**65. My initiation into a High Priest of Wicca.**

**Wednesday, June 5, 2013**

**[My initiation into a High Priest of Wicca.](http://www.grandorderofdracoslayers.blogspot.com/2013/06/my-initiation-into-high-priest-of-wicca.html)**

I get many questions about the tradition of Wicca I inherited. While the tradition of Wicca I practice, and teach are not part of the G.O.O.D.S tradition officially, it comes from the same mentor, and they are extremely complementary to one another. I am working on some memoirs, and organizing my linage for future endeavors. This is a sampling of what my initiation into a 3rd Degree High Priest of Wicca looked like. You will notice that it is profoundly different from that found in books, or the experiences typically had by others. Some future editing may be needed, but its good for right now.   
  
"I awoke with a start early on the third morning of my initiation. I felt the earth begin to shake, but it may have been just been a dream. The sun's rays where barely visible on the horizon, and I looked up to see my mentor's sword still dangling above my head. The sword hung from a thin braiding of red, black, and white threads, tied to a branch on a gnarled Hawthorne tree. Should the sword fall during my initiation, it may signify that the God, or the Goddess where displeased in someway, and a divination would need to be cast to identify the cause of their displeasure, and deciphered what appeasements, if any, could be made so I might continue.   
  
The fire was reduced to mere embers, and I was so numb from the cold, I had lost almost all feeling in my body. I struggled just to sit up, forcing my self to open, and close my hands frantically to get blood flowing in my arms again. After several minutes of vigorous rubbing my upper body, and legs, enough blood was once again circulating that I could crawl over to the dying fire to try blowing life back into it. The fire responded, and a weak flame emerged from the glowing char. I positioned myself so that was on my hands, and knees over what fire I could muster out of the the ashes. I finally got warm enough that I could stand, and start looking for twigs or branches that might have fallen from the tree on to the ground.   
  
At no time was I ever to break branches, or twigs off the Hawthorn tree. The Hawthorn was the Great Goddess, her conduit into my initiation. The fire was the Great God, and his conduit into my initiation. They alone would decide if I was to be warm, or not. More then a few times during my nine day initiation, both the fire, and the tree spoke to me on several occasions in distinct, audible voices.   
  
My camp was contained within a circle stones, all blessed by my mentor. Under no circumstances was I to leave the perimeter of those blessed stones, unless my mentor directed me too. In the last days of my initiation, I experienced wildly lucid visions of a mountain lion stalking around my circle, and a whole herd of horses stampeding towards me. All tricks, and illusions weaved by the fey, and other nature spirits to test me. These phantoms would dissipate into mist just before passing through this magical barrier. I held my position with the boundary with stalwart conviction.   
  
Every morning I made a small blood offering with a razor blade, no more than a few drops to the Goddess, and the God, on at the roots of the tree, and into the fire. This was a thank you for facilitating my initiation, and offering me protection. Blood offerings are typically frowned upon in contemporary Wicca, but they are essential in the tradition I inherited, albeit rare. I would also give incantations to the Ancient Ones, the nature spirits, my ancestors, and the keeper of the crossroads; not only for the parts they played in getting me here, but for their aid in getting me through this.   
  
I wore only a pair of khaki shorts, with a dark red canvas cloak, which seconded as a blanket. My body was filthy, covered in dirt, blood, and bruises. I had a mouth guard to protect my teeth during the grueling physical trials I had to engage in, and now, I proudly wore the horned crown which I earned the day prior in one such physical contest.   
  
I looked over at the small black chest sitting snugly at the roots of the Hawthorn tree. Within the chest was an envelope containing a couple grand in cash. I was told by my mentor, the money was loaned, entrusted to me, by various members of my coven. That was money that the needed for rent, medical bills, and car payments. I was given the impression that many coven members would suffer should that chest be stolen. I was ready to defend it with my life.   
  
The money served as bait, an incentive for individuals my mentor had recruited to risk injury in attempting to steal it from me. I was to be like the bull protecting his herd, the rooster watching over the hen house. Wearing the horned crown makes one responsible for the physical, and spiritual well being of his coven, and that meant I had a duty to ferociously defend their means of comfort, and survival.   
  
From sunrise to sunset a group of four men made their attempts at stealing the small black chest from the roots of the Hawthorn tree. My mentor had issued them a few rules. Absolutely no weapons of any kind. No sticks, no stones, no nothing, but their bodies, and clever schemes. Also, there was to be no more then two of them inside my circle at any given time. Should these rules be broken, the offender, or offenders, would be disqualified from the contest, and the chest, if stolen, would be returned. I latter I would learn learn my mentor, and a few of his friends, watched a short distance away, armed with loaded rifles, ready to enforce that forfeiture policy.   
  
In the beginning, these four men employed brute force tactics, each simply trying to strong arm the chest away from me. This failed, as I had no problems manhandling them individually, often a trail of blood marked their exiting trajectory. After that methodology failed, the four decided the solo approach wasn't going to work. Promising to split the money evenly, they broke up into teams of two, and advanced on me with a dual pronged attack.   
  
Now that I was outnumbered, my response needed to change. I could no longer stand toe to toe, facing them head on. I fell upon the chest, clutching it tightly in my arms, and covering it with my body. I was savagely punched, kicked, and grappled, but I proved too hard a nut to crack. In the midst of all the pummeling it was starting to become clear that I was a rock they where breaking themselves against, and they where much worse for wear then I.   
  
I had successful invoked the spirit of the the wild bull, the staunch stag, the frenzied boar, and conquering lion.   
  
The four did not last the day, and sometime after noon, surrendered the prize, crawling home disgraced to lick their many wounds,   
  
I was granted victory by my mentor, and given the opportunity to rest. In the cool of the evening my mentor appeared with a hot meal, herbs, and ointments, beer, and red wine. The wine was probably laced with hallucinogens, and I faded into a strange sleep already being visited with swirling visions of being half man, and half animal.   
  
However, all that was yesterday. This morning, I was to earn my sword.   
  
My mentor stood at the circle of stones, with a bowl of oatmeal, and water. He called me over to examine my injuries. Each of the nine days he would ask if I wished to continue, and each day he received a defiant, “no”, in my reply.   
  
We then discussed, and recorded my dreams, and visions, into a book. A book that would latter be presented to me as a new Book of Shadows on the completion of my initiation.   
  
My mentor lead me out of the circle, and silently marched me into a wooded area. As we entered, we came to a clearing. I could see a tall pyramidal rock pile, and top the pile was a sword thrust into the stones.   
A group of men bared my path. Most I recognized as friends of my mentor, however, a group of three men, standing off to the side, I did not recognize. Each of them was as big, or bigger then myself. All decorated with with messy blue-black prison tattoos  
  
One of my mentor's companions came running up behind us, and handed the small black chest from the roots of the Hawthorn tree to my mentor.   
  
My mentor leaned in towards me, and whispered that he has been supplying these men with methamphetamine, and cheap hookers since the night before last. He had promised them even more methamphetamine, and better looking hookers if they could prevent me from earning me sword. My mentor then opened the box, took the cash out the envelope, and flourished the money in front of them. Their eyes, already wide, got even wider, and they began to pace, and jitter like hungry dogs. My mentor told them, that whoever among them personally defeated me, won all the cash. Big crazed smiles appeared across their faces, and with wild angry eyes, they settled their focus on me.   
  
I was to face all three of them in one on one ritual combat.   
  
The fight would last until on of us, was no longer able, or willing to continue. The fight would be an anything goes battle, except for the use of weapons, groin shoots, or eye gouging. My mentor then instructed them to decided who would face me first, as my mentor's posse encircled us, each brandishing their rifles, and promising to make sure the rules of this ritual combat where enforced.  
  
I met each one. I kept my hands up, and let the all meth, and greed make them stupid. I would throw the occasional jab to rile them up, baiting them to get crazy, and tire themselves out with wild swings. When I saw my opening I wrestled them to the ground, and applying painful grappling holds, I forced their surrender.   
  
My mentor told them that he would still honor his promise of drugs, and hookers, but only if they where to leave immediately, and not be a bother. They agreed, and where escorted off the property by an entourage of armed men.   
  
I bounded up the rock pile to claim my sword. A piece of parchment had been impaled through the blade, on it was written, “Behold the once, and future king!”. I ripped the sword from the rocks, and waiving it overhead, I announced my triumph with a thunderous victory roar.   
  
What followed next was an extremely private moment between my mentor, and myself. To be truly worthy of this sword, I needed to wound both myself, and him with the blade. This acted ensured that I understood the power I now wielded, and in blood, signified I understood the consequences for its misuse.   
  
My mentor, and I walked back to me camp. I discovered an actual bed, complete with canopy, had been set up. My mentor's sword had also be removed from the Hawthorn tree. I sat resting under the tree, and tending to the fire, as I watched the skies darken, and the stars make their appearance. That night, as I always do, I magically aligned myself with the North Star, using a secret ritual my mentor taught me to ensure that my astral body never becomes lost. The bed felt so good, that I was asleep near the moment my body settled on it.   
  
Sometime in the night, I stirred from sleep to the sound of a sweet, haunting voice calling my name. I opened my eyes to see a very attractive woman, and member of my coven standing in front of me. She was naked except for the sacred symbols drawn on her body, and her hair was adorned with the small white flowers from the Hawthorn tree.   
  
She was in a dreamlike trance, taken over of the dryad of the tree. She carried with her a chalice, and told me that my actions in defending the small black chest, and claiming the crown, and sword of a King had aroused her. Now that I possessed the sword, it was time for me to to use it, to preform the Great Rite with her in the presence of the Ancient Ones; to unite lance, and grail as God, and Goddess.   
  
She directed me out of bed, and to a basin filled with salt water, essential oils, and with a wash cloth. She assisted me in washing away the dirt, blood and grim from off my body.   
  
There under the starry sky, the branches of the Hawthorn tree, and by the light of the fire, she preformed the rite of Drawning Down the Sun, invoking the God within me. For the rest of the night we made love, as God, and Goddess, over, and over again. With each climax, my semen was collected, and kept in the chalice.   
  
In the cool of the early morning, we stood naked, and bathed ourselves in the first rays of sunlight. We made an offering of my semen, along with my blood, and sweat rung out from the wash cloth, and mixed into the chalice; as a Holy Eucharist, to the God, and Goddess, the Ancient Ones, and the nature spirits.  
  
I watched the dreamlike trance fade from her eyes; the Goddess, and the dryad relinquishing their hold over her, as the sun climbed into prominence. I carried her back to the bed, and watched over her as she slept. I, being overcome by all the otherworldly beauty, and influence of the night that had passed, coupled with the many hurts I had incurred over the past days, started to weep.   
  
My mentor appeared not long after the sun had risen. He congratulated me for completing the first leg of my initiation, and that I was now a full High Priest, ready to begin the next step of my hero's journey. I had freely given of the four great substances of a man; blood, sweat, semen, and tears. It was the proper shedding of these four great substances that had paid the price for my admittance into the greater mysteries of Hoof, and Horn, and Vine, and Grain.   
  
Together my mentor, and I walked out of that circle of stones, and he led me deeper into the sacred wisdom then I had ever been before. "  
  
-Uncle Bearheart