



Horus's Initiatic Dream

New Year's morning just following the Great Conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn, sharing the sky with a Full Cold Moon, was full of dreams progressing along their normal chaotic and surreal arcs. Suddenly (as I had grown accustomed to but had not felt in years) the banal hallucinations shifted into a lucid, three-dimensional reality complete with both an inner and outer experience. The impartial observer who sits on a dark throne in the back of my mind in these times immediately understood it to be a typical result of my periodic spates of occult studies. In such an arena, icons take bodies and ideas take action. This play about to take place, however, was to be particularly disturbing.

My hands bound behind me, I was half-dragged into a chamber that felt of stone and was lighted as if only by deep space. A strong set of hands threw me to the ground and forced me to kneel. Before me was an imposing statue of the Egyptian god Horus, carved in red stone. My captor shouted from above and behind in a voice that vibrated my brain, "Bow to him and worship!" My instinct was to resist the dream-being's demand, not only due to my abhorrence of subjugation in the first place, but also knowing that the situation was fantasy. In response to my insolence, he struck a forceful blow to the back of my head. The pain was real, as was the

ringing in my ears and the weakness in the rest of me. I slumped farther forward, worried now that I had become trapped in a real or like-real scenario, completely under the domination of some malevolent being. Still, I tried to resist. “No, I won’t,” I heard myself saying as I tried to right myself to at least a non-pathetic kind of stoop. The rebuke from my captor was swift. He grabbed the back of my head and neck, shoving me over my bent knees face-first into the stone floor. He continued to press downward on my skull with what seemed to be all his weight, smashing my face and forehead into the ground. All the while he screamed over and over again, “Accept him! Worship!” At about the point I couldn’t take it anymore, he let go. I struggled back to an upright kneel and twisted around to my right to engage my tormentor face-to-face.

In the chamber that I had only seen in stark black and red to that point, the being strode past me in full color. It was Horus, himself! In a few brief steps he reached the red statue and passed directly into the stone, animating it in the same instant. Horus the Red now reached for me with both arms, violently pulling me to my feet and against his chest. He squeezed and squeezed, all the while shouting, “Accept me! Accept me!” The force was crushing, and I couldn’t breathe. I could feel the bone of my skull starting to crack and give way. To save myself I thought as forcefully as I could (since I could not speak), “Ok, I relent! I give in! I accept you!”

With that, the pain and smothering gave way to the strange sensation of sinking into him - bodily merging with the statue in a soft, melting kind of way. I felt at once ‘contained within’ and ‘one and the same with’ Horus. My arms had become his arms, and they floated before me in a universe of soft red-orange ambiguity. Horus took them and held out two clutched hands, spilling into them from his/my palms a kind of life fluid or energy. Opening each hand in sequence, we deposited new life forms around the ether as a merry chef might plop bits of dough around a cookie sheet. It was not as if Horus were ‘teaching’ me something by this, but rather I was Horus and was one with his inner thoughts and his being. As Horus, I knew this action was true immortality - the giving of life. I knew the suffering I had endured was only a test, and that any desire for personal immortality is a selfishness that he would not have rewarded with such knowledge.

I awoke just as abruptly as it had all begun and could not get back to sleep. I felt that I had been initiated, somehow. Paradoxically, the name of the Egyptian god Thoth was ricocheting around my head, and my thoughts turned to the legend of Hiram Abiff, resurrected after a strong blow to the back of the head. Scouring the Internet, I learned that Horus the Red was a real thing, strongly associated with Saturn and Jupiter, in addition to the Moon, Mars, and the Sun. A bit shaken by the experience, I feel changed somehow.