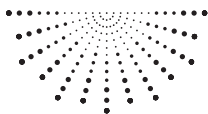


LORD OF THE HORIZON

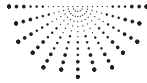
A DEVOTIONAL IN HONOR OF HORUS



Edited by
REBECCA BUCHANAN



DEDICATION



HERU BY JOAN LANSBERRY



*To the hawk
Far-seeing and fierce*

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INTRODUCTION

Great One. Lord of the Sky. Pillar of His Mother. Dappled
Within the Womb of Nut. Lord of the Sky.

Lord of the Horizon.

To say that Horus is a complicated Deity is ... well

First, there is the question of just how many Horuses there are. His, or their, original Egyptian name is usually given in English as Heru, at least in part. Papyrus texts, reliefs, carvings, and other archaeological discoveries list Heru-Wer, Heru-sa-Aset (or Heru-pa-Khered), Heru-Behdeti, Her-emakhet, Her-sema-tawy, Her-iunmutef, and Herui, among many others.

The most well-known and popular are Heru-Wer and Heru-sa-Aset. Heru-Wer is often identified as Horus the Elder. The son of Geb the Earth and Nut the Sky, he is one of the oldest Gods of the Egyptian pantheon, a cosmological entity of civilization and right order. A God of light and patron of the Pharaohs, he is an upholder of Ma'at, a "son of truth." In hymns and artwork, the sun is described as his right eye and the moon as his left eye. Iconographically, Heru-Wer is most often depicted as a falcon or hawk, or a falcon-headed man.

Heru-sa-Aset, on the other hand, is known as Horus the

Younger (or Harpocrates or Harsiese). The son of Isis (Aset) and Osiris (Wesir), he was conceived after his father's murder and raised in secret by his mother; when he was grown, he challenged Set for the throne of Egypt and won. Iconographically, he is most often depicted as a child wearing a lock of hair on the right side of his head and sucking his finger, or as a falcon wearing the double crown of Upper and Lower Egypt. Theologically and politically, each living Pharaoh was considered an incarnation of Heru-sa-Aset, while the deceased Pharaoh became one with Osiris in the afterlife.

One of the most common and important symbols in ancient Egyptian theology also relates to Horus. During his battle with Set, one of Horus's eyes was ripped out. While the God was healed, he offered his eye to his father in the underworld where its revitalizing power would help to sustain Osiris. The Eye of Horus, even today worn as an amulet or pendant, represents prosperity, well-being, protection, healing, and general good health.

Are all of these Horuses the same Deity? Are they different aspects of a singular entity? Are they distinct beings who just happen to share part of a name and some iconography? Are they sometimes the same being and sometimes separate? Interesting and convoluted theological and linguistic arguments could be made for each and all of the above. Ultimately, the true nature of Horus or the Horuses can be known only to him/them; and how to honor and build a relationship with him/them falls to each individual devotee.

The hymns, poems, essays, rites, artwork, and short stories of this collection reflect that individualized devotion and understanding. Some of these pieces focus exclusively on Heru-Wer/Horus the Elder. Others center on Heru-sa-Aset/Horus the Younger. Other writings look at still more entities or aspects. Some of the poems and essays focus on Horus as the God of the Pharaohs, or as the God of order and civilization, or even as a God of healing or victory or war.

Each of these hymns, poems, essays, rites, works of art, and stories begins to build a picture — incomplete though it is — of Horus.

What will you find when you recite these hymns? What will you feel when you read these poems? What will you see when you fall into these works of art? How will they impact your understanding of Horus, and effect your relationship with him/them? How will your devotion evolve and change?

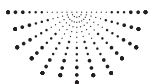
There is a glow on the horizon. The Sun is rising. Warm yourself in its light, and give thanks.

Rebecca Buchanan

Editor-in-Chief, Bibliotheca Alexandrina

Winter 2023

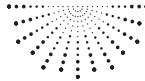
ESSAYS AND RITES



ALTAR TO HERU-WER BY JOAN LANSBERRY



BLESSED BE MY BELOVED



MERIT BROKAW

LORD HERU-UR CLAIMED me one day in meditation. I found myself on a narrow beach. Sand dunes to my left, a large body of water gently lapping at the sand under my feet. I had expected to meet with a newly discovered guide. As I was walking down the beach, I heard a loud noise behind me. It sounded like a herd of elephants landing on the beach. I turned around to give my avian guide crap for such an inelegant landing only to find an imposing falcon-headed god standing there instead.

To say I was dumbfounded is putting it very mildly.

In a later meditation, I asked Heru what I could do for him. I was given the image of him becoming sky-tall then picking me up and putting me in his heart as he strode off across the land. The below prayer stemmed from this meditation.

Blessed be my beloved
from head to toe

Blessed be his head
the seat of intelligence

Blessed be his eyes
sun and moon
which bring me joy

Blessed be his throat
sweet music to my ears

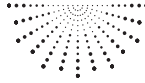
Blessed be his torso
root of all action

Blessed be his limbs
which carry thru that action

Blessed be his heart
For the love he keeps there in

Blessed be my beloved
from head to toe
may my love and devotion
aid him in his duties

HEKA FOR CLEAR SIGHT AND PERCEPTION



TAQERISENU

WE'RE GOING to be performing heka, and creating an amulet intended to increase your perception. The goal is to make a magical tool that will help us be more aware of our strengths, our allies, our needs, and the needs of those around us that we can help with — especially those we may not normally have strong awareness of, and want some help from Heru-Wer to recognize.

For the heka we will be performing, you will need:

1) Something with the image of an eye. This can be an image you've drawn or printed, but eye beads would be especially good, as they can be strung and worn easily as an amulet.

2) Offerings for Heru-Wer

3) A candle

4) Natron (just a couple of grains is enough)

5) Water.

Go ahead and grab those things, if you haven't got them set up. Let's get started!

Say:

*Djehuty speaks,
As the heart of Ra,*

Lord of Ma'at,
who lives by her:
I am witness to the contending of two,
I am he who judges the two lords,
I am lord of writing,
who assigns years and lifetimes.
I have picked up my palette,
And my pen
So that I might record for you
All that was
And all that is.
I am Great of Heka,
What I say is Truth.

Heru-Wer,
divine falcon,
ruler on the serekh,
who repels the enemies of Ra,
comes.
The strong warrior,
fierce one,
speckle-plumed.
Who sails across heaven and earth
as Heruakhety,
Who shines as Behdety.
His right-eye shines gold,
He has illuminated the two lands
with his perfection.
His left-eye shines silver as the moon,
to illuminate the earth after the day has ended.

But dark was the moonless night,
And Heru-Wer could not see,
No eyes were open upon his face,
No sun and moon illuminated the darkness,
And he struck out in battle against the Netjeru,

*Not recognizing them, not perceiving them.
All was chaos, all was confusion,
The barque of Ra came to a standstill,
The pillars of the sky trembled.*

Hold the image of an eye that you have chosen. Think about things you have difficulty perceiving or recognizing. (For example, I have difficulty recognizing when I need to ask for help. I also want to become better at recognizing my own ability to make others happy, rather than discounting it.) Don't say anything out loud for this part, just focus on what you don't have awareness of, and want to.

Set the eye down, and pick up the water. Say these words over it:

*Oh, water, your purity is the purity of Menhyt the Great,
Lady of Purity,
who is pleased with cleanliness,
who made what is,
and created what exists.
Hethert is joyous at you,
She creates pure ointment
That makes whole the Eye.*

Pick up the natron, and say these words over it:

*Oh, natron, your purity is the purity of Djehuty,
Your purity is the purity of Dunanwy.
Your Ka is purified before Ra,
Who holds you to his nose.
Aset has purified you,
you were purified by Djehuty.*

Mix the natron into the water.

Dip a fingertip into the natron water and shake or dab a couple of small droplets onto the image of the Eye. You can

wipe it off once the natron water is applied, if you need to. Say:

*Djehuty repels your impurity,
you are purified in heaven before Ra,
you were censured on earth before the Ennead.
You have been purified with this water
You have been purified with fresh water
which came forth from the Cavern.*

*The Eye of Heru is whole, the Eye of Heru is pure.
Heru-Wer's eyes shine, with the light of the sun and the moon,
Seeing all that is around Him.
The speckle-plumed falcon jubilates,
Ra rejoices in his barque,
All the Netjeru give praise
To Heru's eyes.*

Hold the image of the Eye, focusing on filling it with energy. Picture it shining. Picture it seeing everything that you wish to become more aware of. Say:

I perceive my strengths. I am aware of my skills. I understand my needs. I perceive the needs of others. My eyes shine with wisdom, I do not strike out in darkness. My allies and friends are around me, my strength is within me. The Eye of Heru is whole.

Light the candle, and say:

O Heru-wer, great of strength, master of fear, great in awe: may You save me from all bad, unholy things, from any slaughter in this year.

Please present any offerings for Heru-Wer, in thanks. Say:

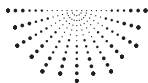
Oh, Heru-Wer, Divine Falcon who comes forth from Nekhen, who

dwells in Kom Ombo, may you be satisfied with the repast to the right and to the left.

Finish with: *Dua Heru-Wer! Nekhtet!*

After, you can carry the amulet with you, or place it somewhere that you feel its presence will be helpful (in your shrine, on your desk, by your front door, et cetera).

H̲NM ITN, OR A RITUAL FOR UNITING WITH THE SUN DISK



SARAH WHEATLEY

'UNITING WITH THE SUN DISK', called '*hnm itn*' in Egyptian (p.44, Assmann, 2001), was a Ptolemaic Period ritual that has survived in a variety of forms from various temples across Egypt. It is likely that the ritual has its origins before the Ptolemaic Period; unfortunately there is little evidence to support this (p.95, Dunand & Zivie-Coche, 2004). The Ritual of Uniting with the Sun Disk was most notably performed during the celebrations on Wep Ronpet, the Egyptian New Year. The ritual included the procession of the gods from inside their temples to the open air to bathe in the light of the sun.

The Ritual of Uniting with the Sun Disk could be repeated on days of particular signification to each cult, usually during festivals. As each temple had a different idea of what constituted these significant occasions there is a great variation from temple to temple (p.32, Meeks & Favard-Meeks, 1996). So while Horus at the temple of Edfu united with the sun twice throughout the year, his consort Hathor at the temple of Dendera united with the sun four times (p.90, Bleeker, 1967).

A lot of the Ritual of the Unification with the Sun Disk is the same as, or a variation of, the Daily Ritual.

. . .

Invocation and Adoration

At the Edfu temple the ritual began in the 'mesen-room' (p.184, Fairman, 1954) which was a central sanctuary located at the very back of the temple (shown as A on the map below). This room was also called the 'Ḥwt-ḳn, which means the 'house of valour' or the 'ndm-nḥ', which translates as 'pleasant to live in' (p.296, Gaber, 2009). Within the room was a large black granite *naos* (p.296, Gaber, 2009). The *naos* contained a portable double shrine which was made of wood covered in gold. The portable shrine contained figures of Horus and Hathor (p.296, Gaber, 2009). Horus is described on the temple walls as being in the form of 'the Falcon in his sacred image Gemehsw, the height is one cubit carrying the flail' (p.297, Gaber, 2009). Whereas Hathor was depicted in the form of Ma'at (p.297, Gaber, 2009). These statues were only used for this ritual (p.195, Dick, 1999).

The High Priest open the doors of the *naos* shrine and performs the usual Adoration and Invocation hymns that were used in the Daily Ritual, or a variation of them (p.185, Fairman, 1954). The best preserved version of the Daily Ritual is the *Papyrus Berlin 3055* which records the Daily Ritual of Amun from the Temple of Karnak. The Adoration and Invocation hymns were performed to 'awaken' and 'call' the deities so that they would be present within their statues. Once the hymns had been completed a variation of the following words were recited:

I have seen the god, the Power sees me. The god rejoices at seeing me. I have gazed upon the statue of the Divine Winged Beetle, the sacred image of the Falcon of Gold. — (This prayer comes from the Daily Ritual. p.180, Fairman, 1954).

The portable shrine was then moved onto a processional barque, which was in turn loaded onto a litter (p.300, Gaber, 2009). The litter was carried by a group of nine priests 'The Companions' or the 'Ennead of the god', with four priests on

each side and a final one acting as an overseer (p.185, Fairman, 1954). A smaller procession of priests was formed to lead the gods from the *mesen*-room. Before the Companions came two sacred lances, which were used to magically clear the path of the gods of any danger or evil. The Lance of Horus was carried before Horus, and the Lance of Khonsu was carried before Hathor p.185, Fairman, 1954).

Washing, Clothing and Adornment

The small procession travelled to the *wabet*, or Pure Place side chamber (p.95, Dunand & Zivie-Coche, 2004; shown as B on the map). This room was used to cleanse and purify the gods. The portable shrine would be removed from the litter and placed down facing south (p.185, Fairman, 1954). In the room adjacent rich offerings and incense would be burnt (shown as C on the map). Horus and Hathor were offered cool water in a red and green vase and a pot of natron. The natron was added to the red and green vases and the gods were washed with the natron water. The gods were then anointed with sweet-smelling oil and myrrh was burnt.

Horus was then offered linen rolls dyed red, blue, white and green (p.180, Fairman, 1954). The specific colours of cloth originate in the Old Kingdom where they were used for inheritance rituals (p.800, Wilson, 2010). In this instance, the four-coloured linens are used to reaffirm Horus' inheritance from Osiris and therefore kingship. Finally, the gods would be wrapped in the coloured linen and adorned with jewellery. The washing, clothing, and adornment ritual would be accompanied with the appropriate hymns from the Daily Ritual (p.185, Fairman, 1954).

Ascension, and Unification with the Sun Disk

It is at this point that the Ritual of the Unification of the Sun Disk deviates from the Daily Ritual. A large group of

priests formed to accompany the gods up the eastern staircase leading to the roof of the temple (shown as D on the map). Statues of minor gods of the temple would also join the procession. The procession included priests with standards to clear danger from the path of the gods, masked priests representing lesser gods carrying offerings, and fan bearers who followed behind to keep the gods cool (p.186, Fairman, 1954).

The procession ascended the staircase with Horus on the western side of the corridor and Hathor on the eastern side (p.297, Gaber, 2009). The staircase was decorated with images of these procession and engraved with texts relating to this ritual. Towards the top of the staircase, windows had been cut from the stone so that specific texts on the walls could be illuminated, like the following text:

The Great God, the Lord of Edfu, He-of-Edfu, the Great God, Lord of Heaven, to elevate the Lord of Mesnet, dappled-of-plumage, and Hathor, Mistress of Dendera. Go out as their statues to the Seat of the First Festival [Wep Ronpet], which is upon the roof-terrace. To see the Sun-Disk in the Eastern Horizon, so that his rays might pass over their images, so that their flesh might be rejuvenated, so that their statues might be renewed, and so that they might live by seeing his rays — (p.192, Dick, 1999).

Passing the wall texts, the procession would make their way onto the roof and approach the roof-chapel which had been built specifically for this purpose (p.90, Bleeker, 1967). The statues of the gods would be placed down within the roof-chapel facing south. Horus was positioned at the front, followed by Hathor, and the rest of the temple gods were arranged behind. The gods in the roof-chapel were offered four jars. A jar of water and natron to represent offerings from Upper Egypt and a matching jar of water and natron to represent offerings from Lower Egypt (p.90, Bleeker, 1967). At this point the annual Opening of the Mouth ritual may have been performed on the statues in the roof-chapel (p.186, Fairman,

1954). It may also have been the time when the annual dedication of Edfu temple took place; the dedication was functionally the same as the Opening of the Mouth, but was performed upon the wall reliefs.

Then the gods were brought forward in their portable shrines, and the doors were opened so that the statues could bask in the midmorning to noon sun (p.186, Fairman, 1954). While soaking in the sun, the gods were able to reunite with their *bau*. The Mammasi at Edfu records the occasion as:

... his Living Ba has come out of the sky and he enters his shrine as the divine Winged Sun Disk (with) his two uraei as his protection.

— (Description from the Mammasi at Edfu; p.165, Shonkwiler, 2014)

For Horus to reunite with his *bau* was to unite with Ra and Osiris. It was a moment when his divine inheritance was reaffirmed and kingship was reasserted, and, by extension, it reinforced the rule of the reigning Pharaoh and rejuvenated Egypt (p.296, Gaber, 2009). The Unification with the Sun Disk is, in essence, a ritual that marks Horus' connection to the sun, and therefore his legitimacy to rule through being the rightful descendent of Ra. Each piece of the ritual is perfectly choreographed to explore these connections. The movement of the statues from the dark of the temple into the light mimicked the emergence of the sun from the watery darkness of the Nun, which was especially relevant to Wep Ronpet as a celebration of '*zep tepi*', or the 'first occasion'. And even the movement upwards on the eastern staircase drew a parallel to the rising sun.

With all this in mind, the statue of Horus was then removed from the portable shrine and lifted aloft so all the participants of the ritual could gaze upon the god and witness not only the renewal of Horus, but the complete renewal of Egypt (p.197, Meeks & Favard-Meeks, 1996).

. . .

Return

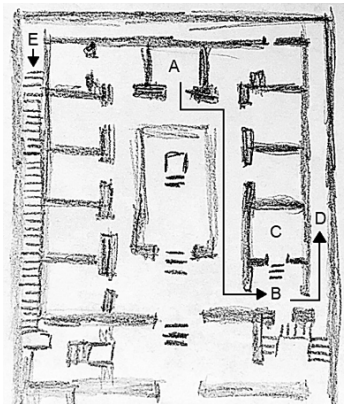
The statues were then carefully returned to their portable shrines and the procession again took off, this time exiting from the roof-chapel through a Western door. The priests carried the gods down a separate staircase which was located on the Western side of the temple (shown as E on the map). After which the statues would be taken back to the *mesen*-room. The portable shrines were returned to their black granite *naos* and sealed away, awaiting the next Ritual of Uniting with the Sun Disk.

Processional Route

Sketch of Edfu temple, drawn by the author. With letter annotations making out the important rooms of the temples, and with lines showing the rough route of the procession.

Key

- A – *mesen*-room
- B – *wabet*
- C – burnt offering room
- D – eastern staircase
- E – western staircase



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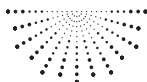
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HORUS IN THE RIA FORMOSA



SECONDDGENERATIONIMMIGRANT

TWO YEARS ago I went with my partner and my family to Algarve for some spring holidays.

One of the many attractions of the area is the Parque Natural da Ria Formosa (PNRF), a vast natural reserve of marshes, salt-pans, lagoons, sandbanks, islets, and woodlands that extends from the former Phoenician town of Faro to neighbouring Tavira and Olhão. Home to many kinds of migratory and resident species of marine and riverine birds, including the elusive Purple Gallinule, the PNRF is an important and complex ecosystem that preserves endemic species such as the iberian chameleon.

It is also one of the closest things to the Nile Delta in Europe, albeit on a much reduced scale and with much bigger tides.

Even though I already worship Asherah, She Who Treads the Sea as protectress of fisherpeople and commercial navigation, and I strongly associate Seth with the open sea, seafaring, and feats of maritime derring-do, as I walked, cycled, and sailed around the park, learning about the shifting channels of sand and silt which ships can only go through with the help of a local pilot, about the rhythms of traditional fishing, shellfish and seaweed foraging, and net-mending, an image

kept forming in my mind: Child Horus, hiding at Chemmis in the Delta with His mother Isis, His aunt Nephthys, and his other protectors.

I could see Him as a child of maybe seven or eight, walking the near-dry channels at low tide, scouting for cockles and mussels and picking them out of the sand with practiced ease, occasionally cracking one open with a small knife He held at His belt, darting around like a plover, bright, alert, and flight-footed.

I imagined Him as an older boy, maybe eleven or twelve, armed with a spear, waiting for the schools of fish who would come back with the incoming tide, soles and eels and sea-breams, keen of eye, steady of arm, ready to spear them like a waiting heron.

A blink of an eye and He was checking static lines for hungry gobies and traps for crabs and shrimp, whistling a tune between His teeth, a haul of fish and armoured shells already in His basket.

A moment later He was older still, a teen, hauling nets full of silvery fish onto a rowboat painted in bright stripes of white, red and green, singing a hauling song with the rest of the crew, His back and arms corded with lean muscle from the hard, rewarding work, His copper skin browned even further by the sun.

A motor-boat passed by ours. I squinted in the light and it turned into a much more ancient rowboat. Horus was the captain now and a rich haul coated the bottom of the vessel, slippery between the rowers' feet. He was standing at the prow, lotus-blue eyes glinting with satisfaction as He scouted ahead, tall and proud of bearing like a falcon, no longer a child, but a man, decisive and wise enough to lead older men than Him against the perils of the open Sea beyond the barrier islands, a Prince of the Marshlands in deed if not in name.

Was that the moment when His Mother knew He was ready to be the King of the Two Lands? Did She watch him

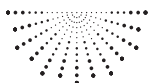
return to port from the shore and realise that She couldn't put it off anymore? Did She weep because that life had been hard and humble and not without dangers, but incomparably safer than returning to court? Did she mourn it?

And did He miss that life later? Did he miss the vast stretches of mingled land and water, the salt pans, the distant crash of waves, the wind that brought the salty smell of the sea, the freedom? Did He gaze with dismay upon red sand and mountains beyond the narrow strip of cultivated land when He first saw them? Did getting used to them, little by little, feel like losing a part of Himself? Did He still crave bream and mullet, freshly caught, and fragrant stews of shrimp and shellfish in the beef-loving depths of the South? Did He still wake up thinking He could hear the tide coming in?

Did He ever wish He could go back to that simpler life, before the Crown that sometimes weighed so heavily on His head?

The wind whistled by, providing no answers as the Sun set into the Sea, but perhaps answers don't matter. What matters are the stories that places tell us and that we tell ourselves.

MORNING RITUAL TO HERU WHO RESIDES IN SHEDET



SOBEKEMITI

THIS IS A MODIFIED version of a short devotional rite I used to do a long time ago. It's only loosely based on the temple rites, but I got the sense Heru wanted this one to flow, so feel free to let it flow and evolve as you use it.

It's not designed to be complicated. You can do the rite with a glass of water and an image of Heru, or you can build a shrine, and burn incense, and ring bells or sistra, and make it your own. You can perform it at sunrise, or you can perform it when you wake up, or at any point in the morning when you want to connect to Him and His energies. You can also use this as a base for festival rites, if you want a short way to honour Him but don't have the energy for a full ritual. I encourage you to adapt this rite to your own needs.

A note on henu: for anyone unfamiliar with performing and offering henu gestures in Kemetic ritual, the most basic form of henu simply involves standing facing the shrine, with your arms out to the side, your palms facing the shrine. Your hands should be about level with your head. There is no need to do other forms of henu, or to make prostrations, unless you feel called to do so.

. . .

Items You Will Need:

- A shrine, altar, or other place to perform the rite
- An image, symbol, or statue of Heru
- A libation bowl and a libation jug with water in it
- A sistrum, bells, or some other shaker or musical device
- Candles and incense
- Anointing oil (skin-safe)

Preparations Before The Rite: You may want to perform some kind of ritual purifications before your rite. This can be as simple as washing your face and hands, brushing your teeth, and dressing in your robes, or you can perform a more formal Kemetic purification rite, like the one outlined below.

Purification Ritual:

Bless ten grains of salt or natron:

My natron is the natron of the Netjeru

May it purify me of all that is impure

Bless a bowl of water:

My water is the water of the Netjeru.

May it purify me and wash away all illness

Mix the salt into the water and wash your body and all its orifices. You can mix this into bathwater or pour over your head before showering.

The Rite:

Approach the shrine and bow, offering henu.

Anoint your brow with oil and say: *I am pure, I am pure, I am pure, I am pure.*

Light candles and chant:

*Receive the light, O gods, receive the light.
Come to the shrine, O gods, and receive the light.*

Light incense and chant:

*Beautiful is the incense on the shrine, O gods.
Sweet is the incense on the shrine.
Come to the shrine, O gods, come to the shrine.
Sweet is the incense on the flame.*

Recite the opening prayer. You may also shake a sistra or ring bells as you greet Heru:

*Hail to the morning star,
Heru of the Eastern Skies,
Great Falcon,
You who carries Ra on your back as the Day Boat,
Bring forth Kheper-Ra from the Duat.
Let me see His shining face.
Let me feel His brilliant radiance upon my body.
Let me sing praises to You,
Morning Star,
Heru of the East,
Bright Soaring Falcon
Who bears Ra into the sky.*

Pour a libation to Heru and say:

*This libation is for you, Heru,
This libation is for you,
Coming forth from your servant,
Coming forth before you,
I have come and I have brought you the Eye of Heru,
That you may be refreshed with it.
I have come and brought you the liquid that comes forth from you.*

Take a sip, and place it back on the shrine.

Offer incense to Heru, shake your sistra or ring your bells,
and say:

Hail to the Lord who rejoices in the incense!

Hail to the Lord who rejoices in the incense!

Hail to the Lord who rejoices in the incense!

Hail to the Lord who rejoices in the incense!

Take a moment to sit in meditation or personal prayer. You can also do festival work here. Have a pen and paper handy if you want to record your experiences.

When you are done, take up the libation dish to revert the offerings and say:

May I drink in your wisdom, great one.

May this water sustain me as it sustains you.

Drink the rest of the libation and place the bowl back on the shrine.

Recite the closing prayer:

Hail to you, Heru, morning star,

I have come before you, bright one, and I am purified.

I have received the light.

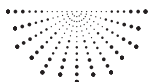
Offer me now your blessings and protections today,

And be at peace with me,

Great falcon of the dawn.

Offer henu, and close the shrine. The rite is done.

ON RA HORAKHTY



ARIADNE RAINBIRD

THERE WERE many different falcon-headed gods in Ancient Egypt, and many of them were called Horus or some variation of the name. Horus is actually the Greek form of the name, with the Egyptian version of the name being Heru, Hor or Har, which has been translated variously as “the Distant One,” “He who is far away,” or “the One on High,” perhaps referring to Horus’s role as Sky God. There are other falcon headed Gods, such as Ra and Sokar, and at times these deities were merged together or identified with one another.

One of the most popular of combinations from the Middle Kingdom onwards was Ra Horakhty, “Ra who is Horus of the two Horizons”. As Horakhty, Horus is the god of the rising and setting sun. Ra Horakhty may also represent the Sun as it travels across the sky, from sunrise to sunset, from one horizon to the other.

Ra Horakhty became the patron deity of the Pharaoh and the Egyptian noble class after the Middle Kingdom. In the *Pyramid Texts* Horakhty is called “God of the East” which links him with the God Anhur, “He who leads back the Distant One”, a god of war and hunting who defended his father Ra from his enemies and who was one of the gods who stood at the front of Ra’s barque and defended him from the

Apep serpent. Horakhty's role as God of the East suggests that the deceased king will be reborn in the eastern sky as Horakhty.

Horakhty was portrayed as a falcon or a falcon-headed, human-bodied figure wearing the solar disk upon His head, often with the ureaeus or royal cobra circled around the disc, and sometimes the double crown of Upper and Lower Egypt.

Ra is described in the *Book of the Dead* as "Atum-Horakhty". A document in the British Museum, the *Papyrus of Anastasi II*, dating to c. 1230 B.C.E. from Memphis, contains a prayer to Ra-Horakhty, in which He is also identified with Atum:

*Come to me O Re Har-akhti that Thou mayest look after me!
Thou art He who does, and there is none who does without Thee
Unless it be Thou that actest with him.
Come to me, Atum every day!
Thou art the August God
My heart advances to Heliopolis,
While my (missing text) and my heart is gay and breast is in joy.
My prayers, my supplications of every day,
And my adorations of the night are heard
My petitions will continue in my mouth, and they are heard today.
Thou one and only, O Re Har-akhti!
There is no other here like unto him,
Who protects millions while he rescues hundred-thousands!
The protector of him who calls out to Him, the Lord of Heliopolis
Do not punish me for my numerous sins,
For I am one who knows not his own self,
I am a man without sense,
I spend the day following after my own mouth, like a cow after
grass.
If I spend the evening in (missing text),
I am one to whom calm comes.
I spend the day going around and around in the temple
And spend the night (missing text)*

(translated by John A. Wilson, in Pritchard, p.379)

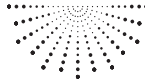
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A RITUAL FOR THE CORONATION OF HERU-SA-ASET



SOBEKEMITI

WHILE A RITUAL for the Coronation of Heru-sa-Aset is not necessarily a traditional festival, it is one that's part of my own Wheel, since I use a fixed calendar with Wep Ronpet on February 1. I like symmetry in my Wheel, and I wanted something to counter the Mysteries of Wesir that I mark on May 1-8. The last day of the Mysteries of Wesir is traditionally a coronation festival for both Wesir and Heru-sa-Aset, but I wanted to take that coronation for Heru and move it halfway round the Wheel to November to mark it then.

For me, Heru and Sobek move in a sine wave, oscillating between the solstices and equinoxes. Heru is at His peak at the summer solstice, while Sobek is at His peak at the winter solstice. This matches with my seasonal cycles as well as Their energies. Obviously this cycle is not going to suit everyone, but it works for me. Part of the reason I use a fixed calendar is that I live in Australia, and Sirius is a terrible marker for the seasons down here, so I use the energy of the year I have instead. January down here is very much a last month of the year kind of month, so it feels just right to lead in to my year.

For those who don't know, my Heru is the Heru who resides in Shedet, who is linked very much to Sobek. In the

Faiyum, Sobek absorbed much of Heru's cult and mythos, as much as He absorbed Ra's cult and mythos, and my interpretation of Heru in the ritual below, and how I call to Him, reflects this association. So it is very much my Heru that I hail as the King in this festival, and perhaps that reflects some of the epithets I use and how I call to Him. This is a very specific form of Heru-sa-Aset, and I don't expect this to necessarily reflect other experiences of Heru-sa-Aset who might not be from the Faiyum like mine is, so feel free to adapt this ritual to your Heru-sa-Aset if you feel called to do so.

I perform this ritual as a six day festival from October 31 to November 5. It's a weird time for me, being in Australia. Halloween is not really big down here, and I get that same sense of seasonal dissonance that I get when we celebrate Easter, a spring festival, in autumn. Harvest festivals in spring, this is just weird. The stronger association for me is November 5th, bonfire night, which I got from my mother. We don't really celebrate it, but that's what I get more than Halloween. So it's a time of weird energy, but good for a fire festival, and Heru can definitely handle a fire festival, so I went with that energy.

I wanted to structure this festival in a similar way to the Mysteries of Wesir, but also with a more explicit sense of it being a coronation feast, as well. There is a four-day feast of the coronation of Heru listed in *The Ancient Egyptian Daybook* for I Peret 1-4, the Wep Ronpet of Heru of Edfu, and a time when heb-sed festivals were also held for the King. This is just after the end of the Mysteries, so you could celebrate this then, or hold it in opposition to the Mysteries of Wesir.

With all that said, this is entirely a modern festival, and one that I feel works very well for my own cycles and seasons where I live. Perhaps this isn't the case for you, or perhaps you want to adapt this to fit your own celebrations. It is a good time to honour all Kings, as well as Heru, so feel free to use it for that, too. I offer this mostly as a festival of my own creation that I felt I needed for my own calendar and nothing

more. If you feel it calls to you, feel free to take it and make it your own.

The original conception of this festival had specific things for each day, similar to the Mysteries of Wesir, and it included a night vigil, and offerings and prayers to Wesir and all Kings. I've listed below the names of the feasts for each day of the festival, which you are free to adapt and perhaps write your own rituals for.

Day 1: Triumph Over Set and Claiming the Throne

Day 2: Purifications In The Temple

Day 3: Offerings to all Kings, and to Wesir, Lord of
the Duat

Day 4: Seclusion and the Night Vigil

Day 5: Feast of Ma'at in Ra's Court

Day 6: Feast of the Coronation, and Receiving the
Double Crown

Day 1, for me, needed to be that final triumph over Set and claiming the throne. This could be marked by recreating that, destroying some isfest, or otherwise giving Heru the crowns, and the crook and the flail, to mark His authority.

Day 2 involves purifications, to cast off the battle scars, and prepare to take the throne for the coronation. This could be a good time to bathe and wash your Heru icon, and clean and redress His shrine in preparation for the coronation feast. You might also dress Him in clean linens, if that is your practice, or otherwise clean and purify your shrine space.

Day 3 involves offerings to all ancestral Kings, as well as to Wesir. Because this is a feast for Heru-sa-Aset, I couldn't not include this. If you honour any Kings as akhu or guides, this is a good day to honour them as well as giving offerings to Wesir.

Day 4 is Heru's night vigil, in preparation for the coronation. This was drawn not just from the Mysteries, but from the period of seclusion the King would undergo before coro-

nation, and I wanted to replicate that here. It's not the sad vigil that Wesir has, but a triumphant one. You could use this time to meditate on your own sovereignty, and to see what you need to take control of in the coming year, and to celebrate your own triumphs as well.

Day 5 is the Feast of Ma'at in Ra's court, to reinforce Ma'at in the world, and to destroy isfet. And because this didn't feel right without a Ma'at festival for a coronation.

Day 6 is the coronation feast, which, for me, is when the big formal ritual takes place. If you have the energy to do proper ritual for all six days, by all means, go ahead. But I like to save them for the final day. Lay out a feast for Heru, take Him on a procession around your house or temple space, create a Sacred Falcon Temple for Him to reside in, offer Him the Double Crown, and give praise to the kings.

The Ritual

The ritual I present now is just for the final day, when the big celebrations happen; below you will find a list of required items, hymns to chant, and gestures and offerings to make. There are many other things you can do outside of this ritual, but I wanted to at least give you the basic ritual, so you have a place to start. This is based on a short-form ritual structure I came up with a long time ago, which I feel is formal enough for this work, but won't take forever to perform. As with all the rituals I offer, feel free to adapt this and make it your own.

A note on henu: For anyone unfamiliar with performing and offering henu gestures in Kemetic ritual, the most basic form of henu simply involves standing facing the shrine, with your arms out to the side, your palms facing the shrine. Your hands should be about level with your head. There is no need to do other forms of henu, or to make prostrations, unless you feel called to do so.

• • •

Things You Will Need

— a shrine and image or icon of Heru-sa-Aset - you may want to include any other kings, or images of Wesir and Aset as well

- an image or icon of Ma'at
- offering bowls and dishes
- offerings and libations
- sistra or bells or some other similar thing
- anointing oil
- incense
- candles
- salt or natron, and water for purifications

The Rite of Purification: Ritual purifications are recommended before the rite. You can do your own, if you have one you prefer doing. I also offer the following for those who want something to begin with.

Recite the following over ten grains of salt or natron:

*My natron is the natron of the Netjeru
May it purify me of all that is impure*

Recite the following over a bowl of water:

*My water is the water of the Netjeru.
May it purify me and wash away all illness*

Mix the two together, and then use it to mix to rinse out your mouth, wash your hands, and clean all other orifices of the body. Proceed to bathe or shower as appropriate so you are physically as well as spiritually clean.

Once you are dressed and clean, and ready to go before shrine, state:

I have bathed in the pure waters,

*I have clothed myself in white linen,
I have eaten the natron of the Netjeru,
I bathe myself in your scent,
that I may be purified.*

Preparation: Prepare and gather offerings, and set up the shrine, if you don't keep a permanent one.

Offering Reverence: Offer henu. Anoint your forehead with a perfume, cologne or natural oil of your choosing. Say:

*Oh, Heru-sa-Aset, bathe me in your scent.
I have purified myself with the eye of Heru
so I can make these rituals with you.*

Opening Prayer:

*Hail to you, Heru-sa-Aset,
who comes forth from Shedet,
who claims the Two Lands with His might.
I come before you purified,
bathed in the scent of the Gods,
to make ritual with you.*

Open the shrine. Begin the formal rite. Light the shrine lamps and say:

*Come in peace, Heru-sa-Aset,
God of Gods, and King of Kings,
and receive the light.
I am purified.*

Light incense and place it in a censer. Say:

*Hail, censer of the Gods,
may the scent of Heru-sa-Aset purify and bless me.
I am purified.*

Offer Ma'at. Present the icon of Heru with a figure/image of Ma'at and say:

*Hail to you, Heru-sa-Aset,
who rises in triumph,
who avenges His father, Wesir,
who seizes the Throne as the rightful heir,
I am Djehuty, and I bear Ma'at before you.
May She be with you in all places where you are.*

Recite a hymn to Heru:

*Greetings to you, Heru Shedety,
Beautiful of face, gold of face,
Bright fire who illuminates the Two Lands,
Heru who is in Shedet, hail!
Rise, rise, appear from the lake, mighty one,
Brilliant falcon, son of Aset,
Avenger and Defender, Protector of Ra,
Rise high, soar above,
Come to your boat in peace, awaken!*

*Hail, bringer of the flood,
Who created the land,
Who made the islands,
Who created the fish traps,
Hail, lord of the Two Lands,
King of Kings, Mighty One,
You who has been restored,
Geb has restored your Sight to you,
He has brought your Eye to you,
That you may refresh yourself.*

*Strong one, Great Warrior,
Righteous One, the True Heir of Wesir,
Aset is with you now, your Eye is with you,*

*Go now, out to the Lakelands,
Swim the waters, search the land,
Find your father, gather his limbs,
Liminal one, gather his bones, restore him to life,
You who is above and below, who is earth and sky, who is lake and
land,
Find him, bind him, open his mouth,
Open the mouth of your father,
You command all your children to care for him,
As you take his bones, his limbs, and make his injury as if it had
never happened.
You have saved him, Bright One,
The Bright Flame of Wesir lives, you have protected him,
You have been made whole after your trials as he is made whole
by you,
Your Eye is restored, your father is established, you wear the Double
Crown,
You restore peace to the Two Lands, the land shines with your
radiance,
with the flood of tears from Sopdet.
Ra is with you, Ma'at is with you,
All the kings and gods are with you,
You are justified, you are whole,
You have been established in the Two Lands,
Your father has been established in His Palace,
You who moves between the worlds,
Who reckons hearts for his father as Yinepu,
Beautiful One, Heru-sa-Aset, who stands now with the Throne
strong against your back,
Hail to you in glory on this day of your coronation!*

Offer henu. Recite the offering formula: *An offering which the King gives to Heru-sa-Aset, Lord of the Throne of the Two Lands, King of Kings, Sacred Falcon who Saves His Father, so that he may give a voice offering in bread, beer, water, ox, fowl, alabaster,*

linen, and everything good and pure on which a God lives. May your heart be satisfied.

Offer libations and food offering, and any other offerings you wish to make. Offer henu.

Revert (consume) the remaining food and drink offerings now, or at the conclusion of the rite.

Spend time with Heru-sa-Aset in meditation or personal prayer. Dance or sing, or make other celebrations. Take Him on a procession. Do whatever you feel called to do to celebrate the coronation with Him.

Closing:

Recite the closing prayer:

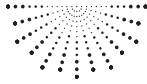
*Hail to you, Heru-sa-Aset
Lord of Shedet,
who saves His father,
Mighty One who wears the Double Crown,
I have come before you purified
to make these rituals with you.
I have offered praise to you, O Heru-sa-Aset
I have offered ma'at to you,
I have offered food, and drink, and all good things on which a god
lives,
I am bathed in your scent, O Heru-sa-Aset
I thank you, O Heru-sa-Aset
who has come forth from Shedet to be with me,
and I have honoured you faithfully today in your name.
May you look favourably upon me
And be at peace with me.*

Close the shrine.

Offer henu.

Remove the food to end the rite.

THEOSOPHY AND ANCIENT EGYPT



REV. BILL DUVENDACK

AN ICON IN ANCIENT EGYPT, the canopic jars are also known as the “Four Sons of Horus.” They served one main function in the mummification process: they contained certain vital organs from the deceased. Each of the sons of Horus protected the organ contained in the corresponding jar. The sons were as follows:

- 1) Duamutef, the jackal headed jar, corresponding to the direction of east, containing the stomach, protected by Neith;
- 2) Imsety, the jar with the human head, corresponding to the south, containing the liver, protected by Isis;
- 3) Qebhsenuf, the falcon headed jar corresponding to the west, containing the intestines, protected by Serqet; and
- 4) Hapi, the baboon headed jar, which corresponds to north, containing the lungs, protected by Nephthys.

While the names were a later addition, the containers and what they held have been around since the earliest incarnation of the Egyptian belief system.

(In addition to these four sons of Horus that correspond to the canopic jars, there are three others, but they play less of a role in general, and are beyond the scope of this essay. However, it is worth noting for our purposes that they exist.)

A lot of what we know about them comes to us from what

is commonly known as the ancient Egyptian *Book of the Dead*, which translates to *Book of Coming Forth by Day*, or *Book of Going Forth by Day*. It is a collection of texts that have to do with the funerary tradition of ancient Egypt, and while a fairly new document contextually speaking, it is believed to have been compiled over approximately one thousand years or more, so it is not a true *book* in the strictest sense of the word, but rather is more like a collection of hymns, spells, and other useful pieces of wisdom to help the soul navigate in the afterlife. There is also not one definitive text, but rather there are many different ones that have survived.

In the most commonly found version of the *Book of the Dead*, there is a connection between the canopic jars and four bright stars in the northern night sky. In the text, the jars are described as being “behind the thigh” in a constellation in the sky. So then, what constellation? E.A. Wallis Budge makes the claim that the Egyptian word “msxtyw” means “Great Bear Constellation,” which would clarify the specific constellation. Hence, the four canopic jars correspond to the four stars “behind the thigh” of the constellation Ursa Major, also known as the Great Bear.

Now we shift cultures and turn our attention to India with its unique Hinduism. There are many parallels between ancient India and Egypt that a lot of people do not know about, but are quite profound to ponder. India has a rich tapestry of spiritual history and profound spiritual teachings that have shaped a great deal of the philosophical underpinnings of the western world. The main religion of India, which has been true for thousands of years, is Hinduism, with its over three million deities. Technically, the roots of Hinduism are in an indigenous spiritual tradition that had Buddhism grafted onto it at a later date. Ancient Egypt and India were known to have traded with each other, and some theories even speculate that the belief systems influenced each other as well.

Out of India comes the concept of the *seven rays*. The seven

rays is a body of teachings that is not specifically unique to India, as it is found in several belief systems, but the most in depth knowledge comes to us from there. We know about it in the west largely due to Madame Blavatsky, who brought it through in the mid-nineteenth century. However, while she didn't go into great depth with it, she did pave the way for someone who did, who came decades after her work. This individual, a woman named Alice A. Bailey, did a lot of channeling and mediumship work addressing the seven rays in the early part of the twentieth century.

What exactly are the seven rays? In India, which is predominantly where Madame Blavatsky got her information, they are a body of teaching that comes down through the *Vedas*, an ancient body of wisdom unique to India. In short, the premise is that there are seven different colors of light-substance, and that these colors correspond to particular ideas, philosophical and spiritual concepts that can be of great value to the seeker. The rays are broken down into two categories, *rays of aspect* and *rays of attribute*. The rays of attribute come to us from the third ray of aspect.

Of course, as you can see, this is a much deeper subject to study, and I am only laying out the bare bones here to focus on the greater article, but the premise is that these rays come to us through the constellation Ursa Major, also known as the Great Bear! Yes, the *Vedas*, written approximately 1200 BCE, have this concept just in the same way that the four sons of Horus have it in ancient Egyptian writings. As a matter of fact, the pattern is still the same. The canopic jars correspond to the four rays of attribute, and the other three sons of Horus that don't correspond to a canopic jar correspond to the three rays of aspect, which are the primary sources for the four rays of attribute.

Here we should take pause to see exactly where we are at. In short, the four sons of Horus correspond to the seven rays from the Hindu tradition. Hence we have an energetic connection between the two systems. This is valuable to note

both from metaphysical and archaeological perspectives, because it shows connection between the two paradigms. Hence we arrive at a body of knowledge that is virtually untouched, yet very valuable to personal and spiritual growth. The easy way to understand this is to take a closer look at their correspondences and associations. To reiterate:

1) Duamutef, corresponding to east, containing the stomach, protected by Neith;

2) Imsety, the jar with the human head, corresponding to the south, containing the liver, protected by Isis;

3) Qebhsenuf, the falcon headed jar corresponding to the west, containing the intestines, protected by Serqet; and

4) Hapi, the baboon headed jar, corresponding to the north, containing the lungs, protected by Nephthys.

Eventually through the evolution of the Western Esoteric Tradition, these four canopic jars became associated with the four corresponding elements in context of the four cardinal directions, so Duamutef associated with air, Imsety to fire, Qebhsenuf to water, and Hapi to earth. However, in ancient Egypt there were different elemental correspondences to the four directions: fire was in the east, earth in the south, air in the west, and water in the north. This changes the correspondences to: Duamutef to fire, Imsety to earth, Qebhsenuf to air, and Hapi to water. Is either one of these systems right? Yes, they both are, but one is actively being used on a large scale, while the other one is not. I leave it for you, the practitioner, to decide, but this will affect the ray correspondences.

Turn your attention to the fact that each one of the rays has an elemental correspondence to them in the same way the jars do as well. When we take this into account, we arrive at two different sets of correspondences. The first is based on ancient Egyptian elemental placements, and the other is on the modern Western Esoteric Tradition placements. If you use the ancient Egyptian elemental placements, you arrive at: Duamutef corresponds to the fifth ray, which is the ray of concrete science; Imsety corresponds to the fourth ray, which

is the ray of harmony through conflict; Qebehsenuf to the sixth ray, which is the ray of devotion; and Hapi to the seventh ray, which is the ray of ceremonial magick and order.

Ergo, we should take a look at the correspondences if one chose to use the ancient Egyptian elemental directional placements. In this case, we have Duamutef corresponding to the fourth ray, Imsety to the seventh, Qebehsenuf to the fifth, and Hapi to the sixth. The four rays of attribute are the fourth ray, the ray of harmony through conflict; the fifth ray, which is the ray of concrete science; the sixth ray, the ray of devotion; and the seventh ray, the ray of ceremonial magick and order. This shows us that there can be radically different interpretations and applications in regards to the elemental correlations. You can see from the titles alone what each particular ray is about, but I also assure you there is a lot more depth of information out there that can fill this picture out.

Making connections like this can enhance our understanding of the wisdom of ancient Egypt, and especially how ancient cultures influenced each other, particularly through trade routes and spiritual cross-pollination. Both of these cultures are pinnacles of achievement when it comes to their societies and teachings, and both are strongly influential in the world today. When we look at the broad picture, we see that there was a shared belief dating back into antiquity that had to do with the connection of the planet earth with certain constellations, stars, and the night sky itself. Was this connection a flight of fancy? Was it a celestial event that was witnessed by many that was interpreted in a spiritual way? Or, most importantly, was it aliens? Or, are we the aliens?

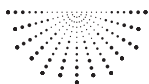
Perhaps the individual connections to Ursa Major from India and Egypt point to some greater truth that the previous civilization was aware of, or perhaps these connections simply point out the shared sense of awe and mystique the cultures had when it came to gazing at the night sky in wonder. Whatever the case may be, while anthropologists may have a theory about parallel development, I don't

believe in coincidence, so what this essay is leaving out is any sort of coincidental connection between India and Egypt. We know the two cultures were integrated to a certain degree, and we can infer there were shared religious beliefs as well, but we do not know the extent or depth of this. We can see though, that there are enough common correspondences between the two that it does point at some deeper, time-lost truths, but perhaps it just reminds us of the prominence that particular star pattern in the night sky, which has been marveled about by people for thousands of years.

Learning where to draw the line between what history tells us and what is speculation is something that is a learning experience for all people, and is therefore a sliding scale perspective for each of us to address on our own. However, to me there is no such thing as coincidence, and the fact that we have seven sons of Horus that correspond to seven main stars in Ursa Major, which just happens to correspond to Vedic information, is a profound veiled truth that is only now being revealed. By meditating on this, researching it, and working with these energetics in our life, we come to tap back into a body of gnosis the ancients knew.

Eventually though, this is a subject that is best faced individually, but when we have made our own peace with it, we should remember to come full circle to the bigger picture, which is that Horus, and in particular his sons, line up with Vedic teachings, and hence we can use one to understand the other. We should remember that nothing happens in a vacuum, and that all of this is connected. It is up to us to figure it out for ourselves though, which is a teaching that is found in most spiritual traditions of modern times. By seeing the interplay of the micro and macro, and focusing on the common parallels and connections between these two ancient cultures, we come into a greater understanding of sublime spiritual teachings that can help us improve the quality of our lives.

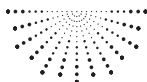
HYMNS AND PRAYERS



HERU BY TAWA'UBASTMUT



BIRD OF THE SUN



ANNA SCHOENBACH

The falcon searches with emerald eyes, his wings glisten a
blinding gold.

He is the sharp feather-edge of day, warm morning in front,
cold night behind.

There is always enough light to see the ground below –
blossoming in prosperity.

His tail glides, side to side, trailing a rainbow of light in
gleaming colors:

Of white and yellow, then orange and pink, then the blue and
black of dusk.

His prey, the troubles of man, know where day ends, and
evening transcends.

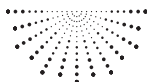
They try to evade him,
emerging when the falcon has passed the shadows,
To gnaw at all the day has provided,
to steal it for themselves.

When darkness chills the land,
the void of the primordial
calls to them with cold diamond eyes.

But, a glint of brilliant green
shines out of the sunset –
the falcon glances back,

and they cannot evade his talons.
Satisfied, he moves on,
daylight ever on his feathers,
to warm far off places
still cloaked in dark,
and then finally return to us again,
and grace us with his light.

CLAWS OF CREATION



MORGAN COONEY

Heru-Wer

Hail You, Creator
Crowned in shiny marsh flowers
Molded from dew drops and clay red as blood

Life is created in Your hands
Your feathers are heavy with the scent of myrrh
Your lazuli eyes open and coax life from the black Earth

You with the upright heart
Great Warrior,
You bend Your unfathomable power into a tool of creation

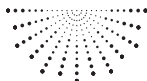
Sharp-eyed one, spread out Your claws
Your hands are forces of destruction and creation
Joyous in Ma'at, You are a force of balance

Eternity is held within Your pupil

Brilliant light captured in carnelian
Sparking power of the August Hawk

Your celestial wings wrap around the planet
Shielding Your blue jewel
From the dark, tepid waters of chaos

DAYBREAKER

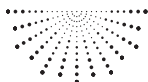


MORGAN COONEY

Heru-sa-Aset

Falcon Lord, break burning over the horizon
Dawn claws its way from the shadows
Reclaim the sky for Yourself
Rise up on Your golden feet, Heru-sa-Aset,
And as You rise, Your back becomes the cresting sun
Bleach the desert of the enemies of light
And awaken the good people of the land
Let them rise and praise You in every tongue across the world

THE DEAD MAN'S SPEECH

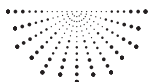


ROSARIO AURELIUS

He held my heart in his hands,
Whispering the truth of an immeasurable past,
Memories trickling like tears filled with stars;
Each one fell from the veil of night,
Each tears in the rain,
Screaming as kisses that fell hard upon the barren desert
In the forgotten cities of Nomads, wanderers, the djinn,
And the auld kings of Edom;
"Behold!" sang the Prophet,
"for the heart is a gate to many trees,"
Then the entire edge of the forest lit up the night,
Stars burned down the trees in their midst,
As stars turned reduced carbon to ash,
Like the grand tower of memory and its flaming balustrade,
Raized the old and mighty palace
To the knees of the earth,
And the auld trees that stood for two thousand years
Flashed in a blaze as it turned to rust,
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.
From ashes arose a seedling flame,
Wherein a Phoenix let out a mighty cry,
In the land of the eternal sun;

“Behold also,” the Prophet sang once more,
“the vastness of the desert before the gate,
Of a tiny oasis, droplets dot the landscape,
Yet there, in the tear of the eye,
Lies a city without canopies or markets,
Nor does it boast entertainments or distractions,
Only cities of rest, where the ruins
Are pyramids of rust.”
Each one contains stone pyres
And little piles of dust;
Kings came from Assyria and Edom,
Babylon and Sumer for the glory of this place,
From Egypt and Samarra to behold the gardens of space,
A city of flowers like ruins overtaken by the triumph of
nature,
As each of their heads erect, turn to the motions of the sun,
Until that hour, unknown,
When they lie their heads down
To the soil of the earth below,
To make fertile again the earth
For the flowers that have not yet grown.

DEVOTION TO HORUS

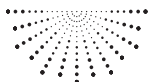


SOFIA NOCELLA

Your wings stretch to the limits of the sky
Shining in the horizon, as the sun you raise;
King of eternity, with gleaming golden eye
And blessings bestowed in your warm rays.
How fair, kind and sweet is your heavenly face,
How beautiful your plumage as rainbow shades,
Oh how wonderful your shape in royal grace
When in your gorgeous dawn nighttime fades
Leaving in its place the mild hue of morning;
The pale moon peers out in the daybreak
And your two eyes, all-seeing, all-embracing
Watch over the world as it begins to wake.
Long was the night, adorned with gentle silver,
Your Wedjat eye, healthy, flourishing and sound;
Sweet is the dawn, basking in breeze I shiver,
As I gaze upon thee on your holy mound.
Oh, my lord, great Netjer that shone into existence
Springing forth from the lotus, in the waters of old;
Hr, as the heavenly face, as the great of distance,
Who dwells amidst Dual Horizons of gold.
Beautiful is your name as I call to you in praise
Sweet is the embrace of your wings, rays of light

That hold me, warm and kind, in all of my days,
That embrace me as the flames of incense alight,
That shine in glory and majesty and a love divine.
Oh how you love all of your children, my lord,
And everyone on whom you so gently shine.
How devoutly you are invoked and revered,
Oh Horus, how sweet are your name and your might;
How bright, how loving your eyes, day and night!

EAGLE OF GOLD

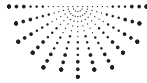


MORGAN COONEY

Heru-Wer

Eagle of Gold,
I see You wearing a crimson crown
Your feathers are dyed in the light of the dying sun
Brilliant against the backdrop of pine
You're ancient copper amongst new growth
Massive roc, Your perch is a fallen trunk
Scan green hills with eyes of fire
King of the sky,
You sit here pondering
Prey You ceaselessly seek
Your power is calmed by
Twilight's embrace
It did not occur to me
That the warrior rests too

THE ELDER



TAQERISENU

You are in the sky,
your turquoise palace.
The delight of your heart
embraces and frees you.

You are in the desert,
red rocks scratched
with your silhouette
before Djehuty made writing.

You are in the black land,
quick-clawed, speckle-plumed,
diving upon the papyrus thickets,
perched on the palace wall.

You are in Nekhen,
ancient as the city,
mace raised overhead,
wrought in gold, double-plumed.

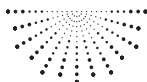
You are in Abdu,
among the first kings,

sleeping in the west.
Your image crowns their funerary stelae.

You are in Edfu,
fierce-eyed and joyous.
You wait for Hethert
in your temple.

You are in the horizon,
where earth and sky embrace
the setting and rising sun.
Your eyes perceive what is hidden.

THE GLEAMING ONE



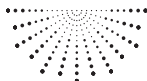
MORGAN COONEY

Heru-sa-Aset

I take in the shine of life
It reflects hard light
In the mirror of my heart
Ribbons spun from sunbeams
Pour forth from my chest
Fury of the wind, I scatter life like seeds
I send sunshine flying;
Dancing upon alabaster cliffs
Green fledging fields rise,
Clawing their way to the clouds
I am the falcon of shimmering jade stone
Talons wrap around bright blade of light
I am the unending sky and the enduring daybreak
Feathers fleck with stars
My claws grasp dawn's undying luster
From between my fingers
Streams of sun fall

Painting sand-dunes
And the stained glass river
I am the light that gives and nurtures life
I am the Gleaming One

GLIDING WITH THE GODS



ROGER CAMP

A reprieve
by a breeze so brief
my button-down shirt
blubbers with smoke.

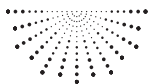
A forced retreat
crowding to the edge
decision made
by the billowing heat.

Eyes on the Hudson
the horizon curves into view
hands steady wherethrough
the leap is taken.

Polished wing tips
last to release
from the storied perch.

Companion to Horus
gliding with the gods
drifting to earth.

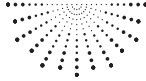
HAURON



TAQERISENU

You are coming forth,
Shepherding light,
A glowing crown
At the horizon line,
The distant edge of the world.
Settled on your haunches,
Like the stone monolith,
That watches over
Ephemeral villages and generations,
Face older than recollection,
Worn smooth by sand.
We are all vulnerable,
Like goats or cattle in your care,
But lions take flight
At the sight of you,
Fleeing into desert from you,
The greater hunter.

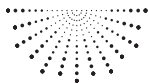
HAWK



KHAMHERU

Mighty Hawk of the Sky
Watchful and brave,
Who embraces the stars,
The gold of Your Mother shines for You
In Your Nighttime Sky

HAWK OF BLINDING GOLD

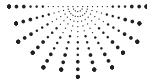


MORGAN COONEY

Heru-Wer

Lord of Abundance,
Your feathers are dripping with gold
Talons cling to the rings of color —
Red, orange, yellow, blue
Your eyes are celestial orbs
Spilling light upon the two lands
Your crown is encrusted in turquoise and jasper
Festive God,
You wear jewelry forged in Heaven
Stars are strung from Your luminous horns

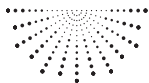
HERU



SAQDIHERU



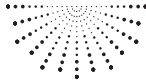
HERU AS THE CHILD



TAQERISENU

Who are you, with your mastery of crocodiles,
Their teeth blunted,
Mighty jaws rendered powerless?
Who are you, clasping scorpions in your hands,
Driving out poison,
And curing the afflicted?
You are the one who is new, and growing,
Sidelock-bearer,
Fearless child.
You are Heru, born in a hidden place,
Where your mother whispered to you,
The secret name of Ra,
As a lullaby.

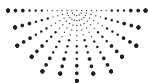
HERU, DREAMING



TAQERISENU

It is dawn,
and light filters softly,
through stands of papyrus.
The Delta marsh is full of the sound
of birds beginning to greet the sun.
Between blue river,
and green vegetation,
Aset cradles Heru
on the muddy bank,
cool shade drawn around them.
No crocodile hisses,
no scorpion stings,
no hippopotamus dares approach.
The Roarer cannot see them there.
Fingers curled at his mouth,
Heru sleeps.
Kingship is a country yet undiscovered,
a promise to keep.
Aset's arms are around him,
and sunlight shines gold on the river,
always flowing.
Heru dreams a future, glorious.

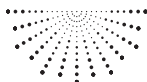
HERU-PA-KHERED



TAQERISENU

I am a dandelion seed.
I am a riverbed.
I am a tree, unfurling new leaves.
I am Heru-pa-khered,
turning aside scorpion stings,
charming crocodiles.
I am potential,
growing,
in the dark,
in the quiet.

HERU-SA-ASET IS THE GOD

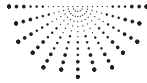


CHELSEA LUELLON BOLTON

Heru-sa-Aset is the God
Of Kingship, of Rulers
Heru-sa-Aset is the God
Of Inheritance, of Royalty
Heru-sa-Aset is the God
Of Magic, of Divination
Heru-sa-Aset is the God
Of the Community, of the Nation
Heru-sa-Aset is the God
Of the Sky, of the Sun and Moon
Heru-sa-Aset is the God
Of the Moon's Phases, of the Moon's Journey
Heru-sa-Aset is the God
Of the Double Crown, of the Two Lands
Heru-sa-Aset is the God
Of Healing, of Health
Heru-sa-Aset is the God
Of Power, of the Challenges of Set
Heru-sa-Aset is the God
Of the Challenges of Aset, of the Throne
Heru-sa-Aset is the God
Of the Inheritance of Wesir, of the Inheritance of Aset

Heru-sa-Aset is the God
Of the Eye of Heru, of All Offerings
Heru-sa-Aset is the God
Of His mother Aset, of His father Wesir
Heru-sa-Aset is the God
Of His brother Sobek, of His brother Wepwawet
Heru-sa-Aset is the God
Of His brother Yinepu, of his brother Min
Heru-sa-Aset is the God
Of Strength, of Power
Heru-sa-Aset is the God
Of His People, of His Devotees
Heru-sa-Aset is the God
Of you and of me

HERU, SOARING HIGH



TJEMSY

A child's song to Heru-Wer, the Soaring Falcon

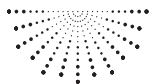
Heru, Golden Falcon,
Great of Generosity,
Bring to me prosperity,
Heru, Soaring High!

Heru, Shining Falcon,
Unmatched in ability,
Lead me to my victory,
Heru, Soaring High!

Let me fly the skies with you,
Above all troubles, like you do;
Let my every wish come true,
Heru, Soaring High!

Let your brilliance guide me,
And always be beside me;
Your love will always find me,
Heru, Soaring High!

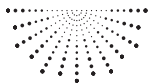
HERU TRIO



JOAN LANSBERRY



HORIZONSCAPE

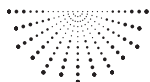


TAQERISENU

Rising
upward,
rising
upward,
like an arrow pointing,
on a compass,
on a map.

Here is the horizon and,
over the edge,
monsters,
imagined,
to be conquered,
in the dark,
unknown.

HORUS IN MARCH

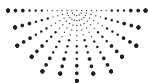


JONATHAN CALLOWAY

Small shadows swirl about the earth
Like ghosts of autumn's leaves,
Heedless of the tender wreckage
Of the half-conscious land.
From what nameless birds have these tokens sprung? birds
So lost to me in the upper light,
So high they have come around,
Come up through where the trauma trickles?
The sun plods down banks.
It breathes heavy, ankle deep in brown creeks choked
with ice.
Green stalks unfurl from nests of rot,
Thin branches nod,
An inchworm pauses between pale buds.
If only a cloud would pass
And for a moment distract our breathing star
I might look up unpaired and know
If there is anything left to recognize
Or if these playful mindless snippets
Are merely my own, or the earth's,
Memories of someone long gone.

The branches nod.
Small shadows swirl about the earth
Sun-freed from wards of snow.

HORUS IS MISSING



VONNIE WINSLOW CRIST

In the tomb-quiet stillness
of the museum's gallery,
I gaze at a statue of Isis suckling Horus —
but Horus is gone.

Witnessing Isis cradling a dream,
my eyes fill.

Faithful to dead Osiris,
she stole a son from the grave
and now he, too, is missing.

This carved rock nicks my aorta.

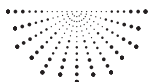
Like ancient Egyptians,
we also quest —
creating from snatched bits of ecstasy.

Whether worked in flesh, words, or paint,
children aren't enough
to guarantee our goal.

So millennium after millennium,
we wait for immortality
to soar into our empty arms

like a sun-eyed, moon-eyed
falcon god
who heals even the brokenhearted.

HORUS THE ONE ON HIGH



PHILLIP MINER

Horus, falcon-headed god of leaders.
I idolize deities like you, and yet ...
... At the same time I also despise leaders like you.
Not you specifically, but ... my life experience with leaders
has been less than ideal.

I've been victimized so many times by those who profess to
lead me.
Not always, but enough to sow a mistrust in me towards all
those in power.
And I have an innermost desire to see leaders fall.
Maybe even become one myself so I make sure their mistakes
are never repeated.

You still approach me anyway like the pharaoh figure
you are.
Chin up, you say.
You seem to know my pain.
My eyes start to water.
Are these tears of sorrow ... or devotion?

He tells me all the great leaders, even Horus, the One On
High, feel the toll of conflict.
You had to take on Set, after all.
Horus, you tell me something I was not expecting to hear ...
or was ready to hear.

You tell me I am not ready for power. That I should not be
granted power.
Why? I ask, the tears now starting to bead. Why am I not
worthy?
Because, you tell me, of the curse that comes with leadership.
Leadership has its pleasures, yes, but also its pains.
Being a leader is a guarantee that one is not loved by
everyone.
Are you ready, you ask, to not be receiving of the love of
everyone?
This pain I feel? It would be magnified if I was in a position of
power.

What I need, you tell me, is power over myself.
To lead myself.

Master yourself, you say, and you can master anyone.

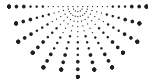
You are not flying away ... why? Don't you have places to be,
as a leader?

I'm not just a leader, you say. You forget who I am.
I am Horus.
I am not just here by your side, bringing out your potential.

I am everywhere.

Em hotep, Horus ... I am so happy to have you by my side.
Everywhere.

HYMN TO HARPOCRATES I



JACKSON EVANS

I sing praise of Lord Harpocrates, whose finger covers his
lips.

Son of Isis, Son of Serapis, Brother of Hermanubis, the
guiding jackal, and of Bubastis, the great cat goddess.
Crowned by the crown of two lands, the red and white dawn
your helm.

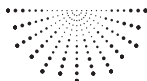
Light bringer and music giver, brandishing the club of
Heracles, son of Alcmene and of Zeus Ammon.

You stand upon a great crocodile, crowning Dionysus
Ophiskelos as he holds a great cornucopia.

King maker, chosen of Isis, friend of Hermes, great one, I
honor you.

Great god of mysteries and of secrets, come into this home,
purified by the waters of Nun, and bless these sacred rites.

HYMN TO HARPOCRATES II



JACKSON EVANS

Hail, Harpocrates, the new day sun, who Isis and Serapis
bore.

The great lady of grace nurses you in her arms as you suckle
milk from her.

Rejoicing in your company, men do.

The blessings you bring are endless.

You hold all of the secrets of the world in your head.

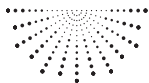
You bring the new sun of each day.

You bring the great joy of hope to the world.

Hail, great one, who I honor right now.

I ask for your blessings and that I may live in peace.

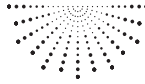
HYMN TO HELIOS HORUS



JACKSON EVANS

The golden sun, lord of eternity, light bringer
Whose goodness is endless, and who's light is undying.
Deathless god of the holy sun,
Bringing forth the new day.
Great one of lightness, golden-haired one,
Who the falcon perches upon your wrist.
Protector of Zeus Ammon and harbinger of the new day,
May you be praised forever more.

HYMN TO HERMES HORUS
TRIPTOLEMUS



JACKSON EVANS

Hail, Lord Hermes Horus Triptolemus, lord of Leontopolis,
and Isis's beloved servant.

He who makes the fields fertile and protects the black land
with strength and speed.

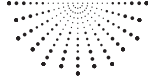
Swift god of victory, crowned by the lotus flower which sits
upon your winged crown.

Grasping your tunic and holding a cornucopia, great god of
Leontopolis.

Carrying the golden sword which Apollo gave to you,
Which protects the homes and the fields from evil-doers.

Hail blessed god. May your blessings be upon my fields and
may you always dwell within this home.

HYMN TO HERU BEHDETY

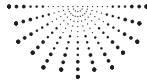


TRANSLATED BY CHELSEA LUELLON
BOLTON

Heru Behdety (Horus of Edfu),
Great God, Lord of the Sky,
the One Who casts His rays on the Earth,
When He appears every morning on the horizon,
the Hawk with the double form,
the very Powerful One,
the God who closes the mouth of the reptile and the scorpion
in the House of Gold,
Who is riding on the crocodiles' backs.

Source: Mariette, Auguste. *Dendérah: description générale du grand temple de cette ville* (Band 6): [Texte]. (Paris, 1875), 290.

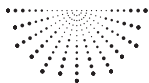
HYMN TO HORUS



JACKSON EVANS

Hail, Horus, son of Isis and Osiris, I rejoice in your ka.
The great falcon of war, defeater of foes, deathless god.
You strike fear into the hearts of the enemies and bring
victory and hope in the hearts of the righteous.
Your courage knows no bounds.
You defeated Set, who murdered holy Osiris.
Thoth mediated peace between you two,
And you made the black lands ruled by the son of Osiris.
Hail, great god, bring blessings to my life.

HYMN TO HORUS AND ISIS



JACKSON EVANS

Oh Isis, maiden of Egypt, the flowering goddess who Horus
stands beside.

Oh Horus, great protector, Egypt's lord and master who Isis
stands beside.

I honor you, Isis, lady of life and jublations.

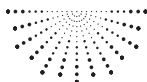
I honor you, Horus, lord of life and jublations.

I honor you, Isis, protector of the home.

I honor you, Horus, protector of the home.

May mother and son unite and protect this home and bless
my life.

HYMN TO HORUS SOBEK



JACKSON EVANS

Hail, Horus Sobek, the great falcon-headed crocodile of
Fayyum.

Isis's beloved son and the new sun of the day.

The protector of the innocent and the master of war.

Brutal is the vengeance you bring upon the wicked.

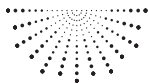
Great is the protection you give to the innocent.

Lord of Fayyum and of Egypt, hear me now.

The prayers I give and the offerings I bring, they are for you.

Come, with the strength of crocodiles and falcons, and protect
me in all things.

HYMN TO HORUS TRIPTOLEMUS



JACKSON EVANS

Horus Triptolemus, the servant of Isis Demeter, who mounts
his chariot pulled by snakes.

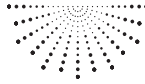
May Isis always love you for your sacred devotion.

May Hermes always be beside you as you travel.

May Serapis thank you for spreading the art of agriculture to
the world.

May I, with good mind and stable body, honor your great
name.

HYMN TO THE HOUSEHOLD GODS



JACKSON EVANS

Horus, Isis, Bes, Sobek, Apollo, Agathodaimon Psais, and
Hermes

Oh Horus, Isis, Bes, Sobek, Apollo, Agathodaimon Psais, and
Hermes.

The great protectors of the home, guardians of the altar,
keeper of the flame of the lamp.

I honor you, Horus, the great falcon who protects the home
from intruders.

I honor you, Isis, the great lady of grace you brings prosperity
to the home.

I honor you, Bes, the great lord of jubilation who fills the
home with life and love.

I honor you, Sobek, the great crocodile who defeats enemies
of the home.

I honor you, Apollo, the great light-bringer who gives life and
light to the home.

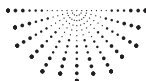
I honor you, Agathodaimon Psais, the great snake who brings
good fortune to the home.

I honor you, Hermes, the great god of luck who brings wealth
and speed to the home.

Hail, great Horus, Holy Isis, Lively Bes, Strong Sobek, Bright
Apollo, Fertile Agathodaimon Psais, and Blessed Hermes.

I honor your holy names with these offerings.
Come forth, purified by the holy waters of Nun, by the light
of Helios, and by the grace of Zeus Ammon.
Purified are the great protectors of the home.

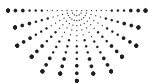
HYMN TO ZEUS HORUS KAISOS



JACKSON EVANS

I praise the great name of Zeus Horus Kaisos, Lord of
Pelusium, master of thunder, god of the sky.
He who slew Set and Typhon at Pelusium and created Mount
Etna on top of his remains.
He of strength and vigor, harbinger of kings, and bearer of
lightning's masterful power.
The great king of the kosmos and of eternity, who rules atop
Mount Kaisos.
Hail he of great strength, may you reign forever more.

IN NOMINE VICTORIA



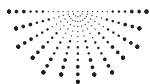
ROSARIO AURELIUS

What is built upon the star stone,
the seven divisions found,
Through the mouth of the fiery worm,
the cornerstone of mercurial natures profound,
Whose rising charts the course of the sun,
whose head illuminates our garden of pleasures won,
Swelling in an arrow arisen from the centaur's eye,
propelled by the breath of Shu and the extended design,
Rising herein for a sign,
Sha la la,
May tomorrow never come, I pray,
Insha'Allah,
Illumination is the way,
an ethic loosely tied for the passion to provide,
The will and the way,
as each star bound by its own course, none shall stay,
an orbit to bind it to the great chain of reason,
Mazzaroth and the pearls of the eternal season,
An ethic left hanging like withered fruit upon the vine,
 produces the strangest wine,
An August vintage,

with soft notes of pomegranate recalls the law of the desert
proof,

Yet this law for all burns like cedar in the temples of truth,
in the mercy seat of each priest, lawmaker, sweeper, or sooth,
must weave together the apron strings, the tao, and the law,
For the eye of the sword
is the hawk-headed Lord.

IN THE SKY



CHELSEA LUELLON BOLTON

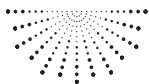
Heru Wer is the God of the Sky
as the holder of the sun and the moon
as the one who envelops the stars
These are the properties of Heru Wer
He is the Sky God, the Sky King
He is the one who sees as Ra and Iah
He sees all the world
He envelops all
He knows all that He surveys
He welcomes the dead
with His Mother Nut
as She is the Goddess of the Starry Sky
Nut, the Mother of the Gods
He protects the ancestors
He protects the Gods
He protects the King
with His weapons of war
He protects Egypt with His brother Set

The storm-maker
the clouds form at His command
Set, the God of Storms

flashes lightning in the sky
to show the world His power
His might, His strength
as His power looms
people run for cover
as the clouds gather in the sky
the rain falls
the lightning flashes
and the sky shakes as the thunder resounds
and Set's power is shown
as some debris is found
on the ground
enough to rebuild
enough to sustain life
Yet, destruction heralds rebirth
and renewal
So life can be renewed
Because of His power

And the Twins look over the land
and see through the sky
the sun, moon and rain
as the sky shines
as the sky trembles
the Gods Heru Wer and Set
watch over the whole world
in the sky

KHENTY-IRTY

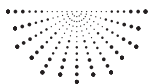


TAQERISENU

Sharp-eyed
In the moonless night
Your silhouette takes flight
Soundlessly.
You are the one
Who dives upon your enemies
Snatching them fiercely
Into the dark void.
Eyeless One
Coming forth from Khem
With your four sons
Behind you.
I do not see You
Who travels in the dark
The sun cannot touch
Your path.
You stand at the left
Of Wesir,
Beside Set and Nebthet.
You consult with Djehuty.
Flint-eyed falcon

Creating sparks in the dark,
I have not done crooked things,
My heart is upright.

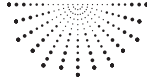
KHENTY-KHETY



TAQERISENU

Lord of Athribis,
The crocodile who dwells in the reeds,
Find my weeping heart,
Torn from sorrowful breast
By enemies, by rebels.
Clasp it in your claws,
Hidden under your own heart
In your scaly breast.
Restore my heart,
Secure it,
As you secured the heart of Wesir.

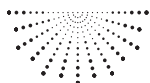
MANDULIS



TAQERISENU

Are you the sun?
Circular, folding back on yourself
Like time, like eternity,
In your name of Aion.
Where I wander,
you light a path.
Your face is so bright,
It blinds,
And I cannot comprehend
Your features.
Thrice-crowned,
With horns and plumes,
And reeds bundled,
You rise upward
Like incense smoke.
Suspended,
Between Geb and Nut,
Festooned in fragrant garlands.
Your flowers drift to earth,
Where my face is upraised,
And washed in petals.

MORNING HYMN TO HORUS OF BEHDET, WITH COMMENTARY



SOFIA NOCELLA

EVERY MORNING, at dawn, in the temple of Horus in Behdet — now called Edfu — the singer-priests chanted this hymn in honor of the Falcon God, in order to wake him from the night's slumber and let him rise from his sleep just like the sun at the break of day. The text of this hymn is inscribed on the inner shrine's gate, which led to the Naos containing Horus' statue, and where rituals were celebrated at different times of the day.

The hymn, formulary and repetitive in its composition, similar to a litany, was composed of six parts tackling different topics, each of which included thirteen verses that were each sung after a refrain. The first section lists Horus' aspects, and it's the one that will be translated and explained hereinafter.

Refrain

*rs tw ḥtp.tì rs.k nfr m ḥtp rs Ḥr Bḥdty m ḥnḥ dwꜣ nṯrw r swꜣš n
bꜣ.k ḥpy šps wbn m nnt*

Awake Thyself, in peace! You awaken in beauty, in peace!
Horus of Behdet awakens, alive. The gods rise early to pay

homage to your Ba, oh noble Winged Scarab¹ rising in the sky!

*twt r.f w b ʒ n h p t m n n t m h t ʒ m n k r ʕ n h m B ʒ h s h d m M ʒ n w s d r
m B h d t r ʕ n b*

It is Him that opens up the dung ball in the sky², that fills the earth with golden dust³, that is born in Bakhu⁴, that falls with his head downward in Manu⁵ and goes to sleep every day in Behdet⁶.

Commentary

¹ Horus is here associated with the scarab, an animal that symbolizes the rising sun, closely associated with the god, as both his right eye and his incarnation as the Winged Sun Disk — a form of Horus worshiped in Behdet — Horemakhet (Horus in the Horizon) and Heru-pa-Khered (Horus the Child), which represented the morning sun. The association of Horus with dawn as the most important part of the hymn emphasized the importance of awakening and the concept of the god rising at dawn.

² Another association with the scarab. As this insect carries around his dung ball, for the Egyptians it symbolized the sun god carrying the sun disk.

³ "Golden dust" is a metaphor for *sunlight*, as Horus, rising as the sun, fills the earth with his light.

⁴ Bakhu is a fictitious mountain symbolizing the eastern horizon, whose name derives from the word "*bh*", meaning "to shine". Horus is born from this mountain, which means he rises from there and starts his journey in the sky as the sun, every day.

⁵ As the hymn follows Horus' journey in the sky as a sun god, this passage describes the sunset, when the god falls in the western horizon, symbolized by the mountain of Manu, the place where traditionally Ra sets at dusk and, by association, every sun god, including Horus.

⁶ Horus' soul — as well as all of the other gods' — is believed to be incarnated within his statue in the temple's Naos,

in this case the temple of Behdet. At night, the Naos where the god dwells is closed and the god sleeps in it while the sun isn't visible in the sky. This was a part of the daily liturgy: the god is awakened, worshiped, clothed and adorned for the day at morning, while at night his clothes, made out of coloured linen bands, are removed, the Naos sanctuary is locked and the deity is left in his slumber, until the following dawn.

1st Verse

Hr Bhdty ntr ʕz nb pt šnbt šps hry-ib wiꜥf

Horus of Behdet, Great God, Lord of the Sky in the midst of His boat¹.

Commentary

¹ The boat mentioned is the Sun Boat, not necessarily referring specifically to Ra's Mandjet or Mesektet boat. This epithet, commonly attributed to solar deities, associates Horus with the sun by informing us that he sails within a Sun Boat, in Egyptian "wiꜥ", a word that unequivocally recalls the Solar Boat, excluding that this may be a processional boat or a lunar one.

2nd Verse

Hr Bhdty ntr ʕz nb pt nb ʕnꜥ hry St-wrt

Horus of Behdet, Great God, Lord of the Sky, Lord of Life upon the Great Throne¹.

Commentary

¹ The Great Throne represents the Naos shrine, dwelling place of the god's statue

3rd Verse

Hr Bhdty ntr ʕz m Bhd t sꜥb šwty hry-ib Wꜥst-Hr

Horus of Behdet, Great God in Behdet, Colorful of Plumage¹ in Wetjeset-Her².

Commentary

¹ One of Horus' recurring epithets, he was referred to as Colorful or Dappled of Plumage due to the changing colors of the sky, of which he was an incarnation.

² Wetjeset-Her, meaning "Throne of Horus" or "That which lifts Horus up", was the name of the nome - that we could call a district or a region - of which Behdet was the capital.

4th Verse

Hr Bḥdty bik n nbw nḏty it.f m Dbw

Horus of Behdet, Golden Falcon, Protector of His Father¹ in Djebu².

Commentary

¹ This epithet is mostly associated with Horus Son of Isis (Heru Sa Aset), and refers to his clash against Set to avenge his father Osiris, ensuring his resurrection and taking his legitimate throne. In this form Horus is the royal heir's archetype and the protector, by extension, of all the dead.

² Djebu (or Djeba) was the ancient name of Behdet, deriving from the verb "*ḏbʒ*", which means "to punish": according to the myth, this was the place where Horus defeated Set and the enemies of Ra, punishing them.

5th Verse

Hr Bḥdty šḥm hr sgmḥ šps pr m Nnw

Horus of Behdet, Powerful of Face, the Segemeh-Harpoon¹, the Noble One that came forth from Nun².

Commentary

¹ The deified harpoon used by Horus to slay Set. In the Edfu texts, written in the Ptolemaic period, the demonization of Set was absolute, thus it was important to underline the importance of his death by the hands of Horus. Ptolemaic theology, that developed through syncretism with Greek thought and the evolution of Late Period theology, was much

more inclined to demonize Set as an enemy of the gods and a representation of foreigners, by the hands of which the Egyptian people had been recently conquered and oppressed.

² Once again, Horus is associated with Ra, who was believed to have come forth from Nun at the beginning of time. Nun is the primordial ocean, the matter of the universe from which all things came to being after Ra emerged from it and decided to create the gods and the world.

6th Verse

Hr Bhdty ntr ʕz nb pt nb Mzʕt wsr htyt

Horus of Behdet, Great God, Lord of the Sky, Lord of Maat¹, with a powerful throat².

Commentary

¹ Horus is the Lord of Maat, who protected it and ensured its upholding, just like the King, his incarnation, had the role to make it endure upon earth during his reign.

² Horus, having a strong throat, is implied to have a powerful voice, from which powerful words spring forth. Having "powerful words" is a concept related to Hu, the authoritative utterance, one of the core elements of Heka.

7th Verse

Hr Bhdty ntr ʕz nb pt kʕz ʕwtj hkʕz ʕhmtj

Horus of Behdet, Great God, Lord of the Sky, with high Double Plumes¹, Lord of the Double Crown².

Commentary

¹ The Double Plumes or Two Feathers are a divine head-dress associated with sky gods. It was also found on other gods such as Amun, Shu and Montu.

² The Double Crown, composed of the Red Crown Deshret of Lower Egypt and the White Crown Hedjet of Higher Egypt, symbolized rule over both of the Two Lands of North

and South and is a traditional attribute of Horus, King of the Two Lands.

8th Verse

Hr Bḥdty nḥr ʿz nb pt ḥpy šps ḥw itrty

Horus of Behdet, Great God, Lord of the Sky, Noble Winged Scarab that protects the Two Shrines¹

Commentary

¹ These Two Shrines, the shrines of the holy cities of Buto in Lower Egypt and Nekhen in Upper Egypt, came to symbolize, by extension, the entirety of Upper and Lower Egypt. Buto and Nekhen were both ancient cult centers of Horus since the predynastic period.

9th Verse

Hr Bḥdty nḥr ʿz nb pt ḥkz Tzwy šnw pt ḥr dmzty.f

Horus of Behdet, Great God, Lord of the Sky, Ruler of the Two Lands, under whose wings is the circle of the sky¹.

Commentary

¹ This epithet means that the sky is encompassed by Horus' wings, as the god himself is an incarnation of the sky, which the Egyptians viewed as being a circle, with the sun traveling therein in its journey with an arching path.

10th Verse

Hr Bḥdty dwn ʿwy nb Msn nb pt ḥnty itrty Mḥw

Horus of Behdet, with outstretched wings¹, Lord of Mesen², Lord of the Sky, Foremost in the Shrines of Lower Egypt.

Commentary

¹ The outstretched wings of Horus were believed to be the sky, of which, as already stated above, Horus is an incarnation.

² Mesen was a location in Behdet, the "Place of Harpooning", wherein Horus was believed to have slayed Set. It was also the name of a shrine in the temple of Edfu or for extension a name for the temple itself, whose official name was however Nedjem-Ankh, "(The place where) Life is Sweet", along with other denominations.

11th Verse

Hr Bhdty smsw i rty wnn ntrw nbw hr šfy.f

Horus of Behdet, the Elder¹, Bearer of the Uraeus², under whose awe are all the gods³.

Commentary

¹ This epithet recalls Heru-Wer, an ancient form of Horus that translates to Horus the Great, the Ancient or the Elder. This Horus is the child of Nut and Geb, brother of Osiris and the other Epagomenal gods, in contrast to the other main form of Horus that was the child of Osiris and Isis.

² The Uraeus was a symbol of kingship, a snake garment emerging from the base of the headdress, on the forehead, that was originally associated with Ra but then was included in the representation of basically every other deity.

³ Awe or reverential terror was an important prerogative for the gods, symbolizing their power, strength, and rulership over gods and men.

12th Verse

Hr Bhdty i žwty pr- wnp Nhs m St-Wnp

Horus of Behdet, the Harpooner¹, the Hero, that stabs Nehes² in the Place of Stabbing³.

Commentary

¹ As said above, Horus was believed to have slayed Set with a harpoon.

² Nehes was another name for Set, used in order to not

pronounce his actual name, as was custom in the Egyptian religious texts for gods deemed as evil.

³ Set-Wenep, the "Place of Stabbing", was a place in Behdet, similarly to Mesen, where Horus had apparently stabbed Set.

13th Verse

Hr Bhdty tmꜣꜥ sin gšt stl mꜥbꜣꜣ r fnd n hꜣꜣb

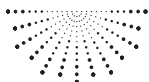
Horus of Behdet, Strong of Arm, Swift of Running¹, that throws the Harpoon against the Hippopotamus' nose².

Commentary

¹ These two epithets highlight Horus' military and athletic valor, his strength and speed.

² Horus was believed to have slayed Set while he was in his hippopotamus form by throwing the aforementioned harpoon in his snout.

A PRAYER TO HERU-SA-ASET



REBECCA SIAN PYNE

Hail to you, O Horus,
Eternal Steersman of the Thermals
Your wings are tireless; none may suppress them.
I ask for your favor, honoured wind rider.
May you grant this petition, if it is your will.
I pour out honeyed wine as an offering,
Burn sweet incense in your name;
You are welcome here.

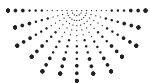
Hail to you, O Horus,
Lord of Triumph,
The Distant One;
May the One who is above hear me.
Look down and send your blessing, if it is your will.
Upholder of Maat; avenger of Osiris and beloved child of Isis,
Guard me as the Goddess of a Thousand Names once
 guarded you.
May the Son of Truth grant me justice.

Hail to you, O Horus,
You who are foremost at the Horizon of Eternity,
Hear my prayer and spread silver wings over me.

Hear my prayer and answer with your talons.
Grant your protection from my enemies, if it is your will.
Hurt only those who would do me harm.
Stoop on them like a falcon plucks a dove from the sky.
May the Son of Truth grant me vengeance.

Hail to you, O Horus,
Matchless Hawk of the Morning Star,
Your right eye is the sun: burn them with your power,
Send them to be judged in the Hall of Two Truths.
Their hearts devoured by Ammit; to die a second time if it is
your will.
Your left eye is the moon,
In time, let all my hurt be healed.
May the Son of Truth grant me peace.

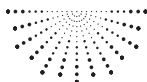
NIGHTTIME HAWK



KHAMHERU

Mighty Hawk of the Sky
Watchful and brave,
Who embraces the stars,
The gold of Your Mother shines for You
In Your Nighttime Sky

PRAYER OF PROTECTION



ALESSA GLASSKOVA

Horus,
As you traverse the sky
Keeping a keen eye
On your worshippers below
Protect and deliver us
May we find the solace we seek
Under your wings

May your Eye ward off evil
Both seen and unseen

May our eyes be as keen
In the hopes of a life serene

Horus,
Ruler of the sky
Born of Isis and Osiris
May my prayer be sent skyward

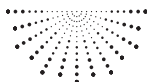
May our eyes see what lies ahead
Protect and deliver us
As you hold us in your grasp

May peace enter our lives

And for the dead,
May they find peace as well
A call to the four directions
Hapi and Imsety
Duamutef and Qebehsenuf

Horus,
And your four sons,
May you protect the living and the dead
For now and for all time

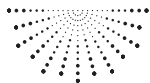
PRAYER TO HERU-WER



TAQERISENU

Oh Established One,
teach me to act and speak
with authority,
confidence,
leadership.
Far-seeing one,
guard me.
Teach me temperance,
show me my strengths.
Loving King who is in the Heb Sed courtyard,
help me to shoulder
responsibility with grace
and love.
Lord of the sky,
let my heart soar without limit,
all the world arrayed below me,
the horizon a promise.
Young kings aspire to your example,
your image worn above their names,
like a crown.

PRAYER TO HORUS THE CHILD

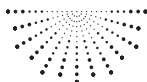


REBECCA BUCHANAN

fatherless child:
creation's first orphan:

i pray:
watch over all these
who
like you
have known
the loss
of a parent

QEBESENUEF



ROSARIO AURELIUS

I walked the emerald hills,
chased after a child,
whose face was bright,
and his hair was golden and wild,
He ran far from home,
to watch those vast azure skies,
and as I reached the hills where he sat,
Felt the windswept kisses rise,
where the wings of the hawk in flight,
He circled the child once, twice, three times,
the boy laughed, and he sang,
Words in beautiful, ancient rhymes,
Enochian poems and Egyptian lullabies,
He sang to the winged spies
the hawk shrieked and cried,
then hundreds of others danced in the skies.

The boy's father, the great hawk-headed Lord of the Sun,
knew the mystery of the child's gift,
He said, "stay with my son for all his life,"
to his guardian spirits of luck and fate, "and his spirit lift,"
so it was that my brother and I,

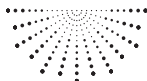
we two, whose names were Luck and Fate, formed the rift,
and walked with the child throughout his life.

The child became a boy, afar
and when the boy became a man, Ah,
how he looked to me as Gilgamesh once looked upon Ishtar,
the way Odysseus looked upon Athena,
"Beautiful one, do you never age?"
"O little one, I am elder to your father,
all of his enemies daily I crush,
I remember when the river broke the levies
at the Sun's first rush."

Every afternoon we marched to the hill,
where the skies full of falcons swell.
His father sent him to the temple auld,
to learn the secrets of Osonophorris, the soul
to understand the mysteries not yet foretold
Contained within the intestines, low.

His father pulled me aside,
and spoke in hushed tones,
"you must remain by his side,
For he shall venture far and low,
His path leads to sorrows,
Into the westward shadows."

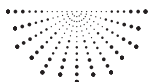
RA HORAKHTY: A PRAYER



ARIADNE RAINBIRD

O Horus of the Two Horizons
Conquering God of Sun and Sky
Falcon-headed, Noble Lord
On fiery wings You fly
God of the East, defender of good
Defeater of the enemies of law
Crowned with the Sun you traverse the sky
Defender, Mighty God of War
Fill me with your Divine Power
May I always stand up for right
May my spirit rise with You
Reborn in the emerging light

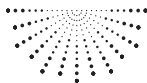
RED HUNTER: HERU-WER



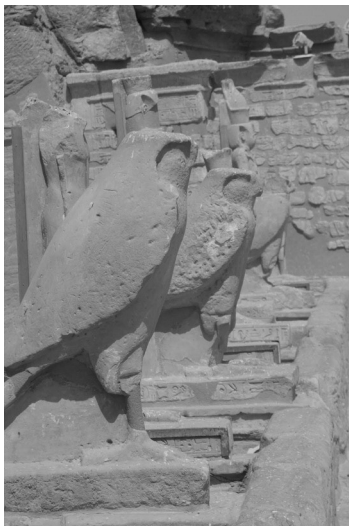
MORGAN COONEY

Claws dig into the hip of the antelope
The scent of a hunt;
life drains from its flanks
Speckles of blood coat Thy wings
Feathers become brushes dripping in war paint
Furious, fire-breathing hawk
Your wings are blades of liquid gold
Slicing through the sky;
trailing a path of rust-stained grass
Beneath heat of the bleeding sun
Sunbeams strike the red, eternal plains
Spreading hot light across the wild arena
Fire sparks Your throat;
song of the hunt
Red dust lashes the land in streams
Driving the hunter forward,
driving the blood beat forth by a vibrant heart
Bring down the dust-caked gazelle
Claim the flesh on which the predator thrives
Slaughter of Gemsbok,
Strong Warrior and Hunter
You cannot be defeated

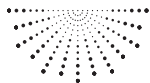
ROW OF HORUS STATUES,
TEMPLE OF RAMSES II AT ABU
SIMBEL



KARLA LINN MERRIFIELD



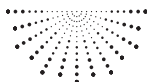
SELF-PORTRAIT ON THE NILE



KARLA LINN MERRIFIELD

I joke about cavorting
as pharaoh's consort.
Tut would do.
I tease about kissing
a nimble Nubian slave
beneath plume fans.
If Nefertiti reddens,
if Isis casts her holy blush
upon us, don't be shocked.
Osiris rises, Horus rallies, Thoth flies.
But I turn my back on Anubis.
Tomorrow we'll frolic in Egyptian tombs.
We've earned eternity.
The mythical has already come true.

A SUMMER SOLSTICE HYMN



SOBEKEMITI

Your servant calls out to the Great Falcon!
Bring us Your radiance, Lord!
The longest day of the year is upon us!
Bring us Your radiance, Lord!

Your servant calls out to the Heru who is in Shedet!
Emerge from Your temple oasis to greet us
Solstice is upon us, midsummer is here,
Come from Your temple to feed us!

Your servant calls out to the Lord of the Skies!
Lord, shine down Your light upon the land!
The air grows warm, and the harvest beckons,
Brought to maturation by your gifts.

Your servant calls out to the Bright Soaring Falcon,
Shining One, who illuminates the Two Lands with His glory.
The long summer days are here, Your power is supreme,
Your ascent to the throne tells of Your story.

Your servant calls out to the Triumphant King!
Bring us Your fire, Lord!

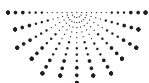
You who has avenged His father,
Bring us Your wisdom, Lord!

Your servant calls out to the One who Soars Above!
Heru, Bright Bird, whose sharp eyes see all,
As smmer returns, may Your breath cool us,
Shelter us, Lord, and embrace us!

Your servant calls out to the Avenging One!
Heru, striding, takes the throne, rightfully His.
The Wheel turns, You have come into Your power,
The Two Lands rejoice at Your crowning!

Your child calls out to the Lords of Shedety!
Sobek, Heru, twin Lords of the Two Lands,
At Solstice, this day, long, hot, and endless,
Bring Your radiance, Lord, Your starfire, Your peace.

THREE HAIKUS TO HORUS THE
ELDER



REBECCA BUCHANAN

I

for he is the son
of truth, the
falcon of ma'at

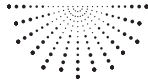
II

he is the great black
one, husband
of beauty and joy

III

for he is the black-wingéd
falcon, the sun his
right eye, the moon his left eye

TWIN BROTHERS, TWO
COMBATANTS



CHELSEA LUELLON BOLTON

Heru is the Avenger
Heru is the Destroyer of His Father's Killer

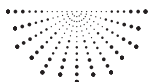
As Heru-sa-Aset
Heru is the Triumphant One between Heru and His brother;
Heru is the Triumphant One between Heru and His Uncle

We destroy each other
We fight
I tear out Set's testicles, He tears out My Eyes
And Moon's Phases begin
As I am injured and healed again

We are the Two Brothers
Who fight and are reconciled
We are the Two Gods, the Bawy
We are the Lords of Order and Chaos, respectively
I am Heru Wer, the Son of Nut
He is Set, My Brother
I am Heru-sa-Aset, the Son of Aset and Wesir
He is Set, My Uncle

And We fight and are reconciled
As any Twin Brothers would be
As Two Combatants would be
For the Two Lands prosper
When We are side by side

UPON HIS THRONE



TERRA AKHERT

Full of brilliant splendor my heart cries out to You!
Oh blessed royal mighty One
Netjer's Love and Aset's Son!

Great Unifier may you soften the hearts,
Made hard by hate and fear,
May peace rejoice when You are near!

Great Horus hawk Whose flight circles all things,
God of rule by gracious might,
Whose silver eye keeps us close at night.

Your voice calls out across the sun soaked earth,
In answer to our fervent prayers,
Fair god Who hears our mortal cares.

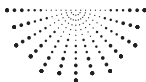
Heru of the golden skin,
Silver of thy blessed bone,
Glorious god Who is upon His royal throne.

Righter of wrongs and Defender of Your Father,

With morality so perfect may You supply us,
Great Lord Who abhors the bias!

Your flight may take You far from Egypt's sands,
Where you may be worshipped yet,
In heartfelt cries of Dua Heru-sa-Aset!

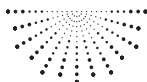
MYTHS AND LEGENDS



HERU AS A LION BY S.E.B. LOGAN



A CHARM AGAINST CROCODILES



TAQERISENU

THE MARSHES of the Nile Delta were full of strange hidden spaces. Papyrus grew into dense, concealing thickets, half-flooded fields were full of concealing overgrown crops gone to seed, abandoned huts, temporary shelters for the day-laborers, abandoned to the oncoming floodwater. Dense silt left new shapes along the riverbanks, as the waters swept away what had been familiar. The Delta itself was a series of branching offshoots of the Nile, like a complex circulatory system, feeding into the expanse of the ocean. Animals and birds gathered here, coming to drink the water, before it became brackish with the ocean's salt, concealing themselves in the thick lushness of the vegetation. Strange rustles and hoarse or melodious calls of birds punctuated the rhythm of lapping water. Sunlight reflected back in strange patterns from the river water, and shadow formed dense pockets in thick undergrowth.

It was here that Aset had hidden herself, in order to raise her son Heru in concealment, until he was old enough to take back his father's throne from her brother, Set.

It was a strange and desolate place for a child to grow, isolated as Heru was from anyone but his mother, and his aunt, Nebthet. He amused himself by exploring the marshes,

wading through murky water that lapped coolness along knees made knobby and awkward by growth. Sticky black mud was shaped into fortresses and lopsided pyramids by enthusiastic hands. Birds were startled into the air by the high, clear peals of childish laughter as Heru scrambled up the trunks of rough-barked trees to swing himself into the river with a tremendous splash!

Heru discovered all of the secret hidden places in the Delta marsh that a small child could squeeze himself into to create a secret fort (no adults allowed!).

But Heru had no playmates to share his top secret forts with, to compete against in contests to see who could climb the highest, or make the biggest splash, to pile mud into towers and pylons. His mother had hidden him so that he could grow big and strong in safety, undiscovered by their enemies, and there were no other children here, in the wildness.

"It is fun to play with you and Auntie Nebthet," Heru told his mother, "but I wish I had someone I could play with while you go out and patrol the edge of the marsh, hunting for Uncle Set's agents. Adults are always so busy! Why can't you just play all day long?" He pouted in disappointment, as he watched his mother and aunt transform into sharp-beaked, fierce-eyed kites, in preparation to go hunting.

Nebthet ruffled her speckled plumage in amusement, clacking her hooked beak. "I've often wondered why I can't play all day, as well," she laughed. "Play all day while you can, little one. Soon enough, you'll be an adult, too, and will have Two Lands full of little ones to protect, yourself, as the king! You'll be very busy, then!"

Heru wrinkled his nose, arms crossed stubbornly over his chest. "Then, I'll just learn to play, and protect people, at the same time!"

Aset smiled, her golden raptor eyes warm. "Perhaps you can already do so. And perhaps the Delta will offer up playmates you do not expect."

The two sisters launched themselves into the air in a whirl of black-barred plumage. Heru sighed, and picked up the satchel his mother had packed with food for his lunch, heading out into the bright morning sunlight to play.

The day was perfectly bright, a few wisps of clouds in the faience blue sky up to the North, and a cool breeze carrying the scent of salt and water. Heru had decided to go swimming, before the sun was high enough in the sky to bounce blindingly off of the river's surface, dazzling his eyes until he saw spots. The water was bluish green, made murky by the lingering silt from the annual flood. The water was high, swallowing papyrus stalks until just their tufted heads emerged above it. It lapped along the base of trees, their branches extending across the water in long arcs that created stripes of shadow along the river's surface. Broad lotus leaves floated placidly on the surface of the river, making it appear as if the green riverbank continued. Heru cut through the water, arms and shoulders working as he paddled, feet kicking out behind him. He swam, pushing off of tree branches, testing to see where he could rest his feet on firm ground, rather than trapping them in thick river mud.

Along the east side of the river, the broad lotus leaves resting on the water rippled, independent of the river's current, as though disturbed by some silent, invisible force. A yellow eye gleamed briefly among the green leaves, and then vanished. Heru cocked his head, and then curled his small, strong hands around an overhanging tree branch. He swung himself in an arc out of the water, and onto the branch, trailing sparkling drops of water through the air behind him. He perched on the branch, swinging his feet idly above the murky river water.

Slowly, dark, scaled ridges appeared out of the water, like a chain of islands rising from the sea. Yellow eyes gleamed

with hunger, and a crocodile hissed up at Heru in frustration, as the child tucked his feet under him, away from the powerful jaws that parted to reveal shining white teeth. "Come down out of that tree, and into the water, child," the crocodile hissed. "You look like a tasty lunch. Come down, and I shall snap you up, with a crunch."

Heru wrinkled his nose. "I don't think that I will, Mr. Crocodile. You shouldn't eat children."

"I am very hungry, and have caught no fish today. I shall eat any child who dares come to the river."

"If I share some of my lunch with you, will you promise not to eat any children?" Heru asked, holding up the satchel he had stored in the crook of the tree's branches. "My mother has given me a dish of eggs with spices."

The crocodile considered this. He was very fond of eggs, and considered it a lucky day, indeed, when he could steal them from the nests of unwary river birds. "I shall promise," he agreed finally, reluctant. "But if other children wish me to keep this promise, too, they must invoke your name to remind me of our vow. And they would do well to bring me an offering of a snack when they visit the river, to keep me in good temper," he added with a huff, "lest my memory grow short."

Having gotten a solemn promise of safety from the crocodile, Heru unpacked the clay pot of eggs to share it with the crocodile, who hauled himself up onto the muddy riverbank next to the child, sunning himself contentedly as he snapped up morsels of spiced egg. Heru and the crocodile built a palace out of mud on the riverbank, and the crocodile used his sharp claws to carve a stepped facade onto its surface, just like the real palace had, and carved falcons onto the gates. The crocodile was very good at building mud forts! "Will you play with me again, tomorrow?" Heru asked.

The crocodile perked up hopefully. "Will you bring lunch?"

Heru laughed, and promised that he would.

After that, Heru decided to climb among the trees. He clambered along their branches, swinging himself to new vantage points, pretending to be a scout looking for movements of enemy troops. He climbed so high that he could see the unfurling nets briefly catching the air as fishermen tossed them from their boats, far down the river.

Suddenly, there was a scuttling below him, whisper-quiet, like a rustling of dried leaves. A scorpion had perched herself beside his foot, claws clacking together menacingly. Her armor gleamed black and purple in the sunlight, and her barbed tail glistened with venom. "Clumsy child," she whispered, "disturbing my sleep with your noise, and your climbing. I should sting you. You'd certainly be quiet, *then*. Dead things are very quiet, I find."

Heru's eyes widened, and he stayed very still. "Please don't sting me," he whispered, as quietly and politely as he could.

"Foolish child," the scorpion murmured. "What good is your plea? Do you know how difficult it is for me to sleep? I am a warrior. The slightest vibration of the palm branch, or chirp of a water bird, or shift of the wind, and I wake, ready to do battle!" Her fearsome pincers clicked in emphasis. "I had finally settled into restful sleep, and you came along, shaking tree branches and stomping about, to wake me up!"

Heru flushed with guilt and shame. The scorpion's dark jewel-like eyes reminded him of his mother's, when she was disappointed or angry with him. "I am very sorry for waking you, Ms. Scorpion," he apologized, sincerely. From his satchel, he pulled a glass jar. "Would you like some of this milk with honey? My mother gives me this when I have nightmares, to help ease me back into sleep again. If you promise me you won't sting me, or any other foolish children who unwarily step near where you sleep, I will share it with you."

The scorpion, intrigued, agreed. "I promise not to sting you, or any child who invokes your name," she vowed in her soft voice.

Heru unstopped the glass jar, and they shared the cool milk sweetened with honey. Heru yawned so widely, that his jaws creaked, and the scorpion curled up in the crook of his knee, nestling in the shadow there. The two dozed peacefully in the shade created by the palm fronds, as the sun rose high in the noon sky.

When the scorpion woke, they had a tree-climbing contest. The scorpion, who was light-weight and nimble enough to reach the tallest, mostly spindly branch, won easily. "I can see the red and blue banners unfurling in the wind, at the gates of the temple down the river!" She called down to Heru, who was several branches below.

"Wow!" Heru longed for the day he could soar above this marsh, and see the banners for himself, along with many other sights. Someday, he would no longer have to hide from Set, and he would fly throughout the Two Lands on speckled wings, finally free.

The scorpion patted his hand sympathetically with a pincer. "Come back tomorrow, and I will show you a magic to make your bones as light as a bird's, so that you can climb to the very top," she told him. "Just bring some more of that honey milk."

Heru laughed, and promised that he would.

It was mid-afternoon, now, and Heru decided to climb deep into the green thickets that surrounded the river. Rushes and papyrus stalks formed arches and high walls above him, so tall and dense that he only caught glimpses of blue sky through the tunnels of greenery. He could hear a nest of ducklings cheeping at their mother, who quacked back at them from somewhere deep in the underbrush.

A few feet in front of Heru, a yellow and russet songbird perched on a branch, chirping a strident warning call at his approach, its head cocked so that it could track his progress with cautious beady eyes.

Heru darted left along a path some animal had created on its way to drink from the river. The bird took off into flight in an offended flurry of feathers, calling out strident scolds. The track continued through the brush, until it suddenly opened into a large space, roofed by the branches of several fig trees, with overgrown grape vines filling in the spaces between their trunks like walls. It was clear what had created the gap in the plants — there had once been a small dwelling here; Heru could see the crumbled, slumped remnants of mud brick walls on two sides of the clear space. This was Heru's secret hideout (no adults allowed!). He had hung a piece of linen, painted with the blue outline of a falcon, from a long stick, and planted it in the center of the clearing, like a flag.

Heru climbed up onto the tumbled wall, and pulled a seashell out of the satchel to add to the collection of treasures hidden in a space between two of the mud bricks. He put the little seashell, with its shiny purple underside, next to the two glass beads, the lump of melted copper, and the falcon feather. As Heru withdrew his hand, he was startled by an angry hiss.

"What are you doing cluttering up my home, boy? Stop cluttering up my room with junk, or at least bring me a tasty bird to eat, not just a feather from one."

A snake slithered out of the crevice in the wall, its scales shimmering in the muted light, first appearing bronze, then malachite green.

"I should bite you," he threatened lazily, baring needle-sharp fangs in irritation.

Heru sidled carefully out of striking range. "This is your house?" he asked. "But it's my secret hideout! See?" Heru pointed at the flag. "It's got my name, and everything."

"Hm." The snake squinted at the flag. "So it does. But I

was here first. I just hid so well that you didn't see me. I'm the best at secret hiding places," he bragged. "I can slip into tiny cracks and holes, and bite any children who step near me."

"Yikes!" exclaimed Heru. "Hiding is fun, but please don't bite me, or any other kids!" He opened the satchel, and pulled out a wrapped package of dates. "Here. It's not a bird, but you can have some of my dates. These are my favorite dessert. I'll share them with you, if you promise not to bite me, or any other children."

"Alright, I'll promise," the snake agreed, "but only if I can keep living in your secret hideout."

"Well," Heru considered, "you aren't an adult, so I guess that's okay. But we'll have to come up with a secret password, that way you don't accidentally bite me when I visit."

"Yessss," agreed the snake. "And other children can use the secret word to remind me of my promise, and turn aside my fangs, so that I do not accidentally bite them, either."

The snake looped himself in graceful coils on top of the mud brick wall, and Heru sat down beside him. They unwrapped the parcel, and passed dates between them. "Hm," the snake swallowed one whole. "Not as tasty as a mouse, but it will do, I suppose. What were you hiding in my room? It looked shiny, but smelled like saltwater."

Heru pulled out his treasures, and showed them to the snake. "It's a seashell," he said, holding it up. "A tiny animal uses it as a home, in the ocean, so the outside is sand-colored, as camouflage, but the inside is purple!" He picked up the copper scrap, next. "I think this came from a ship. They carry tin, copper, and gold, to distant places, to trade them there. Sometimes, the ships also carry things like these beads." One was bright leaf-green, and the other had a rippling stripe pattern of blue, yellow, white, and red.

"And this?" The snake's forked tongue flicked out towards the feather. "It smells a bit like food."

"It's from a falcon," Heru explained. "One day, I'll be able

to fly through the sky in falcon shape. They're birds—but very big ones, too big for you to catch and eat."

"There are bigger snakes than me," the snake warned him. "You must be careful, or one will swallow you up."

"I'll have talons," Heru assured him, "and a beak as sharp as a knife."

"I've heard there is a snake big enough to swallow up the sun. You would have to be very brave to fight that one."

Heru thought of the palace that had been his father's, now hung with red banners, rather than green ones. He thought of how small and powerless he sometimes felt when his thoughts dwelled on his strong, fierce uncle, Set. "I shall have to be very brave, anyway," he said, solemnly.

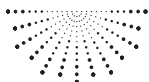
The two ate more of the dates, in a sober silence.

"I like these treasures," the snake decided, coiling around the shell, "even if they aren't tasty. You may keep them in my house. Bring more of these, and I will show you secret hiding places for them. But bring lunch, as well!"

Heru laughed, and promised that he would.

And this is how Heru-sa-Aset gained power over crocodiles, snakes, and scorpions, and the ability to save those in peril from their bites, stings, and venom. Children invoke his name in memory of the promise he made to each dangerous creature, in order to gain protection. If you are ever threatened by snakes, scorpions, or crocodiles, do the same. Just remember to leave some lunch for them, in thanks!

THE SOULS OF PE AND NEKHEN



TAQERISENU

THEY WERE FIGHTING AGAIN.

Duamutef glowered at the sky, covering his ears in a futile attempt to protect them from the migraine-inducing tumult above. The pale blue of the sky was hidden entirely by ominous gray clouds massing like armies from horizon to horizon. The gaze of Ra seemed turned away from the city of Nekhen, the finely-crafted details of the patterned mud brick city walls obscured by the darkness until a flash of lightning illuminated them briefly. Thunder crashed again, and the battle in the sky resumed.

The cold wind came without the refreshment of rain, and Duamutef shuddered, wishing for a robe. His pleated kilt did little to keep away the chill. On the walls of the city that he circled, carrying messages from one Netjer to another, there was little reprieve.

"You'd think that after eighty years, Mother would have gotten tired of this and knocked sense into them both."

Duamutef smiled, despite himself, as Kebehsefuf climbed the last of the stairs to join him, offering a sweet roll he had wrapped up in a piece of linen.

"Do you think she hasn't tried? Nobody can knock sense into those two, not even Ra, himself." Duamutef tore into the

bread hungrily, leaning against the mud brick. "Carried the letter of judgement myself, heard it read out. Aset's Son and the King just started right back in arguing about whether gypsum counted as stone."

Kebehsenuf winced. "He may be our Brother, of sorts, but I don't know what sort of King he'll make. I'd rather hedge my bets, and stick with Set. He and our Father may not always get along either, but at least we *know* the Lord of the Red Land. Where'd this would-be King grow up? The *Delta*? What does he know about Upper Egypt?" Kebehsenuf glowered at the the stormclouds, his golden eyes sharp and fierce, able to pick out the details of the war above them. "Nothing, that's what."

"You're right."

The brothers jumped, turning guiltily towards the inner courtyard. Leaning against the inner wall, behind them, was their Father. Rather than looking angry at having caught them doubting Heru, Son of Aset's readiness to hold the throne of their land, Heru-Wer looked wryly amused at their gossip and complaints. Kebehsenuf's feathers were ruffled and Duamutef stammered apologetically. Heru-Wer just shrugged, rolling his too-sharp golden eyes — a perfect match for Kebehsenuf's own, despite their relation being the sort of kinship that came through spiritual ties rather than birthright. "And that's where you two come in."

"Us? What have we got to do with it?"

Heru-Wer smiled. "You said it yourself didn't you? My nephew doesn't know anything about Nekhen. This may be the City of the Falcon, but Heru was raised in the marshes. This city isn't his, yet." The falcon god caught the glance that Duamutef and Kebehsenuf traded. "Yeah, you heard. *Yet*. When Aset has something to say, I listen. Even Ra listens, eventually. Things are shifting: the balance of power, the land itself, what Ma'at favors. The Two Lands are going to be united soon. Those Two, up there," Heru-Wer somehow managed to look fond, even as he looked annoyed, his gaze

on the thunderstorm, "they're going to have to get their act together."

"Uh..."

Thunder crashed again.

"You think my Brother knows anything about Lower Egypt? You think the Wanderer of the Desert is going to be able to stroll into Pe and win their admiration? The people there are going to be about as thrilled with Him as you two are with little Heru."

"Can't things just stay as they are, then? Set in Nekhen and Heru in Pe?"

"Nothing is as it was. Wesir is dead. Ra's council argued in favor of my Nephew's inheritance. Set has been given the Red Land, and Heru the Black. *All of it.*"

Kebehsenuf looked mutinous. "I still don't see how we have anything to do with it."

"Congratulations, supporters of Set," Heru-Wer patted them heartily. "Heru won you in the court settlement. You're his new councilors."

"*What?*"

Heru-Wer looked behind Himself, to the large courtyard enclosed by the walls of Nekhen. Two figures shuffled out of the shadows of a gate, looking adrift, gaping at the unfamiliar city walls. "You aren't in this alone. These are your brothers, your twins, Imsety and Hapy." Imsety had a beautiful face and a gentle expression. Hapy wore the leopard skin and funerary kit of a Sem priest, and his deft fingers were perpetually worrying his tools, as if he needed to be ready to open the mouth of an unfortunate deceased city-dweller at any moment. "They are emanations of my soul, just as you are. Like you, they will be councilors to Heru, and all Kings who come after Him, as He has followed Wesir."

It was a lot to take in, suddenly having a twin and opposite. Duamutef wondered if this was how their Father had felt when He was born, soaring from Nut's embrace, dappled wings bright and graceful, only to be suddenly followed by

the crashing tumult of Set tearing through the sky, howling and roaring.

"They're from Pe," Kebehsenuf realized.

"Uh huh."

"Are we going to have to leave Nekhen?" Duamutef asked. "To go to Pe?"

Imsety's fine-boned face ducked through the doorway onto the top of the wall. Hapy stood impatiently behind him, crowding forward to see the twins they had never met. "No," Imsety said. "Nor are we going to stay in Nekhen."

"No offense," Hapy snorted from behind him.

"We're going up." Imsety ignored his brother with the ease of long practice. "Someone's got to get those two to chill."

Imsety's grin, Kebehsenuf noticed, was eerily similar to their Mother Aset's. It was a bit disconcerting.

Duamutef, on the other hand, seemed to be endeared by it, and stepped forward with interest.

"If it stops this god-awful racket, I'm in. How are we going to do this?"

Hapy threw an arm around Duamutef's shoulder. "A ladder. I can build us a ladder to reach the sky." The man in the leopard skin looked confident. "Once we get up there, we have to work together to make a boat that can go forth."

Heru-Wer nodded reassuringly and whispered the first rungs of the ladder into existence, wisps of gold growing more tangible as he spoke of his grief over Wesir's death. Next, Hapy's words reached into Delta mud, making the next section of the ladder out of strong bricks of it. Imsety spoke marsh reeds into funeral garlands, and the ladder rose upwards, green as papyrus stalks. Duamutef faltered for a moment, until he spun new rungs from the recollection of Aset, devoted and clever. Kebehsenuf, who knew the sky best of the four brothers, built the last section of the ladder out of the remembrance of unity and balance: Behdety, Ra's power

manifested in Heru-Wer, the fierceness of His gaze, and Bawy, the Two Powers reconciled.

“Yes!” Heru-Wer exulted. “Build with joy and continuity. Build with balance and reconciliation. That is what you four must teach Heru and Set.”

The four looked at each other, knowing that they must continue to learn it, themselves, in order to teach it themselves.

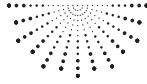
It was a long climb to where Nut arched, starry and vast, above them. It was a long journey to where the Two contended. As they climbed, they learned. As they climbed they began to build a boat. A boat of breath, the wind in the sails of the human vessel. A boat of hunger, of taking in fuel and burning it, in order to move forward. A boat of purity, poisons cast off, the path clear. A boat of viscera, of the uncomfortable, vital feeling of being small and squishy and *alive*.

The boat wobbled in the mist of gray thunderheads, and floated, gliding forward, sails full. The four brothers, their eyes full of tears, their mouths full of laughter, looked down at the Earth below. It was vast, unfurling like spilled malachite eye paint and gold and lapis lazuli beads threaded into a net. Their cities had always seemed huge, bigger than any other. Nekhen’s walls and courtyard greater than any other monument, and the cliffs of Pe stark and beautiful between two strands of the Nile. They had seemed on opposite sides of the Earth.

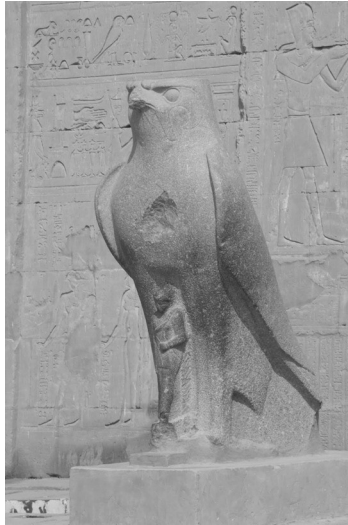
The world was very, very big, and Pe and Nekhen weren’t so far apart, curled together on the globe, like twins in the womb of the blue-green sea.

The brothers clasped each other’s hands in a chain, feeling very small and filled up to overflowing with light. They had kings to teach, however many years it would take. Heru and Set had fought for eighty years, and the souls of Pe and Nekhen would follow them through the Northern Sky for eternity.

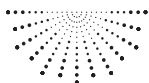
HORUS STATUE: TEMPLE OF
HORUS AT EDFU



KARLA LINN MERRIFIELD



APPENDIX A: EPITHETS OF HERU



COMPILED BY CHELSEA LUELLON
BOLTON

THE FOLLOWING epithets have been compiled from a variety of sources, including the Coffin Texts, academic essays, and archaeological texts. Please see the **Notes** at the bottom.

Avenger of His Father¹
Beautiful Face²
Beloved Son³
Blue Haired of Form⁴
Born of Aset⁵
Born of the Sister Goddesses⁶
Bull of His Mother / Ka of His Mother⁷
Excellent Son⁸
First Born⁹
Great¹⁰
Great Ba of Wesir¹¹
Great Falcon¹²
Great One of the Ennead¹³
Heir of His Father¹⁴
Heir of Wesir Who Protects His Soul¹⁵
Jackal of Upper Egypt¹⁶

King of Lower Egypt¹⁷
King of Upper Egypt¹⁸
Lapis-Lazuli Colored Head¹⁹
Lord of the Desert Lands²⁰
Lord of the Gods²¹
Malachite-Colored²²
Multi-Colored²³
On His Throne²⁴
Opener of the Ways²⁵
Pillar of His Mother²⁶
Prince of the Lands²⁷
Prince of Gods and Men²⁸
Savior of His Father²⁹
Son of Aset
Strong One³⁰
Upon His Papyrus Plants³¹
Valorous Son³²
Who is in front of His Net³³
Dappled within the Womb of Nut³⁴
Divine Winged Beetle³⁵
Falcon of Gold³⁶
God with the Speckled Plumage³⁷
Great of Forms³⁸
Great Golden Winged Beetle³⁹
Him of Pleasant-Life⁴⁰
Lord of Joy⁴¹
Lord of Mesen⁴²
Lord of the Sky⁴³
Of the Great Ennead who is in the Palace⁴⁴
One of Dappled Plumage⁴⁵
Powerful One⁴⁶
Proud-Breasted One⁴⁷
Speedy Runner⁴⁸
Eternal One⁴⁹
Great God⁵⁰

Lord of the Sky⁵¹

Ruler of the Ennead of Gods⁵²

Notes

1) Pinch, *Egyptian*, 145.

2) Dijkstra, Jitse H. F. *Philae and the End of Ancient Egyptian Religion: A Regional Study of Religious Transformation* (298-642 CE). (Peeters, 2008), 210.

3) Watterson, Horus, 107.

4) CT 148, p. 125.

5) CT 148, p. 126.

6) Dennis, *Burden of Isis*, 25.

7) Baring and Cashford, *Isis of Egypt: Queen of Heaven, Earth and the Underworld*, 241.

8) Dennis, *Burden of Isis*, 39.

9) Roberts, *My Heart My Mother*, 40. Identified with Wepwawet.

10) CT 148, p. 125.

11) Roberts, *My Heart My Mother*, 128.

12) CT 148, p. 126.

13) Willems, Harco, and Filip Coppens, Marleen De Meyer and Peter Dils. *The Temple of Shanhur: Volume 1*. (Peeters, 2003), 58.

14) Piankoff, *Ramesses VI, vol 1*, 82.

15) Piankoff, *Ramesses VI, vol 1*, 114.

16) Roberts, *My Heart My Mother*, 40. Identified with Wepwawet.

17) Roberts, *My Heart My Mother*, 44.

18) Roberts, *My Heart My Mother*, 44.

19) Dijkstra, Jitse H. F. *Philae and the End of Ancient Egyptian Religion: A Regional Study of Religious Transformation* (298-642 CE). (Peeters, 2008), 210.

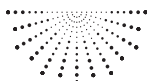
20) Willems, Harco, and Filip Coppens, Marleen De Meyer and Peter Dils. *The Temple of Shanhur: Volume 1*. (Peeters, 2003), 123.

21) CT 148, p. 125.

- 22) Dijkstra, Jitse H. F. *Philae and the End of Ancient Egyptian Religion: A Regional Study of Religious Transformation (298-642 CE)*. (Peeters, 2008), 210.
- 23) Dijkstra, Jitse H. F. *Philae and the End of Ancient Egyptian Religion: A Regional Study of Religious Transformation (298-642 CE)*. (Peeters, 2008), 210.
- 24) Piankoff, *Rameses VI, vol 1*, 282.
- 25) Roberts, *My Heart My Mother*, 40. Identified with Wepwawet.
- 26) Wilkinson, *Complete*, 132.
- 27) Dennis, *Burden of Isis*, 25.
- 28) Dennis, *Burden of Isis*, 26.
- 29) Wilkinson, *Complete*, 132.
- 30) Dennis, *Burden of Isis*, 39.
- 31) Wilkinson, *Complete*, 132.
- 32) Dennis, *Burden of Isis*, 39.
- 33) Piankoff, *Rameses VI, vol 1*, 271.
- 34) David, Rosalie. *A Guide to Religious Ritual at Abydos*. (Aris and Phillips, 1981), 28.
- 35) Watterson, *Horus*, 83.
- 36) Watterson, *Horus*, 83.
- 37) Watterson, *Horus*, 109.
- 38) David, Rosalie. *A Guide to Religious Ritual at Abydos*. (Aris and Phillips, 1981), 28.
- 39) Watterson, *Horus*, 109.
- 40) Watterson, *Horus*, 84.
- 41) David, Rosalie. *A Guide to Religious Ritual at Abydos*. (Aris and Phillips, 1981), 21.
- 42) Watterson, *Horus*, 126.
- 43) Pinch, *Egyptian*, 143.
- 44) David, Rosalie. *A Guide to Religious Ritual at Abydos*. (Aris and Phillips, 1981), 21.
- 45) Pinch, *Egyptian*, 143.
- 46) Watterson, *Horus*, 83.
- 47) David, Rosalie. *A Guide to Religious Ritual at Abydos*. (Aris and Phillips, 1981), 28.

- 48) David, Rosalie. *A Guide to Religious Ritual at Abydos*. (Aris and Phillips, 1981), 28.
- 49) Piankoff, *Ramesses VI, vol 1*, 18.
- 50) Piankoff, *Ramesses VI, vol 1*, 23.
- 51) Piankoff, *Ramesses VI, vol 1*, 23.
- 52) Piankoff, *Ramesses VI, vol 1*, 23.

APPENDIX B: SOURCES ON HERU-SA-ASET



COMPILED BY CHELSEA LUELLO
BOLTON

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Terra Akhert is a practicing Kemetic Orthodox and a pagan/polytheist author who has been published in a handful of works. She is currently living in Kentucky where she enjoys writing devotional material for her gods.

Rosario Aurelius is a priestess, writer, and artist who lives in rural Missouri. Her practical and scholarly interests include Thelema, Jewish mysticism, and Egyptian and African spirituality. She runs a monthly social gathering in Saint Louis for discussions on the Left-Hand Path. She is a priestess of the Temple of Witchcraft and the Temple of Ascending Flame.

Chelsea Luellon Bolton has a BA and MA from the University of South Florida. She has more than 15 books published about ancient Egyptian Gods and Goddesses. Some of her books include: *Lady of Praise*, *Lady of Power: Ancient Hymns of the Goddess Aset*; *Mother of Magic: Ancient Hymns for Aset*; *Lady of the Temple: Ancient Hymns for Nephthys*; *Lady of Water and Flame: Ancient Hymns for Tefnut*; *Solar Lioness: Ancient Hymns for Sekhmet*; *Lord of Strength and Power: Ancient Hymns for Wepwawet*; *Flaming Lioness: Ancient Hymns for Egyptian Goddesses*; *She Who Speaks Through Silence: An*

Anthology for Nephthys; Solar Flares and Sunbeams: An Anthology for Ra; Lord of the Ways: An Anthology for Wepwawet; Sweet of Love: An Anthology for Bast and Bast-Mut; Lady of Arrows: An Anthology for Neith. You can find more of her work at her blog address: <http://fiercelybrightone.com>.

Merit Brokaw is a librarian, housewife, mother, wife, writer, crafter, woman and devotee to the gods of her heart. Like an octopus, she is making her way through the sea of life, following wherever curiosity takes her.

Rebecca Buchanan is the editor of the Pagan literary ezine, *Eternal Haunted Summer*. She is a regular contributor to *ev0ke: witchcraft*paganism*lifestyle*, and is the editor-in-chief of *Bibliotheca Alexandrina*. She has published a wide variety of poems, short stories, and novellas, most with Pagan themes, a complete list of which can be found on *Eternal Haunted Summer* (www.eternalhauntedsummer.com).

Jonathan Calloway has lived in Finland and China, where he studied folklore and taught English, respectively. His writing has appeared in *Defunct*, *Contrary*, *Pif*, and Yale's *The Perch*. He lives in Vermont, where he is working on a novel. Find him on Twitter @jd_calloway

Roger Camp lives in Seal Beach, California where he muses over his orchids, walks the pier, plays blues piano and spends afternoons with a charm of hummingbirds under an Angel's Trumpet reading. When he's not at home, he's photographing in the Old World. His work has appeared in *Pank*, *Rust+Moth*, *Gulf Coast*, *Southern Poetry Review* and *Nimrod*.

Morgan Cooney is a student at the College for Creative Studies, in Detroit, Michigan, where she is pursuing her Bachelor of Fine Arts. She has studied illustration, poetry and video-game development. Her artistic inspirations include

Egyptian mythology and the natural world. She is currently working on a full-length poetry collection featuring the Egyptian deities.

Vonnie Winslow Crist is author of *The Enchanted Dagger*, *The Greener Forest*, *Owl Light*, *River of Stars*, and other award-winning books. Her myth-based writing appears in *Weird Sisters*, *Faerie Magazine*, *Fae Wings and Hidden Things*, *The Great Tome of Fantastic and Wondrous Places*, and elsewhere. A cloverhand, she strives to celebrate the power of myth in her writing. For more info: <http://vonniwinslowcrist.com>.

Reverend Bill Duvendack opted not to provide a biography.

Jackson Evans is a Greco Egyptian polytheist from Baltimore, Maryland. He speaks Coptic and Hebrew. He is a history and criminal justice major at Towson university, class of 2026.

Alessa Glasskova holds an MA in English and also has a background in Psychology and Philosophy. Her interests include modernist literature, poems on nature, aesthetics, material culture, and anthropology (especially of indigenous and ancient civilizations). She is primarily a Luciferian and draws on elements from Gnosticism and Taoism, but enjoys exploring other systems. During her free time, she is often immersed in a book or her daily practice.

Khamheru writes: Since 2015 I have worshipped Horus the Elder via Kemetic Orthodoxy, as a Shemsu (Follower). When appropriate, I write devotional poems for the gods, but I'm more contemplative and quiet most times. I'm Brazilian and an English learner.

Joan Ann Lansberry writes: I've done a variety of different types of art, drawing, painting, sculpting, needlepointing. I

like the variety. Much of my art is Kemetic-inspired. Find me at joanannlansberry.com.

S.E.B. Logan is a freelance artist by trade, and a Medieval and Early Modern Studies specialist and Ancient Near Eastern Studies specialist by education. She received the majority of her training in the Historical Sciences from Binghamton University in New York State, and left that institution to pursue independent research interests in 2013. She is also a Shemsu of the Kemetic Orthodox Temple, divined as a daughter of Set and Amun-Re-Banebdjedet as well as a beloved of Heru-Wer, Herishef, Wesir-Narefy, and Anpu. Within Kemetic circles, she goes by her Shemsu-name *Sedjfaitem-itui*, which means "Endowed by Two Fathers."

Karla Linn Merrifield, a nine-time Pushcart-Prize nominee and National Park Artist-in-Residence, has had 700+ poems appear in dozens of journals and anthologies. She has 13 books to her credit, the newest of which is *Psyche's Scroll*, a book-length poem, published by The Poetry Box Select in June 2018. Forthcoming in June 2019 is her full-length book *Athabaskan Fractal: Poems of the Far North*, from Cirque Press. Her *Godwit: Poems of Canada* (FootHills Publishing) received the Eiseman Award for Poetry. She is assistant editor and poetry book reviewer for *The Centrifugal Eye*. She is a member of Just Poets (Rochester, NY), the Florida State Poetry Society, the New Mexico Poetry Society, and The Author's Guild. Visit her blog, *Vagabond Poet Redux*, at <http://karlalinn.blogspot.com>. Google her name to learn more; Tweet @Linn-Merrifield; <https://www.facebook.com/karlalinn.merrifield>.

Phillip Miner has written on spirituality for various publications such as *Elephant Journal* and *Hinduism Today*.

Sofia Nocella opted not to provide a biography.

Based in rural West Wales, **Dr. Rebecca Siân Pyne** is a Celtic Pagan freelance writer/geoscience researcher/Mental Health First Aider. A prolific writer in the horror, fantasy, Gothic and historical fiction genres, her short stories have appeared in *Mad Scientist Journal*, *Albedo One*, *Phantaxis*, *Bête Noire*, *Aurora Wolf*, *Neo-Opis*, *Macabre Cadaver* and others. Four novels [*Johnny Onions and the Vampire Queen*; *Johnny Onions and the Evil Laverbread*; *Sword of the Horse Chieftain*; *Wulfwaru and the Hag Child*] are available on Amazon in ebook or paperback. She also writes poetry and creative nonfiction from a pagan perspective; this is also strongly inspired by the natural world.

Ariadne Rainbird writes: I am a psychologist, witch, pagan priestess and pagan prison chaplain, who has always felt a pull towards the Hellenic tradition. The Hellenic Gods have been with me since childhood, when I read the myths and tales of God and heroes as my bedtime reading, and they captured my imagination and my heart. I went on to study many different paths in adulthood, exploring Hinduism and Buddhism, the yogic path, training as a Priestess in the Fellowship of Isis, becoming initiated in a Wiccan coven and working with Welsh tradition Craft, exploring Druidry, studying the Norse tradition, but always returning to the Hellenic Gods, though often in an eclectic Wiccan way. Following having my daughter 21 years ago, and as a working single mum, finding running a coven no longer viable, I decided to follow my heart on a solitary path, learning more about the Hellenic Gods and more traditional ways of working with them. Eventually I discovered the Living Orphic tradition, and for the past few years I have been dedicated to that. I now have a small Orphic group and a website on the Orphic tradition. Previous published works include *Magick Without Peers*, a course in progressive witchcraft for the solitary practitioner, co-authored with David Rankine, and poetic and artwork contributions published in *First and Last: A Devotional for Hestia*, *At the Gates*

of Dawn and Dusk: A Devotional for Aurora, Eos and the Hesperides, Host of Many: Hades and His Retinue, and Shield of Wisdom: A Devotional for Athena and Minerva.

Saqdiheru opted not to provide a biography.

Anna Schoenbach is a science writer who has also had her poetry published in Kelly Ann Jacobson's *Way to My Heart* anthology and OWS Inks' *Primal Elements* anthology. Anna tries to shed some light on the beautiful and sometimes overwhelming world through her writing. Sometimes, this light leads us to odd places, but, in true scientific tradition, Anna has felt that, no matter where the creative path leads, no matter what questions you end up answering, you learn something in the process.

Secondgenerationimmigrant, AKA Second (preferred pronouns zie/zir) is a nonbinary Italo-brasilian biophysicist, antifascist, and climate activist. Intermittently pagan since 1997, zie has started walking to the Kemeticism and Levantine Paganism path seriously since 2015. A Late Bronze Age nerd, zie is fascinated by the international character and syncretism of that period and tries to reflect it in zir practice. Zir main contribution to the community is the Academic Resource Masterpost for kemetics, on Wordpress at <https://secondgenerationimmigrant.wordpress.com/academic-resources-masterpost/> and now slowly being transferred over to a Notion database at <https://desert-process-7e3.notion.site/House-of-Life-e4b8b37c3b304578bf7745d51b0f4879>

Sobekemiti has been a devotee, scribe, and priest of Sobek for nearly 20 years. She is currently a shemsu in the House of Netjer and a member of the Covina Institute. As part of their devotion to Sobek, he has built and maintained the website Per Sebek in His honour since 2004. They experience Sobek as

a form of Sobek-Heru connected to the Faiyum cultus, and he also works closely with Hekate. They have published many hymns, poems, stories, and rituals on Per Sebek over the past decade or so. She edited *Lord of the Carnelian Temple: A Devotional in Honour of Sobek*, which was published through Bibliotheca Alexandrina in 2018. She is a Sau apprentice, witch, and liturgist, with interests in astrology, stellar magic, planets, plants, and herbs.

Tagerisenu lives in Seattle, Washington. She has been a practicing polytheist for over two decades, and is a Shemsu-Ankh of the Kemetic Orthodox faith, divined as a daughter of Heru-Wer and Bast. Her educational background is in Classical and Near Eastern Archaeology and Museum Studies. She is professionally and personally interested in botany, ancient history, museums, creative writing, poetry, and informal education. Her hobbies include costuming, stage combat, and volunteering in her local community. Her writing has been previously published in *Garland of the Goddess: Tales and Poems of the Feminine Divine*, *The Dark Ones: Tales and Poems of the Shadow Gods*, *Blood and Roses: A Devotional for Aphrodite and Venus*, as well as several other anthologies.

At the time of this writing, **Tjemsy** is a W'ab priest with Kemetic Orthodoxy, serving her Parents, Sekhmet and Set. Her Beloveds are Heru-Wer, Bast, Wepwawet, Taweret, Nebthet, and Nefertem-Imhotep. She works with children professionally as an Early Childhood Educator, and enjoys writing books, prayers, and songs about the Netjeru for children.

Brittany "Tawa'ubastmut" Vance is an artist in her 30s who greatly enjoys depicting the gods of Ancient Egypt, giving them visual life and beauty. Creating this artwork is a devo-

tional activity for her, and she hopes it can inspire others as well.

Sarah Wheatley is an independent Kemetic, reconstructionist, and scribe of Hathor. Her great love has always been the religion and culture of ancient Egypt and she has a BA in Egyptology and Ancient History. This will be her second published work, and she can be found at starsandepithets.tumblr.com

ABOUT BIBLIOTHECA ALEXANDRINA

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To help promote the revival of traditional polytheistic religions we have launched a series of books dedicated to the ancient gods of Greece and Egypt. The library is a collaborative effort drawing on the combined resources of the different elements within the modern Hellenic and Kemetic communities, in the hope that we can come together to praise our gods and share our diverse understandings, experiences and approaches to the divine.

A list of our current and forthcoming titles can be found on the following page. For more information on the Bibliotheca, our submission requirements for upcoming devotion-

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Sincerely,

The Editorial Board
of the Library of Neos Alexandria

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