

The Priestess & The Prostitute

Returning to Nature is The Holy Rebellion

Only in a civilization controlled by greed and self-righteous, false propriety would Christina be charged with prostitution and fraud. Only in a world governed by the pretense of divine authority and moral correctness paired with the insatiability of its economic, financial and political masters would her holy services as a healer open to every channel of therapeutic resuscitation of the lonely, sick and miserable be so heinously misappraised as to be considered criminal. For every true priest and priestess (not those so-labeled by any of humanity's institutional authorities, but by the one and only *true* authority, the One Force infusing the material realm of the Holy Mother with life) knows that Spirit, what most call God, is the energy innate to all things, and that only this divinity can heal.

Spirit is the energy of The Father, matter is the materialization of that energy through The Mother. This is the sacred, primordial symbol of the phallus and the womb constituting the Star of David. But Judaism is only one of the theological traditions to have divined this universal, holy union. Energy into matter, nothing created or destroyed, only forever rearranged; this is a truth belonging to physics, to philosophy, and to every theological tradition delving into The Force enlivening all things. All are forms of the formless, ones of The One, points in the endless permutations of God. Science says the same thing without knowing it, and never shall its acolytes comfortably call it God.

Christina was raised by parents who knew and spent their lives exploring and celebrating these truths; truths known to pagan masters burned as heretics in previous epochs, today only saddled with the shame of a society that believes it can dictate what God is and what God isn't, and which inherited the Christian code of condemning the sacred art of communing with the divine without Church sanction as 'heretical,' of calling it evil to heal the sick and alleviate the pressures and pains of the desperate through the divine force infused into The Holy Mother. If people can speak with God without the priestly filter, directly, in a manner specially-suited to them, walking the divine path unfolding from their hearts like an endless river between themselves and the Sea of Source to which we all belong and forever return, awaiting our next disintegration, evaporation, condensation and raining back upon Her, then what need is there of a priest to interpret what God says through life?

"Every religion contains truth, to the extent that it represents principles that are universal and perfectly inclusive in application, and every religion contains mistruth, to the extent that it represents principles that are prejudicial and at all exclusive in application," her philosophical father would say. "God is the unity within the division, the oneness within the infinite, the sameness in every misleading sense of separation. And the true priests and priestesses honor this fact, not needing to put on pretentious shows of piety, only to earnestly represent the conviction that God is the heart of everything. They know that the only way that Empire can function is to have control of the minds of its populace, and the only way to control the minds of the populace is to convince them that it possesses a divine monopoly that it never can and never will. We call this monopolization *religion*."

Christina's mother was less philosophical, more artistic; someone that most would brand with terms like 'free-spirited,' 'hippie' and 'bohemian.' Her life was lived in a state of perpetual wonder, her work always bouncing, as if ruled by an unmanageable polar magnetism, between garden and canvas. She was also a pianist, and it was her piano playing that pulled Christina's father to her, a force which her father said "was as powerful as it was diaphanous, as arresting as it was saving, as ecstatic as it was agonizing." She was his saving madness, the divine force flowing so easily through her that it captured and conquered him effortlessly. Nothing inspired her father and his penned musings like following her mother around, endlessly educated and reeducated as to the medicines she grew and made into countless aromatic concoctions, to the visions she put to paint, to her blithe unawareness of 'reality,' following only the deeper, spiritual reality which most of modern humanity called insane.

And the insanity is spreading, for the people are collectively awakening to the fact that God lives in Nature, in the bosom of The Holy Mother, at least as much as He lives in any church, temple or mosque. We instinctively know that God exists, but are constantly misinformed as to His nature and intentions by not just the narrowing specificities of religion, but by the limiting classifications of science, by the falsely 'only one way' reality of the realists, and by the politicians bowing to tradition. And speaking of insanity, it was her jobs as a caregiver and a mental health worker that informed her of the misery of modern man, and of his need for the pagan priestesses inhabiting the true temples.

They say that prostitution is the oldest profession. And they *should* say that the medicine men and women are the healers buried under the mountains of chemicals that have adulterated the ancient artforms of healing. Christina, through long having observed and so often seemingly futilely serving the suffering of the less fortunate around her, knew that intimacy and physical affection, especially when bestowed upon the lonely and isolated, is itself an immensely powerful medicine. She knew that the greatest healers harness the revivifying force of touch like anything else in the apothecary.

She rescued men by simply touching and cuddling with them. How many know how painful it is *not* to be touched for years on end, suffused with the diabolical debilitation of denying their own nature as social beings? It was through her relationship with a mental health patient that she discovered that what he needed wasn't what Big Pharma and the pretend healers dished out in encapsulated form, but the wisdom of the adage: RETURN TO NATURE. When she began taking him for walks, and those walks pulled them further and further from the periphery of the city into the surrounding forest by a force shared by and passing between them both, and when those walks turned into observing, touching, smelling and tasting the fruits of the forest, the 'wildcrafting' that the Church equates with the dark, sinister art of witchcraft, and when she leaned against him during the last walk and felt the misery melting off of him and draining into The Mother by simply being pressed against her, it dawned upon her that she was meant to blur the line between the priestess and the prostitute.

And she was good at it. And she divided none of it from any other aspect of it. It was all one medicine chest. This was a truth taught to her by her father, and especially her mother: that medicine is the art of partnering with The Holy Mother, and conducting The Holy Father, through Nature. And, of course, the human body *is* the embodiment of this sacred, healing, completing holy union. So, when this patient was suddenly proclaimed well enough to graduate from the mental institution

that his legal status had forced him into, and when their hug following the first medicinal tea that she made for him outside of that institution lasted for an hour, without any sexuality expressed by either of them, and yet softly, lovingly exploding with the force of their essential indistinction, that's when it finally became undeniable to her that both of her parents had long been preparing her to become the paragon of a profession that was grossly demeaned and undervalued by modern society.

Many of their embraces lasted for hours, heart pressed against heart. And just as in the forest, she felt as though she was some sort of absorbing sponge, decades of pain that had been locked into her patient, an intelligent man that was ill-fitting to every mold in which modernity tried to force him, seemed like it was being purified; like she was distilling it down into one thing with the force within her, and that it thence spilled easily out of him, sinking through her body into the receiving Mother; the same Mother whom grew the medicine that he needed, including Christina herself. Yes, she would say when questioned later, she was well aware that having sex for money was illegal. But to call this 'sex' is to misunderstand it, she would say in self-defense. Just like to call the ancient medicines naturally co-evolving with humanity over millennia to protect and heal it the 'alternative' to chemicals, to say that communities living in league with Mother in their natural state are 'uncivilized,' or are 'communes housing cults,' to believe that the sage and the scientist are somehow mutually-exclusive, or any of the other ways in which the modern world dismissed inborn wisdom was all absurdly antithetical to the *fact* that God belongs to every embodiment of Nature equally.

So she was a rebel. Not because she *wanted* to be contrarian, but because she *was* the contradiction.

She remembered once reading something like: "When a society condemns the freeing truth as the lie, and proclaims the enslaving lie as the truth, then progress depends entirely upon the rebellion." She was Luke Skywalker in her own right. She fought Darth Vader reigning from The White House. By following The Way, by saving men with intimacy and natural medicine, by knowing that God is in the forest and the sea, that salvation is the atavistic return to the natural state of being, that living unnaturally is to be denatured, and to return to nature is to be reborn, by blurring the line between the healer and the sex worker, the priestess and the prostitute, Christina was ordained by her heart. She's a holy warrior in The Rebel Alliance harnessing The Force, refusing to bow to false emperors.

So when it was discovered that the man whom she'd rescued from his decades of unspeakable suffering was a man of secret means, and when she was released from prison for 'prostituting' his salvation and for 'practicing medicine without a license,' he found lushly green land upon which to build her temple. Thus did Christina become the sacred and the profane, depending upon the perspective from which she's viewed: through the eyes of the primordial idealist, or of the modern realist, from the perspective of the 'irrationally' magical, or the 'rationality' of God and magic never having existed in the first place; from the knowledge of divine providence, or the lie of randomness.

The sad, weak, isolated, miserably lonely and desperate are the sons and daughters of modern man whom wander into the forest, seeking her everywhere, even as they know not what they seek. For that is love, and God, and gravity: coming home to the natural, unified state from which we came. "That's what existence is," her father's voice echoed in her memory, "the returning to our oneness."