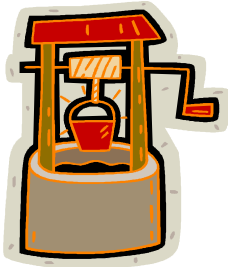


## GUARDIANS OF THE SACRED WELLS:

The guardians of the sacred wells form one branch of the Sisters of the Rose. This is their abbreviated history. After the fall of Atlantis groups of Sisters settled in different places. Some went to Egypt, some to Avalon and some to Asia. In the wilds of Tibet, the Nunnery of the Mystic Rose was a haven for those whose duty it was to learn about the importance of the sacred well. The nunnery does not exist in the physical, only in the imagination. However those drawn to the sacred wells have sometimes experienced the sensation of ancient buildings arriving and departing, moving and shifting their shape. All these buildings were centered on a sacred well. Legend has it that the nuns in this nunnery were responsible for housing much of the information and literature relating to the Sisters of the Rose.



The main purpose of the Nunnery of the Mystic Rose is to guard the associated sacred well that contains related information and literature. The nunnery is built over the well, which contains scrolls belonging to the history of the Sisters.

The wisdom contained in the rediscovered scrolls is called the *Rose Records*. These records include information about the Goddess of the Rose, which has been lost for centuries. Those who are guardians of the sacred wells are in the process of remembering their true purpose. It is to access this information and release it in its appropriate form, so as to increase levels of understanding and wisdom. Those who are called to such a role find it challenging. Its prime purpose involves remembrance and documentation of the memories that are emerging. As levels of understanding increase, dreams of the wells sited in different countries over the centuries have become common between those who share these memories.

*'From what I can remember the wells were always surrounded by lots of lush plantings of trees and shrubs and were very beautiful, serene places.*

*There was a hushed silence about the well.*

*Its sacredness was well respected. It was a place for inner reflection. Labyrinths were often attached to the entrance of the well.*

*Those with troubled hearts would enter at the bidding of the keeper. To go in and find peace - taking as long as was required. Resting on the many places throughout that had seats of sawn timber or rocks in the outlets that allowed inner reflection and healing.*

*After making their way through, there was much love to go around and this was given by the keeper to send the person on their way. Essences and oils were given on their departure also. These were especially intuited by the keeper whilst the person was working their way through the Labyrinth.*

*Time was not kept; everything happened in its own divine space and time and flowed peacefully.*

*Respectfulness was the order of the day.*

*The well was not always in the village but perhaps on the outskirts but provided much of the energy and essence for the village due to its healing nature.'*<sup>i</sup>

There are sacred wells dotted across the green landscape of Ireland. Some are neglected and some have been taken over and cared for by the villagers. Touching the energy of sacred wells forms an integral component of any sacred journey. The following declaration often connected me to a sacred well.

### THE HOLY WELL

*We came upon this holy place  
Totally unexpectedly  
We stopped in absolute awe  
And in amazement trod the holy turf.  
Like pilgrims before us.  
Over the centuries  
In this secret place the Irish came  
When all their rights had been removed  
By those who thought they had the power.*

*But Mary stood tall in the power of the divine feminine  
And brought her essence forward.  
Perhaps you were there then.  
You were certainly there on the day  
That I saw this sacred place in the physical.  
You stood with me before the high altar  
You noticed the secret path in to this Holy Place.  
You took some water from the well  
And blessed your future path.*

*And you gave  
You gave so much of your true selves  
And here the blessings began.*

There are many folk tales associated with wells. It is said that if a piece of cloth or a garment was placed at the well, illness would be cured as the fabric decomposed. Frogs often lived in the wells, sometimes to defend them. Frog medicine is related to the energy of water. If you feel a connection you can try this process. Link in to their interesting 'ribet' tone and feel this sacred sound transport you to your sacred well. The 'ribet' tone has often been linked to the elements of rain, thunder and lightning. It provides a link facilitating the arrival of rain. Experiment with the 'ribet' and see what happens.

In London there is a wondrous well in the crypt at St. Brides Church. St. Brides is built on a goddess site and a visit here brings with it many wonderful insights and sensations. There is

an unusual feeling in its crypt. Here it feels as if the well is watching and waiting for recognition. I spent some delightful hours in this church linking in with the guardian of the well whom I called 'The Watcher.' 'The Watcher' took on the form of an ancient goddess and gave me many insights into the history of the building and its sacred site. This is only one of many sacred wells I have found in my travels. It is also one of the most hallowed.

Natural wells have always formed a direct entryway into the great earth mother. During Celtic times homage was paid to the guardians of the well and the Christian Church was forced to accommodate this practice into its religious observances. The wells continued to discharge blessings and the guardians were replaced with Christian saints. Offerings are still left by those who visit the ancient sacred wells, despite later attempts by the church to close off this form of worship. There were also different types of wells. There were fertility wells and healing wells and even wells dedicated to specific types of healing.

### **HIDDEN WELLS - SUDDEN REMEMBRANCE**

*And so in its revealing  
A justice to behold  
Now's the time for telling  
The tale that must be told.*

*In times of long ago, it seems,  
In days of old gone by,  
The wells were sacred places  
Where the energies would lie,  
Oh, sacred holy wells of mine,  
Whose job is to protect,  
To keep safe from all harm you see,  
From future lives neglect.*

*I gardened and I gardened,  
To build those trees around,  
To keep our sacred places safe,  
For future to be found.*

*But now is time for all revealed,  
To come out true and honest,  
Those sacred places to be seen  
To those who will protect them.*

*Our sacred wells are holy ground.  
Too precious to be covered,  
But now they're out and to be found,  
Too precious to be covered. <sup>ii</sup>*

Once you find your well or even experience this linkage, you may find yourself entering into the ambience of the well and linking with its sacred essence. If you do, please remember to keep a record in your special diary. Such interactions are special and need to be savoured.

And so if you are a member of the fraternity of the sisterhood of the rose and, in particular, a well guardian you may be finding that the dreams of your past life in this role are becoming more insistent. If that is the case please listen to them and open yourself up to learning more of your sacred heritage.

With best wishes,

Cris Henderson

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<sup>i</sup> From Susan Borg 17th February 2003.

<sup>ii</sup> Borg, Susan. Hidden Wells - Sudden Remembrance 9<sup>th</sup> January 2003.