



QUAREIA—THE INITIATE

Module IX—Working with the Spirits of
the Land

Lesson 8: The Sea

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WELCOME

Welcome to this lesson of the Quareia curriculum.

The Quareia takes a magical apprentice from the beginning of magic to the level of adeptship and beyond. The course has no superfluous text; there is no dressing, no padding—everything is in its place and everything within the course has a good reason to be there.

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So remember—in order for this course to work, it is wise to work with the lessons in sequence. If you don't, it won't work.

Yours,

Josephine McCarthy



QUAREIA—THE INITIATE

Module IX—Working with the Spirits of the Land

Lesson 8: The Sea

The sea's power and its beings tend not to crop up too much in Western magic apart from those branches which deal with nature, folklore, and shamanic-style methods. And yet the sea is a major source of power and consciousness, and it covers more of the planet's surface than the land.

For magicians who live near seas and oceans or who visit the sea often, there are many ways to interact and work magically with the sea. For those of you who do not, simply understanding the sea's inner power and knowing about its beings will fill a hole in your knowledge of how bigger-picture creation and destruction plays out across the whole planet.

Every seafaring or shore-dwelling culture has volumes of stories and mythologies about sea beings, so I do not need to waste time pointing some out: you can do that yourself. Instead, in this lesson, we will look at the sea from a magical perspective to give you a deeper understanding that those mythologies can sit on. We will also look at practical ways to interact magically with the sea, for those with access to it.

Background

Most magic that involves the sea is done on the shoreline, the threshold where sea and land join together; though sometimes in adept magic one works, in vision, in the ocean's very depths and communes with the vast and ancient powers that reside there.

The oceans and seas create, transport, and deliver power in various forms. Whereas the land is fairly stable over a long period of time, the sea is constantly shifting and changing, and it brings in various waves of power and energy directly linked to creation and destruction. It delivers these powers directly up onto the land and also through weather systems. Weather systems and storms act as delivery boys for some of the sea's power, and a basic understanding of its outer mechanism will help you understand its inner aspect—as so often happens, here *inner* and *outer* mirror each other.

Here is a simplified outline of how the sea affects air pressure, which in turn drives weather. As well reading it scientifically, read it in terms of inner power and pressure, and so forth.

The temperature difference between land and sea brings about shifts in air pressure, which in turn brings us sea breezes and sometimes storms. On sunny summer days the sun's rays heat the ground quickly. The sea's surface, however, can absorb more of the sun's rays and so takes longer to warm up. This leads to a temperature difference between the warm land and the cooler sea.

Hot air rises. The hotter air over the warm land rises, dropping the air pressure above land. The air over the colder sea stays cooler and denser, so pressure there is higher than inland. The sea air moves inland to try and equalise the pressure. This gives us sea breezes.

Now think about this in terms of inner power. The power of air is a major component in magic: look at the interplay between land and sea, air pressure and temperature, and the constant dance to find balance (the Fulcrum).

Incidentally, animals and other creatures like spiders can pick up on a drop in air pressure, and some of them will seek shelter, sit, or turn their backs to the approaching wind. Spiders often leave their webs when there the air pressure drops as they know it portends rain or wind. So we can watch these creatures to see what weather is coming.

Larger-scale weather patterns are formed by the same differences in temperature and pressure, together with the planet’s rotation. Because the sea absorbs heat differently from the land, it plays a major role in weather production—for example how rising temperatures encouraging extreme storms. So why is this relevant to magic? Know your planet if you intend to work with it! Know why the wind blows and why the sea plays such a major role in weather, as the outer expressions always have inner expressions too.

Look at the sea’s role in the birth of new lands through volcanic eruption and cooling. Look at its role in the birth of species. Understand how the ocean currents carry water around the planet. Weather in the United Kingdom is a lot warmer than it should be this far north, because of huge sea currents known as the North Atlantic Drift, part of which is the Gulf Stream.

These movements in the oceans are caused by heat and cold, and by levels of salinity. Their disruption can bring catastrophic results. Eleven thousand years ago the North Atlantic Deep Water, a water mass critical to the heat/cold circulation and exchange in the North Atlantic Ocean, shut down as a response to shifts in the global climate. Northwest Europe quickly dropped back to ice age conditions until the system rebalanced itself.

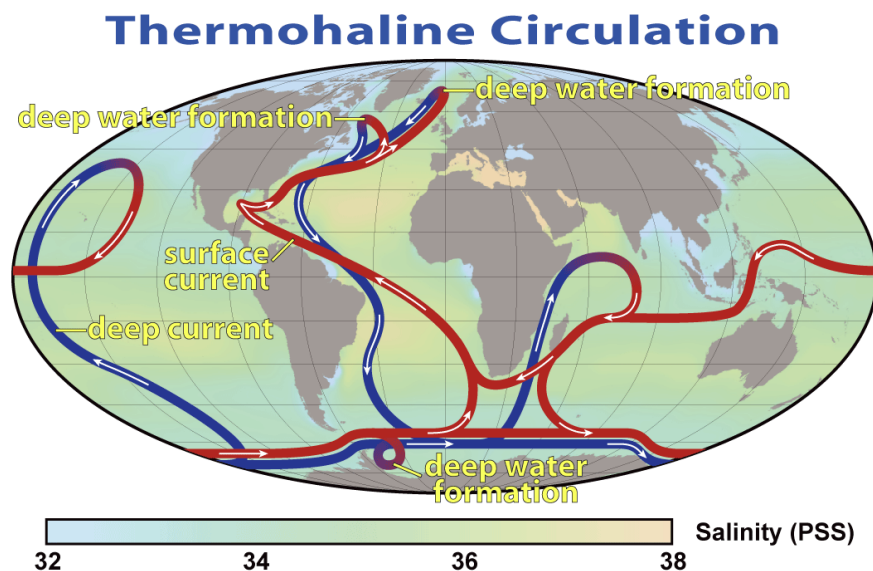


Figure 1: Thermohaline Circulation

Here is a picture of the world’s critical ocean flows that move heat and cold around the planet. Knowing how these flows relate to your country and its weather is important when working magically with the sea. Knowing the circulation of the cold and heat helps you understand

not only the planet's outer flows, but also the ocean's inner flows of power and energy. This knowledge is very necessary if you work in any real depth with sea powers.

Besides this general circulation, particular seas and the wider oceans have many complex currents and flows. Besides all their outer effects, their inner power circulation 'delivers' power and energy from sea to land and from land to sea. When you first start learning about the sea and magical power, knowing the weather patterns and tides helps you understand the personalities of different seas, what they bring, and what they take. You can then use that knowledge to move magic around a world area, to draw power to the land, or to dispense something into the ocean.

So now that you realise just how complex the seas and oceans are, and how vital they are to us for our climate and survival, let's look at the magical and inner aspects of the oceans and seas.

I am no adept at sea magic; however as an adept I have lived by and visited the sea many times, and have worked in the structure of the *Sea Temple*. I have had numerous magical encounters both with the sea's inner consciousness and its inner inhabitants. The best way I can pass on what I have learned is to tell you about some of these encounters, and the magic I worked with in them. I still have a great deal to learn for myself, hence this will not be a 'technical' lesson about sea power but a passing-along of what I have learned so far.

I will outline some of these encounters, then retrospectively reflect on what was happening magically, as some of these encounters happened while I was sit very much a green young magician.

Ireland and Skye

I became aware of the inner aspects of sea consciousness as a child. My father and I used to visit the North Antrim coast, in particular a place called Clochán na bhFomhóraigh, "the stepping stones of the giants" or "the Giant's Causeway." Here is a picture of this astonishing place.

The Giant's Causeway is located on the North Antrim coast of Northern Ireland and was formed from intense volcanic activity in the distant past.

My father used to take me there in the summer sometimes, and it was one of the many places we would visit in Northern Ireland. I



Figure 2: The Giant's Causeway

would spend hours as an excited ten year old exploring the various rock pools and formations, as well as the general landscape, while my father recounted many old Irish tales, including the stories of Fionn mac Cumhaill, a mythical warrior from Laois where my father's family came from. Fionn ('bright' or 'light') is said never to have died: he lies sleeping in a cave, waiting to defend Ireland in her hour of need... sound familiar?

As my father recounted the tales I would lose myself in a world of imagination, hopping from stone to stone and apologising to the creatures in the rock pools if I disturbed them. One day, after a while of stone hopping, I became tired and sat down to look at the sea. She was beautiful, wild, and untamed: I loved her. The sea replied to my adoration, and in my ten year old head I heard "come join us, swim with us, stay with us forever."

For a moment I was tempted, but my father had warned me about putting my feet in the sea there, probably because of the tides, and I declined the invitation. Besides, I did not want to live in the sea, no matter how beautiful she was.

That was my first encounter with the sea's consciousness and the beings that live within it close to shores. As I child I never gave it a second thought, but looking back with what I know now, I narrowly missed death. The sea, particularly on that coastline, is very chatty, and full of beings that I would now class as faery sea beings, as they commune and

act in ways very similar to land faery beings. And the sea there carries an ancient power, long used to interaction with humans, and deity powers flow on along the coast line, constantly trying to interact with humans. Their main theme seems to be asking the human to join them, to dive into the waters and never return.

Fellow magicians of mine have many times come close to death in such encounters. A friend from the USA, a nature magician with very close connections to the sea power, visited the North Antrim coast and stayed with some local magicians—mutual friends. One day they went down to visit the sea. My friend edged herself down to the sea by way of rocks to touch it and commune with its power.

The sea reached out to her in a freak wave and pulled on her, trying to drag her into its dangerous tide and down into its depths. She resisted and survived, but she had a smashed and broken ankle as a result of the tussle. These attempts to pull magical humans into the depths are not aggressive or hostile; it is the shoreline beings' attempt to interact with and befriend those strange human land creatures. And magical people stand out a lot more in energetic terms: we are very visible.

As a child running around on the Isle of Skye in the summer, I was often told an old saying: "if you die in the sea, you stay in the sea." As an eleven year old I thought this rather silly: of course your body stays in the sea if you die there, unless it happens to wash to shore. It was many years later, and out of the blue, that I realised what the old wives' saying probably meant: if you die in the sea then your spirit will stay there, with the sea beings. I think that saying is very true of that area: the sea off Ireland and Scotland is very active in terms of spirits, deities, and strange beings. And if you have a strong ancestral connection to that place then they will very likely perceive you as one of your ancestors and will try to bring you into their space. I have no idea if that happens with other seas around the world.

But it was my first realisation that the sea, like the land, was populated with many different types of beings, and that they will interact with humans in certain places and on certain thresholds.

The Mediterranean: Crete

In my twenties I spent some time by the sea in northern Crete. My first visit there was very magical, even though that was not my plan: I had gone with a girlfriend to celebrate her impending marriage.

From the moment I put my foot on the ground as I stepped off the plane, I *knew* that land: that is the only way I can describe it. Throughout my time there I was assaulted by strong and very mixed emotions that at the time made no sense to me. I had visited a few places in the world by my late twenties, and had never experienced anything like this.

In the early mornings I would get up and go walk along the beach before the tourists gathered. A heavy and strange feeling would grip me every time: loss, despair, joy, and family. I had to have very strong conversations with myself not to slide into a past life drama fantasy—I could have been picking up on emotions left behind by others, or it may have been triggering something deep within me unrelated to the land. But whatever it was, it was strong and in my face.

After a few days of these morning walks I sat looking out over the very calm sea and had a strong, spontaneous vision of a woman walking slowly out of the sea. She stood just on the threshold where the land and sea meet, and seemed to be spilling seeds onto the shoreline. Each seed turned into something: a person, a bird, an animal, and so forth. She then put her head back and made an extraordinary sound, like a call, that brought other animals and people to the shoreline. She gathered them in her arms and vanished back into the sea with them. Just before she vanished she looked back at me as if to say, “did you get that?”

At the time I didn’t. I had no idea as to the meaning of what I had just seen, or indeed who she was. I shook off the vision and tried to shake off the strange feelings, but they hounded me for months after my return home. I dreamed about her and she kept saying “you know who I am,” but I didn’t.

Looking back at this incident brings me to the understanding that when you are young, you often do not make connections in your mind. In my mind, at that young age, everything was in little compartments and I could not link them up. This inability to make the right connections is a normal and natural part of maturing: you join up the dots when they are ready.

At that age I was aware of Isis, the Black Madonna, Nôtre-Dame-de-Ratis, and the sea connection with The three saints Mary Magdalene, Mary Salome, and Mary Jacobe (the three Marys), but I had never stepped back and seen that the whole Mediterranean area had sea goddesses and sea women myths and legends; nor had I seen that these various myths, from different ages and countries, were all describing the same thing.

And it was a few more years before I understood what she had been showing me: this goddess sea power bridged life from the water and also took it back. I decided I wanted to know what it was all about, so one day I walked into the Mediterranean sea in vision to find out for myself. I was still wary of the sea because of my childhood experiences, but I had to know. I thought that what I saw in the vision in Crete had something to do with birth and death, and involved a sea goddess who bridged people when they lived near the sea.

I managed to reach her consciousness in the sea and found that my assumption that she was bridging individuals through birth in death was wrong: she was bridging races or species back and forth. She showed me how the sea's inner power brought changes to a shore that would evolve or diminish the races of beings/creatures/humans that lived on that land. At the time I was still not really getting it, but it gave me something to chew on. In my usual way of boxing things, I presumed this was specific to this sea, and moved on.

In retrospect, I had an encounter with the sea's female consciousness. Its goddess form reflects the long relationship between that power and humanity. This goddess is a threshold power who mediates an inner sea power to bridge creation and destruction.

I have never encountered that type of goddess in the sea around Britain. No matter how hard I have tried to reach it in the sea here, it has just never shown itself in that way. What I eventually took away from that experience was that the threshold between land and sea was a major inner threshold, where creation and destruction is mediated back and forth. The sea is one of many thresholds over which a magician can dispense something ready for destruction, and from which they can draw new lines of consciousness in an act of magical creation.

The Atlantic at Key West, Florida

A few years later I was working on the island of Key West in Florida—I went there a few times to teach. On my first visit a friend took me to the Catholic church of St Mary Star of the Sea, a church with a small grotto in its grounds.

In 1919 a category four hurricane made a direct hit on the island and killed six hundred people. Shortly after, Sister Louis Gabriel, one of the local nuns, was told in a vision that if a grotto to Mary was built and

kept up then no other hurricane would directly hit the island. In 1922 the grotto was built and dedicated to Mary Star of the Sea. The grotto has been maintained ever since, and the locals visit it regularly. Once a year they process to the grotto, light candles, and pray to Mary to protect the island.

At first, when I went to the grotto, my attitude was “how quaint.” I thought that transplanting a Middle Eastern Christian deity onto an island far away would have no impact. Yes, I know, I was arrogant as well as stupid. I did not, at that time, connect her with the ancient sea goddess I had encountered in Crete, or think past and beyond the Christian Mary mythos, for indeed her power and presence is far older than Christianity. As I left the grotto a voice whispered to me “honour me, and recognise me.” It was a powerful whisper and shook me deeply. I returned to the grotto, realising that the power that had spoken to the nun, the power that guarded the island, was deep, ancient, and demanded recognition.

Because she manifested there as Mary I knelt and recited the rosary to her. As I left once more there was another faint whisper: “remember me.” It rattled me, but I was still too immature to join the dots and understand what I was interacting with and what she wanted.

The following year I returned to the island, visited the grotto, and continued my work. While I was on the island I had a powerful vision that, in a later discussion there with an archaeologist, I discovered to have been partly inner vision and partly seeing a little-known historical event: the coastal sea burial of slaves killed in a shipwreck. A beautiful and powerful goddess rose from the sea and gathered in her arms the dead that had been placed on rafts and floated out on the tide. She was an African-looking goddess with long, thick black hair, and flames danced on the water all around her.

She had the same feeling, the same power, as the sea goddess I had come across years earlier in Crete. Slowly I was beginning to understand that this power stretched from the Mediterranean and northwest African coast to the eastern coast of the Americas. In the Yoruba tradition she is known as Yemoja or Yemaya, the sea goddess, a powerful and primal goddess of the power of creation. So why was she turning up in Key West?

The obvious answer is that her image and knowledge was carried to the Americas by the people of West Africa who were captured and sold into slavery. But I think there is more to it than that. Ocean currents run from the West African coast to the area around the Florida Keys and Mexican Gulf: it is all her territory. The ocean current is part of her, and

her stolen children carried her name and memory with them.

Keeping her in mind, I dived into the sea in vision to explore and try to connect with this power. I could not reach her. Instead I was confronted by a group of ‘children’ weaving beneath the sea. They played with the weave, like cat’s cradle, then released it: it turned into wind, then hurricanes. I touched one of the ‘children’ in vision to try and get a sense of what they were.

What I touched did not feel like a child, but rather a very old, strange being. The child image was visual vocabulary reflected back at me to say “we are small beings,” i.e. like faery beings, with no physical body. I watched the ‘children’ play this game of release, and I followed the pattern as it turned into a force within the sea that in turn triggered a huge storm. Slowly I started to realise that these beings were the sea version of land spirits that affected the weather, the land, the creatures, and so forth.

Sadly it was time for me to leave the island and I did not have chance to pursue this enquiry further, but it was the first time that I truly understood that the sea holds many different sea spirits who all do particular things, just as the land spirits do. That opened the way for me to begin trying to connect with these different and very varied beings in different seas around the world.

In Britain I never did find a goddess in the sea, though I did find one on the threshold; but I certainly found a male power, one very similar to the Greek understanding of Poseidon. I also discovered that if I first made contact with the ‘deity’ sea power then the sea spirits would not try to take me. It seemed to shift something in the interactions, and I could then swim in vision down into the depths to commune with the sea beings and also interact with them on the shoreline.

The North Pacific: Point Reyes

Shortly after working in Key West I moved to Point Reyes National Seashore in Northern California. I made a habit of visiting the sea three or four times a week, and sometimes daily, just walking along the beach in the early morning, and sometimes sitting and communing with the sea.

I tried to reach out for the ‘sea goddess’ but didn’t find her; nor did I find any humanoid being, or anything even remotely like a spirit that

took on anthropomorphic form. I tried different levels of contact. I tried offering fires to the ocean spirit at the sea edge, something common in Europe. I tried offering gifts, and I tried visions. The one thing that got a response was song and uttering to the sea standing on the water's edge.

I was never able to see anything in any visionary context, but the gift of sound was very well received and opened channels of communication to the spirits that lived in the sea around that coast. The first wave of communication was very much about anger: they were very angry at humans about something. In retrospect it was probably underwater nuclear blasts, pollution, and trash dumping.

They asked me to stop humans doing that, and I had to explain that I did not have the power to: I could only offer apologies on my species' behalf (which were not accepted), song, and words. I also let my heart speak to them, in magical terms, and slowly a friendship was built. They warned me of dangerous storms coming, they asked for drops of my blood, which I gave them, and in return they gave me gifts from the sea in the form of beautiful shells, bits of pottery, bones, and so forth.

Then one day on the eve of a storm I visited the sea and stood in the shallows. I watched whales as they swam north, their children beside them, and I sang to the children, wishing them health, strength, and survival. When I had finished, before I turned to leave, I got a very strong message: "leave and never return." I was heartbroken. I loved the sea and it had become my special place. I reached out and asked why. Had I offended them?

The message that came back was "no, the message was sent in friendship. Danger is coming, a tide of death will lap against the shore over and over again, an inner tide that will bring destruction to everything in its path." They put an image in my mind—something that had not happened before in this relationship—of a slow, creeping redness within the sea that slowly crept up the shore onto the land. The redness slowly brought death and destruction to everything in its path. I was horrified. I thought it would be a one-off event that would destroy everything, so I went home to do some readings to try and make sense of what I was picking up on.

The readings did show a slow tide of death coming from the sea, but over a long period of time. Though it was not yet physically manifest, it was coming. I could not get a fix on when it would begin, only that the inner pattern was about to unfold. It was then I learned about how inner tides of destruction set themselves in patterns and how, no matter how long that pattern took to physically manifest, getting trapped in the

inner pattern would eventually trap you in the outer one. I had to get out of that area before I became part of the pattern. Out of curiosity, I did readings to look at what my life would be like over the next few years if I stayed: it was not good at all.

As is always the case in magical lives, very shortly after that incident fate moved me on, inland and up into the California mountains, away from the pattern forming on the coast. To this day I still have no idea what it was about, but recently, when I was putting the Quareia Magician's Deck through its paces to see what it could do, I did a reading for that coastline. Destruction is still showing, and in the Landscape layout it is still in the position of the Inner Temple/Inner Worlds: the pattern is set, and will express itself physically when ready.

I hope this shows you that, besides making friends in strange places, working with these land and sea beings can also teach you a great deal about inner processes. Not only did this experience, and similar other ones, teach me about the spirits, but it also taught me about how patterns are formed, how they stay on thresholds until the timing and outer pattern of fate come together, and how some apparently one-off events can actually have a very long-term accumulative effect. When that destruction outs itself physically, either as a seemingly one-off event or as a massive, world changing one, it will keep unfolding its destruction for generations.

I used that series of experiences over twenty years ago to begin a long-term learning process about fate, patterns, creation, and destruction. One step leads to the next until the experiences and understandings open out in a major long-term learning curve.

The UK's North Devon coast

Britain's North Devon and Cornwall coastline is a very special place for magical interaction with the sea powers and the threshold between the sea and the land. Like Northern Ireland's North Antrim coast, here the sea spirits are very immediate, communicative, and powerful.

Unlike the Antrim coast they do not seem to want to pull humans into the sea, rather they seem to enjoy human interaction while leaving the humans themselves on land. But that is not to say that the sea there is tame; it is anything but. Here we have dragon power, giants, and sea spirits that communicate through the wind that flows off the sea.

I first visited this coastline as an adult in 2011. By this time I was fifty, had a good run of magic under my belt, and had had a few powerful encounters with various seas that I could draw on in terms of experiences. It was a wild day with high seas, a bracing wind, and strong sunlight. I went with a friend to a small nationally-protected beach, and we bounced down an unmade road and through a wood with springs, surrounded by wild flowers and old gnarled trees. We passed a sacred spring on the road: a holy well aside an old, crumbling church, and stopped to pay our respects.

The beach itself is rocky, with lots of volcanic outcrops, small caves, and tide pools: it is beautiful. But it was the power that I noticed first: the volcanic dragon power is very present there, and its energies are strong and immediate.

I decided to tread carefully, and my first act was to go to the edge of the waves and let them flow around my legs while I introduced myself and reached out for any contact. At first just the wind blew harder and the waves grew deeper, but nothing in terms of communication that my inner senses could detect. I waited, and finally I had a strong sense of “pick me up.”

I looked around for the communication’s source and could see nothing. The sense came again, this time stronger: “pick me up!” I looked around, and right by my feet was an odd-shaped black stone that the waves had pushed to my feet. It was about the size of my palm, and when I picked it up and had a good look at it I saw it was female in shape, with breasts, long swirling hair, and a very distinct face.

I dried her and rubbed her, and again the voice came: “put me in the cave with the water.” My first thought was, *huh?* I looked around and sure enough there was a little cave in the cliff side. I went in and right at the back was a small dribble of fresh spring water collecting in a naturally-formed basin on the back wall. I washed her in the spring water and only then noticed the small recess in the rock wall, just big enough to stand her in. So I put her in the recess, and the spring water flowed over her and into the basin.

“Now drink.”

Again the voice pushed clearly into my head. So I cupped a bit of the water and drank it.

“Now go away.”

I was a bit put out by the abruptness, but I had done what was asked

of me, and now she wanted to be alone in the peace of the cave. I came out and looked at my friend: what the hell was all that about? I wandered around the rock pools and climbed over the outcrops. The energy that flowed straight out of the rock was amazing. It was then I began to be aware of being watched from the sea.

Out of the corner of my eye I kept seeing heads pop up, then vanish, and with them came a sense of playfulness and magical contact. When I looked carefully, it was a group of seals, curious as to what we were doing. Jokingly I said hello to them using my outer and inner voice, and was shocked when they answered back with inner voices. So I went back to the sea's edge, to try and reach into the sea using inner vision to see what else was there. I got a strong sense of the shoreline being full of spirits and creatures, yet could not see them in vision. I did not want to push the contact and intrude, so I just said thanks. As I turned to go, a huge wave caught me, which came along with a strong gust of wind.

But instead of it pulling me out to sea, it just soaked me. It also filled me with an immense sense of vigour and energy. I felt like someone had put a new set of batteries into me, and I was full of inner and outer strength. I thanked the sea, and as I walked away, once more I heard an inner voice; "thank you, and come back to visit us."

I had no idea what they were thanking me for; they had given me so much on that first visit. But that night I had a strong magical dream. I was talking to the Goddess of the Cave that I visit in the Underworld, but it was the cave on the shore of the beach where I had just visited. She sat in a stone chair fashioned out of the rock face, and water flowed all around her.

I asked her whether she was a sea goddess around that coast and she said no, she was of the land where the sea touches it. She showed me some sea spirits, but I could not understand what I was seeing: I could not connect with the vision of those spirits, nor understand how I would interact with them. The goddess answered that I was not of the sea, and therefore would never really understand the spirits there: I was a mountain girl. But she told me that my visit had been appreciated, and to go back often. And I still do.

So why is it useful to have looked over these stories, what can an initiate gain from them in terms of magical knowledge? I think magicians in training need to realise that adeptship does not give you all the answers; it gives you the *tools to ask the right questions*. And seeing how a magical person over a span of forty years interacted with part

of our planet, a part that I am not particularly aligned to, is helpful. It shows how contact with land and sea spirits is not about knowing names, features, or secret spells, but about going to that land feature and trying to communicate in whatever way seems most appropriate at the time.

This is a natural, poetic, and disorganised way to reach out to spirits—the right approach for nature beings who are not systematised, well organised in human terms, or predictable. Nature’s forces are powerful indeed and cannot be constrained or controlled, and the spirits who flow through them are the same. You cannot ‘bind them to your will’ or trap them, control them, or organise them: they are what they are, and as magical humans the best we can do is to learn how they affect us, how we can communicate with them, and how we can be a valuable, or at least useful, part of that extended family.

Some of those stories may seem whimsical or bordering on the romantic, but have no illusions as to the power behind these contacts: these beings are powerful beyond our understanding and have no particular love of humans: their respect has to be earned. But they are willing to commune, and interact, with those who respect them and are willing to be ‘of true heart’ with them. Throughout my interactions with land beings and particularly with sea beings, I was constantly aware of the danger I was putting myself in, and aware of how they could take my life so easily if they wished.

And that takes me to something that you will look at a lot in the next module, which is to learn as a magician to not react to unnecessary fear. If you are governed by fear then you will not be able to progress in magic. Better to understand what fear is and why it is an important human emotion, for it keeps you safe, but to learn to react as a magician from a place of stillness and respect. Fear can be useful as a limiter and warning system, but it can also paralyse us and trigger an aggressive or flight response within us. The key is to *use* fear as a radar for power that could threaten you, but as a magician you must bypass the normal *reaction* to fear, and act from a place of healthy respect, intelligence, and care. A magician who *acts* from a place of fear in any situation will never be able to penetrate the adept Mysteries.

The stories of some of my experiences with the sea will also outline to you a process of contact that can develop, how subtle things can expand and grow over time, and how to learn to listen to the voices of nature that surround us. Often these fleeting contacts seem meaningless or pointless, when in fact they are powerful stepping stones for us in the pattern of the magical world we live in. Each encounter I had with the sea, from the tender age of ten on, was a stepping stone or a jigsaw piece

that slowly, over time, laid down layers of contact and understanding. And each encounter was an introduction of sorts that laid the path for the next encounter. Sometimes these brief, seemingly simple encounters are in fact major connections in a fate pattern.

For example, my experience in north Devon with the black stone and the cave was a major junction point in a fate pattern, and also a wider magical pattern for that area. Yet at the time it was so simple, and it didn't feel like anything particularly powerful was happening. It was only after the dream, and after months of reflection, that I began to understand what had happened. I used divination to see what that was all about, and the readings confirmed my suspicions. I had been at the right place, at the right time, to do a simple magical act that triggered a much wider pattern.

Picking up the woman-shaped black stone and placing it in the cave with the fresh water spring was a deeply magical act, one I should have recognised at the time, but didn't—I was in clueless mode. It was a tiny catalyst that completed a magical circuit which restored a powerful magical pattern that runs across the land: the female divine power of the black stone placed in the cave below the earth at a threshold between water and earth. By now you should all know the magical implications of this. To the inner spirits of the threshold between sea and land it was a major service; to a human it was nothing of any difficulty.

Through these simple acts major magical doors are opened, connections are made, and friendships are forged. To this day, when I return to that beach, I am greeted like an old friend, I am told of the weather coming, they give me strength and an energy boost, and they warn me of any dangers around me that they perceive. In return I always ask if there is anything I can do, and so far I am always told “no, you have already done it, thank you.”

So I hope my tales have given you something to think about, and ideas or guidance in how to flow naturally with these sea and shore spirits, and how interactions can develop.

Task: Building up a communion with sea spirits

If you live by or near the sea then pick a spot, see where you are drawn to, and visit there fairly regularly to trigger, then build, a communion with the spirits that flow onto the sea shore and the shallows near the land.

Keep a journal of your experiences, no matter how inconsequential they may seem at the time.

Task: Vision work

Also attempt to flow into the sea in vision, to swim down into the depths and make contact with the powers that reside deeper in the seas and oceans. Again, keep records of your work.

If you do not live near the sea and cannot get to it, but nevertheless would like to explore this aspect of communion with sea spirits, then go in vision to the seashore, either flying there or through the Inner Library. If you fly there, and therefore stay in this realm, then you are more likely to get a direct nature contact. If you go through the Inner Library then you are more likely to cross paths with the sea deities and the deeper Sea Temple powers that reside in the sea and affect species, humanity, and civilisations. The Sea Temple is not really a temple so much as a naturally formed pattern of consciousness that has been enhanced by human contact over time: it is a bit like the sea's Inner Library.

Using this method you can reach very ancient lines of human-type consciousness far removed from modern man but deeply linked to us. I have had some interesting experiences working this way, and it has helped me understand the far distant roots of magic from which our current magical waves flow. Record every detail, no matter how small, as you will be surprised as to how your understanding changes over time.

Module Summary

We are coming to the end of the initiate training, and this was the last module where you will be introduced to a particular aspect of magic in nature so that you can make contact and learn how to work in tandem with the spirits that flow through our planet's various features.

The next module is the magical preparation for adepthood, after which the course changes gear: it moves more towards applying and developing knowledge rather than gathering, practising, or understanding it.

Even though this course is long and detailed, it still only scratches the surface of these areas of magic. You will find vast areas and layers through your own experimentation, exploration, and direct experience. When you learn something in a lesson, it is up to you to take that one percent of knowledge and find the other ninety-nine for yourself by doing, adapting, exploring, and expanding on something you have learned.

And don't forget, in many areas of this course you are shown or told to do something once or twice, after which it falls on you to continue and develop that line of work. Your hand is never held, and you are never spoon-fed. This comes into sharp focus in the adept section, where you will be far more responsible for the upkeep and development of your own work.

QUAREIA

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