



Venus in the Underworld and the Metamorphic Underworld a sharing from Jennifer Welch

Very dear Cayelin and Tami,

I have been blown away by the powerful insights of the beginning of the “Getting personal with the Goddess” series- so much so that I found myself close to tears at the recognition of myself in the section on the Metamorphic Underworld. So much of what you describe has been such a huge part of my life experience, that I can only share the most recent events here.

In the past 8 months(!) I have repeatedly been called by the Grandmothers in Lower World experiences. In fact the reason I signed up for the Evening Star Venus programme was because I had had an extraordinary and unexpected experience in the West Kennet Long Barrow in Avebury on a tour with Daniel and Anyaa in August last year.

At the beginning of the tour I had experienced a deep connection with the Crop Circles and the Leylines of the area. Later it was arranged to visit the West Kennett Long Barrow, the underground tunnelled chambers where our ancient Celtic ancestors once laid the bones of revered clan members.

We entered the tunnel with Peter Knight, the local authority on the Avebury mysteries. At the first beat of Peter’s drum I found myself, to my astonishment, on my knees in a deep trance, travelling down under the ground. I heard a deep gravelly-voiced Grandmother saying “Come lie with Us”.

I found myself strongly resisting what sounded like a death invitation. I realize I reframed it as “Come be with Us” (of course I accepted!) I then experienced a strange shapeshifting experience talking with the leylines above me understanding how they functioned, and then I felt I was starting to rise upwards. Suddenly I was literally twisted onto my back, forcing my surrender despite my fierce resistance. Then to my horror I smelled that my hair had literally caught fire on an altar candle on the floor behind me, and the skin and hair on the crown chakra area of my scalp were burning.

I shot partially out of trance and realised that group members were patting out the singed hair, and that I was no longer on fire! Still partially in trance with my hands firmly attached to the cave floor, it took a while fully to circle out of the trance in a vortex to beautiful singing. Friends in the group said they had tried to stop the incident but were prevented from touching me.

The shock of the physical reality and my helplessness was immense. This was no doubt an initiation that could not be ignored. It forced me to consider possibilities – imminent death? Or at a later date, the meaning of shamanic death, and an invitation to enter fully into the Crone stage of my existence, more deeply connected to the Grandmothers? Daniel was present and his take on astrological factors involved was:

“....The Moon was 4 degrees Cancer at 9:00pm on that day.,right between your own Moon and Venus...also Venus was retrograde at exactly the same phase angle that your own Venus retrograde was at when you were born...while not your Venus return, nevertheless, there are only 7-8 days each 584 day Venus cycle, so its pretty remarkable that this was happening during this Venus cycle (conjunct Jupiter in Leo with Regulus).

This is the most mysterious of all Venus phases, not one that I am completely clear about yet...its not Inanna in the underworld...rather the alchemy that occurs when Venus transforms (transfigures) into an entirely new/different Goddess....The Moon configuration certainly has much to do with the soul retrieval and then rebirth in regards to your lineage.....”

I did not understand this interpretation until learning about the Metamorphic Underworld this week.

Eight months(!) later with the Skulls and Disc, I re-visited Mexico in March 2016 with a group led by my very dear SiStars, Lia Scallon and Stephanie Phelps with whom I have shared other extraordinary special shamanic experiences in years past, and no doubt, other lifetimes!

This was almost a repeat of a tour to the sacred sites even before I connected with the Skulls. Again I was taken by surprise, on the first day we visited the Cenote Xcanche to bathe and cleanse ourselves for the Journey ahead. To the organizers’ amazement, the heavens opened, (previously unheard of at this time), and we were drenched as we walked to the site, slipping and sliding.

I love the water- so much of my birth chart is in Cancer- so I was astonished at my fear of injury as I slid on the slippery steps down to the cenote. Once in the water, my limbs became heavy as lead and I felt I was being sucked under water into the underworld against my will. I clung to the ropes at the periphery, while all the others splashed and played under the waterfall! I could not believe this!

I could barely climb out as my limbs were so heavy, and our shaman simply smiled when I told him what had happened. I remained shaken for the rest of that day and stayed in my room trying to integrate it while the others explored the festive and beautiful city of Valladolid on a Feast Day. To my astonishment I discovered I had become clairaudient and could hear children singing and talking, several blocks away from our hotel.

Next day we made a ceremonial visit to Oxkintok, “the place where three suns burn”, considered to be a portal to other dimensions. We went down into the extraordinarily exquisite underground cave sacred to the Earth Mother, Ichel, and Heart of the Earth, Great-grandmother Ux Mukane, for ceremony.

I saw many Cat images in the rock faces-and also had a totally stunning and remarkable experience ascending with Lia to inexpressibly high Light Frequencies. Next day, in Uxmal, my favourite sacred site in Mexico where I know I have had past connections, I found myself in the Crown Chakra teaching chamber.

As I sat with my back against the entrance facing the exit arch, I saw with startling clarity, gazing out to the land beyond, a Black Panther who simply said “The way is open”. After the final ceremony at the end of the Journey, after many other amazing experiences, Lia and I came across a huge free-standing statue of UxMukane, Great Grandmother who grinds the **Bones**. In turn we reached forward to connect with the statue, and as I did so a friend happened to take a photograph.

When we saw the photo image, we could see the shape of the Black Panther beneath my outstretched arm. Incidentally, my last visit with the Group to the same Cenote Xcanche before leaving was uneventful and I played happily in the water with the others! Curiously the only memento I brought back from Mexico was a beautiful carving of Kukulkan, who after chewing people through their lifegrowth challenges, finally spits out the spirit as a butterfly. This moved me unbelievably.

In August this year, one year since my Crop Circles visit to Avebury, I am scheduled to visit the ancestors of Northern Ireland, the Standing Stones around Sligo, and the burial chambers of Newgrange with Daniel and Anyaa. This feels connected.

Shortly after arriving home, my elder son Sean from New Zealand, with whom I share extraordinary connections around the Himalayan Skulls and Disc, and his wife, came to stay for the first time in 4.5 years. They can only visit rarely because of the distances separating us and the cost of travel.

The four of us travelled by car to Durban, 3 days away, where we had all lived for 30 years, to meet our newly born first and only grandson! It was an amazing re-union on Mothers' Day, a rare gathering of my family and welcoming of the newborn, and we also presented exquisite garments handmade by my mother for a great-grandchild 30 years ago. However I had a very clear message: "Connect to Disconnect".

This whole visit was about recognizing that family connections could not be as they were, despite the birth of our new grandchild- a dissolving of old Capricorn ties. The lineage would continue even without me! Similarly a wonderful lunch had been organised to reconnect with an amazing group of psychologists, old friends, many of whom I had trained in clinical hypnosis. We had had an immensely close and fun-filled connection, and I realized the lunch formally marked a close to that phase too.

My return home marked the beginning of a time of the deepest grieving around loss and change, in which I experienced a kind of encapsulated Inanna descent, having given up all my strengths, on every level including the physical, with distressing osteoporosis symptoms, hair loss etc. I could not ignore it, and had to grieve: I shockingly felt like Inanna hung out on the meat hook!

I have experienced shamanic death many times, but this was the most powerful and deep, apparently connected to my hearing the voices of the Grandmothers. I wonder about the imminence of real death. Looking back, I can identify the 8-yearly happenings at the time of my Venus returns, though this was not one, but for the first time I have seen also that I belong in the Metonic Moon Phase. *(Not sure what Jennifer means here? She just turned 76 so my guess is - she means Metonic Moon Return that happens with the Nodal Return from age 74 to 76)*

This has explained why I often feel my interests and values are so uncomfortably different from others around me - in fact a lot of my life has been involved in trying to fit in and find genuine people connections, that is "find my tribe"! There may have been other planetary timings around this phase which I have not been able to identify.

I have often felt I have doubted my reality in the 3D world, with all my unusual "other world" experiences. Existence now seems to be spinning too fast for me to keep pace with my intentions, and I lose detail while focusing on the wholeness, which can be a problem.

My beautiful small garden is a place where I can find time-out as I connect so deeply with the earth and the water around us. This is also so in my meditations with the Skulls and Disc. However I feel extraordinarily comfortable and fearless in the times of altered reality. I have had brief glimpses of past lives that have left traces in my present earth life.

I have connected with Light Energies from other dimensions, particularly with supporters from Orion, and with four-footeds, especially cats, and winged ones and great finned ones who speak with me, sometimes through automatic writing and sacred geometry, and more recently through clairaudience and hearing these Beings. I have been gifted also with photographic images of the light energies surrounding us,. All in

all, I believe I have had a foot in two worlds, and up till recently this felt a good and suitable balance, as though I am supposed to bridge the dimensions, which is not difficult for me.

What would total release of everything look like – releasing both my spiritual self as well as my 3-D self? I have always trusted the process of my growing. Shamanic deaths have felt like gradually releasing the 3D connections associated with my birth moon Capricorn, and moving more strongly into my ascendant Aquarius.

In my shamanic experiences, I have known extraordinary magic and amazement, joy and deep appropriateness, a sense of realness which I do not think is escapism – just another aspect of who I am. I have believed that I must share the experience of other altered realities. This knowledge as well as photographs of amazing happenings on my journeys with Skulls, I have shared gladly with interested groups who find it reassuring, especially those with diagnoses of dread diseases, or those who are dying.

I do feel on the brink of big transmutation. I wonder even if I am being prepared for the final transmutation into actual death which is strange, but not terrifying. I accept that when I die all my experiences will be fed back into my eternal soul which is part of the Everything.

This has been a powerful, oddly extraordinary, and uncomfortable stage. The phase of deep grief has passed now and I can look in objectively and with respect for my process. I have not been able to write about my experiences until now – obviously I needed to hear your wisdom about the Metamorphic Underworld. I am sharing it all with you: feel free to use what is useful in the class, or helpful to others.

Thank you dear Cayelin and Tami for the extraordinary gift of this new perspective, I clearly needed this now! Blessings on all the knowledge and richness of love and compassion that you both share so generously. This is excellence I deeply admire – as opposed to perfection which does not exist!

Huge blessings, love and hugs

Jennifer