear an Irish tune
It takes my breath away.
I cannot swear in Gaelic
Nor can I dance the reel,
But my heart turns truly Irish,
At this time of the year!

THE LITTLE FLY—A Pseudo-Limerick for Our Times

by Peggy Heubel

There was a little fly
Who, resting on the wall,
listened carefully to all the old man said.
The man called POTUS shrugged
when he noticed but was smug,
and continued his bravado without end.
The sun slowly set
on this day and the next and on and on
throughout the months and years.
And every single night,
the tiny little fly, still resting on the wall,
would continue to take note of every word.
Time stretched on and on
and the country broke in half
as the man expressed his thoughts with more delight.
As the old man spoke his thoughts
and expressed his selfish views
the tiny little fly continued on.
But the country wept and fought,
finding strength amid ideals,
and recovered all the good it thought it lost.
Never giving up
in the light of clear rebuke,
yet still that murky shadow lingers on.
As for the little fly,
who had rested on the wall,
he recorded all that little flies could do.
Up through the chimney on he flew
and through a rainbow no one knew,
unfurled his magic wings as he went home.
Standing there before the Host,
the Recording Angel bowed
as the universe spread out beneath his feet.
Unrolling all his scrolls,
he watched all words unfold,
inscribing each upon the fabric of all time.
Upon the darkened web,
was spread the greatest Word of all,
and the truth compared itself to what was not.
Imbalance colored every thread
with selfishness and ego
and once again the Ancient Law took form.
The knots were tied between the two
and naught could set them free
except the one who caused the knots and those
he could not see.
So, what will open blinded eyes and soften harden
heart?
All time will not constrain effects
and karma will not rest.
The old man sulked and schemed, again; alert to the
unwary.
And the little fly was there, again, and rested on the
wall.



In Thoughtful Jest
Chosen and Arranged by Odette Larde



"Sorry, lad, but me pot o' gold is at the other end of the rainbow!"



"The trick is to keep the rainbow directly over the gold."



"ACTUALLY I'M ALL OUT OF GOLD, BUT I COULD GIVE YOU SOME STOCK IN GOOGLE."



Saint Patrick regrets his decision to drive the snakes out of Ireland.

