



## 2. Epiphany

Here on the beach the waves break  
And beat out the cadence of soul and seed  
Near, far, wherever you are  
I feel you calling to me

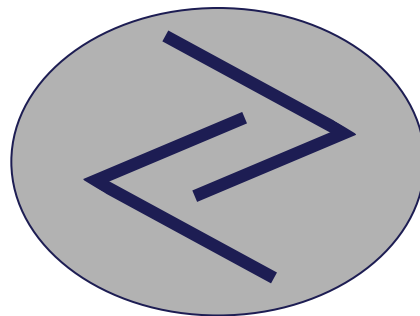
Desire  
Bread will seek fire  
And blood will seek the sea  
In love, planets above meet and part endlessly

The King is come, the world sings  
Gather your three gifts and go to him  
Near, far, wherever you are  
I feel you calling to me

The bed is cold, the fire is old  
Love is a cairn of stone  
I mourn for a while, beside the pile  
Then I follow the star back home

Where is the spirit of this place?  
It lives when people come face to face  
Near, far, wherever you are  
I feel you calling to me

Nourish the mysteries year by year  
A secret communion for all to share  
Harvest them all for god's delight  
And offer yourself to the feast of life



*Jera*, the Rune of Harvest



What is the purpose of life? How do we find meaning? For me, deep meaning comes when magical events occur: our life paths are pre-marked for us, I believe, by epiphanies and synchronicities, set out along the way. These experiences constitute a harvest for the soul – they feed us on a deep spiritual level.

But what is the deeper purpose of these mystical experiences? Do they have importance, beyond what we give them individually, in the greater scheme of things?

I like to imagine that the delight we feel when we have mystical experiences is mirrored, somehow, in the spiritual realm: that our individual communions somehow feed the gods. That by realizing our own individual destinies we, ourselves, nourish the Divine.