

Lesley Bellis saw John and two of his brothers, under cover of darkness, trudging through the mud to a place which by her description, had to be Bride's Mound, taking with them ritual paraphernalia. Other researchers and myself have the feeling that a faceless, sinister and very powerful magical organisation operated under the cover of the Reformation and exploited the circumstances in order to destroy (on the physical plane only) a magical order which it saw as a rival and a serious threat. It seems unlikely that Cromwell and his agents were members of this mysterious organisation but they were certainly used by it and one does not know what forms of coercion and blackmail may have been employed. Cromwell himself went to the block the following year, fallen from favour and having outlived his usefulness.

Such a scenario would explain the oddly ritualised and sacrificial nature of the Tor executions, which as Geoffrey Ashe points out in his book *King Arthur's Avalon*, constituted a hideous parody of a passion play from the Middle Ages. Why after all, make heavy horses drag men spreadeagled on hurdles up such a painfully long, steep, muddy slope in the pitiless, howling Tor wind on a late Autumn day? Surely an execution staged in the town centre could have had a more intimidating effect upon the populace via making an example of the three robbers as the authorities finally labelled them.

The fact that Abbot Whiting often insisted upon the personal supervision of fairly routine financial transactions may indicate a lack of trust in John's efficiency as a treasurer. Perhaps he also disapproved of what John did in his spare time in the George and at other places. The covert group had links with similar ones across the channel. Madeleine, John's visiting priestess was in fact an underground priestess of Mary Magdalene from Provence who safely returned home before the full fury of the storm broke. Although the Great Work endlessly drove him on he seems to have been a life-loving man who was fond of a drink. (His ruddy complexion, as seen by me psychically, may relate to this.) To contact his order today and to work (again) with Madeleine and the mob (as I now affectionately term them) is to experience a great sense of solidarity. Exciting things are happening. Although brutally wiped off the physical plane, the order never ceased to exist and continued to work on the inner planes and I am grateful for the fact that it saw fit to contact me. I am honoured to be reunited with this *brave company of shadows* to use a lovely term borrowed from Alison Uttley's book *A Traveller in Time*. I now know three other members are reincarnated and *back*. The Mary Magdalene current, too, is very much on the up. The stage is set for the return of Glaston's half forgotten saint/Goddess – estranged bride, lover, healer and Goddess of vines, gardens and good times, whose early suppression seems to have robbed the religion named after her husband of so much of its joy and balance. May the Lady bring wholeness and healing in her wake. Wellesley Tudor Pole once spoke of a time when the chalice would replace the Calvary cross as Christianity's symbol. When this happens I believe, we shall know that Magdalene is *really* back. Judging by the number of Glastonbury folk to whom I have talked who have experienced visions of and contact with the Lady in electric blue, she is well on her way. Good on ya, girl! Keep at it.

Space does not permit me to relate here what the secret order was actually doing. To do so would take a whole book and has done so. For readers wishing to know more of this and my own



*Portrait of Madeleine, priestess of Mary Magdalene and John's working partner, psychically received by Nick Ashron in November 1995*

remembered part, a volume entitled *The Circle and the Square* (referring to the motif with a profound hidden meaning which John carved into his chairs' back panels), will be published later this year by Capall Bann. This book tells of my experiences and those of others during four and a half years' questing in Glastonbury: a strange tale indeed. Having given a few talks in the town trailing the book I have been amazed and delighted to find several disparate strands of its material have already been psychically picked up by a number of Avalonian residents, so this at least demonstrates that it's not *just me*.

Is this article's sub-title flippant? Of course it is. I don't like taking myself over-seriously and why not chuck in the odd laugh? From what I know of John, my former self, he too had a sense of humour – rather a dry one actually. The odd joke does not show that I do not take the material seriously, nor does it indicate lack of respect for those concerned – Goddess forbid! With reference to the subtitle, John after all, does seem to have found some interesting ways of spending his spare time.

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