

Damballah Yig Lodge Rite

Serpent Mound

23rd of April 1989

Will:

To feed the Great Serpent. To clear the path between that which moves within the body of the Serpent and those who drink deeply of Her Mysteries. To place within Her mouth the talisman sent by Frater S of the E. O. D.

BACKGROUND & RITE: Leaving from Cincinnati, one follows the Appalachian Highway east for about 60 miles to Serpent Mound. The road winds past Lynchberg, Tater Ridge, and Measley Ridge, before narrowing to the cramped two lane highway fronting the Mounds entrance. Large old cars encrusted with rust rumble upon the roads. Locust Grove, Frog Hollow Church, and the Serpent Mound Mission with its small white washed outbuildings and outhouses signal the Mounds nearness.

The people living in the region are apt as not to come to a complete stop in the middle of the winding road before turning left or right. The Appalachian Highway is the only major route to here. The entrance to this highway is marked with a series of speed bumps and a large flashing caution sign as if to warn those who live and drive in this region that another faster less forgiving world encroaches.

Ancient barns and houses dot the land. Windowless, many of the houses stand in mute testimony to the industry of early settlers followed by an all to long period of gradual decline. Many of the refugees of this decline make their way to nearby Cincinnati where, to often, rather than jobs they find the refurbished Palace of Justice with its massive and newly constructed County Jail. The Jail is connected to the court rooms by a covered walkway two stories above street level.

A sense of vertigo comes upon me while looking at the old farm buildings sinking slowly into the earth. They drift unevenly into the mud and stand at odd angles awaiting a breath of wind to blow them over.

Suddenly the land changes. Areas of it seem to rise up and fall away for no apparent reason. Deep pits appear in unexpected locations. To quote the brochure of the Ohio Historical Society, "Serpent Mound is located within an unusual geographical area known as the Serpent Mound cryptoexplosion structure... ." Cryptoexplosion literally means "mystery-explosion." The Serpent lies in an area nearly 5 miles in diameter which has been faulted, folded and twisted by two immense explosions. To the consternation of many theorists, no volcanic or meteoric debris is found in the area. Akoko, a fellow sorcerer, holds that the first explosion took place when the Serpent burst through the soil in an upward leap. The second explosion took place when it

reentered the earth.

Moss-covered limestone retaining walls rest to the right as the site of the mound is approached. The Serpent lays upon a high area created by the cryptoexplosions and overlooks a plain and a small river. She is not shown in profile but from a top view. The mouth is open to its widest extent in a striking position.

It is a short walk back to the Serpent from a parking area. The rite was performed as follows:

Of erings of cornmeal to the Marassa and the Mort at the tip of the Serpent's mouth. Offerings to Legba and the Loa at the overlook from which the Serpent leaps.

Blue cornmeal of the Hopi and sage gathered in the western states placed upon the Serpents lips. Tobacco to the open mouth. Sand from the temples of the Yucatan offered at the overlook in special remembrance of the rites performed in the labyrinth beneath the Nunnery in Old Chichen.

Egg coated with the Blood of Obatala offered directly to mouth at half a minute to 5:00. At exactly 5:00 the talisman of Frater S was taken by the mouth.

An electric rush of epinephrine flowed through my body as the Great Serpent ate. The exhilaration which I felt is similiar to what I would think the temple serpents feel when they feed upon the rats offered to them.

Walked toward the tail. The land there is never quite still. Always a shimmer. Always a slight disturbance in the visual field. The tail is the connection to the earth. When the serpent strikes it is the point from which it pushes. The point from which movement originates. A sense of excited quiet, the meal has been accepted.

The keeper comes to check. I believe that I am a bit too well known here. Twilight approaches. The light fails and the Serpent moves into the shadows. A cool breeze and birds at flight. 5:11 and the meal feels to be digested. The sense of expectancy; the adrenal rush is gone.

I spend a good deal of time with the temple snakes. What I have learned from them; what I have seen in them, is a quiet, a peacer a watching which can in a moment give way to the lighting strike of feeding. The sense I receive from the Serpent now is similar to what is felt from the temple snakes after they have eaten. May the Great Snake digest well in the warmth of spring.

I am alone with the Serpent in the falling twilight peopled with the sound of roosters doves, and the soft incessant movement of the wind through the trees. Well done. I go now to gather venom.

Gathered the Waters of the Serpent. Left silver in the well. I return to the Serpent now to make an offering of the first waters. I walk the Serpent from tail to top

sprinkling the great body with the soothing waters. Some types of snakes like to soak after eating. At the head and at the tail and at the overlooks offered splashings of the waters. By the tail an old tree trunk forms a hollow tube extending into the earth. A good place to deposit the waters.

The Serpent drinks first of its own venom, finding strength in an eternal spiral of self creation. The drinking of its own venom being the high sacrament of existence creating itself from itself over and over again.

Gave thanks and departed.

Frater Lugis Thor, Damballah Yig Lodgemaster XIII
(Louis Martinie')