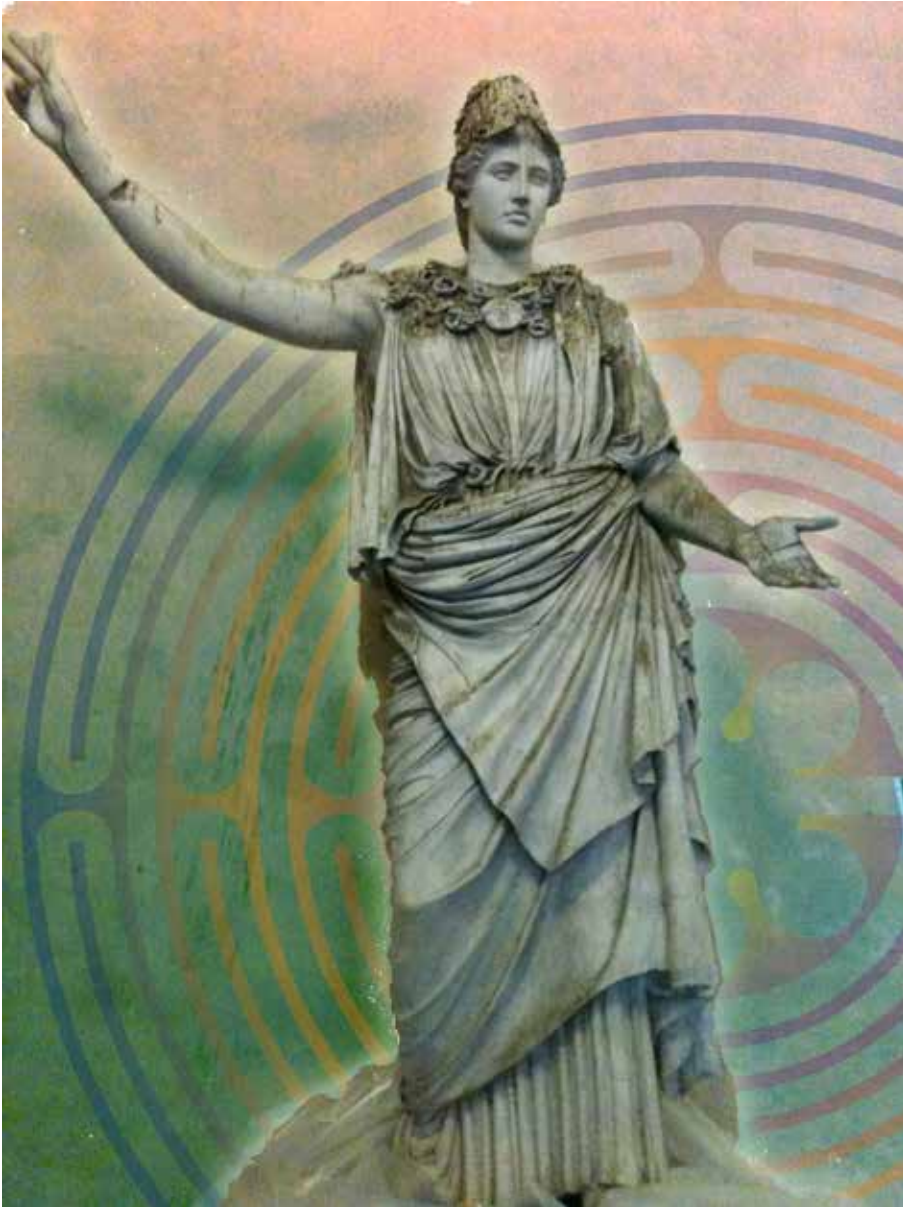




# ATHENA'S BOOK OF HOURS

## DAY ONE

### SUNDAY ATHENA PRONAIA



I begin to sing of Pallas Athene, the glorious goddess, bright-eyed, inventive, unbending of heart, pure virgin, savior of cities, courageous Tritogeneia.

—Hesiod, to Athena, trans. Hugh G. Evelyn-White, *The Goddess*, Christine Downing

The human soul is hungry for beauty; we seek it everywhere - in landscape, music, art, clothes, furniture, gardening, companionship, love, religion, and in ourselves.

No one would desire not to be beautiful. When we experience the beautiful, there is a sense of homecoming.

—John O'Donohue



FIRST HOUR: DAWN 6:00AM  
SEEDING ATHENA'S GARDEN

Whether you tend a garden or not, you are the gardener of your own being, the seed of your destiny.

—The Findhorn Community



SECOND HOUR: MID-MORNING 9:00  
ATHENA'S SUN IN GLORY

This grand show is eternal. It is always sunrise somewhere; the dew is never all dried at once; a shower is forever falling; vapor is ever rising. Eternal sunrise, eternal sunset, eternal dawn and glowing, on sea and continents and islands, each in its turn, as the round earth rolls.

—John Muir



THIRD HOUR: NOON  
SHE HOLDS THE BALANCE

Happiness is not a matter of intensity but of balance,  
order, rhythm and harmony.  
—Thomas Merton



FOURTH HOUR: MID-AFTERNOON 3:00  
SHE CHERISHES THE DAY

We live on a blue planet  
that circles around a ball of fire  
Next to a moon that moves the sea...  
And you don't believe in miracles?  
—Unknown



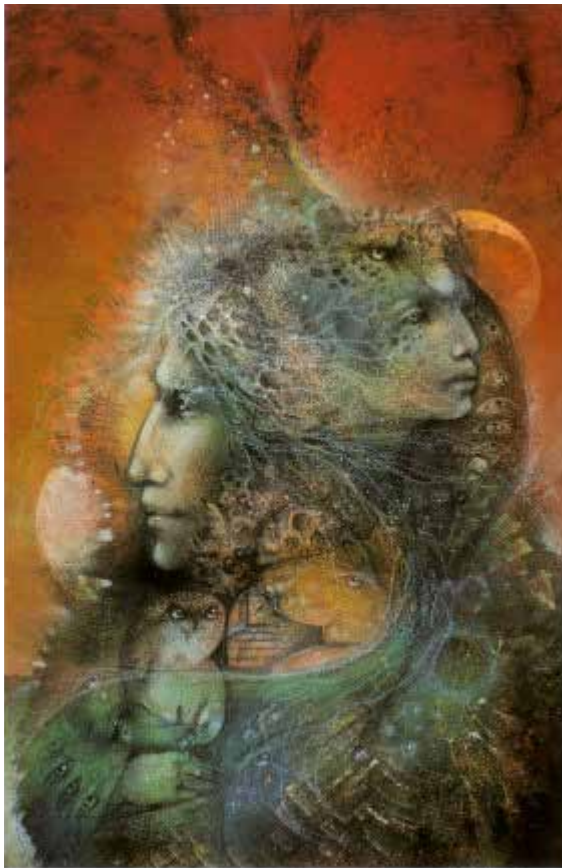
FIFTH HOUR: TWILIGHT 6:00  
SHE OPENS HER ARMS TO METIS,  
THE MOTHER

Behind all your stories is always your mother's story.  
Because hers is where yours begin.  
—Mitch Albom



SIXTH HOUR: EVENING 9:00  
THE DARK MOTHER'S STORY TIME

I learned some invaluable lessons in Nashville that apply to both farming and show business: Do not corner something you know is meaner than you; keep skunks of all kinds at a distance; if you forgive your enemies, it messes up their heads.  
—Willie Nelson



SEVENTH HOUR: MIDNIGHT  
METIS BESTOWS HER GIFTS

May the strength of Ares and wisdom of Athena  
see you through.

—Sherrilyn Kenyon



EIGHTH HOUR: 3:00 AM  
METIS AND ATHENA SHARE THE DREAMING

The seed has no idea of being some particular plant, but it has its own form and is in perfect harmony with the ground, with its surroundings...and there is no trouble. This is what we mean by naturalness.

—Shrunyu Suzuki, *Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind*

## DAY TWO

### MONDAY

#### ATHENA NIKE (VICTORY)

Bright-eyed Athena,  
Precious and beautiful Goddess,  
Present with us now.  
Coming into our time,  
Ever present.  
Holding the planet lightly and joyfully,  
Weaving us all together.  
Creating a bowl deep enough and wide enough  
That we all fit, all of us.  
Beautiful Goddess,  
Goddess of the darting glance,  
Beloved,  
With us now.  
Mother of all,  
Evoker of all life on this planet,  
Goddess of the darting thought,  
Goddess of the Depths,  
Goddess, Mother, ever present,  
Weaver of the pattern of this planet,  
Weaver of the planet in the cosmos.  
Mistress,  
Gentle teacher,  
Beautiful one,  
Many-shaped one,  
Ever present to each of us as we need you,  
Loving to us all.  
Every part of this world held in your hands,  
Held in your heart,  
Woven together,  
The great net of being symbol of your handiwork.  
Beloved One,  
Ever near,  
Ever beloved.  
Kaire, Athena.

—Betty Rothenberger,  
The Parthenon, Nashville, 2-15-92



#### FIRST HOUR: DAWN 6:00AM SEEDING ATHENA'S GARDEN

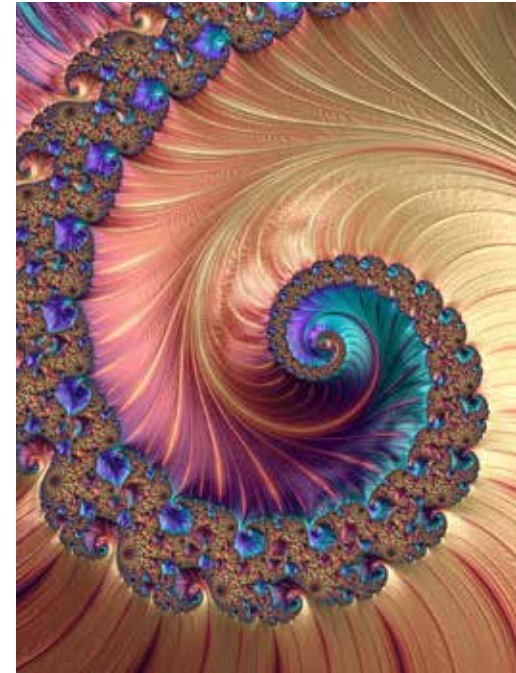
Find the seed at the bottom of your heart  
and bring forth a flower.  
—Shigenori Kameoka



SECOND HOUR: MID-MORNING 9:00  
ATHENA'S SUN IN GLORY

The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy.

—Henry Ward Beecher



THIRD HOUR: NOON  
SHE HOLDS THE BALANCE

In art and dream may you proceed with abandon. In life may you proceed with balance and stealth.

—Patti Smith





FOURTH HOUR: MID-AFTERNOON 3:00  
SHE CHERISHES THE DAY

If you pass by the color purple in a field and don't notice it, God gets real pissed off.

—Alice Walker



FIFTH HOUR: TWILIGHT 6:00  
SHE OPENS HER ARMS TO METIS,  
THE MOTHER

“It’s one of my inventions—a shampoo,” Athena explained. “Anyway, I didn’t know it would do”—she gestured toward the snakes—“that.”

—“Athena the Brain,” Joan Holub & Suzanne Williams



SIXTH HOUR: EVENING 9:00  
THE DARK MOTHER'S STORY TIME

My mission in life is not merely to survive, but to thrive; and to do so with some passion, some compassion, some humor, and some style.

—Maya Angelou



SEVENTH HOUR: MIDNIGHT  
METIS BESTOWS HER GIFTS

Blessings sometimes show up in unrecognizable disguises.  
—Janette Oke

## DAY THREE

TUESDAY

ATHENA AEGIS-BEARER

Pallas Athena  
I shall sing,  
the glorious goddess  
whose eyes gleam,  
brilliantly inventive,  
her heart relentless,  
formidable maiden, guardian of cities,  
the courageous Tritogeneia.

Wise Zeus gave birth to her himself  
out of his majestic head.  
Golden armor clad her,  
warlike, glistening.  
All the gods who saw her  
were overcome with awe.

Suddenly she was there  
before Zeus who holds the aegis.  
She sprang from his immortal head,  
shaking her sharp spear.

Great Olympos trembled terribly  
at the power of the goddess  
with the gleaming eyes.  
And all around her the earth  
screamed awfully  
and then the sea  
started to move, frothing  
with dark waves, and salt  
foam suddenly  
spurred up.

The brilliant son of Hyperion,  
the sun, stilled  
his swift-footed horses  
for a long time until  
Pallas Athena, the maiden,  
unclasped the god-like armor  
from her immortal shoulders.  
Wise Zeus was delighted.

Greetings, daughter of Zeus  
who holds the aegis.  
Now, and in another song,  
I will remember you.

—Homeric Hymn to Athena, trans. Jules Cashford, *The Myth of the Goddess*,

TUESDAY • 19



### EIGHTH HOUR: 3:00 AM METIS AND HER DAUGHTER SHARE THE DREAMING

The rose Dawn might have found them weeping still had not grey-eyed Athena slowed the night when night was most profound, and held the Dawn under the Ocean of the East. That glossy team, Firebright and Daybright, the Dawn's horses that draw her heavenward for men—Athena stayed their harnessing.  
—Homer, *The Odyssey*

MONDAY • 18



FIRST HOUR: DAWN 6:00AM  
SEEDING ATHENA'S GARDEN

Wake! For the Sun, who scatter'd into flight  
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,  
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes  
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light.  
—The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam



SECOND HOUR: MID-MORNING 9:00  
ATHENA'S SUN IN GLORY

Now I see that the opposite of knowledge may not be ignorance  
but mystery; that the opposite of truth may not be lies but  
something else again: a revelation so deeply imbedded in the  
thin places of reality that we cannot see it for looking: a rever-  
ence so clear and quiet and perfect that we have not yet begun  
to fathom it.  
—*Our Lady of the Lost and Found*, Diane Schoemperlen



THIRD HOUR: NOON  
SHE HOLDS THE BALANCE

At night make me one with the darkness.  
In the morning make me one with the light.  
—Wendell Berry



FOURTH HOUR: MID-AFTERNOON 3:00  
SHE CHERISHES THE DAY

Jupiter:  
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;  
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade.  
Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,  
And all things flourish where'er you turn your eyes.  
—*Semele*, Handel



FIFTH HOUR: TWILIGHT 6:00  
SHE OPENS HER ARMS TO METIS,  
THE MOTHER

Someday I'll find you,  
Moonlight behind you,  
True to the dream I am dreaming.  
As I draw near you  
You'll smile a little smile;  
For a little while  
We shall stand  
Hand in hand.  
—Noel Coward



SIXTH HOUR: EVENING 9:00  
THE DARK MOTHER'S STORY TIME

BIBLIOBLISS. Transported into states of transcendent pleasure  
while immersed in reading a favorite book.  
—Rob Brezny



SEVENTH HOUR: MIDNIGHT  
METIS BESTOWS HER GIFTS

Ho'oponopono  
I Love You  
Thank You  
I'm Sorry  
Please Forgive Me



EIGHTH HOUR: 3:00 AM  
METIS AND ATHENA SHARE THE DREAMING

The tiny sliver of a new moon  
invites me to drink of the frozen light of the night,  
refreshing those places that the hectic day has forgotten,  
renewing the sense of mystery  
to my weary soul,  
weaving my day dreams into night dreams  
with the tender beams of midnight.  
—“Night Song,” Denise Dignan

## DAY FOUR

Wednesday

ATHENA SHAKE-SPEAR

GO ASK BETTY

[Tune more or less like Jefferson Airplane's "White Rabbit"]

One process makes you larger  
And one process makes you small  
And the ones you sing and dance to  
Make you want to understand it all  
Go ask Betty.

I think she'll know.

Chorus: GO ASK BETTY. I THINK SHE'LL KNOW.

And if your possibilities have taken a nap  
Right when you have received the call  
And you want to talk to the ally  
Who knows the allies of all  
Go ask Betty.

I think she'll know.

Chorus: GO ASK BETTY. I THINK SHE'LL KNOW.

And if you go chasing quantum partners  
But you don't know who's for you  
And you've lost the latest instructions  
on how to orchestrate your inner crew  
Go ask Betty.

I think she'll know.

Chorus: GO ASK BETTY. I THINK SHE'LL KNOW.

Maybe you just need the name of a restaurant  
In a distant desert land  
Or where you can get Coca-Cola  
When your cleanse has come to an end  
Go ask Betty.

I think she'll know.

Chorus: GO ASK BETTY. I THINK SHE'LL KNOW.

When the logic and proportion  
of your mountain of the self is getting soft  
And you're having a fight with a friend  
And you want an answer that isn't off  
Remember what Athena said:  
It's all in Betty's head!

Chorus: IT'S ALL IN BETTY'S HEAD!

—Lisa Nelson



FIRST HOUR: DAWN 6:00AM  
SEEDING ATHENA'S GARDEN

The birds they sing, at the break of day  
Start again, I heard them say.  
Don't dwell on what has passed away  
Or what is yet to be.  
—"Anthem," Leonard Cohen





SECOND HOUR: MID-MORNING 9:00  
ATHENA'S SUN IN GLORY

To be alive today  
is to know  
there is a crack in the cosmic egg,  
to know something more-than-new  
pecks and pushes its way  
into our consciousness.  
—“Cosmic Hatching,” Anna Hines



THIRD HOUR: NOON  
SHE HOLDS THE BALANCE

Praise life, it deserves praise, but the praise of life  
That forgets the pain is a pebble  
Rattled in a dry gourd.  
—“Praise Life,” Robinson Jeffers



FOURTH HOUR: MID-AFTERNOON 3:00  
SHE CHERISHES THE DAY

In a Japanese garden, the wood posts speak  
as brook water slips over singing stones:  
I am Linden, I am Gingko, I am Incense Cedar;  
we are Douglas, we are Sycamore, I am Mountain Ash.  
—“Dancers in Lithia Park,” Mary Brubaker



FIFTH HOUR: TWILIGHT 6:00  
SHE OPENS HER ARMS TO METIS,  
THE MOTHER

To love is not to look at one another: it is to look, together, in  
the same direction.  
—Antoine de Saint-Exupery



SIXTH HOUR: EVENING 9:00  
THE DARK MOTHER'S STORY TIME

I have lost myself in the sea many times  
with my ear full of freshly cut flowers,  
with my tongue full of love and agony.  
I have lost myself in the sea many times  
as I lose myself in the heart of certain children.  
—“Gacela of the Flight,” Federico Garcia Lorca



SEVENTH HOUR: MIDNIGHT  
METIS BESTOWS HER GIFTS

To give pleasure to a single heart by a single act is better than a  
thousand heads bowing in prayer.  
—Mahatma Gandhi



EIGHTH HOUR: 3:00 AM  
METIS AND ATHENA SHARE THE DREAMING

Nothing is as real as a dream. The world can change around you, but your dream will not. Responsibilities need not erase it. Duties need not obscure it. Because the dream is within you, no one can take it away.

—The Buddha

DAY FIVE

THURSDAY  
ATHENA BRIGHT EYES

Kaire, Betty, My own bright-eyed girl,  
My dear lady of YES.  
Your life is a song I love to sing  
And a tapestry that charms My eyes.  
This path We walk together  
Is bumpy and demanding,  
Wildly beautiful,  
Peopled with good companions  
And always, always interesting  
(I speak from My eternal point of view).

Many Bettys rise before My all-seeing eyes,  
Dancing with vigor and grace  
A sacred labyrinthine design  
As intricate as any web of Mine

You are the Maiden of Promise  
Embracing the possibilities  
Of the life in front of you,  
A life of kindness and service  
And stranger wonders.  
You plunge into adventure  
With the confidence of the many-worlded being  
Your heart knows you to be.

—Hilary Tate



FIRST HOUR: DAWN 6:00AM  
SEEDING ATHENA'S GARDEN

This is the ongoing purpose of full attention: to find a thousand ways to be pierced into wholeness.

—Mark Nepo



SECOND HOUR: MID-MORNING 9:00  
ATHENA'S SUN IN GLORY

With growth into adulthood, responsibilities claimed me, so many heavy coats. I didn't choose them, I don't fault them, but it took time to reject them. Now in the spring I kneel, I put my face into the packets of violets, the dampness, the freshness, the sense of ever-ness. Something is wrong, I know it, if I don't keep my attention on eternity. May I be the tiniest nail in the house of the universe, tiny but useful. May I stay forever in the stream. May I look down upon the windflower and the bull thistle and the coreopsis with the greatest respect.

—Mary Oliver



THIRD HOUR: NOON  
SHE HOLDS THE BALANCE

Hold on to what is good. Even if it is a handful of earth.  
Hold on to what you believe. Even if it is a tree which stands by itself.  
Hold on to what you must do. Even if it is a long way from here.  
Hold on to life. Even when it is easier letting go.  
Hold on to my hand. Even when I have gone away from you.  
—Native American Prayer, quoted in Elsa Bowman's Christmas letter 2017



FOURTH HOUR: MID-AFTERNOON 3:00  
SHE CHERISHES THE DAY

The Memory Palace  
To everything that we wish to remember we should give an image, and to every one of these images we should assign a position where it can repose peacefully until we are ready to claim it by an act of memory.  
—From *Memory* by Matteo Ricci, translated by George Johnson



FIFTH HOUR: TWILIGHT 6:00  
SHE OPENS HER ARMS TO METIS,  
THE MOTHER

In the point of rest at the center of our being, we encounter a world where all things are at rest in the same way. Then a tree becomes a mystery, a cloud a revelation, each man a cosmos of whose riches we can only catch glimpses. The life of simplicity is simple, but it opens to us a book in which we never get beyond the first syllable.  
—Dag Hammarsjold



SIXTH HOUR: EVENING 9:00  
THE DARK MOTHER'S STORY TIME

From joy all beings have come.  
In joy all beings are sustained.  
To joy all beings return.  
This is the highest teaching.  
This is the highest teaching.  
—The Upanishads



SEVENTH HOUR: MIDNIGHT  
METIS BESTOWS HER GIFTS

Become a reservoir of joy, an oasis of peace, a pool of serenity that can ripple out to all those around you.

—Archbishop Desmond Tutu



EIGHTH HOUR: 3:00 AM  
METIS AND ATHENA SHARE THE DREAMING

What human beings will really give to the Earth is love, a love that will evolve from the most sensuous to the most spiritualized form. This is the mission of Earth evolution. Earth is the cosmos of love.

—Rudolph Steiner



## DAY SIX

### FRIDAY PALLAS ATHENA

You are the Woman of Power,  
Hand outstretched to guide  
The awkward young across the threshold,  
Like Me a friend to heroes  
Walking their roads of learning and trials.  
No lioness is more ferocious in their defense.  
Without ceasing or tiring,  
You bear up your chosen Great Ones,  
Happy are the opened eyes that discern  
That you yourself are Great.

You are the Timeless Wisdom Keeper,  
Love incarnated,  
Holder of patterns,  
Teller of truth,  
Clear-eyed,  
My own student,  
My own teacher,  
My own heart's friend on Our long walk.

As I am reflected in you,  
So you are reflected in Me.  
Without you, I would be less.

I will remember you  
And We will sing other songs too.  
—Hilary Tate



### FIRST HOUR: DAWN 6:00AM SEEDING ATHENA'S GARDEN

Every day is a god, each day is a god, and holiness holds  
forth in time.  
I worship each god. I praise each day splintered down and  
wrapped in time like a husk, a husk of many colors spreading,  
at dawn fast over the mountains split.  
—Annie Dillard



SECOND HOUR: MID-MORNING 9:00  
ATHENA'S SUN IN GLORY

To love  
is to discover and complete one's self  
in someone other than oneself.  
An act impossible of general realization on Earth  
so long as each can see in the neighbor no more than  
a closed fragment following its own course through the world.  
It is precisely  
this state of isolation that will end  
if we begin to discover in each other  
not merely the elements of one another and the same thing  
but of a single Spirit in search of itself.  
The existence of such a power  
becomes possible in the curvature of a world capable of noo-  
genesis.  
—Teilhard de Chardin, translated by Blanche Gallagher



THIRD HOUR: NOON  
SHE HOLDS THE BALANCE

I have no power of miracle  
other than the attainment of quiet happiness,  
I have no tact except the exercise of gentleness.  
—Oracle of Sumiyoshi



FOURTH HOUR: MID-AFTERNOON 3:00  
SHE CHERISHES THE DAY

Know the true nature of your Beloved,  
In his loving eyes your every thought,  
word, and movement is always, always  
beautiful.

—Hafiz, translated by Daniel Ladinsky

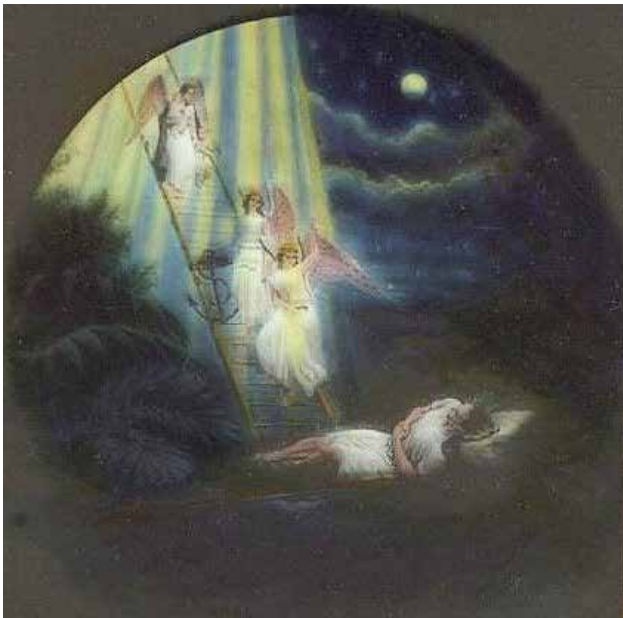


FIFTH HOUR: TWILIGHT 6:00  
SHE OPENS HER ARMS TO METIS,  
THE MOTHER

Now the day is done,  
All is One, All is One,  
Dream of Life revealed,  
Memories healed, memories healed,  
Mystery unfolds,  
Stories told,  
warm the cold,  
Web of life expands,  
heart to heart,  
hand in hand.

Now the day is done,  
All is One, all is One...

—Gerry Dignan



SIXTH HOUR: EVENING 9:00  
THE DARK MOTHER'S STORY TIME

**A Reading from the Book of Dreams**

An angel came to me while I slept and said:  
"Be at Peace! Be at Peace!  
That which troubles you now  
is a gift from the most high.  
This darkness  
is the shadow of outstretched arms.  
This torment  
is the preparation for what is to come.  
Watch and keep vigil!  
The Beloved makes of thee a river bed.  
Watch and keep vigil!  
This time is as nothing—  
A cloud across the sun.  
Watch and keep vigil!"  
—Frank Hayes



SEVENTH HOUR: MIDNIGHT  
METIS BESTOWS HER GIFTS

**A Reading from the Book of Dreams**

The Beloved is here and speaks to thee:  
"Words shall not harm thee  
for I am all words.  
I see thee and know thee  
that you are my own.  
Need shall not overtake thee  
for I fill all need.  
I call your name  
and always have  
Watch and keep vigil!  
Watch!  
And keep vigil."  
—Frank Hayes

## DAY SEVEN

Saturday  
ATHENA PARTHENOS



EIGHTH HOUR: 3:00 AM  
METIS AND ATHENA SHARE THE DREAMING

We must become what we were  
Before we were born.  
—Ikkuyu

I gave good gifts, of art and beauty, music and song, caring and delight, and to you, Dear Blue Eyes, I gave all these, and two more: my power as a weaver, and my gift of transmitting truth and wisdom.

Yes you know love, and music, color, magic, sisterhood, kindness, friendship, generosity, and the wonder of the circle, but you know something else as well, you know the mystery that lies beneath and between all human connection. You know its depths, you know its steadfast strength, and most exquisite of all, you know the places where the mystery and the connections need support and clarity. Many and varied are the skillful means you employ, Beloved Priestess, to bring forth the mystery of the web, its beauty, its presence, its eternal truth.

Robust and wonderful your laughter, Lovely One, and your voice raised in song and joy. Equally robust your generosity; wild and glorious your enthusiasm, your ever-replenishing willingness to love life, to live life.

Well I remember, Dear Daughter of My Heart, the scene of your soul's election for life on earth once more. So many goddesses and gods stood witness, each one waiting eagerly for you to choose the one who would walk with you most closely. Rich am I, and happy, that your soul chose me to be your guide and deep ally. You have done me holy honor. And I give thanks for you and for your wondrous life.  
—Peggy Rubin



FIRST HOUR: DAWN 6:00AM  
SEEDING ATHENA'S GARDEN

The vastness of your love fills space, time, and eternity  
Moments of silence are your most perfect voice.  
Divine presence sings in exquisite perfection in a  
blade of grass or a butterfly's wing.  
—"Mother Spirit," Lori Beal Brandt



SECOND HOUR: MID-MORNING 9:00  
ATHENA'S SUN IN GLORY

If life is wildly and innocently in love with you, are you  
prepared to start loving life back the way it loves you?  
—"Painful Blessings," Rob Brezsny



THIRD HOUR: NOON  
SHE HOLDS THE BALANCE

Stand still. The trees ahead and bushes beside you  
Are not lost. Wherever you are is called Here,  
And you must treat it as a powerful stranger,  
—“Lost,” David Wagoner



FOURTH HOUR: MID-AFTERNOON 3:00  
SHE CHERISHES THE DAY

It is your nature to be happy.  
You will swim away along the soft trails for hours,  
your imagination alighting everywhere.  
—“Morning Poem,” Mary Oliver



FIFTH HOUR: TWILIGHT 6:00  
SHE OPENS HER ARMS TO METIS,  
THE MOTHER

damn, if I knew her better  
I would tell her.  
you are goddess  
of the night sky  
cloaked in humility  
sweet as the knowledge of death  
you are beautiful  
—Drew Dellinger



SIXTH HOUR: EVENING 9:00  
THE DARK MOTHER'S STORY TIME

This is the story of my life.  
Each word a totally untruthful fact  
each memory unhappening exactly  
almost not at all the way I say it did.  
—“Autobiography,” Judith Morley





SEVENTH HOUR: MIDNIGHT  
METIS BESTOWS HER GIFTS

When the night has been too lonely  
And the road has been too long,  
When you think that love is only  
For the lucky and the strong,  
Just remember in the winter,  
Far beneath the bitter snows,  
Lies the seed that with the sun's love  
In the spring becomes the Rose.  
—“The Rose,” Amanda McBroom



EIGHTH HOUR: 3:00 AM  
METIS AND ATHENA SHARE THE DREAMING

Behold  
This splendid circus girl  
Covered in colors!  
Imagine her freedom,  
Her unexpected power,  
And wild, warm, butterfly heart.  
See what magic happens  
When you feed your dream fire.  
—“Circus Girl,” Diane Nichols

## COSMIC MOTHER COMES CALLING

Here she comes, the Aleph Herself, Quantum Lady wearing a garment of holograms, universes couched in the crook of her elbow.

Stars and galaxies sparkle in her hair as do diadems of dimensions, planets beyond counting, and beings by the trillions.

Time does not count by her measure, nor does space, nor separation. She is the ever expressing, ever creating Mystery, the Womb of all becoming.

Imagine immensities and you still can't grasp her. Look at a flower and you understand her completely. She is all, and she is no thing.

Stars and galaxies sparkle in her hair as do diadems of dimensions, planets beyond counting, and beings by the trillions.

She is the Cosmic Mother, the One in the many and the many in the One. On our planet and perhaps, on many others we call her by many names, many variants of herself:

Athena, Consciousness, the Absolute, Hera, Demeter, Kwan Yin, the Quantum Field, the Akashic Recorder, Mary, Isis, the great Mother, Spider Woman, Saraswati. Corn Mother, Ameratsu, the Mind that is minding, Queen of Heaven, Great Goddess, Life Force, Creation, and above all,

Mother, Mother, Mother.  
She comes now looking for you.

—Jean Houston



pattern dancer truth

laughter  
Inventive  
steadfast

adventure

Dear Blue Eyes

Holy-Honor

enthusiasm Metis  
Dromenon

delight generosity  
Indra's Net

Enos Mythos

woven

wisdom  
friendship

leader music  
depths transmitter

love Ever Near

Friend

singer  
fierce  
Betty

creative  
kindness  
Athena

joy strength  
Tholos

Women Circles  
caring  
Ever Replenishing

wisdom  
Protector of Cities

curiosity  
clarity

robust  
Beloved Priestess  
The Dance