

A DEVOTIONAL ZINE CURATED BY DANI BURLISON & ALYSSA ROSE



HEKATE

QUEEN OF THE CROSSROADS





O

rphic Hymn to Ækátî (Hekate)

Call Ækáîi of the Crossroads,
worshipped at the meeting of three paths,
oh lovely one.

In the sky, earth, and sea,
you are venerated in your
saffron-colored robes.

Funereal Daimôn,
celebrating among the souls
of those who have passed.
Persian, fond of deserted places,
you delight in deer.

Goddess of night,
protectors of dogs,
invincible Queen.

Drawn by a yoke of bulls,
you are the queen who
holds the keys to all the Kósmos.

Commander, Nymph,
nurturer of children,
you who haunt the mountains.

Pray, Maiden,
attend our hallowed rituals;

Be forever gracious
to your mystic herdsman
and rejoice in our
gifts of incense.

A Brief Interview with Cyndi Brannen, PhD, psychologist and author of numerous books including: "Keeping Her Keys: An Introduction to Hekate's Modern Witchcraft" and "Entering Hekate's Cave: The Journey Through Darkness to Wholeness."

1. It feels like society is standing at the crossroads with some huge collective decisions to make about the world we want to live in. How can folks engage with or otherwise work with Hekate as we move further into uncharted territory? Do you have any personal thoughts about how she can help us—either individually or collectively—at this moment in time?

Hekate is truly a goddess for the turbulent times in which we live, both at the global level and in our private lives. She abides at all transitions, whether entrances to physical structures or energetic shifts in the web of the universe. Her many ancient titles and roles testify to this, from her placement at household shrines to statuary at boundaries within cities and towns, to epithets that describe her as "Earth Cleaver," and "Gate Crasher." There is a thrum in the vibrational essence of our planet that corresponds to her powers. We know, somewhere

deep inside, that the jig is up. Humanity has laid waste to our planet, the structures which uphold the systems that lead to this are crumbling. The planet herself is pushing back, with a ferocity that summons the epithet of Brimo, a sort of unbridled rage. Additionally, Hekate is very much associated with the deeper world of magick and mystery, which is sorely lacking with any authenticity in the mainstream. We can feel disempowered, bewildered, and anxious about the state of the world and how it impacts our personal lives.



Turning to magick and mystery can help us return to our center, enhance self efficacy, and, perhaps most of all, show us that there is a way through this mess. Hekate's strong presence in our minds, dreams, and uncanny synchronicities, teaches us that she offers guidance, protection, and connection.

In *Keeping Her Keys: An Introduction to Hekate's Modern Witchcraft*, I described these times like this: We can interpret this as the age of the Holy Darkness, the time when the Divine Feminine (including Hekate) is reclaiming their position in the lives of their chosen, but also in a shift in society. Using Holy Darkness to describe this time is fitting because of the imagery of Hekate as the Torchbearer shining Her light along our way, with the moon also shining upon us. The moon is the symbol of feminine energy, too. The Holy Darkness extends to the entire age that we are living in. I feel the tremendous interest in devotion to Hekate right now reflects Her rise to energetic prominence that we are currently experiencing. Her Holy Darkness is spreading all over the world – across cultures, languages, genders, etc. I can't explain it, but I can feel it. Modern Hekatean Witchcraft has emerged just when it's most needed. It's almost as though Hekate guided us to create it to meet the growing need for teaching of new initiates and for healing ourselves and the world. I'm offering up this book as a way of helping to fill the void of information about practicing Modern Hekatean Witchcraft.

In her complexities, Hekate comes with not only her fierceness, witchcraft, and empowerment, but also with her lesser known aspects as that evoke her gentler side. Epithets from antiquity such as Paionios, which means Healer, and Atala, The Tender, teach us that the way forward is not purely through brute force, but also kindness.

Each time we align with Hekate, be it through noticing her messages or a ritual honoring her, we are healing both ourselves and the world.

2. So many women I know are currently going through major transformations in their lives and feel as though we are stuck in underworld journeys. What can Hekate teach us about how to find our own metaphorical torches to light the way?

"When we are at a crossroads, or already in the Underworld, Hekate can rise up out of the deeper world, showing up in the cracks of our lives. She sends her emissaries—angels and hungry ghosts alike—to do her bidding. They occupy our dreams, invade our imaginations, and drop their uncanny hints until we pay them heed. Although their faces vary and their methods may be disparate, their message is always the same: Wake up! They intrude on our quiet minds until we hear them speak. And when we do, they tell us stories that unsettle us. They bring back the past, show up our own faults, and generally shake us to the core. That is the work of Hekate in action. She scares the life back into us. She is the spirit of the sacred feminine that calls us to embark on the journey of the soul." - from *Entering Hekate's Cave: The Journey Through Darkness to Wholeness*.

Entering Hekate's Cave, offers a way through the personal underworld journey through personal inquiry, natural magick, and a series of rituals inspired by the ancient rites at Eleusis, centered in the myth of Persephone. To Enter Hekate's Cave intentionally shifts the underworld journey. We become the narrators of our story, calling our power back to us, in a sense taking the torch offered by Hekate and using it to illuminate our own.



In the ancient stories that feature Hekate, she is almost always the guide, not the star of the tale. It is her unique governance over the in-between that compels us into the shadows. Shining light on what lies in our personal shadow is a deep process, that evolves over time and only by prioritizing this work. Becoming aware of the factors that led us into the underworld, in a manner realizing how we are the young Persephone, permits us to follow Hekate's wisdom trail through the darkness so that we, like dear Persephone, become sovereign. She'll show you the way to transmute that pain into your power. Acceptance of the past, resistance to remaining stuck in the underworld and claiming your crown are all things revealed when we follow Hekate's torches as Persephone did. Contemporary society says, "Pain is bad. Run from it." However, closing our eyes to our suffering, and that of others, only serves to render us the helpless victim. Through practice we can learn to be a conquering sovereign of our pain. Following Persephone's example, we can become a Queen of Pain. Like Persephone, our crown can be constructed from the dust, blood and tears of the wisdom gained from our suffering when we allow Hekate to unlock what is true and healing for us.

3. I see more and more people developing an interest in Hekate. Do you have any advice or cautions for newbies wanting to connect with her?

When we begin to attune to Hekate, it can be very exciting and, at times, scary, a state of being I called "scited." My number one tip is to not rush. Hekate isn't going to abandon us. Take the time to pay attention - to listen instead of act. She is already sending messages, but we can miss them because we hyperfocus on doing a bunch of things instead of sitting quietly and noticing. Over the years, I've heard countless stories of how, once we slow down and contemplate, we see that Hekate has always been with us.

She comes in dreams, in uncanny encounters, and always sends symbols, from keys to animal allies. In *Entering Hekate's Garden*, I wrote about this time of "scitement": This period of awakening will be thrilling. You'll be eager to rush into this book, to go deeper into the mysteries and to take your magick to higher levels. Go gently into Hekate's Garden. This awakening is a period of great transformation that is often accompanied by intense emotions, new ways of thinking and radical changes in behavior. If you're a tarot enthusiast, think of it as Tower Time when old ways are cast aside to reveal your deepest truth. Some of the symptoms of such a spiritual upgrade include feeling you're on fire in the heart center, a buzzing of your third eye, and intense root activation. That's a polite way of saying your sex drive may change radically. Other symptoms can include physiological ones like headaches and digestive issues. You'll experience vivid dreams and sleep changes. Expect to be awoken in the middle of the night with your body vibrating. Dreams of Hekate, Circe and Medea may occur. You may even have visions of certain plants previously unknown to you."

If this describes how you are feeling, then know that Hekate comes when the time is right. You are ready to do the inner work and heal into your unique wholeness.





HEKATE QUEEN OF WITCHES
BY RUNE BEAR



SEX & DEATH

BY SEQUOIA BELK-HURST

I LAY DOWN ON THE EARTH AND I DIED

AND AS I SUCCUMBED TO DECAY
THE LAND OPENED HER VERDANT ARMS
AND TOOK ME INTO HER.

MY SIBLINGS,
THE BUGS AND THE MUSHROOMS AND THE BACTERIA,
PULLED THE FLESH FROM MY BONES,
CARESSED THE WEARY SKIN FROM MY NAKED ROT,
DISROBED ME TO THE WITNESS
OF THE SUN AND MOON AND STARS.

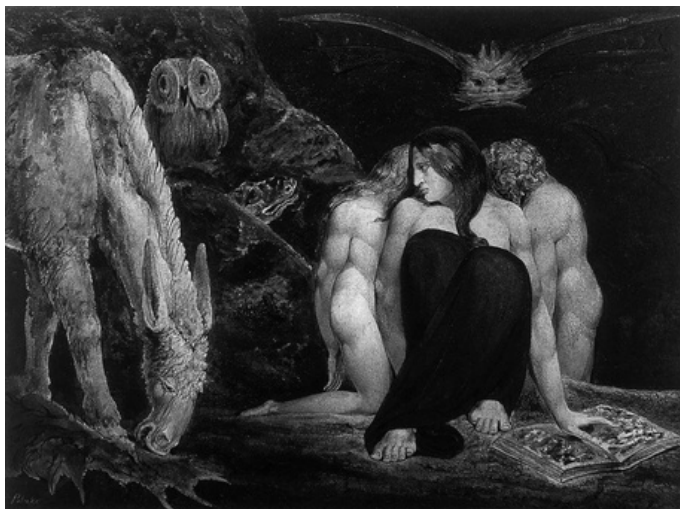
GRASSES, FUNGI, WORMS AND BUZZARDS
DUG THEIR FINGERS INTO MY RIBS,
OAK AND IVY AND REDWOOD WRAPPED ROOT AND VINE
AROUND MY ANKLES AND WRISTS, TIBIA AND ULNA,
PULLING ME DEEPER, DEEPER,
DECLARING MY BODY TRIBUTE TO THE SOIL.

CARRION FED ON MUSCLE AND MARROW,
CONSUMING ALL I HAD EVER HAD TO OFFER TO ANYTHING.

I WAS ADORED, VISCERALLY.

THE HEAVING SIGHS THAT LEFT MY BODY
WITH EACH BITE THE WILD TOOK
EXPELLED THE PLEASURE OF MY
DECADENT PUTREFACTION INTO THE AIR,
THE PERFUME OF SEX AND DEATH PERMEATING THE DARK,
RICH OEUVRE OF THE LEAVES, DIRT,
AND OTHER DEAD AND DYING THINGS
WHICH ROTTED IN ECSTASY AROUND ME.

AN ORGIASTIC SPLENDOUR, WE RETURNED.



Had She Held Her Torch for Me?

Dani Burlison

1.

My hormones swirled as I walked my rural road to meet a boy at the edge of an orchard. I remember the sound of crickets and frogs screeching out into that warm summer night, a raccoon crunching on crawdads in the steam along the road. I remember a bat swooping low through the air, my favorite ancient oak tree looming over me. I remember how bright the stars glittered against that moonless night. I remember crossing a threshold from childhood and into something else as I stood at the crossroads of pavement and water and soil.

There was a moment in that dark night that seemed to last an eternity. A moment that my flesh stood up to meet the air with a shiver. We've all been there, from fear or excitement, that feeling of someone watching from afar. The feeling that grips us a second before someone or something reaches out to brush our skin with a cold outstretched finger. A surprise, a gasp in our lungs. A rush in our blood.

I had no idea what that chill was from; maybe a ghost from the rumored haunted house sitting next to the creek. Maybe a phantom spirit that had crept down from the foothills to hunt the foxes and boars that often roamed those places. I wasn't afraid. Something was guiding me, watching the road ahead for danger.

Stepping from the paved road and in between rows of walnut trees, the acidic smell of their hulls lingered, thick in the air. The boy wasn't there. His car wasn't parked down the dirt road that bordered the orchard. He wasn't waiting, listening to Depeche Mode, as I had hoped. He must have been running late, I thought, as a courage suddenly filled me and propelled me deeper into the trees.

I walked until the road was out of sight, which in retrospect probably wasn't far at all but my perception was skewed; the only light I had was the Milky Way. I stopped at a crossroads of orchard rows, felt the dew of the orchard weeds slippery under my shoes, closed my eyes and lifted my face and arms up to the sky. It was a rare moment of safety and freedom in my otherwise chaotic teen life and I soaked it up, standing tall, reveling in whatever was there protecting me.

2.

Metallica's "Ride the Lightning" blasted from the car and some of the boys snorted lines in the backseat of the gold Volvo and then passed the bottle of Southern Comfort around the circle, taking big final gulps of it before bolting toward the trail. There was a lightning storm forecasted and we were there to watch it after crawling into and out of a cave off of Highway 36.

The cave wasn't a big secret, but it wasn't open to the public, either. Only the locals around the Lassen area knew about it and there was a trail from a clearing in the ponderosa pines



that led down the volcanic stones to its opening. It was dangerous, and we were here with our Slayer shirts and black eyeliner to spark adrenaline rushes to top off the rushes of booze and speed and whatever else the older boys had coursing through their skinny bodies. My drunk boyfriend entered first and I followed close behind, pointing my flashlight to the walls and ceiling of the cave, looking for chunks of stone that could crush us or block our path out. I was claustrophobic, though I would never show a weakness around these guys. They all liked me because I was bold, a risk-taker, who often led them into abandoned houses looking for ghosts, and who drank and cussed and partied as hard as the rest of them. As the tunnels in the cavern became smaller, I found myself belly crawling into icy air, far away from the group.

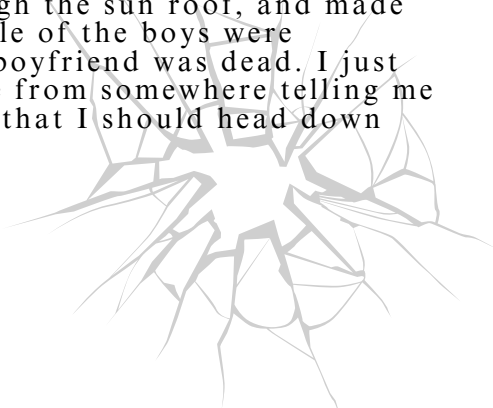
Water dripped in a slow steady pace onto my curly hair as I pushed myself further than I should have gone. Always seeking just a little bit more of a high from pressing myself up against danger, I turned my flashlight off and widened my eyes. In that moment, I thought I heard a woman whisper an introduction, both a warning and a reassurance, that crept up my spine. I remember it feeling like ice at the back of my neck.

As I turned the flashlight on and backed out of the tight spot in the cave, the sound of thunder broke outside. We all scurried toward the cave opening and emerged to lightning breaking apart the sky over miles of dark forested hillsides. We howled at the sky, some of us dancing in circles, raising our arms overhead.

The boys kept passing the bottle until it was empty and someone smashed it against a boulder as the hail began pelting us. My boyfriend, the most wasted of the group, refused to give the car keys to any of the less fucked up boys in the group. He insisted on driving and anyone who didn't get in the car would be left on the rural mountainside alone. I chose to sit in the backseat.

As we careened down the highway at what I later heard was 90 miles per hour, the lightning and thunder continued its theatrics behind us. The boyfriend swerved and banged his head to the music pumping out of the speakers in one moment, and in the next the car was upside down in the air. I remember a flash (had Hekate held her torch for me?) and then the car's roof hitting a large boulder off the side of the highway. The car was flung up again and again—three or four times total—before landing on its side next to a cliff.

There were five of us in the car, some injured badly. I was able to crawl out through the sun roof, and made my way to the road. A couple of the boys were unconscious. I thought my boyfriend was dead. I just stood there, staring, a voice from somewhere telling me I had a big choice to make, that I should head down another road.



We were on acid at the Santa Monica pier, watching the waves crawl up and get pulled back, over and over. A woman walked her two dogs near them, running back and forth in a game of tag with the sea. The dogs barked at the sea foam and seemed to jump in circles. Time and space felt obsolete except the sun was sinking and the sky was morphing from blue into gold into red into purple, so I knew it must be nighttime.

At nineteen, I was at a crossroads in my life, one of what would be many turning points; points of entry into what could have been other lives, with other people, with other ways of thinking and being and living. I never knew which direction to take so I often just took the direction toward drugs or bad men, and let life just carry me along.

I watched beachgoers pack their things, objects that looked like orbs of light or clumps of energy, even though the LSD was waning after a few hours of adventuring around my new home of Los Angeles with these goth friends from back home. We laughed, marveled at the first specks of stars poking through the night sky. I remember staying quiet, bouncing ideas and questions about the world around in my head, too confused about what next steps to take after I had experienced a blurry but horrific event a few months before. I tried not to think about what the person had done to me and instead let my body lean back into the sand.

I asked for a sign about staying in Los Angeles, wondering if I'd be safe there alone if everyone kept leaving me. I heard a dog howl on the beach, women laughing in the distance, waves crashing against the pier. Then a gunshot. Screaming. A man yelling something from down the beach. I jolted up, trying to make out what was happening in the dimly lit night. Then sirens.

As the police and paramedics made their way to the man lying, presumably dead, on the beach, I saw her near the waves. Her dogs by her side, a torch in her hand. She was facing me, whispering again, offering a warning and a sign it was time to go.



BY MARYANN B. COLE

**From Below and in Three Directions:
Nine fragments of Love for Hekate**

by carla joy bergman

direction one: waxing light

“Everything is an exchange for fire, and
fire for everything...”
—Hericlitus

1

We rode in crescent shaped formation
towards the horizon
Our horses adorned in pink and white
asphodel petals
aromas of lavender hovering on the wind
we recite your cosmic invitation to be
with our
untimely and unspacialized grief
our heartbeats echoing across the
universe

This is us
the wanderlost, making our way
knowing we must travel far and below
suspending all timelines

2

Blazing our way through our shared
despair
Light holding multiplicities
You ask for nothing more.
Yet in the distance we hear the urgency
in your battle cry
to cease Apollo from folding space
to clear-cut all magic
We are near

3

We arrived with linked arms as you
tenderly weaved in between our hearts.
Daggers dosed in mint lay firmly in our
 mouths
Closing our eyes we wait for your spell
 to be spoken

remembrances forged by your magic begin
to rise
through mycelium frequencies of
collective potencies
we hear Bacchus answering your call
“set the magic free”

direction two: full light

“How can you hide from what never goes
away?”
–Heraclitus

4

dear embodied Care Guide
we continue to travel below to keep you
near
entering invocations with you because
we're trying to live a life
where reciprocity flows
and care animates our every breath.
Levitating our wishes towards Luna
Knowing we cannot chase
mandrake whispers
keep going

So now we walk
deeper into other-worldly lands
leaving behind manifesting and manifested
while embracing manibeing

5

Opening New Portals of Awe
your spark catches the strings that bind
the liminal into now
Scientist still trying to name this ever-
ending
spacetime between atoms and stardusting
our imaginations
some call it god
And you smile.

6

As more magic realms begin to bloom
sprouting temporal agents on earth
some call themselves influencers
we can tell who's who because snakes
slither around their Auras

We imagine you watching with curiosity,
reflecting to when each Oracle
was chosen by the men who twisted the
Oracles cosmic messages
into Empire's words to manipulate and
control
But that was about survival.

[I wonder: would you sell your magic for
profit?]

The haunting patriarchal ghosts collude
with
systems of domination feeding
off of the cosplaying Agents attempting
to hoard the light that remains
But your shadows trick them to move away
from the light
casting a veil over their souls.

and then we remember
We remember to close our eyes.
And wait for the
Return.

direction three: waning light

“The unlike is joined together, and from differences results the most beautiful harmony.” – Heraclitus

7

We are the thin skin brigade, trying to
be free
sharers of light in darkness
Exiling towards Medea's direct line to
our emotions
sending us fragrances of mint and
reminding us to look
to our hearts and move in unison.

Those who remain are terrestrial misfits
roaming through alien lands
ebbing and flowing outside of time and
bending time.

Blessings of renewal await us
our energetic bodies connect at nodes in
the universe

8

sinking further into darkness
looking for the cascade of shadows
dancing on the cave walls inviting us to
trust
the beauty of the mycelium in patterns
like the constellations cast by Astraeus
in the night sky.

Courage ignites us to fall into looking
with all our senses
feeling the trembling flickers beneath
the shadows
Illuminating many futures.

As light begins to dissolve above, so
below

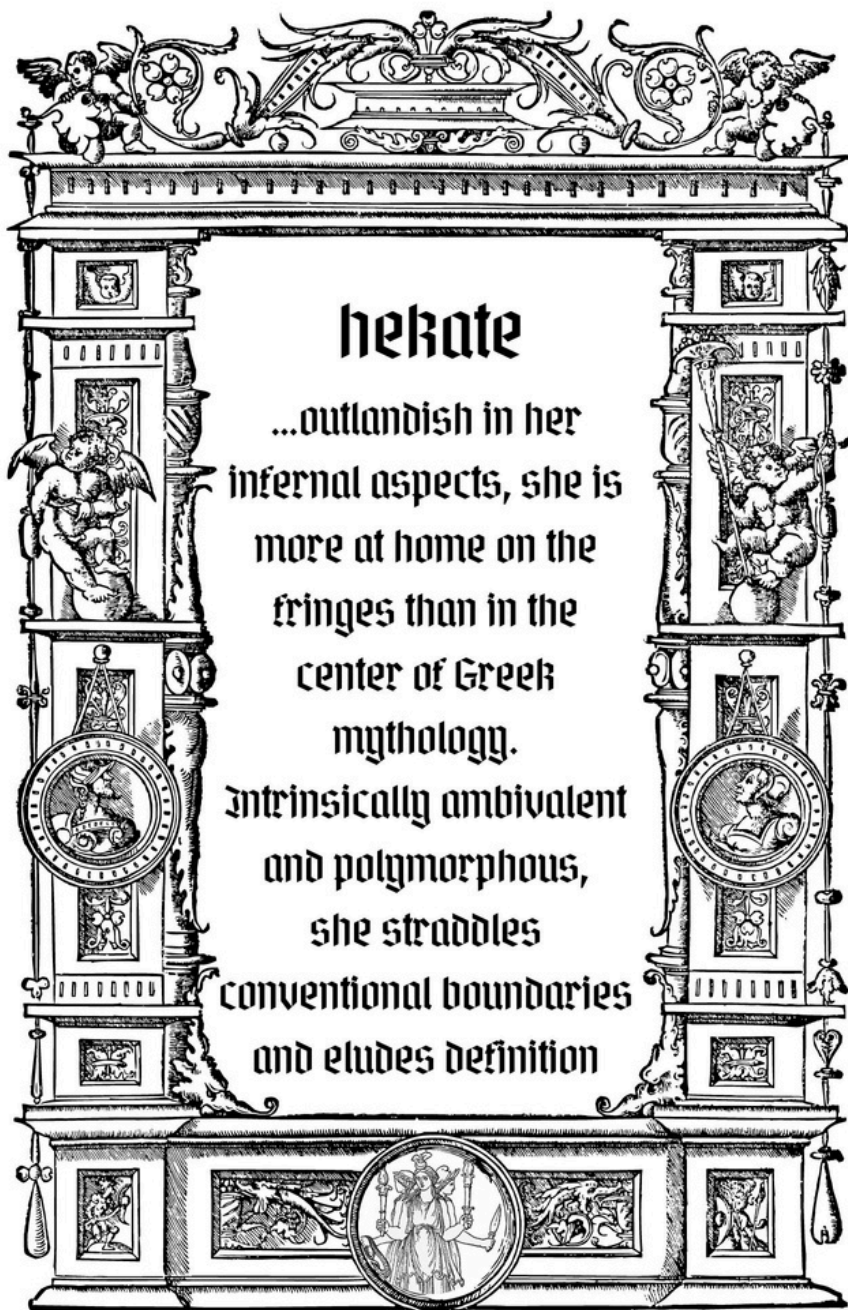
I felt the warmth from your torch
beckoning me to dive deeper into an
underworld of love

I arrive at the crossroads between Saturn
and Pluto

this is where I fall into dreams
a crow's feather lands in my hand,
I plunge it in the dark matter and begin
to write



Photo by Ava Burlison



hekate

...outlandish in her
internal aspects, she is
more at home on the
fringes than in the
center of Greek
mythology.

Intrinsically ambivalent
and polymorphous,
she straddles
conventional boundaries
and eludes definition

Letting it Die
By Alyssa Rose

It's so hard to let something die.

I've made the decision to stop feeding it,
giving it air and sunlight.

I know that I am right
this thing cannot go on living,
it causes too much pain for all.

But then I see it suffering,
flopping around on the ground gasping for air.
I remember how sweet it could be,
the joy it once gave me
and I want to give it something,
I want to save it.

Like I saved it over and over again before,
feeding it the tiny morsels
that I kept gripped in my palm.
It's human nature.

I'm a lover,
a mother,
not a killer.

Then She taps me on the shoulder,
reminds me, I'm letting it die.
And I wait.

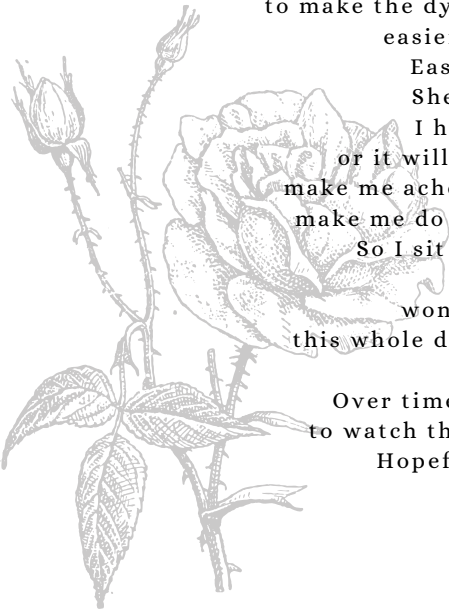
But I might give it one more breath,
a stroke on the head, a crumb,
to make the dying a little more palatable,
easier for me to watch.

Easier on my heart.
She taps me again.

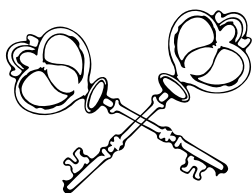
I have to let it die
or it will continue to hurt me,
make me ache, make my stomach turn,
make me do things I would never do.

So I sit with Her by my side
and wait,
wondering how long
this whole dying thing actually takes.

Over time it gets a little easier
to watch the gasping and flopping.
Hopefully it's over soon.



I know the grief will come
and settle over me like a thin gauze.
When a breeze passes and I feel it on my skin
I'll remember.
When I catch it on something
and it snags as I'm walking out the door,
I'll remember.
When I breathe in too deep
and it covers my nostrils and mouth,
I'll remember
how I watched it die.





1/12

"MAIDEN, MOTHER, CRONE"

Matthew Izen

BY MATTHEW IZEN

'maiden, mother, crone' is a four layered reduction linocut on hand torn bright white 250 gsm cotton rag.

As far as printmaking goes, I'm more of an engineer than an artist. Rather than choosing a technique or process that helps me achieve an artistic vision, I tend to create art that helps me practice a particular process or technique.

'maiden, mother, crone' was different.

The original sketch for 'maiden, mother, crone' was never intended to be a print. It started off as a simple little drawing exercise and all of a sudden there was a staircase to nowhere in an archway with a big eye peering out.

Weird....I actually kinda like this.

So I kept going.

More plinths! More archways! I should use moons as reflections in the eyes!

Then I began to realize what was emerging. The triple moons, the diverging paths, the colors transitioning from morning to night...It's an ode to Hekate, the triple goddess, the mother, maiden, and crone.

It was a deeply gratifying realization.

Moments like this are why I love making art, be it printmaking, music, or otherwise. It reminds me that there's always something there...some design, some song, some piece of art ready to be unearthed. All I have to do is keep digging until it presents itself, until it comes into its own. This print felt especially archeological in the way it came into being. I couldn't be more pleased with the whole process.

Most importantly, I have to acknowledge the amazing humans without whom I would not have known of Hekate. Deepest thanks, Rio, Dani, and Alyssa.

these little crossroads

by Irisanya Moon

I wanted to be dark and deep, thus somehow more powerful and wise. My heart wanted to step into the mysterious shadows and not tremble, to face everything that cried for my attention. To stand before all that I feared and know it feared me too.

Enter Hecate, Goddess of Witches, Torchbearer, and Guardian of Crossroads, She who would stand and stare at me until I made a decision. Until I took the first step. She waited and waited for me to arrive at the place beyond contemplation and before action. Hecate stood with the torch of truth and surrender, for no matter what way I chose, it was the way to those sacred crossroads.

You can't go everywhere. You need to leave something behind. There is a path that will not have your story laid in its texture. There is a path that will not know how much you agonized over the choosing. There is a path that has been right before you, one that will give you exactly what you need, even if you never said it aloud.

Dramatic crossroads are hard to miss. Do I stay in this marriage or not? Do I take back my power? Do I tell the truth? Do I stand up for myself or another despite how that one moment could (and did) crumble so many others?

There are no little crossroads. There are no insignificant decisions. Each builds upon the next, feeds the energy of what is becoming and what is already on its way because this magick of life is not a direction; it is arrival after arrival. It is standing before the gods when nothing else is listening. When nothing else knows.

I meet Hecate in the moments I don't know what to do. I call to her, I feed her altar with malachite, obsidian, and hematite. I sit at her feet and reflect on my steps, taken and not taken yet. I ask her for clarity, but not for answers. I ask her to light the way to the truth I need to find or need to claim. She is a guide, not a teacher. And I understand this. And She trusts me.

I call to Hecate when I feel untethered in my life. When it is clear in my bones, I don't know where or who I am, but I am somehow clear I am going somewhere else. I am becoming something else. I am birthing something else. In the liminal spaces where I can't quite find my footing or a handhold to climb my way over, I ask Her for the quiet sense of knowing to curl up at my feet and remind me that I have done this all before. I have been in the middle of my own story and uncovering since birth, and I will find myself again.

I dance with Hecate when I am so ready to move on that I can't help but run. Those not-so-little crossroads where I just want to go anywhere else but where I am because I am tired and sore and ready and rapid. Those days when I can't sleep because I am ready to grab all the torches and set out on a search party for the self I can smell in the air. For the wisdom that is just beyond my reach because I hadn't stood up for it yet.

I make room for Hecate on the darkest nights, the ones that leave me feeling hungry and empty. I set a place at the crossroads, offering bread and meat alongside my doubt and resistance. A hearty, heavy meal, one for gods who can digest the complexity of unknowing and who wait for those plates in the places they stand.

Hecate is the goddess of the greatest challenge: stepping up for what is true and right for you, no matter what anyone else says or believes. The gift of the Torchbearer and Guardian of Crossroads is that there will be light to guide the way. It might take a few minutes or years to adjust your eyes and see what has been laid out for you.

While She offers no answers, She stays by your side anyway.





**SACRED SPACE
BY RUNE BEAR**

Amhiprosopos

By Aix Astrodia

*Ancient keeper of the dark threshold spinning threads of fate
Cosmic girt of fiery serpents encompassing the night
Light rising and falling time maker innate
Source of souls strikes with light
Guarding the vestibule of slate
So swift and bright
Terrifying
κα
Sovereign
Protector of nature
Healer of land, sea, and sky
Unconquered worldwide shaker
Energizing the one hundred handed decries
Our divine nourisher of life wild roaring creatrix
Throwing down gates with a glimpse of the crossroads in eye*



Hecate Invocation

By Gretchen Sechrist Kehan

I call in Hekate.
I call in the stewards of this land.
I call in protection.

I call in Hecate.
I call in the stewards of this land.
I call in protection.

I call in Heckate.
I call in the stewards of this land.
I call in protection.

May all living beings be safe.
May all living beings be protected.
May all living beings be secure.

And so it is.
And so it is.
And so it is.

*Feel free to use your own grounding exercise,
practice, or prayer before invoking
and calling in Hecate.

**Recite the invocation aloud as you create
a circle of protection using salt and /or herbs.
May be used anytime you desire protection,
clearing, or support for your own
internal journey.





HECATE BY LAURA O'NEAL

"The dog is the animal most commonly associated with Hecate, and She was sometimes addressed as the 'Black she dog'. Black dogs were once sacrificed to Her in purification rituals, and Hecate could manifest as a dog. The sound of barking dogs is the first sign of Her approach in Greek and Roman literature"
-Excerpt from *SacredWicca*

Hekate, The Boundless One

By Stephen Pocock

Hekate. "Hekate." It's an epithet - "Far Reaching One." It's just the one we've all come (over the millennia) to use. She has hundreds of others. For me she is The Boundless One, Azostos (literally 'ungirt') - as this I think gets closer to how we relate to her as witches.

For starters, I want to say that I am NOT a Hekate-as-mother-maiden-crone person, that construct is a later layer in witchcraft that are put on other goddesses. An argument can be made for ascribing that due to her relational aspect to Selene and the moon, but that's about it. As a triple-headed one (Trikaranos), I sense this as part of her liminality - her place at the crossroads (Enodia), specifically the three roads (Trioditis) - where she looks before, behind and is in-between. All depictions of Hekate in antiquity, though they are three-formed, are 'young.'

As a Titan, She is liminality, not just of liminality, just as Helios is not a God of the sun, but is the Sun God, the Sun itself. She is not just the ruler of doorways, she is the door. She is the gate. Greek houses had her shrine at the doorway. She is that moment between life and death, un-breathing and birth. A flame up and a flame down from her two torches. The one pointing down - chthonic, underworld guide, of the dead, the old gods, folklore, witchcraft; the one posting up - philosophy, ceremonial, celestial, Soteira ("savior"). When we cast a circle, finishing with above and below, we are between the worlds, we are with Hekate in the light of her torches.

In a very interesting course taught by Jack Grayle ("PGM Praxis: 50 Rites for 50 Nights," offered by the Blackthorne School. This course is a great follow up to Jack's other class, "Hail Hekate: Walking the Forked Path"), Grayle guides students through various spells of the PGM (Greek Magical Papyri – see note below), one of which is an initiation to Typhon. Typhon is a chthonic deity, and not a particularly pleasant one. Although he defends the chariot of the Sun as it traverses the Duat (underworld), he is known as "the breaker of families." I did not want to bring that energy into my home. I followed earlier advice Grayle had given and hacked the spell using 'standard PGM technology.' PGM spell technology was already a compilation of hacks and "cut and paste" moves by Egyptian sorcerer(s) of antiquity anyway, so I gave it a go.

I offer it here as an artifact, an example of blending personal praxis with sorcerous technology of late antiquity.



STEPHEN'S HEKATE INITIATION

(On a Monday, during the lunar hour, or before the dark moon, or whenever you can justify this initiation. Come proper and prepare a place. Offerings would be smart, such as myrrh. Prepare with strophalos chanting - if you have one, or simple breathing. If you have an lynx consecrated to your wheel, send it forth with the MASKELLI formula to summon Hekate).

O great and lovely Hekate, Titan of Earth, Sea and Sky,
Feared and revered by Gods and Man, Oh Queen
THAN THANA THANATHA ANATH ANATHANA

O Light-bringer, torch-bearer, keeper of the key, Night
walker,

Clad in Serpent Tresses, Star Walker, Saffron cloaked,
Goddess of the three roads, you who walk between all and
who are the between

ARARACHARARA EPHTHISIKERE

I am he who bears the horns of the stag,

Cauldron borne on Scythian steppes.

Like you I walk through worlds beneath the mounds, chthonic
master

An escorter to the next world.

Am I not the witch father and so your consort in this and
other tasks?

I am he who is reviled by many, called demon and devourer,
And these I may yet be to my enemies and thine.

I come to you as a walker from the woods,

master of the wild and untamed places,

and like you am bound by no place;

So welcome me and lift me from the heath onto the very
roads you tread.

ABLANATHANALBA BAUBARABAS SABARABAUBA

Grant to me the power of craft and cunning folk,

The rising self and traveling form

And when I call upon spirits great and small

that they do come and heed my call.

AZOSTOS you are so may I be.

MOUMILLON BIOMBILLON AKTIOPHI ERESHKIGAL

NEBOUTOSOUALETH PHROUREXIA THERMIDOKHE BAREO NE

EUPHORBA PHORBA PHORBOREOU BRIMO AZZIEBA PHORBA

PHORBOR PHORBOR BORBORPHA ERPHOR PHORBAIO

PHORBOR PHORBOR BOROPH PHORPHOR BORPHORBOR

(Wait for the Black Dog to come. When she has breathed into
your lungs, extoll her with gratitude in your customary way)



Notes:

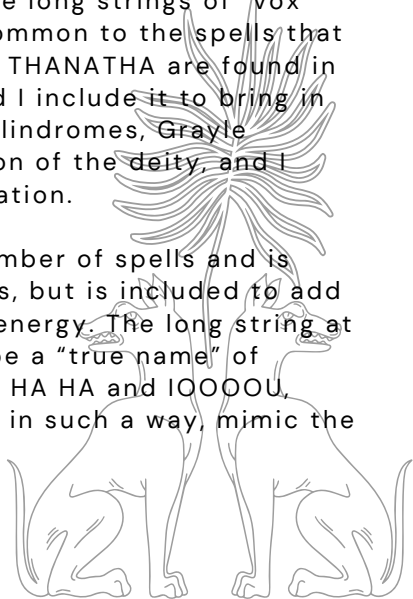
"Come proper" refers to a personal purification. Typical examples are abstinence from alcohol, meat or any food at all, and/or sex. Also cleansing, anointing with oils, asperging, etc. are fine. It's up to the witch. Also consecrate your working area in a suitable way.

Strophalos here refers to not just the design, but a disc on 2 strings that one can whirl by flexing the strings (there are modern spinning disc toys). The term is conflated with the lynx, originally a wryneck bird. The whirring of the disc sounded like the call of the wryneck. In later practice they were consecrated to the disc and used as an "angelos" or messenger to summon Hekate (an interesting short article by the estimable Sorita d'Este - <https://www.patheos.com/blogs/adamantinemuse/2020/08/hekates-wheel-the-lynx-wheel/>).

The MASKELLI formula is common to many spells in the PGM. It is a spell of compulsion, here used to announce and ask the lynx familiar to summon Hekate. The actual spell is MASKELLI MASKELLO PHNOUNKENTEBAOTH OREOBAZAGRA REXICCHTHON HIPPOCHTHON PYREPEGANYX. For an excellent breakdown of this spell, <https://via-serpentis.com/pgm-hermetic-magic/2020/5/1/maskelli-maskello>. (this is an excellent website)

Magical voices - in the PGM there are long strings of "vox magicae" - a number of which are common to the spells that revolve around Hekate. THAN THANA THANATHA are found in a spell that is a prayer to Selene and I include it to bring in that aspect of Hekate. The use of palindromes, Grayle suggests, are to capture the attention of the deity, and I have used them liberally in this initiation.

ABLANATHALBA is used in a huge number of spells and is perhaps part of an appeal to Abraxas, but is included to add a little persuasive oomph and solar energy. The long string at the end contain what is thought to be a "true name" of Hekate. It is actually longer includes HA HA and IOOOOU, which Grayle suggests, when spoken in such a way, mimic the bark and howling of a great dog.



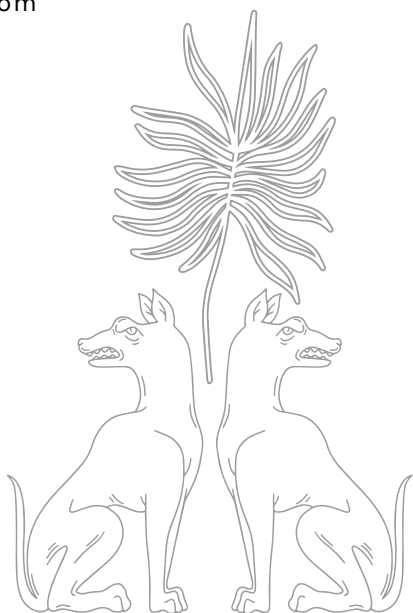
The middle section, beginning with, "I am he who bears the horns of the stag..." is a piece of PGM tech that Grayle calls, "assuming the God Face." The witch/magician/sorcerer would elevate themselves to the level of a deity in order to show to the deity being invoked that they were worthy of attention. Of course the deity is not fooled into believing that one is actually that other godd, but the effort is made to prove both willingness and worthiness.

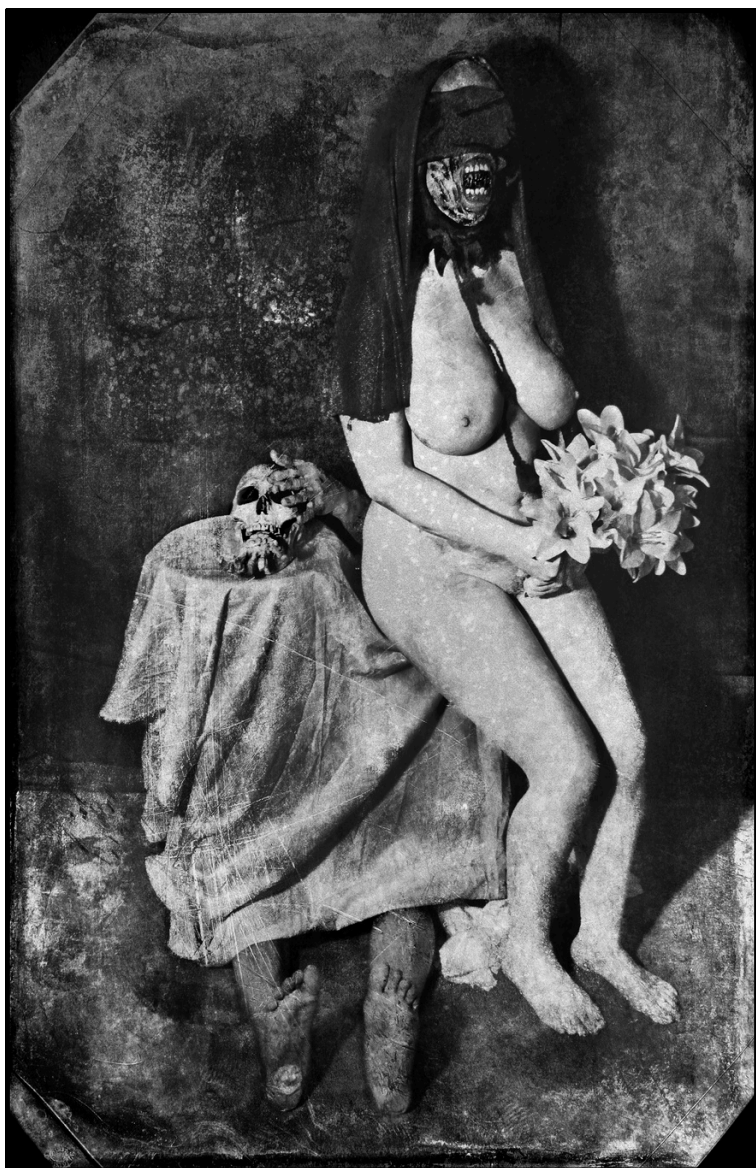
I work very closely with the Horned One (whom I call Cernunnos), his role as psychopomp and having the liminal lands as his domain made the choice an easy one. When I did this rite I had his blessing and indeed felt his presence with me (not quite in aspect, but close).

I performed this initiation and got some serious contact back from Hekate as kyōn melaina, the Black Dog, loping around me and jumping into my skin, which wasn't completely comfortable. It was prickly, and I carried the sensation in my hands and arms for several hours, there was a ringing in my ears, as well as being incredibly thirsty.

Hans Dieter Betz (ed). The Greek Magical Papyri in Translation: Including the Demotic Spells (Chicago, IL: University of Chicago Press, 1992).

The Blackthorne School hosts Jack Grayle's classes:
<https://www.theblackthorneschool.com>





SACRIFICE TO HEKATE
BY BRIAN HENDERSON
MODEL JAYNEE GUNDLACH

A HYMN TO HECATE

BY GRETCHEN SECHRIST
KEHAN

TO SHE WHO STANDS
READY AT THE THRESHOLD
OF CHANGE,
I HONOR AND SEE YOU.

I WELCOME IN THE
DARKNESS
AND THE MYSTERY
THAT YOU BRING.
I AM HELD BY THE LIGHT
OF UNDERSTANDING
THAT YOU ILLUMINATE
IN THE DARKNESS.

AS I MAY FEEL UNSTEADY,
UNCERTAIN, AND UNABLE
TO TAKE THE NEXT STEP,
I TRUST IN THE POWER
OF YOUR GUARDIANSHIP.

I ASK FOR
STEADFASTNESS,
PROTECTION,
AND CLARITY
AS I ALLOW
THE VEILS OF THE
MYSTERIES
TO HOLD, GUIDE, AND
LEAD ME.

TO SHE WHO SEES
AND HOLDS ME
AT THE THRESHOLD
OF CHANGE,
I WELCOME YOU,
I WITNESS YOU,
I THANK YOU.





HEKATE

WINGS INSIDE OF WINGS
KAT HEATHERINGTON

DARK WINGS RUSTLE INSIDE MY SHOULDERS.
I BREATHE IN THE SHADOW,
UNABLE, FINALLY, TO LOOK AWAY FROM IT,
OR PULL FROM ITS EMBRACE.
THE SANCTUARY ISN'T DARK ENOUGH
TO HIDE ME FROM MYSELF, EXCEPT
FOR THE VEILED MYSTERIES
AND RIDDLES WHOSE KEYS I HAVE NOT FOUND.
FEATHERS SHIFT DRY & DARK INSIDE MY SHOULDERS,
SEND SOFT NIGHT DUST SCATTERING DOWN MY SPINE.
THE DARK BEAK OPENS TO BREATHE ME IN.
THE DARK BEAK OPENS INTO MYSTERY, SILENCE,
THE NIGHT SKY FREE OF CLOUDS, LINED WITH STARS,
THEIR LIGHT TOO FAR AWAY TO MATTER.
THE DARK BEAK OPENS ON CAVERNOUS BLACKNESS,
ON FULL THICK DARKNESS, AND ON EMPTINESS,
ON EVERYTHING AND NOTHING.

I AM INSIDE THE WINGS INSIDE OF ME.

WITH A SPLASH, THE SHADOW RISES.
DARK FEATHERS RUSTLE WITH EVERY BREATH.
THE BRONZE-BLADED AXE OF AN ANCIENT GODDESS
WHISTLES FAR OVERHEAD, DESCENDING FROM A
COPPER MOON
WHOSE ARC I CAN NEITHER SEE, NOR DESCRIBE.

RIPENED GRAIN IS NOT THE ONLY ANSWER
THAT GROWS DEEP IN THE EARTH.
BELOW THE SEED LURK MYSTERIES UNCOUNTED.

ONE CELLO SHIVERS AWAY THE SILENCE,
THE BRIDGE BETWEEN BASS AND ALTO.
THE RIVER THAT WILL CARRY ME OUT OF HERE
IF I BUT FIND THE SOURCE.

THERE ARE WINGS INSIDE THE WINGS INSIDE OF ME.

Honoring Hecate – A Ritual at the Crossroads

by Phoenix LeFae

The ancient Greeks had a practice connected to the great Goddess Hecate that they called Deipnon. What is interesting about this word is translated into English the word is dinner. With such a mundane word describing this sacred event, we can see how Hecate was connected to daily, and even mundane, practices. This is what makes Hecate so interesting from an ancient worshippers' perspective.

Hecate was an important deity to ancient Greek culture, but there are very few shrines or sacred sites connected to her. She was a Goddess of the liminal spaces. The places that are between one thing and another. For example, crossing the threshold was, and is, a sacred act connected to Hecate.

On the new moon, each month, the dinner meal was done in honor of the restless dead and as a guardian of the dead, Hecate.

The Deipnon ritual was performed in three parts. A meal was set out at a crossroads for Hecate. A sacrifice was given to honor Hecate. And finally, the house and all members of the household were purified.

You don't have to be an ancient Greek to perform a Deipnon. Here is a modern Witch's Deipnon.

For this ritual you will need the following:

- Dinner – pre-prepared, ideally this is an additional plate for the meal that you ate for dinner that night.

- A plate that you are willing to leave at the crossroad – biodegradable and/or disposable is fine.

- A sacrifice – your sacrifice should not be something that you kill. Rather a sacrifice is a gift that you offer to the Goddess that holds meaning for you. Your sacrifice should be biodegradable.

- Dried purification herbs for burning – rosemary or cedar are ideal.

Before you start the process take a cleansing bath or shower. Scrub off the day and allow yourself to begin the shift into sacred space. Dress in ritual finery or clothes that are loose and comfortable. Anoint yourself in oils or perfumes that remind you that you're a magickal being.

Prepare your evening meal. As you cook (or order food), sing songs, chants, or just speak your adoration to Hecate. When you are finished serve up yourself, anyone else eating with you, and make a plate for Hecate. You and your group sit down to eat first and when you are finished take Hecate's plate and your sacrifice out to a crossroads.

*Bonus points if you create an elaborate altar on your kitchen table for Hecate.

At the crossroads, set her plate down and speak out loud your gratitude and adoration to Hecate. This is not the time to ask for favors or gifts, this is the time to express your devotion.

Make your sacrifice and explain why this offering is for her and what it means to you.

When you return home burn your purifying herbs and use the smoke to cleanse your home and yourself. Take time with this process, allowing the smoke to clear out negative or stuck energy in your home.

End the ritual with the following:

Hail Hecate!



Contributors:

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Aix Astrodia (they) is a person of European descent living on occupied Southern Tiwa lands in Albuquerque. They are a non-binary queer witch and devotee of Hekate and Na Mórrígan. Their magic practice is rooted in the Hellenic and Irish traditions of their ancestors. Aix Astrodia is a collaborator at the Sanctuary of Hekate Potnia Theron.

Ava Burlison (she/her) is a Californian, Scorpio and creative living in Brooklyn, NY.

Brian Henderson (he/him) is photographic artist based in Santa Rosa, California. Brian has always been interested in the dark and macbre, the hidden and haunted.

carla joy bergman dabbles with poetry, writing, and storytelling, often opening realms of autonomy, reciprocity, art, creativity, and challenging empire. carla aims to keep the embers burning with and for the youth and the coming generations. She currently lives in Vancouver, British Columbia, on the lands of the xwməθkwəym (Musqueam), Skwxwú7mesh (Squamish), and Selilwitulh (Tsleil-Waututh) Nations with her kids and partner. www.joyfulcarla.com

Cyndi Brannen, PhD, is a psychologist, author and teacher. She teaches and writes from the crossroads of psychology, spirituality and traditional wisdom, merging ancient knowledge with modern practices. Her work explores the journey through darkness to wholeness using the archetypes of the witch and Hekate. www.keepingherkeys.com

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Kat Heatherington is a queer ecofeminist poet, artist, pagan, intentional community dweller, and organic gardener. She has one book, available at Echobird Press, <http://echobirdpress.com>. Her work can also be read at <https://patreon.com/yarrowkat>, or on instagram @sometimesaparticle.

Laura O'Neil is a Sonoma County artist dabbling in comic strip creation. She enjoys painting watercolors of landscapes and animals, especially pets and mountains. Her first comic strip is being published in Made Local magazine in November/December of 2023.

Matthew Izen (they/he) is a neuro/queer parent, partner and printmaker living in Sonoma County. When not covered in ink, they can be found playing board games with their family or guitar with their band, Polar Bears.

Maryann B. Cole is an interdisciplinary, lifelong artist with a focus on collage, fiber, and illustration. She has created three functional tarot decks, reading the elusive from time to time. A frequent collaborator, she can be reached @toocutesyforme on instagram for commissions, customs, and conversations.

Phoenix LeFae (she/her) is an initiate in the Reclaiming Tradition of Witchcraft, the Avalon Druid Order, and Gardnerian Wicca. Phoenix has written several books including What Is Remembered Lives, A Witch's Guide to Creating and Performing Rituals, Witches, Heretics, and Warrior Women and more. She is a professional Witch and the owner of the esoteric Goddess shop, Milk & Honey, www.Milk-and-Honey.com

Rune Bear (she/her) is a mother, artist, witch, and Reclaiming Priestess. Her life is a beautiful blend of magic and mysticism, blessed and deeply influenced by her devotion to Goddess Hekate. Her paintings are a method of integration, as she processes her spiritual journey and the intricate and interconnected realms of creativity, spirituality, and family.

Sequoia Belk-Hurst (they/them) is a queer, nonbinary witch of European decent, currently living in the Pacific Northwest of Turtle Island. They keep an altar to Hekate, who reminds them daily of the sensuous crossroads that is death, decay and regeneration.

Stephen Pocock is an initiated witch and teacher in the Reclaiming Tradition. Stephen works in communion with Hekate, Cernunnos, and other less-named spirits of land and time. Stephen feeds his ecstatic, spirit-fed practice with deep dives into traditional British witchcrafts and sorcerous practices of late antiquity. Stephen lives in Huichin (Oakland), the unceded land of the Chechenyo-speaking Lisjan (Ohlone).