

Mystical Britain, a mystical weave...by Anna Filliol

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A PILGRIMAGE OF DIVINE COMMUNION

We journey not just with our feet—
but with our breath,
our dreams, our hearts,
and our unique lineages.

It's for those who carry both sword and chalice,
who've ever walked as seer and guardian, priest and priestess,
who want to remember the myths
in Divine awakening.

You may feel the call already.
It does not shout.
It rises.

Come walk where the mists meet the sea.
Come stand where the sword was dreamed into form.
Come nourish your Soul.

As our circle begins to gather,
the spiral of souls begins to turn.
And if your heart says yes,
we are already walking together.

The Call of the Land: London to Cornwall

There is a place where magic clings to the stones,
where the wind remembers the names you forgot,
and the ocean moves with a will of its own—ancient, vast, unyielding.

You, whose blood stirs at the cry of a pure white gull,
You, whose dreams are linked with dragons, salt, and mist—
the land is calling you.

Our journey begins not at the edge, but at the centre.

In **London** we meet, where rivers and royalty entwine,
where dragon lines still cross beneath ancient stone,
and our sacred lineages converge.

Together, we journey southwest, to **Cornwall**—
to **Tintagel Castle**, to meet the myth where it was born—
where the veils are thin, and the land speaks in symbols,
etched in rock.

Where Arthur's spirit flows in the wind, and the essence of Merlin prevails.

Long before the legends were written in stone,
Celts walked this land as kin.
Druids stood where we now stand,
honouring sky and oak,
watching the stars,
and listening for what moved beneath the surface of things.

Here, we walk not only the cliffs,
but across timelines.

Let us come reverent and joyful to **St Nectan's Glen**,
to commune with water and forest, and the spirits of nature's delight.

At **Boscastle**, we'll honour ancient rock and sea,
where sea priestesses still whisper to the waves and dragons ride the wind.

We'll take pause at **Slaughterbridge**,
to feel the place
where Arthur fell, and the great legend rose.

At **Port William**, we'll dine and walk the wild edges
where rock and sea meet, singing in caves and breathing the salt.

Wherever we are, we'll commune through the ethers, into the Light.

AVALON (Glastonbury)— The Mists Remember

There is a land where the mists reveal.
Where each step echoes a deeper story,
and every breath becomes a threshold.

Avalon—not just a place,
but an embrace.
She rises not on maps,
but in stillness,
in dreams that return like the tide.
We do not seek Avalon.
We allow her to grow within us.

In the **garden of the Chalice Well**,
the **Red Spring** flows—
iron-rich, ancient, and alive.
Its waters bless with depth,
with memory,
with the rhythm of the earth's own heart.

In the garden and across the lane,
the **White Spring** calls—
fresh and clear,
flowing in shadow and flame-lit hush.
Here, we enter quiet,
and remember sacred balance:
Red and White, womb and seed, root and star.
Twin streams. One source.
The springs speak not in gender—
but in union.

At the base of **the Tor** we centre ourselves
to walk its well worn path, a silent procession of soul.
Each step an uncoiling.
Each breath, a lifting of veils.

From the summit,
the wind blows through us, and we surrender.
The land opens in all directions,
and Dragon leys pulse beneath our feet—
golden veins of the Earth's magnetic power.

In Glastonbury we'll walk the living myth—
through gardens, beneath apple trees,
past thorn and stone,
via doorways seen and unseen.

Let us rest at **Wearyall Hill**,
where the Holy Thorn once bloomed.
Planted, they say, by Joseph's staff,
its blossoms marked the threshold
between exile and homecoming.
Though the tree was cut down,
its story roots deeper still—
a reminder that the sacred does not end.
It transforms.

In the quiet hush of the **Magdalene Chapel**,
officially St Margaret's,
we bow our heads to a current of profound LOVE.

Here, the wounded were tended,
the hungry were fed,
and those who walked with Magdalene's light
found refuge in grace.

Ahhhh **Glastonbury Abbey**—
ancient, yet so very alive.

Its arches cradle a mighty sacred heart,
its stones holding memories.

The **Rose lineage** flows deeply here.

A small space marks a symbolic grave for Arthur and Guinevere.
Together, they are divine union—
crown and grail,
held in the rhythm of the land.

The king is the land.
The grail is the soul.
The Abbey, a doorway.

It's said Joseph of Arimathea came here,
carrying the grail in hidden hands.
He built a sanctuary of light
on soil that already knew how to listen.

Some say it was the first—
a church born of devotion,
not dominion.

And beneath fresh green grass,
the footsteps of those who carry light
imbue the earth—
soft as breath,
bright as blessing.

Avalon, divine expression, holy union.
A soul-thread rewoven.
A grail embodied—
not in the sky,
but in the land,
and in you.

Come drink from the Red Spring, and be nourished.
Come bathe in the White Spring, and be renewed.
Come rise the Tor, and remember who you are.

We are visiting the sacred.

We are becoming it.

Together.

WELLS: and Wells Cathedral, the Jewel in the Crown

Before the cloisters,
before the carved stone and singing glass,
there were the waters.

Wells is named for her sacred springs—
three holy wells that have flowed since time beyond memory,
offering healing, renewal, and the quiet blessing of life.

These waters were once honoured by ancient hands,
pools where spirits stirred, and prayers were whispered.
They still flow.

Wells is England's smallest city,
but it holds a vast energy—
where the sacred and the everyday walk side by side.

Here, the rhythm of life moves joyfully,
in tune with the song of the springs.
A living vessel of the holy.

Wells Cathedral: The Stone That Sings

There is a cathedral where stone does not stand still—
it sings.
Where arches rise not only to the heavens,
but inward—into chambers of light, sound, and spirit.

This is **Wells Cathedral**.

Ancient.

Alive.

Alive in a way that breathes you as you enter.

The architecture does not simply dazzle—
it resounds.

Vaulted ceilings uplift our spirits
and arches flow like wings,
drawing us towards the Divine.

Within these stones lives a vibration.
A frequency that hums just beneath hearing—
until you listen with the heart.

Pilgrims speak of peace here,
but what they often feel is remembrance.
A knowing without explanation.

And deep within this sanctuary,
hidden in plain sight,
you ascend to what I call
an Ascension Chamber of Sound and Light.

A space where sound curves into sacred geometry.
Where sunlight pours like anointing oil
through rose-shaped windows of stained fire.

Stand in the centre.
Close your eyes.
Feel the energy.

This is not a monument.
It is a resonant field.
A cathedral of divine light.

BATH: a city of sacred Elegance

There is a city built not only of stone,
but of elegance and rising steam.
Where sacred waters whisper beneath Georgian grace,
and myth breathes through its limestone walls.

This is **Bath**.
A place of healing and harmony,
where ancient earth exudes warmth,
and the goddess walks quietly,
draped in both marble and mist.

Long before the crescents and colonnades,
the Celts honoured **Sulis**, guardian of the sacred spring.
To the Romans, she became **Sulis Minerva**—
goddess of healing and luminous justice,
a fusion of cultures, flame, and grace.
They built a temple beside the spring,
a place of ritual and remembrance.
That vibration never left.

Beneath the city's elegant surface,
the waters still rise—
from deep within the earth,
warm, mineral-rich, alive.
A sacred exhale from the heart of the land.

Above, Bath flourishes in golden stone—
crescent terraces, pillared arcades, perfect proportion.
The **Royal Crescent** curves like a lunar temple,
a sacred arc of harmony pressed into the hillside.

To walk its length is to remember
how beauty can be timeless,
and form can soothe the soul.

In her time, **Jane Austen** wandered these very paths—
her spirit kept very much alive. In Bath, the sacred and the civilised entwine.

WILTSHIRE: the dreaming of the Land

There is a land that breathes in curves and circles.
Where hills rise like sleeping giants,
and stones stand not for weight, but for cosmic alignment and mystery.

Tis **Wiltshire**—
a place where the landscape itself is a living temple,
and time spirals like mist between the hedgerows.

Here, the dragon lines pulse beneath chalk and root,
carving silent pathways between stone, sky, and star.
This land does not shout.
It hums and embraces you—
Softly. Powerfully. Lovingly.

Wiltshire is not just old—
it's primordial.
A place of threshold and thinning,
where the veil is not lifted, but simply never sealed.
Where you may find yourself pausing—
because something just touched you from within the earth
or from the ethers.

The ancestors walked here with purpose.
The builders of stone, the dreamers of stars.
They left no written word—
only alignments, spirals, silences.
And these speak louder than language.

We come now to follow the lines they traced:
the sacred geometry of the land itself.

Walking the Stones: the Avebury Cluster and beyond

Avebury

where the circles breathe around us,
and the stones know who you are.

Silbury Hill,

here the earth rises like a pregnant goddess, like a pyramid,
an enigma,
carrying mysteries not meant to be solved, but felt.

West Kennet Long Barrow,

where death does not end, but opens—
a star chamber of stillness and ancestral breath.

The Sanctuary,

a vanished circle that still speaks—
in light, in soil, and in sight of the farmer's plough.

We stand at **Stonehenge**,

the great sentinel of solstice,
a crown of sky laid gently upon the earth.
We bow down.

We walk to **Woodhenge**,

where timber once stood in sacred formation,
its memory still marked, holding space for what was.

The White Chalk Horses: Sky Runes of the Earth

They were not painted.
They were cut into the skin of the earth.
Hollowed from chalk.
Exposed to the sky.

Mysterious White Horses—

galloping across the green hills of Wiltshire, Berkshire, and beyond,
their bodies stretched across time,
their eyes fixed on something you can only see if you stand still.

They are not decoration.
Each one a guardian.
Each one a glyph.
Carved not by idle hands, but by those who listened—
to hoofbeat, to constellation, to ley.

Their shape awakens something—
a memory too ancient to name.
Something solar, sovereign.
A spirit that runs wild
but never leaves the hill.

You do not visit them.
You receive them.
And if the wind is right,
you will hear them breathe.

HIGHCLERE CASTLE: where Egypt sleeps beneath an English sky

There is a place where timelines converge—
where the heartbeat of ancient Egypt
echoes beneath English stone.

This is **Highclere**.
A stately home, yes—
but also a threshold.
A keeper of memory.
A temple in disguise.

Above ground, its golden stone glows with Edwardian elegance,
graced by the legacy of **Downton Abbey**,
where lords and ladies moved in choreographed grace.
But beneath the polished floors,
beneath the grand staircase and afternoon tea,
another current flows.

For here, in quiet rooms and hidden vaults,
are the relics of the Nile.
Fragments of dynasties.
Amulets.
Sarcophagi.
The breath of pharaohs still lingers in the dust.

Lord Carnarvon, seeker of buried light,
patron of Carter who found, finally, **Tutankhamun**.
And some say,
when that tomb was opened,
the echoes stirred.

Highclere is not just an estate.
It is a mirror.
A convergence point.
Where the **Sphinx watches in dreams**,
and **Hathor hums** in the stones of an English wall.

Walk her grounds and feel it—
the subtle hum of resonance,
the golden thread that stretches
from the chalk hills of Wiltshire
to the sands of Abydos.

Not all temples are carved in sandstone.
Some wear ivy.
And some, like Highclere,
hold the keys of remembrance
beneath velvet and silence.

SALISBURY & OLD SARUM: from Crown to Chalice

There is a hill.
A place of rings within rings,
where time circles itself
and the land hums with the weight of memory.

This is **Old Sarum**—

once fortress, once cathedral, once the heart of a kingdom.

Here, the ancestors carved power into the landscape.

Bronze Age tribes crowned it with earth.

Romans fortified it with order.

Norman kings ruled from its spine.

And for a time, a great cathedral stood here too—

rooted in sovereignty, but longing for soul.

But power without spirit grows restless.

And so, legend tells us,

a bow was drawn,

an arrow loosed from the hilltop by a bishop

seeking divine direction.

The arrow flew—

over meadow, over mist,

and landed in the valley below.

There, it is said, a deer lay resting—

a symbol of grace, of quiet knowing.

And that place became the new home of the sacred.

Thus, **Salisbury Cathedral** was born—

not upon a hill,

but upon the water-fed plains where rivers met,

a temple of light rising from the soft earth.

We will walk from crown to chalice.

From the spiral rings of Old Sarum,

to the soaring spire of Salisbury.

The cathedral greets us in majesty—

exquisite, vertical, eternal.

Its spire, tallest in Britain, reaches not in conquest,

but in communion.

A stone prayer piercing the sky.

Inside, silence takes shape.
Arches rise like wings of light,
and stained-glass kindles memory more than vision.

The font reflects the ceiling as if it were the heavens,
and beneath that still surface,
your reflection meets something eternal.

An ancient clock still ticks—
not to rush,
but to remind.

And housed in quiet reverence,
some 1215 Magna Carta rests—
a whisper of justice that changed the world.

Yet this place is more than relic and law.
It's a cathedral of presence.

You step in, and the soul lifts.

Light bends around you.
Choral echoes wrap you.
And the stones themselves seem to breathe.

This is not merely architecture.
This is geometry in service to spirit.

A temple re-rooted.
A vision grounded.
A sacred yes spoken from sky to soil.

We came from Old Sarum,
where power once ruled from above.
We end in Salisbury,
where spirit rises from below.

This is the journey of the soul—
from command to communion,

from fortress to sanctuary,
from bowstring to blessing.

You do not just visit this place.
You walk its arc.
And if you listen...
you may hear the arrow still flying.

JOURNEY's END

We began this pilgrimage as explorers,
but we return as those who remember.

Over these sacred days,
we have walked through myth and memory,
stone and spirit,
silence and song.

We have stood where the veils are thin.
We have knelt beside ancient springs.
We have walked with priestesses, kings, goddesses, and the land itself.
We have listened—not just with our ears,
but with our hearts,
our dreams,
our soul's own memory.

This was not a tour.
It was a journey of awakening,
of release,
of alignment,
of homecoming.

Each step—an initiation.
Each site—a mirror.
Each moment—an opening.

We walked the footsteps of peace, light, and love
on a land that responded in kind.

And in doing so,
we became more than travellers.
We became anchors of light.

You are not the same as when you arrived.
The land gave you gifts—
not all of them spoken.
Some live in your breath now.
Some will surface later,
in dreams, in choices, in quiet moments of knowing.

As we drive back to Heathrow Airport,
we do so not with sorrow,
but with strength.
Not with endings,
but with the stirrings of integration.

And now comes the next part of the journey—
to bring it home.
You carry the frequencies of Avalon,
the song of the stones,
the blessing of the springs,
the memory of the spirit.

Now weave the sacred into the everyday.
Walk with reverence in your daily world.
Be the temple.
Speak your truth.
And live the light you now anchor.

The land does not say goodbye.
It says,
“Walk well. I am within you now.”

And if ever you forget,
you need only close your eyes...
and the spiral will return.